

A Few Miles Down The Road

I can honestly smile to myself and think that I was born to a wonderful, caring family. We had family holidays, always had good food, and both my parents worked hard. I do feel slightly bad about my amazing start when I talk to others who didn't have that experience, but I have used it to my advantage, never wasted a moment so far, and have never taken anything for granted.

My dad worked hard for Bristow Helicopters as an insurance manager. He did want to be a P.E. teacher, but he was successful at what he did, and still managed to play sport, so I guess it wasn't that bad for him. Funny though now, I teach sport and physical exercise, so you could say that I'm walking my dad's footsteps for him; I'm doing something he never managed to do. This won't be the first time I mention this.

I digress, Dad, as well as working hard, was another person at home. He would walk up from the bus stop home after work in the evening, say hello very quickly and immediately change out of the three-piece suit he always wore to work. Dad was always immaculately dressed for work, but loved nothing more than getting home and putting on clothes to chill out in, or, on certain nights, to do sport and exercise in. Dad was the hero of my youth. It might have been because he worked so hard; we rarely saw him, except weekends, evenings and family holidays. But I think Dad was my hero because of how much sport he did.

I grew up with my dad, 'Going for a Run' on a Sunday afternoon. As a young child I had no idea what he was doing, but whatever it was, my Dad couldn't wait to get changed and out of the door. Then he was gone for an hour. Well, I had no idea how long he was gone for when I was very young, but he would return, puffing, sweating and smiling his wonderful big smile, before heading out to have a bath.

My dad taught me how to have many sets of clothes for different things, for instance he would go to work as I mentioned before, in one of his wonderful smart suits. He would come home and change into jeans maybe, or jogging trousers, or in the summer my Dad would always be found in shorts. My brother has adopted this, although I think he still wears his shorts all year round. Me and my brother are very different!

So, then my Dad would go running, he would wear shorts and t shirt in the summer and in the winter he would wear his tracksuit with under feet stirrups (it was the late 70's early 80's) and a matching tracksuit top. Fashion meant a lot to my Dad, even when doing sport. He had specific running trainers, too.

Then there was the Football kit. Dad played for the local team, 'Old Reigations' at the weekend, so would have his football kit prepared by my Mum for him. He had football boots for this kit too. Dad played cricket in the summer when the football season was over, so out came the cricket whites and cricket shoes, then there was the squash kit and squash trainers, and finally he would go to the gym to train and had separate kit for that too.

Dad would have a tracksuit to wear after sport and in the 90s had one of those amazing shell-suits. I still have it in my care, and love and cherish the thought of him wearing it

thinking he was trendy (which of course he was, at the time). The rule is, after you finish sport you put on a tracksuit or warm clothes to keep your muscles warm. This was instilled in me and to this day I still do it, and insist that others do it too.

It's fair to say that I own more sports clothes and outfits than I do normal everyday clothes, I blame my dad for that, although I reckon it's just because I'm a clothes-loving woman, like every other woman out there. I just do a lot more activities and sport.

For me it works like this...