
THE BRIDGE

KTRTA NEWSLETTER Editor: Donna Sharpe onlineoffice.ktrta@gmail.com



Photo Credit: Donna
In my back yard Jan. 2024

THE BRIDGE
*Bridges provide a link
Bringing people closer,
Filling the space with new possibilities.
Let's bridge age, status, race, differences
With uncommon humanity.
Let's bridge the gaps that chain us,
Unlocking our grandest vision for today.*

By Barb Stankiewicz

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

September:

It is that time again. Fall has definitely set in and I have been busy preparing my garden for the winter months. Now it is time to spend looking at the submissions for our Fall and Winter edition of THE BRIDGE.

As we go through the months of our gatherings I have begun to realize that we have two types of communications to go on our website. Troylana is doing a great job of keeping us informed about the time sensitive information, our month lunches, news from BCRTA, results of our silent auction and other things that are current information. But The Bridge is a place where we can hear from our members about things that are important to them. stories, memories, travel, recipes, books, creative endeavours, photographs, health and wellness discoveries, and the list goes on. Twice a year we will try to collect your submissions and put them together into a readable format. Please put your mind to work and tell us what is important to you at this time.

February

You will find some interesting stories and poems that have come to me this time. Read about Marian Owens and Sandra Holmes, a poem about fudge and a recipe to go with it, a Barb Mulhern returned from Mexico with a great experience with the wild turtles hatching. Frank Veszely, former editor of The Bridge, has received honours for his writing. Several of our members were able to take a tour of the new Parkcrest Elementary School, thanks to Marney's neighbour who happens to be the current principal. There is much to read so sit back and enjoy connecting with our members and our activities.

Poetry

Mom's Fudge
By Margaret Catherwood

Ahhh, Fudge,
I remember
the sweet way
it dissolved in my mouth.

Ahhh, Fudge,
I remember
helping my Mom,
mixing in the nuts with other delights,
and placing it in special containers
to give to friends and relatives.

Ahhh, Fudge,
I remember,
tasting some with my brother
after we'd polished the newly waxed floors
wearing our Dad's big wooly socks.

Ahhh, Fudge ,
I remember it all.



Photo from free internet photos

Quick Fudge

Combine in a saucepan

1 1/2 cups sugar

2/3 cup evaporated milk

Simmer together for 5 minutes, stirring constantly.

Remove from heat and beat in:

1 1/2 cups miniature marshmallows or 14 regular marshmallows, quartered

1 1/2 cups chocolate chips

1/2 cup chopped nuts

1 teaspoon vanilla

1/4 teaspoon salt

Stir until smooth. Pour into a buttered 8* or 9* square pan.

When cool cut into squares.

Yield: about 1 1/4 pounds.

Congratulations!

One of our members, Frank Veszely, has been awarded the honour of having his book of Hungarian Poetry winning the Luminaries 2024 Gold Award for Poetry. Congratulations Frank from the KTRTA.

Luminaries Medal explained by Frank.

Hungarian Poetry (Folk, Classical and Modern) in English, One Thousand Years, winning the San Francisco publisher, Atticus' Luminaries Gold Medal for Poetry. Along with a cash prize of U.S.\$ 2,500, significant other prizes included publishing a Second Edition, a press release, 3 months free advertising and a TV



Photos by Donna



interview with a NY station. Frank's autobiography will also be reprinted at cost. Frank's books are now available in all formats: print, ebook and audiobook. Available at Amazon, Ingram Distributors, Audible or on my website: frankveszely.com

MEMBERS' STORIES

Marian Owens

Tribute to Marian Owens, member of the Kamloops Thompson Retired Teachers association (KTRTA)

MARY ELLEN PATTERSON - former student of Marian at Kam High spent a few hours reviewing many happy memories.

MARIAN: GROWING UP IN TORONTO:

Within the next seven years after I was born, my two sisters were born and joined myself and brother Bruce. The four of us grew up in a loving, strict, affluent, Christian home with many restrictions imposed on us. Both parents were active Christians in their church, home, and community and set a great example for us.

