

*You
were Asking*



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Next week, on the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month please take two minutes of silence to reflect upon all those gone before and now serving to protect the freedoms we take for granted. On the wall of my office there is a picture of my late father taken in his youth. His blue eyes follow you as you move about the room. It is as if he were still alive, and though now silent, his words can be heard through the mists of time. In a sealed envelope, opened after his death, we found the picture you see above plus the medals he was awarded for his service in France and North Africa along with

a short note, which read:

Dear Maurice, Jamie, Mark, and Tony,

Just a reminder of your Dad in future, The stars represent: 1939-1945 battles, the desert star, the first round medal of the Defence of Britain, and the Victory Medal. He concluded by simply saying, "We fought that you might live in freedom"

Our father seldom talked of the war. In his world, it was what a young man did for King and Country for both of his parents had served in World War 1 and now rest in the Veterans' plot near the

grave of John A. MacDonald.

Friendships were made on the battle field that endured a war and lasted a life time. My mother, a "war Bride", was a sister of one of his mates. A soldier who took a young Canadian home on leave saying "Stay away from my sisters Jim!" That man was my Uncle George, a tailor, and an entrepreneur, who encouraged me to start my own business just as he had done. In my world, all would not have been without them.

Next Wednesday, at the 11th hour, of the 11th day of the 11th month, take your moment to reflect and thank the men and woman, past,

present, and future, who serve and have served on your behalf.

*Respectfully,
Jamie Edwards, B.A., CRB, CRS*

