

Memories of Playgroup

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The other day I met one of my Playgroup children. I remembered him as a lively three year old with a permanent glint of mischief in his eye. Now he towered above me, a senior Army Officer, six foot plus, with his own small girls in tow. We hugged enthusiastically and I reminded myself that the last time that I had held him in my arms it was probably because I was trying to restrain him from making a daredevil leap from the top bar of the climbing frame or from launching himself, head first, through a convenient open window.

The incident started me thinking back to the good old days in the Aberystwyth Playgroup.