

November 2024



HASTINGS MANOR

# MANOR TIMES

## Funny Tale

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When I went to lunch today, I noticed an old man sitting on a park bench sobbing his eyes out. I stopped and asked him what was wrong.

He told me, 'I have a 22 year old wife at home. She rubs my back every morning and then gets up and makes me pancakes, sausage, fresh fruit and freshly ground coffee.'

I continued, 'Well, then why are you crying?'

He added, 'She makes me homemade soup for lunch and my favourite biscuits, cleans the house and then watches sports TV with me for the rest of the afternoon.'

I said, 'Well, why are you crying?'

He said, 'For dinner she makes me a gourmet meal with wine and my favorite dessert and then we cuddle until the small hours.'

I inquired, 'Well then, why in the world would you be crying?'

He replied, 'I can't remember where I live.'



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## Family Council

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We had our first official Family Council Meeting on Monday October 21st. Thank you to the family members who attended the meeting. Our next meeting is Monday November 18th at 4pm, in person, or if you want to join by live stream please email us, so we can send you a link. Bev: [bevnick67@gmail.com](mailto:bevnick67@gmail.com) or Barb: [bremington01@gmail.com](mailto:bremington01@gmail.com). Check out the new Family Council Bulletin Board next to the Multipurpose Room for more information. We are just getting going and need your ideas! Hope to see you soon!



## A Soldier's Mother

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A mother rocks in her armchair, and sighs as she wipes a falling tear.  
She's thinking of her darling boy, her first-born son, her pride and joy.  
She holds his photo in her hand, while he's away in a foreign land.  
Duty called and she gave her lad, with a cherry smile-but her heart was sad.

She rises and wanders through her home, and softly enters the nursery room.  
Here's where he fell and bumped his head. Here's where he slept in his cozy bed.  
A tiny shoe he had once worn, and in the corner his tiny horn,  
A story book from his Uncle Jim, and a woolly cap she had given him.

Into his room trembling hand, grasps a chair to help her stand.  
Here's where he knelt to say his prayers. She remembers them now with falling tears.  
"God bless daddy and mommy too, and please help me to be kind and true.  
Bless us all as we go to sleep; we give our lives in Thy hands to keep."

She thinks of the years when he went to school. Learning his lessons by book (or rule!)  
Problems of life which he had to learn, taught by experience harsh and stern.  
His first long trousers, his first sweetheart, Then came the day when he must depart.  
Though her precious son had gone away, she hopes and prays he'll return some day.

She knew when she heard of the monster war, she'd lose her son and her heart was sore.  
To serve his country he'd gone away, with a cry of anguish she kneels to pray.  
And as she pleads for her precious one, a shining ray of the setting sun,  
Touches a lock of her graying hair, like a sign from heaven of an answered prayer.

-Sapper R.L. Cross,  
1st Field Coy, Royal Canadian Engineers.

# In Flanders Fields

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IN FLANDERS FIELDS  
*by John McCrae*

In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.



## Annual Bazaar

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The Annual Bazaar is fast approaching!

The Bazaar will be taking place on **Friday November 15th** in the Multipurpose Room from 1:30-3:30. Vendors will be open for residents, families and staff from 9:30-3:30.

Baked Goods, Vendor tables, Raffles, Plants and More will be available! This is a **CASH ONLY** event. We hope to see you there!



## Resident and Family Satisfaction Survey

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This is a friendly reminder that Resident and Family Satisfaction Surveys are still available. Please complete your survey by November 22nd to have your say and help improve resident care.

Please use this link to access the Resident Satisfaction survey:

<https://www.surveymonkey.com/r/ResSat2024>

Please use this link to access the Family Satisfaction Survey:

<https://www.surveymonkey.com/r/famsat2024>

Bar Code for Family  
Satisfaction Survey



Bar Code for Resident  
Satisfaction Survey



# Saluting A Memory

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*He sat on the edge of his bed, ready for the familiar crack of joints that had accompanied the first movements of the morning for the past decade. He rose, wavered, and grasped the chair beside the bed. He felt the stiff, heavily starched collar of the blazer someone had set there for him. He glanced down at the dull, dark green uniform jacket he remembered so well. His fingers worked their way along the collar, with the embroidered insignias and the small, brass buttons. He tried to remember why it was out. What was the occasion? The number eleven flashed in his mind. The eleventh day of the eleventh month, eleven on the hour. His head snapped to attention. His right arm rose and he saluted a memory, crisply, precisely, as he had been taught so many years before. His arm dropped, slowly, silently, so as not to alert the Krauts to his position.*

