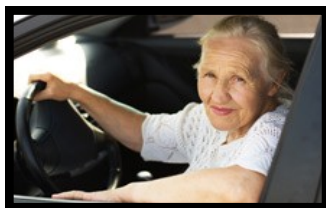




Seniors Today



www.yksenior.ca

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Editors:
Bob Carr
Marg Green

Cover by Bob Carr

You may have driven your entire life, and take great pride in your safety record. But as you age, it is critical that you realize your driving ability can change. The keys to driving safely are to recognize that changes can happen, get help when they do, and be willing to listen if others voice concerns.

**Our
Veterans
2011**

Harley Crowe

Dusty Miller

Ruth Spence

Jan Stirling

Ethel Wilson

Brock Parsons



Remembering Remembrance Day—November 11

Lest We Forget

He was getting old and paunchy and his hair was falling fast
And he sat around the Legion telling stories of the past.
Of a war that he fought in and the deeds that he had done
In his exploits with his buddies; they were heroes, everyone.

And tho' sometimes to his neighbours, his tales became a joke,
All his Legion buddies listened, for they knew whereof he spoke.
But we'll hear his tales no longer, for old Bill has passed away
And the world's a little poorer, for a soldier died today.

He will not be mourned by many, just his children and his wife,
For he lived an ordinary quiet and uneventful life,
Held a job and raised a family, quietly going his own way;

When politicians leave this earth, their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing and proclaim that they were great,
Papers tell their life stories from the time they were young,
But the passing of a soldier goes unnoticed and unsung.

It's so easy to forget them, for it was so long ago
That the "Old Bill's" of our country went to battle, but we know
It was not the politicians, with their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom that our country now enjoys.

He was just a common soldier and his ranks are growing thin
But his presence should remind us we may need his like again.
For when countries are in conflict then we find the soldier's part
Is to clean up all the troubles that the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honour while he's here to hear the praise
Then at least let's give him homage at the ending of his days.
Perhaps just a simple headline in a paper that would say:
Our country is in mourning, for a soldier died today.

This poem appeared in our Fall 2000 Newsletter, via the September 1999 Issue of the Yukon Seniors' Newsletter.
Edited for 2011

2011 American Seniors Games

In the last week of June, Joan Hirons and I, along with Edna Woodward from Fort Smith participated in the 2011 Summer National Senior Games in Houston, Texas. An invitation to attend had been received as the result of an agreement between the USA Seniors Games Association and the Organizing Committee for the 2010 55+ Games in Brockville, Ontario. All three of us had won medals at the Canadian Games, hence the invitation to compete in the US.

The Games were huge, with over 10,000 athletes including 112 from Canada. The competitors from the United States were designated by their home states and those from the north simply as Canada. There was however no organized Canadian team although we did meet some Canadian swimmers and some shuffleboard players during the competitions or at the hotel. Someone later gave us Canadian Maple Leaf swim caps to wear, which made us feel more like team members. The games were held over a two week period and a lack of organized transportation meant that we only managed to see the swimming.

We arrived in Houston on Sunday evening and after checking in to our hotel we went to register at the Games Centre downtown. As we had not yet eaten supper we thought we would register and then find a restaurant. Bad Idea! We could not find a single restaurant open in down town Houston on a Sunday evening. We walked for nearly an hour and then in the distance spotted the Golden Arches, a McDonald, we were saved. Would you believe that even McDonald was closed!! So we eventually went back to hotel and thankfully the restaurant was open and the food was good.

Because there was no official transportation provided to the various venues and we were initially too timid to attempt the local city transportation we had to take a taxi to the pool. There was generally no difficulty in leaving the hotel as there were always taxis waiting, however getting back again was more difficult and we had to spend a long time waiting outside the pool in the hot 36C sun with very little shade. You know you are in trouble when the taxi dispatcher tells you, "if the taxi hasn't come in thirty minutes, call back!" Joan did eventually pluck up enough courage to try the city bus and it was quite a complex journey, not to be undertaken before a race.

(Things often seem more frightening or difficult in anticipation than they eventually prove to be in practice.)

The facilities for the swimming competitions however and the organization of the meet were excellent. We swam at the University of Houston Wellness Centre which as well as the pools, one indoor and one outdoor, had many gymnasiums, fitness rooms, a four lane walking track, a climbing wall, racket sport courts and even an artificial beach volleyball court. The swimming events were held in the indoor pool which was big enough that the competition took place between bulkheads to create a 25 yard pool and still leaving an extensive warm up pool at one end and a diving complex at the other. The events went like clockwork and it was your responsibility to be on the bulkhead for your event as the previous heats were taking place. Immediately at the end of your swim a big scoreboard let you know how well you had done. At the end of each session there were award presentations with medals for the first three in each event and ribbons for places 4-8. With a far greater population base from which to draw we found the competition fiercer and at a higher level than the Canadian games the year previously.

Houston, of course, is known for its aerospace facility. On the one day I wasn't competing I tried to book a tour of the Space Centre but couldn't get one. The next day however, following a lead from someone we met at breakfast Joan went out to the Centre by very inexpensive public transport and had an enjoyable day out seeing the command center and several space craft and other equipment.

So how did we do? Team Canada received 30 medals. A scheduling change meant that Edna had to leave for home before swimming her second event, but she finished 12th in her event; Joan got two ribbons for finishing 7th, 8th, and 9th in hers and I managed a 7th, a 4th, and a silver medal in mine. All in all I we did Yellowknife and the NWT proud as well as having a great experience. *Chris Williams*



**From Pot Luck,
April 1, 2011**

**Veggie Soup with
Greens & Peas**

2 Tbs water
2 onions
1 Tbs fresh ginger
3 cloves garlic, minced
1-1/2 Tbs curry powder
1 tsp cumin
1/4 tsp ground mustard
1/4 tsp turmeric
2 cups sweet potato
cut in 1 in. cubes
1 medium carrot, diced
8 cups vegetable stock
3 cups yellow split
peas
1 bunch Swiss Chard,
chopped bite size
1 tsp salt
Pepper to taste

Heat water in pot , add
onions. Cook & stir 7
minutes. Add ginger
and garlic & cook 5
minutes. Add a bit of
water to prevent
sticking to pot.

