

A 2022 Nostalgic Trip to Saskatchewan

(Occasion of the Celebration of Life for Michael Ozeroff)

Michael Ozeroff had passed away in Langham Saskatchewan after a long bout with Arthritic afflictions. Marilyn was unable to travel due to health reasons and so it was decided that I would support the Ozeroff family at the funeral November 05, 2022, at the Saskatoon Funeral Home.

Methods of travel were discussed within the family and a solo trip by car was highly discouraged with a recommendation to travel by plane. Return fare Castlegar to Saskatoon via Calgary was in the \$1,100 price range. Fares from Kelowna to Saskatoon via Calgary were much better. Leaving on a Tuesday and returning a week later brought the fare down to just over \$525 which was more acceptable at first glance. The decision was to leave on November 01, 2022, on the evening flight.

I drove to Kelowna, and it was the first time in over twenty (20) years that I had been to that airport, and it had grown a great deal. The first challenge was to find the long-term parking lot followed by a shock that it would cost \$75 to park for the week. The lot was a long way away from the terminal which meant carrying the two (2) suitcases. I found a buggy about halfway which helped tremendously.

I decided to check in right away into the WestJet booth. Another surprise was that the large suitcase would cost \$45 additional but yes, I could carry on the other suitcase with no extra charge. Well, at least I was getting myself updated on current airline policies.

I was early and so I wandered down to the Rental Car booths as I wanted to reserve a car once I arrived at Saskatoon. The agent at the Budget Booth advised me that they do not do the actual rental and suggested that it can all be completed online through my cell phone. I asked, "so what is your role here?"

"I access the vehicle", was the response.

I walked away in disgust thinking that things have sure changed from the time over twenty (20) years ago when my company rented many vehicles at different airports.

Next was the security challenge. Marilyn packed a full manicure set for me including scissors which caused a few eyebrows to be raised but the supervisor looked me over and waved me through.

Well, then the plane was delayed in takeoff for over an hour. We were told that we had to exit the plane at Calgary even though the same plane was to carry on to Saskatoon. The crew was changing. Treats on the plane included a small package of Pretzels or a cookie bar with a water chaser.

We deplaned at Calgary and experienced another delay of over an hour which included a de-icing spray. We were again "treated" as in the first flight.

I arrived at the Saskatoon at 2200 hours, two (2) hours later than scheduled. I went down to collect my suitcase in Baggage and noticed the Budget Booth and decided to inquire about renting a car, but I was

not sure if it would be a repeat of my experience at Kelowna. I was impressed with the lady when she was very receptive with my request for a seven (7) day rental. She explained that there were several options: no insurance, partial insurance and full coverage and did I want winter tires?

“Winter tires would be a must as we are in winter and full insurance coverage is my normal rental method. Do I need to be concerned about my luggage on the carousel” was my response. I could almost see the carousel from the rental booth but not the luggage on it.

Her response, “don’t worry about it as it will just spin around until you retrieve it.”

“That will be \$1,175”, she looked up at me.

I was shocked when I answered, “I do not want to buy the vehicle, only rent it.”

I especially needed a vehicle to travel to see sister Mary in Benito, Manitoba and I had planned to do that Wednesday and return Friday in time for the funeral on Saturday. So, I asked the Agent for a three (3) day rental with all insurances in. “That will be \$475”, as she offered a 2022 Camry.

I quickly decided that would work and advised her to complete the paperwork as I went over to the Baggage Carousel to discover that there were no bags there at all. I noticed two (2) buggies full of suitcases and two (2) children playing beside. I also noted two adults in discussion with an airport personnel. I also espied that my suitcase was with the all the other suitcases.

“Hello,” I tried to get the attention of anyone. “It appears that my suitcase is amongst all this baggage”, but there did not seem too much interest from the group.

“So, I will extract my suitcase, if you don’t mind”, I shouted. They shrugged their shoulders as I yanked my suitcase out and proceeded back to the Budget Booth a bit disgruntled.

“Proceed to the far door on your right”, the Agent directed. “the rental car parking lot will be at the end of the airport building. Your car is a green Camry with licence plate __?__ parked in the Avis lot under Lot A25”, as she directed the rental contract at me. I neglected to tell her I was color blind, but I was anxious to get on my way.

I could not find a buggy (I really did not look too hard as I wanted to get on my way) and I dragged my two heavy bags (I kept thinking what exactly did Marilyn pack?) and stumbled out the door into a very unfamiliar territory at 10:00 P.M., to start my search.

