

The K.R.T.A. Bridge

Fall 2011

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Our motto: "It's great to remember but the bliss is to forget."

Online The Bridge may be seen at: www.krta.ca



Foto Erik Johansson

School Starts Tomorrow (2010)

school starts tomorrow
I've been waiting all summer
for friends, not the work

The Bottom Line (2010)

the bottom line is
I'm still in summer training
and don't do mornings

Returning to School (2010)

I crawl out of bed
slog to the breakfast table
unused to mornings

Like Icy Water (2010)

like icy water
thrown into my sleeping face
back to school today By ncgarvie@shaw.ca

Kamloops Retired Teachers' Executive 2011-2012

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Kamloops Retired Teachers' Association Cottonwood Centre 2011/12 General Meetings

Sept. 6, 2011 “To Hell with the Bell”	
Sept. 23, 2011 Share and share	Feb. 24, 2012 Nicaragua project or guest geologist
Oct. 28, 2011 Ken Wou photography	Mar. 30, 2012 Bursary guests and Silent Auction
Nov. 25, 2011 Christmas with kids	Apr. 27, 2012 Mystery Master Gardener
Jan. 27, 2012 Gentle exercises	May 25, 2012 Elizabeth Duckworth, Klps Museum
June – Year End/Interbranch (to be booked)	

Planning Meeting August 25 at Donna W's at 10:00

2011/2012 Executive Meetings ABC Family Restaurant

	Feb. 14, 2012
Oct. 18, 2011	Mar. 20, 2012
Nov. 15, 2011	Apr. 17, 2012
Jan. 17, 2012	May 15, 2012

Trying a new tack: fewer words, more pictures of our KRTA life

FEBRUARY: Out with Yoga, in with Tai Chi!



Luisa Ahlstrom

For our February luncheon, we invited the local Tai-chi group, lead by Luisa Ahlstrom. As a consequence, there was more movement and life at our February Luncheon than at any other event. Witness the pictures! Later Marlene Olineck lead an even larger group, teaching some of the moves, beginning with “Open to Tai-chi.” The photo below was taken by Donna Sharpe, the rest by your editor.



Our Bryan Thompson is always plugged in

And always ready to dispense good advice from how to use household products to how to make a will. Here he advises to have a “where your important documents are” list prepared for the executor of your will. He even provided a booklet for it. Do you have one? Did you fill it in?

A spring chicken at 90,

And spry and lovely I would add, Jeanie Anderson came to one of our spring luncheons and I had the privilege of driving her home to the Westsyde senior’s complex, where she has a room (meals are served) and medical supervision she seems to need less than I do. Driving by Arthur Stevenson Elementary, she quipped: “I knew him. Oh, he was a handsome man! And always dressed just so!”



MARCH: Kelly, Breanne and Erica at our luncheon



Kelly Gartrell, Breanne Alexander and Erica Ducommun, bursary winners all, all came to our March luncheon to thank us, all giving well thought out and well received speeches. They were as impressed as they were pleased that we cared about our future colleagues to be. They were amazed at finding out how many different fundraising events are involved in the Bursary and what a major project it is. Bev Maxwell has been spearheading the drive cheerfully and energetically for many years now, with a number of people by her side. Thank you all!

APRIL: Music is Therapy as presented by Kay Thompson



At our April luncheon we were treated to a relaxation program called music therapy. We had a demonstration of how it worked and, judging by the reaction of the audience, it worked well indeed!

And that is how it felt as we listened blissfully to a number of selections that transposed us to our dream places. I had no idea then that my imagined dream place would be altered somewhat by the reality of winning the “Y” dream home. But I haven’t forgotten the other place, neither! Do you remember your dream place? Do you revisit it from time to time yet? It is still one of the best ways to relax!

MAY: A large silent auction and some flowers bring in a crowd

We elected a “brand new” slate of officers for the executive as all candidates for all positions had to be nominated from the floor. Alas, not much has changed. Democracy is work, and in most retired people’s mind work is an “I’ve been there, done that” thing. Traditionally, our AGM has been the least attended, and this year the Executive wanted to do something about that. An attractive program was devised and lo! It worked. So we had a crowd, an AGM, a clean slate for a possible brand new executive – yet virtually all of us were re-nominated and reelected. If we were politicians, this would be cause for a celebration, a confirmation that we are doing a good job, and that we have a clear mandate to do what we like next term. Alas, we are no politicians, and do what we do as a service for fun. And we are always ready to let someone else take over. So that you know. In other words we don’t do what we want, we just do what we like. Clear as mud?



