

MUSKOKA SENIORS MAGAZINE



Your Resource for Living Well

Mar/Apr 2017

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FROM THE PUBLISHER



Muskoka Seniors Magazine

Your Resource for Living Well

*Catering to Muskoka and surrounding areas,
with a mission to inform, inspire, support and include.*

As you read this, we will be entering into what some may deem our 'second spring,' given the glimpse that Mother Nature gave us in February (a conversation for another day!). With this time of year some of you may anticipate things the warmer weather will allow you to do, such as moving, or getting yard work done with the plans of a new or existing garden. The season is filled with new beginnings, and not just the kind that nature so abundantly provides.

Spring can also be a time of new hope for what is yet to come or in lieu of one's faith for those celebrating Easter or Lent. Or as Rev. S. Derek Shelly eloquently puts it, "Faith is the hope that we have the eyes, ears and hearts to see, hear and feel the beginning that is happening..."

This season can also be a reminder to be thankful for what we have, such as with the poem by Bruce Liddle, reminding us about how lucky we are to be surrounded by areas such as the lovely Muskoka.

Another one of life's greatest pleasures around this time of year is none other than tapping maple trees for the delectable maple syrup. LaNor Lovegrove refreshes our memory and tantalizes our taste buds with her story involving this tasty tradition.

For those of you that may be a little worried about the changes or happenings this season may be bringing, we've got you covered as well, with some tips on easing your anxiety, clearing clutter, and information about spring cleaning on the inside too – as in the instance of detoxing.

And as always, on a fun note, we give you a laugh in A Funny Thing Happened with a special contribution by seniors Eve Jones, Edith White and Liam Dwyer from the book they compiled called *At Your Age*, with the goal to donate the profits to charities in Muskoka. Malva Betzinger by Shirley Cambray returns in Episode Two, along with a story by Bessie Grimes about a kitty named Belle that was lucky enough to find her way back home.

Once again, we hope you enjoy your read and look forward to hearing from you.

All the best,

Cheryl Patterson
Publisher

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Cheryl Patterson'.

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AND
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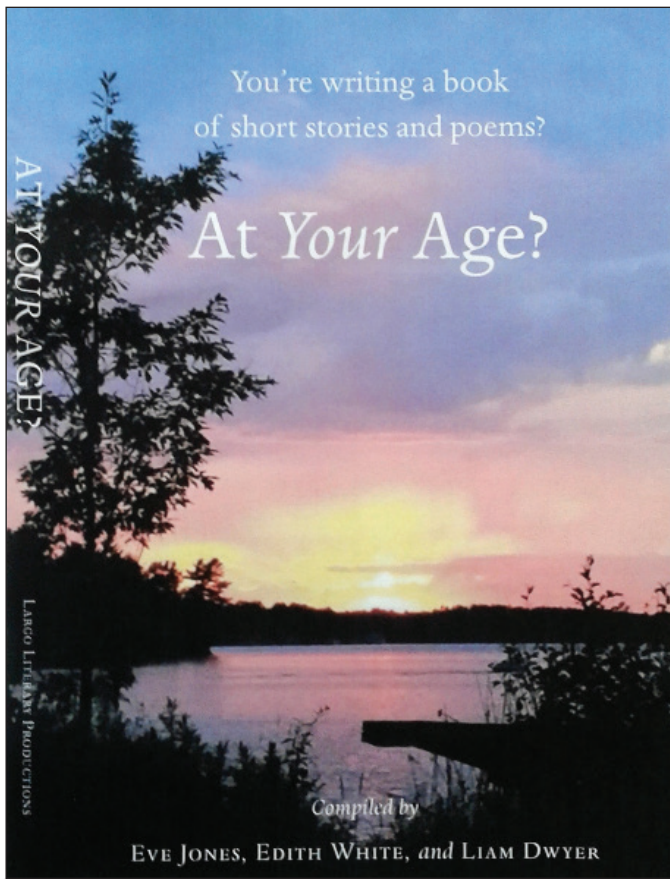
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Muskoka Seniors Magazine

Your Resource for Living Well

PUBLISHER

Cheryl Patterson
 cpatterson@muskokaseniorsmagazine.ca

CONTRIBUTORS

LaNor Lovegrove
 Shirley Cambray
 Lisa Wager
 Bruce Liddle
 Bessie Grimes
 Dr. Nick Bianchi
 Rev. S. Derek Shelly
 Betty Whitehead
 Dr. Marie-France Legault
 Liam Dwyer

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The information presented in this magazine is not intended to substitute medical advice from a licensed practitioner.

Your suggestions and submissions are welcomed. However unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned.

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<http://muskokaseniorsmagazine.ca>
info@muskokaseniorsmagazine.ca
 705-783-2203
 PO Box 283, Dorset, ON, P0A 1E0

MAR/APR 2017 CONTRIBUTORS

LaNor Lovegrove, 70, Huntsville, has been writing for many years and has been published in a couple of magazines and the newspaper, has farmed, and spent time camping and travelling.

Betty Whitehead is the phone contact for ME Chronic Fatigue Syndrome Support Group in Gravenhurst, ON.

Liam Dwyer helped compile the book *At Your Age*, along with Eve Jones and Edith White, to donate the profits to charities in Muskoka. Order your copy at: 705-637-0886 or liamdwyer2@aol.com



Bessie Grimes is the author of Bible Stories From a Different Point of View, the editor of Pioneer Homemaking in Muskoka, and likes to stay busy and participate in her community.



Shirley Cambray spent many summers on Oxbow Lake before taking up full-time residency in Huntsville. Now in her senior years, she is enjoying the writing of poems and short stories.



Rev. S. Derek Shelly is a minister with the United Church of Canada, serving Trinity United in Huntsville, and is the author of the book, *Dying to Live*.



Bruce Liddle retired in 95, joined a writer's group to write memoirs for his children, is a writer of poetry from memoirs, and resident of Huntsville for 38 years.



Dr. Marie-France Legault is a Chiropractor who focuses on nutrition & dietary changes, such as weight loss, performance, overall health at: Bracebridge Chiropractic & Wellness Centre 705-645-9544



Lisa Wager has lived in Utterson for eleven years. She owns a health care supply business, is a wife and mother, and enjoys camping, crafting and raising her two dogs.