Add & stir in curry,
cumin, mustard,
turmeric, sweet potato,
carrot, stock, and
peas.

Cover & simmer 1
hour, til peas are
cooked.

Add Swiss Chard ,
cook 10 minutes.
Season with salt &
pepper.

Serves 6 - 8

Dave McCann

Remembering WW II & VE-Day

Joan Jones was born March 12, 1920 in England at Rock Villa, Mile End which was a small village on the edge of the Forest of Dean close to Coleford, Gloucestershire, England. Prior to the war she moved to London where she worked in Selfridges Department Store then trained at Redhill Hospital as a nurse's aide. When the war broke out Joan was called up to serve in the Ambulance Corp., she was 20 years old. Her memories of her time in London are often humorous and she rarely talks about the realities she faced driving ambulance, dodging bombs and picking up the injured or dead. Here in her own words are some of those memories:

The Americans sent over these big powerful trucks. We weren't used to such big trucks so nobody knew how to drive them. Each ambulance had four stretchers, one horn but no siren and we couldn't drive with our lights on. We were called the Air Raid Precautions or ARP. We had a uniform; navy blue pants and a tin hat which protected us from falling debris during the bomb attacks. We worked 24 hours on and 24 hours off. It was frightening to see the V1 bombers. They made an awful sound and looked like a "T" in the sky. There were no pilots inside and they were set to go off at a certain point. Often I would see them just drop from the air. They scared us to death because we didn't know where to go.

We did have some fun times during the war. Once Joan Kennelly and I were caught in a roundabout and couldn't get off so two good looking policemen beckoned me to follow them. We did and the policemen asked us to go out for a drink at the pub but they were married so we didn't show up. One night we put Ex-lax into the men's hot chocolate which meant they were up all night running to the law. The next morning all the flowers by the barrack doors were trampled. We used to go dancing at Tottenham Court Road. The Canadians couldn't dance so we used to avoid them. The American soldiers couldn't dance either; they used to just jump up and down.

I stayed in London during the Battle of Britain. People liked Winston Churchill. During the war I saw him three or four times in person when he would stand on the street corner trying to get people to vote him into office.

On VE-Day there was a big parade in London. I remember standing on the side of the curb watching Montgomery and Eisenhower go by in the parade. I was waiting for the band to come around accompanying the soldiers that had survived the war and I remember a very pregnant lady collapsing on her stomach. I wonder what ever happened to her? We were all so young and we were just doing what we had to do and didn't think much of it. When the war ended we just wrapped up what we had to and most people just headed for home. When the war ended I remember what a relief it was to have our lights on a night.

Following the war Joan headed for home and the bus ride back she met her future husband Hugh whom she had known from Bell's Grammar School. Hugh was a Commando with the British Air Force and had served in Italy and India. He proposed and they got married November 21, 1946. Joan's mum tried to talk her out of the marriage and often said "you'll have lots of kids and no money." She was right. Joan has four children, ten grandchildren and four great grandchildren. She now lives in Yellowknife with her son Murray and his wife Shirley.



Isabell & Clifford VE-Day

VE Day by Isabell McDorman

The day war was declared in September 1939, two of my uncles enlisted. Both were unmarried, working in the Sudbury nickel mines, with my father. I was their only niece so they spent much time at our house spoiling me. By December 1939 they were in Britain. For the next five years they wrote regularly to me and sent gifts. A silk hankie from their one day in France, just before Dunkirk, an Anglican prayer book from London church services following Dieppe, a tiny piece of rock from mining at Gibraltar, pen pal names of Dutch children after D Day were important events for me.

Then in spring 1945, the Canadian Army instituted rotating leaves to Canada for those with over five years of service. Clifford, the younger brother, arrived at our home on May 8; scheduled to return to Europe in June.

On May 10 I went to school excitedly telling my grade 9 classmates the rumours of the war ending were premature, my soldier uncle said there were still many pockets of isolated resistance. But at 10:30 the announcement came: **War in Europe was Officially Over, school was out.**

At home my uncle was in tears. He was devastated that he would not celebrate the momentous event with his comrades of five and a half years of struggle. He never saw them again; he was demobilized in Toronto, and back at work in a mine by June. Meanwhile the other brother stayed in Europe for five months building bridges and destroying landmines, arriving back to us for Thanksgiving.

Although both married, neither had any children. Clifford died in a Sudbury mine accident in 1949. The second uncle came north and lived happily in Yellowknife the rest of his life. I knew him as my second father. You knew him as *Ed Baker*.



Do You Remember? World War Two Savings Stamps



The war effort required hundreds of millions of dollars in the currency of the time. To provide a means through which the government could borrow money from Canadians on a continual basis, the Department of Finance announced in April 1940 that War Savings Certificates would be issued. A certificate held for 7 ½ years to maturity would increase in value by 25%.

For example, a certificate purchased for \$4 was worth \$5 at maturity. Anyone unable to purchase outright the smallest certificate, \$5 in 1940, could buy one in installments through war savings stamps. These individual 25¢ stamps produced by the Post Office Department could be acquired at a bank or post office. Children, in particular, were encouraged to take part in the stamp program. Small paper folders were available for collecting stamps. The Canadian Post Office issued eight specially designed War Savings Stamps.

After being married for 50 years, I took a careful look at my wife one day and said "Fifty" years ago we had a cheap house, a junk car, slept on a sofa bed and watched a 10-inch black and white TV, but I got to sleep every night with a hot 18 year-old girl.

Now I have a \$500,000.00 home, a 35,000.00 car, a nice big bed and a large screen TV, but I'm sleeping with a 68 year-old woman. It seems to me that you're not holding up your side of things."

