A Glen Parva Childhood

I feel so lucky to have grown up in Glen Parva, I didn't realise at the time what a strong community I was part of and took my active childhood and the opportunities I was presented with for granted. As an adult reflecting back, I realise that the breadth of activities I managed to immerse myself in was not typical, and I am grateful to the time of volunteers in the community and my Mum and Dad for exposing me to the wealth of opportunities which has in part shaped who I have become.

The Memorial Hall was a hub of so much fun for me as a child. I had my first taste of leadership as a Sixer in Brownies, I learnt the importance of perseverance in my weekly dance lessons, and I made some lifelong friendships at the pre-school and Sunday school all in the main hall. I love coming back every year with my own children to watch the pantomime, and for the annual Glen Parva Fete.

I took riding lessons at the Glendale riding school at the bottom of 'Bricky Hill'. and remember working all of Saturday mucking out and sweeping to get a 'free' lesson on my favourite pony. I learnt that hard work reaps great rewards, I am still a keen rider today and now have my own horse to muck out and sweep up after every day. We used to explore Glen Parva on the ponies as children, sneaking through Bluebell woods to get onto the Great Central Railway where we could ride safely for hours without the risk of traffic, cantering over the fields that are now Fosse Park and sploshing through the river.

I loved school, and have so many happy memories of my time at Glen Hills. We were offered all sorts of weird and wonderful opportunities from the standard learning an instrument to performing in a period drama at a Theatre in Leicester. My favourite memories are going to see Mr Buxton on my birthday when he gave us a box of smarties (one smartie for each year) and going to see his brothers pig farm, I was fascinated by Mr Clarkes corn snake and can still clearly remember the mummified cat found under the old wooden building in the 50th anniversary year. I always felt our teachers encouraged us to believe that anything was possible, I remember being told by another student I couldn't enter a science competition because I was a girl but my teacher at the time (Mr McCourt) made it clear were all expected to enter, I won the competition and this was the start of my love affair with science, I actually went on to study genetics at university and am now a science teacher.

Alice