

# MORE THAN YOU NEEDED TO KNOW



In March 1993, I was approached by Chrysler Canada to take over the franchise in Georgetown. I was flattered but broke. Kim and I had three grand in the bank and a fetus about to greet us (Dylan). We had committed the last week of March (and the three grand) to driving my parents to Kim's parents Condo in Florida. This was a big deal because my parents had never been out of their backyard in Cornwall since the plant my dad worked at had shut down years before. In their mid fifties, they had no jobs and no prospects. I could not renege on this trip to which they were looking forward. They knew of my opportunity due to the last minute meetings with banks and Chrysler delaying our departure. They had no concept of how much or where the money was going to come from, it was not discussed during the trip.



A day after our return, I drove to Cornwall to visit my parents. They were expecting me and not surprised when the pitch came to give me their house. My mother balked but as I explained to my Dad the big picture was this "Dad you worked your butt off your whole life to provide your family with shelter, clothing, food and education. Great job. Thanks. However, what you have now is a paid for \$60,000 bungalow and a reliance on Government to ensure you can "get by" for the rest of your lives." My mother asked why none of this was mentioned during the trip? I told her it was Kim and I's original intention to make it one of their best trips ever. She told me it was. The next hour consisted of a proposal to invest in me vs. "existing" for the next 20 years confined to 900 square feet at 131 Jarvis Street, Cornwall, Ontario. I told them I could walk around the block to let them think about their decision. I ran. Upon my return my dad said "we're in". I said "great watch me fly and furthermore, you can change your will and give Jonathon (my challenged younger brother) the house."



Great story except for one thing. In 1997 my dad died of lung and brain cancer at 60 years old. Just as we were turning the corner as a business and planning the perks and opportunities we could provide, Dr. Goss at Ottawa Civic told my mother and I the cancer was inoperable and terminal. "If he responds to chemo and radiation, he might get through the summer; if not, he won't see Easter." Stan Auty died July 10th, 3 weeks after the birth of Quinton Stanley Auty. My dad never got to drive the "top of the line" LHS complete with "Petro Can" gas card I had parked in his driveway.



When the "local" Cancer Office found out about my 20 hour days, how I drove to Cornwall, picked up Mom and Dad, drove to Ottawa for treatments, back to Cornwall, then back to Georgetown, I was offered both immediate and follow up support. I received brain and lung cancer literature. I received information regarding the latest discoveries and developments. I received technology updates. I received a pewter "comfort heart" to give Dad. All this from strangers (until then) whose empathy and compassion erased any negative feelings or emotions that tend to crop up with untimely deaths. Folks, the most recent news about our office is not good. Cancer news rarely is. Let's rally, regroup and combine our existing, as well as "new", resources to fight the injustice of the Canadian Cancer Society's decision.



Sincerely,

Paul Auty

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