

Chapter 7 RIP Douglas W. Pike Feb 1929 - Jul 2020

Edwin's redemption-Constance's evil plan defeated A precious last day for Edwin (Douglas) & Lizzie (Jennifer)
Excerpts from "Redemption" as yet unpublished (by Elizabeth's request out of respect for her dad while he was alive)
Imagine you have just 24hrs alone with your dad, before he disappears for 24 years - then forever. What will you do?

2006: *Conversations en-route to Panama, by road, 11,000km from Vernon, BC, Canada:* "But Lizzie... you ended things with your dad on a high-note. I mean, as well as could be expected given what we've been up against. Not many daughters ever get to be there for their dad's redemption and Lizzie, on the last day you ever saw him, 9y ago, that's exactly what happened!" Nicholas remarked "True Nicholas ... that was a super-dramatic day! It started out so badly, but ended up so well – I thank God his wife was not there! Her evil plans for that final day would have interfered with God's plan! Ironically it was in her plan that he'd come to see us alone – so she wasn't there to derail the day's dramatic conclusion!" Lizzie said "She did not see that day's miraculous events coming - mind you neither did my dad or any of us!"

"Phew!" Nicholas said "I never expected him to arrive like that on a Sunday afternoon – unannounced, from so far away, and alone ... but even more surprising to me was his opening line "I should have come here to kill you today – but instead I'm warning you to stop looking into my wife's past. I'm duty-bound to protect her good-name ... at any cost!"

"Luckily I was listening in on the conversation from just within the front door, which was slightly open as you stood there to greet him!" Lizzie said, remembering how shocked she was hearing her dad threaten her husband, dad of her sons, and resort to such drastic measures anyway?

"Lizzie, I've rarely seen you that cross!" Nicholas laughed "You didn't hesitate – you instantly burst out at him, shouting "How dare you make such an evil threat!" adding "He was stunned! He'd thought it was just him and me, so there would be no witnesses –it would be his word against mine... I kind of doubt he'd ever have wanted his daughter to hear him say something so evil!" Nicholas now remarked, adding "I doubt he'd thought that plan up. I mean, I cannot imagine him wanting anyone dead, but she's often done so! We've witnessed her musings."

"Fortunately I did hear him –so the next hour or so was able to unfold according to God's plans for the day–not mothers!" Lizzie replied, adding "He rebuked me, saying that I should not call him evil, so I kind of softened it a bit by saying that he may not be purely evil – but he'd sure done a lot of very bad things by obeying her evil commands!" Lizzie said "and that he really should stop doing that kind of stuff for her!"

“He knew you were right Lizzie, that’s why he did not try to rebuke you again but instead turned to me, asking what it was that I’d found out about his wife that was making her so upset?” adding “I mean he really didn’t know, but assumed the worst. He was there following her orders to shut me up – one way or the other! But I called his bluff. I knew him well enough to think that killing me, even on her orders, was just not going to be his first option. Trying to shut me up by threatening me was his preferred choice! He’s not that brave and not a cold-blooded killer!”

“Still, you were taking a risk Nicholas – and after that day, I ensured that would never happen again! You’re the love of my life Nicholas – I couldn’t let her hate destroy our family! That was a worrying sign... we were being allowed to see the tip of the iceberg - of her evil plans, and with what we would find out about her after that –really it’s just as well I got you to then take evasive action!” Lizzie reiterated “Just as well!”

“Yes Lizzie, we were definitely being warned that she was so angry that she would sacrifice even her husband to shut me up – permanently, to save her ‘so-called’ perfect reputation!” Nicholas said “Her secrets we’d just barely begun to uncover were downright frightening, definitely evil! There’s no other word more appropriate! Your dad was shocked too!”

Nicholas said “But that was the catalyst for his redemption – I have to believe God had that all planned long in advance - His mercy in action!”

Lizzie grimaced, remembering what came next, then she smiled at the thought of how well that day ended! Edwin turned to Nicholas, asking “What did your investigations uncover that has my wife so angry? It’s my job to protect her ‘good-name’, so be careful, above all be respectful!”

“Well, it took some time ... but we’ve figured out how your family got to live in 27 1st Ave, and how your best friend really died and how you then got his job as the President (managing-director) - and I’m a bit surprised that you never knew any of the details behind all of that?” Nicholas said.

“My best friend committed suicide, Nicholas. I got his job because I had deserved it – that’s exactly what happened!” Edwin said. “What on earth has my wife got to do with any of that? Why would she worry?” he asked

“Mr. Smythe ...” Nicholas began “It wasn’t quite that simple! You see, after your best friend - the president of Western Tanning, lost his little boy to Leukemia, his wife became an alcoholic and cheated on him with a local mechanic – so in the little town of Wellington, she was disgraced and took off, abandoning him and the two little girls –but he still had you - his best friend, for support and could have made it through that crisis, if not for your wife’s very calculated intervention!” Nicholas said.

“What do you mean Nicholas? Please explain!” Edwin asked, suddenly perplexed, as it dawned on Elizabeth and Nicholas that he really did not know the truth! But Constance and Aaron Searle knew – so did Lizzie!

“I found out from Elizabeth that your wife then instigated a swap of your family’s home for his mansion – which pushed his wife over the edge ... she had to give up the best home in Wellington for your home, 17 York St. which was nice – but, really, clearly not nearly as nice as 27 1st Ave!”

“Yes, we did swap homes – but that’s what Lawrence wanted!” Edwin explained “Their home had too many bad memories – their little boy was sick and died there ... his marriage fell apart there.” Edwin insisted.

“But a straight-exchange Mr. Smythe? I’ve been back there with my parents and we went to both homes – we were invited in, given tea there and that was not in any way a fair exchange!” Nicholas emphasized.

“Maybe not – but what has this all got to do with my wife anyway?”

“Actually, it was just one part of her plan to rise to the top in that town. It was her idea and truth be known, she hated Lawrence! He’d taken you away from her and your family to go drink at the golf-club, almost every day,” he replied, adding “Soon after Hattie repeatedly got very ill!”

“Maybe ... she was not happy about that, but Lawrence did need a lot of support right then, and I was his only friend. I felt the need to be there for him to support him in his grief!” adding “If not me ... who else?”

“But that didn’t stop her from taking his home and then also actively planning, actually plotting his downfall, Mr. Smythe!” Nicholas said.

“Nicholas – be careful what you say ... you have no proof!” Edwin now said, looking most uncomfortable and beginning to get indignant, angry.

“Please bear with me Mr. Smythe... I think you’ll see where this is all going, soon enough!” he said “Do you recall you went on an overseas trip to recover from the bad investment Lawrence made on cow-hides?” he asked “To see Lawrence’s old friend who’d bail him out of trouble?”

“Yes, I do ... but what’s that got to do with things?” he said, confused.

