

Candidate 4 evidence

I'll Tell You About The Magic

"It makes you feel happy like an old-time movie; I'll tell you about the magic, and it'll free your soul"

These are lyrics, from the song "Do You Believe in Magic" by the Lovin Spoonful. Lots of us have a song which evokes a memory of someone. For myself, this song triggers feelings and images of time spent with my granny, Oonagh. Whenever I hear it, I am compelled to break into a boogie, as I am immediately reminded of her and the magic she conjures.

The band wrote the song in appreciation of a girl who danced her heart out at one of their gigs, which they say, in that lightbulb moment, symbolised that they had found their fanbase. It made them feel recognised and supported. And if that does not sum up how my granny makes me feel, nothing can.

Five years ago, I could not imagine what I would be like as an adult and certainly had no idea who my role model would be. But now, as my relationship with my Granny Oonagh matures and we share quality time together every week talking about everything, I know which qualities I wish to nurture for myself. Qualities which my granny displays. If I ever had to choose who I want to be like when I am older, I would be proud to emulate her.

Every Thursday night, straight after school, I visit Granny's, just a two-minute walk from home. As I watch her cook, I sit in the spinney chair with my arms spread over the beige faux marble island counter feeling the warmth of the radiator under the island on my knees. In the background, whilst the stir-fry sizzles; Alexa is playing 60's hits at low volume. I savor the sweetness of the cheeky taste of sausage and red onion homemade pockets whilst we chat, and she transports me to her childhood world.

One of her amazing stories that she re-calls from the troubled childhood she endured, was the fantastic relationship she had with her grandmother. When Oonagh was five, she became unwell with rheumatic fever and was sent, by her neglectful parents, to live with her grandparents in Acharacle on the Ardnamurchan peninsula - as remote as it gets. There, she developed a bond with her grandmother, who was also coping with an illness. Whenever her grandfather was working in the village, Oonagh and her grandmother were tasked to look after one another. They created a system of hand bells which they would ring when they needed help. After a period, they began to communicate telepathically, no longer needing the assistance of the bells. They had developed a mystical relationship, and she delights in telling me stories of their fascinating telepathy.

When the local villagers, became aware of their bond, they were suspicious of sorcery or black magic. Who wouldn't be? The two were questioned endlessly and put to various tests. One of these trials involved my granny and her grandmother being separated to different rooms; one of them was told a word and the other was to report it. To everyone's astonishment they passed each test.

Whilst Oonagh's capabilities grew stronger, her grandmother began to fail. Oonagh's grandmother was then admitted to the local hospital where children were not allowed to visit. Before her grandfather was able to give Oonagh the news of her death, Oonagh had

already received a telepathic message from her grandmother, telling her that she was passing, reassuring her that everyone was going to be alright, and to not be sad that she was gone, but to cherish the woman she knew and loved. At the funeral, Granny Oonagh recollects sitting on a pew, watching as others sobbed; however, she was not very emotional because she felt comforted by the message, and this became an emotional safety buffer protecting her throughout life. Because of her grandmother's message and the illness and loss she had had to face at such a youthful age, she appreciated life even more. Granny Oonagh has shared so many of her extraordinary endeavors with me. I marvel in the unique closeness of the relationship with her own grandmother, that their communications were otherworldly and how it taught her true connection. She now has almost replicated this strong bond with me - but no telepathy yet! Granny Oonagh went on to have a lovely family and varied career as an entrepreneur, science teacher and latterly minister of the Church of Scotland.

I realise my favorite memory of us together is cooking in her tiny kitchen, my colorful apron dusted in flour from the pastry-making, and the two of us break into song and dance. This reminiscence summons up the sort of person my granny is: creative, caring and kind; fun and full of life, always honest and best of all it gives me the tangible feeling of comfort when I am around her, like a warm embrace. Being at her house is like a safe place for me. Here I am enchanted. It is a sanctuary where I can forget about worries or insecurities, I am just myself, charmed in the moment and spellbound. She appreciates life and has taught me to appreciate it as well. I endlessly await the following Thursday!

While I cannot recall the start of our weekly custom, I certainly dread the day it ends. Having someone wise and caring who shares their individual experiences with me is a gift. I hold her in high regard, she inspires me and always exceeds my expectations, and I hope she always will.

So, do you believe in magic? As the Collins dictionary states, "if you refer to a person's magic, you mean a special talent or ability that they have, which you admire or consider very impressive." I strongly believe a person can be magic. Now I realise that my granny is magical. As the Lovin' Spoonful's song states, she frees my soul. I am extremely grateful for delighting in her unconditional love and affection because many people might not be so lucky. She is captivating, she is wise. She is full of magic. My wish is to be magical like her.

Word count - 1033

bibliography

MAGIC definition and meaning | Collins English Dictionary

The Lovin' Spoonful - Do You Believe in Magic Lyrics | Genius Lyrics