Donna Sharpe and Eva Harvey hard at work figuring out the details and organizing the tables for the silent auction that is getting bigger every year. This year it raised a new record high well over a thousand dollars. Many tables were set up around the perimeter of the room holding many-many items to be taken home. Another event our bursary benefits from. The aim is to make the bursary independent of future donations by raising enough funds for it that would produce enough interest annually to fund it.



Last call! The bidders are busy making their final bids. Some people bought more than others, but just about everybody placed a bid or two. Preserves, crafts and wine were the most popular items with the longest bidding lists. Donna Sharpe paid the most with her winning bid of \$ 300 on Mary-Ellen Patterson's offer of catering to a group of eight at her lovely place. Donna will be inviting some lucky people to a fabulous meal to be sure!



JUNE

In June we don't have a Luncheon and the Executive does not meet. Instead, we have a Mystery Tour, where a bunch of us (we, our spouses, friends and friends of friends who annually snap up the remaining tickets), hop on a bus trip to God knows where for a day. The trip is yet another of our major fundraisers for the Bursary.



High on low maintenance perennials,

the only bloomin' time Rae Wilson from Art Knapp's stood still enough to have his picture taken was during his introduction by Suzanne Legault. He proved to be as animated as he was entertaining the rest of the time, and I wasted six shots trying to capture the man of action in action, only to have them all blurred. I need a high speed camera for this job!

Rae would have made a wonderful kindergarten teacher as his show and tell presentation commanded our rapt attention and his humour lit up the place with laughter. Rae should be receiving five stars for sure!

Interbranch Social in Vernon

This year's interbranch social will be the last to be organized regularly on an annual basis. Future meetings will be impromptu affairs. Fittingly, we had wonderful weather for this one. The program was centered on the many murals (surprisingly many!) on display in the downtown core. I took many pictures of these and made a collage of them for The Bridge. Vernon, Kelowna, Salmon Arm, Kamloops and Osoyoos were represented. We had a very nice lunch at the Best West Vernon Lodge. See collage on next page. Regrettably, I cannot report on the **Mystery Tour** that took place a day before.

September sharing of summer gossip went very well indeed with all the chairs and tables filled except the table set up to share overflow garden produce. The season has not been the greatest and the greatest of our annual contributors, green thumbs Darrel Johnson and Marie Larouche were away to attend the AGM in Vancouver. But one could not miss the great variety of local heritage seed tomatoes on display. The book exchange was spurred on by Glenda Miles, right, who stood in for Bev Maxwell to present Joyce Beck with the always popular Mystery Bag donated by Bev herself. I suspect that before she is done the Bursary may become self-sufficient. For such is the job she is doing. Thanks Bev!



SEPTEMBER: Our first To Hell with the Bell Breakfast



Our new retirees especially enjoyed our To Hell with the Bell breakfast that resonates still with many, as witnessed by the good turnout. Sheila Park sent us these pictures from the event. The Regular September Luncheon came early as the Cottonwood Centre was booked for a major event.

Food for thought

A) So what happens when you win the lottery?

Who would have thought? Not I. Not in a million years. I am a bit of a math person and the odds were simply too ridiculous. I almost never buy lottery tickets for myself, and when I do, I only buy one. My reasoning is “If I don’t buy a ticket I can’t win. Lady Luck can’t help me on her own unless I help her a little.” But to buy two tickets for anything in hopes of doubling one’s chances to win in my mind is an act of folly. You see, when one buys one ticket for a chance to win something it does not follow that with two tickets two chances will be purchased and so on. Mathematically, it’s more like one has bought a millionth of a chance for one’s buck. To buy a second ticket means only that you now have doubled your cost but increased your chance of winning only infinitesimally by one millionth more. This is foolish. Moreover, you have insulted Lady Luck, by showing diminishing faith in her the more tickets you buy. Put it another way, it may be worth a dollar to give Lady Luck a chance – she can not be bought.

