

LIFE TOGETHER



St. Jacobs Mennonite Church

www.sjmc.on.ca

Winter 2021

Pastor's Pen

Kevin Derksen

As I write this, all five members of my household are sitting in front of their own computers, trying to get their work done at home. Pam has joined the kids in her own program of online learning these days, so it's a clean sweep of video meets and follow up assignments for us. Even Caroline gets together with her Kindergarten class twice a day, and it's a special teacher who can keep a bunch of five-year-olds on the same virtual page for 45 minutes at a time!

One of the traditions we have developed while we've all been at home together is a mid-afternoon outdoor activity once everyone has finished their work. Sometimes it's just romping in the backyard if there's some good snow to work with, and other times it's a walk. But most days the kids grab their sleds and head to the school hill just down the street. They busy themselves with ever more ridiculous and improbable ways of getting from the top to the bottom, and the dog gets a chance to chase his ball and stretch his legs a bit.



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A drive through Christmas event at SJMC included quartet singing by Mark Diller Harder, Peggy Nitsche, Stephanie Kramer, Daryl Roth

Writers & Contributors:



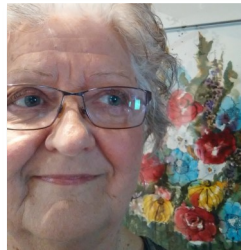
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Life Together

Editorial

We are still in the midst of a pandemic and we can't really ignore it, even if we'd like to some days. For this issue, I asked SJMC folks to share things that happened in the past year and I am grateful for each submission. In no way do I think these are all inclusive of how many of you experienced 2020 during the Covid-19 pandemic, but these are real experiences from a few of our members. As we share our Life Together, they are valid voices of our times. They are only a small sampling of the many experiences of all of us in the past year.

Ella found time during the pandemic to try out a new fabric art form, Leeta decided to move while Mary tells of her family's experience with Manny's medical issues and death in 2020. Marcia and others share some of their thoughts from the past year. Heather tells of the impact of Covid-19 on her family and shares how she copes. Kevin gives some insight into their family during this time as well as how the church connects in outdoor events like the Advent Drive-Through.

At the time of writing this, things are still a somewhat dark with increased infection numbers and more restrictions. Hope is also evident, with vaccinations underway. We continue to connect electronically as best we can and we all long for more "normal" life experiences again. Until then, stay connected, stay healthy and continue to care for each other as we live our lives in faith and hope.

The Spring 2021 issue will include some arts from our community. Have you created some art, written a poem, a story, or a song that you are willing to share on these pages? It doesn't have to be Covid related!

Brent

Q: Do you have any ideas for future articles or content?

If so please email me at lifetogether@sjmc.on.ca or call me at 519-664-3374.

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Life Together, since 1979. Formerly The Beacon est.1967; previously Keystone Literary Society newspaper.

Our family has discovered that in this season of limited activity, regular routines are very important. When every day blends so easily into the next, you need rhythms that mark off beginnings, endings and special occasions. Tuesday has become pop night at dinner. Friday is movie night, and the kids have a sleepover together on the floor of one of their rooms. Saturday morning is room cleaning time, and Sunday morning we haul the kids down to the living room for church.



One of the big losses in this time has been those familiar ways of marking time, passages and transitions. Births and deaths, holidays, celebrations, milestones and retirements. We just came through a Christmas season that was difficult for many of us without the gatherings and connections that make the celebration come to life. We have tried our best to come up with alternative ways of doing things – many of them featuring electronic media. Videos and Zoom calls have been the name of the game for many of us. But we've also figured out all kinds of creative ways to get together outside, or make smaller connections on porches or drive-throughs or drop offs.



Charlie and Lucy enjoy a break from online learning during the second Covid-19 lockdown

But we also need to find ways of marking the smaller passages in our days and weeks as well. Especially during these stretches of time between exciting holidays like Christmas and Easter! For those of us who have started working at home, it can be important to mark somehow when the workday is done. The commute may not be necessary, but perhaps a walk is still a good way to switch gears. We may not be able to have company for dinner right now, but we may still decide to make special meals on occasion to enjoy on our own. And we may go ahead and take any excuse for a little party with those in our households!

