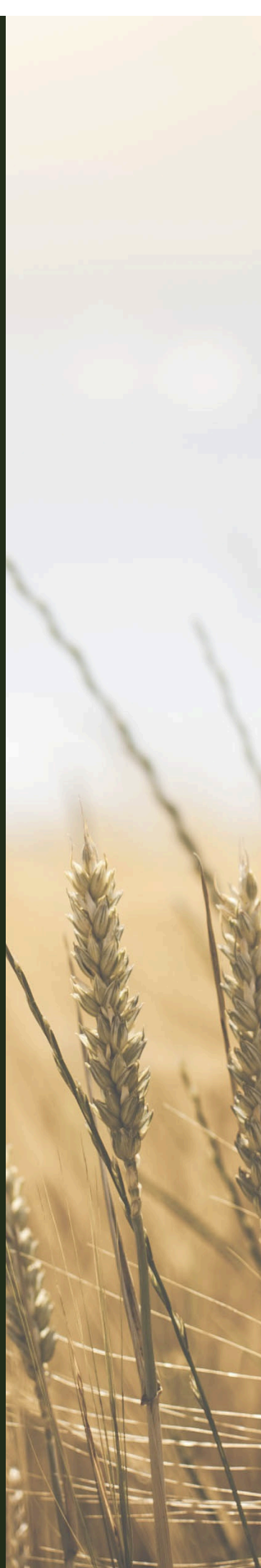
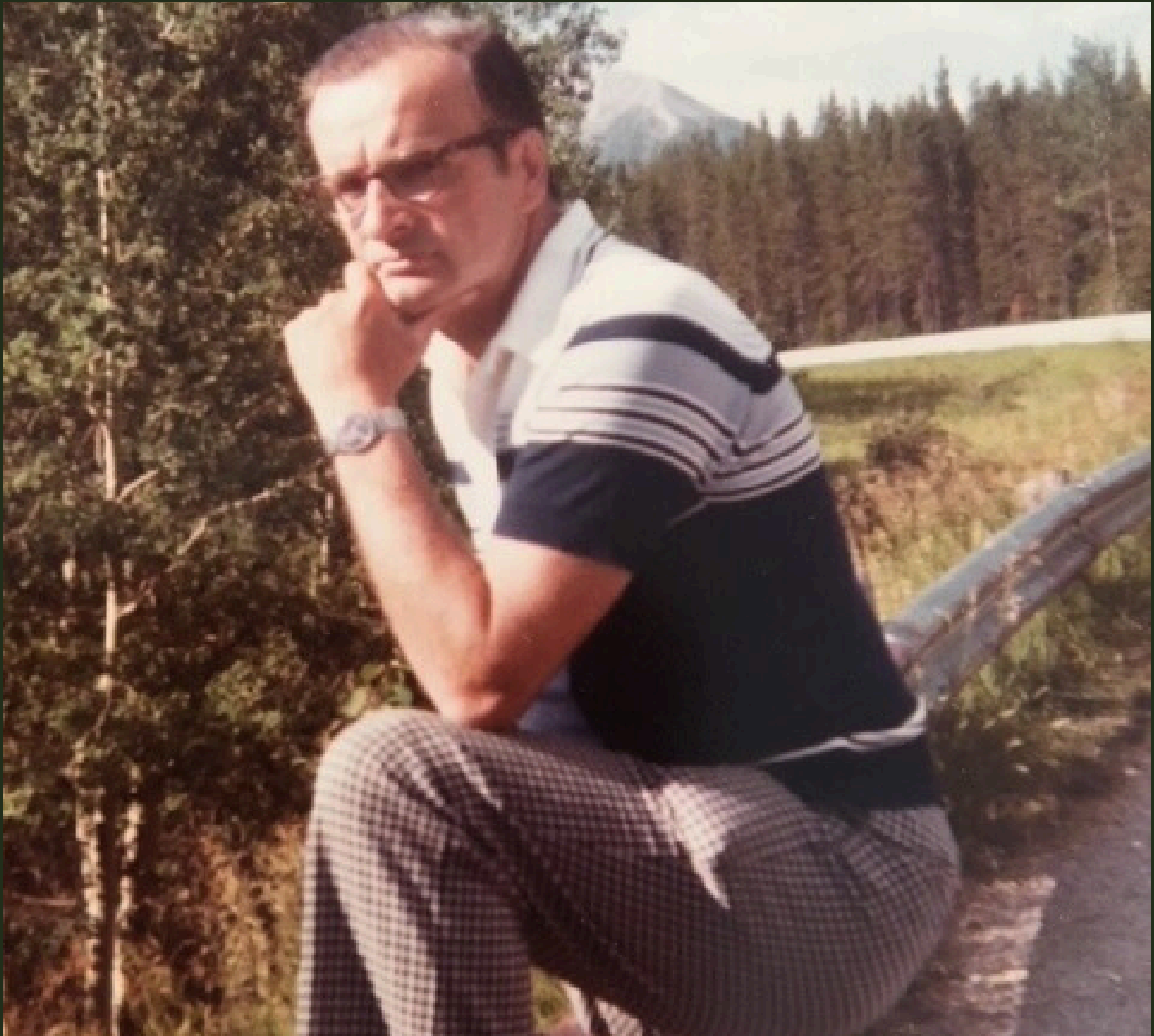


