

# Reflections



Father's Day 2020

COVID-19 had the nefarious intention of separating and isolating people. The ensuing quarantine had an opposite effect on the Watts family. We were immediately drawn together, first with individual messages, then in a Facebook Messenger group, and later with Zoom. Technology reunited the Watts diaspora! The result is a beautiful bonding of family members .

Then came Father's Day. It is a natural time to reflect on our dads. Reflections are by nature, imperfect impressions of the real thing. (Cover photo credit to Andrea!) These memories should be read keeping in mind the Watts' propensity for exaggeration and embellishment!

Oral traditions are fabulous and tend to grow and morph over time. Written texts exude security and permanence. And people can tell their stories without interruption – an impossibility at any Watts gathering!

The texts below are transcribed verbatim. Compiling them was a pleasure. Being family means that we get to experience similar events in unique ways. A close reading of the stories as a whole reveals honest themes of suffering and longing juxtaposed with a strong sense of identity and belonging. Ultimately, these texts proclaim the intransigent love we have for each other!





## Winston

A little Uncle Winston story. A bit of a random memory.

I must have been 10 or 11 when I wrote to Uncle Winston to say thanks for a gift. It may have been a Christmas gift. I do not recall. It was during the era when the Montreal Canadiens were almost unbeatable. I knew that Uncle Winston was a Habs fan. But I am not sure if I had even met him yet.

I recall writing a few paragraphs extolling the prowess of Curnoyer, Lemaire, Shutt, Savard and telling Uncle Winston that the team was certainly going to win the Stanley Cup (which they probably did that year).

A few weeks later my Mom came to me and said that apparently Uncle Winston was so impressed by my letter that he was showing it to all his customers at the grocery store he owned in Melfort. Wow. I felt like I had scored an overtime game winning goal!! My Uncle, way out in Melfort, was bragging about his nephew and telling all his customers that the Habs were going to win - his nephew “said so”!

Sam

My uncle Winston memories involved our family trip out west!!! So many things happened along the way! I remember being at a cottage on a lake and Uncle Winston was trying to get dad up on water skis! I don't think it ever happened!!! But it was very funny!!!!

Esther



Winston

Patti

So here is my story about dad. Like all Watts we deal in humour. Beside me. I deal in humour and tears. Your memories have had me crying all day. 😭 It is beautiful. I'm filled with gratitude.

My dad being a fit middle aged man and caring about his physique he would unbeknownst to us, weigh himself at the local post office where he worked. They had a special scale that weighed the Mail bags. It was very precise as Canada Post wanted accurate measurements. Dad would tell us how much he weighed and exactly how precise the measurement was. Well one day he was on the scale after hours and the owner of the building looked in the window. And to his shock he saw a man on the scale in his underwear.

The next day he called Canada Post and reported his findings. The boss said do not worry. I know who that is and I will get to the bottom of this. Later that day dad was called into his office. Haha!

When dad said his weight was very precise we never imagined exactly how precise. We get taking your shoes off to weigh yourself. But never imagined he was getting down to his ginch. At least that is dad's story and he is sticking to it. Hopefully he was not in the buff. 😊 That's the story dad wanted me to tell. I know rascally ones from his youth. And crazy ones from my childhood. And embarrassing ones from my adult life.

Winston

But the real truth of who dad is, well, that's the real story. He is a simple man. His heart is kind. He would give you the shirt off his back. He is generous to a fault. He never complains. He never criticizes people. He is trusting and always finds the good in people. He loves to laugh and make others laugh. He is respectful. He is loyal. He is humble. And now he is teaching me about courage. He is fighting his battle with courage. I am so blessed to be his daughter. I am so grateful to have him my whole life. Cause I know you have not had the same blessing. And I know he is not perfect. He is tricky, sneaky and you have to truth test what comes out of his mouth. He is still an amazing father. Thank you for listening. Sending love to you all. I am thankful for you. 💕

Happy Father's Day my dear cousins. And big hugs to all the Fathers! You are amazing role models and leaders.