This winter will likely feel like a bit of a slog for many of us, as the cold dark weather collides with another stretch of substantial restrictions. Let's continue finding ways of encouraging each other, and developing the healthy rhythms of work, play and rest that our bodies and spirits need. And when in doubt, it's rarely a bad idea to go outside. I've rarely met someone who can make it down a hill on a sled without smiling! ■

Cover images: SJMC's drive through event. Gloria Shantz and Brenda Poole hand out goodie bags for children; Larry and Beth Metzger, Linda and Charles Kruger at the poinsettia pickup table.

Pandemic Ponderings: Choosing to Move During A Pandemic

Leeta Horst

I moved from St. Jacobs Place (SJP) to Parkwood Mennonite Home in Waterloo on July 2, 2020. I had been confined to my room at SJP since March 20th and then faced another 14-day isolation at Parkwood due to the Covid-19 restrictions. There were some difficult days of isolation, but I always remembered those who were in much worse circumstances. I am most thankful for my health and quite aware of the loss of many of my friends, including Beatrice Snyder who used to live in my suite at Parkwood.

We heard that Parkwood had available rooms in early June. We were able to view them through pictures and a video but couldn't physically see them during the pandemic. After some discernment, I decided to move from St. Jacobs Place assisted living to the Retirement Suites at Parkwood. It was very different trying to organize a move during a pandemic, but I wanted to move before either facility had an outbreak of Covid-19. In retrospect the summer was a window of opportunity that I'm grateful to have used.

Nobody was allowed in to help me pack and there was no time to downsize. With some suitcases and boxes from family, I started to pack. I did not panic, and my family was supportive and as helpful as they could be in the whole process. My sons Gary and Brent moved my things out of SJP and into Parkwood over two days and with the help of other family members outside. They couldn't help me unpack either, but I worked away at that myself over the first few weeks. Since then, Gary and Brent have been designated as my Essential Caregivers so they can now visit regularly inside my room, with proof of a negative Covid-19 test result. They hung my pictures, helped me decorate for Christmas, helped me put in my quilts and keep me supplied with essentials and other things. My other boys Doug and Roland have visited me outside and my daughter Rose Ann drove her RV in from Alberta last summer to visit outside, including to celebrate my 92nd birthday in August. Rose Ann wasn't allowed to visit inside.

I was pleasantly surprised at the size of my unit where there is room to set up a quilt, which helps to pass the times of confinement.



Before the more recent restrictions there were many activities here at Parkwood. We had chapel, hymn sings, crafts, outside corn on the cob, an antique car parade and birthday celebrations. Inside there is a swimming pool and an exercise room with many machines. In December 2020, most activities were put on hold, but we could still go outside to walk the grounds or visit people outside.



We are now wearing face masks when out of our rooms and we can only leave the property for medical appointments. As I finish writing this, we've just been told that all outside visits and inside visits from our Essential Caregivers are now suspended as well (Jan. 7/21). This is a precaution to ensure the vaccinations will continue for staff, Essential Caregivers

and hopefully soon the residents at Parkwood.

I appreciate my computer, even though I resisted it for quite some time. I appreciate the online church services, prayer concerns and “seeing” people sometimes on the Sunday morning Zoom calls and other connections I can make. I also am thankful for the many grandchildren pictures and emails and now even Zoom and Facebook! Thank you all for the phone calls, emails, cards and letters. They are always welcome.

