

Luciano Borean Bio

In June 1962, one month after leaving St. Mary's College, I entered the service of the Royal Bank of Canada as a junior clerk. In time I earned my Fellowship in the Institute of Canadian Bankers by going through night school and I rose through the ranks. My first break came in 1970 when I was appointed branch manager - the youngest man to hold that position in Toronto at that time. I ultimately retired in November 1999 as a Sr. Risk Manager, commercial loans division.

1970 was a very good year as in November I met Brenda Pumis, also a banker. It was love at first sight for both: we became engaged a month later and married in June 1971. Two wonderful and beautiful daughters followed, with Tanya born in 1975 and Sarah in 1978.

Life was beautiful. As with most parents, we spent the majority of our time with the children. They were into all kinds of sports: skating, swimming, gymnastics, baseball, horseback riding and others. And who can forget the years of driving them to girl-guide meetings, jamborees, and to guitar and piano lessons. Camping and fishing together were always favourite ways to spend holidays and weekends. Travel was always big in our lives, whether to Northern Ontario or down East, or to many places in the US. , especially Myrtle Beach that the kids loved so much, to Vancouver Island or Cuba.

Then 1992, annum horribilis, struck. Brenda lost her dad in June, her mom in November and was diagnosed with breast cancer in December, three days before Christmas. She tackled her illness with tremendous courage and though given two years to live she survived for more than seven; and we made the most of each day.

Travel was Brenda's big passion and that is what we did. We had already visited a number of islands in the Caribbean with family, friends and relatives, so we expanded the horizon. Mexico became our favorite destination for a while and we flew there five times. Italy was next with two visits and that was followed by two major trips with another couple and long time friends. In 1996 we traveled for 45 days to the South Pacific (Bali, Jakarta, Puchak, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Malacca, Bangkok) and to Hawaii. In 1997 we rented a car and did Europe: ten countries in 32 days.

In the meantime, we saw Tanya graduate from McGill University in May 1999 - one of Brenda's goals. Then she took a turn for the worst. Sarah returned from her studies in England, when Brenda passed away in March 2000.

Although I miss her terribly, life has been going on and it seems that Brenda is watching over my family and me. Sarah graduated from Queen's University in May 2001, commenced working as a grade school teacher and has a fantastic young man in her life, Carlos, who is studying to be a doctor. Tanya found a super job as a head-hunter in the information technology field. While on vacation traveling through Europe, she met a wonderful young man, Scott, a design engineer from New Zealand; they became engaged this past Christmas in Pucket, Thailand and plan to get married in Xcaret, Mexico in August 2003.

As for me, I started to overcome the depression that set in after Brenda's passing when many friends from the bank called me back to work part-time, to keep busy. I began the first contract in November 2000 and in December I bought a cottage on Lake Eugenia, just south of Collingwood, a get away place, as the house held too many memories. In March last year, just before being diagnosed with bladder cancer - which fortunately was caught very early - I purchased a condo in West Palm Beach, Florida, with ultimate plans to spend a good portion of the winter there. I am still working part time, but I intend to "finally" retire in October this year. In the meantime, I was lucky enough to meet a terrific young woman, Rhonda Skelly, a marketing consultant, who is filling my life again with lots of love. We are now engaged and are planning to get married in August next year.

Since 1962 I have visited St. Mary's College five times (it's still that to me) and I have met many members of the faculty as well as students of Grenville Christian College. Each time, I visualize myself as that 15-year-old boy who could speak no English but who felt so welcomed and accepted by his colleagues, many of whom extended their hand of friendship. Each time, I am filled with nostalgia about those days and I wonder whatever happened to those young men from whom I parted so many years ago. In July 2003 I'll find out and, hopefully, past friendships will be renewed to maybe last the rest of my life.