

I don't remember the last time we stayed in our caravan in Portrush as a family. This is odd because I remember the finer details about most things. Its not important that I don't remember the last time, but it is curious for me because, at the time, I didn't know it would be the last time. Circumstances conspired in such a way that we never went back again as a family. I think this is mostly because I outgrew the holidays and stopped going long before my parents stopped going. I do remember a video of me visiting my parents in Portrush when I was nineteen and by that time I was long past going with them.

Its not often that we know that the last time is in deed the last time, unless its something formal like leaving a job or moving out of a house. I knew when it was my last time in my house in Garvagh and I walked through it and videoed it how it was before I left. I can't say I ever watched the video afterwards, but it was clearly the end of chapter.

Its good to not look back too much. Too much reminiscing keeps us bound to the sweet melancholy of the past and it robs us of the present. The past is gone. You'll have an eternity to remember it when you're dead