



Bruce Peninsula Hospice Newsletter

January, 2005

HIKE FOR HOSPICE

Please join us for an enjoyable, easy hike at Cape Croker.

WHEN: May 1, 2005 - 1 p.m.

WHAT: HIKE/WALK/SAUNTER FOR HOSPICE - Level of difficulty: easy - Length: Approximately 2 km return (boardwalk only) or 4 km return from the Gate.

WHERE: The Snake Trail Boardwalk overlooking Sydney Bay on one side and a beaver dam on the other. Should be flowers and croaking frogs if spring is on schedule!

DIRECTIONS: From Wiarton: Take County Road #9 about 2-3 km north of Wiarton. Pass through Colpoys Bay and take County Road #18, turn left onto Purple Valley Road, then right onto McIver Road. From Lion's Head: take County Road #9 south, turn left at Waugh's Road / Crow's Corners, then right onto Purple Valley Road and left onto McIver Road. As you go down the hill onto the Cape Croker Reserve watch for and turn left at the camp ground road. Meet us at the gate to the Park prior to 1 p.m.

FOR SPONSOR SHEETS, TO SPONSOR A HIKER, OR FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT DONNA BAKER AT 793-3203 OR THE HOSPICE OFFICE AT 534-1260 EXT. 612.

MESSAGE FROM MARGE

During January, February and March, David and I will be in the Brantford area ... with a 3 week visit to our daughter Margaret in Comox from January 6th to 27th ... hopefully returning to Lion's Head in March with a "new" knee.

Some of you have been inquiring as to the whereabouts of Kathy and Ken Peacock. Their new address as of January 15th will be: 45A Brooklyn Drive, Blenheim, New Zealand, 7301

Kathy and Ken have had a busy time since their departure from Red Bay ... visiting with friends and family along the way ... but I am sure that they will be pleased to finally get settled in their new abode.

May 1, 2005: Hike for hospice ... An excellent opportunity to get some exercise and raise funds for hospice!

May 14, 2005: A volunteer workshop is in the planning stage for May 14th ... our usual Bruce Peninsula Hospice Volunteer Spring Workshop! This will be a "HAND'S ON" workshop concerning: skin care, feeding, comfort measures (i.e., bed positions; patient transfer ... bed to chair) Please mark your calendar and keep the day available! More info to come later!

Fall, 2005: There is a possibility of a **Therapeutic Touch Training Workshop** in the fall of 2005 ... if sufficient number of volunteers are interested.

October, 2005: We will be participating in the "Voices for Hospice" concert ... and are "so" fortunate to have the capable assistance of Ann Sanders in organizing the event again this year!

Wishing everyone a safe, healthy and happy New Year!

— Marge Farrell

Note: Deadline for submissions to the next issue is May 5

THANK YOU

In times such as these, the warmth of friends means so much ...

Thank you.

Dear Hospice friends:

My Family and I want to thank you for your presence in our home during Bert's long illness. I could count on you to bring care and concern with you, and Bert always looked forward to the company. Our children appreciated my being able to draw strength from your friendship so that they did not worry as much about us.

Hospice was a loving gift to us. Thank you all.

Love,
Mary Kowaltschuk and family

CANCER SUPPORT GROUP

Grey-Bruce breast cancer support group meets every second Monday of the month at 7 p.m. at the Canadian Cancer Society office on 8th Street East in Owen Sound.

The public is invited to attend and share experiences, exchange ideas and meet new friends. Call 376-9258, 376-0592 or 371-9965 for more information.



Bruce Peninsula Hospice

369 Mary Street, Wiarton, ON N0H 2T0

Phone: (519) 534-1260, Ext. 612

Fax: (519) 534-4450



Marguerite Daisies

BEYOND THE EMPTY CHAIR

— Submitted by Jean Davidson
— Printed with permission from Margaret Burley

A restless stirring comes at days end,
I want to look in on you my friend.
A visit with flowers or food or no,
Just a cheery “how’s Karole? I’m here, hello!”
Thru your door and my soul is aware
What greets me now is your empty chair.
Neighbor and friend for twenty nine years
We shared heartache, laughter and tears.
The cancer spread, your body broke down.
Life in your chair kept you house bound.
Every method to cure you gladly tried,
If love could save you, you’d never of died.
How I miss your wisdom, humor and love,
You poured God’s blessings from above.
Cemetery pines sway in gentle breeze,
Stones reflecting sunshine, with ease.
Peace I feel, your empty shell remains,
And your soul, the real you, I will see again.
Your faith in God to heaven you’re an heir,
We will meet again, beyond the empty chair.

Written with great love and respect by Helen Margaret Burley,
September 8, 2004. Karole was an inspiring, lively, wonderful friend
who died August 10, 2004 of cancer.

As I near the one month anniversary of her death, I am remembering
the wonderful love she poured into each person who came to visit. I
take courage and strength that she is in a more wonderful place than
I can possibly imagine, that she will never again be in pain and espe-
cially that I will see her again in the realms of Glory”

Love you and miss you Karole.