I felt God leading me through it all and want to give Him the honour and glory. ■

Blessings to all,

Leeta

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Pandemic Ponderings: Reflecting on Some of My Mindful Choices

Marcia Shantz

This global pandemic of 2020, 2021 is not the same for everyone — not by a long shot! Many are struggling greatly while others’ struggles are few. It upsets me when some have a blatant disregard of Public Health’s requests for the public good. This virus does not discriminate. As I, like everyone, miss the many human connections, these are a few of my mindful choices I try to embody:

- Walk three miles in another’s ‘PPE’ (Personal Protective Equipment) shoes before walking one mile in my own regular shoes.
- Practice abundant gratitude (!!!) for all those continuing their work amid the pandemic protocols, including our SJMC team, to (alphabetically): care for, enrich, feed, lead, protect, provide, research, serve, teach, the many and varied needs of our society. This also includes volunteers. Forgive me if I missed a category.
- Live the Golden Rule and Love Thy Neighbour.
- a ‘Thank-You’ goes a long way in a split second.
- The thought of a hospital ventilator is a good deterrent when boredom creeps in.
- Learn something new; (practice piano more).
- Nature heals.
- “No Particular Place to Go”, Chuck Berry’s 1964 song title, and oddly enough, I kinda like it.
- The 1918-1919 pandemic: What did the population a century ago do to cope without the technology that connects us a century later?



- Keep God’s prayer song in my heart, daily. We will sing together again one day!
- Repeat.

Fifty-three sets of paper snowflakes made by Marcia and sold to raise money for the Refugee Fund

An Art Project Like No Other!

Ella Brubacher

“Arpillera” means burlap in Spanish, and is a brightly coloured patchwork picture made of scraps of cloth; made predominantly by groups of women. The construction of arpilleras became popular in Chile during the military dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet.



Arpilleras were made in workshops organized by a committee of the Chilean Catholic Church and then secretly distributed abroad through the church’s human rights group. Then, they were recognized as an example of subversive women’s art in an authoritarian political context.

Who would have thought that I would feel akin to Chilean sisters of long ago? Different to be sure, but still that similar isolated, frustrated and disconnected feeling.

In early 2020 I registered for an Arpillera five-week class. I heard that it was about making a life story piece of art. Well, I have a bit of a creative bent, and I so admired Isabel (a new business owner who came into town in the last year) who is a world art activist. Thought I’d stretch myself.

The first class was held March 10, 2020. We were given a piece of 18” by 28” burlap, and we rooted through Isabel’s stash of fabrics and notions. After discussing what theme we as a group wanted to represent, it was decided on a broad topic of women’s place in the world, with a focus on our own personal life. Isabel’s assistant Ceci said “the fabric will give you inspiration.” What? Me, inspired by cloth? Thrown on a heap when I came home, with no inspiration because of a busy life, I thought this may be one of those ventures that just doesn’t reach fruition.

Then Covid-19 hit and I was stuck at home!

I started to sketch. My life. Here I am, 75. I guess this is a reflective view of my life, since I wouldn’t consider that it’s a “dream piece”. I had an idyllic life, from whatever angle you look. Born to parents in a small country town who had a cow, a pig, chickens, a huge garden, and a wonderful community. A mom of seven of us (two boys and five girls), who sewed and cooked. A father who worked long hours to support us. Parents with a quiet faith and a commitment to give security and leadership.

When I consider my early family life, my school, my church, my friends, my husband, my own family and community, where was or is my voice? How did, or how do I make a difference? What passions drove or drive me? I see a pattern. My early life really did influence me. I start with a tree, which is a symbol for all of life, and find that the roots feed into other elements of time in my life.

Ok, now to the fabric, Ceci. Yes, I see lots of greens, blues and textures. I need more inspiration. I looked for more fabric and found a piece that has printing on it; yes

inspiration indeed! Grace & Honour, Love, Home & Family, Abundance & Plenty, Good Health, Celebration & Joy, Peace and Affection. Are you kidding me? Who makes anything out of cloth like this?! So here I start, with a tree, gardens, blue sky and flowers. This “wordy” cloth is the grass on which my family is standing. Oh a metaphor – the very grounding of our family life.

My fibre artist friends help with a few more bits of inspiration; cloth that has music on it, people, and more colours. I even found a small, checked piece that I can make to look like my Scrabble board.

I'm to use the blanket stitch, so I go to YouTube and learn how to do it. My mom was an embroiderer. I am sad that I didn't take the time to sit with her and learn her stitches.

