

## Do you suffer from Paraskavedekatriaphobia?

If you lived in the small town (pop. 5,500) of [Port Dover, Ontario, Canada](#), you just might suffer from paraskavedekatriaphobia. So what on this green earth does it mean and why could the citizens of this tiny town suffer from it? To answer the first question, please read the following description from yourdictionary.com.

*Paraskavedekatriaphobia (noun)*

*Pronunciation: [pê-ræs-kê-vey-dê-kæ-tri-ê-'fo-bi-yê]*

*Definition: The Fear of Friday the Thirteenth, a form of triskaidekaphobia, the fear of the number thirteen.*

*Usage: The fear of Friday the 13th originated in two fears: the fear of Friday and the fear of the number "13." Why? Well, no one knows so we won't repeat any of the urban myths that have arisen to explain either. The fear of 13 is clearly much greater than the fear of Friday, since the 13th floor is regularly omitted from high-rise buildings, 13th Street and 13th Avenue are often omitted in street numbering, and no one would dare invite 13 guests to sit around the table for dinner--at least one would surely die within a year.*

*Suggested Usage: Most people fear this word more than breaking a mirror while walking under a ladder to avoid a black cat on Friday 13th. It is long but pronounceable with a little practice: "Paraskavedekatriaphobia is among the leading causes of loss of productivity since many sufferers avoid coming to work on that day." For the adjective, just replace the final [a] with a [c], "Freemont is an old paraskavedekatriaphobic who never leaves the house on Friday the 13th."*

*Etymology: Today's word is a humorous concoction that no Greek would ever utter. It seems to be based on the Greek word for Friday "paraskeue" + dekatria "thirteen" (deka "ten" + tria "three;" not "thirteenth," which is "dekatreis") + fobos "fear" + ia, a noun suffix. "Friday the Thirteenth" in Modern Greek is "Paraskeue kai dekatreis." ~ [From YourDictionary.com](#)*

And now for the answer to the second question...

According to Wikipedia, on Friday November 13 1981, a motorcycle enthusiast named Chris Simons gathered with a small group of 25 friends gathered at the Commercial Hotel for some fun and partying. So much fun was had by all that they decided to meet every Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> and a new tradition was born for the small Lake Erie town of Port Dover.

This year, [Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>](#) appeared in July and estimates of the turn out range from 140,000 to 250,000. The tradition has not only been established, it has grown to proportions that the towns folk just had to get involved or get swallowed up by the masses, motorcycles and mayhem.

I had attended a handful of these events over the years, but Wayne had never been so I felt duty bound to make sure he got to see this phenomenon at least once in his life. I had no idea of the proportions this had grown to so I was just as in awe as Wayne was.

Not so many years ago, one could drive into town and usually find a parking spot on the back streets or in a vacant lot. I don't know when exactly it started however, when we arrived about 2 miles outside of town after a long wait in huge line ups of traffic, we were directed to a farmers field and bused into town.



Many of the old timers who have attended Friday 13<sup>th</sup> gatherings faithfully are not so impressed with the new developments and growing crowds as you can see for yourself in this delightful article by Mark Schmidt from Hamilton, Ontario; [Mark's Article](#). I however find it exhilarating to experience the evolution and expansion of local tradition.

It was very exciting to be in the energy of so many people who were doing what they love – being with their motorcycles and many other people who love motorcycles too.

Having grown up in a family with a long history of motorcycling



I got my license to operate them when I was only 18. That was one of the most thrilling accomplishments of my early years as I was one of the rare few women at the time who were licensed. While it's been a number of

years since I last chose to ride I still love the culture and camaraderie of the motorcycle folks. I will be back in the saddle soon enough but for now, just a day in the sun with these folks is delightfully satisfying.



In the world of motorcycles, to many, their bikes are a work of art which just happens to have wheels and so can be ridden around like a mobile art gallery. It is just stunning how many different variations are possible and it is exciting to see them all.

The tank shot to the right belongs to the bike below it.



True artists create these amazing murals.



If you want to see more of the beautiful rides that we saw, we put up a couple of more pages of pictures.

[Spidey.](#)

[Bells of the Ball.](#)

[Sleek.](#)

We had a really wonderful day, met some great people, saw some fun and creative things and as you saw, encountered many wonderful works of art. Wayne, who is fairly new to the world of motorcycles, had determined by the end of the day that he liked the look of Triumphs best. He'll be getting his license next year and then we can buy him one.



In Gratitude

[\*\*Kat McCarthy\*\*](#)

[Email Kat](#)

Wayne's 2 Cents:

I ditto everything Kat has said here and if you really desire to know where my excitement is, just know that I have now purchased a The Motorcycle Handbook. This is the first step in getting my license to ride.

With The Song 'Born to be Wild' running through my head, I intend to be riding by summer 2008.

Peace and Love

[\*\*Wayne Parker\*\*](#)

[Email Wayne](#)