

## Friday, October 6, 1995

Harry Cookson was exhausted: This was confirmed by the heaviness he saw in his face as he looked at his reflection in the washroom mirror. It was now three thirty in the afternoon; that gave Harry just enough time to say goodbye to everyone in the meeting room, check out of the hotel and take a taxi, from the hotel, to the Toronto train station. His train leaves for Windsor in one hour. He checked his inside suit jacket pocket for the train tickets; they were there, first class service to Windsor, arriving at Walkerville station at eight thirty. Just thinking about the ride home somewhat relaxed him. A reserved seat, the morning paper to read and the promise of a light snack and a glass of red wine, all appealed to Harry after three days of intensive all day merger meetings. He hoped he would not meet anyone he knew on the train as he would be busy all that night with a house party of church committee friends who had been invited, by his wife Catherine, for a pre-Thanksgiving Day gathering. There was little chance of meeting anyone on the train as nearly all the business travellers from Toronto to Windsor would be on the five o'clock Air Ontario flight to Windsor.

Harry quickly gathered up his work in the meeting room and said his goodbyes, as he shook the hand of each of the eight men who were at today's meeting, who were now in a social hour mood. Everyone was laughing, smiling and looking forward to the three day Thanksgiving weekend. He quickly left the room, went to the lobby, checked out easily, found a waiting taxi, and left for the station.

Harry found his designated chair, placed his bag in the overhead compartment, sat down and picked up the Globe & Mail which he found on his seat. He looked out at the dull grey walls of Toronto's Union Station and remained fixed in this restful position until the train began to slowly move out of the station towards the bright sunshine ahead which would be with Harry all the way to Windsor. The train wound its way West, through the [jmazemaze](#) of tracks leading

into and out from the Union Station. These were populated mainly by standing freight trains and the bright green and white commuter trains now ready to take thousands of urban commuters home for the long weekend. Shortly after they had cleared the yard, the service attendant came to take Harry's first order of the four hour trip: He ordered a bottle of beer. He was now ready to relax for the next four hours.

He picked up the paper and began to scan the front page, which was given over entirely to the upcoming Quebec Referendum. Statements by the Prime Minister, Sovereignist Leaders, as well as dire warnings from several of the Provincial Premiers, and business and academic voices. Harry knew the importance of this Quebec matter of separation should the referendum be won by the Yes vote, but he feared the consequences of a No vote even more, as he saw a confused, divided and argumentive Canada as a result. Harry had a sense that English Canada was handling this matter badly. Without reading the editorials and the letters to the Editor, or trying to find anything amusing in the meanspirited cartoons, he knew exactly what to expect from this crowd. He knew what would be said and how it would be said. So instead he focused his attention to the details of a brutal murder of a sixteen year old girl in Appleford, British Columbia. The viciousness of the attack and the murder shocked Harry; brutality , especially against women, always has. Living in Windsor, Harry had a "window" into the United States, which for the past thirty five years had provided him with an awareness of the murderous ways of modern American life. He noted that this social disorder was finding its way into Canada. Each report seemed to be more savage than those of previous assaults and killings. Harry blamed much of this unnatural social behaviour on the social and economic policies of those who govern the United States; especially the economic segregation policies of American corporate and political leaders. Modern American and Canadian society and the happiness and well being of its citizens was too precious, Harry thought, to allow those who seek only status

and profit to shape this society. When Harry was a young boy his father Conrad, often took Harry and his older brother George to Detroit to enjoy a baseball game at Briggs Stadium, as it was known then, or to the Olympia Arena, now demolished, to watch the Red Wings play hockey, or to shop at the J. L. Hudson Department Store and to visit the hundreds of wonder-filled stores which lined Woodward Avenue and all the side streets for miles around the downtown core area. Now Windsor people prefer not to go to Detroit, for any reason, unless it means a trip of fifteen or twenty miles to one of Detroit's northern suburbs.

Finally, the beer arrived, with a most welcome bag of salted nuts. Harry gave his meal order to the attendant. He then turned to the financial section of the paper, especially interested in the closing Toronto Stock Market price of Ford of Canada. He smiled a winner's smile. Now on\_ to sports. He noted that the Red Wings were home that night against the New York Rangers. The corporation's box of ten seats would be used by a happy and excited group, connected in some way with the corporation Harry has worked for, since his graduation from Western Ontario University in London. Corporate boxes were now invaluable sales and marketing tools for North America's major corporations. The income generated by these luxury suites has increased to such a degree that major- league sport franchises cannot exist profitably in an arena or stadium without a large percentage of its seating designed especially for these luxury suites. Harry knew the price to the penny as it is his department that purchased these tickets. For thirty years, they had also purchased lower deck box seats for the Detroit Tiger baseball season at Tiger Stadium. But these had not been renewed since 1985 as corporate sales and marketing managers had noticed that most of their clients preferred not to go to evening games at the stadium because of its location in an area of downtown Detroit that had deteriorated dangerously.

Harry put the newspaper down and went to the men's room. Coming back to his seat he

noticed that the coach was half empty. A group of four women sat talking, while a very well-dressed woman sat off by herself, engrossed in a rather thick academic book that Harry noticed carried a French title. Across the way, a couple was busy looking at the passing landscape and, at the very back of the car, four young men were busy playing cards, seemingly enjoying every turn of the cards. He thought they might be university students going home for the weekend, as he had often done in his past university years in London.

Back in his seat Harry began to search the world outside for signs as to their progress since leaving Toronto. He soon spotted the McDonald-Cartier highway and within minutes saw its London exit sign, showing London to be five kilometres ahead. The train reduced its speed and shortly after pulled into the London Station. They were scheduled to stop here for ten minutes. Several people left the train, including the four card-players and the man and woman who had sat across from Harry. The train resumed its journey to Windsor. It was now six thirty in the evening. Harry would be at the Windsor-Walkerville Station at eight thirty, where he would be met by his daughter, Claire.

Now that the ride home was halfway over, Harry's thoughts went straight to the remainder of the ride, especially to his expectations for the last twenty minutes before arriving in Windsor. Because of an increase in his firm's product lines and two acquisitions over the past ten years, Harry has been required to attend management meetings in Toronto two or three days a month. However he has built a capable, loyal staff in the Windsor purchasing department and was able to attend these meetings without causing any distress or concern in the company's purchasing affairs. He was proud of the department he had developed and knew that he could rely on each and every member of the unit to perform their work in a professional manner. Lately, however, the Toronto meetings have increased to five or six days a month, requiring Harry to make the trip to the city more often. In the end, his decision to fly to Toronto

and to return on Friday afternoons by train made more sense. He originally made these trips by driving his company car, but he found this tiring and monotonous, and besides, getting out of downtown Toronto on Friday afternoon in an automobile was a job in itself. These now frequent Friday afternoon train trips were responsible for Harry's increased interest and anticipation as the train drew near to the Windsor-Tecumseh area, which was covered in the last twenty minutes of the ride.

In the past year, from his window seat, Harry had noticed a short, man rather sturdily built in the backyard of a home that was easily seen from the train. Usually this man was working in his garden or standing by a concrete wall that marked the end of his property, near the train tracks. He was not a young man to be sure, probably in his late seventies, but -by his manner of walking and movements, he appeared to be in good shape. He gave the impression that most of his life he had been a man of unusual physical strength.

As the train approaches this area of Tecumseh there is a lot of whistle blowing as it crosses a network of suburban streets, along with the clanging of crossing signals with their flashing warning lights. The train reduces its speed as it passes the stretch of road where Harry first noticed the man and his yard. Harry wondered why he was so interested in this man and so pleased to see him on these Friday afternoon rides home. He did not know a thing about him and, had never seen him before, nor had ever expected to meet him. Harry was at a loss to answer his own questioning thoughts. There was a generousness in the man's smile and in his wave to the train that quite charmed Harry. Harry felt that he was looking directly at him and that the captivating wave and smile were especially for Harry and for no one else. During the past year Harry had passed this way twenty times or so and saw this scene each time, as he hoped he would see it again today. Often there was a woman, probably the man's wife, working in the garden area or taking in laundry from a drying line that ran from the back porch of their house to

a steel pole in the middle of the yard. She seldom waved but always had a warm smile if she had time to look up at the train. He was usually dressed in loose baggy pants and rather nice shirts and jackets as the season demanded and always wore a large brimmed straw summer hat or a brown felt hat, which had many years of sweat marked on its silk band. As Harry thought of these things he began to look forward to today's meeting with this unknown, yet compelling figure, even if it would only be for a moment or two.

Shortly after leaving the London Station, the car attendant brought the meal Harry had requested. He placed the tray on a small table and asked if anything else was required, as the food service would now end. Harry assured him that he would not need anything before their arrival in Windsor. Harry had ordered a dijon roast beef sandwich on French bread, which came with a few potato chips and a small cup of mustard. It looked and smelled delicious. A sip of the wine assured him that it was a good imported red. As he began to eat, he realized how hungry he was. He had only a light breakfast in the hotel early this morning. The sandwich, wine and chips were soon gone. This most welcome snack was just the thing to give him renewed energy as he began to think about tonight's gathering at home. He smiled when he thought of his wife and all the preparations she was probably right in the middle of at this moment. As the attendant removed the food tray the train began to slow for its arrival at the Chatham Station. One person left the train, no one got on to make the trip to Windsor. The train was now into its final sixty minutes of travel.

As Harry found the last stretch of the run somewhat boring, he decided to read again, as there was little else to do. He found what he was looking for in the paper. He began reading an in-depth article evaluating [Canada's](#) North American Free Trade Agreement with the United States and Mexico. As the purchasing manager of one of Canada's largest automotive supply corporations, Harry knew exactly what this agreement had brought to Canada and what it had

taken away and, also, what it had the potential to change in the coming years of the agreement. Harry read the article with care, not to gain any insight into the details of the agreement, but rather to learn what the reporters knew about it. Harry was especially interested in the accompanying series of bar and line graphs that dealt with Canadian exports. Export figures had grown significantly since the adoption of the 1965 US-Canada Auto Pact. These increases made most Canadians confident in the future well-being of the country's economic life. But Harry knew that the ownership of much or most of this domestic production was not owned by Canadian companies, and that the profit from these sales would end up in an American or European bank account and not remain in Canada as needed working capital. He was perplexed by Canada's compliant disposition in having the lion's share of its production owned and controlled by foreign corporations. Ninety percent of his corporation's production went directly to American and Japanese automotive production plants in Canada and the United States. Canada's seventy-cent dollar and its pool of skilled and well-trained labour force were without a doubt the prime reason for these export surges, shown in each of the graphics illustrating the article. He finished reading the complete article and laid the paper down beside him. The time spent reading had served its main purpose as the train was now travelling through the Lake St. Clair section of the ride and would arrive in Windsor in twenty minutes.

Now Harry was alert to everything outside the window. He knew that he would soon be passing the house that interested him so much. He began to picture his friend in the yard; would he be there again with his ready smile and wave? Harry took down his bag, folded the paper and placed it in his briefcase for future use. He knew that the guests would be arriving at his home shortly before the train pulled into Windsor Station, so he straightened his shirt and tie and then went to the washroom to freshen up. He soon returned to his seat by the window, however, as he knew they were quickly approaching the house he was looking for. The whistles

began to blow and the crossing lights could be seen ahead. The train reduced its speed at all intersections. Harry noticed the long line of cars waiting for the train to pass on both sides of the crossing; people out shopping for their Thanksgiving dinners, no doubt, anxious to get to the stores or to return home.

Now it was time to be alert as the train would pass the goal in Harry's mind in less than fifteen seconds. A vacant field was Harry's signal that the next thing he would see would be the house, the yard, the concrete wall and the man in the hat. Right on time! There it is! Right in front of Harry, everything was as he anticipated, except there was not a sign of life anywhere. There was no one in sight. The yard was empty. It was a bright sunny late afternoon; why was there no one there! The train passed quickly from this scene. Harry sat back heavily in his seat.

He did not smile — he was too disheartened. The shine went from everything that was in his mind. As the other passengers in the car began to arrange their clothing and luggage for a quick dismount from the train, Harry sat dejected, somewhat sullen and greatly disappointed. He remained slumped in his seat. As the train pulled in slowly to the Windsor-Walkerville Station, his fellow travellers were all gathered on the right side of the coach admiring the brightness, beauty and size of the Detroit skyline, especially the massive Renaissance Center that sparkled just ahead across the Detroit River. The train came to a stop at the station platform. Harry was the last to leave the coach. He moved slowly towards the station building and began to look for Claire; he smiled, once again! He spotted her bright attractive face near the taxi stand, her usual waiting spot. How youthful and vibrant she looked. Harry quickened his pace and jogged to meet her. After a few hugs and kisses they found their car and were on their way home, which is only a few blocks from the station. While driving, Claire mentioned that she recognized the smartly dressed woman, who had got off the train before Harry. Her name was Karen Benoit and she taught in the Classical Studies Department at Wayne State University in



downtown Detroit, where Claire was in her last year of study for her Masters Degree from this same faculty.

They arrived home and parked the car on the street as their driveway was already filled. Harry was happy to see Catherine and to greet the people from the church group who were gathered in the living room. His wife looked radiant. He chatted briefly with his guests about his trip and especially about the promise of excellent weather for the holiday weekend. Claire took her father's coat and briefcase up to her parents' bedroom. Shortly after Harry excused himself and went upstairs to shower and change his clothing, and to freshen his face with a quick shave.

As he climbed the stairs he thought how glad he was to be home with nothing to do for three days except enjoy his family and friends. While showering he could think of nothing other than Claire. He was certainly satisfied that in her he had a beautiful, educated, loving, and loyal daughter and was very proud of her in every way. Claire had graduated from the University of Windsor; with a Bachelor of Arts degree seven years ago. She worked in her uncle George's law office doing legal secretarial work for one year after graduation, but then told her parents that she had saved enough money to travel to Europe and wanted to see how she would do there. Claire remained in Europe for five years doing whatever work she could find. She taught English in Paris, worked at a tennis club in Rome, and on her way back to Canada she worked in the London law office of an associate of her uncle. She then decided to complete the education she wanted and thought she now needed, and returned home to Harry and Catherine and enrolled in a Masters Degree program at Wayne State University in Detroit. Claire was their only child, and as Harry had always enjoyed a well-paying job, there was no reason why he could not help her along with her plans. Besides this, having her home once again, probably for the last time, was exciting and rewarding for both parents. Claire had seen,

heard and learned a great deal living in Europe and both Harry and Catherine loved hearing her speak French and Italian and to learn about the different cultural, religious, and economic experiences she had met there. There was no short or long term romantic relationship in Claire's life to this point. Harry accepted the fact that this lifestyle appeared to be the future for many young women in modern society, and he was not displeased with this.

Well, he was now ready to rejoin everyone downstairs, so off he went.

The evening was spent with fifteen guests from St. Mark's, the local Anglican parish church. Catherine had been involved with work in the parish for the past twenty years. This evening was a pre-Thanksgiving Day meeting being held to consider the parish's plans for the fast approaching Christmas season and its very successful and profitable Christmas bazaar. After finishing the evening's business, the group broke up just before midnight.

Harry walked two of the guests to their nearby homes, as the night was so warm and clear. He welcomed this ten minute walk in the fresh evening air, besides he wanted to give Catherine a few minutes to put things away as only she knew where and how. Claire was spending the night with friends at a new Windsor nightspot, choosing to spend the evening dancing with a friendly crowd of people her own age. Harry returned to the house to find Catherine sitting, resting at the kitchen table. They chatted for a while, discussing the affairs of the church, the people on the committee and Harry's trip to Toronto. They were both tired now, and Harry went upstairs first to bed. Catherine remained in the kitchen for a while to finish her work there. Before falling asleep Harry's thoughts went again to the small house by the tracks and again he wondered where his friends had been that afternoon and what they had been doing. Probably visiting their friends and family for the holiday weekend, he thought. With this satisfying explanation in his mind Harry dropped off to sleep.

## **Saturday, October 7, 1998**

Saturday morning came bright and early. He had intended to sleep in but for some strange reason he was awake and out of bed by seven thirty. He knew it was useless to try and sleep in when he was so wide awake, so he rolled out of bed and went downstairs to start the day, being careful not to disturb Catherine who lay sleeping beside him. He put on the tea kettle and went to the door to see if the morning paper was there. It was. He went upstairs and found Catherine still sleeping. He dressed quietly in his casual weekend attire of cotton pants, sneakers, teeshirt and a lightweight sweatshirt that he won at a recent golf tournament. Downstairs again, he found the water for tea boiling briskly. He filled the teapot and began to prepare a breakfast of toast and two fried eggs. Soon everything was ready to eat. It had all come together at the same time; a minor miracle for Harry. While he ate he looked at the morning paper. The usual filled the first section so he turned to the Arts and Theatre section; not much there. He turned to the Travel pages, which today featured an article on travelling to the British Isles. Harry enjoyed reading this as he had been to England, his only trip outside of Canada and the United States, for a short trip ten years ago with Catherine, who was the Essex Region representative to a Church of England synod, held in London and Canterbury. As he was not a delegate Harry had the full five days to himself in London. He found London to be overwhelming. Its population then was over eight million so it must be well over ten million today. The city was crowded with people everywhere he went. He and Catherine had stayed in the centre of London where it seemed to Harry that all eight million Londoners lived and worked. This was not Harry's cup of tea. The London evenings were better as he and Catherine, along with several other delegates from Canada, gathered nightly for an evening meal. There was a Londoner in this group who made the selection of restaurants each evening much easier and much better than what they alone might have done unguided. He was pleased when they

landed at Toronto and boarded a flight to Windsor. Another article, describing a three month history cruise to the Middle East and parts of Russia and Poland, caught his eye and his imagination.

