

*Rhiannon:* When this snow first fell, I took Faith out to build a snowman. Her idea of building a snowman was to let Mummy assemble a nice big pile of snow and then step into it, shouting 'And go woo! So we repeated this several times. Then she went into the greenhouse and acquired a watering can, and said 'Fill up wif snow.' She spent the next twenty minutes or so assiduously trowelling selected bits of snow from all over the garden into the watering can.

*Robin:* Our daughter was a lively young girl, she loved life. She had a ready smile and was always eager to be doing. I would be roused in the morning with a cry of "Oh no! Daddy sleeping, get up daddy!" She loved to run, she loved being dangled by her arms, she loved being turned upside down.

*Rhiannon:* The day before she died, I slipped and fell on the ice on the doorstep. I went 'Ow! That really hurt!' She reached out to me and said 'Cuddle' and gave me a big hug.

*Robin:* Faith developed a real concern for the people around her. She would notice if we were tired, stressed or upset, and was always ready with a cuddle or a kiss. She wasn't happy until the people she was with were happy. We told her many times how much we loved her, and on Christmas Day she told me, for the first time, that she loved me.

*Rhiannon:* The Sunday before she died, we were snowed in. Faith wanted to go to the library. I told her we couldn't because the library was closed and there was too much snow. 'Got snow on lybree,' she said. 'Wipe snow off lybree!'

*Robin:* Faith must have been the only two year old to have books reserved in the library. She loved reading, and many times she would come to us with a book and tell us to "read it", or two books and say "this one, this one after". She knew and remembered dozens of books, and got very good at finishing off the sentences. She also enjoyed pointing out letters that she recognised.

*Rhiannon:* She used to help us lay the table for dinner, when she wasn't too distracted by books or jigsaw puzzles. She'd go to the cupboard and pull out plates or bowls (she preferred bowls because that meant we were probably having pasta for dinner) and put one in each of our places, saying 'One daddy, one mummy, one Ffaiff.' Her approach to cutlery was a little creative and at one meal I was given three knives and no forks!

*Robin:* Faith loved her food. She always insisted on eating what we ate. She loved spaghetti, aubergine curry, ice-cream, avocado, anything with meat in. Protecting the fruit bowl from her predation was a fulltime job. It was a joy to prepare food for someone who took such obvious delight in it.

*Rhiannon:* We took Faith to the zoo for her birthday, and the way things turned out Robin wasn't going to be able to come in the morning. So we thought that we could go to the zoo without him and he'd turn up for the birthday party afterwards. But when we broke this to her she was not happy. 'No, no,' she kept saying. And then she turned to Robin. 'Pease Daddy,' she said – and then paused, obviously trying to think

of a way to express what she wanted to say – ‘go zoo?’ Of course we rearranged things so that Daddy could come.

*Robin:* As well as "please" and "thank you" Faith had a wonderful command of language. She could tell you whether something was "edible" or "not edible", and when putting her jigsaws together she'd say "reassemble it". She was easy to be with, she could tell us what she wanted and would understand and accept if we had to explain to her that she couldn't have it. The moon was just too far away for mummy to bring it to her.

She was the most amazing child I could ever wish for, and I loved her so very much. I don't want to have to say good bye, but she is gone and I must. Goodbye my sweetie, daddy loves you.

*Rhiannon:* She was cute and clever, funny and thoughtful. I loved her for everything she was, and I was always proud of her. I am, and always will be, proud to have had, even for a short time, such a wonderful daughter.