Piano lessons started in my early elementary years and voice lessons later in high school. At age 18 I became a member of the Leslie Bell singers and subsequently also the CBC choir. After a couple of years I decided to go into teaching and put some semblance of normalcy into my life. At the age of 22 at a church service the Lord spoke to me and I gave my heart and life to him.

BILL: MARIAN'S HUSBAND

My dad was appointed Constable at the CNR junction. I grew up with 3 younger sisters. We lived at the junction where mom grew a huge garden. and while dad was checking rail cars for men hitching rides to Vancouver, mother was kept busy feeding transients who jumped off, and were looking for a hot meal to sustain them. There was no school bus in those days so we rode in the jitney (on the rails) to Kamloops and then walked up to school. It was a great day when we moved into town and bought a 29 Chevy. I was active in the student council and played the trumpet in the Elks Orchestra. Following my graduation at Kam High I went to Toronto College of Optometry at the University of Toronto. It was in my second year that I went to a Young People's Club and met Marian. We dated for a year, were engaged for a year, and then following my graduation, I returned to Kamloops and began my professional life as an optometrist. A week before our wedding, I returned to Toronto and we were married. We drove across Canada in a "U-Drive-We Pay", a new Chevrolet for Dueck's in Vancouver. It was a great way to have a honeymoon.

MARIAN OWENS - Her life as a teacher

While at Kam High I taught drama, choral music, and directed an enthusiastic glee club. I directed 5 Gilbert and Sullivan productions. When I retired from Kam High I continued with choral groups; New Century Singers, and Choristers 24. Later in the 70's I was the Kamloops District Music Coordinator and developed and introduced KODALY to the elementary program, giving workshops to teachers throughout the province. Recently I have enjoyed playing for the KTRTA Christmas celebration always at their November Luncheon.



Photo credit: Donna

MARY ELLEN

Marian was recognized by the Kamloops Business and Professional Women and was Woman of the Year in fine arts and by the Kamloops YMCA as Woman of Distinction. she was described as a leading light for music in the Interior. She also received the BC Music Education Award.

MARIAN'S LIFE NOW:

Carolyn Eagles, my daughter, took up teaching and taught 26 years at Westmount Elementary. She taught intermediate classes and directed school musicals at Christmas and the rest of the year she directed the school choir. I often drove to the school to provide accompaniment for her choir. My granddaughter, Sarah, carried on the family teaching tradition and teaches in Kelowna. She and Tyler have 2 girls, 5 and 1 who I get to chat with and text on my phone. We do have special times when we visit back and forth. Being a great grandmother is wonderful.

My son Dave Owens, was a very gifted special needs child and I have a gallery of his fine line drawings of Kamloops buildings in my foyer. I am busy every day but Tuesday, keeping in touch with my kids (former students) playing for sing a longs in retirement homes, doing jig saw puzzles, and crosswords. It has been a fulfilling life.

I am blessed to live independently in my daughter's home in a cozy suite. At 96 I am still driving. Life has been a journey and we have many blessings.

Mary Ellen - Conclusion

I feel very fortunate to be one of Marian's "Kids" and cherish her as a friend.

Submitted by:

Mary Ellen Patterson



Marian with Santa 2024
Photo by Donna

Sandra Holmes

Sandra Holmes is a retired teacher who began her career at Bear Lake Elementary in Prince George School District in 1973 and retired from Blue River Elementary in the Kamloops/Thompson School District in 2007. Following retirement, she was Teacher On Call until 2014 supporting the rural schools in the North Thompson.

Working as a teacher left her with many fine memories of challenge and accomplishment. Her time at Blue River was exceptional in many ways.

A Final Challenge is written using all personal experiences, however linked with a fictionalized time line and fragmented by many unexpressed events. The purpose of this piece is meant to express the deep satisfaction of a difficult job successfully completed.

