

Through the

RINGER!



Emily Wolstenholme, 36, from Folkestone, thought she'd lost her hubby's ring...a snap of her dog revealed all

Walking down the pathway to our local beach, it was a stunning scene that we were all used to – come rain or shine.

Only, instead of hunkering down on Sunny Sands Beach, my husband Wayne, now 35, and my sister Deborah, 43, were keen sea swimmers – which wasn't for me!

Instead, I felt much happier watching on with our beloved pooch Alan, a Cavapoo, as they took a chilly dip in the sea in March this year.

'Can you take my ring as I go in?' Wayne asked, slipping his wedding ring from his finger – worried he would lose it at sea.

Wayne and I had known each other since we were kids, and after finally getting together in 2007, we tied the knot a year later.

And choosing a plain white gold wedding band with 'Luke chapter six verse 38' engraved on the inside, it was a constant reminder of our love.

So, taking the ring in my hand and placing it in my pocket alongside my phone, I zipped it shut.

Playing in the sand as the waves crashed behind him, Alan was his usual cute self on the beach as we waited for Wayne and Deborah to come back – I thought it would be the perfect photo opportunity.

Taking my phone out of my

pocket and snapping away, I got Alan to pose before we moved on along the coast.

After Wayne and Deborah had dried off, we got in the car to go home. Only, later that evening, Wayne turned to me. 'Can I have my ring back?' he asked.

'It's in my coat,' I replied.

Fumbling around in my coat pockets, Wayne looked back up at me as I was taking my time.

'I can't find it,' I froze, panicking.

Surely it must be somewhere in the house? I frantically

hoped – but after turning the house upside down, neither of us could find it.

I felt awful. I've always been careful – it was unlike me to lose something so special.

My mind scanned over what I'd been up to for the day and it clicked that I probably lost it at the beach when I bent down to take photos of Alan.

Wayne wasn't worried.

'It's probably just in the car,' he said nonchalantly – yet, feeling sentimental, I got really upset.

How could I lose it?

Calling my mum Eleanor, I couldn't help but sob down the phone.

'Bloss,' she said, calling me by my nickname. 'It's just a ring, your marriage is worth so much more.'

And she was right – her words had managed to



We're both so glad it was found!

YOU'VE GOTTA WOOF!

calm me down completely.

But that didn't stop me from wanting to try and find it.

On the off-chance that someone may spot it on the beach, I opened Facebook.

On Tuesday morning, I lost my ring, if anyone sees it, please let me know! I typed in a local group.

Normally the forum has quite a few negative posts about noise and rubbish in the area, so I didn't think anything of it. But I had quite a few kind responses from people saying they would look out for it, so I stayed open-minded.

I even had a message from a metal detector, Brendan, who said he would have a look.

Hoping that the ring would eventually turn up, I went for a drink with my friend Alie at a local bar the next day –

showing her the photos of Alan that I'd taken at the beach, I saw something glistening in the background of the snaps.

The ring!

It was pure luck that the photo was taken with the ring, pride of place, in the back!

But the tide was out when the picture was taken so I lost all hope that the ring would be found – probably washed out to sea.

Able to see the longitude and latitude of where an image was taken, Wayne suggested we let Brendan know the co-ordinates, just in case.

'The ring's been found!'

Wayne exclaimed just a few days later. Brendan had only gone and found it with his metal detector!

I was over the moon – I couldn't quite believe it.

We repaid Brendan with a case of beer and thanked everyone who had been so kind online.

I'm just so grateful for the kindness of strangers.

Without them, there's no way that we would have ever been able to retrieve the ring ourselves.

Every time we go back to Sunny Sands, we can't help but chuckle about how lucky we were to get the band back.

We may have promised to have and to hold – however, even now, Wayne won't let me near his wedding ring!

'I can't find it, I froze, panicking'

Alan posing by the ring!

