## OPINION **IT SEEMS THINGS DO STILL HAPPEN** IN THREES

MOM MAY HAVE **BEEN RIGHT. WRITES TED BROWN** 



Sometimes when I think back about my parents' generation, I have to smile.

Their opinions, their attitudes and their values were all different than those of today.

And I still have warm fuzzy feelings when I think of them.

One aspect was those little superstitions that they held tightly to as they went through day-to-day tasks.

There were the usual ones - black cat crossing your path, walking under a ladder and a host of others come to mind. And I admit. I avoid going where a black cat has passed by.

But one superstition that my mom always believed was that "things happen in threes."

If something negative happened to you, chances are it would be followed by two more related events.

As I grow older and more cynical, I know if you try hard enough, you can probably find three linked events that are bad every day.

But last weekend, I was beginning to believe Mom's old "things happen in threes" superstition was out to get me.

It was that brutally cold Sunday night. During the day our driveway had blown in full of snow. The Sidekick and I were out at an event, and driving in the lane, I knew I had to get out the snow blower to clear the lane so we could get out the next morning.

block heater on the tractor a few hours earlier, so it should have been an easy start.

the tractor moaned in protest. After a couple tries, it finally fired up.

minutes, I pulled it out of the shed into the darkness of that brutally frigid night.

and started down the lane, ready to conquer that snow-filled quarter mile of driveway.

The tractor refused to rev beyond a fast idle - and a snow blower requires the motor to be revved up to maximum speed, to blow the snow out into the field.

I knew the problem right away - the diesel fuel was jelled in the fuel lines. The tractor limped back to the shed at an idle as I poured some fuel conditioner into the fuel tank.

Event No. 1- frozen fuel line

The conditioner took

George Moir (left), committee manager of Ontario Air Cadets, presents the new 756 Georgetown Squadron charter to Royal Canadian Legion, Branch 120 president Henry Hale at the Georgetown Armouries on Jan. 27, 1969. That building is now owned by

but it finally started to rev. Once again, I engaged

the blower and started out into the darkness.

heard a bang.

the problem - a snapped shear bolt. Back to the shed, and with nearly frozen hands, I replaced the shear bolt.

Event No. 2- broken shear bolt.

Fuel conditioner in the fuel, shear bolt replaced - okay, once again I was ready to head out into the darkness.

I turned the key.... rurr rurr click, click, click... nothing.

The battery decided it was too flat to start the tractor.

I removed the battery cover, got out my battery booster (which I was praying would have enough juice to fire up the tractor) and after a few more extreme freezing moments, the tractor finally sprang to life. Whew!

THE WAY WE WERE

Air Cadet League of Canada

Event No. 3 - weak battery requiring boost.

Thankfully, the balance of the night was uneventful.

Almost two hours later, I returned to the house following what should have been a 20-minute job.

As I walked in the house, The Sidekick asked if I had trouble - hmm, an understatement? "I'm glad things only

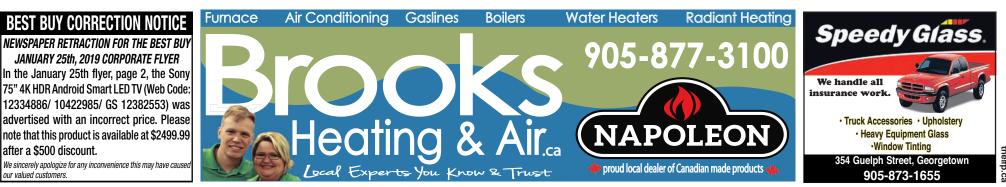
happen in threes," I told

her. "I'm not sure I could

down to get warm.

And I thought to myself. have been on to something there..."

Ted Brown is a free-



EHS/photo

I had plugged in the

But as I turned the key,

After warming up a few

I engaged the blower

Georgetown Globe Productions. The Esquesing Historical Society has this photograph in its archives.

some time to thaw the line.

Halfway out the lane, I

After a quick look, I saw

handle a fourth...". And that was it - I had

three negative events, all related to each other. Cosying back in my re-

cliner, I exhaled and settled

"Mom, I think you might

*lance journalist for the* IFC. He can contacted at tedbit@hotmail.com.