After an absence of 50 years, Sandra now lives with Mr. Cat in her birth town of Burns Lake BC, where she enjoys the connection of old and new friends as she participates in the wealth of senior's events available surrounded by a magnificent and familiar landscape.

Sandra Holmes

January 2025

One Last Challenge

Sandra Holmes

Her heart pounds as her grip tightens on the steering wheel. The scene all around her is one of utter devastation. Her breathing is shallow and she feels that familiar tightening pinch just behind her left eye that warns of imminent emotional overload. A whiff of stale smoke gives her a queasy feeling. She reaches across the dashboard and snaps the lever to close off the putrid outside air invading the interior of her car. Her reflex to slow down in order to more fully take in the burnt-out wrecks of trucks and buildings fights with her need to speed past the blackened char of forest, field and farm to more quickly return to an understandable landscape.

To her left, the lazy stream winds its way south around sandbars that only a few months ago had been hidden by the fast-flowing meltwater of the Spring freshet. The trees that had escaped the interface fire danced their autumn leaves in a macabre funeral ritual to their blackened kin.

"Eyes on the road, Susan," she admonishes herself. "You have a big job ahead of you. Take a breath. Concentrate." Northward she speeds.

"Good morning class. Welcome to the first day of school." Susan looks proudly around her beautiful classroom. She smiles at the book nook with the comfy chair, the painting easels with pristine paints and the block and puzzle activities ready for the youngest students. Colorful posters advertised healthy eating. Across the hall, newly sharpened pencils lay on notebooks labeled "Journal", waiting patiently for the older students to begin to record their life after the opening assembly.

Seventeen sober faces look quizzically back at her. After five days in this school, built to educate one hundred students, and now housing only the 17, she had transformed the building into the finest educational space any multi-level class could want. There were separate classrooms for the 9 primary and 8 intermediate students, a gym, computer lab and a library all to program as she liked. When the school was destined to have only one teacher this year, the community had asked for an experienced person. And here she is.



Climbing wall at Mike Wiegele's ski resort
Photo by Sandra

Reviewing the day several hours later Susan found it difficult to imagine where she would get the energy to even think about preparing for the next day. All vestiges of thoughts of a high functioning class of eager students willingly participating in responsible ways to learn their lessons had flown out the window with the defiance of the older students who vied with her for control of the kindergarten students. The look of challenge from Sally whenever she was asked to proceed with her work was enough to wither a pine tree. The grade 2 girls had enjoyed a raucous time in the washroom and ended up by locking all the stalls from the inside so the larger girls could not get in. The bathroom rules for those three was now set and enforced to "You can only use the kindergarten's bathroom under my supervision until you show responsibility." And what about that fist fight on the playground a recess? A phone call to each parent only proves useful to learn of their complicated family histories. "You can't keep him after school." she snarls. "He has to go to his dad's." And who is that strange man who stopped by the fence when she was supervising the children on the playground at recess time and shouted from his open pickup window, "Just give me a call if you need anything!" Not to mention the Gramma from the Legion who wanted to make sure the class is prepared to participate in Remembrance Day ceremonies. A memo from the administrator some 60 kilometers away reminded her of the Terry Fox Run coming up and "didn't you know you have to prepare for Jump Rope for Heart and a community Christmas concert and the

district cross country ski race in February as well as an out of community field trip that needs to have a fund raiser." Not to mention those three boys in the computer lab who printed off about a hundred sheets of nonsense!