ALLAN ALDERDICE



*The Short Story
of
My Life*





I was born on a farm south of Hardisty in Central Alberta, on July 13, 1938. My parents were Joseph and Annie Alderdice. My dad passed away at the age of fifty-six from Cancer in 1956 and my mother passed away at the age of seventy-eight from an unknown illness in 1977. They had a total of twelve children, three of which were girls and nine boys; me being the second youngest of the family. Myself and my younger sister Mary who is eighty-four years old, are the only family members left.

At the age of twelve, I told my mother that I would be leaving home at the age of sixteen and she asked “what about school, you’ll only be in grade eight at that time?”. I told her that I wouldn’t need any more schooling in school because I was full of ambition, determination and BRAIN POWER; that I wanted to make a life of my own.

I walked down the road with my little box of clothes, stopped at a farm where I got a job for a month then a new job on a farm further down the road, where I worked for the next three years. I then decided to go East, where I found employment on much larger farms. I ended up getting a job at a large Marshall Wells store where I worked for a year.



I found myself with big ideas of moving to the ocean to a town on the North Coast in British Columbia, called Prince Rupert. I ended up finding work very quickly, getting a job with the Canadian Federal Government working in the grain industry for six years.

I decided to return to Hardisty, Alberta and that is where I met Ann.



ANN .. THE LOVE OF MY LIFE

I met Ann at a Red and White grocery store on a Saturday night at around ten, where she was bagging her groceries. I decided to ask her for a date and she replied "it's kind of late tonight" and so I responded with "tomorrow night?" and she said "yes!".

We went out on a Sunday evening for approximately two hours or so; I picked her up in my 1962 blue Chevy car and decided to park the car along a bush patch. We sat and talked the whole time and while we were parked, she gave me a nice big kiss leaving her lipstick on my white shirt collar (unbeknownst to me) and I reciprocated with a few kisses of my own. I dropped her off at home around 10 o'clock, asking her for another date the following night.

Mom was doing the wash when she asked "what on earth is on your collar?!!!", I said "that's lipstick from a girl who has almost the same name as you (my mother's name was Annie) and someday, in about four years, I am going to marry that girl!!".



After our second date, I returned to Prince Rupert where I wrote Ann a letter every day for an entire year until I returned another year later. We went out for supper with her family and then I left for Prince Rupert where I lived for another two years. Ann decided to set the date for when we would get married, April 13, 1966.

When I returned to Hardisty, we got married in a United Church in Camrose, Alberta. Ann paid for the entire wedding, insisting so; all I had to do was say "I do!". Her bouquet was made with beautiful red and white flowers. Ann's sister and cousin were bridesmaids and my nephew and brother-in-law to be, stood up for me. My favorite part of our wedding was putting her ring on her finger. Ann and I have been retired since October 28, 1992 (thirty-two years ago) and we have enjoyed life quite well, being married for fifty-eight years.

