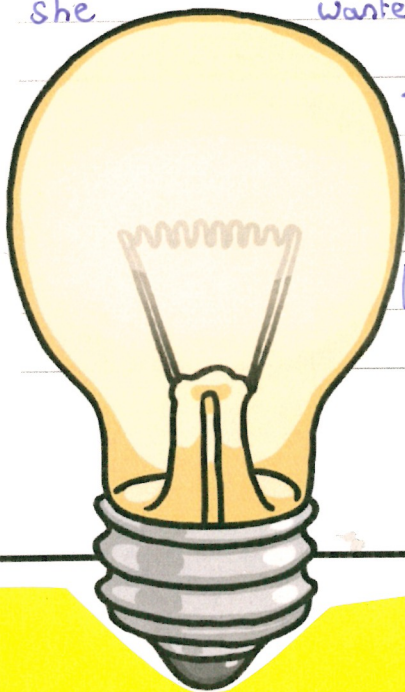


## Getting in the light

I remember my Father worked for the ESB. He loved his job, although my Mother hated most of the electricity brought in. We lived in Lucan at the time. My Mother complained often about the new kettles and irons. My Father on the other hand loved it and said we were very lucky to be in that time.

Father's job was to go around advertising for the ESB. He was very good at it and convinced many people to buy electricity. We were the first people in our little area to get electricity.

It was a dim light but brighter than candles. The light had a yellow colour to it. The day I switched on the light was magical. It was a soft glow. It was a very special day in my life. It also meant no more generators. Mother had much more time on her hands to do what she wanted, she grew to like it very much.



In school all my friends and I could talk about, was electricity. My Father was right, we were very lucky to be in that time.

By Andelys