

Issue No. 11

April 2023

GRAFTON GAZETTE

Proudly serving the community of 5 Ogilvie since May 2019

It's not winter anymore!
It's our SPRING-FEVER
ISSUE!

A Message from our Board

Ah! It's here at last: Spring, the time of new beginnings when flowers bloom, birds return to sing and warmer weather embraces us. Soon the cherry trees in the butterfly park will have their beautiful blossoms and then we'll know that summer will quickly follow. A lovely time of the year!



And these days around 5 Ogilvie, what's happening? Well, work on the driveway repairs will be starting, weather permitting, towards the end of April or early May - the company has finally received from the city all the necessary permits. It is estimated to take eight to ten weeks to complete. How disruptive it's going to be will be clarified closer to the start of the project. Then, yes, after the driveway work is done, the windows will get the good cleaning they so badly need.

Our gardening committee is gearing up its enthusiasm to 'get going'. But to their and our collective dismay (is outrage too strong a term?), with the snow gone, we see the damage done to the front lawn along the sidewalk, caused by the snow clearing equipment - indeed, the same thing happened last year, was repaired by the company and now repeated. Causes one to give one's head a good shake! It seems, also, that the exercise equipment is getting a good work out and contributing to the health of its dedicated adherents. Good stuff!

And, once again, our thanks goes out to Catherine for her effort to publish the GG and Elaine for help with it, as well as all who are willing contributors for our reading pleasure. And we from the Board would like to acknowledge again our appreciation to Simone for her management of the property and to Ric for his care and concern for looking after the place. Also, as Board members, we want to express how grateful we are to each of you for your support and helpfulness in making our shared condo living more than 'just a place to live' but a genuine community experience. All the different ways, big and small, of showing thoughtfulness and caring for one another. Cumulatively it all makes our condo living

Saturday April 22: EARTH DAY (See page 7)

Frid May 5: PIZZA NIGHT (& CINCO DE MAYO)

Sunday May 14: MOTHER'S DAY

an experience where can feel at home among friends and trusted acquaintances. On another condo topic, as we're all so very much aware of the 'cost of everything' these days, if you have an suggestions how we might be able to trim operating without negatively affecting the building or its safety, please let a board member know. Trying to keep our condo fees under control is a focal concern. And, to let you know in advance, the recruiting centre will be opening soon to attract new and aspiring future board members ... it's an opportunity to join a dynamic and progressive team for getting things done: don't pass-up the chance to 'get on board'! Do think about it; details to follow prior to the next AGM.

As you are no doubt aware several of our neighbours have had to cope with significant health issues over the winter and we would like to let them know that we have them in our thoughts and wish them well in their recoveries.

Gerry—on behalf of Sheila, Gerry & Jean



Art by Sashya Perera (2) [#401]

*When spring came, even the false spring,
there were no problems, except where to be
happiest.*

Ernest Hemingway.

YOUR COMMITTEES, Briefly....

SOCIAL (Donna & Elaine)

-Coffee mornings & pizza nights are well attended! -Next
Pizza Night: Friday May 5 (If you need Gluten-free or other special type, bring yours & join us!)

GARDEN (Donna)

Spring clean up has begun! This warm weather has woken the plants & they are shooting up with abandon! If you have soil in your indoor pots that you want to discard, you are welcome to spread it around the beds at the side of our building.

The snow removal crew inadvertently carved out a few trenches in the grass. There's no word on how that will be repaired, but we're crossing fingers & hoping a solution will be found.

Sometime this spring, the City will plant a tree in front of our building to replace the dead tree removed last year.

CRAFT (Elaine) Next session: to be decided.

Note non-participating visitors are welcome too!

BULLETIN BOARD (Elaine)

The Board indicates what's going on in Dundas -
Many residents (9) enjoy the *Sit & Be Fit* Friday sessions at the Dundas Public Library [12.30- 1.30]

NEWSLETTER (Catherine & Elaine)

Thank you for your wonderful contributions & willingness to contribute! Sept issue: please submit by Sept 10
Email delivery trims our costs - Yay! [You can print a hard copy at the library or read one in the Community Room].
We need a photographer &/or photos!! Can you help?

