

## **May hew see the sunshine**

Twenty long years on, many hours of failed contacts, countless searches and false leads. Cold trails leading nowhere. Sadness and despair. Then there came a slim chance. One more path. A possibility revealed. Just one tiny thread that could yet bear fruit.

It had not been too far away. Just across the channel sea. I sent a card and awaited a reply with bated breath.....

Anxious weeks ticked by, whilst summer moved on through May.

The sun shone.

The airmail letter arrived with a stamp from the not too far away.

Huddled behind the drivers wheel of my car, a clear cut memory as if simply an hour ago, I shall always remember where I was at that moment in time. I gently tore open the envelope with the foreign stamps and searched it for the words I longed for and hoped to read.....

They were there.

Suddenly overwhelmed by gratitude and a wave of utter pleasure, my tears plopped onto the letter, rolling and blurring the penned words I had once only the smallest hope of finding.

I re read each word slowly and carefully.....

My joy was total.

Why was it that I might be so lucky to have this delight?

The return of my Mayhew side saddle that had fitted me so perfectly from the lovely lady to whom it had been sold.

The sun shone.

A true story by Jennifer Roberts Area 8 SSA.

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