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a hot 18-year-old girl and she would make sure that I would once again be living in a cheap house, driving a junk car, sleeping on a sofa bed and watching a 10-inch black and white TV.

Aren't older women great? They really know how to solve an old guy's problems.

SENIORS.....TO DRIVE or NOT TO DRIVE ?

(That is the Question)

By Lauren F.W. McKiel

Past President YKSS; RCMP – Superintendent-Retired

One of the most difficult decisions police officers on patrol have to make is stopping a Senior Citizen for a traffic violation and then deciding whether or not to recommend to the Vehicle Licensing Department that the Senior Citizen be re-examined to determine if the Senior continues to be competent to safely drive a vehicle.

Driving Safely must be an important factor for Seniors ! We all age differently so some folks are capable of driving while well up in their seventies and eighties and beyond. Many elders are at higher risk for road and street accidents, either with other vehicles or pedestrians and cyclists. Some Seniors need to find other sources of transportation much earlier. **There is no "One Rule" for all Seniors !**

Risk Factors of Aging That Can Affect Seniors Driving Ability:

- **Vision Decline:**

Did you know that by age 60 you need three times the amount of light that you did at age 20 in order to drive safely at night ? Vision declines with age, which means depth perception and being able to judge the speed of oncoming traffic becomes more difficult due to bright sunlight and glare. These factors may cause Seniors to drift into another lane while driving, or to miss Important turns.

- **Hearing Loss:**

Approximately one-third of adults over age 65 are hearing-impaired. A Senior may not realize they are missing important sounds when driving, such as honking by the motorist whose lane you just drifted into; sirens of emergency vehicles; or the bell of a child's bicycle.

- **Increased Reaction Time:**

Due to chronic physical conditions such as arthritis; Parkinson's Disease; sleep apnoea, or diabetes, a Senior's ability to quickly react to a highway or street condition such as an accident immediately in front of them; or, a child darting out to retrieve a soccer ball; may cause them to be part of an accident or to cause another !

- **Medications:**

As we age, we traditionally take more medications. Certain medications, as well as certain combinations of medications, can greatly increase driving risk. Be sure to discuss with your Pharmacist what effect any or all of your medications may have on your ability to drive safely!

- **Drowsiness:**

Aging can make sleeping more difficult, which means that some Seniors may not sleep well, or for long periods, during the night. This condition greatly increases the tendency to doze off during the day, or while driving. Certain medications may also cause drowsiness.

- **Dementia:**

The early on- set of dementia makes driving more frustrating, Since one may set out to drive to the Seniors Centre, then find themselves in the grocery store parking lot. These circumstances may cause delayed reactions or confusion. Also, one may be driving to the grocery store, and realize too late you have barely missed the entry.....you stop suddenly... back up suddenly and hear the blaring of a car horn from the driver immediately behind you whom you have almost front-ended... now what do you do ????

If a Senior who is close to you appears to find driving more difficult than before, watch for signs of Unsafe Driving. Add a number of small warning signs of unsafe driving together and they may add up to a need to discuss the *all important decision to quit driving !*

Unsafe Driving Signs:

- Frequent “close calls” (almost crashing) dents or scrapes on the car;
- Getting Lost More Often;
- Reluctance of friends or relatives to be in the car when Senior is driving;
- Trouble moving the foot from gas to brake, or confusing the pedals;
- Abrupt lane changes; braking or acceleration;
- Failing to use turn signal, or keeping the signal on without changing lanes or turning;
- Driving on the wrong side of the road; or along the shoulder of the road;
- Appearing to be fearful or nervous while driving;
- More road conflict; other drivers honking; anger at other drivers;
- Not understanding why other drivers are honking;

Boys

Three boys are in the school yard bragging about their fathers. The first boy says, "My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a poem, and they give him \$25."

The second boy says, "That's nothing. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a song, and they give him \$200."

The third boy says, "I got you both beat. My Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, he calls it a sermon, and it takes eight men to collect all the money!"



- Trouble paying attention to signals; traffic lights; or pedestrians;
- Increase in their being stopped by Traffic or Law Enforcement Officers who administer "warnings" because they are a Senior.

Talking to a Senior Who Should Stop Driving:

Approach the subject in an appropriate setting, and do it with great sensitivity. It is more than a Driver's Licence.....it is a symbol of: Freedom; Independence and Independent Living; Self-Sufficiency; Fun and Spontaneity; Involvement in social, Fraternal and Religious activities. As important as it is to treat the Senior Driver with Respect, and not jump to unfair conclusions, so it is also important to assist the elderly driver to retire from the road with a good understanding why safety is the real reason to do so.

Start slowly and try to persuade the senior to give up the keys !

Often, a meeting of family members to discuss the matter informally may be a good starting point. There will no doubt be resistance and you may be dismissed with refusal to listen to you....emotion often gets in the way of a rational decision. If there are no family members nearby, then a gathering of close personal and respected friends may be another good starting point. Ask questions.....do not make demands !

For example: Would you consider not driving at night ? Or would you consider only driving in mid-afternoon when traffic is lighter ? Transportation Options should be explained, such as: not driving will not keep them permanently house bound, however, family and friends can drive them to appointments and social events they regularly attend.

Taxis and Public Transport (City Busses) may be convenient for some travel; Organize appointments and shopping for separate days of the week which will give the Senior something to plan for and to look forward. Ensure transport is arranged for attendance at: Lunch With a Bunch; Church; Bridge Night and Exercise Classes, to name only a few events that keep routines normal. Keeping their own vehicle and having someone else drive them may be of more comfort and be more acceptable to the Senior who agrees to give up their drivers licence.

These are some suggestions to make the transition easier and more acceptable.

Seniors....Please Remember....in giving up driving your vehicle

“ The Life You Save

May Be Your Own !!!”

TO DRIVE OR NOT TO DRIVE!

