

# ‘God’s plan’

If you can remember my first blog post you’ll know that my grandfather passed away in the beginning of the year. He loved fishing and traveled all over the world to pursue his passion. One of his favorite places to go was the Gourmet Salmon Lodge in Gaspé, Quebec, Canada to catch salmon. He would reserve the lodge for a month over the summer for the past several summers. I was fortunate enough to go with him on one of his last expeditions with my uncle and cousin for a few days.



My grandmother wanted to visit the place my grandfather loved so much so we planned to go up for a few days. For Christmas my grandfather gifted my cousin and I the opportunity to go to Canada with him this summer. This short expedition would fulfill our opportunity. The last time I went we drove with my grandfather (about 21 hours) then flew back while he stayed a few more weeks.



This time, we would fly there and back. We only planned to take three flights there and land on the same day; that wouldn’t be the case. The first two flights to get us to Quebec City went flawless. No problems with security, customs, or flight delays. The adventure began when we boarded the flight from Quebec City to Gaspé. About 20 minutes away from landing we were told that there was heavy fog and we would circle around in hopes that the fog would disappear; it didn’t. The next stop for the plane was the Magdalen Islands (Îles de la Madeleine) so that’s where we headed. The pilot came on the speaker with the same fog message. Frustration began developing from most people on the flight. It was about 11p.m. at this point and we were running low on fuel. Our “alternate [airport]” was Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada. About an hour later we landed there to be greeted with confusion. We thought we were staying there for the night and leaving in the morning but it turned out that they had to refuel and leave because the airport and surrounding areas were all closed. Next stop: Montreal, a two hour flight back, passing where we

originally came from.

In the morning we boarded a flight from Montreal to the Madgalen Islands and minutes before landing I saw something that seemed to tie everything together. A lone, white cross stood atop a large, grassy hill. I wasn't able to grab my camera to snap a picture but the sight brought comfort. It was like a sign that said "this was God's plan."



About an hour later we landed in Gaspé and spent most of the day driving around the town. The following day we fished in the morning, and though we didn't catch any salmon, I did have a bite and my dad caught two trout. Nonetheless, we had a great time and much needed relaxation from day-to-day activities.

Many thanks to Norbert, Doug, Ivy, Lorn, and Al for providing us a great couple days and reminding us of the countless days you spent with my grandfather.

