



Vera Boshier, Chair's choice

When I was a child aged about 5 years, I lived with my parents and my older sister about 7 years. We lived in a cottage behind the Parish Church in Mortlake High Street. On most Saturdays during the Summer months, weddings would take place and after the ceremonies the church bells would ring. On hearing the bells my sister and I would run round to the front of the church to watch the photographs being taken. First the bride and groom, then the bridesmaids, then the parents, and then the photographer "Now we will have the group". All the guests would move forward and so would we, positioning ourselves at the front, one either end. Nobody would ask who we were with. After about 2 weeks we would look in the show case outside the studio in the High Street, and yes there we were. Mum was furious when a nosey neighbour told her about us and told us to stop at once. We still went to watch the photos being taken but didn't join in for fear of what mum said she'd do if we continued.

I am now 94 years of age, but sadly my sister is no longer with us. I still recall those happy times with a smile.