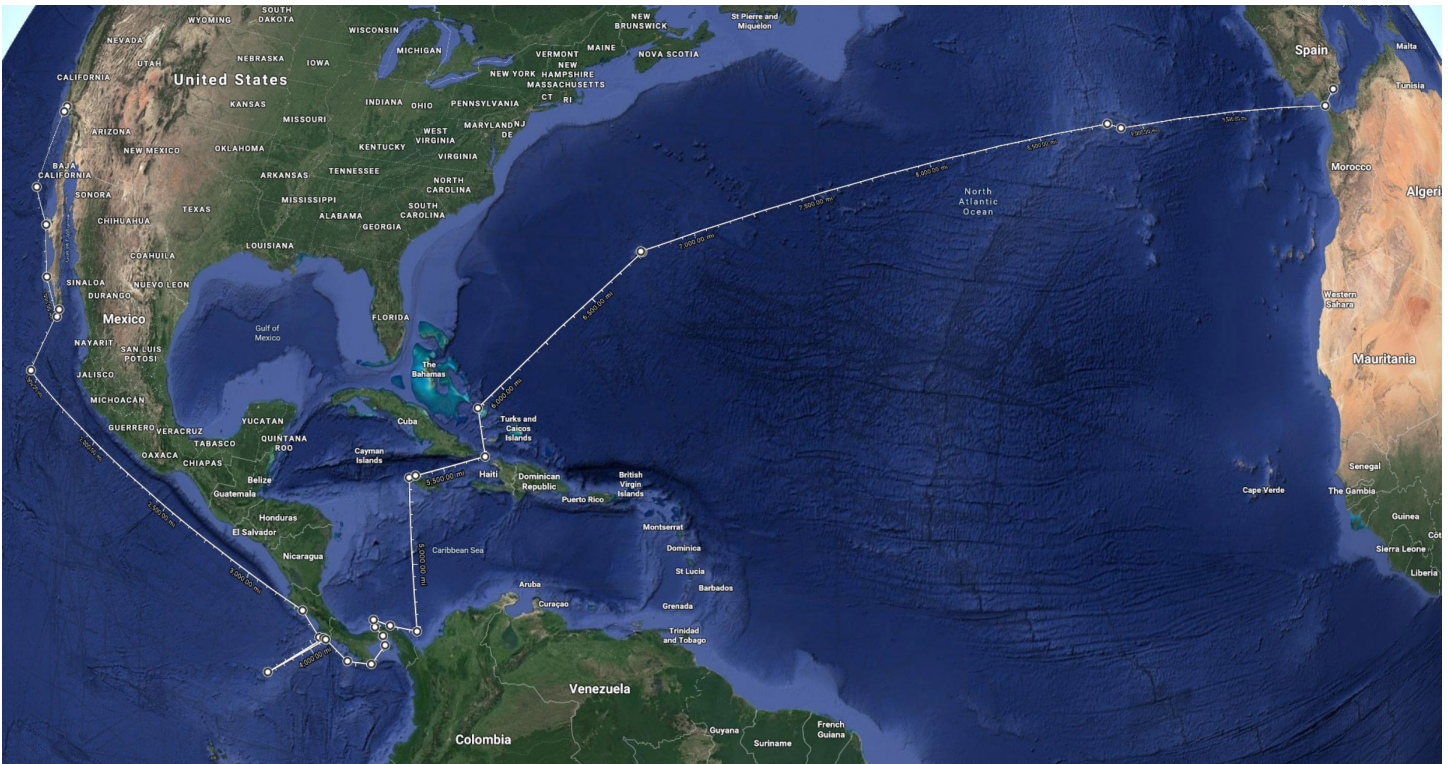


VOYAGE IN PRINCIPITO

AFTERWORD

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VOYAGE FROM SANTA BARBARA CALIFORNIA to MOTRIL SPAIN



| SERENDIPITOUS ACT No 1 |

| SERENDIPITY |

Defined as: ..the occurrence and development of events by chance in a happy or beneficial way.

A note on Luck or Chance used in the definition:

“**Luck**” is what you need when betting on horses or when you don’t try hard enough. It assumes you have come out on top. You can only claim it once you’ve won.

“**Chance**”, on the other hand, is open ended, it can go either way. You may lose or you may win but you have some part in it by your effort! It can be given to you!

“**Luck**” does not exist without “**Chance**”.

“**Serendipity**” is fateful. It’s the course that events and people are conspiring in to make things work out!

"I had Chance and I was Lucky but it was Serendipity that allowed me to venture over the edge" [Y 2019]

This is the story about the people and events that conspired to make this possible!

"GRATIA PLENA"

Born straddling two worlds, two religions, two languages, two cultures. I very quickly realized that my life was going to unfold in a non-linear fashion and that patience and a sense of humor would serve me better than being rigid and angry. It took me a long time to figure that out, however.

As mentioned I had 2 sets of parents. My birth parents whom I identified as my mother and father and my adoptive parents I called mom and dad.

My father whom I never met, left my mother when I was three to start a new life I knew not where. At the end of the voyage upon returning to California I stopped in Montreal and met with my mother.

I grew up knowing my mother, my brother and sister but did not live with them. My aunt and uncle, volunteered to take me in. Life does not get more

My mom was an English speaking Protestant from Toronto and my dad a French speaking Catholic from Montreal. Neither one of them could speak the other’s language, when they met, which made for some interesting misunderstandings.

I spoke English with my mom and French with my dad at home. We lived in Beaurepaire, a predominantly English speaking area of the West end of the Island of Montreal. My friends therefore, when I was home, were mostly English speaking. It was decided, wisely I believe, that I should attend school in the French, Catholic School Board System. Montreal had 2 School Boards based, solely, on Catholic