I found some numbers prefixed by A but had to move to the other aisle to find A25 which was an empty spot.

I was getting a bit frustrated to say the least as I dragged everything back inside the airport while I thought that it would just be my luck for the agent having left for home by now. There was no one at the booth when I got there as I hollered in desperation.

The Agent appeared from behind the screen to hear my complaint. “That is impossible”, she defended her original instructions. “I will go with you and find the vehicle”, as she threw her jacket over her shoulders and proceeded at a fast pace ahead of me. (She was much younger) I saw her go to the next parking lot and had started the car (about 400 meters beyond the first lot). Yes, there were two parking spaces marked A25 but in two different lots.

I threw the bags in the back seat and settled in, fastening my seat belt. The next challenge was to get the park brake disengaged. It seemed to me that I heard about releasing the park brake and pumping the brake pedal but none of this seemed to be working as I worried that I would shear the shift off in my frustration. Well, I had full coverage!

Finally, I am now in reverse!

I called Dorthy Ozeroff and told her I was finally on my way to her house in Langham.

It must be well over forty (40) years since I was last at the Saskatoon Airport and things have certainly changed as I searched for the dimly lit exit signs. My first attempt brought me to an arm in a closed position so obviously I was not in the correct area. I reversed the car and drove around until finally I ended up at the front of the Terminal and found exit signs that took me out to Circle Drive. Now I was on familiar streets and found my way to Highway 16 West and Langham.

The Camry was a wise choice as it glided smoothly. The highway was bare, and I was thankful for no snow cover as I made my way to Langham.

Dorthy was happy to see me as I dragged luggage into her house. She brought out some snacks and I started to relax. I decided I needed to call Marilyn and let her know all was well. Oh-oh, where is my cell? A frantic search of my pockets did not result in a phone. Yes, I left it somewhere, darn it!

“Where did you call me from”? Dorthy’s calm voice asked.

I responded right away, “from the car”

“Well check the car as that is where it obviously should be”, as I walked out to have a look. There it was on the seat. Darn women, they are most always correct in matters like this.

So, I made my call home to Castlegar and then I was able to have Dorthy share with me the last days of Mich’s life. “I just walked into the room at the Langham Seniors Center, and he lifted his head to look at me and then his head rolled over and he was pronounced dead by the staff”, she was straight forward and calmly shared that moment.

We continued talking until midnight. In the morning, I would check the weather forecasts for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday for the communities along Highway 5 on my intended route to Benito, Mb., and make a final decision for travel. Dorthy made me aware of storm warnings.

The forecast for Wednesday morning was great weather wise, and I could see sunny days for both Wednesday and Friday with overcast on Thursday. Temperatures were expected to be well above zero

and so I made the decision to travel to Benito returning on Friday. I would call Dorthy on Friday and arrange a time that we could meet at the airport when I could leave the rented vehicle and go back to Langham with her.

I called Sonia Tarasoff, my other best friend Keith Tarasoff's widow and invited myself for a cup of coffee on my way through Saskatoon. It was great to see her and we chatted for about one and a half hours. I set out through Saskatoon unto 25th Street Bridge and then on to College Drive for that nostalgic viewing of all the familiar Greystone buildings starting from the University Hospital and up to the Husky Football stadium on my way out along Highway 5. This used to be the community of Sutherland that has now become extensive housing subdivisions on both sides of the Highway, all the way past where the Drive-in Movie Theater used to be before Highway 6 straightened to go straight East.

Several miles out, I smiled as I passed Manhattan Dance Hall on my right, where many of my contemporary Saskatoon Doukhobor Youth used to travel for a weekend dance. Many memories flashed through my mind of the youthful merriment and the many faces from the past, Marilyn and I danced there a few times. I wondered if it still was in operation.

The roadway was unchanged all the way to Humboldt and time for lunch. I noticed the same KFC on my right and my mouth watered for the familiar taste of Colonel Saunders spices and I just had to stop in. Two pieces of white meat and chips with a tall container of Root Beer and I continued my way, enjoying my treats.

The highway was bare, and the Camry felt like it was just sailing, and I had to, periodically, correct myself after checking the speedometer that would be showing 140.

Familiar communities were passed that included Watson, Wadena, Kylemore, the former Doukhobor communities. Then those communities would start again with Buchanan and Oh yes, Tiny. Marilyn had forgotten to pack shaving cream and Aveeno cream. She suggested I could get both at the Drug Store in Tiny. Tiny once sported two (2) Grain Elevators and garage / confectionery. All that remains is the abandoned store on the left of the photo. We always spoke of the notoriety of the community of Tiny, as entertainment.