TIME IS FREE.....BUT IT'S PRICELESS

YOU CAN'T OWN IT.....BUT YOU CAN USE IT

YOU CAN'T KEEP IT.....BUT YOU CAN SPEND IT

ONCE YOU'VE LOST IT...YOU CAN NEVER GET IT BACK.

Seen by Jackie and Gerry [204] on a restaurant wall in Marathan, Ontario:

The smallest act of kindness is worth more than the grandest intention. Oscar Wilde

WE HAD GREAT FUN AT PIZZA NIGHT #3, Mar 31

Santokh [501] suggested we share stories or jokes so...

Here's **Deanna Hyland's (301)**

This is a story about an elderly couple who lived in downtown Dundas. They lived very simply as their only income was their government pensions. They took advantage of the many free activities at the library & the Carnegie Gallery. Their one & only treat was opening day of the CNE in Toronto every August. They scrimped all year so they could afford the GO train ride & the entrance fee to the Exhibition.

They made a point of lining up for free samples in the food building so they wouldn't have to buy lunch. Then they would go to the agriculture building to see all the animals and beautiful flowers. Next they would hit the midway just to enjoy the atmosphere of fun. Every year for about ten years the man looked forward to seeing his favourite thing at the end of the midway ... a huge sign advertising helicopter rides over the city for \$50. Every year his wife would remind him they couldn't possibly afford to partake of the helicopter ride saying "Fifty dollars is fifty dollars".

One year just as the woman was reminding her husband that they couldn't possibly afford the ride, the pilot overheard her and as he wasn't busy said he would take them up at no charge, but they had to keep absolutely quiet or they would have to pay the fifty dollars. The couple decided they would take him up on his offer.

The pilot planned to scare the couple into breaking their silence. He headed out over Lake Ontario and skimmed over the water before making a steep turn back toward land. There was not a sound from the back seat so he headed straight for the CN Tower just pulling up at the last second, but still no sound from the couple. Next he flew over the Rogers Centre where the Blue Jays were playing. People always exclaimed over seeing this, but still nothing from the back seat. He decided that the couple had earned their free ride and headed back to the Exhibition grounds.

Upon landing he turned around and was amazed to see that the woman was not there. "Where is your wife" he asked the man. "She fell out when you made that steep turn over Lake Ontario" said the man. Horrified the pilot asked why he hadn't said something at the time. The man answered "I almost said something, but then I thought, fifty dollars is fifty dollars!"

Trudy [502] told a couple of whoppers, here's one:.... The Irish missionary was preaching to the African tribe. "And I say unto you that you must love your fellow man!" ... "*Moolagumbi!*" *shreiked the natives.....* "White man and black man must learn to cooperate."..... "*Moolagumbi!*" *chanted the crowd.....* The missionary was very pleased and he told the chief how pleased he was with the reception.... "*I am glad, O man of Ireland*" *said the chief, "but be careful as we pass my cattle that you do not step in the moolagumbi."*

GOOD MORNING

Just a note to say hello
Before I start my day;
Couldn't help but drop a line
To my friends here and away.

And as I sip my fresh brewed tea
Thoughts of you have crossed my mind
I'm sending morning greetings
And hope your day is fine.

Today is filled with sunshine
Like the friendship we all share
My day will be just dandy
I'll pretend that I am there.

I have to go for now my friend
Have lots to do today
Just wanted to say good morning
And you have a great day.

Here's a little hug for you
To make you smile when you feel blue
To make you happy if you feel sad
To let you know life aint so bad.

Now I have given a hug to you
Somehow, I feel better too!
Hugs are better when you share
So pass one on and show you care.