I have been pretty lucky getting my name drawn out of the hat at Pineridge on men’s nights – the skill prizes are usually taken by others – but I have never won on a lottery before, and fully expected my ticket money to go for a charitable donation. When I won the Y Dream Home, I had not even seen it yet. And so I missed my chance of walking through the house with thousands of others, wishing it become mine. In other words, I had missed the main attraction of the place, for the tickets were sold on the premise that there can only be one winner, but that there were people out there by the thousands who were willing to buy into the dream. And so it came to pass, that Y’s 2011 dream home went to a non-dreamer.

But there is worse. I have read many accounts of sudden winners having gone on a rollercoaster ride emotionally and financially as a result of their winning and heard that a number of them even have formed a society aimed at commiserating at their trauma. So I decided long ago, that if I ever won anything big, I shall not allow it to change me the least. Therefore when they called me on my way to golfing that I had won the house I went – golfing. Unbeknown to me I seem to have stood up a number of people who had

expected me to rush over to claim the coveted prize. I have been apologizing since, for I do not like putting people off, even if not done on purpose. It did not help that I rather came to like at least some of the people I had stood up, especially Patsy Bourassa, a former teacher who runs the Home Builders' Association and Colin Reid of the Y, who is married to one. They have been doing their level best to help me and are helping me still. They need to. Still.

I do not wish to complain about the house any more than one should look a gift horse in the mouth. Nor do I wish to blame anyone for anything. Murphy's law rules. Mistakes are made. But this is a learning situation for all concerned and I, for one, would like to learn from the experience. I pretty much have to, and do it on the go. So here it goes: the "food for thought" part.

Things that are built have to be checked to see if they have been completed and are in good working order. This seems obvious, but on our initial walk through we had noted 32 items to be fixed. A few too many, I thought. Most of these were minor things, but some were serious. When we bought a central vacuum system, we discovered that one of the pipes in the walls was left unconnected. Contractor Ken Dueck had a bit of a nightmare: for a while he had no idea what walls to tear down to look for the disconnect. A skinny service guy somehow managed to squeeze between the gas lines and the furnace to make and seal the connection, but when he left I had to call the gas company to fix a gas leak. The HRV (heat recovery ventilation) system was brought into question next as there was a prolonged problem with the buildup of gases in the house. The engineer that Patsy brought in suspected a blockage and said the system was missing some duct insulation. The man who installed the system came to the house next, and declared the system sufficient for the size of the house and working as it should, but noticed that his worker omitted to connect a drainage pipe. He fixed that, and left. Meanwhile I kept coughing, and my eyes kept on burning whenever I stayed in the house a longer period of time. I e-mailed Ian Rice, who inspected my old house for a second opinion. Yes, off-gassing in new buildings nowadays is to be expected. (Forty-some years before, when I last moved into a new house, this was not a problem. I asked that the air quality of the home be tested. Patsy came to the rescue again, finding a prof at TRU who ordered equipment from Winnipeg and installed it himself a mere forty-three days after I had taken possession of the place. I suppose this is fast service, all things considered, and I should be thankful that mine is not an ordinary house and am receiving fast service under the circumstances. And I did indeed. When the heat pump went on the airconditioning unit, it was fixed the next day. Telus fixed the Telus problems as promptly as they could. The gas leak was fixed within hours.

On a personal note I second Mary's early assessment, that winning big is "exciting, energizing, exhilarating and exhausting." And I must confess that there were moments when I wondered if the "better late than never" adage applied to us, especially as Mary began to show behavior typical of older people who complain of disorientation and even depression when moved from their habitual locations. Even new health problems showed up. Added work and disorder associated with continuing renovations at the old place did not help, either. "I don't know where anything is any more" was a frequent complaint. "Everything has changed; you have changed," was another. Did I?



Well, I am still excited, energized, invigorated and not yet exhausted. I work like a beaver on everything and feel happy. Indeed, Mary was happy about winning the house too, before all the work showed up added to renovating associated with moving: buying, selling donating furniture, and harvesting the garden. Did I mention house work? Then I heard "This is too much for me!" That's when I donned my butler cap on and have been cooking and doing housework ever since. FV

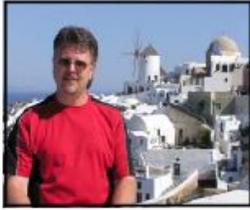
B) Samples of actual Notes on British Hospital Charts.