Patti



## Winston

Uncle Winston ....the uncle who had as a young man moved to the west. I considered this to be exceptionally brave and adventurous. He'd found work on a farm I was told. He'd stayed and built his life there. That in itself is impressive. As I crossed paths with Uncle Winston on the occasions he & Aunt Peggy would come to Quebec or Ontario, I was struck by his contagious enthusiasm. Uncle Winston you are a sincere and cheerful man, your love for God is evident, and your love for your family shines ! What a blessing for me to hear you crack jokes, to see you smile, and to know the boy who was exceptionally brave and moved west....

Andrea

Our family trip across Canada had left an indelible mark on all of us who can remember it. Our stay with Uncle Winston and Aunt Peggy was a highlight. Their cottage, water-skiing, fishing, driving through a reserve to get there, and the fact that my Uncle owned all the food in his supermarket made a strong impression on my young mind! One more current event was our family reunion in Montreal. We were at Education Plus and Uncle Winston and I were playing pool. I had won the first game and he insisted that we play two-out-of-three. I don't recall how many games we had to play before Winston was able to claim total victory over me but I do recall that he danced around the school like a 10 year old, hooting and hollering! I remember thinking, "I hope that I will always be as competitive as this guy!"

James



My first short story is about Uncle Darwin. I think I had the privilege of getting to know him better than most of my siblings and cousins because of the 3 years I spent living in Toronto not far away from where he lived in Etobicoke. I think he was a bit hesitant initially to spend time with me because we didn't really know each other as adults and his connection with my family was always a bit tense (my Dad being his somewhat disapproving big brother).

After a couple of initial phone calls he invited me over to his apartment. I came in and sat on the couch and engaged in small talk about family members. Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, there was a screech and a ball of fur was making a lunge at my head from the window sill above me. It was one of his friggin' cats! An attack cat!

With reflexes I had never seen Uncle Darwin reached up and knocked the cat off course so that she missed me and landed in a chair next to me. That broke the ice! He had saved me from a fate worse than death!

It was the start of lots of conversations, lots of meals together and even a Rita MacNeil concert.

I learned very quickly that nobody except his family called him Darwin. He did not like the name. Everyone called him Dave. So he invited me to do the same. I did. I even dropped the “Uncle”. He and I became “Dave and Sam”. A musical duo? No way! But a couple of good friends who did a lot of laughing. He was genuinely entertaining - particularly when he delivered zingers about “Granny Niesen”!

I think he was disappointed when I got transferred back to Montreal. He had developed a bit of a dislike for the French fact of the city despite the fact that his French was quite fluent.

It was after I was back in Montreal that his health took a couple of bad turns and our phone conversations were less frequent. But I will always cherish the 3 years we had together in Toronto.

## Darwin

Uncle Darwin!! Larger than life, always mysterious, thought my family was crazy, too many children, etc. but when we needed him he was there in a heartbeat to protect and love!!! Getting to know him again as an adult like Sam spoke about also changed my relationship with him! He was great to talk to and joke with!!!♥♥

Esther

My best memories of Uncle Darwin are from family parties. As a kid I loved the energy and excitement that he would bring to any room he entered. He'd tell cop stories in typical Watts-fashion (i.e., exact details and truth are secondary to a good story) about giving out parking tickets to the good Christians who were huddled in Newman Place Hall and then watching them curse when they came out and found that they had been ticketed. I loved the religious jousting that went on between him and his older brother Clive and for the first time I understood that what I had been taught, could be questioned.

James



Uncle Darwin....so I reached out Uncle Darwin when I moved to Toronto. I had heard stories of what he'd been like as a little boy from Grandma Niesen. And so I find I'm at his apartment for a visit. There in front of me is a big strong Man, and Ex cop, who is sharing with me his recent frustration with the treatment he received in the hospital. I could see a soft side to this man, the one who led Grandma Niesen to say "dear, the ones who misbehave the most, you love the most. " I took that to mean dear he was sometimes naughty but oh how I loved him !

