GLEN PARVA MEMORIES

JANET MALLOY

GLEN PARVA WRITERS

My memory of Glen Parva only goes back three years, to when Glen invited me to join her writers' group that was held at the library there. Glen Parva – where's that? I fished out the map the Health Authority had provided when I began work with them in 1975. I had discovered its deficiencies when my road to an outlying village disappeared under Rutland Water, and the M69 was also missing. But hopefully Glen Parva predated them and I'd find it.

Yes, got it! Now, where is the library and how do I get to it? I plotted my route carefully as Glen Parva is situated on the far side of Leicester from my home. I crawled through slow traffic into town, past the Tiger's ground and onto Aylestone Road. Then it was nose to tail, inching along for what seemed like miles. It was dark, it was cold and I was going to be late. When the traffic freed, I sped along – and drove straight past Dorothy Avenue as I couldn't see the sign. Realizing I'd gone wrong, I dived down a side street, turned and came back up the other side of the road, peering into the gloom for the street name. When I finally found my way to the library I was welcomed by the group. Everyone else was local and they all knew each other, but I never felt like an outsider.

Time passed, I found a better route and the lighter evenings helped me spot the road before I'd passed it. The tasks Glen set us proved interesting, humorous and informative, and there was always encouragement and laughter. I hope it won't be too long before we can meet there again. You'll find a warm welcome too if you care to join us on a Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock. I always arrive ten minutes early or two minutes late, according to the traffic, but you can be sure I'll be there. Maybe you will be too.