

my Hero! my Dad!

When I was just a tiny girl - before I was six, certainly before I was ten, I can remember that I thought my father was the most wonderful man in the world.

Dad was tall - at least six feet with two pairs blue eyes and brown hair.

He had a straight English nose. I thought he was absolutely gorgeous.

I remember I would hang around wherever he was then, watching whatever he was doing.

One day he was working on his truck and I was watching him.

"Dad" I can remember saying, "when I grow up I'm going to get a job and take care of you!" I can remember his laughter.

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