Dr Nick Bianchi is a Chiropractor in Bracebridge, and a great believer of empowering people to be active in the restoration and optimization of their health and well-being. www.bracebridgechiro.com.

If you have an experience, a short story, poem or other relatable info that you would like to share with fellow-seniors, or professional information to inspire health and wellness, email it to:

**editorial@
muskokaseniorsmagazine.ca**

We'd love to hear from you!



William Green

Bill Green, CFP, FMA, FDS, CIM

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PHYSICAL HEALTH COLUMN: ASK DR. NICK



Dr Nick Bianchi is a Chiropractor in Bracebridge. Chiropractors deal with conditions of the spine and all muscles, joints and nerves of the body. He deals with common conditions, such as sciatica, neck ache and shoulder pain. You can send him questions related to physical health and well-being, exercise and conditions such as arthritis.

Q: *“Is exercise really necessary? If so, how much do I need?”*

Why is it that the things that are healthy for us are often bitter, pungent or simply uncomfortable? Of course it is much more pleasant to sit on the couch and watch TV. Going to the gym or fitness centre to place strain on one's body is honestly not that enticing. And while going for a casual stroll in late summer is certainly enjoyable, a power walk when on a cool, drizzly Fall morning doesn't quite have that same attractiveness. So this begs the question, do I really need to exercise?

My answer is, “Yes you do, for many reasons. But if you decide not to, I would respect your decision and give you the benefit of the doubt that this is the best decision for you. However, you must be willing to be responsible for the consequences of your choices.”

There are four perspectives to consider - You, Your Body, Your Culture and The Experts.

Researchers do have plenty of studies that have demonstrated that exercise and physical activity are

good for our health and well-being. The standards proposed by the NHS UK, American CDC and the Canadian Government are 150 hours a week (30mins/day, 5 days/week) of aerobic activity + 2 sessions of strength training. Personally, I think that more is needed and see this as a bare minimum, but it is a good start.

How about your Body? It is quite clear that physical activity is an absolute must. From circulation to bone and muscle strength, and heart functioning to blood sugar management - the entire body benefits from and indeed, requires activity. Did you know that the cartilage in our joints need movement, pressure and stress in order to receive nutrients and expel waste products? Did you realize that a main cause of arthritis is inactivity?

Every culture has their own beliefs about exercise. Traditional cultures did not need practices of formal exercise training because activity was a part of daily life. If one lived traditionally – making food from scratch, gardening, gath

ering and splitting wood, washing clothes by hand - then a gym would not be necessary. The North American culture accepts things such as Yoga studios and Aqua Therapy classes, however, it also >>>



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accepts over-consumption of food and incredible amounts of sitting and an obsession with comfort.

This leaves *you*, the *ultimate decider*. What you believe in, enjoy, and how you see life, your health and your future – all of these matter far more than objective data and cultural tendencies. Some of you may not believe in exercise, however, that does not change the fact that osteoporosis and muscle tears occur much more frequently in older adults, not because of genetics, but because of continued inactivity. I would guess that if one has an aversion to exercise, it's because historically you have not found something vigorous that you have enjoyed.

I can recall my grandparents, aunts and uncles sweating on the

dance floor, getting dirty with gardening and straining to make their own homemade wine and tomato sauce. They grunted, got out of breath and sweated not for the sake of doing so, but because they enjoyed what they were doing.

Personally, I enjoy my exercise program. I run, bike and lift weights. I do not like swimming, so I don't do it. I also dislike walking and avoid that as well. The point is, over the years I have tried many things and have decided what I like to do and what I don't. Then, from that place of positive experience, I have pushed my body into effort but also into overall greater pleasure.

In short, North Americans as whole need to exercise a lot more than they do. This applies to all

ages. There are many resources for older adults in Muskoka – including the many gyms, community centres, pools, curling clubs, golf courses and so on. Please give yourself the fun challenge to check out all of these resources, try some new activities such as Pickle Ball and look forward to better health, greater well-being and a happier life! -Dr. Nick

If you have a physical health question for Dr. Nick, addressing your muscles, bones or nerves, including exercise, conditions such as arthritis, or general well being, email: editorial@muskokaseniorsmagazine.ca.

Dr. Nick would love to hear from you!



Is A Nutritional Detox Right For You?: Part I

By Dr. Marie-France Legault, D.C.

Health magazines and internet websites can sometimes recommend Detoxification Programs. Should you consider trying one?

Our Bodies: A Temple or a Dump?

The state of our bodies depends heavily on what we put into it. Food, drink and medications affect our cells, tissues and organs. Those organs concerned with waste removal – the liver, kidney, intestines, lungs and skin – can become overwhelmed and function at a less than optimal state. We should remember that “Garbage In = Garbage Out” meaning that if we feed our bodies garbage, then “garbage” is what they produce. An overwhelmed body can become “toxic” due to an accumulation of waste products which can lead to conditions such as cancer. The most obvious start is to simply provide our bodies with less junk and more clean foods. Junk food can be obvious but can also include processed foods such as soups, crackers and baked goods as well as certain restaurant foods, alcohol and a myriad of “treats.” Clean foods are easily categorized as whole foods, such as they are found in nature – things such as vegetables, fruits, grass-fed animal prod

ucts, raw nuts and seeds – they keep us clean and nourished.

Our Bodies Have Intelligent Design

Our bodies are equipped with powerful systems of detoxification. The liver and kidney are the major detox organs and the bowels are certainly important in transporting waste. We breathe out chemicals through our breath and sweating is a fantastic way to excrete other waste products. If we can simply eat as our bodies would like us to, then the detox process functions well. Toxification can also come from our water, air, pesticides on our foods and even from our thoughts (stress). When our bodies keep up, all goes well...until it doesn't!

Need Help. Please Detox Me!

Perhaps a person may not have been eating cleanly for quite some time. Perhaps they have become overburdened with toxins for a number of reasons. Perhaps then, these people would benefit from a detox program. I am using “perhaps” for a number of reasons. Detox “kits” may be purchased and used, however, they may not be what the person needs. There are also many Detoxification Programs

available, however, they can be dangerous and overwhelming to an individual. Changing a person's eating habits is one thing; taking supplements and/or adding a fasting component to one's daily habits is something that needs to be respected. Detox Kits offer an eating guide and a variety of nutritional supplements designed to aid with elimination from the bowels and provide supportive nutrients to the liver and kidneys. Personally, I have used a number of these programs – some more effective than others – and at different times in my life I have chosen to detox in different ways. Spring is a great time to do a detox since nature is already on a “clean house” mode. The warmer weather means that we can move more, sweat more, get more sunshine, fresh air and food. If you are unsure as to whether a detox is necessary for you, seek professional guidance, and *look for my Detox Questionnaire in the upcoming issue of Muskoka Seniors Magazine.* And good luck and enjoy the benefits of being cleansed!

