



Christmas Eve to me, and the excitement lasted until I fell asleep at night. I would fall asleep hearing laughter from the kitchen, then perhaps a song and more laughter. I told my mother one day that I could never remember all their names and she said, 'Just call them all Uncle Johnnie'. So I did. If they were flying at the crack of dawn the next day, I would be allowed to stay up for a while whilst one of the Uncle Johnnies popped me up on his knee and told me a bedtime story. I loved it, and they seemed happy too. Many we never saw again. There was a lot of crying and a lot of rushing up and down the corridors.

