

From the Farm to the City

Born and raised in the north end of St. Catharines, back in the fifties, we had the world be the tail! Surrounded by farms. Fast forward to here and now, we, my gorgeous wife and I have very lovely and talented children and grandchildren.

When we were young we were having trouble trying to save and better ourselves and build our "empire", as every young couple tries to. I remember having \$50 a week left over for diapers and groceries for my wife and I and our son. It was hard because there did not seem to be any possibility of it getting better. So I went to apply for housing, and they politely said we were now on the list. A year later, I checked back and our names had moved up the list. About three weeks later we were informed that we were selected.

In the Spring of 1986 we moved into a brand new apartment building. It was privately owned and was not fully completed. It was very exciting! When we had another child of the opposite sex, housing said, its time to move again. They found an affordable three-bedroom, semi-detached house to live in. This was a dream come true for us. Close to Churches, schools, grocery stores, library, community centre, arena, community swimming pool, soccer fields, playgrounds, baseball diamonds and nice neighbours.

It was very hard for a few years but, that was my fault. I made some very foolish choices and decisions, when I was young, and disobeyed my Father, to my own detriment and, to my Father's disappointment. The ramifications of the choices and decisions we make can follow us and affect us our whole life through. Housing was like an undeserved favour that was never expected to be paid back. The only "expected" was a desire for us to use this opportunity to rise above those poor choices and decisions of my youth.

Alan