



IN MEMORIAM

★ DICK VAN DEREN ★



My dad, Dick Van Deren, enlisted in the US Navy sixty-one years ago yesterday, July 3, 2005. He was seventeen years old. The next day he turned eighteen. Yes, he was a Yankee Doodle Dandy. He died in January of this year, he was seventy-eight years old. He was quietly proud of his military service.

Thirty-one years ago my dad stood down a FBI agent when the FBI threatened him when they were looking for me, his son, who was living in Canada. He told the agent to leave his house. I resisted my induction into the US Army in 1972.

Two years ago when President Bush sent our country to war, the prime minister of

Canada, Jean Chretien, knew it was wrong to go to war and resisted the pressure from the US Government. My dad and I talked about Jean Chretien's courage and I would like to thank him for my dad and myself. Thank you Canada for not going to war with Iraq.

My dad and I visited Dieppe Park, in Windsor, Ontario, across from Detroit, Michigan in the winter of 2003. I showed him the Canadian Navy Memorial. We were both looking at the names of the ships that were sunk in World War II. I said, "Dad, look at the dates that these ships sunk. They were sunk, all of those men died, the same time you were in the Pacific on the USS Haskell." He thought about it and cried like men of that era do now, like shattering a glass mirror, all of a sudden. He swore that if any American spoke against Canada for not going to war with Iraq, he would remind them that Canada fought for more than a year before the US joined the Allies against Germany and Italy.

My dad spoke strongly against the Iraq War.

*He was an American Veteran.
I and my sister remember him on this first birthday after his death.*

**HE WAS OUR
YANKEE DOODLE DADDY.**