Patricia Parkin (Mina's daughter)

MINA'S (REAL) TEA LOAF

-10 oz raisins

-4 oz brown sugar

-1 cup cold tea

Soak raisins & sugar in cold tea overnight!

-8 oz flour

-1 large egg

-1 tsp baking powder

-1 tsp baking soda

-pinch salt

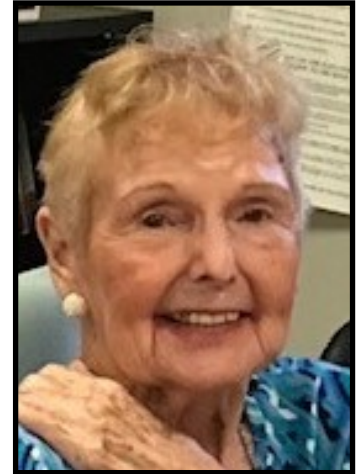
Then blend in dry ingredients & beaten egg

Blend in well-greased loaf tin @350 for 1 hour

ENJOY!

LET'S CELEBRATE:

PHYLLIS' 100th BIRTHDAY!!



Phyllis Fleming moved here from Westdale in 2000. She already knew several people in the building but of course made many new friends - especially her friend Evelyn (Brunton) who beat her to 100 two years ago! Alas, many of her dear friends (including Evelyn) have moved on. Phyllis has loved living here and has enjoyed the community activities over the years. She finds it difficult to attend gatherings now but remembers them well and is with us in spirit.

Phyllis was fortunate to have a job she really loved - and she felt loved and appreciated in return. She helped to administer the neonatal unit at McMaster University for 25 years. Interestingly she didn't really apply for the job but still she was hired on the spot with a very enthusiastic YOU'RE HIRED! Somehow they knew that Phyllis was the right person for the job. Life on the neonatal ward was intense and Phyllis was happy to work closely with the nurses and the parents of the tiny babies receiving treatment there.

Phyllis' family consists of three children—a daughter Shelley (who lives with husband Ron in Colorado—they have six stepgrandchildren); son Brad (who lives with wife Nancy in Ancaster) and son Tim (who is here looking after Phyllis) his son Kyle, is Phyllis' grandson. Phyllis tells me that 100 may be magical in some respects but it is not so magical in others. Still, she follows in the footsteps of her paternal grandmother who reached 105, and her maternal grandparents (both of whom reached 99). If "old age ain't for sissies" (Bette Davis) then all of us here applaud Phyllis' courage & we wish her a very special 100th birthday year.

Phyllis: may this journey around the sun be a very special one!

~ HAPPY BIRTHDAY PHYLLIS ~

Age is nothing. Waking up is everything.
Maya Angelou

OUR STORIES, OUR SELVES....

Stories..... the communal currency of humanity

Tahir Shah

Thank you for sharing these wonderful stories. Your memories and experiences are heart-warming and compelling and inspiring... And we're sure you'll agree! Enjoy!

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL PERSON IN MY LIFE

My mother, Blanche, is the most positive influential person in my life. She died of cancer back in the fifties when they did not have the advanced technology that they have today. Mom was always a hard worker. She had eight children and then took in two kids from the Children's Aid. They were going to separate a brother and a sister and Mom would not hear of that. That was her generous loving nature. She was always helping others. She would bake bread and then send us off to deliver a loaf to the widow up the street, to our family doctor and to my old maid aunt. I remember the family that had split up and Mom helped them put their lives back together. There was always room for one more at our dinner table. She was a stay at home Mom for many years but then there was the opportunity for her to teach kindergarten and she didn't hesitate. After Normal School, I had the opportunity to teach in the same school. Mom had kindergarten and I had the Grade One-Two split. We would walk to school together and she would always smile and speak to those we passed. I would ask who that was and her reply would be, "I don't know but that may be the only pleasant word they hear and the only smile they will receive today."