Creating a project for the Intermediate Math Expo in Kamloops seemed like a great way to cover many learning outcomes for all the grades across the math curriculum. She imagines the intermediate students gathering data, organizing it in pleasing graphs, then attending the Math Expo Day in the big city. They would gain some experience in creating displays before they worked on more complicated Science Fair projects. The Primary students could work on recognizing shapes, counting and recording skills. The Math Expo would also count as a field trip. The work of applying to attend the event, getting a bus organized, writing a letter to parents to introduce the event and finally choosing a topic that would be interactive and enjoyable for the students occupied her evenings for the next few days. With tally sheets and note pads, the class sets out on a tour to record the shapes they could see in the roof lines and buildings in the community. As well, each intermediate student confidently handles a disposable camera to add photographs to their data collection. She and the younger students lead the tour around the community as the older ones, trail behind, making notes and snapping photos. The chilly October wind picks up and after a ten minutes walk from the school she hears the first snivel from a young boy. "I'm cold," he whines. Without a hat or mitts, a thread bare jacket with a broken zipper did little to protect him from the wind. "Me too," she hears. Looking back at the older students there seems to be a quick shuffle of papers. "Are you keeping a tally of roof shapes and house sizes," she queries. "Ya, I guess," came the non-committal reply. She should have known something was up. "Okay," she replies. "I am taking the primary students back to the school because they are getting cold. Just finish up collecting data on this last street and come right back to school." She hears another unenthusiastic "Yah."

Back at school, the minutes tick by as the primary students warm up, dancing to Raffi singing Down by the Bay. "One more song," comes the pleas when it is over. "Ok," she agrees, smiling at their joy. "Should I worry about the intermediates? Where are they? I gave them specific directions. I have to trust them." Still no intermediates. Dismissal time approaches. The primaries gather their home journals and line up to say one thing they enjoyed about the day. As the last child leaves, in rushes that Dad that was looking kind of sour at the parent meeting the other day.

"What do you mean by dismissing the older kids early? I saw them down by the lake!" he yells in a menacing way. With her heart in her mouth knowing this could be a serious situation she stands tall



Balloon Tag in the gym
Photo by Sandra

and looks him straight in his eye. Narrowing her eyes to focus her energy directly on him and speaking in her firmest teacher voice she states. "The class and I were out for a walk to gather data for the math project. The little kids were getting cold so we came back a few minutes early. I trusted the others to finish collecting what they needed and return. I expect children in grade six and seven to be responsible enough to follow those simple directions." Something in her strict demeanour or the firm tone of her voice seemed to stop him flat. "Oh, sorry. I didn't realize." And with that, off he stalks.

The disappointment of a trust broken registers on her face the next day as the intermediates slink into their seats. She asks to see the data they had collected. As rumbled pieces of paper with scribbles are passed forward, she knows the field trip around the community had not been a success. The photos she would develop the following weekend would be a weird collection of irrelevant snaps. Much teaching would be necessary and with a less open-ended project assigned, the projects just might be ready for the Math Expo. A month later she thought back on that field trip fiasco as relief flooded over her. A foot of snow had fallen in the night and the trip to the Math Expo in the city had to be cancelled due to impassable high mountain roads. Her students and their projects would not have measured up.

Six weeks into the school year, a ray of hope and sunshine burst into the classroom. The tense, high wire balancing act that she had been performing immediately changed to a lighter more relaxed juggling act with the eager presence of an energetic support worker. "Supervise the intermediates, please," was all she said and the real school work was begun and accomplished.

The North Thompson River rises north of the school, flows south to join the south Thompson River at Kamloops. From Kamloops the river continues out through Kamloops Lake to eventually join the mighty Fraser on its journey to the Pacific Ocean. Sockeye salmon spawn in the North Thompson River and swim to the Pacific Ocean only to return home four years later to spawn again. Their life cycle explained through the Salmonid Enhancement School Program provides an excellent natural teaching resource.

Recalling the enjoyment of teaching this program in other schools, she applies for a fish tank. The enthusiastic Fisheries worker arrives early in the Fall. He is hesitant about the success of the program because the school is at such a distance from his home-base and he will make infrequent trips over the mountain road to check the tank. "No worries," she reassures him, "I have run this program successfully several times before." The day the fisheries tank truck carrying the salmon mom and dad arrives is brilliant in so many ways. As she stands dressed in slicker and thick gloves, fish net in hand ready to scoop a sedated sockeye from the tank she feels every eye of her class riveted on her. "We have a female, a hen," announces the fisheries officer. She puts down the net and holds the baggie under the salmon's vent as the officer gently strokes its under belly. A squirt of pink eggs ejects into the baggie amid audible gasps of surprise. "What do we need to fertilize these eggs," she queries?