THE WEDDING

I had been transferred from Hardisty to Camrose, Alberta close to telephone automations coming in. I went there as a Supervisor and it was the Alberta Government's telephones. Allan worked in Prince Rupert, B.C. for the Federal Government Grain, eleven hundred miles away. We kept in touch by letter. Allan wrote saying he was having holidays in April or October, but he'd let me know when his holidays will be.



He wrote me a letter saying it will be April. I said "maybe we should think about getting married?" and he said "sure". So, we set the date for April 13th as he said that was his lucky number; I set up the wedding and we've been married fifty-eight years. Allan has been a great husband. We love each other more each day, and we have been together every day.

~ Love, Ann

We went back to Prince Rupert where we had our first born on March 6, 1967, a beautiful daughter named Barb and then decided to move to Medicine Hat, Alberta shortly thereafter, where both of our sons Joe and Alvin were born.



OUR DAUGHTER BARB

Barb met her husband Jim in Junior High School and started dating when they were both sixteen years old. They were married on May 5, 1990 and Barb graduated as a Licensed Practical Nurse in 1988. Barb and Jim had a daughter named Krysten who was born in Lethbridge on January 29, 1994.

They moved to Calgary in 1996 and had their son Ryan who was born on August 1, 1997.

Barb is so kind to us and does so much for us; buying groceries, paying bills on our behalf, going for x-rays, doctor's appointments and to hospitals. She is a perfect daughter and couldn't have asked for more. Thank you, Barb, for being so kind to us both.



OUR SON ALVIN

Alvin is a great son and he phones everyday to see how we are and comes to visit us. A very hard worker and has worked for the same company for 30 years. Alvin has three children: Brad, Megan and Katie who have all grown up and have gotten jobs of their own.

OUR SON JOE

Joe was born in Medicine Hat on May 24, 1969 and grew up in Taber where he received his education. He was a super nice boy and liked to play street hockey, taught his dad how to play crib, was so much fun and was always full of laughs even with all of the challenges life threw at him.

Joe volunteered his time at the Lethbridge Regional Hospital and then at the St. Michael's Auxiliary Care Centre five days a week, for sixteen years. He was one of three recipients to receive the 2004 Minister's Seniors Service Award. Joe has touched many lives over his lifetime.

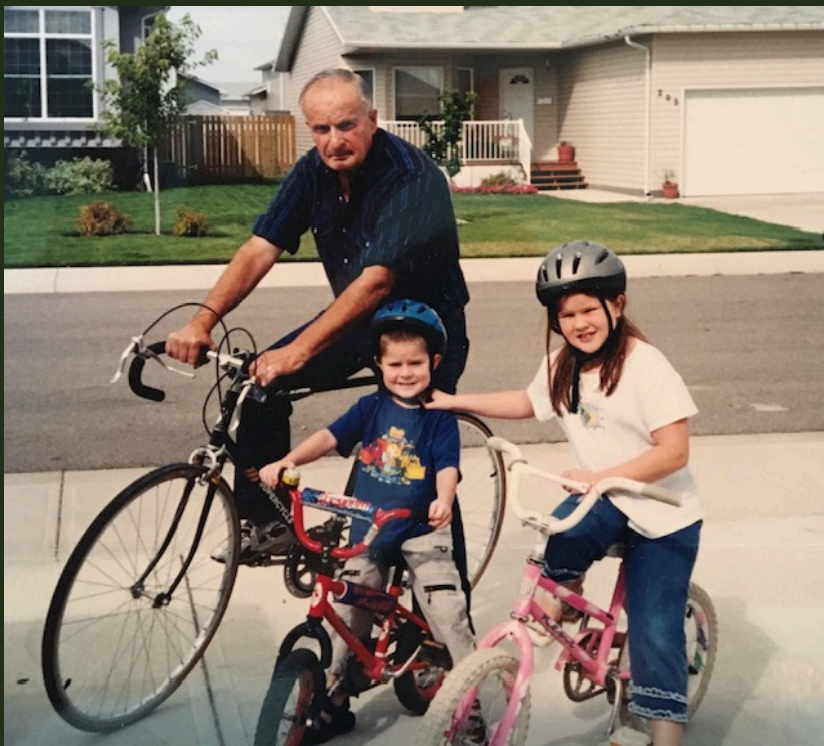
He loved playing with his nieces and nephews and enjoyed many activities such as playing cards and playing sports. He valued spending weekends with his Mom and Dad and especially enjoyed his Mom's cooking.

