



# Little Ollie's Final Wish

Every wedding day is special and filled with emotion but never more so than for Sarah and Simon Young last December

**O**ur five year-old son Ollie was your typically cheeky little chap, full of energy and fun. But on December 1 last year, our world was shattered. A day that had begun with Simon and I looking forward to seeing Ollie play Joseph in his school Nativity ended with the devastating news that our little boy had a brain tumour. A few days later, still reeling from the shock of it all, we learned that it was the most aggressive type, located in the worst possible place and that we'd be very lucky if he lived to see Christmas. I still can't put into words our feelings at that time, or since. I don't think the words actually exist.

But then came the idea for our wedding. During a conversation with a lady from the CLIC Sargent charity Simon mentioned, 'the crazy thing out of all of



Sarah and eldest son Alfie, ready to attend the wedding

this is that Ollie has asked us to get married!' and suddenly the mood in the room took on a positive focus. We'd always intended to marry. It was something Ollie and his elder brother Alfie talked about a lot, and when we told Ollie he was amazed. The beaming smile on his face was all we needed to know! In the following days, now in the care of the wonderful team at

Helen & Douglas House hospice in Oxford, he really perked up. He enjoyed having fun with the staff, being pampered with Jacuzzi baths, massages, movies and milkshakes on tap. It just didn't seem possible that this terrible thing was about to happen to him.

Incredibly, the entire wedding was organised in just six days. Simon, Alfie and I focused on spending those precious days with Ollie – no-one would let us do anything else. What we also hadn't fully realised at the time was that there was also an incredible wave of help flooding in back home in Wokingham. Family, friends, acquaintances and even complete strangers rallied behind our small team of close friends who set about organising everything; photography, my dress, food, table decorations, party bags for the children... kind-hearted people supplied, donated or loaned every single item apart from our wedding rings for that day. We don't even know everyone involved. People were invited to write messages on labels to

attach to the many champagne and wine bottles that were donated and some are simply signed 'from a friend of a friend.'

It was also the most unbelievably heart-breaking time, given Ollie's prognosis and not knowing if he would even make it to that day. Even leaving him to go and get ready on the morning of December 17 was tough. But when he was brought in, his face when he saw me in my dress was just amazing. I remember standing next to the Christmas tree just gazing at my handsome boys.

Ollie was so happy that day. He was paralysed on his right side but he kept giving the thumbs up with his left hand and smiling his lop-sided smile. An especially precious moment was when the DJ played his favourite song, One Direction's 'What Makes You Beautiful'. Ollie sat there in his wheelchair and sang it to me.

Against the odds, our little boy survived Christmas. Then he slipped into unconsciousness at the beginning of January and was finally taken from us in the early hours of February



**"The DJ played 'What Makes You Beautiful' and he sang it to me"**