

## Taking Liberties, March

The more of these I write, the more I realise just how lucky I have been, especially when I think of some of the amazing family and work mates I've been lucky enough to have met. And once again, any mention of a person I've supported in care has had the tale adjusted as needed and of course, a name change

March 1<sup>st</sup>

From the first night Nancy my mother-in-law met me she has worried about my wife. It was the week before we actually got married when I travelled up to Scotland to meet all of my wife's family. This was it, after meeting my soon to be wife when she was at Camp, followed by a year working together, I was meeting the in-laws. The evening was fine, a little stilted, but fine, lots of talk about the wedding, mainly because as we had been in America there were quite a few decisions that needed to be confirmed, especially as it was to be a double wedding with her sister getting married too. And then to bed. As Diane my wife told me later, it was only because we were getting married that I was able to spend the night in her room. Her bedroom was downstairs and her mother's bedroom was as far away as could be in terms of the layout of the house. In the morning Nancy said that she had been woken at 2 am by the sound of a motorbike roaring up and down the driveway. This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register as a new reader or login now if already registered. I see anybody that there was no motorbike and the noise that had woken her up was me. She went on to state that she would happily testify in court for Diane's defence if she ever put a pillow over my face because of my snoring

March 2<sup>nd</sup>

I never quite had the joy of getting a present from Santa as a kid, it was simply presents from the family under the tree. To be fair, it wasn't something that ever bothered me as the whole Santa thing was just not as big a deal then, I'd get whatever clothing that I needed, a selection box of chocolates parading as a Christmas stocking and an annual, usually The Beano or Dandy which I never quite understood as it was The Beezer that I read.

March 3<sup>rd</sup>

There are a raft of people I mention who are my aunts. But they're not. They are all cronies of Gran's: Elaine A, Elaine B (Gran simply being Elaine), Rosie, Babs, Agnes and Celeste just to name a few. It's the same for many - you grow up calling somebody an Aunt who is not really