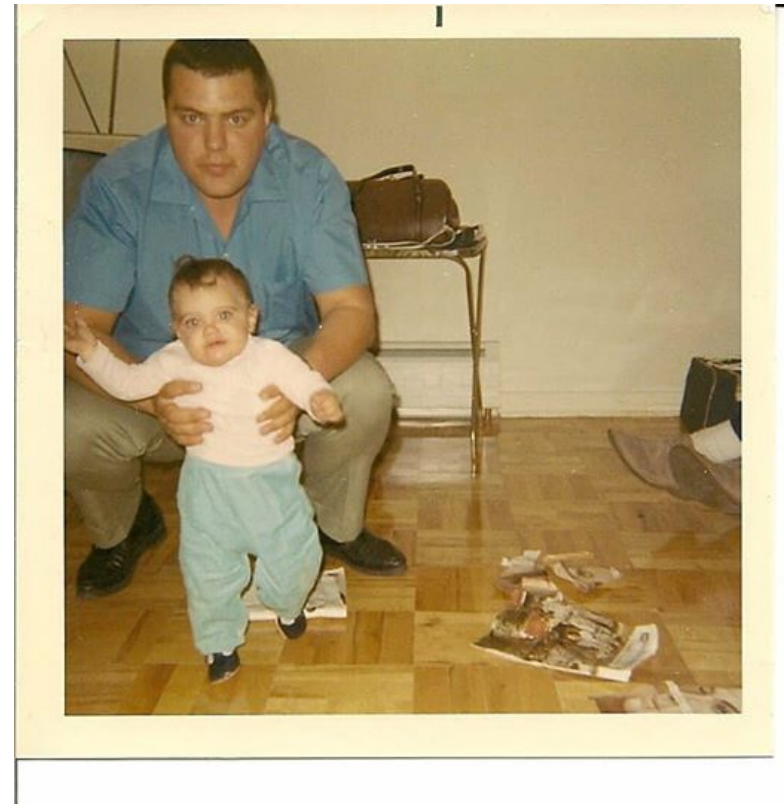
In conversation with Uncle Darwin I suggested that he write a letter to whom ever at the hospital, sharing his grievances. He did so. I spoke to him over the telephone a few weeks later, and then shortly after found myself in the same place in his apartment looking at the sofa where I remember him sitting....I was there this time because he had passed away. A strong man with a soft heart ....

I have a few to share about my Pawp...lol...

Dad came to visit and stay with me at my first apartment in Greenfield Park. I was on my own and it was Christmas! The couch wasn't going to accommodate him very well so he stayed in my water bed! Well, we all know Dad was a little hefty for a bit, so you know where I'm going. Tears streaming down my face with laughter trying to help him get out of the bed after his first night. Which was full of restless sleep and leg cramps! We cried hard while laughing...I can remember him shouting out..."Kimmy! I've fallen and I can't out of bed!" The second part of that was when he unfortunately, clogged my toilet that day ..."Let's go to Pascal's (remember Pascal's?) and get you a plunger. I can't believe you don't have a plunger! Everyone needs a plunger!" We got to Pascal's and with a brand spanking new Plunja in hand in line for the cash he proceeds to tell me...LOUDLY...how lucky I am that I got a plunger for Christmas! Sooooo embarrassing but wow can I laugh hard now about that!!

Here's one for the softer side of my dad. June of '94...and I'm almost a year and half pregnant with my first and it's Father's Day. Oh AND dad brings his new girlfriend, Sharon to come and meet Darryl and I for the first time! 😳 No worries. We got this and are used to it. If Sharon wants to come on Father's Day and meet us ? Fantastic.

