

KITH.

"Your life, " said Dr. Thompson to me, "must be full of incident. This started me thinking of how life is made up of incidents, some small, some large, some very surprising, and some quite ordinary. They can be "funny-ha-ha, peculiar, unhappy, or tragic."

"Rolling-in-the-aisles funny." or "can I believe my eyes ?" odd.

Some we like to recall and some we would rather forget. Some do not come back to us until many years later on in life, to be recalled by sounds or scents, a distant train coming nearer until it comes to a halt with a great puff of steam, a long, drawn out whistle and grinding of brakes, or wood smoke from a garden bon-fire in on an autumn evening. All can bring tears to the eyes or sweet memories. Even our dreams are incidents in our lives. They influence us as much and are as wonderfully interesting as the day dreams of our waking hours.

It is a pity that our night time dreams are so fleeting and slip away from us all too soon unless, as I have taught myself to do, one can re-call it back the instant one opens one's eyes. I can do this. I can re-dream old dreams. Of course, they do not follow the old dream in every detail, but the difference between the two does in no way detract from the enthralling interest of the first dream. I remember reading not so long ago about a quite well known writer, whose name I forget for the moment, who wrote that he thought sleep was a waste of time and so had as little of it as possible. This fellow, and others who declare they never dream at night, do not know what they are missing. Of course, I do get the occasional nightmare, when I wake up in a hot sweat unable to move my arms or legs. When I am totally unable to stretch out my hand to switch on the bed-side lamp. These are terrifying and debilitating.

The idea of recording the small happenings of life of my nearest and dearest was started by that remark from one of the best and nicest of family G. P's that anyone could possibly have, after I had recounted something that had happened in our house on that morning before I had attended the surgery.

This is not intended to be an autobiography in any sense of the word. My life as such could not be of much interest to the world or general public; I am just an ordinary Mum and Granny. But as a journal of snippets and newsy anecdotes, it may raise a few smiles. In any case it is something for my descendants to follow up if they ever wish to make a family tree. Often one reads in a newspaper a short, two hundred word article that catches one's eye and sets up a little chuckle and intrigues so much that we say to a friend,

"Did you read in the paper about X?", or whatever it was that amused you.

It could be knitting, babies, a film star, the Prime Minister, compost, or cooking. So, in such a way, I hope to entertain, intrigue, and interest anyone who might be reading this journal of my kith and kin. It is a record of what I know and of tales that have been handed down by my forebears.

And as Charles Dickens's David Copperfield said, "One can't start anything until one is born." I will tell you when and where I was born.