“Well, before you got on the plane ... behind your back your wife called the owner of the tannery and filled him in on what Lawrence had done – you must have confided in her, and also told him that Lawrence was destroying the tannery and that you’d be the best man as president – and you would save the tannery!” Nicholas said, adding quickly – as Edwin tried to interrupt “That all lead to Lawrence being demoted, clearly soon to be fired –and she made it look, to Lawrence, as if you’d betrayed him and stuck the knife in his back – he just had no way of knowing it was her! That’s why you had the huge fight with Lawrence at the Cape Town Airport just before leaving – he thought it was you!”

Nicholas said, motioning a restless Edwin to wait, that there was more “And with his only friend’s betrayal, his little boy dead, his wife gone, his home lost and only a life insurance policy to depend on for income at his age, he then went back and – it would seem, committed suicide in your

master bedroom, while your flight had already left – on the way to meet with George Colton to try and save your old friend’s job and his life!” but now unable to listen to Nicholas anymore, Edwin angrily interrupted...

“You’re a liar Strauss! You’re a bloody liar!” Edwin shouted angrily.

Nicholas just looked at him, unfazed, then said “Mr. Smythe ... there’s your daughter” turning now to point to Elizabeth “Ask her what your wife did behind your back, she knows exactly what happened!” He said.

“Lizzie... is any of this true? Did mom really interfere behind my back to bring about any – or worse yet, all of this?” Edwin asked her, pleading.

“Yes daddy...it’s true...I came home from high school to find mom on the phone to Aaron Searle, the owner of the tannery, and listened to her tell him everything Nicholas has told you – she did get uncle Lawrence fired, as President, and you then got his old job because of her. But when the owner demoted him, it’s obvious that he didn’t tell uncle Lawrence that it was mom that had betrayed him, so he naturally concluded it had to have been you who’d done that to him ... that you’d wanted to take his job, not just his home, and at his age, in failing health, with everything that had gone against him – now seemingly you too, mom’s actions were definitely the primary catalyst for his death – suspicious as that was at the time! I recall that she was very proud of what she’d done! Realizing that I’d overheard her conversation - after she placed the receiver down to end the call, she turned to me, saying “Elizabeth... you’re not to ever mention what you’ve heard here! You’ll have to do this for your husband one day, my dear, they don’t have the guts to do it for themselves or for their wives or families! Daddy ...” Lizzie continued, watching as Edwin sat slumped over, tears flowing down his cheeks as the cruel reality set in... “Though I’ve seen you do some really nasty things for mother, I just have to believe you’d never have betrayed your old best friend - or for that matter have killed my husband, for her, here, today!” she added, watching Edwin now sitting there, his head down in his hands, sobbing, almost out of control... then added “I just know that you’re not that evil, daddy!” Elizabeth, then turned, motioning to Nicholas, saying “Please Nicholas hurry, get dad a beer, he clearly really needs it to calm down!”

Nicholas was pleased for the respite ... this was terribly sad - dramatic! Edwin instantly believed Lizzie – for he knew Lizzie would not lie to him about all or any of this! Now it all made perfect sense to him! He’d never been able to understand the very strange events of those days – it just didn’t make perfect sense to him, at the time – but now it suddenly did! Soon Nicholas returned with a beer for Edwin...finding Lizzie sitting next to Edwin with him still crying, Elizabeth trying to console him. He knew this was not the place for him right now. He went into the house leaving father and daughter alone there, to sort through the aftermath of these dramatic revelations. In hindsight, he had no idea of what was to come!

Lizzie opened the beer and gave it to her dad, urging him to drink some of it first to calm him down, still with her arms around his shoulders, trying to console him in his grief. His best friend had committed suicide, feeling betrayed, cursing him, neither of them knowing what Constance had done behind their backs ... or that she'd coolly engineered it all!

After he'd calmed down a bit, Lizzie spoke "Daddy, there is a way out of this mess for you ... one that both Nicholas and I have used too ... and it's time you listen to me... to God... to your conscience and this time - not to mother!" she said, not letting him speak yet "You really need to repent for anything you've done -both here today and in the past, that God's not happy about... and you need to ask for God's forgiveness for all those things, and Daddy ... the way to do that is for you to accept the sacrificial death of His Son, Jesus, and to beg God to wash your sins away and give you another chance - a chance to live a very different life from the one you've been leading. Daddy ... are you willing to say the sinners prayer with me now and accept Jesus as your savior... and promise God that you'll never allow yourself to do any more evil that mother yet may demand of you?" Elizabeth asked him now.

"Yes Lizzie, I'm finally ready to do that ... please go ahead, but I don't know how to pray" Edwin replied, so sitting there with her arms around her dad - him still sobbing, his beer still in his hand, Lizzie reassured him with a hug, then led her dad through the sinner's prayer. As Lizzie prayed the prayer, one phrase at a time, and Edwin, meekly as a lamb, repeated her words: *"God our Father, I believe that out of Your infinite love You created me. In thousands of ways I have shunned Your love and tested your patience. I repent of each and every one of my sins. Please forgive me. Thank You for sending Your Son Jesus to die for me, to save me from an eternal death sentence which we all deserve. I choose, this day, to enter into a covenant with You, and to place Jesus at the center of my life. I surrender to Him as Lord and Savior, over my whole life. I ask You now to flood my soul with the gift of the Holy Spirit, so that my life may be transformed and that I may no longer do any wicked things, to hurt anyone, especially my daughter and her family, on my own volition or at my wife's insistence. Please give me the grace and courage to honor this commitment for the rest of my days on earth. In Jesus name I pray to You, Father. Amen"*

Edwin had humbly asked for God's forgiveness and also accepted Jesus as his Savior! Even though Constance had used her powers - the sinister hold she had over him, to get Edwin to do and say so many wicked things to Elizabeth, Nicholas and their family, throughout the years ... Elizabeth, his daughter - the one Constance had so callously discarded, was now blessed by God to be the one to lead her own dad into a new life and on to redemption... Publically, willingly, humbly, before God and his favorite daughter at age 68, Sunday Aug 24th, 1997. Until his death in 2020 at 91-1/2, he honored his commitment to never again hurt Elizabeth or her family again. No doubt he was commanded to do so often, in those 24yrs by Constance, but never again obeyed her!

His Redemption was real, and without any doubt, Edwin is in Heaven! Constance, unchanged, is not headed there, so will never again see him, unless (that's really up to her alone) she repents and does what he did.