The next community after Tiny is the large Town of Canora which also shows up on my birth certificate. The Coop Food Store features a tasty Ukrainian Poppy Seed Roll which is a favourite of my sister Mary and so it was a must to buy a loaf for her.

After Canora, Mikado is located before Veregin where I attended grade 1 and part of grade 2. I drove by the Seniors Recreation Center, hoping that someone would be having coffee, but the street was deserted. I thought that I would drive by Barry and Nadia Reibin's home which is located near the former CCUB Flour Mill and find out if there would be anyone at the Center on Friday morning. I was warmly received and treated to coffee and goodies as well as I got up to date on local gossip. Nadia's mother was my Grade one Teacher who is infamous as she gave me a strap for breaking a yardstick while

I was chasing Lucille Relkoff and Dorothy Trofemenkoff. Yes, there would be a Perogie-making Bee for the ladies on Friday morning and the men would be having coffee.

I continued to Kamsack and decided to drive the familiar Highway 22 to Pelly as an alternate route to Benito. This Highway passed by Cote and Keeseekoose First Nations with Keys First Nation just a few miles West of and adjacent to these two which are located on either side of Highway 22. I noted the large schools that replace the former Catholic St. Phillips School and business developments. Single bungalow family housing built by the Federal Government provide the housing. I thought about the fact that at age 18 every young First Nations would receive title to 160 acres of land. I wondered if that was still the routine. The land is very fertile in this area and in many instances, the Indigenous Owners would lease their land to local farmers.

Then I passed the familiar family farms: Dundas, Vogel, Areshenkoff, Kazakoff, Hrabchak and finally, Pelly. I just had to drive down Main Street. It was sad to see all the aging buildings. I am not sure if any are open for business. Beck and Barabanoff stores, the assembly places, around the wood stove, for all the farm ladies on Saturdays are all gone.

Then back on to Highway 49 through Arran and past the road to Vesna Hall where we attended many dances and danced with many pretty young ladies to bands made up of a fiddle, guitar, accordion, and drums. The songs of the 1950's reminisced through my ears.

I crossed the provincial border into Manitoba and two (2) miles East turned North on Highway 80 for two (2) miles, to Benito with Thunder Hill on the horizon and then to my sister Mary's home on the North side. Thunder Hill (named by the Indigenous people) was central to the North colony of Doukhobors in 1899. It was also the source of logs for the sawmill that built the housing for the Doukhobor communities as well as source of income for the Society.

It was a very warm welcome from my sister Mary. We are the remaining youngest siblings of the family of six (6) within which we all grew up in our last home two (2) miles East and one (1) and a half miles North of Pelly. We had many subjects to discuss, and I was brought up to date on her family. Preparations for a family dinner on Thursday evening for dinner in Swan River had been already arranged.

Time went by swiftly as the subject matter was vast. My sister also has a hearing impediment like mine, and she would sit on my left side so that her best right ear could hear what I was saying. It would have been great if someone could have photographed us in rapt discussion.

It was decided that Mary would drive her car to Swan River. The restaurant called to say that they could not honour her reservation due to fact that they did not have enough staff and so the hotel was taken as second choice. The drive to Swan River took us past the most fertile farmlands and the predicted snowstorm did not take place as we drove by Durban and Kenville. The stubble fields remain after a harvest that was below average yield due to the drought



conditions in 2022. The landscape is quite flat due to the large and heavy Ice Sheet during the most recent Ice Age. In fact, Thunder Hill was created because of a crack in the Ice Sheet that gathered overburden as the Ice Floe moved southward. The topography remained after the Floe melted. Soil on Thunder Hill is very fertile.

We arrived in Swan River to meet Drew, second son of my niece Marianne, and we proceeded into the restaurant to wait for the others. Soon Marianne, her husband Jonathan Steen, and his mother, (all from Bosman) arrived to join us.

Here they all are from left to right: Jonathan, Marianne, Kenneth (Mary's son), Mary, Elmer and Jonathan's mother.



The "special of the day" was spareribs or pork chops for an unbelievable price of \$15 a plate. The spareribs order consisted of two (2) racks, some vegetables, and a large baked potato. I opted for porkchops and was surprised to receive four (4) regular sized cuts all breaded and yes, with vegetables and a baked potato. I was not prepared for the large portions that are normal fare in up country establishments.

