

Wayne's Blast from the Past



First off, I am fifty plus years old for those that do not know me. I have a wealth of adventures to place here in this blast from the past column. For some reason for this edition I was stalled and nothing was popping. I was speaking last week to a friend that said to me that the inspiration or article would come to me in perfect timing for the magazine.

Thank you Suzanne for that remark and yes the universe provided the imagery for this article in a dream last night. This energy stuff is way too amazing for me.

How we perceived things in our life as they happened or how they feel today about them can make all the difference in the world.

It sure does for me anyhow. Yes for all you curious people, I will explain a bit further.

First off, I was an army brat who lived in many different cities over the course of my childhood. I spent most of my early life in Canada and a stint in Germany quite early on. The period of my life that I am noting here, will be those wonderful years of 8 -13, growing up in the city of Ottawa, Canada.

Several years back I had the good fortune of going back to the old neighborhood while in the Nation's Capital for a visit and skating on the longest frozen canal in the world. This is a yearly festival called Winterlude which bring in thousands of tourists to the city.

Well to make a long story short, the temperature rose, it rained and there was no skating as the canal and most activities were shut down. Okay what now, I lived here before so why not play tourist guide and show my good friend Kat around the city. Friday was a total right off as it rained solid all day and evening. We had a quick run to the canal to confirm all was shut down and then off to eat and back to the motel to rest after a long drive.

You must remember that this is the middle of February in Canada.

Saturday was much better, a wall of brilliant sunshine, about 10 degrees Celsius or around 50 degrees for our American readers. Kat and I walked till we almost dropped in downtown Ottawa, with me showing off many of the highlights of the city. A meal in the outdoors as it was that warm and finally it was time to go outside the city core for more sights of the surrounding area.

I drove her along the massive Ottawa River for some beautiful scenery, and found myself very close to one of my childhood stomps. I thought to myself; why not take a drive by of the old hood for nostalgia sake. The hood as it was back then, it was filled with wartime homes, and it had not changed all that much. When I lived there, it consisted of many young families such as mine and even though it was not the wealthiest area of the city, it was one of pride and contentment among most of the people. Sure the paint colors had changed; new renovations and the trees were a lot larger than I ever remembered climbing. *LOL* But essentially the hood was still the same vibe.

I drove the streets up and down and stopped in front of a house that I lived, all those years ago.

I was not ready for what I felt next, while staring at the familiar address numbers on the door. It was kind of like how you see your past flash before you in a few minutes. Yes, I will admit it that my eyes started to well up with water but not from sadness but from spectacular memories of those earlier years.



Sure there was plenty of fun filled times but there were also memories of some of the trouble I used to get into. As usual the ying and yang of life stuff filled my emotions to the brim.

My energy was running on overflow as I scanned the street, with those long forgotten names now running around in my head as if an old file in my computer like brain was unlocked.

The Reynolds's, Turnbull's, Sutcliff's, Quigley's, Kennedy's and so on along with the image of who they were way back when. The flood was immense on my brain and it was now flying on overload.

Once I gained composure a bit, we drove around slowly in the hood and came to rest at a local park area a few blocks away. We got out and again a flood of memories flashed into me. The many pick up games played here, the hangout area, the sneaking of a stolen smoke, my first kiss, getting into a fight, the laughs, the tears of friendship and much, much more hit me from all sides.

Off to another park area where I played many organized sports, past the still standing corner store over to the public school. Man oh man, I was drenched in energy and yet it still kept coming at me. The dog days of summer hanging out with all these people, the mischief I got into, the fun filled times, the adventures, the old board games out on the

front steps, throwing snowballs at cars and getting caught. Being grounded, as in punished for doing something I should not have. A bottle of Dr. Pepper's on a hot day and sharing it with your friends. Who cared about backwash back then...?

Wow what an exhilarating experience for me.

Time moved forward and I realized it was about then that I could only take so much of this energy and started to move away from the hood and back towards to hotel to think about supper and another great nights rest.

I thank you Kat for allowing me the time to bring some of my past back into my realm and all the feelings along with them. You are appreciated for being so patient during my adventure into my childhood.

So to go back into my original statement, of how we perceive things as they happen and how we look and feel about them now is two different things.

For example, just hanging out at the park with friends way back when was actually really boring in the moment as there was not much to do other than hang. When I drove back to the hood and as I write this today, those moments of just hanging with Lloyd, Barbara, Michael, John, Terry, Grant Brian, Mary and the others brought so much joy and happiness to me.

The actual event back then and how I feel it today are two different scenarios.

Maybe this is all part of my growth in that I have learned to look at adventures and moments in my life with greatness. I am now at the point where there are so many little things that I just let go as they are not a feel good thing for me in

the moment. I have found that I would rather place my energy on as many feel good things as possible. This is me.....

Thank you Ottawa for those great adventures and friendships that helped make me a better person. Those feelings will live with me forever.

And to all you readers, thanks for letting me have my blast from the past. You are appreciated.

Peace and Love

Wayne

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