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

Saturday, August 14, 2010 c:/nhn&wr10, 10wc22 (2010 NHN&WR letter/story/poem/card #13)

**Canadian Resident.**

We guess this letter to be in the realm of a ‘Status Update’. With much help, … notably: sponsor Lucile, mentor Linda Mc[[1]](#footnote-1)[1] and immigration lawyer Phil, Ken has officially been accepted by the Canadian Government as a permanent resident[[2]](#footnote-2)[2] Lucile, being a Canadian citizen, had a much easier/quicker route to Canadian residency. Friday last, Lucile and Ken, armed with a briefcase full of reference material departed Ottawa for the bridge to the U.S. in Cornwall, Ontario. Average travel time: 75 minutes. This was necessitated by the need to exit Canada and come back in through a port of entry. (Our guiding light during this whole caper was, “*ours not to question why”*)*.* The Cornwall Bridge is interesting in itself. Sort of a double dip thing, goes from the north bank of the St Lawrence, touches down on an island in mid-river, leaps back in the air and jumps to the U.S. ‘Island’ is part of an Indian Reservation which is having an argument with one or both Governments, we don’t know which, regarding armed border guards and consequently Customs on both sides are a temporary makeshift mess. Having no idea why we couldn’t have used Ottawa as a Port of Entry and saved a 3 hour excursion, it was very tempting to make a 180 mid-isle in the Indian Reservation and negate a passage through U.S. Customs. However, having put ourselves in the hands of an immigration lawyer we followed instruction explicitly.

 The U.S. Customs conversation addressed to the couple was quite interesting.

*“What is your citizenship?”*

Handing over passports*, “I am American, my wife is Canadian.”*

*“Where do you live?”*

*“I Live in Pittsford, Vermont.”*

And addressing Lucile, *“.Where do you live?”*

*“I live in Ottawa, Ontario.”*

*“You don’t live together? Just how does that work out?”*

*“Well, we’ve nine kids, so I guess it works out just fine.”*

A bit of an eye roll, … then *“What is the purpose of your trip?”*

*“We’re going shopping in Messina?”*

*“You drove all the way from Ottawa to go shopping in Messina?”*

*“Well, we’ve insurance and banking contacts in Cornwall and have some extra time.”*

*“OK, open up the trunk for me.”*

*“Sure.”*

The trunk was bare, we were free in the U.S.A.!

 Following lawyer Phil’s advice, a U-turn was not executed in view of Customs. Driving towards Messina we all of a sudden … spontaneously decided we did not have time to shop. Parking in a rest area, Ken’s opening speech for Canadian Customs was rehearsed. Then the dynamic duo headed back for Customs confrontation # 2.

 Onto the bridge, onto the Island Reservation, the bridge once more, and back to the toll booth that was singular. Singleness was of no matter since the two makeshift Customs lanes had traffic backed up under the toll booth gate. Finally room thru the gate for the Vermont car. Obviously had not needed the rest area rehearsal, … plenty of time for that here. Finally, the speech.

*“I am a U.S. citizen and have my Confirmation of Permanent Residence with me and want to fill out the landed immigration documents today.”*

*“I need to give you a yellow slip.’*

Yellow Slip is filled out.

*“Take this into the trailer over there on your right and they will take care of you.”*

Golly, that was easy. Down the drive to the trailer, parked and entered same.

Customs Officer, *“May I see your yellow paper please.”*

*“How did you know I had one?”*

*“Everyone who comes thru that door has a yellow slip. Will need your passport also.”*

*“Sure, here you are.”*

*“Be just a minute folks.”*

Dynamic duo waits with loaded briefcase. Officer returns, pleasantly asks a few personal questions, fills out form, stamps it and inserts it into the passport. Time:15 minutes.

*“Welcome to Canada Mr. Jefferson.”*

*“That’s it?”*

*“Yup”.*

*“Thank you very much.”*

(All males in the office had crew cuts. Ken was tempted to asked if he now had to get a crew cut, but restrained himself. )

Ken’s first act as a Canadian resident was to exit out the one way entry. Realizing his mistake halfway down, the dynamic put it in reverse and ignominiously made their way backwards to the parking lot. End of exit/entry caper. In retrospect, guess one could say*, “Ken backed into Canada showing his best side.”*

 Still ahead: Canadian drivers license, car registration, Canadian auto insurance, social security card, car safety check, emission test, address changes & health card.

 Good Grief.

 Till next month, L,B&K.

 Reg. dist:101 Outlook Readers.

1. [1] We’ve multiple Lindas, so must differentiate. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. [2] . All those thinking, *“They’ll be sorry”,*  need read no further.[2]

  [↑](#footnote-ref-2)