When all the ‘big’ joys in life are missing, it can feel like there aren’t any joys at all, because little tiny joys don’t usually register. But if the little joys are the only joys then we can adjust the scale by which we measure joy so that the little joys kind of are the big joys, and we may just find some hope in seeing them that way.

The Kingdom of Heaven is like walking home through streets lined with flags of every colour.

Sian James, well-known now for her story line is 2014 film Pride – Following her experience during the miners strikes, and against all odds, Sian went onto get a degree at the University of Swansea in the Welsh language. Through her own grit and determination, she got involved in national politics, becoming the first ever female MP for Swansea East. In the face of every expectation, every social pressure, she just got on with it and realised she could instigate change where she was.

Acapella. Simply voices. Breaking through the silence.

I sometimes end up with half a swede or some old bendy carrots at the back of the fridge, or the stub of a lettuce that doesn’t look nice enough for salad, but I don’t ever want them to go to waste, so I invented the ‘forgotten vegetable burger’ - it’s a mix of gram flour, garlic, herbs and spices, and whatever the forgotten vegetable was mixed with a little water, shaped into patties and fried. Because there’s almost always something that can be salvaged and made delicious.

From lilac crocuses to the first daffodil shoots - things that show us spring is near.

The whirring of the kettle, the jangling of mugs and the rattle of the biscuit tin finding its way down from the cupboard. The teapot and cafetiére have seen it all, heard story after story and are never surprised.