

B44 "COME TO LUXEMBOURG. ILL FIX YOUR WIPERS"

PROJECT: EUROPE 2011

SUBJECT: B44 "COME TO LUXEMBOURG. ILL FIX YOUR WIPERS" SCRIPT

DATE: 8 AUGUST 2011

Our GPS, Mademoiselle Recalculaire, was in her element as she explored the back streets and alleyways of Luxembourg City while leading us out of town. We really don't believe the natives use this circuitous route but we did see a lot of the city.



The home of Guy and Marian Maathius is located in the hill country village of Merscheid, Luxembourg. Guy is a primary grades teacher while his lovely wife retired from teaching to raise their two small children.



It isn't hard to locate them as their garage is the only one in town with a huge MG logo. They chose this out of the way village because they could afford the old farmhouse with its many attached barns. Then Guy set about to create his own paradise for home and hobby.



Because he is a hands-on mechanic, one of his first moves was to dig a pit to properly service his brood of nineteen MG's.



The barn contains part of his eclectic collection of products from Abingdon on Thames and plenty of room to fix them. The MG A and C are daily drivers.



This is the MG PB that he drove in the Liege MG Day rallye with wife and children on board. At their insistence he finally relented and put the top up during a downpour.



In a corner under a cover lives an MG NB, waiting for restoration.



Sheltered in another barn is a beautiful K3; one of MG's racing greats.

He and his wife Miriam insisted we stay for dinner so he quickly started a fire in the fireplace (that he constructed out of surplus stone window sills)



and barbecued three types of Luxembourg sausages, turkey filets and small steaks. Everything was delicious and the meal was complemented by local wine. Notice, the serving plate is the octagonal shape of the MG logo.

Their final surprise was an insistence that we spend the night. It was logical they said because the local hotel was probably full anyway. We slept under a feather blanket and, once again, enjoyed the hospitality of total strangers...





strangers except for the commonality of the MG tie which was plenty. We were shown the way to the bathroom and greeted by the octagon logo covering the most sensitive of places.

Is nothing sacred?

The next day, while Guy worked at solving the MG's wiper problems, I poked around the barnyard turning up examples of MG sedans that I never knew existed. Many of their cars were the result of "badge engineering" and never made it to our shores.



Before the clock struck noon Guy had completed our project. "You'll never have those wiper problems again," he said confidently. He wouldn't accept pay and said, half jokingly, "I may show up at your door in LA someday." The best I could give him was a jacket patch from our local MG club in Los Angeles but he seemed pleased with it.



When we asked directions to our destination in Germany, Guy had a last surprise for us. "Let me lead you out," he said and we followed him and friend Jean Paul Sinner over some beautiful countryside. He finally pulled up at a home with an MG painted on the wall. "This is my mother's house," he said.

This MG thing is a family affair.



Guy's father was president of the Luxembourg MG Car Club for decades and is the one who imbued the MG spirit into him. Unfortunately, he died while rallying in Italy. An out-of-control cement truck tipped over crushing his father and injuring his mother. His father is buried within sight of the house with an MG octagon marking his grave.



His mother carries on with her competitively marked MG





while Guy cares for a motley collection of MG's that will someday be his.



I haven't seen an MG Magnette for decades but still remember when it was brand new.



There are many examples of unfinished project cars lying around but I was taken by this gypsy trailer sitting in her backyard. Can't imagine it ever being towed by an MG but Guy could have another surprise for us. Is it possible that it could show up in our driveway someday?



On our way to Germany, we passed through Vianden, Luxembourg...a true storybook town.

Louise and Ray