A letter to... My te mate

Dear Colin,

ver the years, we've been through so much together, haven't we? Good times and bad.

you've always been right beside me.

Kind, caring. Right from the very start when we met in 2005. When we married in 2007, promised to love each other 'in sickness

and in health'. Over the years I shared

my dream with you. To foster kids and help them flourish.

But with my busy retail career and then a son, Jack, in 2008, we had our hands full.

Then in December 2015, I got home from work, found you collapsed on the floor.

I called 999 and at hospital, you were placed in an induced coma and I was told you'd had a stroke. "There's a chance he won't

live,' the doctor warned. You were only 42, and Jack only 7.

Luckily, after four months, you woke up and were discharged. But the stroke left you with aphasia, causing

speech difficulties. 'Whatever you need, I'm

here,' I reassured you. It meant that life needed to change.

In June 2019, I was offered



voluntary redundancy. And spending more time at home, caring for you,

gave me an idea. 'Is now the time to start fostering, at last?' I asked you.

'Let's go for it,' you said.

Thank you

for helping

me share the

love we've

built

With Jack on board too, I discovered <u>TACT</u> a fostering charity with bases across the country.

'My husband is disabled, does that rule us out?' I asked.

'Not necessarily,' I was told.

We'd have to pass a rigorous application process, but we'd be treated like everyone else.

Eight months after filling in the first forms, we finally got the amazing news. 'We're going to be foster parents,' I told you, and we grinned.

It took a little while to have a child placed with us, as TACT wanted to make sure we were a good fit for each other.

In July 2020, we met our now 15-year-old foster daughter, Millie.

She was so anxious that first day as we all sat in the garden, especially nervous around men.

But you won her round, soon she was

you ping re the e've It we bonded while I did her hair, went on long walks with our deerhound-collie

cross, Robbie. We were a team.

Things weren't always easy.

Tantrums and arguments happened, but TACT was always just a phone call away.

In January 2021, after

a challenging few days, I turned to you for comfort. 'I don't know if I'm cut out

for this,' I sighed, teary-eyed. 'We can do it. She needs

You've always been so caring!

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us,' you reassured me. With time, Millie started to see our house

as her home. Jack and her get on like

brother and sister, and she's growing into a wonderful, kind young woman.

Now, we're on the path to take on more foster kids, this time siblings.

I've always been so proud of our family.

Thank you for helping me share the love we've built with kids who need it most.

We've turned a difficult time into something beautiful.

All my love, Nicolax

Nicola, 53, Dorset

 To find out more about fostering with TACT, visit tactcare.org.uk