*“Yes, general.” The cold wind blew through the open tent flaps from the frozen battlefield. Brief reports from the German-seeking six inch guns sounded to the west. He exited the tent, pulling his collar up as he did so. The world was silent for the most part. The Christmas Day truce slowed things down, but the battle never truly stopped.*

*He entered the maze of trenches that would carry him to the front, more than two miles away. A rat scrambled between the boards, ten feet in front of him. He paid no attention. He had a message—an urgent one—to deliver to the front. The frozen mud in the trench made the passage treacherous at points, but even with the truce, it wasn’t safe to be up top. He tensed as he neared the front. He had been here thousands of times for various reasons, but the place still got to the heart of him. He rounded a corner only to come face to face with an impenetrable wall of frozen blocks of French mud. Going all the way around would take twenty minutes. He decided to climb over. Ice covered the mound of slumped ground, and summiting took some work. It was then that he heard it—the whistle of an incoming shell. The “Widowmaker’s Whistle”, they called it. He dove back the way he came. The shell slammed into the earth as he fell back into the trench.*

*He moved around his room with relative ease. He slipped his pants on first, and struggled with the small button. His thumb slipped a couple of times, but he did it, just as he had thousands of times before. Next was his crisp, white, T-shirt—something that many take for granted now—but something that during the war was a luxury which very few had. He tucked it neatly into the loose pants. He reached for his shirt. These buttons were much more difficult. His arm grew tired. Like war had done forty-six years before, age had taken its toll. He used his chin to hold the shirt together as he passed each button through the fabric button hole, but managed by perseverance, plain and simple. He sat down in his chair, careful not to wrinkle anything, as he proceeded to put on his spit-and-polish clean shoes, just as they taught him to do in boot camp. He remained Army, through and through.*

*He rose again, with fewer perceivable cracks this time. He shuffled across his room, until he stood before the mirror. His hand slowly moved up, towards his face and the remnants of his repulsive scar. He knew every bump and hollow of this souvenir from many years ago. He felt heavy, very heavy. He was cold, almost frozen. He tried to move but couldn’t. He remembered the sound of the shell, and diving, and... nothing. His hands began to numb. He heard voices, and tiny taps near him. He began to move his ankles, the only thing that*

seemed free. Breathing became incredibly hard. His lungs screamed for air. He began to kick harder. "He's alive! Dig faster!" unknown voices rumbled through the dirt. Someone grabbed onto his feet, and began to pull. He slid backwards. Movement became easier. Cries for a medic echoed down the trench. Finally, fresh air reached his lips. He sucked in the air in big gulps. Pain radiated from dozens of places, but at least he was alive.

He tried the top button. Twice, three times he failed, but he was not a quitter. On the fourth time he succeeded. Proud of his achievement, he let out a brief smile. Next was a clip on tie, which he did quite easily. A normal person wouldn't have done it any faster or better. He turned and picked up the jacket, deftly put it on, and faced the mirror once more. He admired the medals and ribbons which he had cleaned and polished the night before. Something was missing. He didn't know what it was, but it was something important.

He combed his hair—what was left of it—and picked up his beret, which had also been picked clean of lint the night before. He scanned himself in the mirror. His face became younger, and again he was remembering the war.

The field hospital was set in a one room school house. He spent three days of the hardest days of his life there. People died around him, crying out in their last moments before succumbing to the pain. He cried because he could do nothing for them. He never cried once for himself. Not one tear. He had been through worse, and he was still alive.

His stay was brightened by a visit from an eight year old French girl named Maria. She gave him something simple... a flower. A small orange flower... the symbol not of death, but rebirth. It was the nicest thing anyone had ever done for him, and he treasured that moment.

He reached just above the edge of the mirror, and plucked down what was missing: a small red-orange poppy; not the same one, mind you, but a close match. He carefully inserted it into his lapel, and the picture was complete.

An hour later, he strolled slowly down the city street, admiring his chosen country, a country he loved and fought for, and would do it again if he could. The smaller children stared at the stranger on sidewalk, with one arm and a crooked smile, and were frightened. He smiled and hoped they would never experience what he had, but could live a long and happy life in this free country called Canada.