He was just about finished eating when Catherine and Claire joined him in the kitchen. They were planning a day of shopping together for the Thanksgiving Day dinner. They would need most of the day to accomplish this so they hurried off after a quick coffee, and told Harry they would be home around six that evening. They asked him what his plans for the day were. He told them that he was just beginning to think this through but he was sure he would find something interesting to do. At that they left to meet two friends for breakfast downtown.

These were the days that Harry treasured. No business, no golf dates, no family obligations, no church services; just to do whatever came to mind. So far this morning his mind was blank. He had no plan at all. The day was like a clean slate with not a word written on it. After clearing the table of the dishes and generally tidying up after himself, he stepped outside the sliding doors to the new patio deck they had constructed this past summer. He was refreshed by the beauty of autumn mornings like this. The outdoor furniture Catherine and Claire had bought for the new deck looked inviting so he sat down and began to look around the backyard. That was a mistake! He spotted a couple of small jobs that he probably should have thought about doing, but he knew from experience that once you start yard work, it often turns into an all day affair, which today he did not want to think about. So he disregarded these signs of need in the yard. Once he had made this decision, he could just sit, and walk aimlessly around the yard without any guilt feelings. He spent the next twenty minutes doing just that. It was now eleven thirty; the day was half gone. The front door chimes rang. Harry went through

the house to the front door. It was Eric their paperboy. Harry greeted him with a smile, took the Saturday edition of the local paper from him and paid for the week of deliveries. Luckily he had the exact change needed in his pocket. Harry placed the paper on the dining room table and went to the garage, where his new company car was waiting for him. This year it was a Chrysler LHS model. Harry received a new car for his company needs every two years. He picked up this newest car from the dealer last Monday morning and had time only to drive it home from work that day since the next day he had flown to Toronto on the early morning flight. He now wanted to try out the new car so he decided to take a short drive through the lake area. He backed the car out of the driveway, headed to Riverside Drive and turned right towards Lake St. Clair. He thought a short ride to Tecumseh and Lake St. Clair would give him enough time to look over the new controls and to get a feel of the car's handling on the road. Also he wanted to set a few buttons on the radio to the one or two stations he listened to on some of his longer car trips into the United States. He knew every road in this area of the county as he has been a member of the St. Clair Golf and Country Club, which was located right in the middle of this lake area, for the past twenty five years. He was passing the club on his left as he guided the car along Riverside Drive's curves. From the number of cars Harry saw in the club's parking area he knew that more than a few golfers were out enjoying the course today. After this weekend there was little promise that many more golfing days were left in the season. Harry spotted four golfers on the ninth hole just teeing up their drives to the clubhouse. He tooted the new horn. "Sounds good," he thought, and waved to the foursome. He knew them all well. One of this group of doctors, Doctor Doug McEachern, would be at the dinner Catherine was planning for Thanksgiving. Harry continued on, heading for the bridge at Pike Creek. He was indeed thankful that he could afford the membership at this club as it not only gave him a chance to get out into the open air for several hours each week, but it also provided a host of social events for his

family and friends throughout the year. It was here that he had first met Dr. McEachern, who turned out to be Harry's closest and dearest friend in life. Harry enjoyed the club and its activities and was a loyal and active member in most of the social events and golf leagues. He was not one of the club's better golfers but he did not let this stand in his way. He arrived at the small bridge at Pike Creek and turned here to Tecumseh Road, which would take him back to Windsor. He stopped at the Liquor Control Board store in Tecumseh to purchase needed wines for the weekend. Having done this he again drove along Tecumseh Road. At Ste. Anne's Church he turned once again towards the lake. He had forgotten about the railway crossing that lay directly ahead of him. The lights were flashing and the guard rails were down. In a short time the Via train, on its way to Windsor, passed the crossing. Seeing the passengers on the train reminded him of his ride home yesterday on the same train. He suddenly realized where he was. He was only a few minutes' drive from the home of the man with the smile and the wave to the train. The question returned to Harry's mind: where had the man been yesterday? why hadn't he been in his yard? Harry decided to learn the answer for himself! He could see part of the vacant field next to the house from his car. He took a minute or two to orient himself as to which road to take to arrive at his goal. After deciding, Harry was on his way, and in less than five minutes he was at the vacant lot. He decided to leave his car on a patch of crushed stone that was spread along the shoulder of the road. Only two houses and the field were located on this street, which became a dead end at the opposite end from where Harry now stood. The house he was interested in was in the middle, between the field and the other small frame house near the end of the road.

Harry began to walk slowly towards the two houses. The first house was the one of interest to him. He walked very slowly as he approached the house. He wanted to gather as much information as he could about this house, without being seen looking directly at it. Not a

soul was in sight, in either home, their front yards or in the street. Harry thought this was unusual for a Saturday morning. The house, only the back of which he had seen from the train, was of frame construction and had recently been painted a pale green colour with white trim, window frames and door. The front porch, which extended across the front of the house, was constructed of poured concrete and was enhanced by attractive wrought iron railings and roof support columns. The entire front of the house bore the newness usually associated with recent construction. The house was very neat, with good taste in colours and styling. A sidewalk led from the front porch to the rear of the house. Large terra cotta flower pots containing red and purple salvia created an inviting entrance to the front door. The porch was large enough to have five or six lawn chairs placed on it, although there were none there today. By this point of his casual observation, Harry had walked past the first house, and after a small patch of green lawn he found himself in front of the second house on the street. The house was plain, unpainted, and in great need of repair and work. Everything about this house cried out for attention, a bit of paint and upkeep and a minimal attempt at landscaping. Large plastic toys and a small child's wading pool lay damaged and badly bent out of shape in front of the house. There were no flowers, no lawn, and no real sidewalk, just a few broken patio squares, weeds and some crushed stone to fill in some mean looking gouges in the front yard. As he began to walk away from the house towards the dead end sign, he was sure he saw a front window curtain move, ever so slightly.

At the end of the street a gravel path led to the railroad tracks behind the two houses. Harry took this short path until it ended with a scattering of crushed stone at the tracks. He was happy to see that he could walk along the tracks towards his car as there was just enough room for the well-worn footpath that led right to the vacant field. The backyard of the first house, on Harry's left, was an even greater disaster than the front yard. No one had done any real work

here in years. It was a depressing sight. Ahead he saw the cement block wall he had seen many times from the train. He went to the centre of the wall, which ran the entire width of the backyard, and remained there a while. From here he had nearly the same view he had from the train, except that now he was free to take as long as he wanted to get a good look at the yard and all it contained. He leaned against the wall and listened. The only sounds he could hear were being made by a few birds in a nearby tree and a car horn a few blocks away. There was no one in sight. The yard was immaculate as was the back of the house. Eaves troughs and downspouts were all in good shape; they were either new plastic or metal painted a glossy white enamel. Another newly poured back porch, with matching black wrought iron railings and supports, filled nearly the entire rear of the house. Two folded lawn chairs were set leaning against the back wall of the porch. Three fruit trees formed a small orchard in the centre of the grassed yard. The garden area was sectioned off from this lawn by large wooden railway ties, which raised it up several inches from the surrounding yard. The garden itself was divided into separate growing areas by wooden planks and these were then divided by planks and building bricks used for walking paths. Most of the garden was barren of vegetation although there were two sections still green with small plants that appeared to be lettuce. A long plastic hose ran from the house to a standing metal hanger placed in the ground near the garden section. In the centre of the garden was a small tree, heavily wrapped in burlap held in place by a network of crisscrossing cord. Straw was spread around the base of the tree and piled so as to cover any of the trunk not protected by the burlap. Obviously, something precious was under that well-prepared insulation, that had to be protected from an early frost and the coming wintry blasts of cold wind. The grassed part of the yard ran from a small patio area located at the base of the back porch to the block wall where Harry was now standing. Over this patio, supported by a frame of water-pipe and lath pieces ran a grape arbour full of russet leaves and bunches of



yellow-green grapes. With the day's brilliant sunshine, this entire area of the yard was bathed in a warm golden autumn hue. Near this patio stood a home-made barbecue pit built with bricks that formed the pit and a strong support for the heavy iron grate covering the fire. Nearby lay a small pile of firewood.

Harry had been standing there for at least ten minutes, and seeing no sign of life anywhere he decided it was time to get in the car once again and return home. But instead of going straight to his car, which he could see, he retraced his steps and went back along the gravel path to the street, where he began to walk towards the field. As soon as he turned on to the street he noticed a middle-aged woman on the porch of her home shaking out a small rug. She pretended not to notice Harry as he walked in front of her house. Harry decided then and there to talk to her about her neighbours. He walked up to the porch and politely asked if she knew where the people who lived next door were, without offering any reason for asking the question. The woman did not need a reason to answer. She told Harry that Mr. Zonin had become ill late Thursday night and was taken to a nearby hospital, but died early Friday morning. His wife, Ernesta, she knew her first name, had come back to their home for a few hours, but then left with one of her sons to stay with his family until after the funeral. Harry was stunned, yet really not surprised by this news. He thought it best not to ask the woman anymore questions as she gave all the signs in the world that she was having a hard time in life and had enough to worry about. She looked worn out and was far too frail for her age. Harry thanked her and walked slowly and perhaps a little solemnly to his car and left for home.

It was all there in the local paper: Matteo Zonin, age 83, had died suddenly Friday, October 6, 1995. The obituary went on: beloved husband of Ernesta Zonin (nee Mascarin), dear father of Lorenzo, Vittorio, and Elena, daughters-in-law Mary and Laura, and son-in-law, John. Loving grandfather to Rick, David, Peter, Susan, and Loretta. Born in Viareggio, Italy. He has

lived in Canada since 1928. Mr. Zonin was retired from the University of Windsor and was a member of the Giovanni Caboto Club. Visiting hours: Sunday and Monday from three to five and from seven to nine in the evening. Prayers Monday night at seven thirty at the Marcotte Funeral Home and Chapel, Tecumseh, Ontario. Funeral liturgy, 10 a.m. Tuesday, St. Angela Merici Church, Windsor. Burial, Heavenly Rest Cemetery. Donations to the Heart and Stroke Foundation of Canada, or to Istituto Di Studi Pucciniani, Piazza Za Buonarrotti 29-20123 Via Circo, 18 Milano, 20149 Italia.

Harry was now home alone in the house, which was as quiet as a tomb. Not a sound to be heard; not even from the electric clock. The familiar tick-tock that Harry had always heard from the family living room clock while growing up with his parents was now a thing of the past. At this moment Harry was emptied of all hope. Why was he in this state of mind over the death of a man he had never met and knew nothing about until this morning? Again, Harry could not answer. His mind replayed the images of this man and his home as Harry remembered them from his view from the train. Mixed in with these memories were those of his own parents, along with that of Clarence Whitehead, a company truck driver who had been killed the month before while driving his truck from Windsor to Toledo, Ohio.

Harry and Clarence had been lifelong friends as they had both begun working at the company at the same time. Clarence, a descendant of American slaves, was born in Windsor. He was better known to everyone at the plant and to most people in his life as Buzz Whitehead. He had picked up this nickname because of the fact that he was the very best buzzball style softball pitcher in Windsor and most parts of Ontario and Michigan. His one-hit and two-hit games, along with his ten lifetime no-hitters, made him a softball legend in the area. Surely, if there had been a professional softball league established in his younger years, he would have had a long and distinguished career as a professional athlete. Although there had been a world

of difference between Harry's life and Clarence's in social and economic terms, they enjoyed a very strong friendship at the plant. As often as he could Harry would visit the plant shipping area to search out Clarence for a five or ten minute chat before Clarence left on his daily run to Toledo with the truckload of auto parts for the Jeep plant there. Harry had just arrived in Oshawa for four days of meetings the day Clarence was killed as the result of a highway accident still under investigation, and so was unable to attend the wake and funeral burial of his friend. Catherine, however, did visit Clarence's family at the wake and sent flowers to the Whitehead family home. Harry would always remember Clarence as a good, intelligent man, with a great sense of humour. He was still very strong with an athletic spring in his actions at the time of his death. He left a lively family of five children, who all brought a smile to their father's face when he told Harry of their latest successes in life. Harry planned to visit Clarence's grave site in North Buxton, where all of their descendants were buried. The original Whiteheads had arrived as fugitive slaves from the United States five generations ago. The plant and the loading dock area were not the same for Harry since his friend's death; he missed Clarence as one misses a brother.

Again, Harry noticed the silence, as if someone else was in the room with him. He tried the radio. The usual fare, rock and roll, American college football games, Music of Your Life, nothing of interest. He turned to CBC in the hope of finding something he wanted to listen to. Nothing there. He turned off the radio and looked at the noiseless clock. It was now three thirty. Claire and her mother would not be home for a couple of hours. He thought the best thing to do was to lie down on the sofa and surf the television channels. He arranged the pillows to his liking, removed his shoes, and became comfortable lying on the large living room sofa. He began to work the remote control. Again, football, football and more football games, a baseball game from Cleveland, several twenty four hour news programs, which he watched for a few

minutes, but as they began their Special Report format he continued his search; an old Kirk Douglas movie, a rugby game from Wales, and then a film following grizzly bears in Alaska. He watched this with interest and marvelled at the tremendous strength and agility of these animals. As he watched the film he began to fall asleep, which he did after pressing the off button on the remote.

Harry awoke with a start! Car doors, garage doors and back doors were opening and closing. Of course, Harry tried to think straight, Claire and Catherine must be home from shopping. Claire was the first into the living room where Harry was still stretched out. She told him that her mother needed help with some of the groceries as she ran up the stairs to the bedrooms. Harry sprang to his feet, straightened his sweater and combed his hand through his hair as he headed for the garage. He found Catherine struggling with two large shopping bags. She asked Harry to bring in the groceries that were in a cardboard box in the trunk of the car. He carried the heavy box into the kitchen and placed it on the kitchen counter as Catherine busied herself putting things away in the refrigerator and cupboards. After everything was put away for use tomorrow, they spent the next hour in the kitchen talking about the shopping trip. Catherine asked Harry what he had done, but he simply told her that he had taken a short run in the new car and then had laid down to rest for a while.

Later that evening Harry made his way again to the patio area. He wanted to catch up on his reading of the two Saturday papers they received. After an hour or so the sun began to lose its strength and a slight western breeze was noticeable, causing Harry to go in the house to get the light sweatshirt he had worn that morning. He returned to the deck. Catherine soon came to the patio doors to ask for his help. She was loaded down with a tray of bread, cheese, Italian Parma ham and a small salad. Harry took the tray from her and placed it on the small deck table. It was now seven thirty. Harry had forgotten that he had not eaten anything since

breakfast that morning. The appearance of the tray of food perked up his appetite. The food looked delicious, especially the black olives, which he started to eat. Catherine reappeared with two glasses, a bottle of red wine and a bottle of mineral water. Just then Claire came by to kiss her parents goodnight as she was heading to Detroit to meet school friends for a concert and a late night supper of Mexican food. She looked lovely in a black velvet pantsuit. She kissed them both and then bounced off to the garage. Catherine and Harry simply looked at each other, acknowledging what they were both thinking — their daughter was a joy!

While eating the snack on the patio, Catherine and Harry chatted about recent events and the people in their lives. They began to discuss the Thanksgiving dinner they would host on Monday. Catherine briefly ran through the menu and how she thought the evening should go. As he listened, Harry marvelled at the fact that he was married to such a person as Catherine. She was all he could hope for in a wife and mother and went beyond all he had thought possible in a person. Catherine eventually went into the house to prepare for their trip the next day to see Harry's sister, Alice, in Leamington, but Harry decided to remain on the patio for a while to enjoy the freshness of the night, with its hint of the cold to come.

### **Sunday, October 8, 1995**

Sunday morning was a gem. Early bright sunshine with a gentle breeze from the West. Trees were in the middle of their change of colour from a summer green to a more festive autumn gold and red. Harry and Catherine left for church in time to attend the communion service that began at ten thirty that morning. Everyone in the neighbourhood seemed to be out of the house doing yard work or loading their cars with golf clubs. All were ready for a full day of exercise and pleasure. Claire was still sleeping when they left, after a somewhat late night in Detroit, although more often than not, she usually attended church services with her parents.

The congregation was assembled as Reverend Malkin began the service at exactly ten thirty. Harry and Catherine were married in this church thirty one years ago. They had seen many pastors and assistants come and go during those years. At that time, anyone arriving late for a service would have had trouble finding a seat for their family, but now, especially during the past ten years, barely half of the church pews were taken by parishioners. There were many reasons for this attendance decline. Catherine knew some of the reasons because of her participation in local and regional church groups concerned with these matters. The matter of women's ordination to the priesthood of the Church of England had split the congregation into two unhappy groups. News of Anglican priests and bishops in England asking for acceptance into the priesthood of Holy Orders in the Roman Catholic Church because of their opposition to the ordination of women had also caused a drop in parish loyalty and participation.

