

## Home for the Holidays...

Sunday, 26 December 2004

Tomorrow marks the seventh day of my voyage home, the longest I've spent in my native land in over six years. And the first holiday season with the family in five years. What defines home? I guess home is actually Toronto where I grew up, but the folks packed the wagon and traveled west in search of warmer climates. This is home now. Home is always where the parents are despite having moved south years ago. I've always felt unsettled in America with the knowledge that my welcome would end at the whim of my employer. My entire life designed for quick disposal despite the truckload of stuff I own.

White Rock, British Columbia, Canada is small town just north of the Washington border and about 40 minutes south of Vancouver. With a population of 18,000, White Rock feels even smaller in person. It's a retirement community year round, but a quick weekend day trip for young couples during warmer months. In the winter, the thermostat drops (but stays above freezing), the clouds and fog roll in, and the rains come. Every few days, like today, the sun makes an appearance and the residents emerge to enjoy the warmth. The waterfront with its restaurants and cafés turn into a hot bed of activity on these days.