Mom would not have been classified as a "beautiful" person physically, she was short, slightly over weight and probably what we would call dumpy. Mentally, emotionally and spiritually she was not only beautiful, she was a giant. She was a person of great faith and this showed in every aspect of her life, whether it was in caring for her family, friends or complete strangers.

Trudy Collis [502]

*It's not easy being a mother,
If it were easy, fathers would do it.
The Golden Girls*

THE GIFT

The date was September 22nd 1991. My younger brother David, and I were on our way to Toronto General Hospital. After many months of physical, mental and emotional testing, I qualified to give my kidney to my brother who had been on dialysis for many months.

Our families came in the evening to show us their love and support. In those days the operation was difficult as I was cut from mid back to front. We were all very nervous. The surgeries took place the next morning: September 23, 1991.

When I awoke after the operation my first question was.... How is David? Was it a success? The answer, a resounding YES! Our first Christmas following the surgeries our family gathered at David and Jane's home to celebrate the Christmas and our good fortune of David's new found health.

David gifted me with a beautiful Royal Doulton figurine called 'Angel'. She sits in my den and reminds me of the joy we shared. Thanks be to God.

Mary Lou Collett [203]

MY OLYMPIC FAMILY

Hi, my name is Lee Oldershaw. I come from a family dominated by Olympic athletes. In our family, we had a saying, "Paddle 'til you puke!". You guessed it, our family competed 'fiercely' in the sport of canoeing, specifically sprint canoeing and kayaking. In all, 3 generations of Oldershaws, 5 people in total, have represented Canada at 9 different Olympic Games. My father, Bert Oldershaw, grew up on Toronto Island and trained at the Island Canoe Club. Ultimately, he competed in 3 Olympics (1948, 1952 and 1956). The last one after recovering from polio. My three brothers, Dean, Reed and Scott followed suit, qualifying for, in total 5 Olympics in the '70s and 80s. My brother Reed had polio as a child but didn't let a malformed leg keep him from his Olympic dream.

And of our 3rd generation of paddlers, 6 have excelled enough to compete at the Canadian Championships. And rising to the top was my nephew, Mark Oldershaw, who competed in 3 Olympic Games (2008, 2012 and 2016). And, it was at the 2012 Olympics in London, that Mark won a Bronze medal. I trained for the 1972 Munich Olympics, missing the team with a 2nd place at the Olympic Trials but did go on to win 2 Gold medals at the North American Championships. Since being severely injured in a car accident 9 years ago resulting in being in and out of hospital for 3 years, I've been able to use my canoe training to help in my fight to recover and rehabilitate Never Give Up !My brother Dean, says that I'm the real Olympian now. **Dekyi-Lee Oldershaw [103]**

PLUMS



My father's childhood was a mystery. No matter which way I or one of my siblings asked the questions, the only answer he gave was "What you want to know for? Long time ago. Forget it".

He was born in rural Latvia, life was hard, and he escaped because of the Russians. This was later fleshed out a bit - he was the only one of his family to leave, he roamed around Germany and Belgium before he met and married my mother. They paid for their passage to Canada by working for a farmer in the new land for a couple of years, and then started building his own home and family.

In off moments, though, my father told one story again and again. One Sunday, when he was very young, his mother dressed him to go to church, and told him to wait on an outside bench for the rest of the family to get ready. While waiting, he spied a tree filled with the most perfect plums he had ever seen, plums so ripe and delectable that they were irresistible. What was there to do but climb the tree and pick them? He did, and in the process dirtied his Sunday clothes. But he had two baskets filled with perfect plums - to eat with dinner, for his mother to make compote with, just to look at the perfection of each purple shiny fruit. He was happy and proud of his accomplishment.

And then, the horror. His mother came out, saw the dirty clothes and beat him to within an inch of his life. As a little boy, he had no concept of the constant struggle with poverty, how hard-won his Sunday clothes were. He was just grievously hurt. And hurt he was, for almost the rest of his life. He told this one story of his childhood to his children over and over - always with a sense of puzzlement - even after he understood the value of each dollar he worked so hard for.