Nicholas reappeared with his camera to take a photo of the two of them – not knowing what had just happened there! He'd thought it was just a nice photo of Lizzie & her dad – also the first one of them finally warmly hugging each other! Imagine if you can, Elizabeth, 19y married, mom of 2 boys, now almost 41! It just doesn't get any better than that! Now that Edwin's gone home, leaving Constance all alone in the world, there is no harm telling this story, since she cannot work on Edwin, ever again, to get him to reverse his decision and break his solemn covenant with God. In fact she may never ever see any of them again, here or in Heaven. *If you look carefully, his eyes still have tears in them, as do Lizzie's ... but clearly Elizabeth's very elated!*



<https://amongfriends.us/animations/DouglasSalvation.mp4>

Chapter 8

When you know you've got less than 24 hours to wrap things up – for life!

Lizzie told Nicholas what had happened... and so he held out his hand in reconciliation and forgiveness to Edwin, saying... "Welcome to the family, Mr. Smythe – and please, do stay the rest of the day – and also sleep here tonight. I'll make us all a BBQ and I've got more cold beers!" he said – "But first, please come inside and pose with Lizzie under the painting of her -called 'Born again'...you both are now! Please imagine you're giving Elizabeth away, to me, on her wedding day...That and what's happened here today will stay with Elizabeth forever as the most cherished moments with her dad –and I think we all know that you two may now never be allowed to see each other ever again, so let's make this last 24hrs really count! So they all went into Mayfair - their big old stone-faced home on their acreage in Bears paw, on the border of the city of Calgary. What would you do if you knew you only had one last precious day with your dad?

On that final day, while Lizzie was in the kitchen preparing the sides for the BBQ, Edwin & Nicholas had some time alone to chat – Edwin was still clearly distraught about what he'd discovered ... so he asked Nicholas "Something's always bothered me Nicholas – in your investigations did you find out what happened to Lawrence's two little girls, Bridgette and Ingrid? I've always worried that they ended up orphans and had a terrible life!" Edwin confided to him over his beer.

"Yes Mr. Smythe, when we finally pieced together the puzzle, Lizzie and I were horrified at that same thought! We could not rest till we'd found them both -that took long, but with the help of Lawrence's cousin Clive, who worked at Western Tanning, we got enough clues to finally track them down! We found them, and their mother – living in Port-Elizabeth, your old home-town and Lizzie's birthplace. I'd thought we'd needed to find the girls to give them closure - to explain to what frame of mind their dad was in when he effectively abandoned them, making them instant orphans – but oddly it was his ex-wife who couldn't stop thanking us enough!"

"Oh my goodness Nicholas...why was that?" Edwin inquired.

"Well, without any of them knowing what really happened to precipitate those sad final days and all that then followed, she was blamed by all his family -and later, her daughters, when they were older plus she blamed herself for Lawrence's suicide –a natural mistaken conclusion for all of them to arrive at. Now suddenly they all knew that it was not her – he'd actually moved on from her. Now they realized that they too were victims – as were Lawrence and you, of your wife's lady Macbeth like ambitions for her husband and herself. She just couldn't stop thanking us enough for going to the expense and trouble to track them down in faraway Africa, to set the record straight." Nicholas explained.

“Thank you for that Nicholas – though you’ve now given me a whole new set of problems to have to deal with and to live with, even I’m relieved to discover that I was not to blame for Lawrence’s tragic death – given what happened back then, I too naturally blamed myself!” He sighed asking “But what about his little girls, did they adapt, recover, live nice lives?”

“Aaah, Ok, I’d not yet got to that. It turns out that Lawrence had a very rich life-insurance policy from long ago, which by then would pay out even in the case suspected suicide. So he left that to his girls and their guardian(s) along with a letter to each of them – to be opened when they were 16. Though I did not get to see those letters, his ex-wife filled me in on what he’d written – essentially he told his girls that he loved them and that he was a failure – at his age and without a job, and given his high position, unlikely ever to find a job again and in his mind he was unable to look after them. So unless they had access to his large life-insurance, they’d all face very tough times, especially since his health was failing. He’d need expensive medical treatments just to stay alive!”

“But how did his ex-wife feature in his plans for the girls?” Edwin asked.



“Lawrence wrote her too ... simply telling her that she was now to be their legal guardian, and that he’d provided the funds for them to all start over, far away from Wellington, the town in which he’s buried, in the same grave as his little boy. I could not find it, till a cemetery keeper asked if he was an ‘Uitlander?’” Did you know that?” he asked Edwin, looking for answers.

“Yes, he was cremated and buried in the same grave as his son. I was at his funeral.” Afrikaners were buried among lovely roses under shady palms. English were ‘Uitlanders’ (foreigners) buried arid sun-scorched ground, with ‘Dubbeltjies’ (thorns) around them”, he confirmed, clearing up a strange mystery that had dogged Nicholas for some time already.

“Ok then ... to complete the puzzle, his ex-wife came back to Wellington, collected the girls (and the money) and then they all disappeared. She stopped drinking, reformed – taking her responsibility as their mother seriously again, and raised them both – but never remarried or had any other children!” Nicholas said, adding “Plagued by her conscience for almost 30 years, as I later found out.”

“And what happened to the girls – I mean, did they turn out OK?” Edwin asked, still wanting to know more details, perhaps to get some peace.

“Actually Mr. Smythe, their mother confided in me that the older girl’s life turned out well – like it has for Elizabeth, but that the younger girl’s life swirled in drama!” Nicholas said “Kind of like with your daughters, Elizabeth & Hattie. I must say I found the similarity to be rather ironic!”

“Yes, that’s indeed an odd coincidence – at face value they do seem to have had the same environment shaping their lives, but Nicholas, let me assure you – that’s often an illusion... often times something unexpected happens to one of them that basically ruins their chances of ever having a normal life... that was the case for our two girls, and though I’m not going to go into anymore detail - suffice it to say that Elizabeth was the lucky one in that she did not have extra challenges foisted on her during her early years, and later for having met you ... to help her break free and live a more normal life! In case you’ve not figured this out yet, Hattie and me are really her captives, so the chances of us ever breaking free are ‘slim to none’! Please remember to tell Elizabeth that, one day—perhaps when she’s feeling sorry for herself, tell her that deep-down we both envy her freedom!” Edwin said, a wistful, faraway look in his eyes.

“Thank you Mr. Smythe. I think you know by now that I love your daughter and I’ll never stop loving her! Also that I’ll take very good care of her. If need be, I’d give my life for hers, so though we may never speak to each other again, please have peace on that issue!” Nicholas replied.

Lifting his glass with a smile, to meet Nicholas’s glass half-way, Edwin now said “Cheers to that Nicholas ... I’ll do what I can behind the scenes to protect you all, but you’ll need to be very vigilant from now on to insure your safety, also that Elizabeth’s life be as normal as possible! It’s nice that I know my daughter is in good hands ... please look after her well, also all of you! Don’t do anything to let my wife know how or where to contact you all, ever again. That would not be prudent!” Edwin warned “I’ll cause confusion to help you, when I can - as long as I live.”