-Joe Beernink

## November Birthdays

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Garry (Maple)	Nov 5th	Alexander (Elm)	Nov 21st
Joan (Birch)	Nov 6th	Sharon (Oak)	Nov 22nd
Robert (Cedar)	Nov 7th	Odette (Cedar)	Nov 24th
Patricia (Maple)	Nov 7th	Sylverine (Beech)	Nov 24th
Rowland (Maple)	Nov 8th	Barbara (Birch)	Nov 25th
Richard (Beech)	Nov 9th	Peter (Beech)	Nov 28th
Geertruida (Spruce)	Nov 14th		
Donald (Beech)	Nov 15th		

Happy Birthday!



## Volunteers Needed!

Hastings Manor is currently looking for volunteers to assist in various areas within the home.

Volunteers play a vital role in helping provide quality services to our residents and it is a great way to learn new skills, meet new people and help where there is a real need.

Some benefits of volunteering include providing the volunteer with a sense of purpose, opportunities to develop meaningful relationships with residents, families and team members, contributes to improved health and vitality and teaches valuable skills among other benefits.

Some of the volunteer opportunities available include:

- **Volunteering in the Café**
- **Giving tours of the home**

- **1:1 friendly visiting with residents**
- **Assisting with weekly activities such as bingo, musical entertainment and special events**
- **Mending resident clothing**
- **Assisting with the monthly Manor Times**

All volunteers will receive orientation, training, staff support and flexibility in scheduling.

If you have any questions or are interested in volunteering please contact Jamie, Recreation and Volunteer Services Supervisor at 613-968-6467 extension 2244



## Star Tree



The preparation and planning for the annual resident Star Tree is well underway. A list with gift suggestions has been posted in every residents room where residents, families and staff can add gift ideas/suggestions. These lists will be taken down on November 6th. The Star Tree

will be set up in the main foyer on November 15th. Once set up, community members, staff, and/or families can pick a star from the tree which will have gift suggestions for a resident in the home. Once you have chosen your star from the tree please record your name and phone number on the coordinating colour and number coded sheet next to the tree. Gifts are due on or before December 15th. We thank everyone for your kindness and participation in this holiday event!

\*Answers for Puzzles Found on Page 8

## November Word Scramble

AETRNEV

YPPPO

MBREEMRE

DISEORL

KTJCEA

DEOFRME

VOENRMBE

CISVEER

VESLEA

LAFL

KYOHCE

LOTAOLFB

ARBZAA

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# NOVEMBER

E I E N S T S I N O L O C M T N G N  
S S L L E V G P R L M A E T N F A Y  
O N E V L O Y U O E A H I T I R Y M  
G G C T E Y E M N G I D N O A E N G  
G T T T H A R P Y N I N D I S E O E  
G N I V I G S K N A H T I S O R V S  
C S O A G E Z I A M E G A T I R E H  
K I N E Y D T N I V I G N G I I M T  
A D I T U N A R E T E V S E E A B S  
E A I R T V O N S R E L T T E S E R  
Y Y N A I T R O G U A U A H A E R I  
S L M D V N V O T E R R S I M L K V  
N I S I T S A E F T S D C T C C R U  
E G R T T S I V A H A Y S L T E S I  
I H Z I F A M I L Y V S N O W M S L  
T T T O A R T U R K E Y E M A I O T  
B N D N I Y I T R B G E E P E S S I  
P T F S I M L O P E O T F A O M Z D

Heritage  
Election  
Snow  
Daylight  
Feast

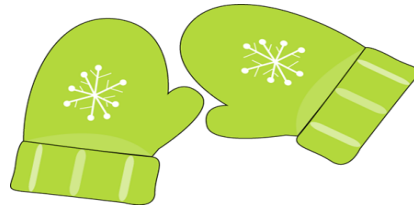
Pumpkin  
November  
Family  
Turkey  
Traditions

Indians  
Voter  
Voyage  
Colonists

Thanksgiving  
Veteran  
Settlers  
Maize

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# Hastings Manor Mitten Tree



Please help decorate our mitten tree with mittens, hats, scarves.

All items will be donated to  
Belleville Fire Fighters Toy drive.

Please place items on the mitten tree on the main floor or give to any activity staff.

Donations will be collected until December 18<sup>th</sup>.

Thank You for your generosity and support!!!

Word Scramble Answer Key: Veteran, Poppy, Remember, Soldier, Jacket, Freedom, November, Service, Leaves, Fall, Hockey, Football, Bazaar