All went really well and I loved her...but the memory I wanted to share was that sitting next to our table, a table for 2, was a dad and his young daughter who was maybe 8? When dad saw the two of them sitting there chatting and enjoying their Father's Day together, he made eye contact with me and had me look over at them both too. It was so so sweet seeing them so engaged in conversation. When I looked back at him...his eyes said..."that's us💕💕" I felt his love without any words in that moment and will never ever forget it. He did that often when he wasn't able to say the words...Okay, now I'm crying 😭😭 He was a joker when the crowd was around....loved to make everyone laugh but he also had a serious and very loving side. This was therapeutic my cousins! Thank you for sharing all of your stories...tears just streaming down my face!! Steve?? Anyone else??Lol!





George

Andrea

Father's Day story....

Amidst many heartfelt moments with Dad, today, I'll share a fun memory!

It was a hot summer day in the nation's Capital. Dad and I were outside sitting on an upstairs restaurant patio over looking Dow's lake. As a fresh out of Rideau Ferry, First year university student, just being in the city and with my father was all new, and really exciting for me.

What we ate was patio pub food, and on that sunny day in Dad's mind it must have called for a chilled brew, because Dad and I agreed to each order a beer.

My first ever cold ale, in public, with my DAD! I felt so grown up, thought he was utterly cool, and in that moment brethren rules began to dissolve into a world of freedom ! Dad doesn't often drink beer, so I don't believe we've duplicated that memorable day.

Coors light,  
Cheers Dad !

Happy Fathers Day ❤️❤️❤️

George

Sam

I have hundreds of Uncle George stories. I think we all do. Uncle George was the Uncle who was omnipresent. He did not hover but he was never further away than a phone call (the cliché was more than words).

A story that very few people know about is what happened shortly after it was pretty clear that things had gone badly with my first marriage. I felt embarrassed and helpless. I am a problem solver but this was a problem I could not solve.

Uncle George called me. He was “going to be in Montreal” - could he come over to my place for dinner? OK...I guess. I didn’t know what he would do or say. I remember cooking him a fine gourmet dinner, which he spoke about for years afterwards.

I recall that we danced around the subject of my disintegrated marriage. He did want to make sure that I wasn’t being swindled financially. I remember him telling me that things would look “brighter” in a year or so. When he left, he wrote me a cheque for \$1000 because he was convinced I might need some extra funds. I think he may have been right!

Over the years, I have tried to pay back the \$1000 many times and he has refused to accept it. He said that it was an investment that I should re-invest. An interesting principle. Susan and I have been very fortunate over the years to be able to re-invest Uncle George’s seed money when other people close to us have needed help. So thanks Uncle George!

George

Pam

My Dad. I had a hard time finding just one memorable occasion. There are so many. I will share one from my young adulthood and one from more recently. Both very different!

When I was the ripe old age of 19, I had been hired by the government and my job required training and living in Toronto for a year and a half. Each week I flew to TO early Monday morning and returned at 6pm every Friday.

Not once, during the year and a half did my Dad ever miss coming to meet me at the airport. Some nights I would be tired and only see him for a few minutes before heading home. Other nights we would go out for dinner together.

It did not matter one bit to Dad. He would drive to the airport nonetheless, just to see me and ask how my week had been.

That is who My Dad is. Consistent, supportive and totally committed.

I love him so much and I am sure he had no idea of how much that meant to me. The other memory is from about 6 years ago. Dad had come to stay with me and “supervise” my move to my new home and “oversee” the many renovations that were still going on once we landed.

George

Pam

His main concern during this time was that he had a bed to sleep on and what we would be having for dinner. As we didn't have a kitchen at that time, he was also concerned about where the kuerig machine would be so he could have his green tea in the morning. Dad made himself a coffee station on a stool by the fireplace.

At this time I was working, trying to be general contractor and racing to pick my son up at daycare after work.

As I left for work one morning, Dad had one duty. Keep the dogs in the house as the workmen would be coming in and out of the backyard and the gate would be left open. "Don't worry dear, let me do all the worrying" was what I heard as I went out the door. Fast forward. I am racing from work to daycare at about 5:15 to get home to make sure I figured out what to feed Dad for dinner.

I get a call. It is the local dog pound. "Don't worry", they say, "Your dogs are safe. The boy is shaking and the girl won't stop barking. What are their names?"