Reverend Malkin concentrated his homily on the First Letter of Paul to the Corinthians, and tried to bring to his congregation the idea of thankfulness as seen by Paul. He was afraid, he admitted, that many Christians today believed and trusted in the idea that whatever success they had achieved, was a direct result of their own talents and efforts. He wanted desperately to inform them that this was not the case. As he listened Harry agreed that all things are not

controlled by the individual or group of individuals working in harmony. He admitted that there were many other factors involved in the process of success. The service ended shortly before noon. Reverend Malkin walked to the front door of the church in an attempt to greet as many parishioners as possible on their way to the parking lot.

Harry and Catherine had a date with his sister in Leamington, so they went right to their car and left for her home. They both enjoyed the forty-minute trip to Leamington, as they drove by many lovely and picturesque farms and fruit orchards, with hundreds of roadside stands loaded with the fruits of a late summer harvest. As they came closer to the town of Leamington, flower and nursery businesses dotted the landscape with their array of greenhouses and planted flowers and shrubs. They spent the entire afternoon with Grace and her husband Hank. An employee of the local Heinz Company plant, since he was a young teenager, Hank was about to retire from his position of plant safety officer on his sixty fifth birthday. He and Alice planned to own and operate a small vegetable farm and a greenhouse or two.

Back home Harry and Catherine spent a quiet Sunday evening. Catherine began some of the preparations for the dinner tomorrow. Harry tried to do a little of this and a little of that but nothing lasted. He went over to the bookcase to see if something there would capture his imagination or interest; nothing appealed to him. He could not understand what was going on in his mind. The recent deaths of Matteo and Clarence were very much part of his thoughts lately. He had many questions. What was this thing about God? What about death; was it the end or simply the beginning of something? Where were his parents, if anywhere? What about Clarence and this stranger he had come to know, Matteo? Were they somewhere or nowhere? What about Jesus Christ? Son of Man? Son of God? Belief and unbelief were like two giant tides that came into Harry's mind, striking again and again against his very soul.

Harry had noticed that, in the United States and Canada, and in a fast-growing segment of Central and South America, Christ had become a pal, a good friend, to a lot of people, rather than the promised incarnate Son of God, the eternal Father who had existed, for mankind, since time immemorial. This disturbed Harry. Christ the Redeemer, Christ the Sacrificial Lamb, Christ the friend of prostitutes and thieves, Christ the cleanser of the market place, the Sacramental Christ; all had been put aside for Christ the good guy, Christ the provider of the good life. This new Christ, in tandem with the proper prescribed programme of positive thoughts, could and would deliver all the things one may want in life. Electronic evangelism had created this dramatic change in the Christ mystique. The blond, blue-eyed Christ, with hardly a scratch on him seemed to be the winner today. The theology is simple — Christ is Lord and that's it! There is no more to know. The television broadcasts of personality-centred assemblies seemed to have the greatest appeal to an ever-increasing number of North Americans. While Harry's church and other mainline Christian denominations were attracting fewer and fewer people to their liturgies and services, just around the corner from where most of these people lived, the new television churches seemed to have no trouble filling huge newly built auditoriums to the brim and in so doing attracted tens of thousands if not millions to their home broadcasts each and every Sunday. From this television audience they asked for and received very large sums of money weekly, and even scandals of financial mismanagement and shameful moral and sexual misconduct had not stemmed this tide of distance worship and giving. There was no sacramental dimension to their worship nor any sense of these gatherings being a church community of Christians. Their insistence of the absolute literal authority of scripture as their sole guide to faithfulness appeared to be the only liturgy they needed. The spiritual work of the people in their worship had been eliminated. Even more troublesome to Harry was the exploitive adoption of the promotion of these same methods and personalities by shrewd and successful



political parties and political candidates for the highest elected offices in America. Modern man had become somewhat more sophisticated in his idolatry than in past ages. New teachings declared that national flags were to be seen and revered as sacred icons, often requiring an oath of allegiance; military glorification and pageantry excited collective feelings of power, glory and trust; persistent and excessive remembrances of past wars were promoted and exploited; and even documents of national history were now presented as sacred documents. Because of their overwhelming success with these new values and tactics, they had silenced all other political viewpoints. These new voices grated hard on Harry's mind. At the end of this self-induced musing Harry was feeling a bit alone in the world, so he went off to see if Catherine and Claire would join him for a late night coffee. They were way ahead of him. They were waiting for him in the kitchen, with coffee and a small tray of anise-flavoured almond cookies, everyone's favourite. He once again felt whole. After a brief chat about a student friend Claire had invited to tomorrow's dinner and a recap of the concert, dinner and friends she had spent Saturday evening with in Detroit, they all went to bed.

## **Monday, October 9, 1995**

Monday morning arrived for Harry around seven thirty. He looked outside and saw the bright sunny beginning to Canada's Thanksgiving Day. Sounds from the kitchen below told him that Catherine had already begun preparing for the day's dinner. Not a peep was heard from Claire's bedroom. Luckily she had no scheduled lectures or work at the university today, which allowed her to sleep in a bit, again. For Wayne State University and its students today was just another ordinary Monday morning: Thanksgiving Day was not celebrated in the United States until the last Thursday in November. Harry decided to remain upstairs for a while in order to give Catherine all the time and space she needed to get a good start with her dinner. He remained in bed and began to think about the people who had been invited for the dinner. First, his brother George, who was thirteen years old when Harry was born in 1936. These thirteen years had proven to be an insurmountable gulf between the two brothers. Their sister Grace, born in 1931, was the bridge between the two brothers as they grew up together. Over the past twenty years Harry had learned to know his brother, as a brother, more so than ever before. George was a lawyer, still working at a limited law practice in the city. He was married to Julie, whom he met and married in London, England, in 1952. They had three children, two daughters and a son, now all married and living in England, Australia and Montreal. They had what is generally considered to be one of Windsor's finest homes, located on the Detroit River, just where the river and the lake decide to meet. They had purchased the land when they returned to Canada from England, at the end of George's military posting in Europe. Several years later they began to build their present home. The entrance from Riverside Drive was mainly a cement driveway with a lawn area and garage. Only boaters could see the true beauty of the home as it faced the waterfront. George had been a success, both in his law and his military careers. He had left

Windsor in 1943, when Harry was seven years old, and had not returned to the city until 1959, the year Harry graduated from the University of Western Ontario. This period was critical to their relationship and would remain so for the rest of their lives. George and Julie had their own group of friends and social activities, while Harry and Catherine had quite another set. Julie and Catherine had much in common and saw each other as often as possible. Although the two brothers had a very strong bond of respect between them, they often disagreed and were miles apart and more like strangers when it came to certain values, perceptions, and experiences. George joined the Canadian Army as soon as he had graduated from high school in 1942. He was assigned to Ottawa and then to Kingston as an officer training candidate at the Royal Military College. In 1944 he was sent to England to work with the Allied forces legal offices and remained there until he was assigned to Germany and Italy as part of a post-war legal team that supervised the orderly transfer of economic and political powers to Allied occupation forces. While in England he became a Freemason and had pursued advancement in that order ever since. At present he held an influential Masonic position not only locally but nationally as well. Harry was not certain of the specific names of the various offices and degrees Harry has attained, but he did know that in Masonic circles George was a real heavyweight. The secrecy of Masonry bothered Harry somewhat and mainly for this reason he did not discuss these things with his brother. George also had a top-level position with the Association of War Veterans of Canada, serving for the past thirty years on federal and provincial veteran's committees. This work took George away from Windsor for extended periods of time, as he travelled to all parts of North America and Europe in this capacity. The legal degree he had acquired in England while serving in the Canadian Forces there was his passport to a somewhat privileged life. His local law practice was folded into a twelve person legal office that George and two associates had established in 1962. George's practice was now limited to the legal affairs of three very large

and prestigious Canadian and American corporations. He also served on important community boards and commissions.

His wife Julie was a real sweetheart. Harry and Catherine admired and loved her very much; most people did. She was average in every way —in height, in appearance, in manner and style — yet there was a certain attractiveness about her that affected those around her. She had the gift of being able to take on whatever shape, colour or substance, much like modeller's clay, was needed by whoever she was with at a particular moment. A good listener, Julie was full of sincerity and sound judgement, learned from having dealt with many of life's problems. She was especially good with younger women, seeming to know what they wanted to know, even before they had fully explained their area of concern. She was a parishioner of St. Rose Parish, regularly attending their Saturday night or Sunday liturgies and often weekday liturgies when particular feast or calendar days held special meaning in her life. She had met George in London, but was born in Swansea, Wales. Her parents were Irish Catholics who had moved to Wales during the Great Depression in order to find work there. Her schooling was normal, reaching high school level, or the British equivalent. She left home to work and live and work in London as a secretary; where she lived with relatives of her mother's family. She met George in 1950 and married him a year later. Now that their three children had moved away from home, Julie had devoted herself to the matters of her faith, her community, and her friends. Of special interest to her was the role or the non-role of women in the Roman Catholic Church. She was not concerned with the question of ordination to the priesthood but rather she was greatly concerned about the exclusion of women from any meaningful leadership or advisory role in the hierarchy of the Church. Julie saw it very clearly that it would be better for the Church of Rome if women became more involved in the spiritual life of the Church in an official capacity; especially in those areas of spirituality that dealt with birth, family, and liturgy.

She understood that only women, by their very being and nature, were capable of causing what she recognized as needed change in Catholic liturgical life, as well as in other areas of the Church's social doctrines and efforts. She saw it as the clear duty of Catholic women to engage themselves in this struggle and to educate themselves in the language and history of the Church, so that they could facilitate the changes in the Church that many Catholic women and men felt were necessary without being intimidated and deflected by the voices of others. Julie was also very interested and involved in the affairs of the University of Windsor and was a regular patron of the Christian Culture Series of lectures held at Windsor's Assumption University.

Doug and Elizabeth McEachern were two others invited to dinner that night. Doug was a medical doctor, who had practiced in Windsor since his graduation in 1962, when he and his wife moved here from Glacebay, Nova Scotia. The McEacherns were married in Glacebay shortly before the move to Windsor. At first the marriage was as solid as a rock, but for the past ten years or so, it had run into bad times. They remained together at their home, which was the best that could be said of their present-day relationship. Elizabeth had been treated for alcoholism during this period and most recently had spent one month at a treatment centre in the United States. The latest treatment seemed to be working better than others as she was now in her second year of sobriety and seemed determined that this would be a permanent condition in her life. Harry was afraid that too much damage had been done to the marriage for it to ever be solid and happy once again. In fact there were rumours that Doug was seeing a younger woman in Windsor and that they had travelled together to an opera weekend in New York City, along with eight other friends. Amid all this marital turmoil, Harry and Doug had continued their friendship both on and off the golf course. Catherine did not see Elizabeth at all unless they were in the company of their husbands.

The last guest, at this point, was relatively unknown, at least to Harry and Catherine. Claire had invited a young man from Detroit, Vincent Amonte, a student from Maracaibo, Venezuela. He was studying law at the University of Detroit Mercy Law School. He was in the last year of his studies and was living in the Ste Anne district of Detroit with family friends originally from Maracaibo.

So, in all there would be eight people for dinner. Harry now heard Claire getting ready for the day in the washroom. She soon joined her mother downstairs. Harry decided it was time to get up, wash up, and then disappear for a few hours. There was nothing he could do to help with the dinner and he would only get in the way if he stayed around the house. After showering and shaving he went downstairs and greeted his wife and daughter, discussed things briefly and then excused himself, saying he would get something to eat at a restaurant and would be back after lunch. Dinner was planned for five and the guests had been asked to arrive at three.

He left the house shortly after nine, headed for the river, then turned left at the Hiram Walker plant and continued until he came to the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel. In ten minutes he was entering the tunnel to Detroit. In another five minutes he was in downtown Detroit. Detroit, after all these years, still fascinated Harry. It is still a major American city, where Henry Ford II dreamed of an American Renaissance in the very bad economic and civic days of the late sixties and early seventies. Although, social and real estate rot are now firmly entrenched only a few hundred yards on either side of Woodward Avenue in the few blocks from the Detroit River setting of the Renaissance Center to the New Center Area, anchored by the General Motors World Headquarters building, Detroit still has the look, the feel and the allure of a big-time city. It looked big-time and it was big time, with billions of dollars of automotive dollars flowing in and out of this city each and every day of the year. Harry has always marvelled at the sheer magic of the ride through the subaqueous tunnel that took a car and its passengers

from the small-town centre of Windsor to the absolute centre of a major American city, with its metropolitan population of four and a half million people, in five minutes. Beautifully designed and constructed buildings stood on either side of Jefferson Avenue as Harry guided his car into the underground entrance of the John Lodge Freeway, which ran under the Cobo Hall Convention Center and led to I-75 North, which, if one so desired, could be used to travel North to Sault Ste Marie, Canada, or South to Tampa, Florida, without being held up by traffic signals. The choice was theirs.

Harry followed the Lodge Freeway to Warren Avenue and then onto Woodward, Detroit's main street, and then straight ahead to the gleaming white marble Detroit Institute of Arts Building which stood a half block away. He parked his car in the underground parking area of the D.I.A. and made his way to the Farnsworth street entrance. After a quick look at the souvenir and gift shop he went to the lower level to the Kresge Court. Here he planned to have a Thanksgiving breakfast. He often came here with family and friends, not only to enjoy the art treasures and the magnificence of the Institute, but also to sit and enjoy a light lunch or refreshing drink. The Kresge Court, has the character of the famous Palazzo del Bargello, in Florence, Italy. Each of the walls of the Court was designed in the early 1920s to reflect the architecture of the Italian, Gothic, Flemish and English cultures of the thirteenth century. The north wall incorporates a Gothic Chapel, the east wall reflects the Italian Renaissance Palazzo, the south wall is built in a Flemish mode, while the west wall is English. An elegant sunlit, glass roofed, space was created for this court where the Institute has established their popular cafe style rest area and dining area. It has become a favourite stopping place with visitors to the D.I.A., to sit and discuss the exhibits and the different schools of art for which the Detroit Institute of Arts is internationally known.

Today, Harry will have a breakfast of coffee, orange juice and a croissant. He sat alone, at a corner table. He welcomed, again, this chance to be alone as he wanted to remember the many visits he and his family had made to Detroit through the years, not only to the Art Institute but also those visits to the Detroit Zoo, the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village. the Cranbrook Institute of Science and Art Museum, the Detroit Symphony at the Ford Auditorium, Tiger Stadium for Baseball and Football games, Olympia Stadium or Joe Louis Arenas for Redwing hockey games, Cobo Hall, the Renaissance Center, the short trip to Ann Arbor for concerts and book buying, hydroplane racing on the Detroit River, Formula One Grand Prix racing on the downtown streets of Detroit. All this has made living in Windsor a privileged location in Canada. Only a few tables were being used this morning. The Court was very quiet, compared to the usual hubbub of voices and activity normally associated with the cafe. He sat willingly in this near silence; in fact he had noticed an increased desire for quietness lately in his life. He preferred it to the ever increasing social noises he experienced in every day life; at the office, in the factory, in a mall, from a radio or television program, even now on his telephone, when he is put on hold while making a business call. He looked at his watch, more by habit than a need to know the time. He decided it was time to begin his trip back to Windsor. On his way to the parking area, he went to the main doors of the Woodward Street entrance. He knew that this entrance led directly to the Detroit Industry Frescoes. Formerly a Garden Court, this rather small area of the D.I.A. had been selected for what is now probably the world's most significant artistic representation of the massive automotive industry which gave birth to the city of Detroit and which has revolutionized the lives of nearly everyone in the world; the Diego Rivera Frescoes. Nothing like it existed before Senor Diego Rivera and The D.I.A. and the Ford Family planned to create this art work, which has been here, on display, since March of 1932; filling the two main walls of the room, along with the wall spaces over the two door ways at each end



the room. Rivera's art may one day be compared to Michelangelo's great fresco of Creation in the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican. Rivera's art is of the new world and is concerned with creation also: In this case a creation of man. It is America. It is Capitalism at work. The murals are an ingenious artistic display of technology and science; industry, machines, workers, bosses, financiers, clergy and some of the members of the Ford family are all seen here, with little or no artistic idealism being thought necessary by Senor Rivera. Harry was drawn to this room, on each of his visits here, as the automotive industry was of great importance to him. The social and economic impact of the production of cars and trucks in the Windsor Detroit area has shaped both cities, and also has had a nearly incalculable economic impact on millions of people and their families working and living in a fifty mile radius of where Harry was now standing. Year after year, in good times and in times not so good, it has provided an outstanding standard of living for these people and for anyone connected with this industry in its many branches, some more than others, but certainly a good living, and the chance for a good life, for even those at the bottom of this vast triangle of industrial success. Certainly the well being and the future of Harry's present family and that of his parents before him has benefitted from their working association with car making. After spending another ten minutes or so with the art of the giant Mexican artist. he went out to Farnsworth street and down the glass enclosed entrance to the parking garage. He retraced his way onto Woodward, to Warren, to the Lodge Freeway, to Jefferson and into the Detroit & Windsor Tunnel.

