

# ‘Memories Light the Corners of my Mind’

Maureen Gallop

The Barbara Streisand song reminds me that ‘Memories light the corners of my mind’, and there are many daily occurrences which certainly remind me of my time as Playgroup Leader at St Padarn’s, Aberystwyth.

Walking through Parks where the Michaelmas Daisies are now flowering reminds me of the walks with the children through the gardens of the Convent. In particular, one little girl’s comment ‘We grow Michaelmas Davies in our garden miss’. Mentally they have been ‘Michaelmas Davies’ ever since.

The many school buses that are around remind me of the homeward rides of the children from Playgroup. We hired Roberts Taxis and Mr Jones was designated to drive us. He was kind and patient with the children. As we chugged up the hill in Penparcau our last delivery was a little boy called Jonathan. Approaching his home his mother would be waiting for him ‘Who’s that?’ we would playfully ask him. His face appeared above the back seat like a Mr Chad, a smile from ear to ear spread across his face and with such love and pride in his voice he would say ‘My Mam’.

As Christmas approaches recollections of Yuletide in the Playgroup are many. We had several Malaysian children and they joined in our festivities. Perhaps ‘political correctness’ hadn’t emerged then for no one ever complained. In fact they were most enthusiastic.

Further memories come back to me. The nurse working in the Convent smiling and waving to us. Children from the Primary School looking longingly at the games and toys they no longer played with (maybe bringing back memories for them of their own time in Playgroup).

There were of course days when things did not go smoothly, parents

being very late collecting their offspring, cantankerous children, a more than usual mess with clay, paint, water, sand. Strange to say although these unwelcome memories have faded the good ones have remained.



Choosing the Christmas Tree