



The Giant Memory Bank

I have a very vivid and happy memory of a Christmas event at Giant many years ago when my daughter, Ruby, was around four. Ruby didn't like Christmas. She was spooked by santa, people dressing up, the lights and palava (bit like her mother in that respect!). It was a stressful time of year for her and us but we, nevertheless, traipsed along to a wee hall in Partick to a Christmassy event hosted by Giant. We had no expectations. We thought it was likely we'd have to leave after 5 or 10 minutes but we thought we'd give it a try. The doors opened to a snow sprinkled, sparkly winter wonderland – trees made out of paper with little, mysterious, velvet bags hanging off them, garlands of fairy lights, lovely things to dress up in, nice music, beautiful art materials in abundance. It was spectacular. Ruby's eyes widened and she ventured in. She was met by Maria and the other Giant people who quietly eased her into this alien but intriguing environment, making it feel safe for her to explore and discover and participate. It happened in such a low key, easy way that I think she didn't know to be scared or stressed and she maybe just sensed that the people around her were good folk(Ruby has a nose for these things!) Ruby spent many hours that day enjoying the company of children her own age with various abilities and needs. She danced, dressed up, played music, went on journeys, heard stories and covered herself and others in glue and glitter. My husband and I had a wonderful time seeing it all through her eyes: just another little girl enjoying Christmas. Even now (5 years later) I get a lump in my throat remembering it.

Lindsey MacLeod, Parent and now Board Member