

Jack Law and Remembrance Day



Remembrance Day was a part of the fabric of my upbringing in Yorkton, Saskatchewan. The photos are of my Dad when he deployed for World War 2, and my parents, Darlene and I in front of my childhood home dressed up for the ceremony we never missed on November 11th. I'm not sure when the group shot was taken, but early 1990s, and it feels like yesterday.

I could write a lot here but let me just say this. When you grow up in the home of a veteran, you feel the reality of our world and how tenuous democracy and freedom really is. So embracing gratitude isn't a cliché, it's a deep seated part of our being and it sure had an impact on me!

Thanks John (Jack) Vernon Law for your service and sacrifice and for being such a powerful role model. And thank you to Hilda Law, who endured four years of fear and doubt with her husband and father of John and Terry away standing for Canada and never knowing if he would come home. He did and we also feel immense gratitude for that!

Lest We Forget...We Will Remember You! 🌹

*Alvin Law, on Facebook
November 11, 2025*

On Remembrance Day, each of us reflects on our personal journey connected to global conflicts and the veterans we honour for their service. For me, November 11th means more than poppies and platitudes. It's very personal.

My Dad, John (Jack) Vernon Law fought in World War 2. The photo was taken as he was deployed and it always hung in our basement in Yorkton, Saskatchewan. The second photo taken around 1992 shows that modest home, my wife, Darlene and I and of course, my parents with Dad decked out in his Legion clothes accompanied by his collection of medals earned in the four years he fought for Canada and global freedom.

Growing up, we never missed a Remembrance Day ceremonies at the epitaph in Yorkton and dad always marched with his fellow veterans. But it was more than a ceremony for us. I grew up with a profound abundance of “gratitude”, which I speak of often. It usually comes across in the context of being born without arms and being adopted by my remarkable foster parents, Jack and Hilda Law.

But it existed in the Law family long before I came to live there in 1960. It was what my Dad brought home from war... gratitude for coming home, where so many of his friends didn't! It sounds like a cliché, huh? But it just wasn't. It permeated our lives and it truly affected me in such a positive way, I get emotional just writing about it!

Remembrance Day should remind all of us how fortunate we are, even in the middle of current conflicts and politics. I know it may sound “preachy”, but please take a moment today, and every single day, to count our blessings and for my Dad and all veterans, “We will remember you”!

*Alvin Law on LinkedIn
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