

# The Job of PPA Development Officer

**Margaret Jenkins**

The job of PPA Development Officer was one that would have been very difficult to do without the support of the family. I was fortunate in having 100% from my husband and parents.

My daughter, Abigail, has finally got engaged and now has a larger house SO I am taking a box a visit to get rid of her belongings! (The only way they will move.)

Of course this takes time because you just have to look through the primary school books, etc don't you? Well Abigail's News Books are full of PPA stories. Here are a few, spelling corrected.

'Last night I went with Mum and Dad to Chepstow. Mum went to her PPA meeting and Dad and I had a drink and cake in the Severn Services.'

'On Saturday Dad took me to meet Mum at PPA there were Christmas shops there but we did not buy anything'. (I really cannot believe that.)

'When the snow came I was staying with my Nan and Bamp. Mum was away with PPA (remember the Regional Council marooned in the snow at Preston Mountford for several days). I did not see her for days and days.'

One of my first outings as Gwent Development Officer was to attend the Annual General Meeting of Wales PPA in Cardiff on a Saturday. Now this proved difficult. Husband in work, son to be taken to rugby, daughter to parents and only one car which had to be left at a place where my husband could pick it up. I made the decision to go from Govilon – Abergavenny – Ebbw Vale and to travel to Cardiff by train from Rhymney. A long way round but I thought the most convenient. I had done this journey numerous times when a teenager and I assured my parents that I could make it. My father obviously had his doubts. I must have been mad, by the time I left Ebbw Vale I was running late. I remember Rhymney being a

lot closer when we used to go to the rugby internationals. The car journey was endless.

I eventually arrived at the station to find the Station Master shouting ‘Mrs Jenkins to Cardiff for the Welsh Office. We’ll sort your ticket out on the train. We are at least five minutes late but your father rang to say you have a very important meeting to attend.’ All passengers were peering out of the window. The carriage door was wide open for me to enter, the door slammed closed behind me and he gave his whistle a blow for us to go.

Can you imagine it? I nearly died from embarrassment. I was probably scarlet and remembered thinking this is going to be a long journey. Thank goodness I did not know any of the other passengers.

As you can imagine my Dad was quite a character, my Mother very quiet and unassuming but neither fully understood my job. After years of teaching they could not understand what I did and who paid me. I had told them that my money came from the Welsh Office. Like many parents they thought their child had the best and most important job.

..... Well I suppose I did.