40 Homewood Community Newsletter

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The views expressed in this publication are those of the writers of the articles and not the Board of Directors.



March 17, 2007

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Near a misty stream in Ireland in the hollow of a tree

Live mystical, magical leprechauns who are clever as can be With their pointed ears, and turned up toes and little coats of green

The leprechauns busily make their shoes and try hard not to be seen.

Only those who really believe have seen these little elves

And if we are all believers We can surely see for ourselves.





Walking into the pub, Patrick said to the bartender, "Pour me a stiff one, Sean. I just

had another tiff with the little woman."

"Oh yeah," said Sean. "And how did this one end?" 🛣

"Well I'll tell ya now when it was over," Patrick replied, "herself came to me on her hands and knees, she did."

"You don't say? Now that's a switch! What did she say?" She said, "Come out from under that bed, you autless wease!!



to live with it – and we can!

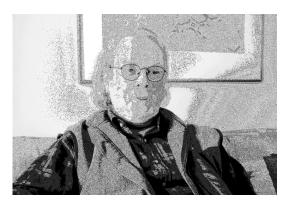
Let's Heat Sensibly

By Jean Walker

A reminder for winter protocol: Our heating system was not designed with common sense but we have

Our thermostats are connected to heating wires in our ceilings. As you know, heat rises. When we turn our thermostats up, we are also heating the apartment above us. Please remember that if you are too hot, do not turn your thermostat off, merely down. If thermostats are turned off or set too low, the neighbour above becomes very cold and in turns their thermostat high, resulting in a chain of events above of alternative cold/hot apartments. If all thermostats are set at a moderate temperature, everyone is happy. Let's make our higher neighbours happy and comfortable!

©MMMMMMGetting To Know You



John *****Kell

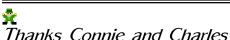
Second eldest of seven siblings, John was born in Truro, Nova Scotia and still has land in Guysboro County. He came to Toronto at 20 and worked for two years driving a van and testing fire extinguishers and hoses. It was a great way to see Toronto, from rooming houses in Cabbagetown to the sumptuous Weston estate.

He saved enough to enter the Ontario College of Art in 1967, graduating with a diploma as a commercial artist, only to go on to York, where got an honours degree in Fine Arts and a BA in Humanities and the Dramatic Arts. Yet another degree—this time from the Faculty of Education at University of Toronto—prepared him to teach.

After a few semesters in the public system, he moved to the separate school system, travelling all around the city, teaching regular classes and adding English as a second language and special education to his skills. He retired in 2000.

John has gone on a sketching holiday with others from 40 Homewood and used to belong to Artists 25 with Ernest Trepanier, where they would sketch from live models. Ernest became a fast friend and they cruised the Caribbean and Africa. John still owns the home they shared on Ward's Island.

John served as recreation chairman at 40 Homewood from 1985-1995 when the volunteering spirit ran high. He owns several properties here and a condo nearby.



©MMMMMMGetting To Know You



* Pamela Brunton

Pamela was born in the market town of Dolgelly, North Wales, the sixth of seven children. Her Scottish father, a wool and leather merchant, settled near the mills in Wales where he met his wife. Times were good until the depression and the war disrupted life in the UK.

The family moved to Hawarden. As Pamela began high school, 1,500 evacuees from Liverpool entered school too. Meanwhile, the young teachers were conscripted and left. The result was little schooling and no opportunity for further education.

At 16, her working life began at Inland Revenue in Chester. Later, she was transferred to London, right at Regent and Oxford Streets. More years were spent there and at head office. When her younger sister and husband moved to Toronto in the early '60s, Pamela came for a visit, and moved to Canada for good in 1965.

Jobs were always easy to get. She worked as a medical secretary for a neurosurgeon and a cardiologist attached to St. Michael's Hospital and, before retiring, spent 13 years as secretary to a neurologist.

Pamela loves sports. She played field hockey, tennis, and took up golf. She has traveled in Europe by Vespa Club, car and camping, with many holidays on the Mediterranean coast. She has been across Canada, to Florida and the Caribbean. She enjoys return visits to her family in Britain.



