
40 Homewood Community Newsletter

Volume 2, Number 8

August 1, 2004



Games of the XXVIII Olympiad

From the 13th to 29th August 2004

Let's wish our **Canadian Olympic Team** success in all their undertakings and hope that all their efforts and hard work result in the recognition they deserve.

Barbecue



August 7, 2004

5:00 pm

RAIN DATE

August 14, 2004



In the Rec. Room/Pool
Patio.

\$5.00 for a hamburger,
hotdog, drink, salad, and
dessert.

Door Prizes

Come and join the fun!!
Get your ticket from the
Management Office



Kids say the Darndest Things



One summer evening during a violent thunderstorm a mother was tucking her small boy into bed. She was about to turn off the light when he asked with a tremor in his voice, "Mommy, will you sleep with me tonight?"

The mother smiled and gave him a reassuring hug. "I can't, dear," she said. "I have to sleep in Daddy's room."

A long silence was broken at last by his shaky little voice: "The big sissy."



It appears we have an aspiring young actor amongst us. 11 year old

Cody Kemp from the 2nd floor appeared in The Cabbagetown Kids Players version of "The Secret Room" on July 12th – 16th, 2004.

Good going Cody!!
Keep up the good work.

In Memorium

The 8th floor lost two of its residents in July

Amalia Posch, Unit #801, passed away July 8th, 2004.

Charlie Tashjian, Unit # 811, passed away July 10th, 2004.

They will be missed by their friends and neighbours in the building.



Getting To Know You



Jim & Mary Mitchell

At a yard sale five years ago, Mary was selling some music when Jim started up a conversation. Talk about getting to know your neighbour! They got sold on each other and were married last September.

Mary, from Sarnia, is one of nine siblings. She graduated from McMaster University in music and then came to Toronto to get a teaching degree from the Faculty of Education, U. of T. Later, she moved into office work and is currently a transfer officer with TD Waterhouse.

Jim, originally from Quebec and trained as an engineer, preferred music too and had taught it—strings, to be exact—at U. of T.'s Faculty of Music. He plays the guitar but, now that Mary's studying jazz piano, may soon be back on the string bass, his professional instrument.

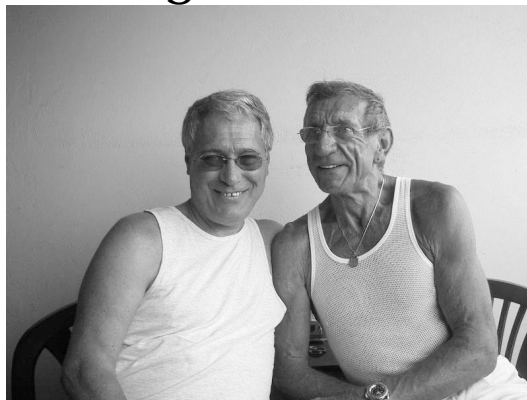
Mary just took a 30-day trip to Africa with two of her brothers and a niece. Slated as an "arduous journey", they camped, walked and canoed in their quest to see animals in their natural setting. Jim, an avid reader and a good cook, continues to care for the library at 40 Homewood. He is among the original owners; Mary has lived in the building for 12 years.

=====

Get to know your neighbors! Make suggestions for profiles by using the box in the office or calling Charles at 968-3458.



Getting To Know You



Russ Baxter and Arthur Martin

Arthur was born in England and raised by an aunt while both parents worked. A six-year stint in the navy, stuck behind a desk, was followed by a career in hospitality. His work as a cocktail bartender took him from the island of Jersey, eventually, to Peterborough in Canada (1970), where his aunt had settled. Along the way, he managed a 2000-seat bingo hall, ending his working life as a bank teller for Canada Trust.

Raised in Toronto by a single mom, Russ, the youngest of five siblings, left home at 15. After a two-year turn in the army's soldier-apprentice program, a "living hell," he bounced around Yorkville for five glorious years, pan-handling. He always loved cars, and hanging out at Performance Improvements, an auto-parts supplier, landed him the job he has held for 31 years, moving up to the management of several stores.

After 28 years of marriage and two children, Russ struck out on his own. He discovered Prime Timers, a social club for gay men over 40, which led him to Arthur, and the rest, as they say, is history. Together for the past three years, the two hope to bring a heightened sense of community to 40 Homewood.





CHOCOLATE MATHEMATICS

Submitted by Neil Gilson

1. First of all, pick the number of times a week that you would like to have chocolate. (try for more than once but less than 10)
2. Multiply this number by 2 (Just to be bold)
3. Add 5. (for Sunday)
4. Multiply it by 50 I'll wait while you get the calculator!!!
5. If you have already had your birthday this year add 1754.— If you haven't, add 1753.
6. Now subtract the four digit year that you were born.

You should have a three digit number.

The first digit of this was your original number (i.e., how many times you want to have chocolate each week).