“Well Mr. Smyth, as they say ‘The truth sets us free’ and I do hope, now that you understand better how your wife works on her own agenda in secret –even from you, that you will appreciate a bit what we’ve been through. We just don’t have the stomach for much more of her endless plotting and scheming, and clearly we’ve now been warned to be wary of her intentions – they’re getting more and more dangerous - you’d know that even better than we do, but I’d say it’s time for us all to disappear – to fly under her radar, so as to say, but anyway, even if we stayed here, you’d not be allowed by her to ever see any of us again, so I hope you do understand what’s about to happen ... and don’t take it too personally?”

“I’d really like it to have all been different Nicholas, but she’s not about

to change, and she's getting incensed hearing that you're snooping into her past! So you both have my blessing to disappear – I'll just have to adapt to that sad reality! That's the prudent thing to do, as she's getting desperate now and wants to win at any cost, to silence you -which must be clear to you from how this surprise visit by me, started out. I'll make sure you have time to plan a safe exit, but I can't stop her indefinitely! If she thinks she still knows where you live, especially you -are in danger!"

"We'll do that Mr. Smythe. Now I have a favor to ask" Nicholas said "You know how after disowning Lizzie – when she dragged you off to the RCMP to get them to tell us never to ever contact any of you ever again - that she was no longer your daughter ...” But Edwin interrupted.

"Nicholas, as we were leaving I pulled the RCMP officer aside asking him to please convey to Lizzie that my wife was not talking for me –that she's still my daughter and I'd like to keep some contact. Did he tell her?"

"Yes Mr. Smythe, he did. In an otherwise cruel, sad situation, Lizzie took great comfort in that!" he replied "But you still have most of Elizabeth's childhood photos, we have some slides. I fail to see why she needs them anymore? I mean, the last time we visited, she'd removed all photos of our family from their normal places in an attempt to punish Lizzie for not being 110% loyal to he – but it just made Lizzie angry! She clearly doesn't value family photos, but we do! They are, after all, photos of a girl that's no longer her daughter." Nicholas remarked "Can you please send us all of them, so Lizzie at least feels she once had a past – even if that was just a comfortable illusion, before having to endure her cruelty"

"I'll do that Nicholas – They're 35mm slides like the one's you've got, not prints, they're in a cupboard, not albums. It'll be easy for me to remove them to send them all to you!" he said "I can always feign surprise if she cannot find them later, though I doubt she'll ever look for them anyway"

"Thank you Mr. Smyth!" Nicholas replied "Please send them to me – I have a secret project underway to rebuild images of Lizzie's youth, every year, to make sure she actually still feels that she had a past with some of the fonder memories – ones that your wife is now trying to erase to punish her. I was there for part of her childhood, at least from age 15 onwards. I know there were happier times – maybe not for Hattie, but certainly for Elizabeth! I've met some of her family and they're nice folk."

"I'm very glad that you do these kinds of things for Elizabeth, to support her emotionally, Nicholas! Clearly my wife's agenda's to destroy her self-confidence and independence, then gather-up the broken pieces and get her to live in subservience to her, always praising her, never trying to stand up to her, ever again -but in the process, she'll be required to get rid of you and the boys, like Hattie's done and I'm being forced to do too! That's basically what Hattie and I are stuck living with, so please cut us

some slack. It's way tougher for us than it's been for Elizabeth! We don't dare rock the boat!" Edwin replied somberly "She makes it too painful!"

"Phew, Mr. Smythe, you have my sympathy!" Nicholas said, then asked "I have one more question, why did you write letters to relatives implying Elizabeth has mental problems and is under psychiatric care, when you know that's never been true? Elizabeth is just fine, unlike poor Hattie."

"I was under orders, because it looked to my wife like you'd zeroed in on her most closely guarded secret. It was a preemptive strike, designed by her, to discredit anything Lizzie may reveal to our family, so they'd not take anything she said, seriously." Edwin replied "I was used to write the letters to add credibility, but she dictated the contents. I was also told to write that you'd lost Hattie custody of her son, though we'd made it clear to her lawyer and the family judge that she was an unfit mother"

"Well that was wrong and cruel! I'd hope you find a way to fix that soon. But I think we've spent too much of this precious time, all you have left, you and Lizzie -I'll go and fetch her, and also a few cold beers for us. It's time for you, Lizzie and the boys to build up precious memories before you leave again tomorrow." Nicholas said with a sigh as he got up to go.

Then just as he was going, Edwin said "By the way Nicholas, that's really a lovely oil-painting you had done of Elizabeth!" adding "It's like an old masterpiece ... it must have taken a long time for the artist to paint it, and it must have cost you a small fortune!" Edwin remarked, adding "when you get back with our beers, please tell me more about it."

Back now with cold beers for them -also for Lizzie, before Lizzie came out, Nicholas gave one to Edwin and sat down "I had the good fortune of discovering an artist who's now world famous, very sought after - before that happened. Even so the painting cost me \$7,000 and took 3 months to complete!" adding "Some of his works hang in the palaces of Saddam Hussein, and illustrate his novels. Before he became famous, I bought as many of his originals as I could afford. Now I have a collection of the very best of his art that will one day be worth millions, conservatively speaking - but time will tell?" Nicholas explained to Edwin, shrugging.

"That's a stroke of good fortune, Nicholas, but for me the nicest one of all is of my beautiful daughter Elizabeth ... he said smiling, beckoning her to come and sit between them while he poured her beer - then gave it to her, along with a warm smile. For them it was a new beginning.

"Thank you dad ... I think I'll need to drink a few of these to relax! The food's done so we can talk while Nicholas does the BBQ" Lizzie said smiling at him, saying to Nicholas "Please do both steak & sausage for us old South Africans! We all like meat, and Alberta steak is excellent!"

Nicholas got up to BBQ the meat, leaving Lizzie & Edwin much needed time alone, to wrap up any loose ends - before that opportunity was lost.

“Dad, you know we were told mom’s dad was a difficult old man – so much so that Nicholas was surprised when he met mom’s brother, uncle Basil, who over a beer, told Nicholas that he just cannot wait for the old man to die ... it seems only his daughters really cared for him! Yet when you two were to marry, he did not approve of you, threatening to disown mom if she married you. When you two went back to visit him in Africa in a nursing home, what exactly happened there?” Lizzie asked, curious.

“Elizabeth, he did relent. They even came to our wedding. So mom felt she had to go and say goodbye to him – not that there were any signs he was about to die –because, well, we lived in Canada and couldn’t go visit him often. We visited with him that afternoon - more honestly, mom did. He ignored me, even after all these years. They chatted away about all sorts of things – like kindred spirits, she was always his favorite! When we finally said goodbye, he smiled at her in a very strange way... I was a little unnerved, and while he was doing so, he wouldn’t let go of her hands. Not long after we said goodbye and left, we were notified that he’d died shortly afterwards. It came as a huge surprise, as though he was 89, he seemed fine, enjoyed his food, eating heartily as we sat there. Staff told us he’d been waiting for mom to visit him, saying he’d not die till she did. It was really all quite strange - surreal!” Edwin remarked.