They then proceeded to tell me that someone had found the dogs walking around Merrickville and called the pound. The vets had helped find my number due to the dogs being microchipped. If I wanted to get them back that night I had to drive 40 minutes to get them by 6 pm and it would cost \$60. It was impossible for me to make it.

George

Pam

My phone call to Dad. “ What the hell is going on and why am only finding out now, from the dog pound?”

Well, Dad had gone out to visit Uncle Billy and it was such a nice day he felt the dogs should be outside. He also may have mentioned that it was all going to be “fine”.

When I told Dad that they needed to be picked up in Brockville in 40 minutes, he asked if I could swing by and get them. Let’s say In the calmest way possible, I didn’t manage that well. I strongly suggested he hop in his CRV and he had better not come back until he had the dogs with him.

No dogs, no dinner. 🙄

My Dad is the kindest, most generous, compassionate and consistent person I have ever met. I can only hope to be even a little like him.

But...everything is not always “fine” and sometimes it helps to tell others what is really going on. Sometimes My Dad needs support as well and I have witnessed his thankfulness when he has the “unasked for” support he so much needs.

Happy Father’s Day, Daddy. ❤️

George

James

The occasion was Jon's graduation from Bishop's University. Uncle George had made the trip bringing me from Montreal to Lennoxville with him. We sat through the graduation with a fine speech from Peter Munk the then chair of Barrick Gold Corp. Later we went for dinner at the finest restaurant in the Sherbrooke area – The Ripple Cove Inn (presently a 4.6 star restaurant). Uncle George paid, of course.

I don't recall how Uncle George and I were left alone but everyone finished eating and left. My dear Uncle then said, "John Turner (Grandma's fire-chief brother) is in the hospital in Sherbrooke. Let's go visit him". It was about 8 PM. Always one for adventure, I agreed. However, when we entered the hospital we were told that visiting hours were over and that we would have to come back the next day.

The ever-agreeable George and the slightly disgruntled James left – and re-entered the hospital through the back doors! (We all know the Uncle to be determined but this incautious side of Uncle George I feel is rare!) We snuck our way into John's room and found him "asleep". George found some paper and a pen and left him a note. I am not sure of the content of the note – hopefully nothing incriminating because the next morning we found out that John Turner had died that evening!



## George

Uncle George is with me at Dad's apartment the next day after dad has passed away and we're talking in his room, sorting out some details of what needs to be done...Uncle George, always there💕 I look over his shoulder and sitting on dad's tall dresser is Abby...the crazy mean cat is staring at Uncle George's head like he's going to pounce on it! Uncle George sees my look of panic and says "It's right behind me right, dear?!" And now he's got a look of panic on HIS face too! I say "Move slowly away from the dresser...no sudden moves! "... He managed to come out of that unscathed but traumatized. That cat used to attack me daily when I came in to take care of both cats while dad was in hospital !

Kim

Uncle George!!! Love love love! All I can say is so many memories, all very special to me.

Esther

I cannot say enough about my second Father Uncle George who tried hard to keep me out of jail and provide me with plenty of opportunities to walk down a good path. I am really grateful for the cousin zoom and this platform to get to know and be a part of each others lives. Love you all very much.

Joseph

Clive

## Father's Day story!!

Clive Watts was a unique dad who showed his love in varied and unconventional ways! My brothers most likely have heard this story but the memory always makes me smile! Dad was going to remarry and he wanted to explain something to me! He was having trouble finding the words! He was now going to have another “daughter”! After a while of trying to explain he finally said “I want you to know that she is nothing like you”!! No more words were needed! I smiled and said I love you dad❤️❤️❤️❤️

Esther

If James was the sidekick to Dad's preaching I would be the one he was sent out to look for on as many occasions, spending our summers with the narcoleptic chauffeur ( there was never a dull moment)

Joseph

Clive

Steve

I have so many great memories of Dad but this is one that I am so lucky to have. I'm not sure how this happened but Dad and I ended up at the Pine Hill cottage alone for the weekend. I was living on my own at the time and he called me and said he was looking for a professional driver and was wondering what plans I had for the weekend. So off we went.

