

# Missing

I was sitting on the porch the other day solving the problems of the world with an old friend. This is a great pastime you know. It permits you to remember the past with a bit of a rosy glow - no, no, not the glow that might be the result of sipping on a libation, but rather the way memory tends to exaggerate the good and minimize the not so good.

We discussed our lives in the city, vacations we had taken, troubles we'd encountered, work and how the County represented such a change for us both.

"Yes, Her Nibs and I had an anniversary in September" I reminded him "eight years in the County". We then launched into a reminiscence of the major events that had occurred in the last eight years, boy o boy it was quite a list. I'm not going to go over it because each of you lived through it all and sometimes it's boring to always repeat things.

There were some significant points such as Federal Election campaigns which Her Nibs and I seem to be interested in to a much greater degree than my friend or his wife. Of course, three of the most significant to-do's to my way of thinking were the fight for the Hospital and in South Marysburgh the fight against the selling of Mount Tabor and the battle against the high handed attempt to foist garbage collection on us before the appropriate time.

I've never seen a community better galvanize for it's rights and desires than our township and when the cause is right the entire County. I had experienced this fight for right in several communities I had lived in but none as Apassionate@ as those in the County.

My friend then raised the question of what he and I missed the most after leaving Toronto. We generally agreed that things such as smog, crowds, horrible traffic, unfriendly people and others of this ilk, while absent from our life here were really not missed. I had to think real long and hard and after draining and replenishing our beverages I blurted out "SUSHI!!"

This outburst caused an immediate reaction from my friend as he snorted and suffered the pain associated with expelling scotch through his nose. "Sushi!" he croaked, as he got his coughing under control, blew his nose and wiped the tears from his eyes. "How could you ever consider that important enough to even miss?"

Well I love sushi and so does Valerie. We couldn't find it anywhere, not even Kingston when we first came to Milford. So we would go into Toronto and before visiting with friends we would drive over to Tilley's main store, which is in a plaza housing a great Japanese Restaurant, where we would have a feed of sushi, sashimi and lots of other types of Japanese goodies. At other times we would often pick up some "to-go" as we were heading home and when we visited Allan, Melanie and the two grand-daughters he would order sushi in.

This was still not good enough for me since when I wanted it I didn't want to drive to Toronto. So, I did the next best thing. I learned to make it myself through watching, reading and trying.

Now I don't make it very often for guests because it doesn't yet look as slick as the professionals but it's good and tasty and I know what's in it. But, just as time heals everything, there are now at least 2 Japanese restaurants in Kingston that sell Sushi among other delicacies. Valerie and I have tried one of them several times, it's great and so I no longer miss sushi.

"Well" said my friend, "I'm glad that earth shattering problem has been solved for you. Is there any thing else

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