“The reason I asked, is that trip was in the early 80’s, and I noticed that, difficult as mom was before that, she was more difficult after she’d come back! Did you notice too?” Lizzie asked Edwin “Or am I imagining it?”

“No Elizabeth, you’re not imagining it. I noticed it too – she was really her dad’s favorite, the two brothers and her sister mostly gravitated towards their mother – her sister often complained that mom was her dad’s favorite.” Edwin remarked “That’s why, I think, he refused to give her his blessing to marry me – we eloped, like you ... he’d chosen a rich man’s son for her to marry,” adding “Of course when we returned to Canada, mom was starting menopause - that may have contributed too!

“Dad ... I hope you won’t take this up wrong, but I used to be mom’s favorite and she was opposed to me marrying my childhood sweetheart – Nicholas. We, like you, had to elope too. So even if she now recants and tries to make me believe that she never disowned me - though the RCMP definitely does not lie - and they dutifully delivered that message to me, Nicholas will not let me visit her when she’s old and close to death, even if she’s alone and in a nursing home! I don’t want to inherit a part – actually, make that any part of her spirit, in some strange supernatural hand-off, just before she dies! I’ll just not be taking any chances! We’ve all had a lot of problems with her ... I’d not wish that on my family!”

“Hmm... Lizzie, I’m not sure that’s even possible, but hey, why take any chances? I don’t think that will ever happen since neither you, I – or anyone else, has ever heard her say she’s sorry or that she’s ever done

anything wrong, so unless you acquiesce to all her terms of surrender, so as to say, like Hattie's done, you'll not be given that chance anyway. But my advice to you is that you all must now disappear and never look back! Like it or not, we're saying our goodbyes here today – not that I came here specifically to do that ... I was under orders to stop Nicholas from prying into her past, one way or the other. Now that you know all of this, why would you want to keep trying to fix things with her? It will only ever happen if you agree to sacrifice your life for her! In effect, you'd stop being Lizzie. You'd become Hattie. Let me assure you ... that would be very sad!" Edwin said "Hattie's had a terrible life compared to yours! So Elizabeth, as much as it hurts me to say this ... please don't do it!"

"Thanks for leveling with me dad! You've not often done that, but I've come to appreciate how tricky it is to live with her. Thanks also for your blessing to leave, to not keep trying. Maybe she'll change?" Lizzie added.

"I don't think so Lizzie ... since getting her to say she's wrong or ever was wrong and is sorry, is like getting blood out of a stone! But I love her and she did do me the honor of eloping with me - in a sense, so I'm honor-bound to stay with her to the very end now. Please respect that and never try to come between us, ever, as I'd really not like that at all!"

"Dad... I'll not come between you and mom, though she's certainly never lived by that rule with us - but I am left wondering if she's not lost touch with reality?" Elizabeth bravely asked ... wincing ... knowing she was now pushing him to his outer-limits. She was, after all, still his wife.

But Edwin didn't get angry with her... he just sat there looking at his beer for a while, before replying "I don't think so Lizzie ... she's clearly really still able to do a lot of things that require an immense amount of complex plotting & scheming! She's quite smart really, so no, I think it's something else, adding "She changed so much after Hattie was born – never was the same again! You're right, after what in effect was a death-bed farewell with her dad, maybe menopause too, she got much worse!"

Lizzie sighed... "Well dad, she's your and Hattie's problem and challenge now. I'll not let her run my life into the ground – but I'll still hold out some hope that she'll change – more for her sake, than yours or mine" Lizzie said, adding "I'm not quite ready to give up all hope, least not yet!"

"OK, I can accept that! It allows for hope - for all of us, but how now do we keep in touch since I'm not ever going to be allowed to speak to you or write you any letters – or visit, ever again... what do you think we can do?" Edwin inquired, sighing "Let's at least try, as I can warn you too!"

"I take it you still have a laptop PC dad, the one Nicholas helped you get and set up for you on one of your trips when you sneaked in a visit to us... Let's get Nicholas to set you up with a secret email account so that you and I can still keep in contact in case things change or for whatever

reason – even just to say hello, happy birthday, happy father’s day, but we’ll have to be very secretive!” She cautioned “She must never know!”

“That will be nice! We’ll probably never get to speak to each other or see each other again. At least this leaves a secret communications thread linking us together.” Edwin replied “I have my laptop here. Tonight let’s get Nicholas to set up a secret email account. I have internet to keep in touch with my sister and brother. She monitors it closely, so I can’t use that, she’ll know!” Adding, as an afterthought “Please, in anything covert you do, always leave me some wiggle-room -plausible deniability, so that if she suspects I’m in contact with you behind her back, I can deny it by saying “*I didn’t do it!*” Then if she presses me, I’ll double-down, saying “*I tell you, it wasn’t me! I didn’t do it!*” adding with a sly smile and a wink “I mean, what can she do? Contact you to ask you if I did it ... or not?”

“I’ll try to keep that in mind Dad, but right now I’d like to ask you about something very important - something that’s always been a mystery!”

“Yes Lizzie ... what do you want to know?” Edwin inquired.

“When I was about age 5 to 8 or 9, for 3 years or so, I’d often be bundled up - sometimes in the middle of the night after you got back from the Golf-club, but in the day too, on weekends, so that Hattie, who was very ill, was taken to hospital, yet again. I later found out which hospital, the Karl-Bremer hospital in Belleville, near the highway from Wellington” Lizzie said, noticing how Edwin became distinctly uncomfortable now “Nicholas’s dad now works there, also one of my old classmates, Stephanie, a Dr. works for him – we’ve been trying to get to the bottom of the mystery surrounding Hattie...” but Edwin quickly interrupted!

“Elizabeth, you know that subject is strictly off limits!” he said firmly “Ever since Hattie was miraculously cured, we’ve been forbidden to talk about it!” saying “That’s exactly what mom suspected was happening and really why I came here today to warn Nicholas to back off–or else, she’s furious that Nicholas is investigating Hattie’s childhood illness – in fact, that’s exactly why she demanded I write a pre-emptive letter to all relatives, telling them to not take anything you say seriously, also why she rushed me off to the RCMP and told them to tell you that you were no longer her daughter and were never to contact any of us, or family, ever again! I hope the RCMP officer told you I took him aside to tell him that you’re still my daughter?” Edwin asked, suddenly remembering.

“Yes daddy – thank you for doing that! It really helped me get through a cruel, tough time, knowing that much!” Lizzie replied, then asked “But Dad, it makes no sense ... why would mom not want us to speak about Hattie being miraculously cured? I mean any parent I know, us included when Daniel’s chronic asthma he’d suffered so much from since early childhood, disappeared instantly after a pastor friend prayed over him,

wouldn't try to hush it all up? Heck, we'd all shout it from the rooftops!" "Elizabeth, now that mom's not here, what've you learned about that?" Edwin asked, not able to answer, choosing to first fish for information.