The government (Ontario) notice said that now that I am 80, so to keep my driver's license I must read a handbook, attend a lecture, take tests, repeating every two years. More government red tape! Driving a car is a symbol of freedom, a convenience, a way to help others, an enjoyment for sight-seeing, a less risky way to go out at night. It's hard to consider life without it.

But I know I tire more quickly, my hearing, vision, reaction time, and attention span, are more limited. My eyes didn't react quickly enough to the change from sun to shadow, so what that I scraped a fender on a garage pillar. I notice friends' driving habits worsening. Two senior drivers here recently caused deaths through inattention or slow reactions in daytime, in good weather. It's frightening!

So I have been preparing for a "car-less" life. Four years ago I down sized to a place where public transit was readily available, sold my car but arranged to be able to use my daughter's while she was at work (week-days, daytime). But I found using public transit-outside of rush hours-is fun. The landscape, and the other riders are always fascinating-a smile will get one a seat (afternoon shows/concerts are cheaper too). I get some exercise by walking to the corner store. I discovered on-line shopping, from books to grocery staples. I car-pool with younger friends to evening meetings and reward them with home-cooking.

A Big **benefit of giving up my car has been the savings**- several thousand dollars a year in gasoline, depreciation, insurance, maintenance. Taxi rides would be feasible, not that I've had to take many. I have enough free time to plan outings conveniently. I've used my daughter's car less and less. This spring, I didn't find it very hard to put away my car keys; giving up this one part of my independence, is outweighed by the serenity of knowing I am not imperilling others.

Isabell McDorman

Upcoming Events:

November 26: Annual Christmas Bazaar 12 pm - 3:30

December 4: Annual Legion Seniors' Christmas Supper at BCCentre

December 9&10: Choral Christmas Concert (to be announced)

December 11: Choral Group/New Boy's Choir/Fireweed Children's Choir (more later)

December 21: Christmas Traditional Lunch at the Museum, \$20 reserve, limited space

December 28: Annual Open House & raffle draw 1:30pm BCC.

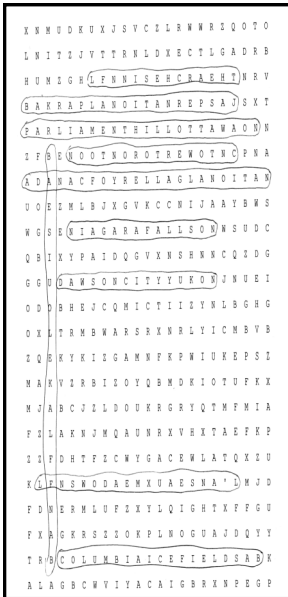
March 1: Saint David's Day

March 2: Ed Baker Day

March 17: St. Patrick's Day

April 2012: National Volunteer Week

**Word Search
Answers
Page 17**



Surviving Without Driving

In 2008 I became a “Senior Driver at Risk”. My left eye was diagnosed with AMD - Age-Related Macular Degeneration - a condition that causes loss of central vision leaving only peripheral, or side, vision intact. AMD is the leading cause of blindness for those over 50 in the western world. The cause of AMD is still unknown and treatments are at present being developed.

I first noticed the condition just three months after my regular check-up. Symptoms I experienced were shadows or missing areas of vision, distorted vision and straight lines appeared wavy or blank. Using the Amslar Grid Test showed the signs of AMD. I was quickly diagnosed with AMD and sent to the Edmonton Retina Clinic for treatment. The early detection and treatment has controlled the “Wet” form of AMD; however the vision loss cannot be regained. In other words there is no cure.

I still had good right eye vision and clinic doctors have assured me I could continue to drive. However, I realized that I no longer had the “full vision” of both eyes and restricted my night driving, avoided busy intersections and paid more attention to road and weather conditions. In time, as a “Driver at Risk”, I reminded myself that driving is a privilege and as a senior, I was expected to be fully capable with all reflexes intact.

Eventually, I gave up driving because I no longer felt comfortable and secure at the wheel. The decision was my own and a logical decision given my condition. My family were satisfied and supported my decision.

Do I miss driving? You bet!! I miss the loss of mobility, try not to depend on others for transportation, and most of all I miss my carefree trips to our family cabin at Cassidy Point. I appreciate that our Yellowknife seniors are so fortunate to have the support of our City and the Council of Disabled Persons in providing the Yellowknife Assisted Transportation System (YATS) whose friendly YATS handy-bus and courteous drivers pick up and return me for \$2.50 per trip. We are also fortunate and benefit from regular information talks and demonstrations from the CNIB.

It is almost two years since I have been separated from my little blue Corsica and I look back on the new experiences of my changed lifestyle. Real pleasures include meeting other bus passengers, avoiding rush hour traffic and seeing people of all ages and varieties of physical problems making a real effort to be independent and self – sufficient.

There is a new emphasis in my life after I said goodbye to my car. I do not miss the financial upkeep of a car and appreciate that my ability to get around is not full restricted – I really am walking more. Yes seniors’**there is life after “wheels”**.... *Esther Braden*



PAY ATTENTION TO WARNING SIGNS

- Increased number of fender benders or near collisions.
- Driving too slowly or too fast.
- Occasionally drifting across lane markings into other lanes.
- Poor road position when turning and/or wide turns.
- Difficulty seeing pedestrians, objects and other vehicles.
- Difficulty co-ordinating hand and foot movements.
- Increased nervousness when behind the wheel.
- Not using turn signals when turning or changing lanes.
- Failing to yield.
- Aggressive driving or driving when angry or upset
- Getting lost more often or in familiar surroundings.
- Being spoken to about your driving by family, friends, or law enforcement.

TIPS FOR MAINTAINING YOUR DRIVING PRIVILEGE

1. Maintain your health and flexibility.
2. Have regular vision and hearing examinations.
2. Keep your car in good condition.
4. Plan your route and, where possible, avoid complicated intersections, busy highways, etc.
5. Focus all your attention on driving. Avoid distractions.
6. Drive during daylight hours.
7. Always scan ahead and to the sides of the road, looking for traffic signals and other road users.
8. Brush up on your driving knowledge and skills.
9. Regularly review your own driving.