Coming out from the tunnel onto the downtown streets of Windsor, Harry decided to park the car and to spend the next hour or so walking. He was a little early to return home, only to get into Catherine's way, and besides he spent very little time in the downtown area of Windsor as his plant was located in the far eastern area of the city. He parked his car near the Windsor Star

Newspaper office on Ferry Street, and walked to the river, which was one short block away. Once again he marvelled at the beauty of the river, which reached over to the Detroit skyline one mile away. The river water was an azure blue this afternoon and was flowing swiftly from east to west. He had seen the waters one day look green, another time grey and often a mixture of these three colours; a beautiful sight to behold. The Detroit River was not in a correct sense a river; it is a strait or at least part of a strait which connected the waters of Lake Huron to Lake Erie. The early French explorers called it *d'étroit*" - place of the strait. He was now standing in Dieppe Park, a grassed and treed area of Windsor's south shore of the river, from which visitors could view the river at close range. The impressive Detroit skyline of large commercial buildings appeared to be within arms reach of the viewer. It was an exceptionally beautiful panorama, the most beautiful Harry had ever seen in his travels across North America. Added to this was the steady stream of water traffic of ocean and lake freighters and hundreds of pleasure crafts which could be seen stretching from the Ambassador Bridge to the west to the Belle Isle Bridge to the east; a stretch of five miles or more. While walking along the park walkway, he noticed, for the first time, eight monuments which were located within the park; an eclectic group of markers and structures. Two were given to Canada's Centennial Celebration of 1967, two commemorated World War II sacrifices, a restored 1911 steam engine, and largest of all, an Italianate fountain donated by Windsor's Italian twin city of Udine, two plaques concerned with military deeds and an Ontario Heritage Foundation plaque of bronze and iron, marking the early French landings here. All were of minor size, art and concept - none worth stopping for. None reflected the importance or paid proper homage to the small group of French explorers who established this area of North America; the oldest settlement west of Montreal. More importantly, Detroit or Fort Pontchartrain, which was established in 1701, proved to be the gateway for the future exploration of all the uncharted lands to the West, up to and including the

Mississippi River. Robert Cavelier de LaSalle, Louis Jolliett, Henry de Tonti, Father Louis Hennepin, and Sieur de Lamothe Cadillac are not remembered or recognized here, on the very ground they probably walked while planning their work. Certainly, Harry thought, they deserve better! Detroit had done this by naming its main city square and one of its most famous automotive products after Cadillac, named one of its largest downtown hotels after its founder Louis Phelipaux, Comte de Pontchartrain and its oldest and at one time its highest skyscraper, the Penobscot Building, honoring the American Indian people of the Penobscot river.

Windsor's Dieppe Park is named in commemoration of Windsor's Essex Scottish Battalion which suffered heavy losses of life at the August 19, 1942 Allied raid on the city of Dieppe, a French port city on the English Channel. Allied political and military leaders conceived the disastrous sacrificial manoeuvre they thought needed to test themselves and the German occupied coastline of France. Of the total invasion force of 6000 men attempting to land on the heavily fortified beaches and cliffs of Dieppe, 5000 were Canadian. The human martyrdom which followed was a supremem sacrifice often spoken of and praised in war. Only 65 solidiers got back to England and of these 43 were wounded. Those Canadians left on the beaches, in the waters and the blood-strewn sea wall of Dieppe were 900 dead, the rest wounded or captured. During the three hours between the landing and the surrender of the last standing soldiers, the landing percentage of casualties exceeded 96 percent. Not quite the efficiency of an abattoir but very close to it. To this day this raid is seen by many as a valiant and praiseworthy effort, which in Harry's mind is difficult to understand. Rage and contempt would make better remembrance in his opinion. Well, enough of this unproductive wishing. It was time now to head home. He walked back to the car and began to drive along Riverside Drive West, watching the river on his left side all the way. It is a beauty.

As he drove Harry kept an eye on the east side of Detroit and thought about the very

significant influence this city and America has had on the people born and raised in Windsor. In many ways they were now more American than other Canadians living away from this most southern area of Canada. His family and many friends preferred visiting the United States for summer and winter vacations. They found the highway and airline connections from Detroit made travel more convenient and less expensive. They noticed a vitality and variety of pleasing styles in the accommodations, restaurants and shopping areas, not found in Canada while either travelling to the east coast of the States or south or west to their winter resorts. Harry has long held admiration and interest in American affairs, but in recent years he has become quite troubled with the disturbing domestic and international conduct of America's federal government and its political leaders. He has heard all their rhetoric, but, he has seen all too often, governmental determinations and programs take on quite a different set of political circumstances and social and economic results than those which were promised to the American people.

His fears quickened in 1978 when Ronald Reagan was elected President of the United States. Harry took an interest in Reagan's early speeches to the Republican convention, held in Detroit's Cobo Convention Center, and in his later speeches and presidential promises to the American people as their new president. Reagan assured Americans that his fundamental presidential and political policy would be one of establishing a smaller governmental bureaucracy and a promise to dramatically reduce the level of federal spending, which he claimed were both needed if America and Americans could look forward to a brighter social and financial future.

Harry's hopes were dashed when he saw Reagan's real agenda unfold and became an administration of massive military and defence spending programs, usually secret plans known only to a few, causing record levels of public debt. At the same time domestic spending,

needed to ensure the health, welfare and well being of the American public, which his government was sworn to promote and protect, became a victim to a destructive slashing of program funding by the federal government in Washington. The American people deserve a better government, Harry now believed. If not better, at least more open and trustworthy. A government which will reflect, in a forthright way, the admirable characteristics of American citizens.

Even more disconcerting and troublesome to Harry's sense of governmental propriety was a series of highly illegal shameful scandals of clandestine international plots and military operations carried out by the government of Reagan and his successor George Bush: The Iran-Contra operations of Oliver North's shadow government, the mining of Nicaragua's harbor, the invasions of Panama and Granada, the bombing of Libya's territory, the Gulf War, the political and economic boycott of Cuba, an excessive use of their veto in the Security Council of the United Nations, a blatant disregard of the deliberations and resolutions of the General Assembly of the UN, and their unscrupulous determination of not paying their annual UN dues in accordance with UN membership laws. Their claim is that in order to protect democracy around the world, these and other actions are necessary and beneficial to the cause of global democracy, regardless of their legality, propriety or the ensuing loss of life and property. These actions caused Harry to question what Washington's real ambitions, loyalties and ideologies really are! Even the United Nations, by its silence communicated approval and acceptance of these American incursions into the internal affairs of sovereign nations and its people. It may be that opposition voices are drowned out in the thunderous applause of America's news media. Only terrorists, Harry saw, responded to these brazen actions in their own way, which only multiplied the human tragic consequences.

While America's domestic scene has all the outward appearances of prosperity and

civility, Harry knew that it was far from being a peaceful and serene Republic. Television and newspaper reports from Detroit kept Harry abreast of frightening deterioration of race relations, increasing poverty levels in every region of the country, rising unemployment and failing educational and health care systems. He considered these and others to be a shameful state of affairs, when the richest country in the world is not able or willing to support a national health care program and an educational structure which met the social needs of every American. The failure of Washington to commit the nation to these goals eroded Harry's faith in that land across the river from him. He turned the car away from Riverside Drive and headed home to await the Thanksgiving Day guests and dinner.

He found Catherine and Claire on the patio deck, enjoying an inside joke, a sign to Harry that the day's preparations had gone well. They were both in a good mood. All that remained to be done was to put a few things away, clean up a bit, and then to wait for their guests. Harry had the second last job of the preparations; to open the dining room table and insert the extension leaf which would be needed for today's dinner. With Claire's help this was done in a few minutes. She then prepared the table settings for the dinner. It was now one thirty in the afternoon. Nothing to do except to check the bar area for needed ice, lemons, olives and glassware.

The guests all arrived within five minutes of each other. This makes any introductions and opening conversations work better than a staggard start to a party. No one feels awkward at being too early or too late, and conversation flows much easier when it is focused on a single subject, rather than having to backtrack for late arrivals. After a decent time in the living room Harry suggested that they all join him on the patio for a drink, where he had set up his bar. The weather was warm, bright and inviting, they all agreed, so off they went.

Sitting around the patio deck they joined into the opening subject of discussion, which of course, was the upcoming Quebec Referendum, which was to be held in that Province, October 30, three weeks from today. The question of Quebec sovereignty and independence from Canada would be answered that day; or would it? Little was said by Claire, and her guest, Vincent. After the proper amount of time and energy was given to this matter, Harry turned to Vincent and asked how he was enjoying his student's life in Detroit. Vincent answered enthusiastically, in English with a noticeable, but rather pleasant Spanish accent, that he was very happy being here and having this opportunity to study in the United States and that his studies here are nearly at their end. As the time grew closer and closer to return home he was becoming more anxious than ever to take up his former life in Venezuela, with his family and to begin his new career as a lawyer. A position was waiting for him with an established legal office of lawyers, which specialized in Venezuelan-American trade and commerce, which necessitated each of the lawyers to be bilingual in the Spanish and English languages. Yes, in reply to another's question, he had visited Canada previously. He had attended an International Soccer Tournament, held in Toronto, this past May. He spoke well of Canadians and marvelled at the vast spaces of land which were available to them, for expansion and recreation, and at the remote natural environments which are still available to Canadians and millions of others, at a time in the world when most of the world's population live in crowded and underdeveloped cities. George asked Vincent how he had chosen the Detroit Law School for his legal studies. He explained that he had listened to the advice of an uncle, a Jesuit priest, his mother's brother Ernesto, stationed at Loyola College in Baltimore, Maryland. When he had decided to attend an American university, his uncle was quick to recommend the Detroit School, as it has had a long and somewhat distinguished record of excellence in this regard. They discussed their choice with his mother and father, who were to finance Vincent's four year period of schooling and

living in Detroit. Julie wanted to know about the more important things in life and so asked Vincent or Vincente as they began to call him, how he and Claire had met each other. Claire answered her aunt by telling her that a group of students wanted to test the Spanish they were learning at Wayne State, and after reading a bulletin board announcement which gave the details of a Hispanic Festival in honour of Ste. Anne to be held the following weekend at Ste. Anne's Parish in Detroit. They all decided to make a three day event of this fair, in their desire to attempt to speak the Spanish language. That weekend, while marvelling at America's second oldest places of Christian worship, Ste. Anne parish which was established in 1701, they attended all the indoor and outdoor liturgies and entertainment. The closing dinner and dance was held Sunday evening in the church parking lot. At this dinner they met Vincente, while visiting one of the food stations, where he was working as a volunteer for the weekend. Since then, the two groups of students, that is, Claire's group and Vincente's three other Spanish speaking students from South and Central America have managed to meet once a week at a downtown Detroit coffee shop for student talk and language practices.

All this time Catherine and Elizabeth were in the kitchen and dining room making ready for the dinner. Catherine, when all was ready, came to the patio door with an old dinner bell her mother had owned, and rang it vigorously. Everyone stopped talking and after finishing their drinks began to come into the house. Each sat down to a lovely table setting, as directed by Catherine. Harry meanwhile went to the refrigerator and came to the table with well chilled bottle of Prosecco di Conegliano, a white sparkling wine from Italy, which he had purchased in Tecumseh yesterday. He hoped this would be an appropriate wine for this festive occasion and for the one or two toasts he knew would be forthcoming. He poured a small amount into each glass. They first said a short prayer of thanksgiving as prompted and led by Doug McEachern, and then saluted Canada, Wales, Venezuela and each other. A good start thought Harry; the



wine was praised by everyone. They then began their meal which was laid out before them. Catherine had prepared a standard, but always welcomed Thanksgiving Day dinner of roasted turkey with stuffing and gravy, mashed potatoes, tossed green salad, cranberry sauce, stewed mushrooms and some of those crispy Italian panini buns she had purchased yesterday. Harry placed Canadian white wine and a bottle of red wine from Chile on the table for the use of his guests. He explained to Vincente that he could find no wine from Venezuela, so he thought the one from Chile would do.

It was a happy group of people that day at the table, laughing, teasing, joking, seemingly without a care in the world. Harry and Catherine smiled to each other, across the table, at one point, knowing that the dinner seemed to be a success. Too soon the dinner was over. Harry thought the best plan was to take the men out to the patio again, to relax and to loosen their ties. The women remained at the table as the men made their exit. George suggested that after sitting for a good deal of the afternoon, they should take a short walk around the Old Walkerville area. They returned about forty minutes later, to find the dining room transformed into a cafe, with a large bowl of grapes, tangerines, and slices of cantaloupe, pineapple and watermelon. There was a large coffee urn with American coffee, and a smaller espresso coffee maker, set along side of the needed cup and saucers, along with a silver tray full of cookies of every description. It all looked so refreshing and appealing. Over several cups of this coffee and deserts, the conversation turned to Claire's impressions of Europe and of her plans for her future now that her graduation year was nearly half over; she was scheduled to graduate this coming April. She related to them the most vivid impressions she had of France, Italy and England and added that she thought, at this point, that she would like to work and live there again, if she could find employment with an international corporation or better still with a governmental agency. Vincente also related his impressions of Europe, which he had

experienced while spending a Summer in Barcelona, Spain, part of a student group, two years ago. While in Spain this group had travelled to Rome through France, in two small buses which were loaned to them by a branch office of a Venezuelan company, located in Barcelona; they also sent along two of their employees as drivers for the trip. He tried to tell the people at the table, his views as to how life for a young person differed in America, from the life styles of the young in Barcelona, Madrid, Marseilles, Genoa and Rome. George and Julie had a far different story to tell about their life in Europe and the post war years of 1945 to 1958. Harry and Catherine who had never lived anywhere other than Windsor, were silent with fascination and interest about the events and the places they were now hearing about. Doug and Elizabeth McEachern, although well travelled had also never lived anywhere else other than Canada. After a while everyone decided to leave the table and make themselves more comfortable in the living room, everyone that is except Doug and Julie.

While still sitting at the dinner table they seemed to be talking about something that only they knew about. Harry went to the table to get another cookie, when he was stopped dead in his tracks as he heard Julie asking Doug, if he planned to attend the funeral service for Matteo tomorrow at the Italian Church. Doug replied that he wanted to and that he was now making arrangements with his office and the hospital which would allow him to be there. Harry was stunned. Was this the same Matteo he had read about in the obituary notice? He decided to listen for a moment or two. From their conversation he learned that this Matteo was an opera fan and had originally met Doug and Julie at a Metropolitan Opera performance of Giacomo Puccini's Tosca at the Masonic Temple in Detroit , with Luciano Pavarotti in the cast in 1976. They had met at an intermission gathering of opera fans from Windsor, who were regular patrons of the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera on Tour to Detroit. Matteo had never been

to a live theatrical performance since arriving in North America. He was satisfied to listen to the Saturday afternoon radio broadcasts of operas from New York, or to listen to the limited record collection he had at his home. The opportunity to hear Pavarotti, in one of Matteo's favourite operatic compositions was too much to miss. His son, Vittorio secured two seats for that performance and was with his father for that evening. Doug and Julie began to notice Harry's interest in everything they had to say about Matteo, so at one point they asked him if he knew Matteo. Harry, not wanting to divulge the matters of the train, the passing by of the yard, the wave and the smile, and of his trip yesterday to see Matteo's house, simply said he thought he had met him on one fleeting occasion, but was not sure if he had the same man in mind as they did. He asked them to go ahead with their plans. Since that night at the opera, Doug and Julie, more so Doug, had come to know Matteo as a friend and certainly as mutual friends of opera. Doug was an associate of Doctor Carlo Angelotti, who referred to Matteo as his uncle, although they were not related by blood or marriage. They were related by something as important and as strong. Carlo's father, Massimo was born in the same town as Matteo; in many circumstances this was as important as being descended from a given genealogy. Birthplace is a genealogy. Carlo and Doug often went for a Saturday afternoon lunch or a drink of Matteo's own wine, to their house. They would sit and talk about opera, or listen to Matteo talk about his early years in Italy and his eventual trip to Canada as a sixteen year old boy to work for his uncle's construction company, being used as a subcontractor on the Montreal Forum Hockey Arena, then under construction in 1924. He returned to Italy to serve his military service, and returned to Canada in 1926 to again work for his uncle in Sault Ste Marie, Ontario. He remained there and married Ernesta there in 1938. Shortly after their marriage they moved to Windsor, as they both wished to live in a warmer climate. He was fortunate enough to find a job, with good pay, at the Dominion Forge Company in Windsor, He left this hard work in 1945, to

take a less strenuous job at the Brewers's Retail Warehouse and remained employed with them until he was hired as a maintenance worker for the University of Windsor, from where he retired in 1978. He purchased their present home at that time.

Claire came into the dinning room to tell her dad that she was driving Vincente home to Detroit. He had taken the bus from Detroit to Windsor earlier in the day, but now Claire thought that it would be better to drive him to Detroit. Vincente thanked Catherine and Harry and the others for their company and for the dinner and offered an invitation to everyone to visit him in Maracaibo. They then left for the garage.

