

Remembrance Day, Nov. 11th



René Bauset, John Adnum, Ray Meunier, Bill Sim, Bernie Kastner



The Remembrance Day ceremony was held in the Concerto with a large group of residents in attendance.

After two minutes of silence in Remembrance, Jordana spoke to each of the veterans present and highlighted their service.

Jenna Dennison from the Glengarry pipe band serenaded us with the bagpipes. Benoit Larose and Marie France read poems and readings in French and English. Karen Briand led the singing of 'God Save the King'. Jordana sang 'We'll meet again' and led the singing of 'O' Canada.'

Jordana also showed a plaque created by the residents on the second floor. A very appropriate ceremony for a solemn day. Well done, Jordana.



Written by David Garforth



The Johns Of War

It's November 11th, 2004, **Remembrance Day**. As I rubbed my eyes this morning, waking to face day 12,482 of my life here on earth, I was suddenly transported to another time and place as my television came to life. I watched veterans carefully marching in half stride toward the beaches in France as the Remembrance Day ceremonies unfolded. But what was I really seeing? They wore different suits and different hats. Some walked, and some didn't. Some spoke French, and some spoke English. Some were short, and some were tall. But in each one of them, I could only see one person. Each one is nameless to me, yet all bear the same name - John. It's a name we often use to represent a person without identity: The John Does of the world. But this name weighs heavily for me, for my Grandfather, **Jean-Baptiste Béland**, is a John. So, who do I see in the eyes of those men who were there? And in the closed eyes of those who did not live to tell about it? I see one man in all of them, for they are all one and the same. I see the young man who had hopes and dreams of his own. I see the young man who would leave his father and mother behind to defend the planet from the armies of darkness. I see the young man who would suddenly fall in love overseas. I see the young man who would someday become a father himself. I see the young man who would ultimately help give us the country, the world, and the freedoms we all take for granted today. But I also see something else. I see an old man who still walks with that military stride and pride but whose memory has left him. I can't help but wonder why on Remembrance Day, John can't remember. How many memories may still be trapped inside a vault that has no combination? How much do we ourselves choose to remember or forget? Maybe there is a bigger reason, one science cannot explain, for taking away John's memory. Maybe remembering isn't all that important to him anymore. Maybe today is all he needs. Maybe today is all we need. They say war is not the answer. It's true. I guess the question still remains: Will we ever live in peace?

Thank you John - Merci Jean

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