Joe sadly passed away on July 24, 2007. He will always be lovingly remembered and he is greatly missed.



OUR GRANDDAUGHTER KRYSTEN

Krysten... what a wonderful granddaughter who is full of fun and jolly, unselfish and just a great person. She comes to see me three to four times in the evenings a week. When she was very little, she liked to sit on my knee and steered our motorhome down the road! We have always been very close to each other and she is a real sweetheart.



OUR GRANDSON RYAN

My grandson Ryan was a great help to me. When he was little he helped me build things like this greenhouse. We spent many good times together.





For three and a half years I got a job wholesaling milk to food confectionaries, then moving to a ceramic factory where I made dishes and toilet bowls, large bowls, etc., while also being the Union Leader overseeing ninety-two people. Before leaving Medicine Hat and moving to Grassy Lakes, I was employed as Assistant Manager with Alberta Wheat Pool for another two years.

We decided to move to Taber, Alberta where for eighteen years I was the Manager of Taber Seed Cleaning Co-Op., breaking corporate records in management and in the seed cleaning business, winning the Golden Kernel Award. Ann worked for me at the plant for sixteen of those years where our kids took turns in helping us out, along with other hired help as well.







I also cleaned the grain for Jim Miklos in Wrentham, Alberta who won the World Wheat King that year. What a surprise to do! I received many nice gifts for doing so.

Every job I had, I quit after so long, learning about different work and all of the different types of people. Summing up my story, it was nothing but hard work and many long hours, most often six to seven days a week.



MY DAD

“As I sit on Dad's bed at the Hospice, I would like to write about my Dad's cancer journey from my perspective. I feel very fortunate that I have been able to be with Dad for much of his cancer journey. I remember the first time we were given the news that Dad had an aggressive form of esophageal cancer. We were all devastated, except Dad... He was so calm and accepting of the diagnosis. After the appointment we went to the airport viewing area and watched planes take off and land. We were very distracted by all of the gophers. We had some good laughs which took away some of the heaviness of the day. From that day forward, Dad dealt with his disease with grace and bravery. We sure met many wonderful, kind and caring people along the way. The first person that made a lasting impression was Dr. Mark Kerba. He was Dad's Oncologist at the Tom Baker. He and his wonderful assistant Courtney were amazing. Dad was part of a clinical trial that they managed. Dad always exceeded Dr. Kerba's expectations and they developed a great mutual respect for each other. This trial treatment prolonged Dad's life by at least nine months.

One funny story that I remember was on a day that Dad needed a CT scan at the Tom Baker Cancer Centre. We arrived and parked in the parkade and we then proceeded to the basement in the Tom Baker. Dad got changed into a gown and went for his test. When he was finished, we went to leave and he noticed that he had lost his wedding ring, he was devastated.

We looked everywhere and it was gone. We had covered so many steps in such a large hospital that we felt that it was impossible to ever find it. I left word at every desk I could to let them know what had happened. The next day, we came back to the Tom Baker to meet with Dr. Kerba and when we arrived Courtney had a surprise for Dad.. His ring!!! Someone had found it and turned it in, what a miracle! Eventually, Dad finished his treatments with Dr. Kerba. We were so grateful for the special care they had given Dad.

Dad then spent a lot of his days in his lazy boy chair watching the airplanes fly over his and Mom's house. He got a bit stronger and enjoyed his visits with homecare nurses. He had made a great friend in his neighbors Art and Meina. Art was over a lot and visited with Dad. Eventually, Dad had to be hospitalized at the South Health Campus. Again, the wonderful care Dad received from the doctors and nurses was greatly appreciated. When the time came that Dad needed to be moved to Hospice, we were very fortunate that a bed became available at Southwood Hospice. This place is amazing. The funny thing is .. Dad always talks about being born on the thirteenth, getting married on the thirteenth and even his parking stall has thirteen in it. Guess what room was offered to him?.. Room 513. It was meant to be!