The patient refused autopsy. * The patient has no previous history of suicides. * Patient has left white blood cells at another hospital. * She has no rigors or shaking chills, but her husband states she was very hot in bed last night. * Patient has chest pain if she lies on her left side for over a year. * On the second day, the knee was better, and on the third day it disappeared. * The patient is tearful and crying constantly. She also appears to be depressed. * The patient has been depressed since she began seeing me in 1993. * Discharge status: Alive but without permission. * Healthy appearing decrepit 69-year old male, mentally alert but forgetful. * Patient had waffles for breakfast and anorexia for lunch. * She is numb from her toes down. * While in ER, she was examined, x-rated and sent home. * The skin was moist and dry. * Occasional, constant infrequent headaches. * Patient was alert and unresponsive. * Rectal examination revealed a normal size thyroid. * She stated that she had been constipated for most of her life, until she got a divorce. * I saw your patient today, who is still under our care for physical therapy. * Both breasts are equal and reactive to light and accommodation. * Examination of genitalia reveals that he is circus sized. * The lab test indicated abnormal lover function. * Skin: somewhat pale but present. * The pelvic exam will be done later on the floor. * Patient has two teenage children, but no other abnormalities.

C) A blast from the past

"The budget should be balanced, the Treasury should be refilled, public debt should be reduced, the arrogance of officialdom should be tempered and controlled, and the assistance to foreign lands should be curtailed lest Rome become bankrupt. People must again learn to work, instead of living on public assistance." Cicero, 55 B.C. So what have we learned in 2,064 years? Evidently nothing.

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Reports on the BCRTA AGM - Sept. 23/24 in Richmond

Report by Marie Laroche

I have been going to the AGM for at least five years. The teachers from the other branches are like friends now. We mix pleasure with our work. The lunches are always satisfying and the entertainment on our last night was hilarious. Todd Butler a guitar playing comedian commented on just about everything from politicians to movie stars to controvertial events. It was hilarious. Darrel and I sat next to a new member from one of the districts and I was inspired by her enthusiasm to give back to our organizations. Perhaps, some of our new members will consider participating next year. Our leadership is very dedicated and work hard to keep our group going. Some have been in leadership for 20 years or more. If not here, they are now leading in the excecutive of Cosco and Carp (Canadian Association of Retired People). We had an informative and pleasant meeting. Darrel has commented on most of the events which will appear in our next Postscript. I will mention a few.

Volunteering Survey Results. The results were positive for volunteering in the communities. Teachers are in many roles in all the events that go on in the various communities in the province. It was a high percentage that volunteer.

Dr. Paul Kershaw (UBC) spoke on The Effects of Poverty on Children's Education. I believe this is on his website. We were to get the Powerpoint sheets, but have not received as yet.

RR Smith Foundation is again asking us to tell people about the grants that they offer. I have several applications for funds. Two of the grants went to Central American projects, five to African, three to Asian and five to B.C. If you know of any local school that is doing a project that needs financial help I have the application form or they can be obtained from the BCRTA .Contact me at 250-376-2597 or mplaroche@telus.net.

BCRTA Membership: Three new branches joined the BCRTA. They were Columbia Valley(Invermere);Buckley Valley (Terrace);and Vancouver Island North. Kamloops had a 5.1 % increase which gives us a number of 419. Our total branch fees reported are \$1945.00.

Report by Darrel Johnson

Registration took place on Thursday evening and delegates had an opportunity to meet Committee chairs and other delegates. Marie was able to promote our new book to the Heritage Committee at their display and other projects.

Friday was composed of information sessions and the handing out of awards. Gerry Teade and Annette o'Connor gave separate presentations related to our Pension Plan and Benefits. We as a branch are fortunate to have Sheila Park as member of the BCRTA Pensions Committee. She can be contacted at spark1@Telus.net or 372-2806 if you have questions.

