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scious. So I came right back down. And he died at 1 o'clock in the morning. So after the funeral was over, I knew where he dealt, the people he dealt with in Inverness. So I went to the Town Hall, for taxes, 'cause he died in April, And half the tax bill was paid, so I paid off the rest--got a receipt. He dealt with the Co-op store. I went there, and there was nothing there. He joined the Co-op after he had been a long-time member of a local merchant's store--he and the merchant were great friends, So I went there, and all that was owing was the current bill. So I paid that. And I said, "Let's look back," He said, "Your father always paid his bill." "Let's go back so many years," He looked back--nothing. So I knew then that everything was paid for. As far as I was concerned, there were no debts, Because those were the three places that he could have had something, and he had two--some of the taxes and some of the current bill. He died in April, The following. I came home once or twice, and the house in dark? ness, like it was the night I saw the light. And one night I was shaving in the kitchen. And I could swear that I heard the front door opening, and somebody walk? ing in. There was only a light on in the kitchen. So I dropped the razor, and went through. Eerie feeling. But nothing--doors locked, and everything else. My mother and my uncle, who was staying with her, came in later. But I didn't say a word to them, because I didn't want to scare them. Then on another occasion I came home. And he had a favourite place to sit--we had a sun porch. And he could sit in the front of the sun porch and put his face like this and watch everything going on up the street. Opened the gate and came in. And I was sure I saw him. So sure that I didn't go in the house at all, I went over to the neighbour's and stayed there till the folks came home, (You thought you saw your father,) I thought I saw him. But I didn't go in. Then that summer, the summer after he died, I was teac:hing down at Xavier Junior Col? lege in Sydney. I was staying at Point Ed? ward, And it was just about the--almost the end of the term of summer school. So all the students were doing, were review? ing, and I didn't have to prepare a class for the next day, So, Joe MacLean and I were great friends. So after supper I went over to loe Mac-Lean's, and we got into music. And loe played music with me, I suppose, from 8 till about midnight or so, I drove back to the staff house at Coxheath, And Dr, Mac? Lellan was up watching an old show about the English mines--! forget the name of it now. But anyway, he left me. He said, "I'm getting too tired," And I had never seen this show, but being a miner's son, I wanted to see,,,, The show was over, I'd say, about 1:30. So I had to go upstairs. And MacLellan said, "Be sure and put off the lights when you leave," I snapped off the TV, snapped off the light in the parlour, and walked up the stairs. And my bedroom was down-there's a corridor, a long hall going down--it was the last room. And I knew the place so bloody well, I snapped off the centre light here, I was in semi-darkness. And I walked down the length of the corri? dor to my room. And all I had to do was reach in and get the 'switch. I had music books that loe MacLean gave me in my hand. Ramsay's Honda Shop 539-7644 * 480 GRAND LAKE RD., SYDNEY * 539-1730 Complete Line of 3- & 4-Wheeled Vehicles for Year Round Use Available Accessories:

