

Happy 60th Birthday Mum!

I can't let today pass by without giving the creator of me a mention.

My wonderful Mum is 60 years young today.

How time has flown by quite this fast I've got no idea. Seriously, I don't know how these kids can be driving around and drinking in in pubs when they were only born last week in 1998?! It's utter madness I tell you!!

To me, my mum doesn't seem to have have aged one jot. In fact, she was the proud owner of a very special perm for many years and she looks older in some of those photos (yeah, you know, the ones from a few weeks ago in 1992?) than she does now.

Sorry mum ☹☹☹

I'm also in complete denial about her, and anyone else I know for that matter, getting older.

What does age mean really?!

It's just a number.

60 is the new 40 so they say!

But if I listen to my mum, she tells me about the odd ache here, the odd niggle there, I do come crashing back down to reality and remember that the years are ticking by. We are often so swept up in watching our kids grow and change that it's very easy to forget that as they grow older before our very eyes, our parents are doing the same.

Unrelenting time.

I almost punched someone square on the nose the other day when I heard them say Toy Story was 21 years old.

"Are they having a chuffing laugh?! 21 years old?! Computers

were only invented 10 years ago!!!”

I will never take my mum, or any of my family for granted. I know full well how lucky I am to have her/them and I am thankful every day that I came to be a part of this very special little family...though they may not say the same about me ☐☐

#soontobetheblacksheepofthefamily

So, for you mum on your 60th birthday, here’s a poem...obviously.



When I grow up...

When I grow up, I'd like to be,
a nurse or a doctor or maybe a tree!!!

That's what I would say when I was 4,
when I was ignorant of what life could have in store.

When I grow up, I'd like to be,
a dancer on stage for people to see!
That's what I would say when I was 13,
when I was carefree, young and ever so keen.

When I grow up, I'd like to be,
a teacher so children can dance and feel free.
That's what I would say when I was 20,
when ambition was high and I had opportunities aplenty.

When I grow up, I'd like to be,
a mum to my own little family.
That's what I would say, when I was 25,
when life gained much more meaning and you're trying to
strive.

When I grow up, I'd like to be,
just like my mum, she's my idol you see.

That's what I say now, each and every single day, thank you for bringing me up this way. You're the most wonderful mum I could've wished there to be, and I'm thankful you're the one that belongs to me.

Love you Mum

(even when you had that bloody perm ☹️)

Gem.x



A photo from the other day, you know, 2006... ☹️