"Milt," comes back the chorus of eager voices. "Scoop out a buck this time." In goes the net and yes, on the first try a handsome buck is brought out and successfully milked for his milt. Baggie babies are created. That tank full of eggs developed eyes over the Christmas holidays and alevin appeared in due course. The students clamour to be the ones to help with all the fish chores. When the fry are introduced to the North Thompson River in June, the class say their good-byes, brimming with new environmental knowledge and a blossoming understanding of how they and the salmon are all part of a complex connected ecosystem. She smiles, knowing she has finally captured this class. "Can we do this again next year?" "Yes," she replies. "You have proven you are responsible students." She smiles at the students, chattering amongst themselves standing on the river bank waving goodbye to the fry he or she has named.



Class on a walk in the community
Photo by Sandra

It has been a difficult and ultimately heart-warming experience working with the students and the community. Slowly the parents and grandparents realize her intent in taking the job in such a remote area was to help each child be the best person he or she could be. She devoutly believes that rural children need every opportunity urban children enjoy to thrive in the world. She has done her best despite insurmountable odds. One evening she sat and pondered her work over the past four years. As well as teaching the regular curriculum, money had been raised with the Terry Fox Run, Jump Rope for Heart and for field trips from bottle collection. Field trips to Barkerville, McQueen Lake Environmental Center and the Vancouver Aquarium and Children's Festival had been

successful. The children had performed in Christmas concerts and the Remembrance Day Service.

Working with the local ski lodge to organize cross country ski races for the district had been a great success. Thank goodness for the help of eager and reliable teaching assistants, a student teacher one year and a custodian worth her weight in gold the students received the best possible education a small school could provide.

Her decision to retire came easily as she reached full pensionable age. When the secretary went on sick leave and was not replaced even more responsibilities came her way. Each year it took longer to hire a support worker. Teachers on call at times did not arrive until noon or sometimes not at all. There was never enough special services support. Those that came seemed to enjoy the rural setting, write their report and disappear. Being alone on the picket line left a deep sense of distress.

The ease of being "the teacher" in the community had strengthened with familiarity. A sense of accomplishment had settled over her. She now knew that man in the pick-up truck who yelled at her on the first day of school was indeed the rural area director and a great supporter of school

programs. She felt a sense of satisfaction in having met the community and appreciated those who indeed had offered to help with programs and events. The local public librarian, dedicated to the literary education of the students was a gem.

The time had come to move on and with that decision she decides to organize one last memorable experience for the class.

“A lot of parents work for the railway. Very few of the children have ever had a ride on a real train,” a parent comments. With that spark of an idea, she wrote a field trip proposal. Permission for the field trip was granted. Bottles were collected and sold to pay for the train tickets. In no time, all the permission slips were completed, the parent helpers arranged for and the tickets purchased. A school bus would meet the class at the station in the next town up the line. From there she arranged for the class to have breakfast at the restaurant. In preparation she distributed menus in the classroom, practised how and what to order as well as restaurant manners. Activities at the local museum and the nature reserve would keep the students busy before the school bus dropped the class off at the Greyhound Bus station. The Greyhound would deliver the students back to their community in time for 3pm dismissal.

The children mill about sleepy eyed wondering when the train will arrive. At 7:30, “Here it comes,” yells a dad who works on the tracks and had been checking the VIA passenger’s progress. It is only fifteen minutes late. “Stand clear till it stops,” she warns the now fully awake students. The conductor ushers all up the steps and into the coach, past the sleepy passengers and up into the dome car.