Dad has discovered a second family here. They just love him and even call him Papa.



The nurses are always visiting him, and he is always so thankful and pleasant to them and they to him. He even made them his famous bread pudding. They loved it!

Through this whole journey, I have been so impressed with the way Dad has dealt with everything. He has stayed positive and seems quite content to sit in his new lazy boy recliner that he got for his room and listens to his music. He loves his daily visits from Mom, Krysten and I. He can still beat me at crib too!!."

~ Love, Barb

MY GRANDPA

"I have so many memories with my Grandpa , from having a pizza box fight to picking and shelling one million bowls of peas. My favorite memory that I have when I was little is my Grandpa would pretend to sneeze and shoot his teeth out of his mouth across the room and I would get so scared that I would run and hide under the table. I am so grateful that I have been able to make so many memories with my Grandpa and no matter what, he will live on in the stories that we get to tell others about him. We have become very close in the last few years. He taught me so many things, the latest is how to play crib and we have spent many of nights playing games over and over, just having the greatest time. Whenever I see snap dragons, I smile because I will always remember that growing up there were about one hundred snapdragons growing in their backyard. I have always been envious of the green thumb that my Grandparents have that clearly did not get passed down to me. I am so happy that he is my Grandpa and I love him very much."

~ Love, Krysten



MY GRANDPA

“Some things that I remember about my Grandpa growing up are having me over to their house in Lethbridge. I remember helping with building a greenhouse. I also remember he was always down to get Little Caesars Pizza and it was funny, when we were done eating the pizzas, my sister and I would chase each other around the back yard. I remember, we would always drive around and go to his friends houses and hang out.

Doing all that is what I will remember about my Grandpa, growing up and always having a good time going to his place and enjoying the moments together.

These are things that will always be remembered.”



~ Love, Ryan

MY FATHER-IN-LAW

“I first met Al in the mid-eighties when I started dating his daughter Barb. Time has continued to march forward. Barb and I got married and one granddaughter and grandson came along. Al has a special bond with both grand kids and spent a lot of time with each of them doing many different things from building playhouses riding bikes and many different games as they were growing up. The bond is still there today with Al, Krysten and Ryan. It has been 40 years since I first met Al and over those years, we have shared many conversations on different topics.



I have learned that he has a passion for growing things and taking them from a seed to a flourishing flower, a tasty tomato with his special green thumb you can't beat fresh vegetables grown in the garden he would say, and I agree with him.

The models that he builds from memory about farming, cattle, horses, wagons and the Taber Seed plant that he managed for many years shows that he has a true love for the land and growing things from a seed and my thoughts are that he builds these models as it reminds him of this passion he has and to show friends and family his creations.

These are a small number of memories that I have of Al over the years."

~ Love, Jim





DEAR FRIENDS

Friendship has always been a part of my life, meeting new people while working in different jobs, etc.



Thanks to all who have supported me in my lifetime, giving some very good advice and so much happiness along the way.



TO ALLAN WITH LOVE

“During our lives Helen and I had an opportunity and pleasure to be friends with very special people. Amongst the most special, are Allan and Ann Alderdice whom we met through Allan’s brother Frank. Allan like Frank, gave us the opportunity to share friendships with sincere, caring and kind souls. This friendship helped carry us through many aspects of life; happy, sad, health and illness. We shared these aspects and mutual supports of our friendship for over twenty years. As time passes, we appreciate and cherish the gifts of friendship, kindness and unconditional support. We are so honored to have special people like Frank, Allan and Ann in our lives. God bless them.”

