

I remember perfectly well the last time I saw her.

It was in September, exactly two months before her death.

She had come to my parents' house for tea, as she did each week,  
on a Wednesday or Thursday.  
on either a Wednesday or Thursday.

I did not appreciate these ritual tea-times very much / that much,  
with the conversation always coming back to the same subjects.  
when the conversation got bogged down / mired / lost in the same subjects.

At 7 o'clock, she would rise  
(never did my parents suggest  
(my parents never suggested  
that she stay for dinner, and only rarely was she invited to accompany them on  
a walk.)

When my uncle was alive, they took / would take turns having people over, once  
at his house, then at theirs.

It's hard to believe to what extent families can find ways not to reduce boredom  
but to increase it.

We don't know the extent to which, in families, we know how to find resources  
not to dispel boredom but to increase it tenfold.