Dr. Marie is a Chiropractor who focuses on nutrition and dietary changes, such as weight loss, performance, overall health. Contact her at: Bracebridge Chiropractic & Wellness Centre 705-645-9544 or info@bracebridgechiro.com



How to Ease Your Anxiety

“I felt worked up, and like I didn’t know how to face things...or want to. I didn’t know what to do with myself and wished I could run away...”

Many people don’t realize the grip anxiety can have you, like feeling you’re going to have a heart attack, or like you’re losing control or even going crazy. Some people have been ridiculed as being “silly,” or have been told they’re “making a big deal out of nothing.” Yet, 1 in 10 people suffer with anxiety, according to the Canadian Mental Health Association.

The following are some tips to help ease your anxiety:

- **Know what’s triggering it.** Any life change (i.e. moving), can provoke a lot of anxiety about how things will work out. However, simply knowing the situation that has triggered your anxiety can help ease it somewhat - just by understanding that it’s normal for this change to be stressful. Give yourself some time to adjust to the change.
- **Reduce the stress in your life.** Dr. Pamela Frank, licensed naturopathic practitioner in Toronto, indicates, “Anxiety can become a vicious cycle. You are under stress and so you feel anxious and so you put extra demands on your body’s

ability to cope with stress. This further depletes your coping “resources and so your ability to deal with stress goes even lower and your anxiety level goes even higher.

- **Eliminate foods that aggravate your anxiety.** If a certain food you ate kept giving you stomach aches, you’d probably eliminate it from your diet. And it’s the same with anxiety. Why continue to subject yourself to things that aggravate it, like a diet loaded with caffeine or sugar, when you can create a better equilibrium with foods such as those rich in magnesium, essential fatty and amino acids, and B vitamins?
- **Exercise.** It burns off the adrenalin, sugar and fat pumped into the bloodstream when we’re anxious, calming the nervous system and increasing the endorphins – or happy hormones.
- **Practice calming techniques,** such as deep breathing, massage, yoga, tai chi.
- **Talk out your concerns.** A good supportive network of people you feel comfortable with and feel

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you can talk to can be an invaluable tool for helping to ease anxiety.

However, if anxiety is affecting your daily functioning, talking to a professional, such as a cognitive therapist, can be very helpful with things like understanding your thinking patterns or other habits that are perpetuating it, in addition to providing you with tools to counter it.

The goal is to reduce your reactions to situations that trigger the anxiety. And be reassured knowing that anxiety is one of the most treatable problems. Psychologist, Elizabeth Gilgrist in Edmonton says, “Anxiety is one of the most common and treatable mental health issues, and [it’s] evidence-based and effective.”

MSM



How to Feel Better by Reducing Clutter

Many of us try to be organized. It's no fun living in chaos – messes here, lost items there. Especially frustrating are situations like not being able to find things when heading out the door. It's stuff many of us go through. But when it gets to the point where it's in the way of having a functional home or being productive, chances are it's also impacting our emotional health and desires.

Our environments are an important extension of our well-being. External clutter impacts our psychological health and is linked to functional effectiveness.

Professional organizer Rowena List finds that people are often hard on themselves for not having things together or for living more functionally, and indicates that guilt and shame tend to go hand-in-hand with clutter, and research concurs.

Studies on clutter indicate that when the physical environment interferes with achieving objectives, it fuels stress, which can limit motivation, performance and social interaction, depending on the degree to which it's limiting our needs.

The degree of comfort we experience in our surroundings depends on meeting needs such as hygiene, safety, mobility and a sense of control over the space, according to research on environmental comfort.

The more these needs are met, the greater the possibilities. Integrative doctor Isaac Eliaz, MD, Lac, MS, indicates, "In addition to being more productive and having more time to do what they love, most people experience a sense of freedom, clarity, inspiration and spaciousness after getting organized."

TIPS FOR RIDDING THE CLUTTER

Start small. List suggests spending short increments of time with simple items (i.e. your sock drawer or other type of clothing that needs your attention) and go from there. You may also find peace of mind parting with things you no longer wear by donating them to others who could use them.

If you're concerned about your health, you can start with a small food area, like a specific section in your fridge, such as the crispers or

inside of the door, tossing anything that no longer fits your lifestyle.

Pay attention to what's causing stress. If you're not sure where to start, think about what's consistently getting in your way or nagging at you to get done. Research on the Environment Comfort Model suggests measuring the degree of comfort versus stress you feel on a scale of one to ten.

Get rid of what you don't need. While it may be challenging to decide what we want and whether or not to get rid of it, we already know what we don't need anymore.

Get rid of paper trails. Have a file case or somewhere to store your papers, and eliminate junk mail by signing up with www.reddotcampaign.ca, or your postmaster (if you live in a small town). They'll provide a "no junk mail" sticker for your mailbox. You can also get your bills online via e-post, instead of accumulating the impending pile of envelopes.

Ask for help. Bigger projects can be a great reason to get together with friends or loved ones, making it a group effort (i.e. gathering unwanted items for a yard sale).

The point of clearing clutter is for greater functionality – physically and emotionally. When our space is cleared and free of clutter, we can move on, or as Eliaz says, "Like a huge weight lifted, we can experience freedom from unnecessary distractions and disorder when our physical, mental and emotional energies are best optimized in a clean, organized, health-promoting environment." **MSM**

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The Crow

True story from *At Your Age* by Eve Jones, Edith White and Liam Dwyer.

Crows can be annoying birds, especially at five o'clock in the morning. One will perch in the big maple at the water's edge and start calling his friends. When three or four of them take varying positions on the tree branches, they have a heated conversation. Now wide awake, I count the caws that vary from five to seven when they answer each other in ear-piercing squawks. They are a rude lot; they caw over each other and never seem to look in any particular direction. These squawking black demons bob up and down as they complain to each other that my wife hasn't put their ration of bread out.

The morning flocking of these omnivorous demons is caused by one crow.

