After a lifetime of complicated moves, I realize it's taken me five months to recover from my tiny trek from Portland to Brockville.

After all, my decision to move south had been made calmly and rationallyattractive little -an plenty city, transportation, hospitals specialists lined and up, several good griends waiting to welcome me. But I guess I had put down more roots than I realized during my six years in Portland. And the move did present me with certain unexpected problems.

last began March. Ennis notice. gave friend Eleanor Smith put my name down at three four apartment or buildings. I wouldn't hear if anything was available until the beginning of April, which made me a bit twitchy. But the die was cast, so I began the boring of lists preliminaries and forms. Plus collecting boxes. Ah, those boxes! Generously donated by Doris at Portland LCBO Eldy at Portland Hardware.

Slowly my little apartment flooded with cardboard. I remember sitting down in my big armchair (having first removed two boxes) and just staring at it all. Where to begin? How to pack when there was no place for packed boxes?

Gail Davis came to the "Let's rescue. start with the books in the hall," said she. "Then we'11 take down those shelves and pile the packed boxes there. After that, we can fold your kitchen table up against the wall." I truly don't know what I would have done without Not only was she Gail. tirelessly efficient, she also made me laugh. In fact, once we got into the swing of things, we thought of hiring ourselves out as the Merry Movers (no GST on jokes).

## BULLETIN FROM BROCKVILLE by Pamela Fry

With April came news from Brockville. There was apartment available, only a bachelor. but I had wanted a one-bedroom. Well, I went to see it. A sunny, L-shaped room, lots of cupboard space, laundry room next door, busstop at the front door. How could I not take it with Moving Day now less than a month away? And any surplus stuff could be stored in my locker downstairs.

Two days before my actual move came a blow. There WASN'T any locker Nobody knew downstairs. Disaster-but why. too late to panic. Thursday--Moving Day-like Fate was upon me. My son Kevin and his wife Jennifer arrived. So did Gail, with my last load of laundry. Then came two very pleasant young men Alf's from Cartage (Brockville). All of us loaded up the truck and Kevin's car.

In a rather sad little procession we drove out of Portland.

Well, we reached my new apartment in Brockville-spotlessly clean, newly decorated. The boxes at least took to it immediately. Within an hour, in fact, they, plus my furnture, had filled it FROM WALL TO WALL.

The moving men departed looking sorry for me. Kev, Jen, myself and our friend Peter began wading cardboard through the forest barking our shins, but managing to unpack esentials as bed such linen, food for breakfast, and even a few books. no-locker The problem was more or less resolved by some of my extra things going into the super's locker. Much of the rest went up Schofield's Hill to Peter's.

Friday was a blank. Ken and Jen had to leave because Kev was working on Saturday. I was too tired to do much of anything.

Saturday brought the happy arrival of the Sleds from Ottawa. Joanne set about organizing the kitchen and china cabinet while Tom and Peter put up shelves, hung pictures and mirrors, and helped me unpack YET MORE books.

things considered, it was a good start-but then our all-summer had begun. heat wave next several weeks The spent in emotional were physical chaos. and Nothing was where I thought THINGS--endless it was. big and small-things about looking reproachful, or fell out of cupboards when I opened doors.

I had this weird feeling
I should call Anna May
Kerr at Parke-Davis for
"my usual ride home".
I missed friendly faces
and chats, my very special
bridge group, "my" library
(where Lois Braidwood
had spoiled me completely),
the lovely new Health
Centre and exercise classes
at Mill Bay Court.

I was further beset by the non-arrival of my Government cheques, though I had applied for that foolproof (hah) direct deposit system the previous March! Two cheques finally appeared—but in my Portland account.

Slowly everything sorted itself out. I had not--thank God--sold airconditioner, and now found a very efficient young man to install it. The rest of my shelves The apartment went up. began to look and feel Friends like livable. Anna May and Diane Haskins, when they dropped by for visits, were pleasantly surprised.

So, how do I feel about Brockville now? Well, despite the heat

exploring the town, enjoying friends here, and visitors from Ottawa and Toronto. And of course joining the library, which is very good--but I still miss Lois's personal touch.

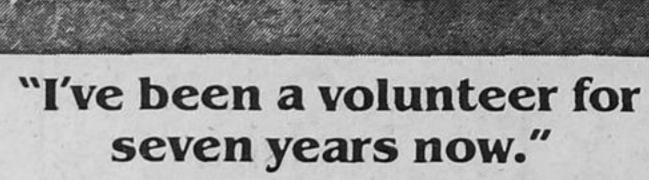
There are several clubs for newcomers, but they were all closed during the summer, so I have only now begun to investigate them. (Tried one bridge group, but it wasn't up to Portland standards')

However, the Brockville buses are a true blessing. They confused me greatly at first, because they all go in one direction round. only--round and You see, you take one bus to get downtown, but a different bus to get (Confused? again. home So was I.) There are red and blue buses; and a new line, green, has been added. All three in this rainbow circle about the city in all directions. I had several unintended scenic drives before I figured out when and where to get off. Or on.

drivers But the are friendly incredibly and example, helpful. For one day I was waiting at the bus stop in front of my building when a bus pulled up half a block away, at the corner of my street and Stewart Boulevard. distant The door opened. Who on earth the driver waving was at? In a moment a young man jumped out and came running toward me. My been re-routed bus had of road-work, because Stopped explained. just to pick me up. How's that for service?

So, all in all, I think I shall settle down quite comfortably in Brockville. But it will be a long, long time before I stop missing my old home. As Brys Scovil said to me recently, "Portland does enfold you."





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