The next two numbers are

YOUR AGE! ~ (Oh YES, it IS!!!!)

THIS IS THE ONLY YEAR IT WILL EVER WORK, SO SPREAD IT AROUND WHILE IT LASTS.

FOOD BANK

Violet Green, who has conducted collection of goods at Christmas time for the Food Bank for the last 15 years, feels that she is not quite up to tackling the whole thing by herself this year. A suggestion has been made that instead of one individual sitting in the lobby for two hours a night for a week, (approx. 5:30pm – 7:30pm) we form a team of people to take shifts. It is usually done the last week in November. Violet will be glad to spend a little time each evening with the team to give them a few pointers on how it was so successfully done in the past. We need one person to oversee the whole venture. Any volunteers? I know there are still a few months yet and I will mention it in another newsletter closer to Christmas.



Rats with Wings (The Pigeon Story)

Submitted by Ruth Kelner

Here are some excerpts from an article by Jan Wong in the June 19th issue of The Globe and Mail:

Millennia ago, pigeons were cliff dwellers. In the 21st century, they flock to office buildings, high-rise apartments, open-air subway stations such as Lawrence West, church belfries and any structure with interesting eaves.

In winter, they do not fly south. They carry mites and parasites that balcony air-conditioners inhale, causing flu-like symptoms in humans all summer long. And because pigeons congregate and must land to defecate, they can quickly rot our roofs.

Strictly speaking, the brown or pale gray birds with iridescent green necks and jerky walk aren't pigeons. They're rock doves, a non-native species from Europe with no natural North American predator. Consider them the Euro-trash of the skies.

A staff member from the Toronto Humane Society stated "If they're not eating, they're doing the other thing. They'll breed anywhere." He calls them "rats with wings" and adds "They're considered vermin by law. The Humane Society used to pick them up and nurse them back to health. Now we poison them. Corn with strychnine.."

The article featured "Pigeon Tom" who applies netting on balconies. He says, "These birds can drive you to insanity." He got the idea when he was helping his brother remove pigeon poop from his balcony.

Positive but Positive

By Arthur Martin

In December of 1993, I made an appointment to see my family doctor. I had a cold and feared that it was turning to bronchitis. After the usual examination, I was asked to take a blood test. The doctor knew I was gay and felt it was necessary. The results eventually came back indicating that I was H.I.V. positive. The doctor recommended me to a specialist at St. Michael's Hospital. When I left his office I guess I must have been in a state of shock and didn't know which way to turn. I remember going to the manager at the bank where I worked and informing her of my problem. She was very understanding and informed me that her son was also gay but I should not tell anyone I was working with in order to avoid any awkward moments. I must say I felt more comfortable with myself after having spoken to her.

I went to see the specialist at St. Michael's Hospital but was very disappointed at his lack of professionalism and his failure to inform me on how to deal with my condition. After the second visit, I decided not to return to see him because I didn't have the confidence in him that he could help me.

However, after some time, I did return to the same clinic on the advice of friends but to see another doctor. The difference between the two men was that of chalk and cheese. The one told me nothing and the other told me everything. I had the feeling the new man could help me. Unfortunately, I found out that he was leaving St. Michael's after six months and he recommended the clinic at 420 Sherbourne. There I was introduced to a young doctor who was gay, articulate and very up-to-date.

I have been attending that clinic ever since, although not always with the same doctor. The majority of doctors in this clinic are of the younger set which I think gives them an edge on the mature doctor. They seem to be more up-to-date with the latest information and can retain and modify it more easily.

I didn't start taking medication, commonly called "The Cocktail", until my CD4 count was under 250, which was approximately six months after I was diagnosed. During the next six years, I was on a variety of cocktails, depending on side effects or whether the CD4 count was improving. During that time, I was taking a medication on a regular basis, which eventually gave me neuropathy. I have tried a couple of medications to relieve this but none have been successful.

In January of 2001, my count was good enough that I was allowed to take a hiatus from the cocktail. This, to the doctor's amazement, lasted for 2½ years. At that time, my numbers had dropped past the acceptable level and I had to resume a cocktail. The new cocktail I was prescribed had a couple of drugs that are still in the experimental stage, along with two other drugs. The main advantage I found with my new regime was that I only had to take them once a day as opposed to three times a day. (I invariably forgot the middle one anyway). My numbers have been climbing steadily ever since. I should perhaps mention that during my hiatus, I was tested regularly and consulted with my doctor after every test.

I would like, at this point, to give you the outline of a true story that happened to a very good friend of mine.

He and his partner had been together for a number of years when he noticed that his partner wasn't looking so well. This was in 1989. He asked his partner to get a H.I.V. blood test but he refused to do so until 1994. When he finally submitted to testing, it was discovered that he had "full blown" AIDS. Treatment was immediately started but to no avail. He finally passed away in 1996 after a lot of pain and suffering, not only for him but for those around him. It is believed if he had taken the test in 1990, he would still be around today. My friend had a regular check-up and is still negative. One might argue that we know a lot more today than we did back then, but I know people who were diagnosed before 1990 who are still hale and hearty.