Once or twice a day the gorgeous view of the Segwun or the Wenonah gliding by is broken by a crow that lands on the railing of our deck. He limps along till he gets to a spot where my wife can see him. This limping crow has visited us for the last four years. What a Pathetic act this bird puts on for my wife's benefit. Now don't get me wrong - I do not doubt that this crow has a limp, but I swear that I saw him limping on the other foot. He stares at Mary with his beady black eyes, making sure she has seen him. If she doesn't, he will caw softly.

"Aha, there's my crow. He looks so hungry. He's limping more and more every time I see him. I have

to get him some bread."

Nothing I can say about this phony scavenger will stop her from finding every scrap of bread in the house.

"Ah, Mr. Crow, here's some bread. Look, the poor thing is limping." And there goes the last of my cheese bread. The crow swoops down in a wide arc, limps along making sure that Mary sees him, gobbles as many pieces as he can get into his beak, then flies away, only to be back in a few seconds picking up every last crumb.

One crow with a fake limp I can handle but when he invites his friends it is too much for an understanding, compassionate husband.

At breakfast I asked Mary if crows wake her. She said, "I heard them. You know, I haven't seen my crow for days. I think they came this morning to tell me something happened to him. You know the last time I saw him he was limping badly."

I haven't the heart to tell Mary our neighbour three cottages away feeds the limping crow wieners two or three times a day. Her husband thinks she's nuts.

*Complimentary piece from book **At Your Age**, compiled by **Liam Dwyer, Eve Jones and Edith White**, to donate profits to charities in Muskoka. Order your copy at: 705-637-0886 or liamdwyer2@aol.com.*

BITS & GIGGLES

Figure this phrase out: *Ban /ana* (Contributor: Betty Whitehead - collaborative group effort)

Answer: *Banana Split*

Joke: "We could certainly slow the aging process down if it had to work its way through Congress."

- Will Rogers



Sweet Memories

By LaNor Lovegrove

We had just retired from farming life. It was early spring and Murray and I stood gazing out across the snow covered fields to a stand of maples that were in our back property. He smiled and said, "I think we should make maple syrup this spring. The grandkids have never done it before and it would be a good learning experience."

"That's a good idea," I agreed, "and it will make wonderful memories for them too."

The three children lived just up the road. The oldest was Jade. She was ten going on twenty. The two boys Justin and Mark were seven and six. They were more like brothers than cousins.

"Good," he continued, "let's get at it." He began gathering up spiles, buckets and everything we needed for our project. Excitement stirred within me. "This is going to be fun," I thought.

Everything was arranged with their parents and the next morning the kids were ready to go at 10 a.m. The day was bright, and sunny and a few degrees above freezing.

Just before we were set to leave, Murray said, "I want to tell you how to know when it's time to tap the trees. It's interesting," he said.

"Ya, interesting," I said placing my elbow on the table and resting my head in my hand. I closed my eyes

and a deep snore escaped my lips.

The kids looked at me and started to giggle. They covered their mouths with their hands which made them giggle even harder.

I opened one eye and peeked at Murray. He was looking at me with one eyebrow raised and his mouth in a straight, tight line.

I sat tall and said, "Sorry honey. You kids stop having fun."

Murray sighed and said. "Grandma made some lunch. I took some wood down on the sleigh earlier and got a good fire going. We'll go on the snowmobiles, get some trees tapped and make some turkey track sandwiches."

"Ew. What's that?" Jade asked screwing up her nose.

"I don't want to eat turkey tracks," Justin whined. "I don't want to eat anything's feet."

"Me either," Mark chimed in, his eyes widening as he placed his hands on his hips, "It could be turkey poop you know. I've heard Mom say she hates mice because they leave their tracks everywhere and she means their poop."

Justin stood vigorously shaking his head up and down in total agreement.

Jade chimed in with, "ya," and an 'I knew it' look on her face.

Murray, hands hanging at his side, chin resting on his chest, sighed deeply. "You'll like them. They aren't feet and they aren't poop. Believe me, you'll like them. Let's go," he said and headed for the door.

When we got down there I busied myself setting up the folding table. Mark and the kids gathered y shaped sticks to toast the cheese sandwiches.

"Now, Murray said, stick and sandwich in hand, "lay your whole cheese sandwich on the Y of the stick and hold it over the fire, but not too close to the flames," he cautioned. "When it's toasted, turn it over and do the other side. Then you'll see marks on your sandwich that look like turkey tracks," he said grinning.

"Thank goodness," Jade breathed.

Only minutes had passed when we heard wailing, "When I turned it over it fell off my stick. It's in there," Justin cried pointing at the fire.

We peeked in and saw a flat, blackened, blob of oozing cheese.

"Now I don't have any turkey tracks," he said.

Grandpa wiped his brow and frowned. "When I said 'turn it over, I meant take it off the stick then turn the

sandwich over and put it back on the stick,” but it’s OK he rushed on and quickly came to the rescue.

I handed him another sandwich and he gently placed it on the waiting stick.

Finally, without any more mishaps, the sandwiches, cookies and hot chocolate were all gone. It was time for us to begin tapping tees.

Grandpa drilled the holes a few lower than usual for the kids.

They were handing him the spiles to put into the openings.

At last all the holes were filled and a tin bucket hung on each spile.

I thought we’d done enough for one day and said, “Help me pack up then let’s head home.”

The next day as we approached the bush, the wonderful smell of wood smoke greeted us. There were still a few embers in the fire Grandpa had set the night before.

“OK kids, now we gather sap.” He picked up a large pail and the kids followed him to peek into the buckets on the trees.

Jade lifted the lid, a frown creasing her forehead, “This isn’t syrup. It’s water.”

Murray ignored the remark and said, “Let’s all gather the buckets and dump the sap into the pail. We’ll boil it down and then we’ll have rich golden syrup.”

After completing the gathering, another day’s work was well done. We headed home.

The next morning, back at the sugar bush, we gathered the sap again and added it to what we already had. There was enough to put on a boiling. Gramps stoked the smouldering embers and added some wood. It wasn’t long before the flames were licking up the sides of the logs.

Murray poured the sap from the barrel into the boiling pan he had placed there earlier. The boiling process had begun.

“What can we do?” the kids asked excitedly.

“Get a piece of wood and throw it over there,” Gramps instructed pointing to the fire.

A few minutes later I heard splash, slosh. I turned toward the fire.

