

Yearly Trip to Northern Ireland (T12)

There was a time when we all lived in Northern Ireland. They were happy times in deed and when we moved south to be with our Granny we missed the easy going ways of our ancestral home. But we were blessed because each year we were able to travel back to spend time with our extended family. I particularly remember, when I was young, my family and I travelling 508 miles to Northern Ireland where we would stay at our grandparents. About four days before we left to return home, there was a family reunion where all our family came together. This is where my tale begins.

Many, many years ago, before even your parents were born, the Irish clan gathered together for a large reunion. On this occasion the weather behaved itself and allowed us to light the coals for a rather tasty barbecue with which we all were involved. My uncles manned the meat over the red hot coals, whilst the aunts prepared deserts and caught up on events of the past year. All the children were playing in the back garden, kicking around a ball. The delicious smells wafting round the air, causing mouth watering hunger and more than one plea for food. And when it came no food had ever tasted as good as those first few mouthfuls taken with family at my side. I was contented, satiated and happier than I can ever remember.

Ah, those were good times. How I miss the good old days, in the company of so many loved ones. I am too old, too frail to travel so far now, and anyway many have passed into the next world. Time may steal the opportunities from me but it will never take my memories.

The Birthday Tradition (by L11)

Come, dear children to hear a tale told of a birthday tradition of old.

This tradition was used every October when Halloween came to pass. It started when I was just a wee lass, 6 to be exact.

It came to happen that on my 7th birthday a tradition was made that Mummy's best friend Nick brings her two boys, Josh and Cameron, to a party. We start off by going for the traditional walk to Box hill. Then we come back home for the baked potato and beans.

Then, dear children, such gifts to open: chocolate, candy, money, mugs and much more. We had, of course, opened presents earlier that day. But the presents of later on were just a little extra, a trinket or two but still very special.

This all happened during the early evening. As it got later sparklers were produced as well as bracelets that lit up in the dark. Then cake. Chocolate cake with pumpkins made of icing.

In the morning Mummy had lovely ideas for us to do. Decorating for the party, going to have our hair done, ears pierced, and going out with friends.

Granny would always take me for new shoes the day before and I would wear them the next Sunday at church. I would show my shoes off to everyone and say, "I am 7 now, practically grown up!"

Oh, such fun my birthday was! It was a tradition kept up, ever single year I can remember.

And, my dear children, I have now told you of "The Birthday Tradition"