Northwest
Territories Transportation

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW

Mature Drivers



Northwest
Territories Transportation

Road Licensing & Safety

PO BOX 1320

YELLOWKNIFE NT X1A 2L9

Phone (867) 873-7406 Fax (867) 873-0120

Road Licensing and Safety Division

The Department of Transportation's Road Licensing and Safety Division (RL&S) works to ensure that all Northwest Territories (NWT) drivers have the skills and medical fitness necessary to safely operate a vehicle on the streets and highways of the NWT

If you have any questions or concerns, please contact the Driver Medical Assessment Officer at:

Tel: 867-920-6920

Fax: 867-873-0120

You may also visit our website at: <http://www.dot.gov.nt.ca>. Click on the tab under Licensing.



Recollections on a Driving Career

I have been driving for over 65 years, now I am suddenly taking a taxi, transit bus or asking my good friend, Donna, to drive me here or there. So thank goodness for Donna, family and friends. I am grateful to these people who help me in to their trucks, station wagons or SUVs.

My dad, John William Talbot Strong was an Englishman, feisty and perhaps a little rebellious for his time, being expelled from school twice -once for riding the train to school and once for throwing a bottle of ink at the master

– who was wearing a white shirt and black robe! Dad eventually moved to Canada and to Prairie Creek, southwest of Rocky Mountain House to become an auctioneer, built a beautiful home and had the first 'Ford' dealership in town. We had a Studebaker Phaeton motor car, which could go 50mph, downhill and with the gas pedal (a rubber ball) right to the floor! Model T Fords and eventually a Buick, then a Hudson. Dad had to be the first one in town to have a car, first to use Delco lights, first to have running water, baths & flush toilets in the home!

My Dad taught my older siblings how to drive. I was the youngest and when I graduated from Grade 12, I asked my Dad to teach me. Eventually he agreed and off we went. Dad pointed out the brake, steering wheel, etc. And turned over the wheel to me. As I got the brake and the clutch mixed up we did a lot of jerking & bumping along and when Dad bumped his head against the dash board, he yelled at me “OK, let's go home and I'll drive” We had three more attempts at learning, all with the same outcome and Dad saying to Mom “I can't teach this kid to drive” . Tears from me! Dad wasn't angry with me – just a little bit frustrated!

In September I went to Edmonton to start a degree program in Nursing at the University of Alberta, Edmonton was a fair size, even back then, with lots of traffic, buses, cars and trucks. My dream of learning to drive was soon forgotten. One day a man came to the residence asking for me. I didn't know him, but he asked “Are you Barbara Strong?” and handed me a letter. It was from Dad, but addressed to the Alberta Motor Association. I read the letter, with the man standing beside me grinning, saying “ When you have time to start learning to drive, I am a very reliable teacher” After then, once a week driving lessons, I passed my driving test first try!

I enjoyed driving in Edmonton, doing VON nursing in Calgary, driving to all my clients. I have enjoyed driving in Yellowknife for the past 50 years, even though for the past three years I have had yellow stripes on one side of my car – those darn big yellow 'things' signifying “*Wheel Chair Parking*” at Wal-Mart.

However, I must say when my four grown children said “Mom, we think you should not drive anymore”, I was upset. And **I was angry too**. I think this was sometime back in the spring of 2011. I told them at least I could drive to church, or the Baker Centre, picking up Nora, Connie & Dusty for Lunch with a Bunch. How would they all get there if I didn't take them? Bob said, “Mom, we don't have a vendetta against you, we just love you and want you around for a while. It isn't just your driving we are thinking about, but pedestrians crossing anywhere on the streets, and noon and 4:30 traffic is deadly” I realized they were right.

I will just **use my driver's license for the next few months as photo ID** at elections and airport!!

Barb Bromley.

Therapeutic Gardens

Our memories help connect us to who we are - An image, a smell, or even a sound can bring us back to a day of happiness and revive memories long lost. For an Alzheimer's patient, these senses allow them to stay connected to the world around them. The sounds of birds, the smell of roses, and the feel of planting a flower can help in a persons' struggle with Alzheimer's disease. According to research, a natural environment sets a time clock in the body. When Alzheimer's damages that, therapeutic gardens can correct the body clock, and there is much less sundowning (sleep/wake disturbances). Alzheimer's is an incurable, degenerative and terminal disease. Research is discovering that time in a natural setting can be restorative and may be one of the best medicines.

The **Wales Home** for Seniors (in Quebec's Eastern Townships) entered and won \$100,000 in a Canada-wide competition hosted by the Aviva Insurance Community Fund to provide their residents with a Therapeutic Garden. The home includes a section for residents with dementia. The garden was constructed this spring (2011) as soon as the soil could be turned over. It includes an impressive range of plants, including apple trees and blueberry bushes. Flowers of all kinds and areas of scented flowers along with vegetables. Flowers that attract butterflies and trees to attract birds.

People with cognitive - related dementias can become disoriented and confused if they come to the end of a path or road. A continuous loop allows them to enjoy a calm stroll. The garden is fenced in so residents with memory-related problems can visit the outdoor garden on their own without the risk of getting lost. The path and trees are wired with lights, so residents and visitors can visit the garden after sundown.

The Little Garden that Could....CNIB's Square Foot Garden - Rosanna Strong, CNIB Garden Coordinator



So, what can one plant in a square foot of soil? Well, according to the planting guidance in the book Square Foot Gardening by Mel Bartholomew quite a bit! Anything from 16 carrots or radishes to 9 bush beans or beets, to 4 heads of lettuce or Swiss chard, to 2 cucumbers per square. This gardening concept is a simple but effect method of gardening that is adaptable to all levels of experience, physical ability and geographical location.

