

Musings for a wet Sunday morning

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It is a wet, windy, and frankly, pretty horrible Sunday morning.

It's too wet for walking.

Too wet for birdwatching.

Too wet to even want to go out for a coffee, but I might change my mind about that later.

It's so wet that there is only time to reflect.

On the fate of Syria and its people as they now face another massive uncertainty.

On the state of geopolitics and how the end of the Assad regime, utterly toxic as it was, changes that.

Time, too, to reflect on Starmer's utter incomprehension of these issues, correctly reflected by [Andrew Rawsley in the Observer](#) this morning.

Time, as well, to note the absurdity of the Starmerites and their inability to understand the real political challenges we face, reflected in an article by two key players in the team that delivered his politics of nothingness, [also in the Observer](#) this morning.

Time also to reflect on the anger of people. The vitriol of some right-wing commentators posting here this morning because I dared to say I care and that they might not is quite something. I have let one or two on and have even invited them to elaborate on their comments. Those who have just offered abuse I have sent to the trash bin, an act they call censorship without apparently realising editorial freedom is fundamental to freedom of speech.

Time as well to reflect on how we got here and how we get out, which will not be easy.

Time to muse on finding answers, in other words.

Answers that are caring.

Which are not binary.

Which allow for straightforward difference and complex heterogeneity, all within the constraints of a state where ultimately sufficient commonality must be found.

Answers that reconcile but do not demand suppression, in other words.

Is that possible?

I don't know. But it's a sufficient topic to muse on as a wet Sunday morning passes by.