*Editor’s note: Because of Karole’s encouragement, both Barbara
Jean Davidson and Helen Margaret Burley enrolled in the Level I
Hospice course given in Lion’s Head in September and October.
We welcome these ladies, thanks to Karole.*

CELEBRATING LIFE

**15th annual Conference of the HAO
October 14-15, 2004: Alliston, Ontario**

Pat Horner, Fran Anderson, Manfred Mewes, and Milton van der
Veen, were the Bruce Peninsula Hospice representatives to the recent
annual conference of the Hospice Association of Ontario (HAO).

Marge Farrell, Kathy Peacock, and her husband, Ken, joined us on
Saturday for the luncheon at which June Callwood presented the
June Callwood Awards to Kathy and Pat. This was a highlight of the
weekend for Bruce Peninsula Hospice. Congratulations to these two
outstanding ladies.

It was my first time at this event. When I arrived at the Conference
Hall for breakfast the first morning, I was amazed to see so many
(400 - 500) happy caring people. One could not escape the feeling of
comfort.

Our morning introduction began with an overview of the HAO. This
organization started with eight hospices in 1989. Within the first 10
years, the Association’s membership grew by more than 1,000%
(from eight to more than 150 hospices and allied members).

HAO is now Canada’s largest volunteer hospice organization and
its members have become the largest direct service providers within
Ontario’s voluntary health care sector. Today, in more than 400 com-
munities throughout Ontario, 13,300 volunteers dedicate 630,000
hours of service each year to HAO’s member hospices. Hospice
volunteer numbers continue to grow, even though the latest Statistics
Canada report noted that since its last report, Canada has one million
fewer volunteers.

Very impressive. And we are all a part of it.

There were many sessions throughout the weekend and the partici-
pants were able to choose from an array of topics.

I chose one that gave me food for thought for a long time afterwards:
**Exploring Boundaries — Understanding our relationship with
Clients and their families**, led by Anna Allevato.

I thought it was an important issue to me since I spend a lot of time in
client’s homes and in care facilities. What one does and what one does
not do for the client is a very tough decision. As you all know, every
client presents a unique situation and who does one ask at a critical
moment?

To be truthful, the reason I took the session was because I thought it
would be about client care — alone, in a residence, or in a hospital, or
nursing home with a client.

There were about fifty or sixty people in the session when Anna asked
“How many hands-on volunteers are here?” Only a few hands went
up. Most of the people in the session were administrative people. It
surprised Anna and it surprised me as well.

She went through a series of scenarios:

- You are in a client’s house and they bring you a latté from Starbucks.
Do you take it? I replied, “If you can drink it, if you can eat it, or if
you can smell it, I can take it.”
- The next day they bring you a latté and a donut. What now? “I take
it,” I said.
- The next time they give you a bottle of Jack Daniels. What now? “No,
I don’t drink and there is a limit.”

Then Anna asked, “What is the limit? They ask you to stay for dinner.
Do you accept?”

I was unsure about that one. If I go to a client’s house and clean the
floor, wash dishes, and cook dinner, of course I stay. But each situa-
tion creates a different response. If we are compassionate, sincere, and
caregiving, we have choices to make.

Talking to volunteers from other organizations I was amazed at how
far ahead we are in the Bruce Peninsula. We have a good support sys-
tem. If I have questions, all I have to do is phone someone like Betty
McIntyre or Betty Idle. They are a wealth of information.

We have no paid staff. We visit homes, hospitals, and long-term care
facilities. We do bereavement, by phone or home visits. We have pot
luck dinners in summer, Christmas parties, and educational sessions
throughout the year and maintain a good relationship with each other.
I am proud to be part of the organization.

At our potluck at Bev and Ric’s place this summer I will bring all the
handouts from the conference for everyone to look at.

VOLUNTEER PROFILE: PAT HORNER

In this newsletter I will tell you a little of the life of Patricia Horner who is at present a client volunteer, Lion's Head client volunteer Co-ordinator and a member of the client volunteer committee.

Pat is no stranger to the Lion's Head community. She began vacationing here in the 1950's, soon after arriving from England to pursue her nursing career. She nursed in various locations in Ontario but was called to the Northwest Territories in 1972. Through her work there at a Nursing Station, she met George Horner, who later became her husband. Her marriage came with a great bonus: his three grown sons and a young daughter. Upon retirement, they moved to her cottage in Lion's Head which was enlarged into a permanent residence. Sadly, George became ill with cancer and Pat nursed him at home until his death in April, 1992.

1992 was the year in which a few people from the Anglican Church community in Lion's Head met to discuss the idea of establishing a palliative care group on the Peninsula. Pat has been a part of this group since those first meetings and has found the years to be "sad, happy and rewarding."

Although disillusioned with the "bureaucracy" which has evolved from those early beginnings, she "remains very moved by the work of all volunteers in this association: non-client and client caregivers alike."

"They are good people and I never cease to be impressed by their dedication."