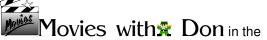
She is an original owner at 40 Homewood.



March 11, 2007

Ongoing Activities

Bridge in the recreation room, Mondays and Wednesdays at 7:00 pm.



recreation room, Thursdays or Fridays at 7:30, Notices posted every week.



To

everyone

who has a

birthday

this month.

Wellesley Community Centre

Bob Leah, member of Homewood and Allan Gardens Residents' Association attends the Advisory Council Meetings for the Wellesley CC.

Meetings are held at
Wellesley Community Centre.
7:00pm TO 9:00pm,
Room A

Dates of next meetings:

Tuesday, April 24, 2007

Tuesday, July 24, 20076

Tuesday, October 23, 2007

Refreshments and child care will be provided.

40 Homewood residents are welcome.

Senility Prayer

God, grant me the Senility
To forget the people
I never liked anyway,
The good fortune
To run into the ones I do,
#And the eyesight
To tell the difference

THANK YOU

Let's give a big thank you to our conscientious staff who were out shoveling snow on the day of the storm in the wee hours of the morning. Peter, John, Eugene, and Antonio...it was very much appreciated. John and Peter were out there at 4:00am.

Dirt Roads*

Submitted by Don Mac Nair

What's mainly wrong with society today is that too many Dirt Roads have been paved.

There's not a problem anywhere today, crime, drugs, education, divorce, delinquency that wouldn't be remedied, if we just had more Dirt Roads, because Dirt Roads give character.

People that live at the end of Dirt Roads learn early on that life is a bumpy ride.

That it can jar you right down to your teeth sometimes, but it's worth it, if at the end is home...a loving spouse, happy kids and a dog.

We wouldn't have near the trouble with our educational system if our kids got their exercise walking a Dirt Road with other kids, from whom they learn how to get along.

There was less crime in our streets before they were paved.

Criminals didn't walk two dusty miles to rob or rape, if they knew they'd be welcomed by 5 barking dogs.

And there were no drive by shootings.

Our values were better when our roads were worse!

People did not worship their cars more than their kids, and motorists were more courteous, they didn't tailgate by riding the bumper or the guy in front would choke you with dust & bust your windshield with rocks.

Dirt Roads taught patience.

Dirt Roads were environmentally friendly, you didn't hop in your car for a quart of milk you walked to the barn for your milk.

For your mail, you walked to the mail box.

What if it rained and the Dirt Road got washed out? That was the best part, then you stayed home and had some family time, roasted marshmallows and popped popcorn and pony rode on Daddy's shoulders and learned how to make prettier quilts than anybody.

At the end of Dirt Roads, you soon learned that bad words tasted like soap.

Most paved roads lead to trouble, Dirt Roads more likely lead to a fishing creek or a swimming hole.

At the end of a Dirt Road, the only time we even locked our car was in August, because if we didn't some neighbor would fill it with too much zucchini.

At the end of a Dirt Road, there was always extra springtime income, from when city dudes would get stuck, you'd have to hitch up a team and pull them out.

Usually you got a dollar...always you got a new friend...at the end of a Dirt Road!

The Seniors Breakfast Special Submitted by Charles Marker

A couple went to breakfast at a restaurant where the "seniors' special" was two eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast for \$1.99. "Sounds good," the wife said. "But I don't want the eggs." "Then I'll have to charge you two dollars and forty-nine cents because you're ordering a la carte," the waitress warned her. 🕱 "You mean I'd have to pay for not taking the eggs?" the wife asked incredulouslu. "YES!!" stated the waitness. "I'll take the special." 🛣 "How do you want your eggs?" "Raw and in the shell," the wife

She took the two eggs home.

DON'T MESS WITH SENIORS!!!
We've been around the block more than once!

Irish Men

replied.

There are only three kinds of Irish men who can't understand women —young men, old men and men of middle age.



