

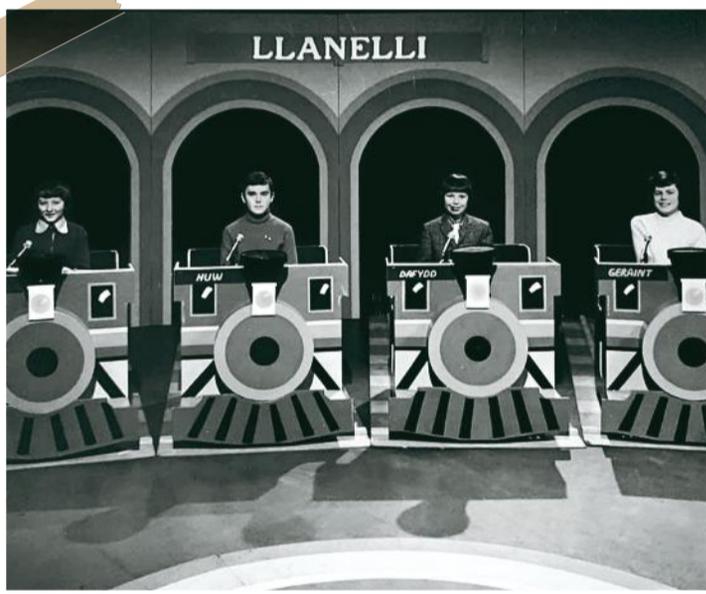
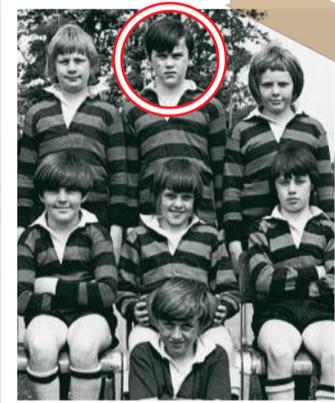
My *Life* through a lens

Celebrities share the stories behind their favourite photos. This week it's BBC News lead presenter Huw Edwards, 59



1965 I'm three here and my sister Meinir around 18 months, with my mother Aeron and father Hywel. He was a schoolteacher then Head of Welsh Language and Literature at Swansea University and died of pancreatic cancer aged 75. My mother, who did all the work raising us, is 84 and still lives in the family home in Llangennech. She's my greatest supporter and a constructive critic. A bad haircut or a dodgy tie will be commented upon and she has a go if I look too tired.

1972 I love rugby but I was a hopeless player. This is me aged about ten in my primary school team [circled]. My ambitions were destroyed early, thanks mainly to my dad who kept saying I was an embarrassment. Later, I became a good skier and canoeist, not that my father counted them as valid sports. I once thrashed him at snooker which gave me great satisfaction!



1973 This is the first hint that my future lay in television. I'm in a Llanelli Boys' Grammar team [second left] taking part in a quiz show for HTV Wales, where a wrong answer meant your train was shunted back into the tunnel – the 'sin bin'. We won our first round but lost by a whisker in the second to a school from Mold, a place I have loathed ever since! Maybe that's why quiz shows aren't really my thing.



1981 I spent one of the best years of my life as a teaching assistant in the town of Neufchâteau in the Vosges region of France. Everyone knew each other. I was known as 'le Gallois' [the Welshman] – but only after I'd spent weeks correcting people who'd been calling me 'l'Anglais'!



1988 I worked as a political correspondent at Westminster for 14 years, and had a burning ambition to be the BBC's political editor (my boss, the great John Cole, had told me it was my 'natural destination'). But I followed a different path, and this is me presenting from Broadcasting House, Cardiff. My lip curls when former colleagues sneer at presenting; in most cases they're people who were never trusted by the BBC to front any really big programmes.



2018 A few years ago, I noticed a boxing gym in south London, but didn't dare go in. I was overweight and feeling low. I eventually plucked up the courage and met Clinton McKenzie, a former British and European champion [pictured]. He's a very special guy and gave me a fitness regime which helped me through a bad period of depression, as well as losing weight. I managed to lose three stone in the first year.



2019 I met so many veterans at this D-Day 75 event in Portsmouth. Most are modest and unassuming. My grandfather was a merchant seaman whose ship was torpedoed in the Atlantic during WWII, and he was held for three years in a POW camp in Germany. I always think of him at the Festival of Remembrance in the Royal Albert Hall, which I have presented for the past 18 years.



2020 I never wanted a dog. I dreaded the walks and moulting. But I gave in to one of my sons' nagging – I've got three boys and two girls – and now Mot is the heart of the family. He's a Labrador retriever and can be neurotic, but he's always waiting when I get home at night and trots off to bed once we've had our cuddle.

As told to York Membery. Huw Edwards and Kirsty Wark will front the BBC's election coverage on BBC1 on Friday