

Brull, Theo & Nellie #888 *

Honoured by Tony Brull.

Testament

My parents were like a warm coat on a damp, cold and blustery autumn day. No, not your standard off the rack model, more so a surprisingly light and comfortable one, with a tough protective outer shell and a soft woollen lining.

I recall a certain day from my childhood ... high in the open bleachers at Ivor Wynne stadium, the cold damp wind cut through me like a knife, chilling me to my very core. Seeing me shake with cold my Dad took off his warm coat and draped it over my shoulders. A little thing, yet to this day I remember. It warms me still.

My parents, Theo and Nellie Brull, came to Canada from post war Holland with their hopes, dreams and a young family in tow. This leaf commemorates their courageous journey ... my warm memories of growing up in Canada commemorate the lives they lived once they got here.

Thanks Mom and Dad.