“Oh, good grief,” I moaned.

Murray looked in the same direction, closed his eyes and slapped his hand to his forehead.

There were two pieces of wood floating in the sap.

Three sets of innocent eyes were staring up at me

wondering why Grandma was about to throw a fit.

With my hands bunched into fists, I calmly said through clenched teeth, “Not in the sap. Put the wood into the fire. Bless their little hearts I muttered.”

Jade shrugged and said, “It wasn’t me.”

“Of course,” I thought, “It’s all Grandpa’s fault.” I looked over at Murray, tilted my head and lifted my eyebrows.

He just shrugged and tried to hide a smile.

“Don’t worry, Grandpa will take it out and remove any bits and pieces with the skimmer. Come and help me put the lunch out.”

They were only too happy to get away from the fire.

After lunch we headed home with the understanding that Gramps would stay and keep the fire going all day. He would also keep adding sap until evening. We would scoot down just before bed and add some more wood. Hopefully it would simmer most of the night.

The next morning as we drew closer to the fire, there was that wonderful wood smoke smell again. This time it was mixed with a delicious, sweet aroma that wafted through the air.

“Your just in time to test the sap and see if it’s syrup yet,” Murray said.

“Yah, goodie,” the boys yelled in unison.

“Well, as long as it doesn’t make me all sticky.” Jade said flicking her hair over her shoulder.

Murray scooped some syrup out of the pan and poured it over some relatively clean snow. “If it’s the right consistency, then it’s ready.”

Mark squealed, “It’s stiff.” They all picked up a piece and popped it into their mouths.

“Mmm, It’s so good,” they said.

“It’s ready,” Jade said, meticulously licking her lips and finger tips.

“Ya, ready,” chimed in Justin and Mark.

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Cont’d on page 31...



Easter: A Time of New Life

“We find many connections celebrating both a time when we are released from slavery to freedom and from death to life.”

Speaking from a Christian point of view, we find ourselves approaching the Season of Lent and Easter. The latter (Easter) is a church festival that now incorporates many so-called secular traditions with religious overtones. Easter is a time when those of the Christian faith celebrate the resurrection story told in the four gospels. It is a time of new life.

The placement or timing for Easter does not remain fixed like Christmas; rather its timing is contingent on the phases of the moon. (To be more precise: Easter Sunday is always the first Sunday after the first full moon after the spring or northern equinox.) Rooted in the Jewish tradition of the Passover, which is also dependent upon the same timing, we find many connections celebrating both a time when we are released from slavery to freedom and from death to life.

It does not seem to me to be a coincidence that both of these celebrations occur in the spring of the year (at least in the Northern Hemisphere) when “new life” surrounds us. Thus we have the inclusion of bunnies and chicks as part of Easter - representing new life and plenty of it.

Personally, I often ask myself questions about how the Easter stories relate to my life and faith today. Without getting hung up on the theological stuff, I am quite content to let my faith rest in the mystery that is life and death and new life.

Watching a documentary one day, I learned the value of “forest fires or range fires”. Besides doing a great deal of destruction in people’s life, (e.g. Fort MacMurray last year), these fires also clear the way for new growth. This documentary said that within 24 hours, new growth begins again amidst the charred soil. I have a piece of art work in my office of a

burned out stump, but upon closer examination, the artist has drawn a sprout of new green life emerging. To me, this is the story of my Easter faith.

Death occurs in our lives in many forms. Large or small, we feel the pain and sorrow, but we need also find hope in that as painful as life is at that time, new life is never far behind. I don’t know whether the green sprouting from the stump is the same kind of tree, nor do I need to know. Rather, I need only have the faith that new life is there.

Natalie Sleeth, knowing her own death was imminent made this point for her grandchildren in the song/poem: In the Bulb There is a Flower (1986). In verse two she writes:

*There’s a song in every silence,
seeking word and melody,
There’s a down in every darkness
bringing hope to you and me,
From the past will come the future,
what it holds a mystery.*

The mystery of which she writes is so very broad. It is not a matter of waiting until we die that death brings new life. This life is all around us, and even those loved ones who have died. They are still part of our living. Faith is the hope that we have the eyes, ears and hearts to see, hear and feel the beginning that is happening, even as we may be painfully dealing with what seems like the end.

Rev. S. Derek Shelly is a minister with the United Church of Canada, Serving Trinity United in Huntsville, and is the author of the book, Dying to Live.





Fall Prevention in Your Home

By Lisa Wager

Our house is our home. It should be the safest place we know. But is it?

According to the Public Health Agency of Canada (PHAC), seniors are injured at home more than any other location, from accidents such as falling, which increases in risk as we age. Apparently, 1 in 3 seniors will experience a fall each year - half of those more than once - and 40% of these falls result in hip fractures. Falls can also result in things such as chronic pain, reduced mobility, loss of independence and more. However, equally important is awareness about what is causing them.

The PHAC also indicates that poor balance, decreased muscle and bone strength, reduced vision or hearing

and unsafe conditions in and around our surroundings can increase the chance of falling.

The good news is that falls are preventable. Ways to prevent falls can be as easy as staying fit, eating well and using supports where needed. We can be safe in and around our home or anywhere we go with some simple preventable measures.

- Make sure all areas including the top and bottom of stairwells are well lit.
- Place heavy objects in lower cupboards and lighter objects in higher cupboards, making it easier to lift.
- Ensure you have a secure object to hold onto when using stools and for hard to reach areas.
- Have an ice pick installed on your cane for winter months when it's slippery. And replace your cane tip when worn down.
- Keep emergency numbers by your phone and on your fridge.
- Use a cordless phone which you can take with you.
- Have an emergency call system at hand.
- Use a night light in hallways, and/or place a flashlight beside your bed if you need to get up in the middle of the night.
- Sit rather than stand to complete tasks.
- Proper support, such as hand rails on both sides of stairway will help keep you balanced when managing stairs and other areas (Tip: Towel bars do not hold a person's weight and can easily pull off the wall, causing injury.)
- Secure throw rugs or remove them all together.
- Use a nonslip bath mat in the shower or tub (a hand held shower head can be useful to those who cannot stand for long periods of time).
- Don't be embarrassed to use aids to help you be safe and get around. They can keep you safe and active.
- Appropriate footwear is an important step in staying safe. Wear comfortable shoes that provide good support and traction.