~ Ted and Helen Korczak

“Allan is very organized, community minded, honest and kind, and always punctual. You can count on him. He is the only person we know that built a sling shot to scare the rabbit in the lettuce patch. He gave Roy stuff like a stove, fridge, t.v. and belt buckle. When he went in for his hip operation he phoned and said he had a good soup bone. We marveled at his creations he made out of cardboard, like complete farmsteads, kept up with the farming community.”

~ Roy and Ann Kormos

“To my friend Al: What a privilege it is to put into writing my thoughts about this wonderful man Allan Alderdice. I first met Al and Ann when Roy and Ann Kormos brought them along to our farm for a picnic. In that brief meeting I knew these were special people. In 2011 when we moved to Lethbridge, I got to know Al a whole lot better, who lived in Eagle Ridge. I soon discovered that Al was a no nonsense type of guy. He loved his wife Ann dearly. Before his retirement, he operated a Seed Cleaning Plant where the farmers knew in no uncertain terms that the grain had to be delivered and picked up on designated times; no excuses. He definitely believed that a person should work for a pay cheque. No handouts. However, a person in need should receive a hand up. Al had no tolerance for laziness or stupidity, no patience for government overreach and frivolous spending. In his Eagle Ridge complex, he was elected to look after the exterior maintenance and it looked top notch. To this day, residents comment on how great Al was at taking care of that area. No procrastinating or cheap fixes. His flower and vegetable patch in his backyard was a treat for the eyes. The Dodge Journey was always clean and in top notch shape. Hospitality and courtesy came natural to him. He is an organized man. When he was diagnosed with Cancer it was a sad time. Al put everything humanly possible in order. To this day, Al keeps in touch with brief, direct and respectful conversations. This world needs more people like Al. Yes, Allan Alderdice loves his family, his friends and mankind. I am truly blessed to be one of them. Al, may God continue to be with you as you journey through this life.”

~ Your friend, John Weing

"I would like to say thank you for being kind to me Allan and family. I appreciate the kindness and making me feel like family all of these years."

~ Juanita Alderdice

"I just want to tell you what a pleasure it is to have met you. When you and Ann came to see me after you moved to Calgary we hit it off instantly. That connection we had is not easy with everyone. The way you hold Ann's hand is so sweet. You are the most kind, soft spoken, caring man I've ever met. You love openly, and you wear your heart on your sleeve and are not afraid to show it.

Al, I am so amazed at the beautiful marriage you and Ann have. I love the stories you have shared with me over the years. You are a true testament of how a real man should treat his wife and family. Al, I now know what characteristics in a man I will be searching for. I have enjoyed our time, talking on the phone, visiting you and Ann at your apartment, eating Little Caesars Pizza and McDonald's milkshakes. With all of that, you have been nothing but kind to me. I am nothing but grateful to both you and Ann for our beautiful friendship and what impact you have had on my life.

Al, I want you to know how much you will be missed and never forgotten."

~ Love Leanne

“As a long time friend of Allan Alderdice and all of the Alderdice family, I am saddened that Allan faces significant health challenges.

My first impression of Allan was when he applied for the position of Seed Plant Manager at the Taber Seed Cleaning Co-op which I was at the time, Board Chairman. The Co-op affairs were not in the best shape at this period of time and our quality issues had flagged so we really needed someone who could take a good bite into the operation and turn things around. Allan did not disappoint; he understood seed and respected the fact that all crops started from a single seed and only the best seeds should be planted. He skillfully used the equipment and staff at his disposal to sort only the best and purest seed true to crop kind. Allan and often with the help of his wife Ann, delivered much effort to make the operation of the Co-op go smoothly. He had very good customer and organizing skills. His efforts elevated the quality of seed for farmers from a surrounding area and with his expertise he was often called upon to judge at seed fairs, for example, the Lethbridge Seed Fair. Allan's habits were notable as he threw his heart and soul into his job, often working longer hours than normal to keep our customers happy. Allan was a very hard worker and over the years became a very good friend! We all missed his presence when he retired. Allan can rest easy as it can be said "Allan Alderdice made a difference."

~ My sincerest thoughts, Lawrence and Wilma Barany

“Al, As promised, I'm sitting down to write a few things to you. I thought this would be easy, but find that it is much more challenging than I expected. What goes through my mind is many memories. And I got to say, they are all good memories.