The CNIB started this gardening project to provide an opportunity for their clients to develop new skills and confidence, grow their own produce and for others to continue to pursue their love of gardening. This little garden grew to its fullest potential with the nurturing from community organizations, businesses, keen volunteers, CNIB clients, **seniors**, and interested members of the neighborhood on 52 Street in Yellowknife. The garden is laid out in the shape of a clock with the wheel chair accessible garden box #12 pointing

due North. This design will help with visitors or a user of the garden to orient within the site, assist in determining what to plant where, and is aesthetically pleasing to the eye. Each 4'x4' garden box is raised off the ground to reduce the amount of weeds and crossed with lathe to form 12 nicely marked square foot planting areas. The raised box ledge makes a handy perch to sit on when reaching into the centre of the garden or for taking a break too. We have four boxes that are double the height for planting deep-rooted vegetables, like potatoes. In addition, to Box #12, three other boxes next year will be raised high enough to allow for wheel accessibility, like pulling up to a big table covered in a rich, dark soil. The best part of this garden is there no heavy digging and minimal weeding!

This summer, due to the late start of the project, the garden was planted by myself and with the assistance of a core group of dedicated volunteers. Under their dedicated ministrations and some help from Mother Nature, we attained a bumper series of crops from the 12-garden boxes next to Olexin Park. As the site was not fully accessible for some of our clients or those in wheelchairs, we decided to take the harvest to them and residents of Aven Manor. The bags of Swiss chard, beans, peas, carrots, potatoes, fresh herbs, radishes, lettuce, beets, salads with edible flowers and garden stew was accepted with much enthusiasm by the recipients of this vegetative bounty.

Next year, **our main goal is to have the area paved and landscaped to make it accessible for all people** to get their hands dirty and grow something for themselves. Plus, make it a gathering place to enjoy a fine summer day with friends, explore the garden using art, or even hear a small concert. After all isn't that what food does... provide a medium to gather together, share, laugh, breaks down barriers and feeds our souls and bodies? Doreen, a CNIB client summed up this project very well..."This garden will help us to eat more healthy foods and give us an opportunity to socialize with others. And, to really, really enjoy our meals."

If you are interested in participating in this blossoming garden project for the summer of 2012, **please contact Norma Jarvis, CNIB Regional Manager at 873-2647.**



Wales Home
photo Bob Carr



Cranberry-nut Muffins

(Sheila Woodward)

1 1/2 cups brown sugar
 2/3 cup vegetable oil
 1 egg
 1 cup buttermilk
 1 tsp vanilla
 1 tsp baking soda
 1 tsp salt
 1 1/2 cups white flour
 1 cup wheat flour
 1 cup cranberries
 1/2 cup chopped pecans

Combine sugar, oil, & egg in large bowl.

In another bowl, mix buttermilk, soda, salt & vanilla.

Blend flour into sugar/oil mix, alternating with buttermilk mix.

Fold in cranberries and nuts.

Bake at 325 F for 30 minutes.

Makes 1 dozen.

BERRY PICKING

In the fall, when I am out prospecting, I carry a couple zip lock bags or an empty plastic peanut butter jar with me just in case I come across a particularly good patch of northern cranberries.

One fall day I happened upon a particularly good patch, so I was sitting on the ground lost in that Zen like state one gets into, as you carefully and gently strip the ruby red berries from the plants. It was just me, the berries, the forest and the occasional black fly.

Suddenly I was startled by the sound of breaking branches near me, followed by a thump, thump, thumpidy thump. A flock of spruce hens was coming in for a landing and I swear one bounced off my shoulder and ending up sitting right in front of me. I could have quite literally reached out and grabbed it. A flock of close to a dozen spruce hens had decided to land on my berry patch and I was surrounded by the birds. I just sat there perfectly still and watched them. They stood there shaking their heads up and down, clucking to one another.

"Yup, yup, yup, another successfully landing."

"Yup, yup yup we all made it, except for Ernie, who is stuck up in a tree but he looks ok."

"Yup, yup, yup. Oh by the way, did you happen to notice there is a big hairy human, sitting in our midst."

"Yup, yup, yup" the mother clucked "Lets just pretend we don't see him and move on out of here, slowly and carefully."

One by one, in a great flapping of wings, the birds managed to leap up into the trees. When the entire flock was off the ground, they took off flying through the forest trying to dodge the trees, for the most part successfully. They then landed again not more than a hundred feet away.

Spruce hens are not known as skilled or long distant flyers, but they do manage to move around a little. I reckon their idea of a landing is to just stop flapping their wings and plummeting to earth, hoping for the best, much like a flock of scud missiles. Most of them seem to survive the landing but it is not pretty and far from graceful. This may also explain why they like to stay reasonably close to the ground, it lessens the impact.

No one in their right mind would ever design a flying machine based on the aerodynamic expertise of spruce hens.

I went back to picking berries after my up close and personal encounter with an alien species. That is one of the reasons I like berry picking, you get to see the northern forest and its denizens in a whole new light.

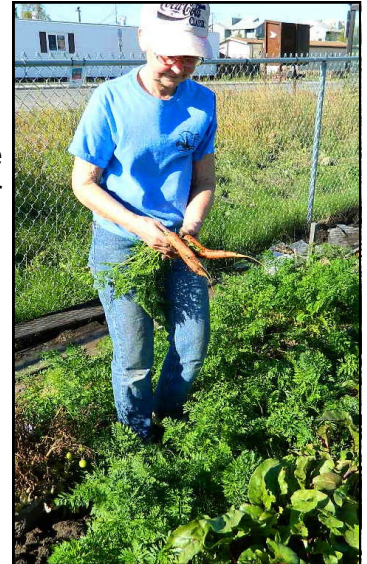
Another thought came to my mind. The whole concept of living off of the land. Could a human being pick enough berries in a day to stay alive, I wondered about that because I had been picking for close to an hour and my jar was far from full.

