Dear Folks;

It is a special effort this time, since usually my F & F letters go out in the late Autumn. However circumstances dictate that this will be a special letter to an especially enlarged mailing list.

It has been my habit to describe how we've been doing, my Father and I, living here on the Bush Lot and in the Bush House. Last time the story told how Father had had a tumble outside the United Church in Port Rowan, and had spent a period of time in the Simcoe Hospital recovering from the "repaired" thigh bone operation. He was then taken by air up to Cttawa to visit my sister Evelyn there until he should regain the use of his leg etc.

However he needed more than ordinary care, and my brother-in-law Eric brought him down by car, to Port Rowan and the Bush House, after which he both went with him and introduced him to Breddels Nursing Home in St Williams. This was the 9th November '63. It was a handsome oldfashioned mansion type of house fitted with all modern conveniences, where ll other elderly old folk lived in quiet family like retirement, with an efficent kindly staff of four people to care for them all.

I bought him a wheel chair (a good second hand one) and he was comfortable and well cared for. My sister and I had taken measures to assure that finances would be no problem. Each week end when I called he would hail me, and even listen while I read a letter or two to him. The Masonic Letters from his Unity Lodge #51 in Edmonton came every month, and he'd appreciate hearing an article read from them each time. Ctherwise he was content to talk away to himself about some real or imagined situation which never was really explained or understood.

Thus it went over the months, until one morning when I was in Pt Rowan mailing one important letter, and getting some acetylene gas for welding also, I returned to find a customer, who had been working in my shop, had come into the house to answer the telephone. The call he had answered had been made by Mr Breddels a little while after ten in the morning, about five minutes after Father had died.

The previous week Father'd come down with pneumonia but only for one

The previous week Father'd come down with pneumonia but only for one day and night it appeared, the pennicillin treatment is so efficient; but even so he was unable to feed himself after that, and although he seemed to brighten up, his words became more difficult to form, and it was only a matter of time until he drifted away from us, on the seventh of February 164.

There followed the usual , though only once or twice in a lifetime, routine through which one has to pass when one's Father passes on. Phone calls, (Glencoe, Ottawa, Port Hope, Delhi, Dunnville, ete etc) to relatives and those responsible. Shop work went pretty well by the board, but it was necessary to finish the almost completed house furnace. I'm used to near frost living 24 hours a day, but there were Evelyn & Erie, and maybe Alice and her little Graham coming for the Sunday night. However by 3.00 am Sunday monning, and some more from 8.30 to noon that day, the heating unit was operating, and only five hours of house cleaning remained, and that too was done. When Eric walked in, his first remark was, "Wait till I get a bucket of snow to throw on you."----because you see he had found me in the bath. As to the tidiness of the house, he and Evelyn could lay it only to recent presence of my renewed acquaintance of last Summer. "No, I said, but this is the first house cleaning since her visit last August!!"

Thus it is that humour brighters even the most sembre eccasion.

Monday at 11.00 am the tenth of February, in the Chapel of Leslie Clarks Funeral Home, the Rev Mr Brown of Pt Rowan United Church led us in the simple and moving ceremony. The words of the hymn, For All the Saints to work appropriate he said, and he read all the verses slowly and reverently. He read the biographical account I'd supplied to him, being a newspaper clipping of the report of Father's 90th Birthday (from my pen) up to the time of Father's retirement. Then he said, "We know the story from there." and he made cloquent tribute to the man we were mourning.

It was almost a 100 mile trip from Pt Rowan to the Oakland Cemetry near Glencoe. Alice and Graham had arrived only just before the service, and we took three cars to leave Port Rowan for the brief visit to Lawyer Hanselman in Delhi, before following the hearse to Glencoe. Evelyn and Eric were going back to Toronto to stay with Alice that night, before the long trip to Ottawa on Tuesday.

In the Cemetry there were 12 adults and the child, for the brief ceremony before the stone, already inscribed, LECNARD, Edith Annie Weekes, 1875-... 1959, wife of William Mark Leonard, 1871- "At Home and Overseas they lived IN HIS SERVICE". That blank can new be filled in, 1964, for now Father's body rests beside Mether's, though their lives are eternal as the things they lived for.

Father always strove to be so very dignified and succeeded very well, yet underneath lived a homely Irish wit best exemplified by this little rhyme of his I found while leafing through the address book. "The Coxcomb's Soliloquy!" When I shuffle off this mortal coil, --- Don't forget to pour on the oil, Write my Obituary, make it glow, ---- Tell the press I was Dr. so-an-so. B.A. M.A. Ph.D. D.D. LLD. and B Sc. --- Remember my Gold Medal Award, For I'm not one of the common herd, ---- Inform St Peter at the Gate, That I must be received in state, ---- As dignity enters, Angels applaud,

Two chairs in Heaven, for ME and god!!

"Ye'll niver die, Father, 'till the skin of a gooseberry maks ye a
night can".

So long Felks, from Yours truly; Wesleye Karnard

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