When my father was in his late seventies, he had a car accident after which it was determined that he had Alzheimer's. Although it was a relatively mild form of it the erratic nature of his decisions made it necessary to put him in a nursing home. The first home he entered was a large institution, impersonal and misery-making. The next home, though, was a home in the real sense of the word - a lovely natural setting. Lots of activities, his Latvian language, and best of all, home cooked meals. He was in a wheelchair at this point, but active and interested in his surroundings. He was especially fond of the delicious meals, and noted all the details, like the fact that there was a piece of fruit at every lunch to keep the residents regular.

One day, while sitting outside enjoying the sun, he noticed that the plum tree had ripe fruit. Carefully wheeling his wheelchair over, he put the brakes on under the tree, and started climbing to pick the plums. I heard the rest of the story from the administrative staff at a yearly care conference - how he carefully balanced himself on the wheelchair, how they, in being scared for his safety, almost stopped him from his mission, but decided that his passion was just too intense to be interrupted, so they just watched him carefully. He picked off every plum within his reach, and came proudly in with his booty, pleased that he was contributing the daily fruit serving to his fellow residents. The administrators, in telling the story, started laughing with delight at my father's joy. They said that the kitchen staff sorted the plums - the ripe from the hard. The next day at noon, each of his 'family' members had a nice juicy ripe plum sitting beside each lunch plate, my father's work his gift.

Liz Locs [305]

WE LOVE DUNDAS!

The next two pieces speak to our love for this little town. This year our December issue will be devoted to stories about Dundas for, whether native or not, Dundas seems to have captured our hearts.

Dundas Forever

Born and raised in Dundas, I remember when there was a concrete pool, in Dundas Driving Park, when the Thirsty Cactus was a vacuum store and a second hand children's clothing store was across from that. I recall the Dollarama was a Willy Wonderful (an 80s version of Winners), and when our very own building was not here (or the other two) and a large parking lot surrounded a shoe store. With development and change, one thing has remained the same of our little town, and that's our sense of community! With laps around the driving park, for exercise, and everyone you pass says good morning, to all of the events, from Art and Blooms earlier this year, to the recent art auction at the Art school, up the street and even Tuesday coffee with everyone. Everything is about bringing everyone together and I'm grateful for it all. Happy Spring to everyone!

Leslie Cumming. [506]

PANORAMAS FROM OUR 5th FLOOR AERIE



Photo: Lynn Hayden (503)

Ours is a four-season West-facing vista which is all but unobstructed. High above the Library with only the Creekside complex to the south and the interesting Dundas downtown roof tops, ours is an expansive view of the Escarpment. We can tell time from the old post office clock tower and watch the turkey vultures who themselves seem to relish the view from the old Valley City chimney. Amazing how these broad-winged flyers somehow get a perch between the lightning rods which are plentiful. We have seen as many as five birds on this narrow landing. If lucky we catch sight of a hundred bird flock migrating which pass by in a few short minutes.

This year's amazing April spring weather is prodding the yellow fe willows into leaf and which are distinctive on the Escarpment. There are other deciduous trees with leaves just starting to open. We are always anxious until the two old walnut trees across the street show life, usually later than all the others. Once the early green mist of blossoming leaves has filled in, it is an unbroken sea of green.

The celestial phenomenon of Jupiter, Venus, Mars and other planets aligned on March 28th and were very bright. Light pollution obstructs much star gazing but these planets were too brilliant to miss.

Soon the warplanes should be flying again over Dundas on their test-flights after winter maintenance. We almost know Swoop's incoming schedules as they ply the sky to Mount Hope

We can see the teeny tiny people on the Peak lookout and we have our very own model-sized Lionel Railway, freight trains stretching a few kilometers in length.