Not long after, Doug and Elizabeth began their thanks and said goodbye to everyone. George, Julie and Harry and Catherine returned to the patio. They each had a cup of coffee and engaged in a low keyed conversation about young people in today's world and how different things were when they began thinking of leaving their parent's home. George and Julie, after a thankful farewell, left for their home which was only a short drive away. Harry and Catherine remained on the patio to savour the last precious moments of a grand day and remembered all the events and the conversations of the day. Next year the Thanksgiving Day Dinner would be a Club affair. Catherine left to begin the work of clearing the dining room and kitchen. She called Harry to remove the leafboard from the table, which he did and then returned to the patio. Shortly after he heard Claire's voice in the kitchen and he then knew that the day and the night were now complete. Again, as at the art gallery he was filled with a feeling of thankfulness and felt somehow being overwhelmed, for a moment or two, with a strong feeling of melancholy. What was happening, Harry thought to himself? These attacks which sent Harry into feelings of sadness and detachment were troubling. Were they symptoms or signals? He wanted to know. He planned to talk to Doug about it this coming week. It is about time he had a complete physical examination anyway; in a few months he would be sixty years old, the threshold of

what many have said is the most dangerous decade in a man's life.

Claire came to the door to say goodnight and to ask her father if he wanted anything. He asked for a glass of mineral water. She returned with his drink, and sat down beside him. She wanted him to know how much she and Vincente had enjoyed the day with everyone at the Dinner. Before she could get away, Harry asked her about her schedule at school tomorrow. She said, other than a few items to research at the library, she had no lectures or any other commitment. She was preparing the outline of her paper which was to be prepared and presented in early January. Harry was pleased to hear her say this as he wanted to ask her to go with him to the funeral of a friend at the Italian Church tomorrow morning. He knew that she was familiar with the Italian language and especially with Roman Catholic liturgies. He did. Claire was surprised at this, but immediately saw that it must be of some importance to her father as it was very unusual for him not to go to his office every Monday morning; in this case, because of the holiday, it would be a Tuesday morning. Of course she would go. She always wanted to visit the church to see how it compared to those she had seen and visited in Italy. Harry briefly related to her Matteo's story and his friendship with Doug and Julie, although he did not say much about how he had come to know Matteo. Harry would telephone his secretary in the morning to tell her that he would be in the office around noon. This would give them enough time to attend the ten o'clock service at the church. Good, that was settled. Claire kissed her father and went into the house. Harry finished his drink, and after some thought about these matters went into the house, kissed Catherine goodnight and complimenting her on the dinner went upstairs to bed. He was asleep in a minute or two.

**Tuesday, October 10, 1995**

Both Claire and her father arrived in the kitchen at the same time the following morning. It was just after eight thirty. Harry had telephoned his secretary as planned. Catherine was still asleep up stairs, taking advantage of this opportunity to sleep in. He and Claire had a coffee and discussed the possibilities which may lay ahead of them at the church. Claire assured her father that her knowledge of Italian and Catholic liturgy would pave the way for them to participate in today's service at the church. It was now nine thirty so quickly putting their breakfast things away, they both went upstairs for last minute touch ups and then left for the church. Both were quiet during the short drive to Erie Street, except to remark on how nice the weather had been for the past two weeks or so. They were now on Erie Street. Claire suggested that they look for a parking space on one of the side streets and then walk to the church. There was a church parking lot next to the church building, but she was sure these spaces would be taken by the funeral home cars and the cars of friends and relatives. They found a spot, just off Erie Street, three blocks from the church. As they walked along Erie Harry was surprised to see the growth of retail stores, restaurants, coffee shops, and apartment buildings which now lined the street from Howard to Parent Avenues. The retail stores all looked good, nice use of materials on their store fronts, well displayed merchandise in their windows. Hardware, men's and ladies' clothing, barbers, flower shops, beauty shops, a pharmacy drug store, banks, food stores, imported gift shops, coffee bars and ten or fifteen restaurants, were all here. Right in the middle of this shopping area, stood St. Angela Merici Roman Catholic Church. Their destination today. As a young boy, he remembered this street being a residential area of Windsor. He had not spent much time here in the past twenty years. They continued walking until they came to the broad paved entrance area of the church. In this area, and on the steps leading into the church, friends and parishioners were gathered waiting for the funeral cortege to arrive. It was now close to ten o'clock. They stood near the street, for a few minutes wondering if Doug and

Julie were here yet. Their question was soon answered as Doug drove up to where they were standing, let Julie out, and then left to park his car. Shortly after he joined them again and they went into the church. They found an unoccupied pew half way down the main aisle and sat down. Doug, Julie and Claire knelt for a moment or two in silent prayer and then sat back into their seats. Harry had seated himself next to Claire for assurance of liturgical correctness and then found his eyes wandering the entire scene of the church; they settled on the sanctuary. He liked the decor, comfortable to the eye, appealing and meaningful. It differed substantially from Anglican architecture and use of space. The liturgical furniture and fixtures were of greater colour and texture and size, at least that is how his eyes saw things. He noticed, to the right of the altar, from his vantage point, a very bright and colourful illuminated image of a Paschal Candle, with the text *"I Am The Light Of The World. He That Believes In Me Will Live Forever."* Harry knew immediately that they were using a rear projection screen of translucent plastic to achieve this effect, although he could not see any projection equipment. Each of the larger offices and plants in his corporation's network were now using this material, for their meeting and training room visual needs. Harry was involved in the purchase of these products so he was not unfamiliar with their use. He liked what he saw before him. Suddenly, what had been a half empty church, exploded into a rush of people coming into the church from the front and the rear doors, filling all the available pew seats. The church was full to its seating capacity. A funeral home attendant prepared the doors for the entrance of the casket and the pall bearers. The body, now covered with a white pall, was greeted at the church door and blessed by today's celebrant, Rev. Sebastiano Rossi. After the blessing it was transported to the main aisle and positioned directly in front of the sanctuary. In the pews, on both sides of the main aisle, sat family and friends. Two of Matteo's sons assisted their mother Ernesta with her necessary movements during her time of grief. She was obviously under great emotional strain. The

celebrant began the liturgy by greeting and welcoming everyone in the church; he did this in both the English and the Italian languages. He then explained that the liturgy would be celebrated in Italian but that English, would also be used in part, as Matteo has many Canadian friends here today to pay their last respects to him and his family. He then went to the presidential chair, located behind the square altar, which was covered with an appropriate and well designed altar cloth. He remained seated while the introductory rites and the liturgy of the word was completed. The first reading, in Italian, was read by one of Matteo's granddaughters. When completed, she sat down and the psalm refrain was projected to the dark grey screen, in English, for all to read and respond to. They did, as the choir led them through the psalm, "*Those who hope in you, O Lord, shall not be disappointed.*" Harry looked around at this display; everyone seemed to participate in this liturgical prayer of the faithful. Harry was pleased to note that no one needed a book in order to participate. The second reading was read by a daughter in law, in English. After this reading the congregation stood for the Gospel reading by Rev. Rossi. The words of the Gospel Acclamation, "*If we die with Christ, we shall live with him, and if we are faithful to the end, we shall reign with him,*" were seen on the screen. The choir and the congregation sang this refrain, as Father Rossi approached the lectern. He began to read the Gospel. When read, he asked everyone to be seated. He began his homily. He spoke knowingly and with great respect about the different stages of Matteo's life; first as a young man growing up in Italy and then with greater detail his life as a Canadian. As he continued his scriptural explanation of the Church's Christ centered faith in an eternal life, slowly, and with great clarity and dignity Matteo's smiling image began to be illuminated on the screen behind Father Rossi. Harry easily recognized the warm smile and the rugged features of his friend, from the train window. The celebrant made mention of Matteo's strong love of family, friends, country, and opera, and concluded with a synopsis of Matteo's Christian life and his commitment to his faith



and his parish. He then left the lectern and resat in the presidential chair. From this point in the service Harry was transfixed on the mystery of why he was here today, attending a Roman Catholic liturgy for a man whom he had never met; although he allowed that the several occasions where they may have seen each other from the passing train could be a meeting of sorts. He felt an importance of this day, not only for the Zonin family, but also in his own life and the life of his family. Something was going on here. As the liturgy of the Eucharist progressed, he was reminded, once again, of the tragedy of the separation of these two great Catholic faiths — the Anglican Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church of Rome. The prayers and the order of the services were nearly identical now. As the service continued and the congregation went to the altar to receive the Holy Eucharist, Harry noticed Julie as she returned to her seat. She was right. This matter of women's ordination to the Priesthood was now a very serious and critical impediment for these two churches to solve. He as an Anglican did not feel disconnected, in any way, participating in this Roman Catholic service. There was no reason to.

Outside the church bright sunshine greeted the mourners, it was brilliantly reflected from the long line of funeral cars, now fixed with their funeral banners. These were the first to leave the church parking area to find their place in behind the funeral home lead limousines. This long line of cars disappeared from view as it turned away from Erie Street to the burial place which was several miles away. As they watched the cars disappear, Doug suggested that they had just enough time for a quick cup of coffee at the coffee bar across the street. In the bar they discussed the service and regretted that time would not allow them to attend the family luncheon reception for guests to be held at the Caboto Club, immediately after the burial. They were all impressed with the bilingual media aided service they had just experienced. Julie and Doug describe their own weekly parish liturgies as bland, poorly planned and uninspiring events. They saw them as great opera badly produced. They agreed that the delicate task of

making liturgical services in local parishes, full of meaning in the modern world, will require all the technical skills and artistic talents of the Church's laity, in order to guarantee active participation in the most sacred mysteries and the solemn public prayers of the Church. After the coffee, Doug left for the hospital a few blocks away, Julie would get a ride from Harry to her home, as his office was in that general direction, and Claire thought she would like to walk home.

Harry took Julie to her home and then went directly to the plant. He arrived just as most of the purchasing department was leaving for lunch. He worked through the noon hour and did not leave the office until seven thirty that evening, as there were numerous phone calls to return, requisitions that needed his signature and his attention before tomorrow morning, orders from branch offices, and two fax messages from Europe to handle. That night he took a small file of papers home to review. After a bite to eat with Catherine, he left to read the files, and then went to bed. He was tired.

The next day was the same, busy all day long with telephone calls and fax information and general office procedures. Thank God everyone in purchasing was healthy and in good shape; it made everything work easier. Thursday was spent preparing for the Management Committee meeting scheduled for the next day. Friday came and went quickly. At the meeting Harry's main responsibility was to listen to the sales and the marketing reports being presented by their respective department heads. When Saturday came Harry was exhausted but he looked forward to the weekend as there was absolutely no obligations of any sort to pay attention to. This would give him all the time he needed, to be by himself, to consider a few ideas and values which now kept popping into his head. He knew that he had let these slide for a while now and wanted to work them out as soon as he could. Catherine will be busy all weekend with the Christmas Bazaar planning Committee and Claire would spend most of her

time in Detroit, either at the library or with friends. He remained exceptionally busy, at work, for the rest of the Fall as there was another pending merger with an American automotive supplier in North Carolina. As part of Management's merger committee Harry scheduled a flight to Raleigh, North Carolina and arranged to spend the last week of November there analyzing and evaluating the assets of the company being considered as a merger prospect.

### **Sunday, November 26, 1995**

Catherine drove Harry to Detroit's Metro Airport and let him off at the American Airlines departure area. She smiled, wished him luck and gave him a hug and kiss, and then headed for the exit road to the I-94 freeway back to Detroit and Windsor. Harry landed in Raleigh and arrived at his motel at six thirty that evening. He purchased a copy of the Sunday edition of their local newspaper and went up to his room on the sixth floor. He spent the next hour or so refreshing himself with a shower and a touchup electric shave, and scanned the newspaper, then left for the dining room to have supper. After eating he left the motel and walked for a short while around the motel grounds. He returned to his room, again looked at the paper and then decided to undress, put on his pyjamas and watched a little television. At eleven o'clock he prepared to turn in for the night. He adjusted the window curtains and the bed to his liking and comfort and turned out the lights and climbed into bed. Little did he know that that night would turn out to be an unexpected nightmare for him. For the first time in years he could not fall asleep and did not fall to sleep until well after three thirty in the morning, which was the last time he looked at the illuminated digital clock on the motel desk. All night long his head was filled with thoughts about this week's coming business meetings in Raleigh, the events of the past few months in his own life. He tried everything he could think of to bring on sleep, knowing full well that Robert Fulford the purchasing manager of the company he was here to talk with would be downstairs in the lobby at eight thirty in the morning to meet Harry and to drive him to their first meeting at their plant offices. He wished he was home where he could go downstairs for a glass of milk or step out onto the patio for a few minutes of fresh air, but here in the motel there was no place to walk. He tried to open the windows behind the drapes, but found that they were designed not to be opened by hotel guests. He turned on the room air conditioning system, the blowing air at first refreshed Harry but soon, it seemed to Harry, to produce only fan

noise and stale air. He went to the washroom and splashed some cold water onto his face. He went to the windows to look out, only to find that the only view there was that of the parking lot, full of cars. He went back into bed and hoped that he would soon fall to sleep. He was surprised and a little frightened and irritated by this unusual restlessness and anxiety he was experiencing. He must have fallen asleep shortly before four o'clock as he was deeply asleep when his wakeup call rang at seven thirty.

Surprisingly enough, after a shower and a lather and razor shave he felt much better. He dressed and went downstairs to wait for Robert's arrival. He now felt as good as if he had slept all night long. Robert Fulford came into the lobby on time. He greeted Harry and welcomed him to North Carolina. After five minutes of getting to know each other Robert invited Harry to have breakfast with him at the motel, as their president was unable to meet with Harry until later that morning, which gave them time for a relaxing breakfast. The remainder of the day was spent meeting people at their main office and plant area and then later in the afternoon they travelled to a branch plant, fifteen miles from Raleigh. They returned to the motel at five thirty, with Robert promising to pick Harry up at eight in the morning. An earlier start was needed as they were scheduled to meet with the corporate president and chief financial officer all day Tuesday in the president's office.

Harry was glad to be back at the motel, because by mid-afternoon he began to be affected by his lack of sleep last night. He did not feel as well as he usually did while travelling on company business. For some uneasy reason he was a little apprehensive about the meetings tomorrow. At the moment he was not looking forward to being enclosed in an office all day, except maybe for a lunch breaks. He has attended these types of meetings hundreds of times in the past twenty years so why was he anxious about tomorrow?

Again he bought a local paper and a copy of The New York Times and went to his room

to relax before going out for supper. The motel provided their guests with a shuttle service to its downtown hotel and made this ten minute trip every twenty minutes. After washing and changing into casual clothes he took the minivan shuttle to the downtown hotel and began a walking tour in the area. The first thing he notice, a block from the hotel, was Old Angelo's, a good looking Italian restaurant. He looked at their posted menu and decided to return to have supper there after his walk. After walking for an hour he returned to the restaurant and enjoyed a delicious meal of soup, salad and pasta and a glass of their California red house wine. He returned to the shops he had marked out while walking. He visited three bookstores as he felt he needed something important, or at least interesting, to read other than newspapers. He wanted more detailed information about several aspects of modern American society. He found magazines to be unsatisfactory in this regard. He spent the best part of the evening searching these stores for a book that would interest him enough to purchase it. They were stocked with thousands of titles, along with blockbuster sellers given prominent display on island tables throughout the store. After reading several book information jackets, he decided to give up the search for now. He did purchase three travel guide books which he had no intention of buying before he saw them displayed in the travel section of one of the stores. He was attracted by their easy to handle size, their attractive colour reproductions of famous travel sites and graphic presentation of interesting information and background materials. They were a guide to France, another of Italy and the third a guide to travel in the Middle East.

As Harry walked towards the hotel, he noticed that the hotel minivan was just leaving the hotel parking area, which now meant a wait of twenty minutes for its next trip. He saw a party store two blocks away, so he walked to the store and purchased a bottle of bourbon whiskey, in case he had trouble sleeping again tonight. Returning to the hotel he waited five minutes or so for his ride back to the motel and returned to his room shortly before ten thirty. After watching

television and looking at his copy of the New York Times, he began to get ready for bed. He changed into his pyjamas, again adjusted the curtain and the air conditioning and then climbed into bed. Once again, in spite of having a drink of the whiskey and water and watching television until midnight, he did not fall to sleep. He was restless for most of the night, getting up several times to adjust lighting, air and pillows. He lay there for several hours thinking of his work, his family, his friends, his age, his health, his sudden interest in travel guides. What was he to think of all this? Mercifully he did sleep finally as he cannot remember anything from then on until his wakeup call came early Tuesday morning.

Robert was there waiting for Harry at eight o'clock. They had a quick coffee and toast breakfast and then left for their meeting with the president. Harry did not feel as well this morning as he did yesterday. Somehow he did get through all the financial information discussed at the meeting and found himself back at the motel at five thirty. He was not hungry enough to plan another downtown dinner out so he decided to stay in his room for the evening, reading some of the financial matters he had to know and understand, watching television and then ordering a room service meal of a beef sandwich, a small green salad and a bottle of beer. He slept much better and easier that night.

The rest of the week in Raleigh went well and much the same. He continued to wonder what was causing his unexpected anxiety and apprehension, never having had these symptoms before. Although he felt that he was not at his best at these meetings, he must have carried the ball well because when he left Raleigh to return to Detroit Friday afternoon, Robert Gino, the president, and Irving, the financial officer, were all generous in their praise of his insights into these merger matters and each expressed their gratitude and thanks for his work in the past week. He would see them again in Toledo, early in January, next year. Harry felt relieved to

board the hotel bus which took him to the Raleigh international airport, in time to take his three o'clock flight to Detroit, where Catherine would be waiting for him. During the flight his thinking focused on his disturbing problems of the past week in Raleigh and searched for some possible reasons. Something was going on and it worried him. He decided not to mention this to Catherine or anyone else in Windsor unless they continued after his return home.