Mary and I returned to Benito and started planning my parting the next morning. Mary decided that she would drive her car and visit with everyone at the Veregin Seniors Center which was my intent.

We arrived at the Center at 0800 hours and were greeted by a number of very familiar faces



Danny Horkoff, my nephew, who lost his wife Adoline recently. He was able to come out from his farm so that we could have some time together. Barry Reibin is a regular at the Center and usually brews the coffee first thing. He is also a farmer and his quarter section is partly occupied by the community of Veregin. His wife Nadia was the last Mayor prior to Veregin changing from its former legal municipal status. Nadia is very much a leader in the



community that organizes bake sales, etc., which raised part of the funds necessary to renovate the former Jamega General Store and adjacent Palace Gardens Dance Hall into the current Seniors Center.

Ken Bloodoff, another farmer with his two (2) sons, assisted me in the research for data for my published book Veregin 2017 which was part of the commemoration and a hundred (100) year celebration of the construction of the former Head Office of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood at its registration as a Corporation in 1917. In the photo on the



right is my friend of many years as well as a former neighbor in

Veregin, Dr. Bill Chernoff who was able to spare some time as he prepared to return home to Fredicton, NB., from the family farms that he continues to maintain in his retirement as Mathematics Professor at the UNB. He just loves



being a farmer. He gifted me with a half bushel of Rye that he had harvested but I had no idea how I was going to get it all past airport security at Saskatoon. Well, he thought a retired Engineer should be able to sort that out for himself.



Here is a group photo of all those in attendance that Friday, November 04, 2022.

I identified those in the foreground for the exception of ?? Rilkoff sitting next to Ken Bloodoff. The ladies had arrived for their Baking Bee and were having a quick coffee before they “rolled up their sleeves”. The long table is where the original Jamega General Store operated. The history of this building was detailed in my

book Veregin 2017. The photo on the right is that of two cousins and my nephews, Danny Horkoff on the left and Tim Veregin on the right. Tim was able to “break away” from the Framers Coop across the street for a short visit.



This photo depicts the “finishing” event for the Perogy (Varenekee) making.



There are many other ladies who roll out the dough on a special mechanized roller and then a mechanized cutter shapes the dough for filling by the ladies.

The photo on the right shows all the vehicles that the ladies used to attend this ‘Bee’. The otherwise normally deserted Main Street in Veregin has parked vehicles to capacity.



I excused myself at 1000 hours and started my way back. I filled my gas tank with the “cheap” gas at the Canora Coop for \$1.64 a liter (gas in BC was \$1.84) and decided to buy another loaf of Poppy Seed Roll for Dorothy and I was on my way again.

Driving through the small community of Paswegin brought back memories when the former Highway 5 followed the road allowances and a sign directing travellers to Paswegin was what all of us saw when we travelled back and forth from our homes in the East to University at Saskatoon. Paswegin was just far enough from Saskatoon that was opportune to empty our bladders of the beer that we drank. We used some slang to change the name a bit and the sign kept getting “washed” down one might say.

One time after Christmas Break, Dr. Bill Chernoff (a student at that time), lamented at our ignorance and disrespect for this community and we decided to drive in and apologize to the Mayor of Paswegin. The short part of this story was that the hotel was open with no customers. The Owner was impressed that we were looking for the mayor and/or the President of the Chamber of Commerce were all one person.... him.

Bill did a scholarly apology that impressed the hotel owner so that he said that the “Beer was on the house”. We decided to be responsible and excused ourselves after two (2) beer.

At the entrance to Humboldt, a large sign honors Glenn Hall the famous NHL Goalie who had hailed from Humboldt many years ago.

I decided to stop at the restaurant where Marilyn and I met my cousin Nadia for lunch in 2021.

The roads were bare and I arrived for my 3:00 P.M. meeting time with Dorthy at the Saskatoon airport after returning my rented car.

Dorthy was able to brief me on all the schedule for Michael’s funeral the next day. We had a surprise visit from two of her cousins from Kelowna. They were an enjoyable two couples as they shared a fabulous dinner of a stew that Dorothy had prepared for such “emergencies”.

The next day, the forecasted snowstorm greeted us as we drove into Saskatoon. We were early and the family gathered to console each other as we waited for the Mourners to arrive. Saskatoon Funeral Home is along 25th Street and on 4th Avenue, with ample off-street parking. It is popular agency and was used for most of Marilyn’s family members. Alex Derkachenko, married to Marilyn’s cousin has been operating the Crematorium as well as driving the hearse. The photo of the choir on the bottom left and about 125 Mourners.



