

CANDIDA WOOD

I only need one more swing!

This was an interesting path to take, 43 years on from the last time I walked it as a little girl.

With my 'Grandma Fred' we would explore the playing fields, (one time frantically retracing our steps to look for my grandma's house keys). But it was more like a moorland desert to me, with the rusty cold metal swings as a resting place to discuss our stories and dreams. The swings were not as stylised and modern as they are now. There were four swings abreast, grandma on the end swing and me holding tight onto the next one. We were carefree, chatting and singing our songs.

Unbeknown to us a little boy had joined our company on the furthest swing, clambering up standing and jostling to reach the next swing, to pull it up and tangle it around him.

His gentle chant started slowly reaching into our hearing aids! "I only need one more swing!" again and again quietly, but enough to make us smile and leave to let him have two more swings. From that day this phrase has stayed with us. If ever we just needed that little bit more of something we would turn to each other and say *I only need one more swing!*

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