Dundas must be on the flight path of flocks of migrating snow geese and tundra swans high in the sky making the 3,500 km journey to the Arctic from Chesapeake Bay. Only their honking to each other gives them away and they are out of sight in seconds. This phenomenal early journey is necessary for the adults to raise their chicks in time for the Fall return trip, and arduous migration for months-old birds.

Summer brings some challenges to our abode when we begin to get the direct sun from mid-afternoon to sunset. The heat is intense and without A/C, it would be impossible to stay. We have insulated blackout drapes creating what we call the bat cave inside.

There is nowhere more spectacular than our Dundas Valley for Fall colours, last Octobers' topping all others. Vistas of dazzling reds, golds and orange fill our window. There is no end to the fascination of the panorama outside our window.

We are so fortunate and never fail to enjoy whatever is happening from our perch. You might be thinking 'just how much time do those two spend at the window?' If you guessed plenty, you'd be right. Fortunately we have our computer desk set into the window so we don't miss much.

Bev Hayden (503)

NEED WORK DONE IN YOUR UNIT?

RESIDENTS LIVING ON BOTH SIDES OF THE BUILDING WILL BE HAPPY TO KNOW ABOUT THESE GENTLEMEN

They come highly recommended to Catherine by a good friend who lives in Greenville.

HANDYMAN Though not professionally qualified in any one area, **JEFF CRADDOCK** lives in Greenville and is highly skilled at fixing/working with many things you might need help with in your unit. Call or text him at: **905-512-1121**.

ELECTRICIAN Excellent electrician, **PAUL BOYLE** lives here in Dundas. Call or text him at **905-979-5170**.



Uffizi's Patina
Robert Clark Yates [408]

Our resident artists are very quiet about their exhibitions but we suspect that many of us would welcome a chance to appreciate their art. Bob Yates recently had a successful show at the YouMe Gallery in Hamilton. Regina Haggo's commentary in the Spec [April 17] will give you an idea about this exhibition as a whole (though not the painting depicted above). Congratulations Bob! [<https://www.hamiltonnews.com/news-story/10877568-robert-clark-yates>]

EARTH DAY—Sat April 22, 2023

Theme 2023 - Invest in Our Planet

Invest? time, money, activism, action, labour, prayer, good works, energy,....

Participate in an anti-sprawl protest <https://environmentaldefence.ca/ytpweekend2023/>

Plant something edible (basil? cherry tomatoes?)

Buy nothing on Saturday & Sunday (food is good).

Fix or mend something out of the ordinary

Enjoy a meatless meal (or commit to x no. per wk)

Take a trip by public transportation

Buy a sustainable product (eg. Compostable but strong phone & tablet cases: pelacase.com)

Donate to an environmental NGO (eg. 350.org)

Have an anti-social media day

Take a lovely long **walk in the park & hug a tree**

Enjoy breathing fresh air (while you still can)

Upcycle items & tell us about it

Grab a bag & collect litter in downtown Dundas

Feed birds, feed squirrels

Invent your own way to celebrate Earth Day!

Write a story what did you do today? What does Earth Day mean to you? Your community?

GOING TO A JUNE WEDDING THIS YEAR?

Be glad this is not England in the 1500s because...

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Thanks **Deanna Hyland [301]**

Need a new appliance? Do your research, identify what you need, but before you actually buy check: **OURR Homes Appliances in Stoney Creek [905-643-0818]** They have a good range of appliances with minor cosmetic defects for up to \$1,000 off regular prices. Catherine got a washing machine there (with extended warranty) & is happy with it (but deliv. & install'n extra).

RECYCLE OLD TEXTILES clothes, linens, towels, shoes, bags, socks, underwear, blankets, curtains, BUT NOT PILLOWS to: **St Andrew's Church, Ancaster- Sat April 9-12** [31 Sulphur Springs Road—info from: 905-648-6029]

Catherine thanks Elaine for her indefatigable assistance; Margaret Koblyk (304) for remembering it was Bette Davis; all contributors—for you make working on this newsletter such a treat; as do all those who enjoy reading it!