

Video: Loss and grief



Transcript

You know what I miss most about the farm? The light on the hills. It was always changing from morning to evening. My husband John and I would be out before dawn to bring the cows in for milking, so we'd see the dawn and the way it lit the hills.

Nothing in this world can compare. If we had a moment we'd sit and watch it together. They're good memories. I know I get a little forgetful these days, but I don't forget John and the farm. When John passed away, I thought that was the end of me. Last thing I wanted to do was leave the farm.

So I sold a lot of the cows and I tried keeping a smaller herd. And I managed to do that for a few years and it was all right. But then, this bloody forgetfulness thing started to kick in. Bugger of a thing. It just seems I can't remember the little things.

That meant I couldn't live alone, so I had to leave. But I didn't just leave the farm, I had to leave all my friends as well. I used to play tennis up at the local club. And, and I was a member on the fete committee.

But all gone just like that. They don't come to see me much. It's too far to come to the city. So here I am, in this godforsaken place, sitting here like a shag on a rock. What good am I? What purpose have I got? No cows to milk. No husband to cook for. It's cruel that's what it is, cruel.