Highlights: Basic account investments for 2010 had a return of 9.6% (down from 11.2 % in 09) Net assets available is 16.6 billion and we have 87,847 retired teachers (not all are members of the BCRTA) As of July 1, 2010 BCTF members contribute 12.7% of their wages to the Pension Fund, while the employer contributes 14.83% for a total payroll cost of 27.53 % for all those on a salary over \$ 48,000. As a result of the move by the BCTF to increase their contribution to the cost of living fund and the BCRTA move to suscriber funded dental and extended health benefit plans (effective Jan. 1, 2012), our

annual cost of living increase remains viable for the future. There will be more info in the next Postscript. In the afternoon session, projects of the Five Golden Star Awards were presented on Power Point and Membership awards were presented. The format for recognition in awards has changed and is divided into three groups based on the number of members in the branches. We are in the middle group with members between 200 and 5000. In this group, branches with a 5% increase in membership were recognized with a certificate. Kamloops was a recipient as we had an increase of 21 new members from Sept 1, 2010 to Sept. 1, 2011. Top winners will get a trophy that will be given out annually.

Saturday started with the AGM of the R. R. Smith Foundation at which Glen Pinch was recognized for his service to the BCRTA, having served on most committees and a final role as chair of the Foundation.

The AGM and the BCRTA flowed very quickly as the only elections were for interior directors and the delegates to the BCTF AGM next spring. Sheila Park is one of those delegates that will attend for input on pensions in that section of the BCTF AGM.

Barbarann Enns: Life Interrupted – A Book Review



A 5.5 x 8.5 book of 125 pages does not take long to read if it is well written, and Enns' autobiography is that. Following her life the reader is taken in fourteen chapters from heaven to hell and back – twice. Don't look for literary niceties in the text, you may have to turn several pages to find an adjective or an adverb, but Hemingway would have been proud of her and maybe even learned a thing or two of sparsity. What you will get is plain English as clear as it gets. Life and death, adventure and abuse, betrothal and betrayal, disaster and desperation, depression and bliss, even finding the Lord are related matter-of-factly, chronologically, without embellishment or pathos.

Yet the story moves as we are hooked on finding out what horror comes next, and at the end of each chapter Enns plants a sentence designed for us to pique our interest just enough to want to read on. It works.

Although Enns hides nothing from us, the book is not a confessional and not a tell-all. While it is presented to us in first person, it feels as if it had been written by someone outside the person, who sees all and reports all. Yet this is not a book for the merely curious. The narration is so sparse, the reader is told just enough to get what Enns had to live through.

I recall one day, when I was thirteen, coming home from school... My father was at the DND on day shift and Tom [Enn's brother] was at the cold storage plant. I was on the kitchen floor, scrubbing and waxing it. I had intended to lock the back door and hide my bicycle before I started work but in my haste to get the floor done, I had forgotten. Suddenly I heard the door open and one of mother's boyfriends came in. He often came at this time and I did not like being alone with him. He was looking for mother, but since she wasn't home, he saw me on the floor and took advantage of the situation. I was never so frightened or horrified in my life. He then told me it was my fault because I was on the floor "waiting for him." I never told my father because for years I truly thought I was the one at fault. Twenty years later I did tell my mother. Her response was that it was

my fault since I was jealous of her beauty and all the men she attracted and I must have done something or behaved in some way to make him do this.

Apparently Mother actually believes this, for this is how she would have behaved. Enns recalls an incident in Winnipeg, when she is sitting on her maternal grandmother's lap, being loved, when her mother enters the room and reacts with anger and jealousy to the sight, ordering her to go to the basement.

Mother is a self-absorbed Pretty Woman, who makes a successful career of marrying better and better natured, more and more well to do men and separating them from their money. Her modus operandi is to always borrow, never repay. She "borrows" her husband's and children's money even after she abandons her family, showing up at payday, even beating her young son to take his money. A mother and wife from hell, yet a charmer, she dies a rich woman, even cheating her last husband out of a few hundred thousand dollars, that the family pays back from the inheritance.

Enns' father is a traumatized, sickly man. He was gassed in the war and his lungs were permanently damaged. His good looks and his drugstore seems to have been his fatal attraction to Mother. Affectionate he is not, but caring he is. That the children receive any care at all, any parenting at all, is due almost entirely to him. The extended family does what it can, but live far away. It is Father, who rescues Enns from drowning, who finds her when she is lost, who assures her that she is safe, who raises the children prepared for adulthood well, even from his sick bed. The house they originally live in is a maternal aunt's, who neither likes nor trusts her sister, so she leaves the house to Enns' father. Not to be deterred, it seems Mother gets him to sign the house over to her by threatening to take the children she knows he loves from him. Knowing that by law she could do this, and knowing what kind of "care" his children would receive in her custody, he has no choice. Like most connivers, Mother has a plan. She forces them out of their home by selling the house.