Walt Humphries





Doris has a beautiful garden plot as part of the Yellowknife Community Garden. The plot was provided to her from her family as a Mothers Day gift and all plots (roughly 12 feet x 18) have a requirement that 25% of the harvest must go to a local charity such as Aven Manor, Alison McAteer House, Salvation Army etc. Doris donates to Aven Manor and even a family pet rabbit gets to feed on some veggies. She says it's a constant job keeping the weeds at bay and I noticed that some neighbouring plots are full of weeds. At the time I visited her in the garden (September 7), she was doing some weeding and maintenance to be ready for next year. Frost can be a problem at the end of Woolgar and the plots were hit with a light frost in early summer and also recently. Potatoes and beans can easily suffer from frost as can be seen in some plots closer



to Kam Lake Road.

Doris grows beets, peas, lettuce, three kinds of beans (purple, green and yellow), potatoes (red Norland), and broccoli and great carrots. Her beans were harvested and pulled yet the peas were re-blooming. A garden to be proud of.



Joan Findlay lives in Aven Manor where she plants flowers and some vegetables on her small porch. She grows several begonias which grow well for her in the shady area and are very colourful. Joan has perennials that grow in ground plots such as asters and morning glories. She plants lobelias, geraniums, petunias, pansies and others in pots. If she plants vegetables it is usually lettuce and a few carrots in a planter. When asked why she bothers with a garden, she answered "It's fun to do something with the hands, every year try different designs, take pictures so I know what I did in the previous

year. It's just so nice to get out after the long winter." She no longer plants by seed, but uses bedding plants because they bloom much faster, earlier in the season than by seed.





Comforting a dying priest

An old priest lay dying. He sent a message for a Canada Revenue Agency agent and his lawyer to come to the hospital. When they arrived, they were ushered up to his room. As they entered the room, the priest held out his hands and motioned for them to sit on each side of the bed. The priest grasped their hands, sighed contentedly, smiled and stared at the ceiling. For a time, no one said anything. Both the CRA agent and the lawyer were touched and flattered that the old man would ask them to be with him during his final moments. They were also puzzled because the priest had never given any indication that he particularly liked either one of them.

Finally, the Lawyer asked, "Father, why did you ask the two of us to come here?" The old priest mustered all his strength, and then said weakly, "Jesus died between two thieves, and that's how I'd like to go."

A CHRISTMAS MEAL TO REMEMBER

Years ago, out in the bush, there wasn't much to do at night but talk, read books or play cards. So this is a tale that was told to me by three people "who were there", so I trust that it is essentially true.

It was Christmas Day in Yellowknife, a driller and his wife, who lived in a trailer in the Forest Drive Trailer Park, decided to have the gang over for a party and Christmas Dinner.

The turkey went into the oven around one and people and their girlfriends arrived in the afternoon. There were around eight in all. A lot of Christmas cheer flowed that afternoon on a cold Christmas day and around five thirty the dinner was just about done. Huey was carving the turkey and Grace was finishing off the potatoes, carrots and gravy when the propane stove ran out of fuel. Now I'm not going to say that everyone was drunk, but I think it safe to say, that by this time no one was completely sober either.

Two of the lads, being the gentlemen that they were, donned their winter clothes and went out to change the bottle. When they got back in, dinner was laid out on the kitchen table, Grace put the pies in the oven, one pumpkin and one mince meat. Huey said everyone dig in.

It took a while but everyone got seated around the table, they drank a toast to the season, filled their plates with food and were just stating to enjoy the meal, when there was a rather loud WHUMP, or depending on who was telling the tale, KABOOM..

At this point a lot happened in a very short time. The door to the oven came flying off its hinges, followed by two uncooked Christmas pies. A fire ball rose up from the floor, singeing peoples hair and eyebrows. Some of the ceiling tiles fell down and a cloud of dust and soot filled the trailer. Also two of the windows were blown out. This caused a lot of cold air to rush in, which filled the trailer with fog, when it hit the warm moist air inside. The kitchen drapes caught fire.

People were in a state of shock, confusion and bewildered agitation, depending on their disposition and degree of intoxication. Some were screaming, others yelling and some sat in stunned silence. Luckily a next door neighbour heard the WHUMP and called the fire department who arrived amid the confusion of people trying to put out the fire, finish dinner, save the liqueur or do all the things people in shock do. Add the firemen and police officers to the mix and there were a lot of people, trying to do a lot of different things, in a very small space.

It was a Christmas dinner to remember, everyone agreed on that. Luckily no one was hurt and some of the dinner was salvaged. The party moved next door because that is the way Yellowknife was in those days..

The official report put it down as an accident. The boys had changed the propane bottle and opened the valve, but no one had thought to light the pilot lights. Propane had flowed in through those pilots and filled the oven. And being heavier than air, also a good part of the kitchen, that is until the candle on the table set it off. WHUMP or if you like KABOOM.

Yes indeedee it was a Christmas meal to remember and tears of mirth would run down peoples cheeks, as the tale was retold, again and again, over the years that followed.

Merry Christmas everyone and especially to Huey and Grace, wherever they are....Walt Humphries

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Sites to see in Canada and the Yukon

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L'anse aux Meadows NFL
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 The Arches in NFL

What is high blood pressure?

Blood pressure is a measurement of the force of your blood against the blood vessel walls.

There are often no symptoms of high blood pressure.

You might have it and not know it.

It puts stress on the body and can cause damage to the heart, brain, kidneys, and eyes.

People with diabetes should have their blood pressure checked every time they visit their healthcare team.

From the Desk of the Executive Director

As we look at our fall quickly turning to winter, we realize again that all our programs are in full swing at your Baker Community Centre and in the City of Yellowknife.

Friendliness and happiness that is portrayed by each of you is so contagious.

Our volunteers continue to make each day another incredible journey and all the contributions made by volunteers whether large or small, are very valuable to the health and vibrancy of the Yellowknife Seniors' Society.

