



the agenda

What a lovely spring we've had this year—warmer and sunnier than I can ever remember. In fact, this is the first time I've ever seen the lake completely thawed out so far ahead of Victoria Day. The weather was so balmy, my dad and I actually soaked up some sun at the beach in April.

Speaking of Dad, this is one year that I truly could have disregarded his sage advice on when to plant the garden. He always maintained that no one should plant until the May long weekend to ensure that all danger of frost was past. And Bernard has the proverbial green thumb, so my siblings and I always take heed when he doles out tidbits of gardening wisdom.

At writing time, Father's Day is almost two weeks away and will have passed by the time Style's summer edition hits the streets. By that time, my dad will have helped me get my garden in. No doubt we will argue about spacing as we always do — apparently I am a

crowder! Nonetheless, our day spent together will be wonderful, performing a task we both thoroughly enjoy. Best of all, it will be quality time spent together. And I know I will once again marvel at my father, who at 89 years old still has such zest for life.

These days, Bernard satisfies his passion for gardening on the balcony at his condo. There you will find well-tended window boxes overflowing with pretty flowers and vines. Grouped in corners, colourful pots of impatiens, geraniums and begonias provide steady blooms and a fragrant source of pleasure for most of the season. And just as he once did when she was home with him, my father will cut a few flowers for my mother, bringing her a fresh cheerful bouquet to brighten up her room at the nursing home. A simple gesture, yet sweeter than the blooms themselves.

Today, I find myself admiring my Dad more than ever, particularly as I observe him in the



twilight of his life and realize where my deep sense of family commitment originated, and even more so as I watch him care so tenderly for my ailing mother. At nearly 90 years of age, he cheerfully visits her six days a week, never a word of complaint, always with a smile in his heart. Just a few of many reasons why one day a year is not enough to honour the man I have been so blessed to call my father. If you're as fortunate as I've been to have a good father for as long as I've had mine, cherish every moment together.

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