"They're still investigating dad – it seems that some of her health records have been misplaced and they're still working on tracing all the Dr's and nurses that dealt with her case, but from the ones they have found, we do know it was lucky mom was a nurse, since Hattie suffered repeated bouts of life-threatening diarrhea, dehydrating her. She had to be placed on life support every time she was rushed to hospital and there nursed back to health – only to return home and get ill again, having the whole cycle repeat! I recall it was very traumatic for us! It only happened in Wellington, at home, always when mom told us you were neglecting our family - fortunately, never on our holidays. Then suddenly around age 4, it ended, never happening again. Hattie started having severe emotional problems, That's never stopped - she still does! It's all very puzzling!"

"Yes OK Lizzie, is that all that you've discovered till now?" Edwin asked.

"So far dad, yes – but this investigation is ongoing. We were invited for tea & cookies by aunty Jean and uncle Max, as a newlywed couple, and told that Linda's illness was Celiac disease, that it's genetic and so may surface in our children. We were very grateful, since as future parents, we'd really have liked to know what it was!" Lizzie said, adding "Aunty Jean also said we'd never, ever hear anything about it, from you two!"

"Elizabeth, what if I tell you it was not Celiac disease? Would you then stop Nicholas from investigating any further?" Edwin asked, urgently.

"Maybe dad ... but Nicholas confronted mom about this years ago, and she flat-out refused to reply. When pressed, no word of a lie, she denied Hattie was ever ill!" Lizzie remarked "But dad I was 6,7,8,9 - old enough to remember! Hattie was rushed to hospital, by you, several times a year for about 4 years. That's made Nicholas even more determined to solve the mystery! Why not just tell me, what was wrong with Hattie?" adding "I mean her and your reactions point to guilt, not gratefulness! Why else would Nicholas's investigating invoke such over-reactions, like wanting him dead? It's an obvious red-flag, pointing to misdeeds...maybe worse!"

"Elizabeth, please respect our family's right to privacy and secrecy on this matter! Hattie didn't have Celiac disease, though the relatives were told so. You can rest easy – it's not genetic!" Edwin said to reassure her, adding "Please, let's not ever talk about any of this ever again! You know it was forbidden to ever mention anything about it –to Hattie or anyone else! Let's just drop the subject now please ... you're 41, you've got this far without ever needing to know any of those details –please... let it go!"

Elizabeth stopped to look at him. He was almost pleading with her. She knew this was his real mission - he'd come to prevent them from finding

and disseminating the truth, but also that any more pressure would ruin the precious time they had left together. “Ok daddy, I’ll change the subject. When are you going to retire?” she asked. Edwin was relieved! “Probably only when I’m around 80, Lizzie. I keep telling mom that when she asks me. She’s never been happy with me away for 6-8 months each year, but I tell her we’ll need the money in our old age – that if we run out of money then, it will be too late for me to work!” The truth is I need breaks from her constant plotting & scheming, paranoia & obsessions, just to stay a bit sane!” Edwin now said, confirming Lizzie’s suspicions.

“That’s still quite a few years away, I guess she’ll just have to get used to waiting for you for much of the year. Besides, I recall you love to travel... where have you been lately?” Elizabeth asked “Any interesting places?”

“Yes Lizzie ...” Edwin replied, relieved to be talking about fun things again “To India, China, Korea, Japan, Columbia, Mexico – just to name a few ... wherever they still make leather and can use my services as a consultant, since Canada shut down all polluting tanneries” he added.

“That sure sounds exciting dad!” Lizzie said “Good ... I’m glad for you!”

“Thanks Lizzie! Really, your writing specialized cookbooks is not that different! I do recipes to make fine leathers – you think-up recipes to make fine-food! We’re kind of doing the same thing, you and me!” Edwin said smiling “Nicholas tells me that you’re getting to be quite famous now in the Low-Carb world, that’s amazing Elizabeth, I’m proud of you!” adding “I’ll have to watch your progress, but quietly, secretly, from afar!”

“Thanks dad... I’m still waiting for recognition from mom, even though my first little cookbook became a National Bestseller within 6 months and Nicholas even sent her a nice autographed copy - but still nothing!”

“Yes, well ... your mother’s a bit strange that way. She doesn’t like you or anyone else to outshine her, in any way! It’s just the way she is.”

“That explanation sounds plausible dad” Lizzie replied, adding “Last summer, after you and her first visited us here in this, my dream home, she couldn’t even bring herself to say a complimentary, nice thing about our new home! In fact, you may recall, she wanted you and her to leave immediately to stay in a motel instead, even though we have 5 bedrooms and had already prepared one for you two. Your old friend, Nicholas’s dad, was here and fortunately he’d already put a cold beer in your hand, which thankfully put paid to her sudden, urgent change of plans.”

“Yes, I recall that Lizzie” he confirmed, suggesting a possible explanation for her under-reaction “I think it was overwhelming for her, as she’d not got advance photos from you of this lovely home and it’s 3 acre property. She’d expected something a lot more modest for what is only your 2nd home. Instead when I drove up the circular driveway and she’d seen the size of homes all around you, and the golf-course, it began to sink in

that your family had just made a quantum-leap in the housing market!” “Well dad, soon after you folks left for home, having heard Nicholas say that he was off to Las Vegas, to attend COMDEX, the world’s largest computer show, the week after labor-day long weekend, she went to great lengths to find Nicholas’s boss at Petro-Canada, called him - I’d hope behind your back, not just once but six times in the week Nicholas was in Las Vegas, doing her best to get him fired, but also to enlist his boss’s support to break us up!” Elizabeth revealed to a clearly stunned Edwin, saying “Imagine how I felt? I mean, she had nothing nice to say about my new home, but now she was doing her best for me to lose my home and my husband his income! Do you know how that would have devastated us? We’d just moved in a few months prior and have a large mortgage which is contingent on Nicholas continuing to earn big bucks!”

Edwin, shaking visibly, spilling some beer, put his glass down and sat forward in his chair, interrupting Elizabeth “Surely not Lizzie! I can’t imagine she’d stoop so low, doing such horrible things! Maybe Nicholas is making this up, to turn you against her? I mean, it’s unbelievable!”

“Well dad, when Nicholas returned from work, the Monday after arriving back from Las Vegas, he was called into his boss’s office and told what had happened. That night when he came home, he told me what she’d done and I had trouble believing him too! I mean, what a terrible thing to do!” she added with emphasis then went on “But Nicholas anticipated my surprise and invited Alan and his wife, Patricia, to come and have tea with us, so that Alan and I could chat about what had transpired, in private, without Nicholas present, and I could ask him any questions I needed to. If you want, I’ll call him at home? He will confirm what I’m telling you!” Lizzie calmly inquired of her now very overwhelmed dad.