We continue to look for volunteers to sit on our committees, with your help, this expands the wisdom and knowledge needed for the committees to be successful.

What a privilege and honour to serve as your Executive Director.



Charley,

a new retiree-greeter at Wal-Mart, just couldn't seem to get to work on time.

Every day he was 5, 10, 15 minutes late. But he was a good worker, really tidy, clean-shaven, sharp-minded and a real credit to the company and obviously demonstrating their "Older Person Friendly" policies. One day the boss called him into the office for a talk.

"Charley, I have to tell you, I like your work ethic, you do a bang-up job when you finally get here; but your being late so often is quite bothersome."

"Yes, I know boss, and I am working on it."

"Well good, you are a team player. That's what I like to hear."

"Yes sir, I understand your concern and I'll try harder."

Seeming puzzled, the manager went on to comment, "It's odd though your coming in late. I know you're retired from the Armed Forces. What did they say to you there if you showed up in the morning so late and so often?"

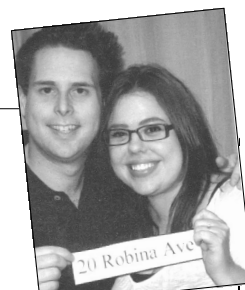
The old man looked down at the floor, then smiled. He chuckled quietly, then said with a grin, "They usually saluted and said, 'Good morning, Admiral, can I get your coffee, sir?'"

Our seniors out and about:

My Grandson's Wedding

Jamie Robertson (grandson) and Kristen Butcher (bride-to-be) planned their wedding for 9-10-11...September 10, 2011 early in the new year so my plans for the summer was decided on and plans made for September. The coming months I would receive up-to-dates: re protocol, shower date, place for the wedding (home or church). One message contained a list such as:

- (1) Wear Bells
- (2) Do not dare to wear bells
- (3) Come as you are etc.



Thank you so much for coming all the way from Yellowknife to see our wedding. Sorry we lied to you about the bells, hahaha. Your generosity was very appreciated and went a long way to helping us start our new life together. Love Jamie + Kristen

So I chose **BELLS**...I was coming with bells on! I told my friends here in Yellowknife and received much support. But my family tried to discourage me... kept saying it is only a saying. Up to the day of the wedding I had my bells (all shapes and sizes...they did not know).

I arrived at the bride-to-be's home and as I stepped into the main area, there on a table was a large tray of an assortment of bells...all shapes and sizes. I was surprised and very happy. Pat, Kristen's mom had it planned all along. We rang bells with smiles following their wedding vows and each had a small container of bubbles to blow around the happy couple when the photos were being taken. A fun wedding and so very glad I had my bells. (Thanks to all my friends).

...June Van Dine Arden



The Dempster:

Mike Krutko's Amazing Adventures (ISBN-1-4120-1868-4) and other stories of the Dempster Highway prompted Mary & I to drive the road as fall colours were setting in at the end of August. We had seen photos of the Dempster in the fall and just had to see it to believe it. We arrived in Whitehorse in rain, but the weather to the north was much better so next

day we drove to Dawson. We then discovered the weather forecast for the Dempster was to be sunny. The Dempster is about 40 km south off the Klondike Highway. About an hours drive north we entered the Tombstone Mountain Range. Wow! Next was the Ogilvie Range. Wow! , followed by the long climb up to the *top of the world* view of Eagle Plains and the Arctic Circle, with a distant view of the Richardson Range. We turned around and drove back.

Wow!

Bob & Mary

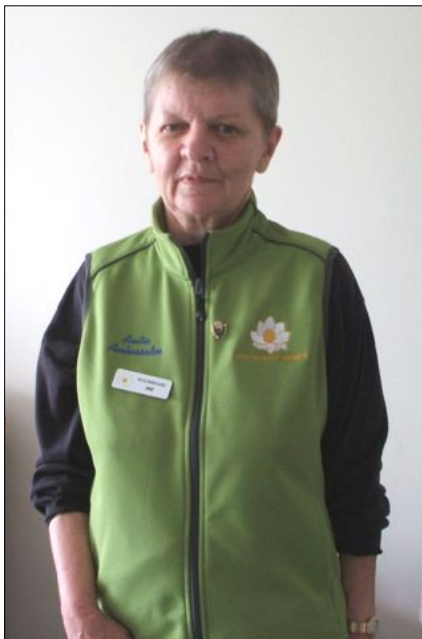


Larry Elkin and Pat Neary



Larry became interested in photography as a hobby early in his adult life. From his initial move to Coral Harbour in the Eastern Arctic in 1965, along with several moves and travel throughout Nunavut and the NWT, there were many interesting photographic opportunities over the years. Larry does not have

any particular specific photographic interests... people, scenery, family, wildlife, events, etc, are all subjects that he likes taking.



Pat Neary is an Arctic Ambassador who works at the Yellowknife Airport. Last year Pat volunteered at the Mildred Hall Log School House during the summer. Pat loves to listen to music and has a very large collection of music. She enjoys the Baker Community Centre and comes to LWAB and coffee breaks.

For color versions of these photos, visit our web site and download the newsletter in PDF format.

We thank our volunteer contributors to this newsletter. Without them we could not have a newsletter.

- Marg Green,
- Bob Carr,
- Walt Humphries,
- Mary Carr,
- Lauren McKiel,
- Joan Findlay,
- Doris,
- Isabell McDorman,
- Pat Neary,
- Larry Elkin,
- James Clark,
- Murray & Joan Jones,
- Chris Williams,
- June Van Dyne Arden,
- Esther Braden.
- Vivian Squires

Deputy Registrar /Manager Driver and Vehicle Licensing GNWT





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YK Seniors' Society Board
Meetings second Tuesday of each month

Welcome to visiting Seniors.
Come and join us for Lunch With A Bunch on Fridays at 12 noon,
at the Baker Community Centre, 5710 50th Ave.