Mother knew that he would not live long, so she moved us all into the house she built with her new man-friend. My father still owned some stock in the Winnipeg Electric Company which had not been worth anything during the depression and war years, but was now about to begin paying dividends. Mother knew that she would get the money if she was living with my father. It was a most unusual arrangement. Mother and Ed occupied one bedroom downstairs, my father had the other bedroom, which had twin beds for appearances sake, and Tom and I had our bedrooms upstairs.

The extra bed in father's room gets well used. During their teens the children spend a lot of time sitting on that bed, visiting their sick father, and just talking. "Dad taught us all the life lessons we needed to know to have successful lives during those talks. We would talk about educational goals, career choices, choosing a life mate and many of the simple things of having a happy life. He encouraged us to stay with our church and to use it as our base for life decisions. I think he knew that his life was coming to an end and he may have thought that his life example was not what he wanted for us." And Father's fears about leaving the children in Mother's care turn out to be more than justified. We read:

When I was fifteen, I became very ill with high fevers and weakness. I was confined to bed for two weeks. My mother was home for part of this time and one day my father, who was too weak to climb the stairs, asked mother why I wasn't coming down stairs. She said that I was lazy and was just lying around in bed. With every ounce of strength he had, my father came up the stairs, looked at me and started to yell. I had never heard him raise his voice but he was angry and yelled my mother to get the doctor in immediately. I was diagnosed with a severe nephritis and the doctor wanted me to go to the hospital

immediately. Mother refused to allow me to go so the doctor prescribed what he thought would heal the kidneys, and Dad approved of the prescription. I was in bed for another two weeks, but slowly recovered. However, my kidneys have been damaged, and have been weak ever since.

How Enns is affected psychologically by her early childhood of fear and motherly neglect and the affects of abuse and alienation from her peers in her teens on her self-concept is not hard to glean from the book, and adds another dimension to the story. For the most part, Enns is able to cope with a less than easy life, finds a good man to marry. First she has difficulty getting pregnant, then she has difficulties with her pregnancies, but gets to enjoy a wonderful family life of her own with two children when the sky falls in. Always inclined to accept guilt, her caring husband's unexplained and unexpected suicide proves too much to bear, and she has repeated mental breakdowns. The reactions to this and to her by family, friends and colleagues, to say nothing of the varied reactions to her finding the Lord (and becoming a Calvary Temple pastor in Kamloops), is yet another aspect of Enns' story that makes a good read. Not only born again Christians but all others alike should find the book inspirational. The \$ 10.00 paperback is worth every penny. (By Frnk Veszely)

ANECDOTES OF RETIRED ELEMENTARY TEACHERS

A Passion for Sharing- Second Edition August 2011

In 2009, we sold out the first edition of A Passion for Sharing. In that same year Warren Damer, editor of the first edition passed away. At his memorial a member of the family requested that we re-publish A Passion for Sharing. This is no easy task for a committee of two. However, it would give us an opportunity to hone the original, to add additional memoirs from the last six years and to add more information on the schools that closed in the last ten years. Darrel and I began in February 2010 to collect the information. The memoirs kept coming in and to keep costs down, we decided with SD 73 to put a hold on Asparagus to Computers to make room for the new memoirs.

We hope that you will enjoy the cover and design of the the second edition which was created by Phillip Ryan, a recent TRU graduate of the Digital Arts and Design Program who is a product of SD 73 elementary and secondary schools.

The book is available at Bookland, Second Glance, The Smorgesbord, and Coles and at the teacher's monthly luncheon at Cottonwoods Senior Centre and by contacting Marie at 250-376-2597 or mplaroche@telus.net

Marie Laroche

Irish Medical Dictionary

Artery...The study of paintings. **Bacteria** Back door to a restaurant **Barium**..What doctors do when patients die **Benign** What you be, after you be eight **Caesarean Section** A neighbourhood in Rome **Cat scan** Searching for Kitty **Cauterize** Made eye contact with her **Colic** A sheep dog **Coma** A punctuation mark **Dilate** To live long **Enema** Not a friend **Fester** Quicker than someone else **Fibula** A small lie **Impotent**

Distinguished, well known **Labour Pain** Getting hurt at work **Medical Staff** A Doctor's cane **Morbid** A higher offer **Nitrates** Cheaper than day rates **Node** I knew it **Outpatient** A person who has fainted **Pelvis** Second cousin to Elvis **Post Operative** A letter carrier **Recovery Room** Place to do upholstery **Rectum** Nearly killed him **Secretion** Hiding something **Seizure** Roman emperor **Tablet** A small table **Terminal Illness** Getting sick at the airport **Tumour** One plus one more **Urine** Opposite of you're out

Samples from British humor...

