The following is a post I wrote after a chance encounter with a lobster fisherman on Magdalen Islands, Quebec.

So this happened earlier today.

I parked my car on a road overlooking some houses and a body of water in Grosse-Ile. Simeon, the gentleman in the following collage lives in this house with his wife Cindy. When he saw me taking photos, he said: "come down closer if you want, you won't border no one." I thanked him but was quite content to stay where I was.

Just when I was started to walk back to my car, I noticed Simeon was working his way up the slope towards me. I stopped and we had a nice chat about the fine weather, the lobster season, and life on the island. During the conversation, I found out he has a boat and a license and has been catching lobsters for a number of years. Then he told me his wife Cindy just cooked up a batch of fresh lobsters the local way (with sea salts) and I should have one. I was reluctant and declined his offer.

Just when the conversation was waning and I was going to walk away, Simeon made the offer again. So, I said to him:" I'm happy to buy one from you". And Simeon said:" Oh no, I won't take your money."

Next thing, I was sitting on their picnic table and he brought out two just cooked fresh lobster. Cindy declined to join us and Simeon and I devoured the lobsters. We chatted more and I told him about this road trip and my love of travel. Then the conversation turned to the Veterans Museum not far from his house. In fact, I visited there several hours earlier. A number of young men from the islands, many from the same families, were sent to defend Hong Kong in 1941, quite a number of them never made it home. I told him that, coincidentally, I visited the Commonwealth War Cemetery in Hong Kong last year and there was a good chance I had seen some of the graves of the boys there.

When it was time to bid farewell to my new friends. I went to the front door to say goodbye and thanks to Cindy. I got their address and promised to send them a postcard from my next trip.