



I remember, I remember

Life and Death on a Caithness farm

I remember helping my Aunty Rena in the lambing shed, feeding pet lambs, my special one named Cola, who I remember years after had lambs of her own. I remember giving my dad his birthday card at lambing time whilst he was skinning a lamb. I remember giving speeches to the sheep telling them to have lots of lambs for my dad, and not to die. I remember collecting wool and keeping it in a box. It was my prized possession. I remember being really happy and smelly and dirty. I remember having a bath after, getting scrubbed so hard and then dried in front of the fire.

Shelagh Swanson