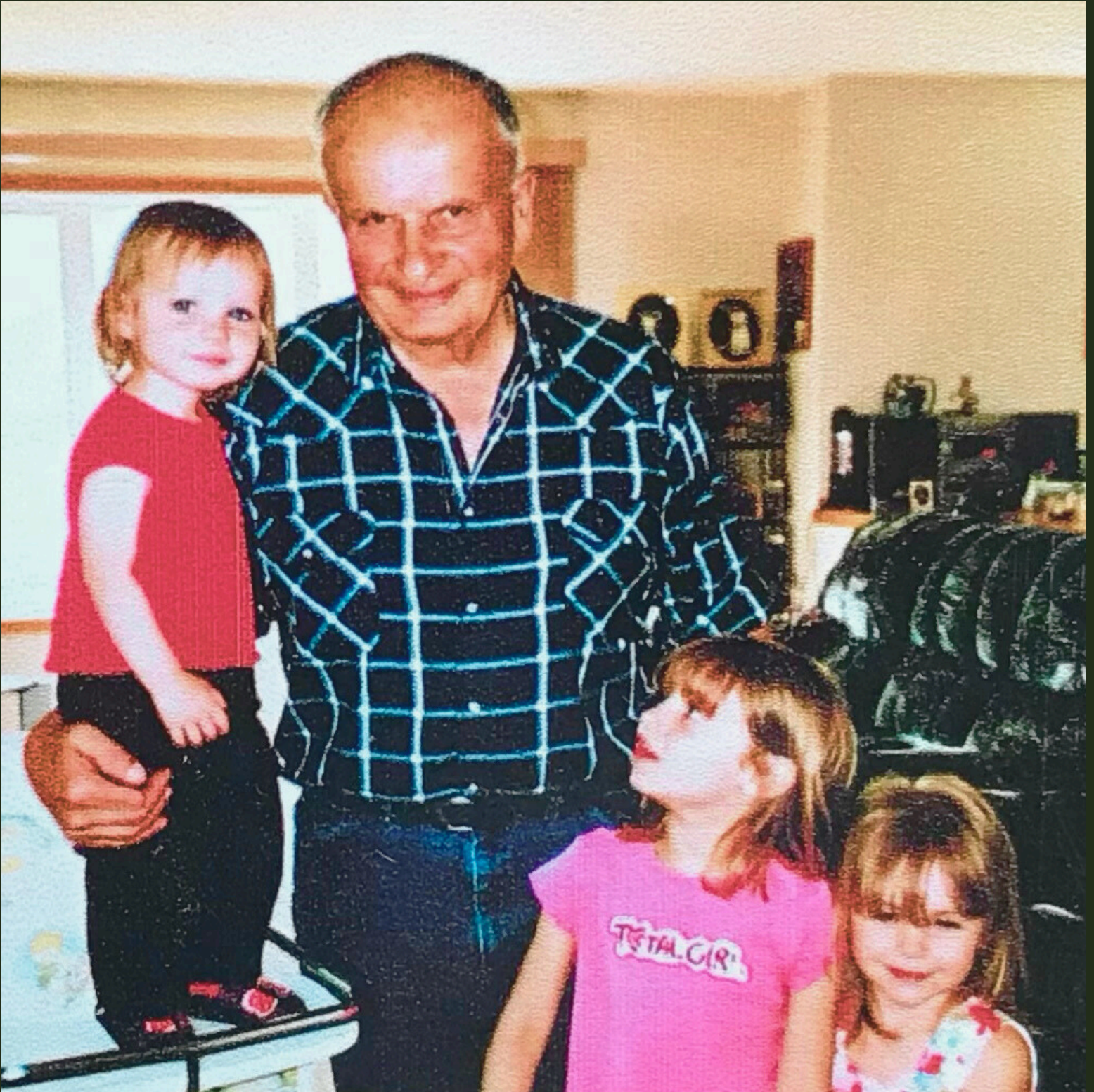
When I first met you and Ann, I knew right away that you were very caring people. You and Ann wore your heart on your sleeves and told me how much your family meant to you. I recall the excitement you two would have when you found out you would be seeing your kids or grandchildren. I remember fondly the care and concern you had for Joe. Barb and Alvin were always part of any conversation related to family.