The thread gets caught, and I get frustrated with this sewing. I swear one day to get up at dawn and have a burning arpillera ceremony. This impulse passes, and I continue. But I cheat. I start to use some glue. Oh well, this piece is for me, isn't it?

I finally get to each corner, and it's wonky as anything! It's on a piece of burlap, for goodness' sake! My husband comes to the rescue and we stretch it on a piece of a shelf he found and wrap it with rope. Done. And so, I reflect on the arpillera visuals, each piece speaking to me of every aspect of my life. I sign it, with a Covid-19 symbol in the corner.

Thanks Isabel and Ceci, and (gulp) Covid-19. ■

Pandemic Ponderings: Trusting During a Pandemic

Heather Weber



The year 2020 has certainly tested the tensile strength of humanity. Across the globe attacks on our psycho, social and spiritual beings has taken its toll.

Efforts to stay connected to people have been very challenging as we have been in quarantine. Virtual visits pale in comparison to opportunities to mingle with our family and friends. My father and both of my in-laws celebrated their 80th birthdays in April and November 2020, with sadly no fanfare to celebrate these wonderful milestones. My nieces both had new babies in the spring too, and I feel like by the time I actually can see them, they will be heading off on a prom date!

Perhaps this year of quietness has allowed me time to focus on the positives. I've thoroughly enjoyed hanging out with Dave, Madeline, her boyfriend Paul, and Hannah; hiking on some new trails up north and locally, family dinners, learning and practicing new skills like sour dough

bread making and knitting.

I've also enjoyed reading my Bible. As the shock of lockdown hit last spring, it was hard for me not to ignore the calling to reaffirm my faith. I felt very alone and in mild shock, as fears of catching the virus were overwhelming. It continues to be very stressful, as possible exposures for our family could come from my patients at the infusion clinic, from my own daughter as she works for a nursing home as an RPN or as a RN student at the hospital. That aside, I am very thankful that our family has been able to continue to work full time throughout this past year, including Dave, at the Printery. Hannah, RPN at a nursing home, worked extreme amounts of overtime, often 12-16 hour shifts, some starting or ending at 3 a.m., to cover the nursing home needs due to staffing shortages. Hannah is also in her third year McMaster bridge RN program and is starting an oncology placement at the hospital this week. In October 2019, Madeline started a new job as a Marketing Coordinator, taking online courses on the side to support this new venture. Being the pianist for the Youth Philharmonic Choir has been a great way to stay connected musically and to connect with some friends there. But let's just say, for both girls and us, pandemic life just doesn't quite cut it; in comparison to what any youth dreams a social life should be!

To deal with these stresses, one of my friends, helped me realize that God didn't want me to feel alone in all of this. As Jesus asks that we place our cares on Him. I recently read an article that recommended that for the year 2021, we decide to cling to one word for the year. After reading Proverbs 3:5-6 which tells us to "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not lean on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will make straight your paths." I chose the word **TRUST** to focus my prayers and thoughts on.

Reading scripture has helped me to unload some of my stresses and fears, and gave me feelings of peace, hope, and joy and reassurance that Jesus is near. ■

Let's remember, as 2021 unfolds, Jesus' promise of direction, Psalm 119:49: "Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."



Pandemic Ponderings and Reflections from 2020

Donna Johnson

I am calling 2020 "The year we moved to Kemble". Kemble is where we bought a house a few years ago, a house that needed to be completely renovated, so we were able to get quite a lot of work done during Covid. In fact I have only been back to St. Jacobs a handful of times.

In October we celebrated as our daughter Hannah was married to Gracjan in a small but lovely wedding. Also, our daughter Rachel and her husband Callaway are expecting our second grandchild in February.

So, although 2020 has been a strange year, we still have much to be thankful for.