Harry began immediately to write his report to the Management Committee, concentrating mainly on the market value of the inventory in Raleigh and its compatibility with other inventories held by the company. He saw very little of Catherine or Claire during this period. December proved to be as busy as the previous two months. All reports concerned with and needed for the merger were to be prepared and readied for a joint meeting of the two Boards of Directors, to be held in Toledo, Ohio, on January 15, 1996.

Harry's Windsor plant will be closed for the Christmas Holidays from December 22 to January 2 of the new year. They are too busy to close for a longer period, as was their custom in past years. Harry took much of his report data and information home with him as he had a computer at home equipped with all the needed financial software programming he would need for his reports. The final typing, proofing, and printing could all be done after the office staff resumed work in the new year.

The plant close down for the holidays was always welcomed by Catherine and Claire. They loved these days of having everyone home, and of the gatherings of friends and family. They all enjoyed their comfortable home and the hustle and bustle of Christmas preparations. Claire was finished her term exams and now had until the second week of January to rest from her studies. She would use this time to flesh out her thesis which was due for presentation in the new year. She had a file of information and ideas concerned with her paper; she also had on



hand a rough schematic of how her proposition would work. It was concerned with the history of female abortion, tracing its impacts on societies from their earliest recordings through the various cultures and social periods of civilization, to our present North American dilemma of "Abortion Clinics," "Freedom of Choice Movements," "Right to Life Groups," and its myriad of jousting legal, religious, medical, and moral voices, concerned with the ever increasing number of abortions in the world, which now annually reached the one and a half million mark in the United States alone. She plans to present a co-relationship of economics and abortion and by doing so hopes to prove that abortions have evolved from being a legal, medical, moral, religious, and social question to one which has entered into the day by day financial realities of the expecting mothers, who find themselves about to give birth to another human being, with little or no hope of being able to support this child through the early years of life. Her paper will challenge society to look at its hostility towards this social problem and to refocus its attention to a financial perspective. She will target especially the religious and the political voices in our society to explore, investigate and consider the reality of this economic aspect. While in Rome, she became a friend of a young American couple, living and studying at Rome's Boston University Campus. They have an Italian doctor friend, who often took them to a local restaurant in Trastevere, one of the old quarters of Rome. Claire was invited to one of these dinners and in the course of their conversation that evening, the matter of abortion, with all its ramifications, was discussed. Enrico, the doctor, told them about the "baby barrel" at the Santo Spirito Ospedale, in Borgo Santo Spirito, close to the Vatican. In a nightmare, experienced by Pope Innocent III, who reigned from 1198 to 1216, an angel showed him the bodies of Rome's unwanted babies dredged up from the Tiber River in fishing nets. The pope after being confronted with this truth by the local fishermen, hastened to build a hospice for unwanted babies and sick paupers. In 1475 the original hospital was reorganized by Pope Sixtus IV, to

care for the influx of poor pilgrims expected for that Holy Year. For its day his new hospital was a new and wondrous concept. Cloisters separated the different medical cases served by the hospital of which one is still reserved for orphans and their nurses. Unwanted babies were passed through a revolving barrel-like contraption known as the "Rota" which was placed next to the main entrance to the hospital. There was no need for the mother, or whoever brought the baby to the hospital to identify themselves by entering the building; they would place the baby in the opening of the barrel, turn it once and leave. The baby would then be in the hospital under the care of the religious nurses there. Enrico, continued with an even more startling piece of information regarding this "baby barrel: It was still in place and could be seen even today. The next day Claire went to the old hospital, and after some searching found the "Rota." It was there, as Enrico had described, not in use, but giving validity to this abortion story, which she intended to use in her paper. She took a picture for those who would doubt this story.

Christmas came on schedule and after a gala New Years' celebration at the Golf Club, the Holiday season was again history for another year. As January 15 approached Harry was ready with his report to the merger meeting in Toledo.

### **Sunday, January 14, 1996**

On Sunday, January 14, Harry drove to Toledo with William Britton, the Company's President and son of its founder. Bill's father, along with Edwald Schisler, a German immigrant to Canada, started a three man tool and die shop in a converted garage in 1929, just in time for the arrival of the Great Depression. Somehow they made it to 1945, when the company began its amazing growth. Bill is also a graduate of the University of Western Ontario, and received his law degree from the Osgoode Hall Law School in Toronto several years later. Others from the financial section of their company will meet Harry and Bill later tonight in Toledo for supper. They arrived at the Hilton College Centre close to three o'clock in the afternoon, and then went to their rooms. Harry, Bill and the other regathered in the hotel bar for a pre-supper drink. After supper they met in Bill's suite of rooms to go over the final strategy; the meetings start tomorrow morning, here in the hotel. Harry was scheduled to deliver his report Tuesday morning.

While drkving to Toledo, Harry noticed Bill's seeming lack of enthusiasm concerning these important matters at hand. This is not or ever has been Bill's style, usually just the opposite was Bill's normal approach to merger meetings. Although Harry wondered why Bill was this way he thought he would wait for Bill to explain it. Instead, for most of the ride, at Bill's prompting, they talked about the dramatic change in the role universities were now taking on, from institutions established primarily to teach and promote discussion concerned with the study of humanities, and the ideas and concepts they generated, to today's heavy emphasis on technological and business-related faculties and programs. They both agreed that the Liberal Arts degrees they had attained were valuable and worthwhile achievements. Bill, in a somewhat critical tone, told Harry that although he employed needed specialists in computer programming, marketing and sales, robotics, engineering, accounting, human resources, personnel training and development, he thought few of these people were well-educated human beings. He

suspected their margin for error was greater than what should be expected or allowed for trained specialists. He saw this as a dangerous failing of our educational system, from top to bottom, although he continued his liberal financial support of the new faculties and their need for larger new buildings to accommodate these growth areas of university training.

The meetings went well for both corporations; they ended on the third day, Wednesday afternoon, with a joint management report being presented to the Officers and Directors of both companies for their final analysis and approvals, which were required for the merger to become a reality. Harry, and the others at the meeting, were certain that this approval would be forthcoming before the end of February. He was very pleased with the report he prepared and presented and his answering of questions arising from his department's report, which was primarily concerned with the corporate and financial benefits and advantages of the purchasing concepts proposed and recommended by Harry and his accounting staff. This matter was at the heart of the rationale which drove the merger talks from the very beginning. He felt it was the finest piece of work he and his department had ever achieved and possibly the most important he had ever been asked to do. Without his thirty years of purchasing experience in the automotive industry he would not have had the insights needed for the financial importance of his report. He had never thought of himself as being a consummate professional, until he prepared and presented this merger report to both Management Committees. He saw that they were both impressed with his work and his insight into these matters. Harry was pleased by the esteem which was shown and offered by the staff members of both corporations. He saw this meeting as being the pinnacle of his professional purchasing career and saw clearly that his future would never offer the same opportunity again. This matter had been three years in the making and now completed; these final three days in Toledo have been an experience not soon to be forgotten.

A flood of thoughts were in Harry's mind as he drove his car through Toledo's network of roads to the entrance ramp to the I-75 North freeway to Detroit. The Ambassador Bridge of Windsor was sixty miles away. He set the cruise control to 120 kilometres, and sat back to enjoy the ride home, it should be clear sailing right to the toll booths at the bridge entrance. Although it was only the second week of January, Harry's thoughts went to the coming few weeks and months and to the coming of spring. First, he would be back in Detroit tomorrow night with Doug and four other club members to watch the Red Wing hockey game against the Pittsburgh Penguins at the Joe Louis Arena. This will be the first time any of them will see Mario Lemieux of the Penguins play in person, although they had seen him on television often; they were all looking forward to this game. Catherine has a ten day visit to Phoenix, Arizona planned in early February to visit former Windsor friends now living there; Claire will have her thesis finished and presented in late January and Harry and five other friends were scheduled to spend a golf weekend in Ashville, North Carolina in mid March.

These pleasant thoughts lasted for the first twenty miles or so, then his thoughts inevitably went back to the meeting in Toledo over the past three days. The most troubling fact of these meetings, will be the elimination of six hundred production and clerical jobs; four hundred in Raleigh and two hundred in Windsor. This reality was especially painful for Harry as he knew most of the two hundred persons at the Windsor plant who will be affected by this merger, as he has worked with many of them over the past five or ten years. The notices and the terminations will not start until September, but in Harry's mind the pain was a reality now. He knew this was only a minor splash in the tidal wave of corporate downsizing now threatening most of the industrialized world. Corporations, aided by ever emerging new technologies, will continue along this road of mergers, buy-outs, and joint ventures, in every field of national and international economic activity.

Bill Britton, after congratulating Harry on his department's presentation Tuesday morning, asked Harry if he would have a drink with him tonight; he knew an espresso bar not far from the hotel. Harry agree and met Bill in the lobby at nine o'clock. They had worked together for the past thirty five years, so they had much in common and are very close friends. While having coffee Bill began by telling Harry that he was flying to Cleveland with the President of Danae, an international corporation, with head offices in Toledo; they have over twenty-five plants and divisions and have sales in excess of six billion a year, with over forty thousand employees. They were big, very big. Harry recognized the appropriateness of their corporate name, Greek mythology tells of a beautiful Argos princess, who is visited by Zeus, in the form of a shower of gold. Harry was jolted with this news. Something very important and big must be on the table in Cleveland. Bill continued by telling Harry that automotive production capacity, now in existence world wide, was capable of producing twenty million more cars and trucks than the automotive markets will buy over the next five to ten years. Some of this production potential must be eliminated, which of course meant plant closures and massive layoffs of auto production and office workers. The larger players in the auto industry understood this marketing dilemma and have made their plans to avoid the financial losses, which are sure to flow if the needed changes are not now made in their corporate structures and marketing plans. Bill went on to explain that U.S. multinationals no longer looked at Canada as another nation's market, but saw it as only a part of the North American market, which included Mexico. As a result, Bill was no longer confident of the future of their company remaining in Canadian hands. He wanted Harry to know and understand this, in a private way. Bill was clearly worried about both Canada's future in this manufacturing scenario and the future of their Windsor and Canadian operations.

At this point of his thoughts about Toledo, he noticed the exit sign for Monroe, Michigan

on his right and saw the small shopping plaza just beyond the exit ramp. He decided he needed a rest from these thoughts, a coffee and the use of a restroom.

Well, that did the trick. He felt a lot better now, a little refreshed and not so gloomy about things. The mind is a wonderful part of the human anatomy. He tried to think about tomorrow night's game, with Doug and the others. He smiled because he knew that they would all enjoy the game and the laughs and the camaraderie which was always part of their get togethers. Doug McEachern, before entering medical studies in Nova Scotia was a promising junior hockey player, who was then being scouted by all the professional teams of the National Hockey League. He was a hard hitting defenceman, who could lead a down ice rush as well as any forward in the league. He had all the skills needed for a professional hockey career, standing over six feet tall and carrying 210 pounds. He is slightly heavier now, but still uses his height and weight as good leverage when he hits a golf ball from the tee. He probably is the club's longest ball hitter. He still loves hockey and has continued to play it throughout his medical career in a weekly pickup game, with a few doctors, a few lawyers and a few priests. He says yes, everyone swears in the games. He was forced to quit three years ago due to the possible need for a hip replacement operation.

Try as he may to think only about friends, family and future expectations, he could now erase or forget the bite of Bill Britton's comments last night. These thoughts and their weight were now part of his psyche; they scare him. Although the results of the meetings, such as Bill will have in Cleveland, are not made public, often for several years, Harry knew that this was an important meeting for all parties concerned.

Canada? What was he to think about Canada? His own country, a country that until a decade or so ago, was the envy of the world and seemed invincible: Space, forests, mining and oil riches, abundant fishing on both coasts. A universal health care system, which was second

to none, universities and colleges popping up all over the place, first nation to recognize the existence of Red China, the Montreal Olympics and the Exposition of 1967, the first country in many areas of social innovation, now offered nothing to its citizens but doubt, division and debt. It continues to have the highest paid civil servants in the world, which includes doctors, teachers, police forces and firemen, military officers and politicians. Wages, benefits and pensions in the public sector were astonishingly generous, even to the much richer and far more productive neighbour to the south, the U.S.A. All of this in the face of sharply falling domestic production, owned by Canadian citizens. Politicians running around, promising great and new programs, followed by a phalanx of news reporters and video crews; more often than not also on the public pay roll. Or was it, as Bill had suggested, just another area of the North American market with a population and economy equal to that of the state of California? This possibility or probability had Harry thinking negatively about Canada's future; a process from which he could not escape.

Harry was worried about all these things and the meanings they held for himself, his family, his future at the company and especially the future they represented for all Canadians. He does not share the popularly held idea that Canada and its economy were safe and secure because of its close relationship, in all areas of life, with the United States of America. Canada's federal government has a six hundred billion debt, which at some point in time must be paid. Add to this the total debt of the ten provincial governments, and the accumulated personal debt of each individual Canadian and Canada's corporate debt and it becomes a debt load which, in any scheme of things, is unpayable. Canada has a population of only thirty million people ultimately responsible for the repayment of these debts: Harry knew that having a debt is one thing, having the income to pay down the debt is quite another. Canada simply does not have enough national income to pay their debts, unless present lifestyles change. He knows that



other capitalistic nations have huge debts to pay, but many of them can account for and control their own productivity and resources and do have the potential to pay down these debts. Canada does not have this potential!

What worried Harry more than these financial deficits and debts are the results of governmental downsizing of social services, which will be required when the national debt increases to crisis levels. Creditors will then want their money or will stop investing in Canada. This will lead to an unstable society which has the potential to explode in anger against any government or institution advocating and implementing such cuts to social services, which most Canadians now expect as a benefit of being Canadian citizens. From experience Harry knew also, that governments will not hesitate to rely on the military and the police to act swiftly and violently against any social uprising or demonstrations. He remembers Pierre Trudeau's answer to a C.B.C. reporter's question as to whether he intended to use the military in the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) crisis of October, 1970, "*you just watch me*" was his reply. He then declared a state of emergency under the War Measures Act and the next day fully armed military personnel were called into action. He thought also of Kent State University, the Race Riots in Detroit, Washington, Watts, Chicago and the use of the military at Waco Texas, Wounded Knee, Oka Quebec, Ipperwash Park, and other instances of the military and the police, using lethal force against their own people.

While Trudeau was busy fighting Rene Levesque and the new ideas being born in Quebec, major, near death blows, were being absorbed by Canada's lumber, fishing, and mining industries; and on the horizon one could see the advent of Brian Mulroney, with his package of ideas regarding America's omnibus role in Canadian affairs. Harry never thought that he would live to see the overwhelming growth in food banks in Canada's cities, and the plight of homeless street people, who are seen by some, as so much refuse, a barrage of drug-

related crimes and tragedies, and a series of shocking, disgusting, perverted sex scandals which tainted every social level of Canadian life. Yet the shamelessness of it all escaped the attention of those in positions of power and influence. Modern Canadian life has allowed itself to be taken over by world market forces which operate in an exact contrary direction to the needs of most of its citizens.

For the first time since leaving Monroe he began to notice the traffic building up around him. He had been so deeply in thought that he had forgotten, or at least did not realize, that he was driving an automobile at sixty to seventy miles an hour for the past thirty minutes and realized that he was in the city of Detroit, having left the I-75 freeway for a short run to the Ambassador Bridge. In ten minutes he would be in Windsor, and soon after home at last.

## March 1996

Back at work in Windsor Harry felt a bit ill at ease for the next few weeks. Day to day business items came across his desk or came over the telephone as they did before the Toledo meetings, but strangely he felt somewhat beyond these matters. This feeling was not from a detachment from his responsibilities and status, but rather from a perspective of the importance of these matters in relationship to the normal or expected amount of time left in his life. He was now a week away from his sixtieth birthday and wanted, he was certain, more time to think about things in his life and in this world which he was concerned about. Purchasing problems and duties were now for someone else; not for him any more.

He celebrated his birthday twice; once with family and friends at a party at George's house and secondly with Doug McEachern and friends at the Golf Club. Harry was now sixty years old, and that was that. Now on to other things!

From the morning, after his birthday, Harry, in spite of himself at times, became a different man. He was sure that no one, including Catherine and Claire, would notice this change, but never the less, he knew it had occurred. He was still the same husband, the same father, the same friend, the same man at work, but way down deep he knew he was finished with corporate life, and possibly more important, was no longer a firm believer in the direction of North American economic and social life. He was now a unbeliever. He had seen too many things in the past twenty-five years to ever again have faith and pride in the political, the economic and the cultural life of the society in which he was born and raised. He did not want to reach these conclusions in life, but he did not have an adequate defence against the things that were giving him a great deal of concern. There were days that all of this apostasy lost its bite and its reality, but when those days returned in which he was the new man, the newness of his thoughts and the compassion he held for most of society were the only reality he could contain. He could not

deny the absolute truth of the change within him. His first wish was to be free of the office and all that it stood for and demanded of him.

