

If I were to start a matchbox diary...

If I were to start a matchbox diary, the first object I would include would be an old photograph of my Grandma. Although the picture is somewhat crumpled and the colours are faded, when I see Grandma's smiling face, it's almost like being with her once again. Towards the end of her life, visiting Gran became increasingly difficult. As a result of her dementia, she slowly forgot who I was. I never got used to giving her my best smile and warmest hug only to receive a blank stare. Fortunately, this photo takes me back to time when Grandma was still a vibrant woman, full of life. It never fails to lift my spirits.

The second object I would include (although I admit it would require an extremely large matchbox) would be one of my favourite records, Heartaches and Pain – Pages. Most people these days don't understand the appeal of dusty, old records. They're expensive, heavy and the rare ones often have to be imported from other countries. Why bother when you can get millions of tracks so easily on the computer? The answer is in the magic of the sound. In my opinion, digital files struggle to match the beautiful warmth records provide. Whenever I put the record on, I am transported to a different time and place. I grin like a Cheshire cat and have to dance around the room.

My final object would be my GPS watch. I was out on the fells of the Lake District when, suddenly, a dense fog descended. My heartrate quickened and I felt a knot forming in my stomach. What if I got lost out on the hills and couldn't find my way back? What if I stumbled into a bog and couldn't free myself? I tried my best to stay calm, but, as the fog thickened, it became evermore challenging. I could barely see a meter ahead of me. Just as I was starting to panic, I remembered the GPS function on my watch. With trembling hands, I punched in the coordinates of the nearest town, praying my single bar of signal would be sufficient. Fortunately, it was. I jumped up and punched the air before following the blinking arrow on the screen back to civilisation. From that point on, I considered the Garmin to be more than just a watch, it was my guardian angel.