We stopped for ice cream at Lowe's and I even made him play Red Barn with me. I beat him because he was napping as we came around the bend !!!! Go figure!!!! I don't have a lot of memories of time spent with my Dad as an adult as our time was cut short. But that weekend we did a few short walks and the conversations we had were very different that weekend. They were still a Father to son tone but with a new 'you're a man now' look to them. We stood out front and played pitch and catch and darts. Dad took a nap as I made monster burgers for supper and we ate them around the campfire. Sunday was up and off to church at Rockway Valley ( even with his church treating him like crap).

Dad was a faithful man to the end !!!! We had a great ride home and stopped for a big bag of fries that we shared at the picnic table out front. We both got nice and comfortable on the sofa back at the cottage and did what we do best. Nap the afternoon away. The drive home was very quiet but beautiful not at all uncomfortable. My wonderful Dad passed away on the Monday morning but I will always have that last beautiful weekend in my mind. ❤️

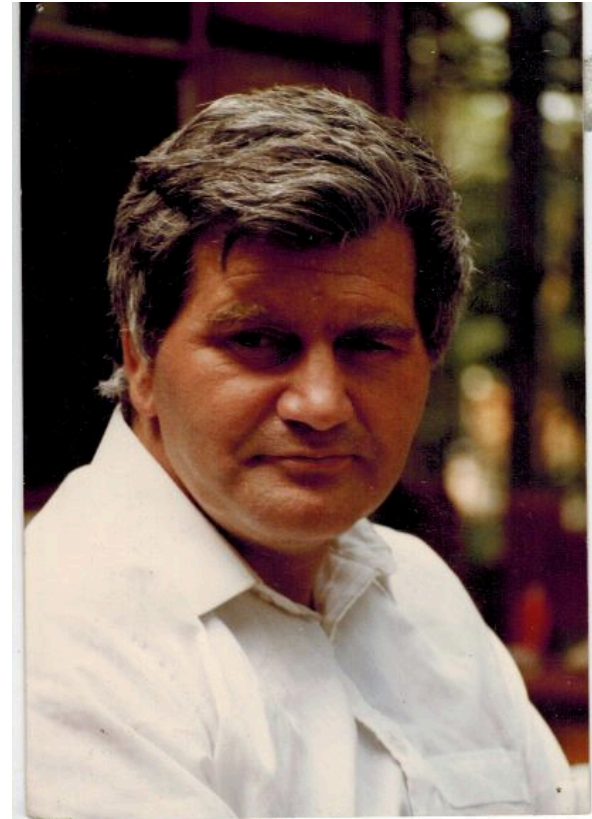
Three Clive stories: For some reason, it's still a mystery to me, I was the child that needed to be isolated from the rest of the family, especially on Saturdays! So if Clive was going to be heading out on one of his "missions" (handing out Christian calendars or selling Amway in Chinatown, trying to reach out to Cambodian “boat-people”, street preaching on the corner of Ste-Catherine and McGill College, or delivering the good news to any segment of the Montreal population that Clive saw as a marginalized group) I was always the one selected to be his travelling companion. I imagine Noreen saying, “if you must be going out, take ‘that one’ with you”! Clive was not a great salesman because he cared more about the customers than he did about making money. We spent more time drinking tea in Chinatown and listening to the concerns of the shopkeepers than we did selling cleaning products. At the time this felt like punishment but in retrospect I now know that I learned so much about caring about disadvantaged peoples by observation and participation in Clive’s missions. His unintentional lessons impacted my life, guiding my choices toward a career that is interwoven with the lives of poor, sad, hurting kids.

A snapshot – Clive worked the nightshift. Walking by his room in the morning we would often find him at the foot of his bed, on his knees, fast asleep. What started in prayer, ended in slumber!

