

## Daisy Chains

I'm not sure what drew me to the park today, I had no intention of going there. I had only been to fill up the car with petrol. While at the garage I did what that saying said, I smelt the coffee! Temptation struck so I bought a cappuccino.

Driving home I found myself heading in the wrong direction. I was in one of those calm, reflective moods, and was in no rush to get anywhere. I ended up sitting in the car-park at the playground, overlooking the swings and climbing frames.

The sun was warming my skin through the windscreen. Children were laughing and calling to each other, as were the red kites, soaring through the sky, dancing and diving in the breeze. I sipped my coffee slowly, enjoying the peace.

My mind drifted back to the hundreds of times I had sat in this park with my children and their friends. The picnics we had enjoyed there, the scrapped knees and the weaving of daisy chains.

I felt now sadly detached from that way of life. My children are adults with children of their own. I don't seem them as often as I would like. My eyes unexpectedly began to sting, and the tears trickled gently, in tiny streams of nostalgia.

How I would love to go back to those days, just for a short while, to relive some of those moments with my children. To experience their

unquestioning loyalty, knowing that I would spend time in their company every day, and that I could relax every night knowing that they were safely tucked up in bed.

Tears still flowing, I am startled by a loud knock on my car roof. I look up to see a woman scowling down at me, her red face twisted in hatred. I wind down my window as she hisses "What are you doing here watching the children? **You pervert**".

Having now recovered from that shocking slap back into reality, I have had time to consider. I have come to the conclusion that visiting the past is not a bad thing to do, but best not to linger there for too long.