

The Graham Family  
The Schmidt Family  
The McNab Family  
The Urosevic Family  
The Norris Family

## In Loving Memory of a Singular Woman

One fine summer day, a few years ago now, a car sped along a highway. The driver of the car, a man, was accompanied by three passengers, including two women. None loved the driver more than one of the women; the driver loved none more than the other. Although ten years out of college, the driver was yet a boy. Although constrained by money matters, he was, or so he thought, wealthy in life's most precious currency: relationships.

Four years later, the financial constraints had vanished. In the intervening years, the money had flowed. Like a rainstorm bursting forth on a pregnant summer afternoon; surging, soaking, incessant. The money came in bundles and it came in buckets. Also in bushels. The money came and it came until there was really quite enough.

So life should have been perfect. All that money for his adored women. What is money for if not for freedom purchased for your women and your issue?

But Fate had other ideas. For on that fine summer day years ago, quite unbeknownst to him, the driver had already lost the beloved woman. The next few years were for the slow suffocation of childhood dreams. Moreover, on that drive, quite by accident actually, and altogether unbeknownst to him, the driver had nudged the loving woman off the precipice and into the abyss. The next few years were for a disorienting demise to a merciful end.

By the time the money was in the door and counted, the beloved woman was long gone, and the loving woman was in the ground. And through being compelled to say goodbye much too soon, the boy became a man. He became a man when all of the dust and the sweat and the piss and the blood and the bile rose so high and flowed so strong that the current hurled him headlong downstream. When all of the missed opportunities and wasted desire and belated apologies and bottomless cups of disappointment piled so high that they eclipsed the sun. And things didn't seem quite as important as they used to.

For all the money in the world could not write a better story about the driver's beloved woman. Nor could it purchase another day with the loving woman simply to offer an apology eternally belated.

I am not a particularly religious man nor do I belong to a church. But I do believe in tithe. And you all are my church. So please accept this modest offering in memoriam of my immaculately splendid, most singular, and forever to be adored mother, Panagiota "Patricia" Savich (néé Koumoutsakou). To my sisters, accept it because she lives in you. (And anyway, my dad likes the idea).

Peter Savich  
Cambridge, Ontario  
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