Clive

A final story: In keeping with the first story, during the summer I was the kid that was sent to Uncle Jim's farm, by myself, on the train! Clive would take me to Central Station and put me on a train bound for Toronto. From there I had to find the train to London where I would be picked up by Uncle Jim. (Not sure how many times this happened but at least once!) In this episode, Clive was taking me to the Val Royal train station, near our house. We were walking along, Clive carrying my meagre suitcase. On Grenet Street, just before Henri Bourassa, Clive clutched his chest, cleared his throat and said, "you'd better carry this from here" and he passed me my suitcase. It was at this moment that for me, a child that sees his father as a god, this monument of a man took on the frailties of humanity. The knight's armour fell off, exposing my dad's vulnerabilities. We never spoke about it. This moment has helped me as a dad, as Sophie and Micah surpassed me in strength, intelligence, speed and every other measurable ability! Admitting to aging and decreased ability is no less a struggle for me than it was for Clive but when I am willing to be vulnerable, I must admit that my two beautiful competitors have been quite gracious about it!

James



## Clive

My snapshot of dad and what it means to be a dad comes from 7th grade. I was playing soccer for St-Laurent Jr. High and our team made it to the championship game. I don't know if this is true or not but it seemed like dad was always at my games, often toting a case of soft drinks for the team. This game went into double overtime and then a shootout, ultimately losing the game. I was the goalie so I was particularly upset about the outcome. As I was walking across the field after the game, dad met me at midfield and without saying a word, put his arm around my shoulder. The two of us walked off the field together without saying a word. In the moment I felt his sense of pride in me regardless of the outcome of the game. Reflecting back on that moment now, I recognize the importance of "showing up." I also learned that sometimes not saying anything can be more powerful than "words of advice or consolation." A ministry of presence speaks louder. That's the dad I chose to remember.

## Jonathan





Clive

Sam

Unlike my three youngest brothers, I did not get to travel across the country by train with my Dad. That sort of trip becomes the stuff of legends even if it may have seemed less than exciting at the time! After all, train travel gets pretty regular after a few days stuck in the same space.

I have come to believe that there were two distinct eras in our childhood. One was pre-1980 (approximately) and the other was post 1980. As I said, my selection of the date is arbitrary. But it seems Dad's parenting style evolved enormously over a period in the late 70's.

As the the eldest child I was in conflict with my Dad very frequently as I grew up. Not that our conflicts were serious - just that I think we found each other to be mildly annoying and, when I was 13 or 14 we disagreed on almost everything. I remember complaining to my mother about him when I was 14. "He is always putting me down and doesn't recognize any of my achievements". I have to say that this was true. He also rarely apologized even when he recognized that he was incorrect. I recall my Mom's response. She said "your Dad won't likely tell you how proud he is of you...but when you are not around he brags about you". She pointed out that I was doing things that he could not do and that this was a source of secret pride!

Then, one day, everything changed. It probably wasn't even on a specific day. I only recognized the change sometime after it happened. And it may have been that I changed too. It is unclear even today as I look back.

Clive

Sam

I believe it was shortly after Mom passed away. He asked me for advice. Then he did it again. Then it became really clear that he was trying to tell me..."we are not in competition - I respect you as an equal". To some extent, I joined Esther's club. She, as the only girl, was a place he would go for consultations. I seemed to become a trusted advisor too. Often this included a half-question...punctuated by a long pause...followed by a meandering bit of explanation. Then, a - "what do you think"?

One of the more memorable series of exchanges between us happened by telephone as he tried to balance his desire to re-marry with his desire for a stable home life for the boys and the complications that his church disapproved of his choice of a prospective partner. I have some stories I could tell. But Esther's stories from that bit of drama are better! Ultimately I got to do what few guys get to do. Be the best man at their Dad's wedding.

I have discovered, even though I do not like to admit it, that I share some of my Dad's character traits. Not all...and very few of the good ones. James, Joe, Jon and Steve probably got the good ones.

Clive

Sam

But there are some intangible elements that we probably all picked up. The notion of caring for the disadvantaged, the willingness to chat with just about anyone (even when our kids are annoyed that we're doing it) and our propensity to ignore any medical advice!!