No one is immune to having a fall. It can happen to anyone of us. By implementing a few preventative measures, we can all rest a little easier knowing that you, your family and friends will be safe and enjoy many more active years to come.

Lisa Wager has lived in Utterson for eleven years. She owns a health care supply business, is a wife and mother, and enjoys camping, crafting and raising her two dogs.

For more information
about
preventing falls:

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Agency of Canada
www.publichealth.gc.ca/seniors
1-613-952-7606

Simcoe Muskoka District
Health Unit
www.simcoemuskokahealth.org
1-877-721-7520



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More Cane Tips

By Bessie Grimes

Thanks to everyone who contributed enough ideas to round our total number of new tips to ten. It's amazing what we observe ourselves doing sometimes. Obviously, people who use canes find them useful for a number of things other people would not think of.

1. You can scrape Kleenex or lint out of the bottom of a washing machine with the business end of a cane.
2. The base of a cane can be used to knock down SPRAYED hornets' nests.
3. You can use a cane to tamp yard waste down firmly into a bag.
4. If you usually shovel leaves into yard waste bags, you can push leaves onto the shovel with the cane.
5. You can exercise your wrists by raising your cane and drawing figure eights or other numbers or letters in the air with it.
6. Purses and bags with handles may be picked up off the floor with the crook of a cane.
7. A cane may be used to open a flip top garbage can. Place the bottom of it on the can's step and push it down.
8. According to two readers, you can use a cane to reach into a street mail box and pull out mail you couldn't otherwise get out of the box.
9. A cane can be used as a back or foot scratcher when an itch can't otherwise be reached.
10. You can push a swinging door shut with the base of your cane. This tip is useful when you are outside on a windy day and a door starts to swing back on you.

Bessie Grimes is the author of *Bible Stories From a Different Point of View*, the editor of *Pioneer Home-making in Muskoka*, and likes to stay busy and participate in her community.



Malva Betzinger: Episode Two

Malva and the Satin Pyjamas

By Shirley Cambray

Malva Betzinger's eyes always sparkle with delight as she recalls the highlights of her long life. For years I've enjoyed listening to her memories, going back to our first meeting in 1998 when I was twelve and she was, shall we say, a little older. Visiting her once a week, after school on Wednesdays, I'd tap on her door and hear, "Come on in luv."

Malva arrived in England in 1938 with her German parents, and lived in a town on the north-east coast in the county of Durham. She told me many interesting stories from her early childhood, but the following took place when she was a bit older.

"It was early in 1948," she began to tell me, "I was almost fourteen, the age most boys and girls in England left school back then. My mother was working as a cook at Girls' Private Boarding School, and sadly my father had died in 1946. I'll never forget the day she told me the school was offering a four-term, two-year bursary, to any local girl who had the highest marks on an entrance test."

"Did you win?" I asked excitedly.

Malva laughed, "Well, of course, but I figure you've already guessed that.

During the summer, to help mother with expenses, I worked in a butcher shop. The owner, a very

kind and generous man, had only one arm and I was constantly amazed at how well he could manage. It was my job to keep the shop floors and counters clean, as well as wait on customers. Mother had located a second-hand uniform and coat with matching hat for the new school, but I also needed white shirts, undies and shoes. I was so excited, and all of a dither, because these would be important years in my life.

The school's introductory brochure boasted that each girl's room had a toilet and wash basin, bed, wardrobe and desk with chair. Your name would be put on a roster for a turn to have a bath in a room which was down the hallway."

I interrupted again, "You mean you had a bath only when your name came up?"

"That's right Jay, and I know it's strange because we're all used to daily showers now.

Anyway, to continue, I moved in on a Saturday so I could look around, ahead of those who'd arrive the next day. The school was very quiet and the corridor empty, but I could hear voices, so I made my way down to where I'd been told I'd find the Common Room. Three girls were snuggled in front of the fireplace which gave off a welcoming >>>

warm glow, in contrast to the cold stares I received from them. Ignoring their silence, I wanted to be friendly and introduced myself, but was taken aback by how rude they were.

“Oh, you say you’re Malva Betzinger,” said the first girl, her long black braid pulled over her shoulder making it look for all the world like a snake. “Funny name, Betzinger. Is it German? Our cook has the same name - are you related?”

That bit of nastiness tickled the other girls and they broke out laughing. It got my back up, so I stared straight at them and proudly said:

“Yes, we’re related, she’s my mother.”

“The girls snickered and turned away from me. I left and went out to sit on a bench in the rose arbour, feeling sorry for myself. German names were not very popular back then.”

“Was it because of that dreadful war we talked about when I was here before?” I asked.

Malva gave a sigh and tried to explain. “Yes, but that was a long time ago and hopefully the world you grow up in will be a better one.”

She looked a little doubtful about that, but gave a reassuring smile and offered me another cookie before continuing.

“As I sat in the rose arbour, a big, chauffeur-driven, very expensive-looking car came up the driveway and a girl got out. Giving a friendly wave she came towards me. “You must be Malva Betzinger. The Principal asked me to welcome you. I’m Aradne Fortescue. How do you like that for a handle? Come on I’ll show you around. Call me Ari. Everyone does.”

“From then on the girl with the big smile and short, bouncing curls was my angel and buffer against the students who made it clear I was socially beneath them.”

“What does that mean, socially beneath them?”

“Well it wasn’t only a matter of being rich or poor, it also had to do with heritage, like the social standing of your parents and even your grandparents. It’s hard to explain but I’m glad to say many of the girls did become more accepting of me, especially when tests showed I was able to get very high marks.

They began to include me in some of their after-school activities, although I’m sorry to say a few of our pranks were so mean they got us into trouble. For instance, putting salt in the teacher’s sugar bowl and dabs of glue on her seat were not really funny at all.

Afterwards, Ari and I regretted taking part in those stunts. Actually, we were more interested in the sports program, especially in field hockey where I was left wing and Ari played the centre position. I have to admit, Ari was much better at the game than I was.

At Christmas time most of the girls went home to be with their families, but Ari stayed because her parents were on a cruise. She invited me to her room, saying she had a parcel to open. When she unwrapped the present, I couldn’t believe my eyes. I’d never seen anything so beautiful. Blue satin pyjamas so soft and slippery they fell right out of the box. Holding them against my face, I compared them with my rough cotton nightgown, and pictured myself in them, literally sliding out of bed and onto the floor.