Pat is not only an enthusiastic Hospice volunteer; she volunteers in many other ways — always with a smile on her face. Pat is very involved with her church and its members as well as with residents of the local Nursing Home. She chauffeurs people to appointments of all kinds, delivers Meal on Wheels, visits shut-ins, is part of the Christmas Community Choir, belongs to a writers' group and is also very active in one of the local Seniors' groups. Patricia loves life and keeps very busy, as you can well imagine. Thank you, Pat, for sharing so much of yourself — especially your smiles, songs, and stories which bring cheer to so many.

— Donna Baker

DID YOU KNOW?

Bell Canada's Special Needs Centre provides help to Bell Canada customers who require extra assistance. One is exemption from the charge for using Directory Assistance (411). After registering with the Centre, all Directory Assistance calls from your home phone will not be charged. This exemption is provided to seniors (over 65 with no disability), those registered with the CNIB, or those that have a disability that inhibits the use of phone books. They can also be given a password to exempt themselves from charges for accessing Directory Assistance (411) outside the home.

Participants must be Bell Canada customers. You can register by calling 1-800-268-9243. The Special Needs Centre is also available by TTY/TDD phone at 1-800-268-9242, or by Fax at 1-800-642-7616.

I registered my 90-year-old mother, Sally, who lives in a long-term care facility in Brampton, and it only took a few minutes. They asked for her SIN or OAS number and her phone number. Now she can use Directory Assistance for free. She can also dial the Operator ["0"] and ask the Operator to complete her call if she has difficulty dialing.

This might be useful to our readers and/or the clients we serve.

— Milton van der Veen

RECIPE: PEANUT BUTTER BALLS

1 cup Rice Krispies
1 cup peanut butter
1 cup icing sugar
2 tbsp of butter
Semi-sweet chocolate

Mix up the Rice Krispies, peanut butter and icing sugar. If you prefer, you can use chunky peanut butter or add nuts to the ingredients.

Form the mixture into balls and put them in the fridge at least 3 to 4 hours, preferably overnight.

Melt semi-sweet chocolate in a double boiler or use a wide-mouthed jelly jar in a hot dish of water. Add a touch of paraffin wax to the chocolate mixture.

With a spoon, a pair of tweezers, or two forks, dip the balls in the semi-sweet chocolate.

Let the excess chocolate drip off and place the balls on a wax paper lined cookie sheet. Store in the fridge to keep them firm.

Makes about 3 dozen.

— Contributed by Myrtle Kennedy

IT'S YOUR NEWSLETTER

Reader input is **needed** to make our newsletter newsworthy and fun. Send your items to our editor, Donna Baker, 95 Moore St., R R 3, Lion's Head, NOH 1W0.

You can also email Donna at dbaker@amtelecom.net

Deadlines for future issues are May 5, 2005 for May 17 publishing, and September 3, 2005 for September 15 publishing.

Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance. Every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that it is special. Every day, every minute, every breath truly is a gift from God.

— Anonymous



Colchicum (Fall Crocus)

A WONDERFUL WAY TO EXPLAIN DEATH

A sick man turned to his doctor, as he was preparing to leave the examination room and said, "Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side."

Very quietly, the doctor said, "I don't know."

"You don't know? You, a Christian man, do not know what is on the other side?"

The doctor was holding the handle of the door; on the other side came a sound of scratching and whining, and as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room and leaped on him with an eager show of gladness.

Turning to the patient, the doctor said, "Did you notice my dog? He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here, and when the door opened, he sprang in without fear. I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know one thing ... I know my Master is there and that is enough."

May today there be peace within you. May you trust God that you are exactly where you are meant to be.

"I believe that friends are quiet angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly."

— *Anonymous*

AN EMAIL STORY

People may not remember exactly what you did, or what you said, but they will always remember how you made them feel.

Twenty years ago, I drove a cab for a living.

When I arrived at 2:30 a.m., the building was dark except for a single light in a ground floor window. Under these circumstances, many drivers would just honk once or twice, wait a minute, then drive away.

But, I had seen too many impoverished people who depended on taxis as their only means of transportation. Unless a situation smelled of danger, I always went to the door. This passenger might be someone who needs my assistance, I reasoned to myself.

So I walked to the door and knocked. "Just a minute", answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor.

After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 80's stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940s movie. By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets.

There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

"Would you carry my bag out to the car?" she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman.

She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb.

She kept thanking me for my kindness.

"It's nothing", I told her. "I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated".

"Oh, you're such a good boy", she said.

When we got in the cab, she gave me an address, then asked, "Could you drive through downtown?" "It's not the shortest way," I answered quickly.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said. "I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice". I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening.

"I don't have any family left," she continued. "The doctor says I don't have very long." I quietly reached over and shut off the meter.

"What route would you like me to take?" I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds.

She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, "I'm tired. Let's go now."

We drove in silence to the address she had given me.

It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico. Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move.

They must have been expecting her.

I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door.

The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked, reaching into her purse.

"Nothing," I said.

"You have to make a living," she answered.

"There are other passengers," I responded.

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly. "You gave an old woman a little moment of joy," she said. "Thank you." I squeezed her hand, then walked into the dim morning light.

Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life.

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk.

What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life. We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware—beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.

— *Submitted by Ruth Sheasby and her friend Esther*