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## Looking Back

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browse at the Spirit Gallery. Immediately after entering the store Jessie spotted the beautifully hand-crafted native Indian bracelets. "How much do you think they would cost?" she asked. I had no idea! We asked the woman minding the store if she could show us a few. She unlocked the glasscase with her key and laid the first couple of bracelets on a piece of velvet. Gently Jessie took one of the bracelets into her hands, resting her elbows on the glasscase for support. When she lived in Hazelton she told us, the natives would trade these beautiful creations for a large bag of sugar! When the saleswoman mentioned to us that the one Jessie was holding had a price-tag of \$1,400 poor Jessie just about lost her speech, (something few of us had ever witnessed before). Her jaw dropped almost to where the other bracelet lay. Jessie looked at both of us and said: "Can I really be that old for this to be possible?" After leaving the store we headed back to town. Jessie always appreciated these outings. This very day that the two of us shared became the most memorable one. Every step of the way, the journey and her cycle became more complete. Jessie promised me that if

cigarette with me on her 90th birthday.

Rumors started to circulate in the village that 270 Lions Bay Avenue was being sold. No *For Sale* sign had appeared by the roadside, and nobody had any answers about the suspenseful matter.

Bob Dickinson had been living at 280 Lions Bay Avenue and must have seen what a grand property it really is. His vision to transform the three lots into one soon became apparent when the bulldozers started to move on the site. The transformation is now completed.

In November of '95 I got a phone call from Pam Strom. Sadly she told me that our Jessie had passed away. We never did get to smoke that promised cigarette. Jessie died 4 days prior to her 90th birthday. I never did tell her that the Butt's house was gone. In my silence about "the house that is no more" I tried to protect my ailing friend from any pain she might experience from the loss.

We welcome and wish Bob, his wife Carmen and their baby daughter Crystal many happy years in the Bay. May the threads you weave into our historic neighbor-