Mich’s coffin is at the head just under the screen that will show an appreciation of Michael Ozeroff at the end of the service.



The line of Mourners passed by the family at the end of the service and I was able to get a photo of Elaine Derkachenko and Donna Henderson, sisters and first cousins to Marilyn passing through the line. At the end of the service, all the Mourners



were treated to a lunch across the 4th Avenue at Edwards Family Center.

Following lunch, a hardy bunch of family members braved a Saskatchewan blizzard to a burial at Kirilovka Cemetery, one of the three (3) Doukhobor Cemeteries outside Langham. These Cemeteries are adjacent to the three (3) Doukhobor Villages that were sited there in 1900 and continue to be maintained by the Doukhobor community.

The blizzard made parting with Mich, a expedient event as the weather was below freezing. Singing was not practical but we did sing Sleep on Brave Eagles in Russian by about four of us.

Darryl Ozeroff (Mich's only son) invited everyone to the large warehouse at his farm not far from the cemetery. There was plenty of food and "refreshments" which would be to Mich's approval for his "farwell party". Here Darryl's son Tyson is in control of the bar with the assistance of his girl friend.



The funeral officiant Jeanette Stringer and her husband Wilf, pose for a serious photo. They were behaving themselves obviously.



In the left photo, Dorthy has an opportunity to share a few words with her son Darryl. The large warehouse is evident.



The third generation Ozeroff Family member. Darryl, made sure that his father was sufficiently honored in this "wake" and Celebration of Life.



The Michael Ozeroff Family surviving members, take a photo with Elmer Verigin. Daughter Shelley Hoath is the eldest is on the left with her brother Darryl on her left, Elmer, Dorthy and youngest daughter, Tanya Petrun.

A lovely family.

About fifty (50) hardy friends and neighbours joined the family. It is fitting to note that the Saskatchewan Credit Union provided food for about fifty (50) people to assist the Ozeroff family. Darryl prepared multiple Hams and much more to complete a wonderful meal.



On Sunday the weather continued to be challenging. Although



Dorthy offered her van to me, I was hesitant to drive an unfamiliar vehicle in a snowstorm and so she drove me in to Saskatoon where we met Donna Henderson and Alex and Elaine Derkachenko at Clark's Crossing for a lunch and a visit. Highway 16 into Saskatoon is well maintained but winter conditions are evident

In the photo left to right, Elmer, Dorthy, Donna, Elaine, and Alex. We had a wonderful visit and discussions definitely included those "olden days" as well as those people that had left us for the "other side". Alex and Elaine have moved from the single bungalow and now live in a Supportive Living Seniors Residence. Donna continues to live with her



husband in her bungalow.

Upon return to Langham, I called Marilyn's nephew, Jeff Verishine and he was kind to come and drive me to his farm home where they constructed a new house on the original farm that was formerly owned by Alex and Helen Verishine, Marilyn's parents. I heard all about the children and grandchildren, I heard that Jeff was going to obtain fifty (50) head of cattle to graze on his quarter section and then market for the best gain



Here Jeff is with his wife and partner Tracey.

Jeff drove me back to Langham and I had a great Sunday of visiting relatives.

My cell was not working well and so making contact people became a challenge. I did call Harvey and Diane Verishine and set a time to visit in the afternoon on Monday. Dorothy wanted to drive by the cemetery, and she thought we could drive in to Harvey's which was close by.

That left Leonard and Connie and Kathleen to contact.

I called Jade, Jeff's brother, and he was available to pick me up Monday morning and visit with Marnie.



They invited Leonard and Connie and so we all had a great visit at Jade's farm.

Jade has fifty (50) head of cattle on his quarter section and hay for the winter. He is planning to go work at Fort McMurray at the end of November for the last time he plans. Marnie gets to look after feeding the cattle for the winter.

Here we have Jade on the left, Marnie. Leonard and Connie.

Leonard advised me that he had reduced his herd to 150 now.

Jade drove me back to Langham and Dorothy drove us out to Harvey and Diane's farm.

It was also a nice visit. Harvey now obtains cattle in the spring and markets them in the Fall so that he has no cattle to winter. Good plan when you are knowledgeable with connections!

Harvey was preparing to drive to Alberta to pick up a horse. I understand that it was an expensive horse.



Dorothy wanted to drive by the cemetery on the way back to Langham.