“No Lizzie, that won’t be necessary, I believe you.” Edwin stammered, “I’m very sorry I’ve let her deceive me into thinking she’s above-board. Clearly she doesn’t respect your family’s best-interests, or mine, at all!”

“You know dad, I’m having great difficulty with you, or others, calling her my mother, or having to call her my mom, when she’s gone to such extreme lengths to hurt me, formally telling me she’ll forget she ever had me – that I’m not her daughter anymore!” Lizzie said “I’m starting to call her my ex-mother or birth-mother. I just can’t call her mom anymore!”

“Lizzie, I’m sorry! I advised her against such drastic action at the time. As usual she ignored my advice and now we have a huge mess on all of our hands to deal with – you’re still my daughter Elizabeth ... that will never change!” Edwin said apologetically. “I didn’t disown you, though she has. Technically you’re not her daughter anymore. You’re freed up from all Biblical edicts visa-vi her now – even in her vulnerable old age.”

“Thanks dad! I’d like to remember just the nice things about you and I,

and I'll try to forget the nasty things you've done to me at her insistence, especially abandoning me unceremoniously on a cold street of deserted downtown Kitchener, Christmas-time, 1978, as well as recently writing to family to tell them I was some sort of mental-case and not to believe anything I'd have to say from then on," but seeing his rising discomfort, she added "I'm not going to ask you to defend your actions, as truthfully they're indefensible. If God can forgive you for your sins - forgive any of us, and His Son Jesus died for our sins, then I must forgive you!" Lizzie said, quickly adding "Daddy, today will always be remembered by me as the most special day I've ever spent with you in my entire life ... and I'm 41 years old now!" Lizzie said, giving Edwin a nice warm hug. Clearly relieved, Edwin hugged her back. Then they just sat there and said nothing for a while till Nicholas arrived with the news that the BBQ (Braai) was done and they could soon all eat. He'd noticed unfamiliar warmth between Lizzie & Edwin, also that both of them were struggling quite a bit with their emotions. Suddenly he felt a lump in his throat as well - none of them could now easily talk, so they all reached for their beers ... a short while later, after a few mouthfuls of her beer, Lizzie got up, saying "I'm going to get the food ready for us to dish-up, I'll call you when I'm ready!" she said, leaving Edwin & Nicholas alone for a while.

"I trust the time I gave you two, alone, was well spent Mr. Smythe?" he asked "I lingered a bit longer - so the meat's rather well done by now!"

"That's not a problem Nicholas - after this much beer, none of us will mind!" he replied, adding "But to answer you... yes we did cover a lot of ground while you were busy, and both of us really appreciated the time together ... alone!" then asked "Nicholas, would you please forgive me for the many nasty things I've done to you, Elizabeth, and to your family?"

Nicholas was stunned by his direct question "We both know that you did all of those things under direct orders from your wife, Mr. Smythe ... so yes, I have no reasons to not forgive you - especially today after you asked for God's forgiveness!" he said, adding "We all have things we're sorry about, and I'm no different on that score ... please forgive me too."

"I do, and thanks Nicholas - but I cannot blame my wife entirely, I mean I'm still ultimately responsible for what I do and say, even if she insists I follow her script. You have my word I'll find a way of never doing so to any of you, ever again, even if she demands I do!" he said, emphatically.

"That's very welcome news for all of us Mr. Smythe!" Nicholas replied.

Now Edwin turned to Nicholas and asked "I hope I'm finally redeemed in Lizzie's eyes -and in yours?" then he quickly added "and my grandsons!"

"Yes, I'd say that's true - but much more importantly you're redeemed before God!" he replied "And I know that you will never, ever, forget this day, as long as you live - nor will Lizzie ... or any of us, for that matter!"

Just then Lizzie popped her head around the corner “Come and get it” she said, cheerfully “Hope you’re all hungry! We have quite a feast here! Edwin and Nicholas got up to follow Lizzie into Mayfair, now chatting away rather relaxed, and after grace, they all took a plate and started dishing up –while Nicholas got another cold beer for each of them. Dan and Jon now joined them as they all returned to the deck to enjoy the



late afternoon sunshine and all the good food! Lizzie was, now a famous cookbook author. This last supper with her dad, was a truly sumptuous magnificent feast fit for a king ... which once again, he was. They all ate heartily, chatting away easily, happily as they drank their beers and went in to go and get seconds! The meal went on for more than an hour, As the sun set over the Canadian Rockies, they still sat there – all pleasantly full,

just enjoying the little time they still had together. The sun had set on their often stormy relationship too. It was as if the red, orange and yellow sky coloring the scene over the magnificent snow-capped Rockies, was a portent for all that had happened so far in their lives ... at least the storms were now over! Somehow they all knew God had a plan all along for how this Sunday had unfolded, that was far more complex than any of them could have imagined - one that was years in the making! A sunny fall Sunday, started out like others, turned out to be one of the most dramatic days of their lives! Nobody saw any of it coming. All their plans for this Sunday, especially those of Constance for Lizzie’s family and her far too loyal subject, Edwin, had been overturned. The end result was a most unexpected one ... Redemption for Edwin, and it was also the happiest and saddest day of Lizzie’s life! Monday morning came all too soon! Though most of us dread Mondays – this one was a real humdinger as Mondays go! Lizzie was by now home-schooling their sons, so they were there too to say goodbye to their grandpa, who finally was acting more like one, at 68! After a lovely extended breakfast and lots Tim-Horton’s coffee, their moods were now very different! That was understandable as the dreaded moment -saying farewell with no hope of any return, approached them all. Edwin sighed and got up, saying ... “Thank you for a wonderful Breakfast Lizzie and all the lovely memories! It will keep me from getting hungry on my long journey back. I’m just going to get rid of Coffee I’ve had this morning ... then I’ll have to leave.”



