

Life Begins

At forty – I think not forty was a time of broken promises and disappointment.

Firstly the offer of a party for all my friends and family. No on second thoughts HE didn't think that was a good idea – HE didn't like a lot of them.

Secondly a trip on the Orient Express – great I would absolutely love that. However, I worked in a school so had to go when I wasn't working. HE couldn't possibly have time off when I could so – you've guessed it – no trip.

So what did I get on my fortieth birthday? A computer – great you would think – however as HE paid for it, it was to be used for the business!!!

Lets forget forty then.

At Fifty – a time of loss. My best friend who had battled and won in the fight against breast cancer died very quickly from Leukemia. Needless to say celebrating life was not something I felt like doing.

We'll forget fifty then.

Life begins at Flyball?

A chance to be who I really am, meeting wonderful people who share my interests, being able to scream and shout without being told to shut up or even worse being looked at with pity. (Well only occasionally by the line people I am deafening. Come on Roxanne).

And when the going gets really tough having a place to go where the world can be put on hold. A place where you are surrounded by people who don't try to give advice about life, just about dogs. It has it's ups and downs of course, but the ups always outweigh the downs.

So LIFE BEGINS AT FLYBALL!!!