

MY FAVOURITE ROOM

My favourite room is our kitchen. Perhaps the kitchen is the most important room in many houses, but it is particularly so in our house because it's not only where we cook and eat but it's also the main meeting place for family and friends. I have so many happy memories of times spent there: special occasions such as homecomings or cooking Christmas dinner; troubled times, which lead to comforting cups of tea in the middle of the night; ordinary daily events such as making breakfast on dark, cold winter mornings for cross, sleepy children before sending them off to school, then sitting down to read the newspaper with a steaming hot mug of coffee. Whenever we have a party, people gravitate with their drinks to the kitchen. It always ends up the fullest and noisiest room in the house.

So what does this special room look like? It's quite big, but not huge. It's big enough to have a good-sized rectangular table in the centre, which is the focal point of the room. There is a large window above the sink, which looks out onto two apple trees in the garden. The cooker is at one end, and above it is a wooden pulley, which is old-fashioned but very useful for drying clothes in wet weather. At the other end is a wall with large notice-board, which tells the story of our lives, past, present, and future, in words and pictures: a school photo of Megan and Kate, a postcard from Auntie Nancy in Australia, the menu from a take-away Chinese restaurant, a wedding invitation for next Saturday. All our world is there for everyone to read!

The front door is seldom used in our house, only by strangers. All our friends use the back door, which means they come straight into the kitchen and join in whatever is happening there. The kettle goes on immediately and then we all sit round the table, drinking tea and putting the world to rights! Without doubt some of the happiest times of my life have been spent in our kitchen.