*Ottawa Outlook, nee North Hero News and World Review Mostly stuff no one else would print.*

Wednesday, January 20, 2010     (Ten early!) 2010 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #2)

**Tuesday the Twelfth**.

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Preface: Kudos to our movers, Debbie, Jerome, Keith, Lindsay & Mark, … friendly, competent & capable. We’d recommend them to any Vermonters contemplating a move.

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 Your writers have been in Ottawa since December 2nd. In order they have been: Re-recovering from Re-relocating, Re-restoring the house from “Rental Condition” to “Home Sweet Home” condition, Trying their best not to have too much booze carry-over into January abstinence, and Having a Jolly, Jolly Holiday. ( Would this re-re terminology be accurate or redundant?) Early January was, … prepare for the ‘stored goods’. *“No problem you say?”* Ha! ‘Stored goods weigh 4250 lbs and include: replacement Dining Room, replacement Bedroom, replacement Living Room and fifty boxes of all sizes. Good Grief! So as, *… “A job well planned is a job half done”:*

 The plan.

 A. Bailey goes ape when even a small overnight bag is taken out of the closet. Try to convince her we are not getting ready to go somewhere.

 B. Clear out the basement family room by giving stuff away.

 C. Clear out Lucile’s Bedroom by giving furniture away, she will bunk with Ken..

 D. Move “Motel” Living room set to basement family room.

 E. Clean up garage for overflow use.

 F. Clear out Dining room per B & C., use folding table for meals.

 G. Request January 11th delivery of goods by Moving Company.

 H. Ken sleep on his tummy so he doesn’t snore. Lucile will endure no TV in the bedroom.

 The above was done with the help of: local family, Linda, Marc & Michelle. (Norman exhibited considerable intelligence during this caper. He went to Vancouver on business.) Thirty inch inside doors required the furniture to go out the front door, down the driveway and in the kitchen door to get to the basement stairs. Bummer. Even then the sofa was to large for the stairs. Could have chain-sawed it into two loveseats, but the chainsaw was among the stored goods. Sofa is now in the garage along with a queen size bed awaiting pickup by the Salvation Army. (Yes Nancy, the bed that collapsed on you and Dave.)

 Due to three feet of snow in Vermont which impacted the moving company’s operations the requested 11th became the 12th. Scanned forms and emails flowed back and forth, finally a January 9th phone call.

 *“We are all set at this end. Meet us Tuesday morning, ten o’clock at the Highgate Customs.”*

 *“Meet you! We never had to do that before.”*

 *“Things have changed since 9 11. You’ve got to sign the import forms.”*

 *“Good Grief! (Not quite verbatim) And why Highgate? Driving from Montreal to Highgate is a can of worms. We’d go through Rouses Point, Alburg, & Swanton instead. Why can’t we use Rouses Point?”*

Our preference necessitated a call back, but it was agreed: Rouses Point @ 10. Don’t you love it when a good plan comes together?

 Now for the twelfth As most are not familiar with Canadian geography, the Rouses Point customs is three hours away from Ottawa. With maybe an hour factored in for customs this meant at least a seven hour trek. An ultimate bladder test for our three courageous travelers. We left at 6:45 A.M. and at 7:10 A.M., eastbound on 417, it began to snow. Figures, .. but then, 20 minutes from Montreal and rush traffic, the SUN comes out! Wow, a first, neither Lucile nor Ken can remember having a pleasant day to move. After 18 traffic lights and a short run down Quebec 15, we arrived at the customs north of Rouses Point 10 minutes early. No truck. Time to walk Bailey. Still no truck. Time to contact the movers office in Essex Junction by cell phone. For normal people, this would be no problem, however, your staff can’t remember from call to call how to operate those teeny-weeny things. The manual is consulted, the call made, the drivers phone # obtained, the driver called.

 *“Hi, Ken Jefferson here. Where are you?”*

 *“Hi, nearing customs on rt87 in Champlain.”*

 *“I thought we were meeting in Rouses Point, a quick right after crossing the Korean Bridge. That’s where we are.”*

 *“Goodness, I just went by there not too long ago. I’ll turn around. See you in a few minutes.”*

 “OK”

Ken goes inside Customs to see if he can execute the paper work while waiting for the truck to arrive. The Customs official is very pleasant, and asks only if we are sure the truck is coming. Ken hands him the list of all goods in the truck..

 *“Is there anything new on this list?”*

 Ken is tempted to say when you’ve raised nine kids you don’t have anything new, he doesn’t.

 *“No, nothing new.”*

At this point Lucile comes into the Customs Office. Am sure the Customs man knew immediately that she was French Canadian. How do they do this? Much faster and even friendlier conversation ensued which Ken is unable to relate. Lucile did translate one disconcerting item. Namely, we didn’t have to drive all the way from Ottawa. We could have given the truck driver power of attorney! Now someone tells us. Well anyway, Lucile did good, she signed the forms and there was no charge. Truck and driver Mark arrived, his passport was checked and we were ready for the return to Ottawa.

 *“Mark, I’ll lead the way though Montreal and keep you in sight if you like. Once we’re on 417 you’re on your own OK?”*

  *“ Fine, I’ve got to pick up a helper once we get to Ottawa anyway.”*

The return through Montreal and the 18 lights went fine and once out on the highway the Saturn left the truck behind. Lunch en route was: a handful of raspberries, a special dark chocolate bar and two medium size milkbones respectively . We were home by one thirty. At two thirty the truck drove up. The front door would be open for over three hours. Thank goodness for the sunny day. Already tired, by the time the movers had unloaded the last item we were exhausted. And there were boxes, boxes everywhere, stacked three and four high..

It was like, *“Lucile, where are you?” “I’m in the kitchen.” “So am I, … be more specific.”*

 *“A jug of wine and thou beside me”*, amongst the cartons would have been wonderful, but we refrained. Zapped something to eat and went to bed.

 One week later we are down to 7 boxes in the office and almost feeling ‘At Home’.

From Ottawa

 Lucile, Bailey & Ken

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Reg. distr.: 101.

CC: Vermont Movers