

I Never Saw Her Sweat

Telling her grandkids, my children, will be difficult although maybe not as difficult as I anticipate it might be. They knew Ruth's uncle Glyn well enough to remember him now and when he died, they understood what it meant. They'll understand it when Nannas gone.

There'll be lots of stories and remembering the good times, and now that we're all older we'll be able to talk about the not so good as well. Grandad, my dad, is a strong man and he'll be okay – that army training will kick in. Resilience they call it.

However long she lasts, she might have had a bit longer, I mean, if her parents had taught her more. But I suppose they never had anyone teaching them how to live a healthier life back all those years ago. It's just how it was.

Before she retired, before her health was bad, she worked hard. She's of that generation. Tackle it head on and always have food on the table. There's a lot of pride in that and there's a lot of sacrifice. Blood, sweat and tears. I see that now.

But despite all that hard work, and all of the struggles I know she went through, you know I never saw her sweat.

- Dale Hardy