Standing outside in front of the house, his car still parked in their circular driveway where it was when he'd first arrived, Edwin's mood was more somber now. Nicholas asked him and Lizzie to stand and pose for two final photos – which they bravely did. He extended his hand to Edwin, saying “Goodbye Mr. Smythe, have a safe journey back!” knowing there'd a lot of time for Edwin all alone with his thoughts while now he'd have to help Lizzie cope. Nicholas took comfort knowing Elizabeth was stronger now ... because she'd had to be! Smarter because of the mistakes she made along the way. She'd learned from them and was now a happier wiser daughter and wife, despite the sadness

that was foisted unfairly onto her. He was too! It was a bitter-sweet ending ... *All of them knew that when Edwin returned home, and Constance heard his mission failed, that he'd never again be allowed to visit with Elizabeth's family! Notice all the hugging in these photos? His wife never did allow that, but now she wasn't present and finally there was a very special secret bond between him and Lizzie... Redemption for Edwin on the last precious day they ever had together! We often wonder what exactly happened when he returned home, reporting that her evil plan hadn't worked, but it was a warning to Elizabeth and Nicholas! Now her plots had taken an ominous turn from what they'd all had to deal with till now! Her dark, sinister, super-natural plots had now changed to much more usual overt, visible ways to eliminate enemies – and though she'd not get Edwin's help ever again, for her sinister evil plans -who else could she get, or pay, to do so? It was time to plan their escape before Constance had time to regroup! Edwin never again followed her orders to do her wicked bidding –she had to use others to do that for her, and that she did! But, predictably, he stayed with her. Even now in 2018, at 89*



(she's 87) he's still at her side – though definitely not nearly as trusted as in the many years before! All of them knew that when Edwin returned home a changed man but, predictably, he stayed with her... and even now in 2018, at 89 (she's 87) he's still at her side – though definitely not nearly as trusted as in the many years before! Now the time had come for Lizzie and Edwin to say their final farewell, and as could be expected, their hug was long, warm, wet! Both of them were crying. Nicholas could not stop tears either – but stopped himself from taking that photo! He wanted the last image for Lizzie to be a happy one, so she'd at least be able to look at it sometime in the future when the large hole in her heart has healed. His last words to Lizzie were ... “Thank you for

helping me yesterday Lizzie, I love you!” Then he choked right up. His Redemption was complete. This was the last time Elizabeth ever saw her dad, though there was one more phone conversation on father's day, a few years later, and it was extremely difficult to accomplish! But with help of our old British friend Dave to set it up, Lizzie got to wish Edwin one more “Happy Father's day” and they both exchanged “I love you, God bless you!” before the phone was grabbed from Edwin and slammed down. After that, only Constance answered the phone. **2020** 24 years after a fateful, blessed, almost perfect last day with her dad, he died, at 91, not of Covid, but Parkinson's and old age. In the last 24 years he'd declined all his wife's demands to heap any of her planned abuse on Lizzie and our family. Ever since that day Lizzie led him to salvation, he'd regarded her as very special! They'd kept a semblance of contact, secretly! Suddenly, one day, that all ended. His wife ensured nobody knew. Lizzie's sister was prohibited from telling her, but 7m later she found out. His wife swapped 24 years of tight control over her husband, for eternity apart from him, whilst Lizzie will get to spend eternity with him in Heaven, one day, after just these 24yrs apart here on earth. Either way, she no longer controls him, can't get him to hurt Lizzie ever again! He's safely out of reach. Eternity trumps 24yrs! Finally he gets to “Rest in peace” away from Constance. **RCMP Chaplain Jim said, hearing the news “He's free at last!”** And here's **one of many Facebook condolences:** “I remember these pictures well! I can't even in my wildest nightmares imagine any woman could be that evil. I am so sorry for your loss Jen 🙏 and oh yes 🙏 all of eternity with your Dad, now that's priceless!” 🙏 That's what loving, self-sacrificing, obedient actions yield ... complete, irreversible, joyous victory!

Footnote: Soon after the last day with Edwin, I solved the mystery of what was wrong with Hattie as an infant, till age 4. Those findings are so explosive, that Jenny (Lizzie) requested I wait to see how everything plays-out first, before making them public -at least till her dad and Hattie are gone. Edwin's now gone home to the Lord, Hattie (4y younger than Lizzie) soon too. Jenny thinks that even when Constance is left alone in the world, having chased her and us away, doing her best to prevent the truth from coming out, or if it does, from being believed, there is still hope - that all will not be known until after Constance's (now 90 in 2021) death? But she's said that if the status-quo remains much longer, I'm free to do whatever I think is right with my findings. I'm working on her. She's wavering! Elizabeth thinks we should leave Justice only to God, but I don't agree! If we did that for every murder/crime, people who don't fear God (clearly Constance doesn't!) will feel they can get away with murder - and mayhem will follow in our already mixed-up world! Then it's too late to extradite Constance back to Africa and bring her to justice, and all evidence that's been painstakingly gathered, would have been for naught. Constance better hope & pray for a long, healthy, happy life for Jenny, else I'll be free to do all that and much more! My tactic's simple. Jenny's well aware of it and is weakening, fast. I'll remind her of how cruelly she was disowned, and that she'll never inherit her rightful share of her dad's estate anyway - now that his wife has sole control over it. Her dad's gone, soon her sister too, so they'll not be hurt by the shocking revelations. But Jenny still lives in the vain hope that remorse will overcome her birth-mother and then she'll endeavor to set matters straight, so that at least some of Lizzie's better memories, of her, will be restored. But I know Lizzie well enough to know that if that doesn't happen, or if I can convince her that it never will happen, her vain hopes will be replaced with hurt, anger - even fury! I've witnessed Jennifer's righteous fury - she'll cheer me on as I exact long-overdue justice, for all us victims! My earnest wish is to see Constance live a long and unhappy life, well into her 100's, in some dingy African prison. For now, only Jenny prevents that outcome, so I'll make her realize that Chronic Narcissists think they've done nothing wrong and they'll never change! I'll remind her of exasperating confrontations she's had with Constance, ending with this: "I'm too old to change, there's no need for me to change, I refuse to change! You change!" Also Constance's adamant statement to the exasperated RCMP Chaplain Jim, acting as mediator, trying to get her (Edwin, Lizzie and I had all done this) to say: "I'm sorry for anything that I've done to hurt any of you, please forgive me"... instead she said: "I've never done anything wrong in my entire life! Why should I ask for their forgiveness?" Either way she's long-since purposely chased her first-born child away, her husband's gone, soon too her only other child. She has no friends - big surprise! The isolation she forced on Edwin & Lizzie, is about to become hers now - unless I'm allowed to arrange cellmates for her. In all her plots & schemes, she didn't foresee this outcome! I don't want her to reinstate Elizabeth's birth-right - suddenly trying to make-up with her, now that she's needy. She's had decades to do so - and didn't! It would irk me hearing my wife say nice things about Constance, when I know exactly how cruel she's been! Any large amount of money she'd leave Jenny, would give her independence that neither of us have ever thought was a good thing. We always have been careful to keep the 50-50 harmonious balance of power that's existed for us for decades. I'd really not like it if the balance were upset with me suddenly being the lesser-partner! Some may find my attitude harsh - but it was forged in the harsh fires of her cruel "Mt. Doom"! She's hurt my wife, often, without any regard to the pain she was inflicting on her, so now she'll have to live with the consequences of her lifetime of cruelty, with no help from us! I look forward to "Justice being done... and being seen to be done!" Unless Jenny stops me - right here on earth, before Constance dies, she's going to be brought to account for all her cruelty & evil - publically!