Elaine Hershberger

Since COVID-19, "Zoom" has a completely new meaning for me. When we were children, we would zoom down the hill on our toboggans. We would zoom down the barn hill on our bikes. Cars would zoom by while walking to school. Now zoom means connection with the church family on a Sunday morning, something Alvin and I look forward to each week. Our family has been on Zoom a few times as well, a good way to connect with our son in California. We have also been blessed by the meaningful services online each Sunday.

Life & Times



Mark Brubacher

Co-owner of St. Jacobs Printery.

*Childhood Home: St. Jacobs, Ontario
Present Home: St. Jacobs, Ontario
Age: 57*



Lorene Snider

Retired, homemaker, MCC volunteer for 22 years; worked 25 years at Stone Crock, and Meats & Cheese shop.

*Childhood Home: R.R.#1 Waterloo
Present Home: St. Jacobs, Ontario
Age: 81
Maiden Name: Brubacher*



Sam Nitsche

I am currently framing houses in the new St. Jacobs subdivision.

*Childhood Home: Conestogo, Ontario
Present Home: Conestogo, Ontario
Age: 18
Other Notes: My Mum was born a Weber*

Some of my favourite smells, sounds, tastes:

- Smell of rain on a summer day
- Smell of chelsea buns baking
- Sound of an outboard motor
- Smell and sound of campfire
- Smell of Turkey roasting
- Sound of Thunderstorm

- Smell of wood fires, leaves, lilac, fresh coffee, spring rain
- Cardinals and birds singing
- Classical music, men's choirs, 4-part harmony
- Taste of apple pie, popcorn, corn-on-the-cob, licorice allsorts

- That Subway smell
- Smell of fresh cut wood
- Sound of waves crashing
- Sound of a beefy V8 engine
- The taste of anything my mom makes
- Taste of black coffee

Some things you may not know about me:

- Employed at St. Jacobs Printery for 37 yrs
- Paid 10 cents/6 quarts to pick potatoes
- Became Uncle in Grade 1
- We live in what used to be Mel & Leeta Horst's potato field, and Eddie & Lorene Snider's yard

- Was waitress and cashier at Stone Crock, B&L IGA; Meats & Cheese
- Walked across Lake Louise
- Attended a 1-room school
- Volunteered at Silver Lake Mennonite Camp

- I swim fast
- I like t-shirts
- I like a good car wash
- I like long drives and singing in my truck

Personality traits others would say I have:

- Loyal
- Honest
- Comical
- Trustworthy
- Fun-loving
- Sarcastic

- Friendly
- Caring/kind
- Flexible
- Quiet, behind the scenes

- Outgoing
- A people person
- Usually have a case of the goofies
- Kinda nice
- Very talkative
- Forgiving

My interests include:

- Travelling
- Biking/hiking
- Gardening
- Storm-watching
- Trains
- Lawn mowing

- Going for walks
- Reading and knitting
- Entertaining/family visits
- Porch visits with neighbours

- Hockey
- Video Games
- Fishing
- Watching the same TV shows on repeat
- Pumping iron, as the kids say
- Volunteer work anytime my mom's friends need a truck

Some favourite lifetime memories:

- Birth of daughters
- Wedding Day
- Cottage life
- Camping
- Panama
- Trips to the Rockies

- Camping and fishing at French river
- Travels, family visits, western trip
- Motorhome trip to East/Maritimes
- Germany
- Caribbean Cruises
- Hot air balloon ride

- First time cliff jumping around age 11
- May 24th father-son fishing trips
- All my precious memories from Silver Lake Mennonite Camp
- Minor hockey tournaments
- Surprising my boss with how fast I scraped ice off a foundation
- First time I looked in the mirror and said, "Man, I am lookin' fine."

