

DIVEKY TIMES

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Yellowknife X1A 2H3

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janet_diveky@mail.ycs.nt.ca

867-873-2683

diveky@nt.sympatico.ca

Teeter-totter - that's our theme for this year, first up, then down. We hit bottom when we gave up trying to publish Diveky Times before New Year's Day. On the bright side, our late press run gives us the opportunity to thank all of you who sent your news and photos and poems and good wishes to us in such a timely fashion.

THE UPS :-)

What joy is Jackie! No downs when she's around, she is sunshine and laughter for all of us. Her triumphs this year include writing her name, taming the Uncle and swimming back all on her own after a cannonball or belly-flop - her favorites - off the diving board. She's four, she swims! Thanks, Janet, for taking her to the pool every week, and to pre-school, and to the library, and to pottery and to here and there and everywhere ... while her parents camp on Granny's doorstep, waiting for a glimpse of their daughter, hoping to spend some time with her or at least get her autograph.

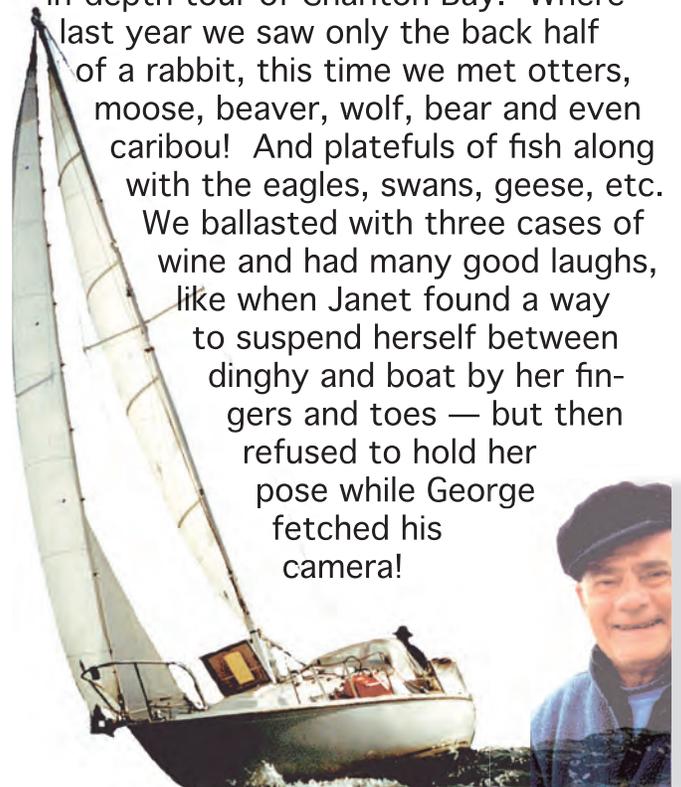


International fame and recognition for Eva this year, thanks to a splendid photo of hers used by de Beers in its company calendar. She loves her job with de Beers, it's always interesting for her as she takes on new tasks and meets new people from just about everywhere.

Krapp's Last Tape by Samuel Beckett was a critical success. George staged and performed it and among his many rewards was this gem, from a high school student: "That play means something else? Like English teachers are always talking about?"

Janet has settled into her new library and is enjoying all the school activities. She broadcasts a daily 5-minute music appreciation program and is thrilled with how quickly students learn to identify Handel, Mozart, Bach. She's the pottery rep on the Guild of Arts and Crafts (read: she cleans up the clay); secretary for her Union local at work; and finds time for volunteering (her Gumboot Rally raised \$10,000!). And at our annual Celebrity Auction her Hungarian walnut luxury calorie cake fetched \$125!

Summer sailing ... off to Reliance for an in-depth tour of Charlton Bay. Where last year we saw only the back half of a rabbit, this time we met otters, moose, beaver, wolf, bear and even caribou! And platefuls of fish along with the eagles, swans, geese, etc. We ballasted with three cases of wine and had many good laughs, like when Janet found a way to suspend herself between dinghy and boat by her fingers and toes — but then refused to hold her pose while George fetched his camera!



Andrew has his own business now, Triple C Janitorial, and is looking forward to seeing if he actually earned enough to pay income tax. He'd like to claim his purple Mustang and his red skidoo as business expenses, but hasn't come up with a way yet. He made a couple of trips south to Victoria to visit his Dad, Roger, and had a great time.



More good news: Janet's brother Neil is making a wonderful recovery from a nasty bout of anemia.



But how easy it seems for a few sad events to overwhelm the many happy ones:

THE DOWNS :-)



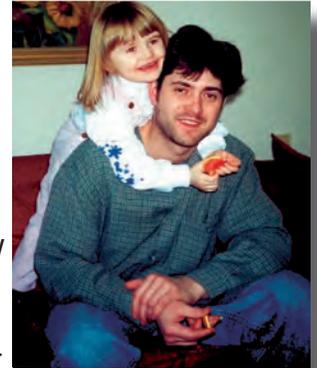
March: Eva broke her knee. Just a little bit, mind you. While skiing in BC. Not a major disaster: it was November before she learned it was broken.

We were saddened by news that George's Italian cousin Giancarlo had

passed away in July after a brief illness. Then Janet went to Toronto to visit Susie, George's mother, but on August 13 Susie died, suddenly, after a happy day with Janet visiting friends and family, a good night's rest and her usual morning swim. How shocked we all were! George and Eva managed to get there the very next day. People in Toronto were so kind and helpful - from the emergency team to Susie's many friends, especially her dear friend Bill, a.k.a. William. Janet felt fortunate to have had such a nice time with her before she died. She and Eva had to

go home to their jobs but George stayed for another five weeks settling Susie's affairs. We miss her.

Shortly after dreadful Sept 11 we were further dismayed to learn our friend Chris Egan, from our Rankin Inlet days, was killed in the Twin Towers that day, along with her brother. She was with us in the spring, we had such fun together, celebrating her new Ph.D.



October 13th brought the fragility of life even closer to home: Andrew was walking back from his first visit to the bar 'with the boys' in about a year when a man jumped out of a truck and attacked him. A vicious unprovoked assault, out of the blue. Andrew sustained a five-inch knife wound in his back. The blade missed his heart by one inch and his spine by a half. He spent two days in intensive care, five more days in hospital. It took over a month of pain and confusion and daily visits by home-care nurses before he could return to work. It's a good thing our immune system heals so much faster than does our legal system: his assailant's preliminary hearing will be on January 31. Trial in May?

November was gentle and kind until, at our annual Cruising Club banquet, George was passed over for the coveted Griswold Cup, given for the most creative/spectacular f__k-up of the season. A once-proud three-time winner (sailing by braille, underwater rock painting, and managing to send his rudder to the bottom in a gale), he was blown out of the running by younger, more aggressive competition. What a humiliation!

And so it goes. Could be worse. Could be better. And it will be.