Early in the New Year, Ari’s mother became ill and she went home to be with her for a while. That was a lonely time for me because Ari was important in my life. It’s silly, but young girls do get crushes on girls they admire, and I hadn’t yet met interesting boys. Wondering if Ari had taken the pyjamas, I went to her room to find out. There they were, neatly folded in the bottom drawer, and I sneaked them into my room. Please understand, it wasn’t stealing. I’d return them the next day.”

“Malva, I can’t believe you’d do such a thing. I wouldn’t.”

“That’s good Jay. I’m glad you recognize it was the wrong thing to do.

Anyway, that night I thought there was no harm in wearing the pyjamas just once. Feeling like a princess, in the blue satin, I soon went to sleep, but my dreams were interrupted by a tapping on my door. It was Nancy, the girl in the next room, sniffing that she couldn’t find Lucy, her cat.

Even though it was against the rules, she’d brought the cat to school and hidden it in her room. I told her to go back to sleep and look for it in the morning.

“Oh no,” she squealed in fright, “Principal will chuck me out of school - I had a warning at the beginning of first term. Back then, when Lucy got out of my room, she made for the kitchen. Come on, help me find her.” Although not really too keen on cats, I felt I had to go.

Sure enough, in the kitchen, Lucy was hiding under the stove so, on my hands and knees I tried to coax her out. Then she leaped into the air, scooted across the room to the scullery and climbed into the coal storage

bin. I scrambled over the coals and grabbed the little monster, unable to avoid her scratches and bites, to hand her over to Nancy, who hurried to the safety of her room.

I ran up the stairs, but not fast enough, and came face to face with the Principal who wanted to know why I was out of my room and why my pyjamas were dirty and torn. Although I offered the lame excuse of sleep walking, it wasn't accepted and the little escapee earned me a detention. Principal did find out about the cat later on and Nancy had to take it back to her home.

I felt terrible about the ruined pyjamas and thought that Ari would never speak to me again, but she said I didn't have to explain. She knew why I wore them and friendship was more important. Hoping to make me feel better, she said they were too slippery anyway - she'd slept in them only once. Most of my two years at this school were wonderful and Ari and I have remained good friends all these years."

"I'm glad you're still friends with Ari and thanks for another good story. I'm going to tell mom all about the satin pyjamas. Did you know, I write down everything and some day I'm going to write a book about you. Mom said it would be called a biography.

"Thanks again Malva. Come on Rex, it's time to go."

Decades have passed by since those memorable Wednesday visits. Ari married a fellow photographer of big game in Africa, while Malva pursued her writing career in Canada, even though the person she'd hoped to marry chose to remain in England. When I asked her to tell me about the man in her past, she shook her head vigorously - no, that story was too precious and would remain in her box of secrets.

She now lives in a retirement home where I have the pleasure of visiting her. Writing continues to enrich her life and she's a big favourite with the staff and other residents. I'm sorry to say the intended Malva biography has not yet progressed beyond my scribbled notes, but it isn't forgotten. I'm enjoying some success as a journalist, with world affairs providing much of my material and keeping me busy and fully employed.

Malva always will have a place in my heart.

Shirley Cambray spent many summers on Oxbow Lake before taking up full-time residency in Huntsville. Now in her senior years, she is enjoying the writing of poems and short stories.



Muskoka

by Bruce Liddle

I've had my toes in the Atlantic,
My feet in the Pacific you see,
Waded the shore of the Mexican Golf
And have seen the Beaufort Sea.

All places I have been able to go,
From sea to shining sea,
From north to south and east to west,
Muskoka is the best place for me.

I have made my way to east, to west and south,
Sometimes up north where I was born.
By car, van and plane, I have gone again and again
To see this great land we adorn.

Four distinct seasons we live through,
In this great land we call ours.
We love every one, each time that they come,
And happy we're not living on Mars.

We breathe the clean air that others wish for,
We ponder the fact that we're here,
Make no mistake; to live here is great,
In a land we all should hold dear.

If given an option, of somewhere to live,
Muskoka is the place of my choice.
I'm happy and grin that I live within,
The best place on earth I rejoice.

Bruce Liddle retired in 95, joined a writer's group to write memoirs for his children, is a writer of poetry from memoirs, and resident of Huntsville for 38 years.



The Wanderer

By Bessie Grimes

“It’s night! And I don’t think I’m anywhere near home! Nothing looks familiar. The garden and house have disappeared. And my sister isn’t with me! She usually keeps me on my toes and leads me home. Now what am I going to do?”

Those were my thoughts as I wandered, lost and alone, on the outskirts of town. Just that morning I was home waiting for the man of the house to serve me my breakfast even before he prepared his own. My sister and I meowed and rubbed up against him as he set our food out. Some water, some canned and some dry cat food usually did the trick. Meow Mix was our favourite early morning snack. Where could I get it now? I didn’t know.

My sister didn’t mind catching a mouse or two or, even, a bird, every now and then; but I always objected to the fur and the feathers, never mind the bones. I always considered these things to be a tasteless nuisance. Still, I was an experienced hunter and my claws were sharp. I could do it if I had to.

That night I went hungry. The next day, I begged a bowl of milk and a can of tuna from a young girl who was, maybe, about ten years old. She petted me and wanted to keep me, but her mother refused to entertain the idea. “Don’t feed that cat again,” she said.

Over the next few days, I killed and ate two birds and three mice and found a stream that would give me some water.

But I was getting thin. I was always the fat cat around our house. We had our own trap door in the basement so we could go in and out as we pleased. It was a good thing we didn’t have to rely on humans. There were so many people around and so much noise, it was hard to get their attention. We had to do it, though, if they forgot to leave the basement door open.

I’m black with just a single small white spot on my chest. People don’t seem to like black cats for some reason. My sister was always more popular. She’s a tabby. I have faint tabby markings in my fur, but they are hard

to see.

Three weeks have gone by. Now I’m really thin. I haven’t seen the little girl for at least a week. Then, she managed to feed me a can of red salmon before her mother caught me and threw me off their porch. I had a rough landing, so I decided not to stay. At sixteen, I’m not as young as I used to be.

Later that same day, a small boy fed me a piece of stringy beef. It was all he had. His mother didn’t feel like keeping me either.

Since then I’ve eaten a few more mice, but I still don’t prefer them. I just wish someone would decide to take me in.