I finally connected with Kathleen but she had to work the next day so that did not work out too well for a visit.

Tuesday morning allowed me to update my messages and share the final day with Dorthy and her plans for “life after Michael”. She planned on living in their family house at Langham. She had her garden and place to grow her flowers which she enjoyed. She had bird feeders set out on her veranda and it was very educational observing the Blue Jays which seemed to have a knack of extracting the peanuts. Dorthy was aware that they did “hide” food in the coniferous trees as a natural habit. Interesting!

The Stringers called and suggested that we meet in Saskatoon for a late lunch prior to my flight. Dorthy then called Sonia Tarasoff to join us but she had a bowling commitment. A call to Donna Hunchak, earlier, determined that she was still gainfully employed and could not get away. Both are close friends, and it was disappointing that we could not add them to our lunch date.

We did meet and laughed through the entire time, a very pleasant “going away party” for want of a better description of this event.

Everyone kept talking about WestJet scheduling issues but I was confident of my situation as daughter Lori had already arranged for Boarding Passes on my cell but I had no way of getting “hard copies” but I thought the check-in people will handle that.

Dorthy dropped me off and we bid our adieus as I thanked her for her hospitality and friendship. I found a cart and away I went to find the WestJet counter. I did notice people ahead of me seemed to be taking a long time getting their boarding passes, but I smiled knowing that I already had a boarding pass and besides I had two (2) hours before the scheduled departure.

“Your ID please”, the attendant woke me from my meditations.

I presented my picture ID on my BC Drivers Licence and waited. “I do have boarding passes on my cell, but I would like hard copies please,” I requested.

“Your name on you ID does not match your ticket,” the attendant observed.

“Yes, I know,” I explained. “Originally my illiterate father had registered my birth (five (5) years after I was born) and the Clerk recorded my name as VerEgin, the same as the community of VerEgin which was incorrectly spelt by the CNR back in 1907 when the communities were being registered. After 61 years the province of BC decided that my name should be changed on my DL to match my erroneous Birth certificate. This is of course after my Marriage Certificate, my Passport, my Engineering Degree, my businesses all were VerIgin not withstanding that all my taxes were paid as Verigin and now my OAS and CPP are all paid to me by the Federal Government as VerIgin.” I thought I had her convinced.

“I must change your Boarding Pass to suit your legal name,” she insisted.

An hour and a half later, I was issued my new boarding passes and I hurried to my gate to find that my flight was three (3) hours delayed. So, I found a “watering hole” and had two (2) beer to console myself.

The plane had a stop at Edmonton, and I ended up sitting with an eighty-six (86) year old gentleman even though the plane was less that 50% full. I started a conversation and found that he was from

Warman (located between Saskatoon and Langham) and he was on his way to Penticton to live with his son who was sitting in the seat behind us. I mentioned that he was in an area which is heavily populated with Mennonites, and he admitted that he was of Ukrainian descent. When I asked him if he spoke the language, we immediately broke into discussion (I was partially fluent but understood the language having grown up amongst many Ukrainian neighbours back in Pelly).

The Stewardess surprised me by asking if we wanted an alcoholic beverage (this did not happen on my flight from Kelowna to Saskatoon nor from Saskatoon to Edmonton). I could not hear her well and it took some time to order a Rum and Coke. I offered cash payment, and she waved her hand. My seat mate explained that his son had paid for our drinks.

We arrive in Kelowna, and I get a cart for a long journey to the parking lot to try and find my snow-covered Focus. The snow was about 100 mm thick and had been rained on, forming an ice cover. I was able to unlock my car but unable to unlock the trunk where my scraper would be located. I decided to let the car warm up and give my defrosters a change to do their job. Yes, the exhaust would warm up the trunk and maybe I could then get into it. Patience and about 45 minutes later I was able to drive away to find the Sandman Inn as there was no way I was going to drive the icy roads at night.

I checked in to the Sandman at 1200 midnight.

My list of incidents did not end there as I mistakenly flicked the A/C switch and awoke later shivering. I dragged the extra blankets out but realized I had the A/C on and flicked the switch back to heat.

Yes, the roads were very icy and I took my time to drive the Rutland route through Rock Creek. Again, my memories recalled all those times when snow was an issue and I would drive to Kelowna to catch the 0600 flight to Vancouver, do my business and return on the 1800 flight back to Kelowna and a drive home after.

Those were the days!

It was great to be welcomed home by my wife Marilyn to a nice warm house and family love.

Written by EWV November 15, 2022