Next Page. ►►►

It is my belief that the quality of life that I now maintain is due, in a large part, to the positive attitude that I adopted shortly after being diagnosed as H.I.V. positive. I feel that being open and forthcoming about my condition has negated any stress or strain that I might otherwise have felt. Another plus for me was the fact that I, in 2001, at the tender age of 70 years, met and became the partner of a loving and very supportive gentleman. My feelings for this man and the love that was given to me, I had never experienced. Never say it is too late.

I hear all too often from different people that they can't say anything because they will lose their job or their friends. All I can say is that the first is illegal and the second, I suggest that they weren't really friends in the beginning.

I love to be hugged and I wish people would get over the fear of catching something by hugging.

I have been approached by a member of our group asking me, if at all possible, to start a support group for people with H.I.V. and those affected by someone with H.I.V. If anyone is at all interested, I would like you to contact me at kille@sympatico.ca or to phone 416-924-7344. I could work with a group or a one on one basis under the strictest confidentiality and anonymity.

CLASSIFIED

For Sale

2 - Mediterranean style coffee tables, measuring 18" x 18" by 16" high. One is fitted with a snap-on padded cushion so it can be used as a footstool. Finished in dark walnut. Excellent condition. \$60.00 the pair
☎ 416-923-0721.

CONDO FOR RENT

1 Bedroom, \$ 1100 /month (utilities included)

Please contact ☎ 416 963-9890

Ongoing Activities



Bridge in the recreation room,
Mondays and Wednesdays at 7:30 pm.



Movies with Don in the
recreation room, Thursdays or Fridays at
7:30, Notices posted every week.



Halloween

Once again, this year, we will be looking for volunteers who are willing to sit in the lobby on Halloween night for a couple of hours and distribute candy to the children and wannabee children in the building.



To everyone who has a birthday this month



Recycling Corner



"OFF WITH THEIR LIDS"

When recycling bottles, jugs and jars, please put the lid or cork into the regular garbage not the recycling bin.

My Favorite Limerick

By Don Sangster

There once was a little, old granny
Had an accident rather uncanny
She sat on a chair
While her false teeth were there,
And bit herself right on the fanny.

I'm Not Old....I'm Merely Mature

Submitted by Sylvia Keshen

Today at the drug store, the clerk was a gent
From my purchase, this chap took off ten percent
I asked for the cause of the lesser amount
And he answered "Because of the Senior's
Discount."

I went to the corner for a burger and fries
And there once again, got quite a surprise
The clerk poured some coffee, which he handed
to me
He said "For you Seniors, the coffee is free."

Understand, I'm not old – I'm merely mature
But some things are changing – temporarily, I'm
sure
The newspaper print gets smaller each day
And people speak softer – can't hear what they
say.

My teeth are my own (I have my receipt)
And my glasses identify the people I meet,
Oh I've slowed down a bit – not a lot, I am sure
You see, I'm not old – I'm merely mature.

The gold in my hair has been bleached y the sun
You should see all the damage that chlorine has
done
Washing my hair has turned it all white
But don't call it gray – saying "blonde" is just
right.

My friends all get older – much faster than me
They seem much more wrinkled from what I can
see
I've got "character lines", not wrinkles for sure
But don't call me old – just call me mature.

The steps in the houses they're building today
Are so high they take your breath all away
And the streets are much steeper than ten years
ago
That should explain why my walking is slow

But I'm keeping up on what's hip and what's new
And I still think I can dance a mean boogaloo
I'm still in the running – in this, I'm secure
I'm not really old, I'm only mature.



**A SMILE COSTS
NOTHING BUT GIVES
MUCH.**



Beware - Scam

There has been an individual
going around to units claiming
to be sent by the Management Office to
change residents' front door locks and
charging money to do so. This is a
complete scam and the perpetrator has
been caught.

If it ever happens again, please contact the
Management Office. If they, for any reason,
need to change your lock, they will let you
know beforehand.

Note from the Editor

First of all, I apologize for the slight delay in
getting this newsletter to print. Then, I
would like to thank everyone for their good
wishes when I was in the hospital for a
week.

What this newsletter needs is articles
submitted by residents pertaining to our life
here at 40 Homewood.

Things that are happening that we could not
find out anywhere else but are pertinent to
our building.

Things happening in the neighbourhood for
instance. As I haven't been able to get
around for a while, I don't see as much that
is going on. I for one, wondered what
happened to the convenience store at 166
Carlton. There was a very nice Korean
couple running it and I just wondered where
they went.

Also, driving down Sherbourne today, I was
astonished to see how much progress is
being made on the Community Centre.

Anyone else interested in anything like this?

Martha McGrath, Unit 615
marthamcgrath@sympatico.ca

Martha