I think this tree looks familiar. The last one I saw that was like this was near the garden. My sister and I used to climb it. We would watch the squirrels from one of its branches and wonder if it was worthwhile to try to catch one. We always decided against it. We were too well fed and too lazy.

Ah. those were the days!

You know, I believe this *is* the same tree! Maybe if I meow, someone I know will hear me. It’s certainly time for another meal.

What’s that I hear? The voice seems familiar. I *am* home, after all.

“Belle, Belle, kitty, kitty, kitty!” The caller sounded desperate and she used the right name. I have been known variously as Belle, Annabelle and Nanabelle. The caller used all these names.

I ran toward the voice. Oh, how I longed to be home! In one bound, I crossed the garden and then I was in my lady’s arms. She hugged me tightly and didn’t let go. At last, I was with someone who wanted me.

Once inside, I didn’t mind that the house was noisy and full of people.

Soon, I had a delicious helping of liver flavoured cat food. Home looked both strange and familiar all at once.

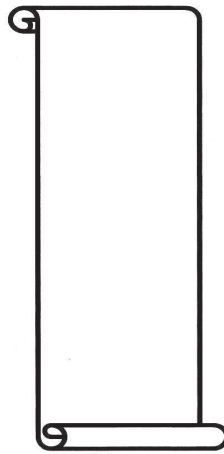
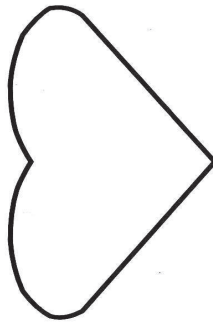
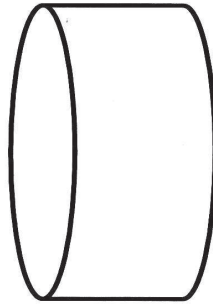
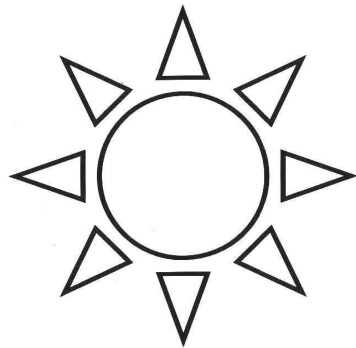
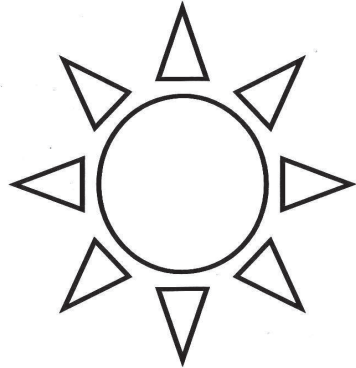
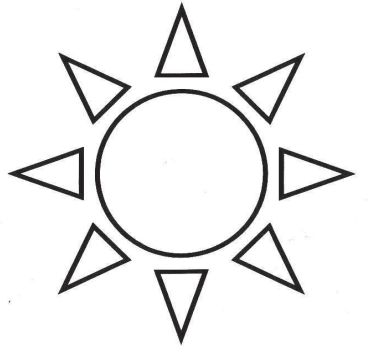
My sister nosed me. Was it really me, she seemed to be asking.

“Yes,” I assured her before we settled down for a comforting, cozy nap.

Boy, it’s good to be home!

Bessie Grimes is the author of *Bible Stories From a Different Point of View*, the editor of *Pioneer Homemaking in Muskoka*, and likes to stay busy and participate in her community.

COLOUR ME



By Bessie Grimes

If you have a picture for colouring that you created, an experience, short or funny story, or poem that you would like to share, email it to:
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Boggle, By Bessie Grimes

List the words you find in the puzzle below on a separate page. Each word must contain at least three letters, and each letter must connect either vertically, horizontally or diagonally. Letters may only be used once in any one word.

SCORING:

3 letters = 1 point; 4 letters = 2 points; 5 letters = 3 points; 6 letters = 4 points; 7 letters = 6 points; 8 letters = 10 points; 9+ letters = 15 points.

A	C	N	S
D	R	A	E
V	I	D	R
E	N	T	U

Word Find, By Bessie Grimes

HOBBIES

Find the following words below and circle them.

Woodcrafts
Embroidery
Knitting
Sailing

Hiking
Pottery
Painting
Puzzles

Coins
Stamps
Rocks
Music

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

Cont'd from page 17...

poured it over some relatively clean snow. "If it's the right consistency, then it's ready."

Mark squealed, "It's stiff." They all picked up a piece and popped it into their mouths.

"Mmm, It's so good," they said.

"It's ready," Jade said, meticulously licking her lips and finger tips.

"Ya, ready," chimed in Justin and Mark.

"I think your right," Murray said with his mouth full of maple. "Now we can take it to the house, bottle it and then," he hesitated, grinned, lifted his arms in the air and said, "EAT IT."

He strained the syrup into the pails and placed them on the snowmobile sleigh. The boys investigated the holes in a nearby log, a huge stump with a rotted centre and discovered a rabbit to chase.

"OK guys," Grandpa called, "Time to take the syrup to the house."

I had gone ahead, so when they arrived I was just taking some bread out of the oven.

Murray sniffed the air and the boys grinned. "It sure smells good in here," they said.

"I thought we could have some syrup before we bottled it," I said. "What do you all think?" I never saw

three kids scramble to the table so fast in all my life.

The children spooned syrup into their mouths then took a big bite of bread. Syrup ran down their chins and into their laps. Good thing I put napkins on them first.

"Is this ever good," Jade said as she wiped her chin with her hand.

I smiled, wondering about her aversion to getting sticky and said, "If you put the bread in your mouths first and then a spoonful of syrup, you'll find it works much better."

"Yup," said Grandpa, Took me quite awhile to learn that."

The boys were slurping and chewing, syrup stuck to their hair, shirts and fingers when Justin said, "This is so good I'm taking a jar of it to school. I want to show it to my teacher and class and tell them how Jade, Mark and I made this stuff."

Murray looked at me with a crooked smile and a wink, "Warm homemade bread, sweet golden maple syrup, my beautiful girl and my three favourite little people. Life doesn't get any better than this."

LaNor Lovegrove, 70, Huntsville, has been writing for many years and has been published in a couple of magazines and the newspaper, has farmed, and spent time camping and travelling.

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