Other vocations I might have chosen or would choose:

- Train locomotive engineer or a Doctor

- Enjoying retirement

- Aspire to be a firefighter someday

Where I like to play or ponder:

- Walk in the woods
- Swimming Pool
- Lake Huron

- Enjoying sunsets
- Cuddled in a blanket with a good book and bowl of popcorn
- Sitting on memory bench

- Have fun fooling around with friends in my pool
- Ponder in my truck while on a work break
- Ponder while doing laborious jobs

Some items on my "bucket list":

- Travel to England/Scotland/Europe
- Parachute
- Take train from Halifax to Vancouver
- Tornado chasing in US Midwest

- Pray for good health
- Western family visits

- I want a little Sam Jr.
- Drive to the Atlantic ocean so I can look at it
- I hope to add more light than obstacles to people's days, whether I know them or not
- Perform an Elvis song in a karaoke place

Pandemic Ponderings: Facing Each Day, Even During Covid-19

Mary Metzger



In April, the staff at Parkwood Rehab, London, made a card and got flowers so Manny could celebrate Mary's birthday with her virtually

In March 2020 we heard vague rumblings about a serious virus sweeping over China and spreading to North America on cruise ships. We had no inkling of what to expect. On Sunday March 15th I went to church as usual but noticed we were told to sit at a distance from each other. My plans for that day were to visit Manny at London rehab with Joy and Nelson. Manny was there since January 6, 2020 for intense rehabilitation after his truck accident on November 12, 2019. When we got there to visit on March 15, I felt a strange aura on the floor and in his room. We had a nice visit, and I gave him his evening meal. The staff were quiet and whispering to each other. I asked about visiting restrictions and they said, "We'll call you". That Sunday no one knew what was to unfold.

When the call came from London and we were all instructed and warned by the media, I decided to diligently take precaution and follow the rules. I would do the very best I could and try to cope with another concern which was not being able to visit Manny.

Looking back now, I feel grateful for many things:

- My children, Brenda & Don, got a tablet with a stand and had it delivered to Parkwood Rehab Centre in London so I could see Manny and spend time with him every day on face time.
- For everyone who volunteered to take me to visit after his accident.
- The kind words of "Thinking of you" from many friends.
- That no one from our family was sick and almost always had good travelling weather.
- The care of excellent staff at both Victoria Hospital and Parkwood Rehab.
- The mini birthday party we could have in our garage, where neighbors, friends, and Manny's siblings could share in his 85th birthday.
- So happy that we could have a funeral in the church which could give us a proper closure.
- I was so relieved that no one at the funeral got Covid-19.

I want to share with you that I also had many worried, anxious, and frustrating moments. I often wonder how I got through my days during Covid-19 restrictions. When Manny was moved to GRH in Kitchener, on May 21st my anxiety level went way up because of Covid-19. I could not visit and his needs were so high, the staff were very busy and could not be bothered with setting up his tablet

and allowing us to see each other. The next day I was planning to go with Ken & Barb at 3:00 pm to our trailer for the weekend and I needed to chat with Manny before I went. I called the nurses station and asked to set up a chat time, as someone needs to call me to connect. I waited for a long, long time for the call and was getting very anxious. I felt desperate and utterly helpless and



pleaded with God to help me; in complete surrender I said “not my will but your will be done.” I felt a calm wave in my heart and relaxed in my Lazy-Boy chair. At 1:45 the facetime call came, I answered and chatted with Manny and told him I’m going to the trailer for the weekend with Ken. We were connected until they came to pick me up and Ken told Manny, “we can connect tomorrow with the I-phone.” Ken took the phone to our friends at the lake and Manny was able to chat with four or five different people and even have a look at the surroundings which made him happy.

I look out my bedroom window every morning and promise to fulfill my motto, which is: I will face each day as it is, accept what I cannot change and do the best that I am able. This little ritual each day and a deep faith have sustained me through this difficult time. ■

Top: Manny loved playing cards. During lockdown the staff at Parkwood Rehab in London found a way for him to play Euchre. A staff person played the card for him after he told them which card in his row to play. This only happened once a week from February to April but he never wanted to miss a week.

Bottom: Christmas 2019, the family was able to visit Manny at Grand River Hospital and bring him a Christmas meal.

Emanuel (Manny) Metzger, 1935 - September 10, 2020

Pandemic Ponderings and Reflections from 2020

Murray Buehler

In 2020 we had a family reunion planned, which was to be held in the mountains of Colorado. That was cancelled and postponed indefinitely.