Irish XDiplomacy is the ability to tell a man to go to hell so that he looks forward to making the trip.

Breakfast Word Play

By Sylvia Keshen



People can be eggheads, good egg, bad egg or rotten eggs. They can also be hard-boiled, they

can lay an egg, have egg on their face, or end up with a goose egg for a score. They can be butterballs or butterbrains or have butterfingers. They might be good at buttering up people. They can also get into jams and not be your cup of tea.

Jokes

Submitted by Sylvia Keshen

A panhandler stopped a passerby and asked "Buddy, can you spare a quarter for a cup of coffee?" The man gave him the money, then began following him. "Hey, how come you're following me?" The panhandler asked. "I just wanted to see where you can get a cup of coffee for a quarter these days."

Proud Dad - "Yes, son, I am a selfmade man." Junior - "That's what I like about you Dad, you take the blame for everything.

> Ever notice that when you reach a certain age, everything you have seems to wear out, spread out, or fall out!!!*





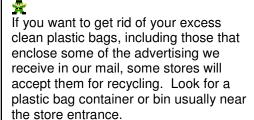
Recycling Plastic Bags! 🕏

By Bill McGuire

To repeat an admonishment which has often appeared in this newsletter: PLEASE. NO PLASTIC BAGS IN OUR **RECYCLING BINS!**

This includes any plastic bag which you perhaps use to bring your recyclables to the recycling bins.

Please EMPTY such a bag into the recycling bins and deposit the bag into the brown garbage bin just outside the rear door to the right. Putting a few knots in the bag might discourage it being blown about by the wind.



Some stores that have this facility are:

Dominion Food Stores at Yonge and College (College Park) Gould and Mutual Front (between Church & Jarvis)

Bulk Barn at Leslie and Lake Shore (inside the Loblaws' complex)





Simple steps to avoid "WINTER ITCH"

Submitted by Don Mac Nair

1. REDUCE THE NUMBER OF **BATHS YOU TAKE**

Excessive bathing and hot water can actually remove moisture from your skin. Not more then one bath every 1-2 days is a good guideline to follow, and water should

Be warm, not hot. Gently pat yourself dry and apply a moisturizer.

2. INCREASE THE HUMIDITY IN YOUR UNIT

Your unit's humidity level can drop in cold weather and affects your skin's moisture,

causing increase in dryness. A humidifier is an ideal way to restore the lost the moisture in the air.

3. AVOID STRONG SOAPS, **SOLVENTS OR OTHER PRODUCTS** THAT CAUSE YOUR SKIN TO FEEL"DRY"

Use a mild soap and wear rubber gloves if you need to handle strong detergents or other chemicals.

4. REVIEW YOUR WARDROBE

For many people, wool clothing can be very irritating. Anything made of wool, as well as anything tight fitting, should be avoided.

5. BUNDLE UP WHEN YOU GO OUT

The less your skin to exposed to cold, dry air, the better it retrains moisture. Wear a hat, scarf and gloves at all times, and preferable a long coat to shield your legs.

6. BE GOOD TO YOUR SKIN

Use a good moisturizer after a shower or bath and before you go to bed, can help take "itch" out of winter.



Morning Prayer*

Dear God:

So far today, I have done all right, I haven't gossiped, lost my temper been greedy or grumpy, been nasty, selfish or overindulgent. I'm very thankful for that.

But, in a few minutes, God, I'm going to get out of bed. And from then on, I'm probably Going to need a lot more help. Amen



Valentine Dinner*

The dinner on Valentine's Day was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

Once again, a big thank you goes out to Arthur Martin for making it all possible and to Donna and Liz for selling tickets and making flyers.

Update on Violet

Violet didn't feel she was up to doing her column this month,

She did say that she would appreciate phone calls from people or maybe a short visit.

Note from the Editor



Martha McGrath, Unit 615 marthamcgrath@esuite.ca (new)

<u>RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR</u>





Yippee, I finally got the pot of gold past those sly little leprechauns.