The stunning view as the train clickity-clacked along, the museum visit, the delicious restaurant meal, the trek around the swamp and the bus ride home left her feeling like she had created a day of experiences that might rival a trip to Disneyland. The chatter from the children, the looks of wonder and their many excited comments throughout the following week made her smile with pleasure as she recalled the experience on her way home several weeks later.

Finally , the school year ends. All that is left is to pack up the van and head south in the morning. “Funny,” she comments to the custodian who is cleaning the classroom. “Not one parent said good-bye to me.” “Don’t worry about it,” the custodian replied. “That is the way of this community. Come on over to the restaurant for dinner with me tonight.”



Mountain Bike Lessons
Photo by Sandra

Travelling south along the gushing river the next morning, her van filled with her possessions, she was still feeling mystified by the unexpected joy of the surprise farewell dinner. The spring greenery masked much of the black left from the big fire four years earlier. The entire community as well as other colleagues and friends had gathered at the restaurant the previous night and each student had said a fond farewell. A quote from The Little Prince by Antoine De Saint-Exuprey settles into her head. "Indeed, this explains everything, about this community." she whispers to herself... "..... now here is my secret, a very simple secret: It is only with the heart that one can see rightly; what is essential is invisible to the eye."



Sandra Holmes preparing a classroom party
Photo by Sandra

Her experience along the river had been rich with challenge and reward. She was filled to the brim.

Submitted by

Sandra Holmes

Visiting Parkcrest Elementary School Burned Down and Reborn.

After parking our cars in a new spacious parking lot we entered the school through the automated front doors. We were all former Parkcrest teachers and we had come to see the newly opened Parkcrest School. I'm sure many were recalling memories of the school we knew so well . . . and all the children who had passed through our classrooms over many years. Everyone would remember, with a degree of sadness, the morning we learned that the school was destroyed by fire.



Kathryn Gorman, gave us a warm welcome and guided us through the school. She was the principal of the school when it burned in the spring of 2020, and she was now principal of the newly opened replacement Parkcrest in 2024. She mentioned that most of the current staff had been there when the school burned and there was now a special closeness as they had come through a difficult time together.

There was so much to see it was hard to know where to look first. All classrooms have outside doors and students

enter there each day. The ceilings are high and sloping, and LED lights hang in lovely curves. The teacher has control of a device that allows for four levels of brightness. All rooms have screens and modern video equipment built in. Classrooms are smaller than in the old school. Each room has built in storage cupboards, an area for student coats, lunches, etc, and a furnace. Furniture seemed to be varied from room to room.

The gymnasium is very large with a divider that can be remotely closed to create two gyms.



It has electronic score boards, a large retractable screen high on one wall with a substantial projector located high up on the opposite wall and it even has bleachers!

Elsewhere special features include small rooms with seating for six to eight students to allow small group projects, (there is a glass wall on the hallway side). The washrooms are mostly single person with doors opening off the hallway. The library has allowances for electronics as well as books.



There are separate rooms for indigenous studies, special needs, a daycare, and after school care. The



kindergarten has been furnished with furniture appropriate to the children's sizes. A community room also serves as a staff room as there are about forty people on staff and the



designated staff room is too small.

The footprint of the new school is considerably larger than the original school so the field is no longer large enough for a track. There is a variety of new playground equipment that gets used with enthusiasm during recess and lunch. The gymnasium and community room are often booked for evening activities.

As former teachers we were grateful for the opportunity to see inside the new school with it's many innovations and upgrades. May it serve the families of this Brocklehurst neighbourhood for many decades to come.
Glenda Miles



Photos by Donna

Message from our President:

Hello to all of our retired teachers!

I hope you are staying warm amidst these very cold days.

When Donna Sharpe, our Bridge Editor, asked to say a few words for our upcoming newsletter, I admit I was stumped!

Christmas and New years has come and gone, along with Chinese New Years. Spring and warm weather seems a long way off. It is very cold these days, making it unappealing to get outside. This cold weather and snow in our Knutsford hills seems to have lasted forever! Although it seems that everyone I know is heading off somewhere with warm sunshine and sand, I sadly, am staying at home! At least until April when I head to London England with my sister and a friend. That is not likely to be warm weather and I will pack a raincoat, water proof boots and an umbrella.