The persons responsible for producing the online worship services did, and are doing, an excellent job. The services were helpful and worshipful. But I can’t share in the service in the same way online as I can when the congregation is together. I miss the congregational singing, the after church fellowship and other special events throughout the year, especially at Christmas.

Elmer Sauder

The Year 2020 was a very tumultuous year since March. The world has been dealing with an Epidemic of huge proportions. Covid-19 is a deadly virus which has affected us greatly and has changed our lifestyles. I am surprised that — as we deal with this virus and add to it a long list of other world events — we have not heard more prophetic voices relating to the End Times throughout the universe. Especially since there are over 100 Biblical references to End Times and the Return of Christ. Here are some of these signs - floods - fires -earthquakes - famine - wars and rumors of war - disease - false prophets - political turmoil - events in Israel - etc. “*The Son of Man will come at an hour when you do not expect Him. (Matt.24-44-NIV).*” Christmas is when we celebrate the Birth of Christ. He will come again.

Children's Challenge

Clue: 'First' or 'Last' it matters not because,
When you read you begin with A, B, C. When you sing you begin with Do, Re, Mi."

One Rambling Riddle: I'm the baby of my family, married to the baby of his family and I love babies!

Three Thinking Thoughts: (1) Seven is my lucky number. (2) Share love through a fresh loaf of bread or a pot of homemade soup. (3) "I know God won't give me anything I can't handle. I just wish He didn't trust me so much." (Mother Theresa).

Five 'Foul' Frowns: Icy roads. Conflict. Picky eaters. Wastefulness. Ants.

Ten Telling Tales: Organized. Baby whisperer. Good strong coffee. Travel. List maker.
Favourite room: the kitchen. Music. Crocheting. Cycling. Bread baker.

Gospel Guidance: 1 Corinthians 13:13 "And now, these three remain: faith, hope and love; but the greatest of these is love."

One Rambling Riddle: I was born in the city known as "The Big Apple", then moved to the "Land of Lincoln"; then to Waterloo, Ontario at age 7. When I grew up, this city girl married the farmer boy apple-of-her-eye, and ended up living a 5-minute drive to a huge apple orchard.

Three Thinking Thoughts: (1) Voice your opinion, even if your voice shakes. – As seen on a bumper sticker. (2) Study what you love. (3) Personal relationships have the power to change the world.

Five 'Foul' Frowns: Getting wet. Plastic "wood". Shredded coconut. Animal cruelty. Housework.

Ten Telling Tales: Sharing knowledge. Crafts. Reading recipes. Music. Comfy couches. Immigrant. Prison volunteer. Family of females. Travelled five continents. Foster pet parent.

Gospel Guidance: Matthew 25:35-36 "For I was hungry and you gave Me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave Me something to drink, I was a stranger and you took Me in, I was naked and you clothed Me, I was sick and you looked after Me, I was in prison and you visited Me."

One Rambling Riddle: Stay positive friends: A 'ray' of sunshine is always good to 'lean' upon.

Three Thinking Thoughts: (1) When all words fail, still music speaks. (2) A little bit of knowledge goes a long way. (3) Set goals and reach them; it's rewarding.

Five 'Foul' Frowns: Mornings. Mondays. Skunks. Snakes (reptiles). Dirty dishes.

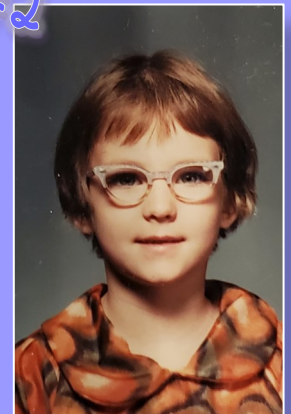
Ten Telling Tales: Coffee. Walker. Laugh a lot. Big hair. Smiles. Singer. Reader. Computer word games. Home Hardware. Two children.

Gospel Guidance: Psalm 29:11 "The Lord gives strength to his people; the Lord blesses his people with peace."

#1



#2



#3

