

The Westhead Times

Christmas 2004



Well it's time again for Seasons Greetings and Best Wishes from the Westhead household.

Brian (that's me on the end of the sofa looking like I don't belong) – The publication of this newsletter has been considerably delayed while I

try to remember what I've done this year. After a lot of thought I concluded I had 1) constructed a pond deck with built-in seating. 2) capsized a canoe in the Dordogne -see later 3) almost bought a new kitchen for Julia. Altogether not much achieved given that I've forgotten we have a lounge to sit in.



Julia – This was the year that I belly danced on a restaurant table ('you'll never go hungry while Julia's around'), ate 'ris de veau' (unmentionable parts of an unspecified animal), played the part of a teenage single mother and sang a duet of 'Summer Nights' with a Maltese Elvis impersonator. Apart from that life ticks on the same as ever.

Sasha – this child is an enigma. A very useful 9 year old who is quite capable of doing the ironing, changing a nappy and making her own tea (more than most teenagers but we'll see if she forgets in a couple of years). We're



struggling to know what else to say – partly because we hardly see her with her busy social life. Sasha recently organised Lydia's birthday party complete with games, pass-the-parcel, competitions and party bags. Please contact the number below for all your party requirements. At least she gives us few worries with her excellent school work.



Lydia – is making something of a habit of getting herself published as someone else. She began her modelling career this year as –wait for it – a model for Barbie toys in the 'Ace' Christmas gifts catalogue. How perfect is that! She has also appeared as 'Lythia Latham' in a photo at the New Mills Lantern Procession (space is too short to describe this surreal event where three thousand people walk through the town with illuminated lanterns). Most recently she appeared in The Times as a Chernobyl victim – too complex to explain (that's the real Times, not the Westhead one). A

characteristic Lydia event took place in the summer when she realised (on holiday) that a girl younger than her was riding a bike without stabilisers and so taught herself in the space of 1 hour to ride properly. We wonder when she is going to do things then all of a sudden she decides it's the right time and off she goes.



Lydia de-stabilised

Random Visitors – we came back from holiday to find four blokes from Youth with a Mission in Argentina living in our house (one Argentinean, one Chilean, one Brazilian and one Canadian) so nothing unusual there. We were visited by two children (and their mums) from Belarus (through the Chernobyl Children's Project – and a bit of a clue as to why Lydia ended up in The Times) and Brian got found out – having claimed to have a



Miguel with his amazing collection of South American wind instruments



Lydia with Dasha and Luda

Russian 'O' level all his life it was discovered he couldn't remember any. Also three impressive German girls stayed with us on a school exchange and the cosmopolitan atmosphere was topped off with a visit from a Chinese film producer, studying in London.

Hols – best decision of the year was when Julia made us go on holiday to the Dordogne in the Summer. It rained at home every day in August (except two) and flooding closed the M60, so two weeks with the rain drumming on our caravan roof in Anglesey may have stretched the family goodwill. We made a last minute decision to visit EuroDisney on the way back, which was fab. We managed to put at least 2000 miles on the car in the space of two weeks! In February we visited Malta and the nearby island of Gozo and the wedding anniversary child-free weekend was spent in the beautiful city of Chester. As Julia's parents have recently moved within walking distance we are hoping for a few more child-free weekends!



On holiday in the Dordogne

Animals – as reported in the last 'Times' we were afraid of getting flabby following the sad demise of Finnegan. We concluded after a 'gap year' that we were getting altogether too lazy, so we are now the proud owners of Millie – a four-year old Border Collie who was looking for a good home.



Millie



In August almost a year to the day after my dad died, my mum followed him....



Jim Westhead (1916-2003)

Joan Westhead (1917-2004)

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