He had been to Toronto once since Thanksgiving, but he hardly looked up from his seat as the train passed Matteo's house. Why should he? He knew that Matteo would not be there with his smile and wave of his hand. Although this was now all in the past he had not forgotten Matteo and all that this humble man represented in life.

It was now that time of the year for unpredictable early Spring weather, when Windsor residents are lulled into believing that Winter is over and that Spring is just around the corner. Late February, early March always gave this area of the country a day or two of any kind of weather imaginable. Thank God, by this time tomorrow he would be in Ashville, North Carolina, where the sun promises to shine everyday on the green hills of the Maggie Valley Golf and Country Club. Two days of travel and five days of around-the-clock golfing, brought a smile to Harry's face. Ron Murray, Doug McEachern, and Carlo Angelotti will pick him up in the morning and start their journey down I-75 south, to Cincinnati, through the Great Smoky Mountains to Ashville. The thought alone, of five carefree days, away from the plant and from Windsor made him ready and anxious to get started on this annual trip south to the sun.

**Tuesday March 26, 1996**

*"I'm telling you Ron, this guy walks into a small local area bank in Detroit, early one morning, and for no apparent reason opens fire with an assault rifle and murders four people – one outside the bank, three inside and finally shoots himself in the head and dies right then and there. The guy is only twenty three years old, not interested in robbing the bank, revenge or hatred for any of the victims, just doing what he did, like a robot. Makes you wonder what the hell is going on in this world, doesn't it?"*

*Well, what's new about that, is Ron's reply? I can well imagine the horror, shock and anger of the families of those killed, but for everyone else the day after will be just another banking day. The only change in Detroit will be the headline of the daily paper and the lead story on the evening's news programs. It has been happening in this country ever since the early fifties and has now found its way into other countries. Don't you remember the nut who walked into a school gymnasium last year in Dunblane, Scotland and murdered sixteen very young children, again with a military assault weapon. These dammed things were invented to defend a country against invaders, not for killing people in a bank or children playing in a gymnasium. These explosions of madness are now, more or less, expected at any time, any where. The problem is that they no longer shock society, or cause social or political outrage it is sad to say. It is a new phenomenon of social madness now loose in the world.*

*That's interesting Ron that you should use the word explosion to describe these*

*seemingly senseless, monstrous assaults on innocent people. Explosion is usually not the word used to describe this type of killing, but when you said explosion, I thought of a bomb going off somewhere, killing or injuring people. Explosion, eh! That fits. It certainly describes these attacks well; some deranged person suddenly, and without warning, explodes into a murdering maniac. Have you noticed that after the event, they are often described by neighbors and friends as nice, quiet people, never causing any real trouble for anyone in their lives,"* Carlo said slowly. *"Explosion, that's the word. It has several meanings but these random attacks are certainly explosions."*

Ron, Carlo, Doug and Harry are sitting in the club house bar of the Golf and Country Club, munching on pistachio nuts, sipping away at glasses of draught beer, waiting for the rest of the golfers to finish their afternoon rounds of the day. They were first off the tee this afternoon and would wait here to hear all the details of the successes and the misfortunes of other foursomes. There are twenty four golfers from home, this year, the largest group they have had in the past five years. These five days of golf in North Carolina, have been an annual Spring Break journey for ten years now. The weather in mid March is not always ideal, but good enough to finish twenty seven holes a day, with or without jackets on. The group consists of seventeen teachers from St. Thomas High School, two priests from the school staff, and five invited guests. The course is a beautiful eighteen hole layout sheltered in the rolling hills of western North Carolina, a few miles from the Great Smoky Mountains. The meals are excellent, the rooms as comfortable as any hotel, and it is only a seven-hour trip from home; so they simply settled in here for five days.

While waiting, Carlo went back to the subject of explosions. He said it all started with the Chinese, or as some books now have it with Arabic science of mixing certain elements together and igniting this compound with a spark or heat from a flame in order to cause a

bursting of potential energy outwards. Saltpetre, charcoal and sulfur, when mixed and ignited came to be known to Europeans as black powder, or as it was named later, gunpowder, when first used in crude pipes or guns designed to propel small lead or steel pellets. Carlo remembered his High School history at St. Thomas. The history of gun powder was taught as an introduction to the famous Gun Powder Plot episode of English History. Guy Fawkes and four co-conspirators were involved in a conspiracy to blow up Parliament and in so doing, kill King James, the Queen and their son, using twenty barrels of gun powder hidden in a cellar. The plot failed but has become part of England's lore and history. Guns were first used in warfare in the fourteenth century. Up to then all killing had to be done face-to-face with the enemy, or as the Italians say, *mano a mano*. Strength, skills and a cunning mind were needed then to survive a battle and defeat the enemy. Today, six centuries later, this same killing, magnified several thousand times, can be carried out by the push of a button, thousands of miles from the intended victims.

Ron said that when he hears the word explosion, he automatically thinks of the two Atom Bombs which exploded over the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. He visited both these cities recently, while working out the details of an Asian Tour package his company was putting together. He spent time at each of the bombing sites and at the memorials erected to the historical recording of these attacks and to the memory of the hundred of innocent civilians who had died, or rather were incinerated or possibly vaporized along with tens of thousands more who were maimed and injured. This all took place in only a few seconds of history's time. Very few people, to this day, properly understand the magnitude of these outbursts of energy over Japan, which since then, have been dwarfed by larger and more powerful weapons from the same family of science. He read in a Detroit paper a few months ago, of a columnist being invited to have lunch aboard the USS Michigan, a Trident class

submarine, which carries a payload of two dozen intercontinental ballistic missiles. As the columnist puts it *"they were just sitting there waiting for someone to push a button so they can take off and blow up part of the world."* He went on to explain in the article that there are seventeen other missile submarines of this class, *"creeping around in the world's oceans every day of the year."* And then there is SAC, Ron continued, America's Strategic Air Command's defense program of continuous daily flights of nuclear bombers patrolling the skies of the world with their deadly payload of atomic bombs on board. Most people do not notice them in the skies, as their cruising altitude is so high the aircraft is hard to see with the naked eye; only their telltale vapor contrails are seen but not understood. *"Who is the enemy in this scenario; what are these expensive and explosive activities all about,"* Ron questioned. He laughed a little and said that if another war breaks out, the safest place to be may be in the military. Certainly these weapons are designed for the mass destruction of entire civilizations, not for any military strategy of pinpoint bombing raids on military targets.

*"What about the Oklahoma Federal Government Building bombing two years ago, Doug offered, as another case of explosives being used to kill innocent civilians. "Can you believe that the killing of 168 people and injuring 500 more, and the creation of that much destruction and panic is the work of one or two people using a rented truck and standard farming chemicals. Who and why would anyone become so angry at their government as to create this plan and carry it out; it now looks like American citizens are responsible for this human carnage, rather than foreigners hostile to America."*

*"I am not surprised that Americans know so little about these military things and in many ways have turned against their governments with such anger and mistrust. They have been lied to and kept in the dark so often in recent years, by local and federal politicians, governmental agencies and, even their presidents. You know,"* Doug continued, *"that America has been*



*dominated by Freemasonry since its inception in 1776. The first president, George Washington laid the cornerstone of the Capital building in an imposing Masonic ceremony as the past Grand Master of the Alexandria Lodge which retains the trowel used on that occasion. I would think that would make the Capital building a Masonic Temple. In the early 1950's the United States established the National Security Agency, which is now the largest and most secret of US intelligence agencies. It intercepts foreign communications, as well as safeguarding their own transmissions. The agency has the authority and the means to collect and analyze computer communications, telephone signals, and all other electronic data. They are busy fellows. Also, the National Security Directive is a secret decree issued by the president that can establish national policy and commit federal funds without the knowledge of Congress. The NSC alone decides whether these directives are made public; most are not. Our own Marshall McLuhan, as early as 1953, wrote to a friend that it was only recently that he has become fully aware of the reality of the role of secret societies in the art, the sciences and politics."*

Just then four smiling happy golfers came into the bar and pulled up a nearby table to make a table for eight, and pleaded with the waitress to quicken her steps to bring another two pitchers of beer and enough peanuts and chips to go around. Others began to come in and soon the bar area was full of tired but happy golfers. Early finishers were now ready to shower and to rest a bit before supper hour. They will rejoin everyone in the dining room at six-thirty for supper.

Ron and Harry shared a room in the lodge, Doug and Carlo had another. While showering and shaving Ron and Harry continued to discuss this explosion idea, which Carlo had triggered earlier in the afternoon. They both thought that it would be a good discussion topic tonight at the bar session held each night.

Ron and Harry left their room, and took a short walk around the club house and the proshop and ended up five minutes later in the dining room, where two long banquet type tables were set

up with twelve places each. Most of the fellows were seated when they walked in and sat down with Doug and Carlo. As always the supper was excellent, even the grits were enjoyed by everyone. About eight o'clock, after coffee and dessert, the dining room began to clear out and they all retreated to their rooms to relax and for some to wait for tonight's session at the bar.

Well, it is now bar time. When they arrived they found the room half full, about eight or ten guys, serving themselves at a table, which now served as the bar in the common room. The talk around the room was concerned with the coming National Hockey League playoffs, the final four college teams of the NCAA basketball tournament, which this year has North Carolina University remaining in the semifinals, and some very early baseball talk coming out of the Florida spring training camps. Harry went over to where a few others were talking hockey, especially the possibility of this being the last season for Mario Lemieux, the game's premier player and the star of the Pittsburgh Penguins. Someone then asked about Canada's chances at the 1998 Olympic games in Japan, which for the first time will allow professional hockey players to compete for the Gold Medal of Hockey. Everyone had their own ideas of what players should be selected and invited to Canada's training camp. It seems that the Gold Medal for hockey no longer belonged to Canada as an uncontested right. This uncertainty led one of the younger teachers to ask Father Thompson if he remembers the 1972 NHL-Soviet Series, which created a new era of international hockey; especially the night of the first game of the eight game series, played in Montreal in September of 1972. Remember it? He would never forget it, he answered! Neither will a whole generation of Russian and Canadian hockey fans. He emphasized it was the most exciting, thrilling and dramatic sports event he has ever experienced in his life. Four games in Canada, and four final games in Moscow. Canadians were expected to win the series handily. All of Canada's experts anticipated an easy victory for Canada, even predicting an eight game sweep of the series;

after all this was our game and who were these Russians anyway to have enough confidence and courage to take on an all-star team of our very best professional hockey players. Pre-tournament scouting reports, turned into the National Hockey League's management team, suggested that the Russians were good, but lacked basic professional level hockey skills. The only voice in disagreement with this analysis was that of Father David Bauer, a longtime coach of Canada's International hockey teams, had seen these Russians in action in many international tournaments, and knew how well they could play and of what they were capable. Most Canadians that September night were gathered around their television set and watched in amazement as the Soviets rebounded from an early two goal first period deficit to skate, pass, and shoot their way to a 7 to 3 victory, completely dominating the Canadians in all the fundamental skills of the game. The game was watched by millions of Canadian hockey fans and by those who only knew that something important was going on, but knew very little about the game itself. Canada was in a state of shock. The players and management were embarrassed. Total disbelief, as if a bomb had gone off in their midst. Little did they know that one more victory and a tie game would go to the Soviets, before the teams left for the final four games in Moscow. Canada did go on to win the series, after suffering through three exciting consecutive late game wins, the eighth and final game was won by Canada with thirty four seconds remaining in regulation time. This blow to Canada's hockey supremacy was devastating, much like the aftermath of an explosion. There's that word again, Harry thought to himself. By the time they finished talking about this historic hockey battle, it was very close to eleven, closing time for the bar. Everyone went to their rooms and prepared themselves for tomorrow's promise of warmer, sunny weather; a full day of golf in the lush scenic foothills of the Smoky Mountains.

Before retiring to their room, Harry and Ron went to the club office and asked if they had a dictionary they could use. They found what they were looking for in an unabridged Random House

Dictionary. Turning to the gold leafed E tab, Ron located the correct page on which he found the etymological root of the word “*explode*”. Originally Latin, *explodere* used when Romans wanted to drive from a stage, actors or other performers with laughter, hissing, and sometimes clapping of their hands - a noisy disapproval of a performance. Its modern usage of “*burst forth with sudden violence from an internal energy,*” was given as circa 1611, which certainly agreed with Carlo’s dating of the early gun uses of black powder. Interesting they thought how different times and different people use the same linguistic symbol to describe two very dissimilar human responses to a set of given conditions.

Early next morning, Harry and Ron went over to the first tee area and met Doug and Carlo. Doug was the first to hit. Wow can this guy golf; he drove it a mile and as straight as a die. After this cannon shot, the next three drives were fair to halfway decent. So they started a long day of playing twenty seven holes of golf. The weather was perfect, by noon they were playing in just shirts, instead of sweaters as they had started. Surprisingly, Harry was hitting and putting better than he could ever remember doing.

In the common that night, Ron and Harry explained to the “explosion gang” the etymological information they had found at the office last night. “*Hard to figure isn’t it*” asked Carlo. “*I guess the Romans had no idea of a device which could possibly contain the power and the potential to blow apart anything close to the explosion. They knew only the natural powers of eruptions, as there were many volcanoes in their areas of influence, in fact these are named after their god of fire, Vulcan. It is like the Arabic numbers we now use, then unknown to the Romans, which has given us the zero to play around with so that we can now count things in the thousands, millions, billions and now even the trillions. Nothing in the Roman world needed such a large numbering system; they handled everything quite well with their roman numerals scheme of things.*”

Harry said that he can think of one player in a drama, who was eliminated from the stage by

the use of an explosion or as the Romans had it *explodere*; the assassination of John F. Kennedy. He remembers that day very clearly; Dallas, Texas, Friday, November 22, 1963, just before his normal noon lunch time. He remembers the three rifle shots that blew apart the President's head, as sure as if a bomb had done this work of destruction. These bullets had done their malevolent work perfectly. It was one way of getting rid of a player who strays from the script and begins to add his own version of the scheme of things as the play progressed. He went on to explain that he had just started to work, after his graduation in May of that year and was in the plant installing a production line washer that Friday with a crew of ten men. They were scheduled to finish the installation that day so they decided to work through lunch to finish their work before the afternoon shift started. They were about to finish and to clean up when the first news of the shooting began to circulate in the plant. At first they were all stunned and shocked, but continued to work at this installation. They finished their work around two o'clock and went immediately to the coffee shop, around the corner from the plant gate, to learn what they could from television reports and at the same time gets something to eat. The news was all bad, very bad; surgery for the President, panic for the country. This is bad, very bad Harry remembers thinking. Who would want to do such a thing to him? Every news report was harder to take than the previous report. He was finished work at two thirty that afternoon. He cleared his desk a little early, and left immediately for home. When he arrived everyone was crying, neighbors were in the streets, on their porches, all in a state of complete shock and disbelief, trying to understand these events. The news broke a short while before Harry arrived, that the President had died. How does something like this happen, Harry kept asking himself. From that moment on, everyone in America and the rest of the world sat by their television sets, for three days, watching the pageantry, the drama and the pain of loss unfold, especially the bizarre surrealistic killing of Lee Harvey Oswald, live on television, at noon on Sunday. The greatest of all Greek tragedies ever conceived paled in the light of this unscripted

tragedy, which seemed to be written, as it was unfolding, by an unknown author.

The next half hour was taken by each of the group in turn, telling what he was doing and where he was at that fateful Friday afternoon. A few only listened as they were yet to be born in 1963, or were too young to understand what was occurring on television. Everyone by now has read reams of details of this assassination and most have seen the film JFK, created by Oliver Stone. Again Doug took the lead on this story by stating that he found it hard to believe that anyone had the skill, the nerve and the cool to get off three high powered bullets and in doing so hit his target, the head of President Kennedy, with each shot, which followed the first in quick succession, although the limousine was moving and so was the President's head, after the first bullet hit home. Carlo also questioned the reason he has never found in any book or seen on any television documentary, the official interrogation records of the Dallas Police Department, concerned with this crime. They had Oswald in their custody for nearly two full days and surely must have used all of their interrogation skills during this time, in an effort to develop a scenario of his activities and motives in this world wide drama taking place in their city. What the hell did he tell them, in those two days of his arrest, concerning his innocence or guilt, and most importantly, his motive for murdering the President. Others agreed that they also had never seen or heard any interrogation report, as to what Oswald said or did not say while in custody. The only thing anyone could remember him saying on camera was, *"I never killed anybody."*

*"How about the murders of his brother Robert and that of Dr. Martin Luther King?"* asked Ron. *One was enough, more than enough for a nation to take, but two more right on the heels of John's assassination; it was a little too much tragedy for a while. Although history is dotted with assassinations none will compare with these, as all three were covered in full detail by television cameras, which made them more immediate and meaningful to billions of citizens world wide. The sixties certainly was a troubled decade for Americans.*

Father Quinn, usually a better listener than a story teller, continued the saga of the sixties by telling of his experience, while stationed at Assumption High School in Windsor, Ontario, in the summer of 1967. It took only a seemingly insignificant quarrel started by a police raid of an after hours bar in midtown Detroit, to explode into a full scale, early morning race riot, which lasted for five days, took hundreds of lives, and destroyed millions of dollars worth of property damage. Detroit's near west downtown section was an inferno for most of this time. Everything was set ablaze, houses, businesses, churches, by angry Blacks who felt that the Detroit Police Department was a racist organization, and they wanted to put a stop to this unchallenged power. Quinn, along with many others from the school staff, each day on their spare periods, went to the foot of the Detroit River to watch from the safety of the Canadian shore, this devastation which appeared to be a never diminishing skyline of black, billowing smoke, destroying the main western residential area of Detroit. From television they could see close up views of the rioting, street gun battles and the looting of retail stores; the city was in the hands of the military and each television image showed the area of Detroit affected, as a war zone. National Guard troops were shooting at looters and some of the rioters in the streets and on the rooftops were returning the rifle fire. Firemen, trying to put out a few of the fires were being shot at by rioters. He could not remember the number of people killed during this riot, but he guessed in the hundreds. Calm and civil order did eventually return, but the scars of this anger, rage and revenge still remains a legacy of the city. That same summer this scene of urban chaos was repeated in Watts, California, Washington D.C., Chicago and Philadelphia.