I'm sure I am not alone in keeping a very close eye on our neighbours to the south and I'm trying to keep up with the news. I am shopping Canadian as much as possible, which is a challenge. I went to buy Presidents Choice soup- they make an excellent Mexican chicken as well as a Thai chicken. The shelves were empty although there was plenty of Campbell's soup on offer. I am used to checking labels, but usually it is for calories and salt content! Now it's for the Maple Leaf!

These are certainly interesting days!

Please consider coming out to our meetings. It's a wonderful time to reconnect with friends and colleagues, the meetings are very minimal (not really a meeting at all) and we endeavour to bring in interesting speakers and a delicious lunch.

Well, look at that...I thought I don't have much to say- thanks for reading!

Respectfully submitted,
Marney Bethell President KTRTA

TRAVEL

Photo article by Barb Mulhern

While on a trip to Mexico, I went on a day tour to a turtle release. It was about an hours drive North of Ixtapa. I really admired the fellow who organized this project. He has been doing this for 25 years. Every morning he gets up early and walks the beach looking for mother turtles coming ashore to lay their eggs. How discouraging it must be to know that there is only about a 2% survival rate. She lays a large number of eggs to get this low number who grow up to reproduce.



Digging up the little turtles



photos by Barb Mulhern



Turtles in the sand heading to the water



into the water they go. Only a 2% chance of survival

OUR GET-TOGETHERS

Sept.

We were still not able to have our Lunch and Learn meetings at Cottonwoods so we were able to meet at Hills of Peach church again. We had our usual exchange of garden produce and a good social time to exchange stories among our friends. There was a simple lunch of salad and sandwiches from Safeway. I was not able to be there as I was away on a trip so I don't think anyone took photos of this event. Marney prepared an in memoriam tribute to Sheila Park together with sunflowers, and wildflower bouquets supplied by Rosemarie. Packages of sunflower seeds and a photo of Sheila were sent home with each of the members.

October:

Yah! we are happy to finally be back at the Cottonwoods facility. Parking is good, the room is set up for us, we don't have to vacuum or sweep up the floor. Life is good for the folks who organize these sessions. Lunch was provided by Rob Nordin from the Curling Club and it was delicious as always. Again no photos were taken and our guest speaker had to cancel at the last minute due to illness. So at the last minute Rosemarie stepped in and did the program from Cosco about vision and how important it is for seniors.

November:

This is our traditional month to celebrate Christmas. We don't meet in the month of December so the end of November gets us into the sprint of Christmas. We sang songs with Marian Owens, ate turkey dinner provided by Nourishing Gourmet, made contributions to some of our charities we support, and enjoyed some treats supplied by our members. Marney had made the lovely desk calendar for each of us with photos of the many local birds by Glenn Dreger. Susanne provided Mad Libs for optional table activity or discussions



Marion Owens
photo by Donna



Photo by Donna

January:

We celebrated the Lunar New Year with Chinese food from Moon Wok restaurant and also we had a presentation about preplanning and preparation for our end of life. Emily Bootle made an interesting and informative presentation about the many things to consider when not wanting all of the details to be looked after by our families.



Suzanne Legault with the Chinese figures and sporting a Chinese vest.



Emily Bootle
Photos by Donna

One more congratulation

Bev Maxwell's mother, Edna Mumford, celebrated her 105th birthday on February 21/2025.

We acknowledge that we live, work and play on Tk'emlúps te Secwépemc territory within the unceded ancestral lands of the Secwépemc Nation.

Please submit your articles (max.1500 words) and photos to Donna Sharpe at onlineoffice.ktrta@gmail.com. Submissions on various topics, such as travel, good books, writing, poetry, hobbies and sports welcomed. Authors agree that their submissions may be edited.