

A Dry Towel

Margaret

When I was eight years old, I had seven siblings below me and just one above me. So you can imagine the chaos all the time in the house.

Wet, soaked, saturated in very wet water. The normal for a Sunday night bath towel. Someone had got in first, second and third. Jings. This was the same every time in this house. It was a very busy home. This night every week. All my brothers and sisters were getting nice and clean for St. Bernard Primary School in the morning.

A lot of cue till it was my turn. My brothers ran wrapped in a towel to the living room. When you opened the door it was all steamed up created by the heat on the clothhorse to dry our towels. My Dad would come with a shovel of coal for even more heat. This room was where we got ready for bed and our toast. My Ma asked me to check on the wee ones as that was done first.

The smell of the toast was wonderful.

Back from checking the wee ones, they were all sound so I couldn't resist having another look to see how the situation for the towels was. Yes, as I thought, there was only a small amount. As the time was passing, the house was becoming quieter and we were all speaking in whispers. My mother called me to the bathroom to say it was my turn. My excitement showed as I skipped into the steamed room with two wee eyes looking up from the steam. My Ma smiled: "Is there room for a little one in the bath?". And I said "Always".

Then, my Ma said “Margaret”, and with all the love in the world under her arm she had a dry towel for me. “I managed to save you one”.

Yes, that is what we call love.