You are a role model in how to take care of your wife. You care for Ann in a way that many men would never be able to. You always made sure she was at your side and put her needs first. I can still picture the two of you walking down Mt. Alderson street holding hands.

I asked Taylor, Sidney, and Claire to give me some of their favorite memories of you and Ann. Taylor, of course, reminded me that you and her are best friends forever. This was a deal you two made when she was around 4 years old. Whenever we were together this forever friendship was discussed and confirmed that it was still ongoing.

Continued on next page...

Claire remembered the hours of playing Lego at your house. Sidney's good memory of you and Ann was Saskatoon picking and you helping the girls to make buckets around their waist.



Continued on next page...

Other pleasant memories were flying kites with Taylor and Sidney. The kite was so high it ran out of string and got away. You, Ann, Taylor, and Sidney ran after it into the other development and found the kite. You all thought it would go through a window, but it landed on a barbed-wire fence on the end of Riverstone. Another memory was having many visits for coffee, of course with a piece of pie or cake. All the kids remember your world famous bathtub pancakes. And don't forget, the kids would always want to end a visit with a shuffleboard game.

Your garden was always done so well and you two could grow anything. We would come over and look at the flowers and the garden. The kids would eat many strawberries. We would usually leave with a bouquet of flowers that Ann would send wrapped in a wet paper towel.

Taylor, Sidney, and Claire have grown up knowing you and Ann as very special people in their lives. My Dad met you once in a store and he said to you that he was happy that the girls had another set of "Grandparents". We have been truly blessed to have you and Ann in our lives. Al, our family will miss you dearly."

~ Love, Wendy, Trevor, Taylor, Sidney, and Claire

“Al was such a good friend of mine and my husband, Stan Foreman. I walked by Al and Ann’s home everyday from my workplace, the U of L and I would stop by many times to say hello. Al and Ann were so good to me and they insisted I visit, which I did and they loved my beloved Stan too.

They met Stan when purchasing some carpet (I believe); Stan had already moved back to Medicine Hat and I was finishing off work at the University. I was thinking of purchasing a new car but Al gave me good advice and said no, wait until you get back to Medicine Hat. I listened to his sound advice.

I popped in many times after work and also had supper with them on many occasions. They were so hospitable and such wonderful friends.

I just pray for them now, and ask the precious Holy Spirit to visit Al’s heart and show him the price Jesus paid for his salvation. Jesus answers prayers and we are trusting him to bring our dearest friend Al to himself. Love to all of you.”

~ Bea Foreman

A life well lived, a story to tell
Full of memories, both good and swell
Where love and laughter linger on
And joy and happiness are never gone.

It's very fitting that Al should be writing a book about the stories that have made up his life, because that is what all our memories of Al (and Ann) centre on - stories, jokes, music and laughter. Visiting the Alderdice's, who lived right across the street from us for many years, meant enjoying the stories of Al's adventures as a young boy setting off to make his way, about the beautiful love story of how he met, married and created a life with Ann, and the lessons learned in a life well lived. Al was always ready to share a good joke and could always make you laugh if you were having a tough day. He was kind, caring and loving to us and our kids, and was our neighborhood teacher, babysitter and Santa Claus. He never forgot a birthday or anniversary, and truly became like a second family to us.

A life well-lived, with family and friends
Where every relationship never ends
With moments shared and bonds so strong
And every journey taken with a song

We will always look back fondly at the friendship we shared with Al - his legacy will live on in the stories we share. We love you Al ❤️

~ Mark, Tanya, Dylan and Eden Fischer









Life is ending in a very enjoyable way for me, thank you.

As my Doctor would say ..

“Allan, you’re one tough nut!”

A special thanks to Ann my wife, for helping and
working with me for all of these years.



THANK YOU FOR READING
THIS STORY OF MINE

JULY 2024