As time passes, I have wondered how our family might have evolved if our parents were alive or had lived a normal lifespan. I have no clue. But it seems like we were given a condensed version of exposure to parental guidance. The one benefit that we gained is that we have never lived our lives to try to keep our parents happy. So many of our friends are still trying to live up to their parents' expectations and standards. It may have been liberating to have benefited from parents who set a fine example and then left us to chart our own course. Not that this was anyone's first choice or ideal destiny. But on Father's Day we can take a moment and be grateful for all the Father figures who have provided us with guidance over the years. And this includes our Uncles!

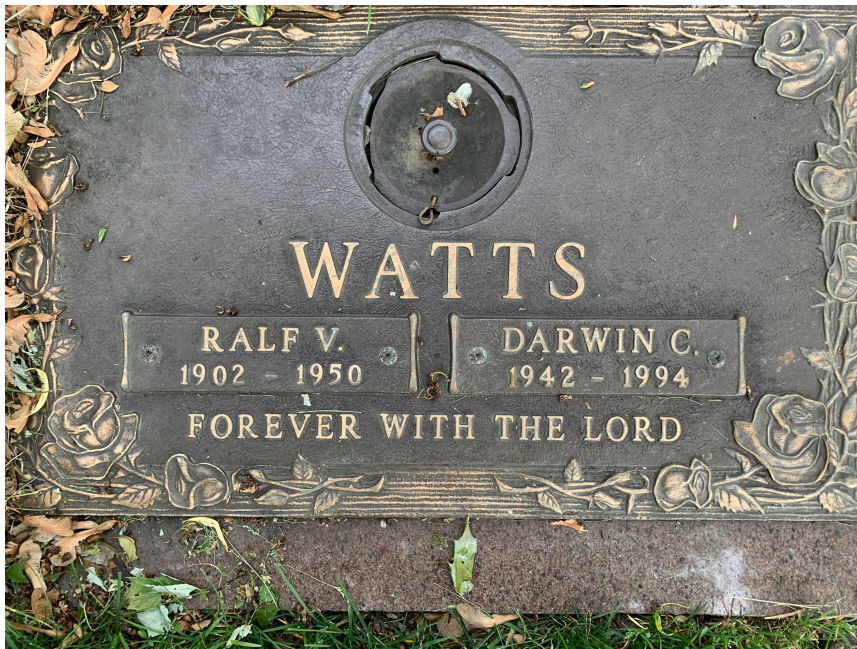
Our exchange of memories about our Dads and Uncles has unearthed some wonderful anecdotes that we never knew about and awakened a number of important reminiscences. I suspect that it has reinforced the bond between the Watts cousins. However, as much as this is the “conclusion” of this specific exchange, it is not THE conclusion. This part of the story may be our recollection of some of our history but we will continue to unearth additional stories. The Watts family has a uniqueness to it that includes all kinds of difficulties, challenges, and struggles. At the same time, it is punctuated with joy, fun times, and exaggerations of nefarious bits of mischief.

To some extent we, the 12 children who are the offspring of Clive, George, Winston, and Darwin, are entering a new era. Some of us will soon be in our 50's or our 60's. Some of us are already there. To be clear, nobody is 60 yet! A few of us are grandparents. We will continue the legacy of the Watts family and generate additional memories for others to recite. It is a lot of fun to be reminded of fun times or to connect the dots of intersecting stories.

Personally, I enjoy talking about the past but I like to avoid dwelling on the past. It is always better, in my opinion, to invest most of one's time looking towards the future. Nonetheless, we must respect our history, appreciate our ancestors, and validate their struggles. We can laugh at their imperfections if we are ready to acknowledge our own too! I think we're doing that. Father's Day 2020 was so special. Covid-19 may be a nasty virus, but it may also have been a catalyst that allowed us to deepen our connections and honour our heritage.



## Memories





All born in Manchester, England

All born in Montreal, Canada