So on this note of racial and civil unrest and the disturbing history of urban decay, they ended the night and went to their rooms.

The rest of the week passed quickly. Saturday morning came bright and warm at seven thirty, when Harry awoke. He shook Ron, told him the time and began to wash up and shave for

the day: They, along with Doug and Carlo were leaving for home today, after playing a final nine holes of golf. They planned to have light lunch at the bar and start for home before two o'clock this afternoon. They all wanted to arrive home at a decent hour.

After lunch, they went to their rooms, packed their clothing and met in the parking lot where Ron was waiting with his minivan. They loaded up their golf clubs and their bags and pulled out of the club parking lot just before two o'clock; ready for the seven hour trip home.

They were all rather quiet today. While riding, their thoughts went to the discussions they had had about explosions and about each of the cases mentioned. Their final discussion about explosions was to agree that there was enough black powder and nuclear power now available to assure that the world may never again be a safe place to live for thousands, if not millions of people. Anywhere, at any time, one of these potential explosives can go off, or a nice friendly neighbor can suddenly explode into a murderous maniac.

Finally, they saw their exit from I-75. As he drove off the exit ramp Ron turned on the car radio. It was nine o'clock; time for a ten minute recap of the day's national, international news, sport scores and the weather. The reader started with political news stories from Washington, troubling financial news from New York, rioting and bombings in the Middle East, the upcoming trial of the alleged Oklahoma City bombing suspects, and finally Rome's preparations for next week's celebrations of Holy Week and Easter Sunday, which led to an ironic story from Yemen. Mohammed Ahmad Misleh, 48, of Sanaa Yemen, was found guilty today, of opening fire, with an assault rifle, on hundreds of children lined up before morning classes, killing four children and two teachers. The court ruled he would be executed by firing squad and his body nailed to a cross for three days, near the site where he shot the children and the teachers. Ron, did not wait for the sport scores and the weather, he turned the radio off. No one said a thing.

Back home and fully refreshed Harry decided to act, and to act quickly on his newly found



vision of being alive. He knew precisely what he wanted to do and what he must do to launch his plans. So, as is his style he picked up the telephone one dreary and cold day and began his process of hoped for salvation. He made three telephone calls; the first to the local office of Dominion Securities, the second to a former school pal who now owned and operated a successful travel agency and the third to the company president. He then called Catherine at home and asked her if she would like to have supper tonight at Joe Muirs Restaurant in Detroit. He knew her answer before he called. They would leave for Muirs soon after he came home tonight from the office. Now the last task was to get Claire's undivided attention for an hour or two. He knew how to do this and again called to make reservations at The Cook's Shop Restaurant in Windsor, for two this coming Friday night.

Friday night came and Claire and Harry arrived just after seven thirty for their reservation. They were seated at a favourite table; a booth close to the kitchen. Harry ordered a Gin Martini with anchovy olives. Claire preferred to wait for the dinner wine, and ordered a small bottle of Perrier lemon water. Both drinks were delivered in a minute or two, along with a basket of newly toasted garlic bread. They looked around the room to see the dinning crowd who now filled the entire restaurant and began a conversation with their dinner waitress, as they nibbled on the bread. Harry did not want to open his conversation with Claire until such time as he had ordered the wine and they had both placed their dinner orders. This being now finished he began by mentioning the funeral service for Matteo Zonin and then fully explaining to Claire all the details of how he began to notice this man and his house from the train. She was pleased to hear this as she had privately

wondered how her father knew this man and what the connection was. She thought it best to wait for her father's explanation rather than guessing what it was or asking him on her own. Harry went on about his early life at home with his parents and with his brother George and sister Alice, his marriage to Catherine and how he had started in the purchasing department of the company. He carefully led up to the reason for this dinner and the one last Monday at Joe Muir's with her mother. He explained in some detail, not much, about the coming merger plans for the company and especially of how this merger will affect his department and how these changes would affect him personally. He thought it was now time for him to bow out as the department's manager and let some of the talented people he had assembled and trained to take their own lead in the department. The merger would necessitate a major restructuring of the department. It was to become a computer driven department requiring twice the staff now employed there. He told her of his meeting with Bill Britton to make these proposals to him. Bill Britton did ask Harry to be available as a consultant as he saw the need for special purchasing analysis and reports for the initial three years of the merger and he did not want to burden the purchasing department with this extra work, he thought they will have enough to do. Harry agreed to be available as a consultant at the invitation of the president. Wow! This was a shocker to Claire. She had never given any thought to her father retiring — it would change everything. Harry could see that he was giving his daughter a lot to think about with this preamble to his main agenda. So he decided to go straight to heart of the matter: Whoops, bad timing — here is the salad and the dinner wine. Both, rather quietly, took salad from the large bowl into their plates. Harry poured each a glass of the wine. It was delicious. They both let the conversation drag a bit in order to enjoy the salad, the garlic bread and the wine. Harry began again to explain that he now felt that he had missed out on several vital areas of life that he now wanted to pursue. He told her that he had talked to Catherine about this new path in life he wanted to follow and she not only agreed and supported him but encouraged

him to begin his plans as soon as he could. This is the reason he made the reservation for tonight's dinner: Now, straight to his goal. He wanted her to plan and to go with him on a two month tour of Europe, beginning as soon as she was free from her educational responsibilities. When they returned in July, Claire could then begin her new life of looking for a career, and making it on her own. He and Catherine planned to spend July and August in Windsor, spending two weeks with George and Julie at their Michigan home in Gaylord. In early September, they were booked to fly to Venice, and from there begin a two month guided tour of Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Israel, Syria, Turkey and the Black Sea resort city of Odessa. They were scheduled to leave Venice on September 7 on a cruiseship which would be with them all the way to Odessa. Catherine and he are then flying to Rome, and from Rome to Toronto, arriving in Canada on December 15, which will allow them to spend ten days in Italy before their flight home. Claire was flabbergasted. She was impressed with her father's sincerity and desire in this matter, and generally liked the idea of her father seeing some of the countries and the cities she had seen while living in Europe. She thought everyone should, at one time or another, as she was sure there was something important there. At first a host of concerns flooded her mind. Thank God, the main course of their meal was now being brought to the table. It gave her time to think. As she prepared to eat the first few mouthfuls, she looked at her father who appeared to purposely be distracted in arranging his meal. They both offered a word or two as to how delicious the meal smelled and tasted. Ever since this restaurant opened they had enjoyed their meals here, either with friends or just the three of them. As she ate, she was thinking fast. Flashing through her mind was the trip she has planned with a student girlfriend to travel to Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, New York City, and Washington, to knock on doors, with their newly printed resumes in hand, looking for a career job. Monica, her friend, was promised the use of her parent's minivan for two weeks. She also thought about Vincente's invitation to visit Maracaibo and her usual two week stay at her uncle George's cottage in Northern

Michigan. But she also knew that her father would be unable to make such a trip alone, without her experience and knowledge of where to go and what to see. All the while she was trying to eat comfortably and to carry on with the usual things one must say while dining in a restaurant. She thought it best to hold off from any real conversation about this Europe idea until the meal was over, the table cleared, and when they could sit back and talk in peace. They soon arrived at this point. Claire began by telling her dad that such a trip would be quite expensive, probably a matter of several tens of thousands of dollars. She knew Europe was expensive when you do not have family or friends to stay with. Harry told her his plan for financing the trip. When his father died in 1953 he left one thousand shares of Ford Motor Canada, to each of his children. Harry had never sold his thousand shares, as he never had the need for the money. Luckily, the Ford Motor Company of Detroit now wanted to repurchase all the outstanding Canadian shares which they did not own. This made Harry's shares worth a great deal of money. The final purchase price has yet to be established, but Harry felt it still had a way to go on the plus side of the ledger. He made arrangements with his bank to hold these shares as collateral, until such time as the sale to Ford Motor Detroit was made. In the meantime the bank has extended to Harry a line of credit valued at seventy percent of today's market price of the shares. From this line of credit they would pay all the lion's share of their daily expenses by credit card purchases. The credit card companies will be instructed to submit their monthly statements to the bank for payment. When they returned to Canada, he would then close this line of credit, by paying the balance at that time. He will purchase enough traveller's cheques and use Automatic Bank Machines to provide local currency to assure enough pocket money for each day's venture. This planning impressed Claire. She was also impressed by his enthusiasm and total commitment to this plan. She now felt that she must assure him of her willingness to go along on the trip, before they left the restaurant. She knew it would be the easiest thing in the world to ask for a few days to think it over, but she also knew this is not

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**HARRY'S LAMENT**

R.S. Daldin

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## **HARRY'S LAMENT**

### **Friday, October 6, 1995**

Locale: Toronto & Windsor

Line Sketch: Via Train - leaving Toronto Union Station

### **Saturday, October 7, 1995**

Locale: Windsor & Tecumseh

Line Sketch: Matteo's Yard

### **Sunday, October 8, 1995**

Locale: Windsor & Leamington

Line Sketch: Harry's Home Patio Deck

### **Monday, October 9, 1995**

Locale: D.I.A. Detroit

Line Sketch: Kresge Court - Detroit Institute of Arts

### **Tuesday, October 10, 1995**

Locale: Windsor

Line Sketch: St. Angela Church

### **Sunday, November 26, 1995**

Locale: Raleigh, North Carolina

Line Sketch: Detroit Airport

### **Sunday, January 14, 1996**

Locale: Toledo & Windsor

Line Sketch: Ambassador Bridge

### **March, 1996**

Locale: Windsor, Ashville, North Carolina

Line Sketch: Cook's Shop Restaurant Interior

## **EPILOGUE**

### **October 1999**

Locale: Windsor, North Buxton, Leamington

Line Sketch: Windsor Riverfront

## **SOLILOQUY**

### **November 2, 1999**

Locale: Heavenly Rest Cemetery, Windsor

Line Sketch: Cemetery Head Stone

**SOLILOQUY**

## **Friday, November 2, 1999 All Souls Day**

There is was, right in front of him. Harry reached out and touched the cold morning grave stone. "Matteo Zonin:" he felt the words engraved into its polished dark olive brown surface. A light dusting of an overnight snowfall remained in the bottom most recesses of each of the letters cut into the stone surface, forming an interesting artistic touch of highlighting each of the letters of Matteo's name. The smaller letters and numerals on the stone did not show the handiwork of last evening's artist. Much of the weightless snow remains on the surrounding acres of grass, shrubs and trees. A pall of light frosty air hung around Harry and over the entire cemetery, which appeared to him to be very bit as large as his club's golf course grounds. Harry could feel the morning's cold air now brushing across the band of sweat he felt on his forehead since he removed his hat. He looked around and was happy to see that he was all alone here this morning. A second stone, identical to Matteo's, was reserved for his wife, having been engraved with her name, Ernesta Zonin and the year of her birth, 1919, and then left blank. Good, she is still alive, but now eighty years old, Harry said to himself. His eyes went again to Matteo's stone and apologized. It has taken four long years to get here mainly due to delays and procrastination.

Well, now that he was finally here, what did he want to say to Matteo, or at least what was it that Harry wanted to consider while standing at arm's distance from a friend's final earthly resting place. Did he want to recite a prayer for the dead, as Lionel's book described and recommended, as a good and necessary act of charity, or did he simply want to give thanks, once again, to this man with the generous smile and hand wave, for the role he played in Harry's new life. He had hoped, while driving to the cemetery, simply to have a conversation with a man he certainly loved, albeit from a distance, seated in a moving train. A man he did not know and never met. Harry felt there was more to their fleeting relationship than these simple sightings, smiles and waves. After a

few minutes of mentally struggling with these alternatives, he relaxed and felt comfortable in beginning a friendly chat with someone he now sees as an old friend: *un amico*, the way Lisa taught him to say friend in Italian.

First he wanted Matteo to know that he has often thought of what it must have been like that fateful early morning in 1928 when Matteo awoke from his last sleep in his family bed, to begin his first steps in his decision to emigrate to Canada. Surely his mother was awake long before him in order to prepare things as they should be, and the father, brothers and sisters surely sensed the poignancy of that moment. Were all his valises ready to go? What about food for the day, or days he would have to walk or ride to the nearest seaport, would there be enough? What would he do and eat for the long weeks and months ahead of him on one of those huge ocean vessels taking him to Montreal, Canada. Did he sail to France from the neighbouring Tyrrhenian Sea Port city of Livorno, or did he travel north to Genoa, or northeast to Venice? Today, Harry told Matteo, Viareggio is a prosperous, affluent resort city lined with miles and miles of motels, hotels, beaches, arcades and restaurants. He and Claire spent an overnight visit to Matteo's home town while on their car trip to Bologna, but in 1928 it must have been an entirely different place to work and live as did several generations of the Zonin family. Where did the family find the money for such a long momentous trip? From friends, relatives, or had they saved enough for such a solemn and essential journey for their son, Matteo, then sixteen years old? Surely it was a sad morning for the Zonin family to see their son leave their door and embark on a journey to a distant and unknown country. Will he return in triumph in a few years, or would they never see his handsome face again? His mother's tears must have flowed like a small stream from her eyes, and his father's grief, anger and sorrow could not possibly have been concealed. Matteo's young thoughts of leaving his home, his mother, father, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends, must have weakened his knees as he stepped away from the door of his home onto the roadway which led



him away. Harry had no trouble picturing this scene in his mind. It was as if he was at a movie. Well, enough of that, Matteo got here safely and went on to a vigorous life of hard work which had its measure of economic success and family happiness. His family, his religion, his opera and his life as a Canadian was, in the end, a crowning achievement.

Harry continued his conversation with Matteo by mentioning this wrenching day of family separation and heartbreak. He said that he had never had to do anything like that in his own life. *"I was born in Windsor, had a comfortable childhood and family life, went on to college only two hours away from home, married Catherine, bought a nice home in one of Windsor's better residential areas, became a father, and went on to have a good, well paying job and business career, and really didn't go anywhere important until I retired four years ago. Then I spent a lot of time in your home country, which I quickly learned to love. I love your people, its food, its arts, its cities, its culture, its history. They all excite me. I want to learn more, there is so much to explore and learn there. I visited your home town of Viareggio with my daughter, and spent two glorious weeks in Tuscany, visiting Florence, Siena, Pistoia, Pisa, Livorno, and the small wine towns of the Chianti. We visited the birthplace and workplace of your favorite artist, Giacomo Puccini, at Lucca and Torre del Lago, and his former home in Viareggio, and attended a summer festival production of his great opera Madama Butterfly. I want to go back and I am now trying my best to get the same courage and determination you, as a young man, had to have when you sailed to Montreal. I am no longer young, which alone in itself may doom my dream as being only a foolish thought without merit or necessity, but I will always feel that need if I do not go. I now have an idea of how you felt when you first heard from your parents that you would be going to Canada to live and work, possibly for the rest of your life. I am not afraid of dying in Italy, but I cringe at the thought of someone having the responsibility of flying my body back to Canada for burial next to Catherine and my mother, father and brother, here in Windsor. Burial in one of the Italian graveyards, I have*

*seen, would not offend me in any way.”*

As these thoughts and words careened in his head, his eyes began to fill with tears and his throat became as dry as sand. His stomach and body began to feel like the onslaught of a flu bug attacking his body. Taking out his handkerchief, he wiped away the water coming from his eyes and making their way down both of his cheeks, and cleared his throat. He now wanted to walk away. This reunion of souls was proving to be hard on his nerves. *“You don’t talk to dead people,”* he said aloud. He looked around again, still no one in sight, only snowy green grass, brown and green shrubs with their still red berries and a small forest of giant tall trees, now standing silhouetted against the dappled grey sky with all of their bare blackened limbs now showing. Acres and acres of all this and nothing more. He was conscious that the former green earth had fallen asleep and the world was now powerless to stop the onslaught of winter’s cold and darkness. A perfect reflection of his present needs and longings for a new birth, a renaissance of spirit. He looked deep into the brown stone in front of him and tried his best to see something of Matteo’s face in it, but failed. He hoped, somewhere, Matteo heard him, as he turned and walked away. He put on his felt fedora, which he was holding all this time in his left hand and put it back onto his head. He could feel winter’s coming cold as he walked slowly to his car. He looked back to Matteo’s grave and waved his hand, shrugged his shoulders and said in a low clear, hopeful voice, *“Se vediamo, Matteo”*.