Went to the pub with my girlfriend last night. Locals were shouting paedo + other names at me just because my girlfriend is 21 and I'm 50. It almost completely spoilt our 10th anniversary. * The thing I love most about this hot weather is the short skirts and low cut tops. Although they do make me look a bit gay. * Following the tragic death of the Human Cannonball at the Kent Show, a spokesman said "We're struggling to get another man of the same calibre." * Just been to the gym. They've got a new machine in. Only used it for half an hour as I started to feel sick. It's great though. It does everything - KitKats, Mars Bars, Snickers, Crisps, the lot.." Question - Are there too many immigrants in Britain? 17% said yes; 11% said No; 72% said "I am not understanding the question please." * On my Census form there is a question "Do you have any dependants?" Apparently putting down "The government, hundreds of Africans, Pakis, Somalians, single mums, Romanians, loafers, smack heads and non English speaking people" isn't the right answer. They've sent my form back! * Prince William says he doesn't want the traditional fruit cake at his wedding. Prince Phillip says he doesn't give a toss, he's still going. * Some bastard's just pinched a pair of my wife's knickers off the washing line. She says she's not bothered about the knickers so much but,.... she wants the 12 pegs back.

Saving the best Laugh for last:



Letter to the Editor

Dear Frank: After thirty plus years I've retired from teaching. To celebrate I've written an anthology of poetry entitled As You Were Teaching. I'd like to share its contents with other retired teachers. I wonder if you'd consider publishing a selection (or two or three) in upcoming issues of The Bridge? To assist in the selection I've attached the main text in PDF format. As well, so you don't have to wade through the whole book, I've included a list of poems which I think are particularly appropriate for newsletter publication. These poems are organized in progression from humorous to serious. I think you'll find all are reflective about time spent with kids and that your readers will relate to. I hope you're interested. Thanks. No, I'm not a Kamloops teacher. I'm a bit of an itinerant. I taught public school in Saskatchewan, and education classes at UVic, UofA, UofS and UofC. I retired as a principal from Saskatoon Public (March 2011). Glad you have a soft spot for poetry, and that you'll put time aside for reading As You Were Teaching this summer. I hope the poems touch a familiar chord. Thanks for considering some poems for upcoming issues of The Bridge. All the best, Neil Neil Garvie, Courtenay, BC (250) 334-2995 ncgarvie@shaw.ca

Poetry Corner

*Morning walk in the suburb of Kamloops at six a. m.
A documentary poem, Canadian style.*

Stepping out the door
the rare smell of rain in this semi-desert
forces me to look at the sky.
A cool, wet tongue licks my cheeks.
My whole body should feel just as refreshed.
Alas, I am civilized.
The torn clouds, low and heavy,
hide well the yonder blue above, but I know it is there,
and here and there a palm-size of it proves my sanity,
just as the lighter,
diffused orb in the clouds
betrays the distant Sun.
It is May 28th, 2011.

Judging from their torn, raggedy clothes hanging from the sky
the gods must be poor.
Their touch of sadness
reflects in pavement puddles
betraying just a drizzle of rain.
One by one the tiny droplets land
nary a splash nor sound,
but stand still and you'll hear faintly
as each drip drops.

No sympathy for the gods here:
had they been working,
they could be living among us,
buy property for credit,
move into houses made of wood chips
glued into boards and stapled together,
decked with prefab windows
with a little sealed argon and just enough tint
not to let in
the natural rays of the Sun.

I have no eyes for them now and no ears
for the hiss of the clanging railway cars
just released from the rumbling engine,
waiting to be filled from the huge smelly storage tanks
at the nearby gasoline depot.
This is a middle working class neighbourhood,
where tired men sleep through such noises
and are used to the smell.
(The refinery the tanks replaced was sold to China,
down to each rusting bolt;
now Edmonton's distant refineries silently fill the pipelines
that used to carry the crude,
but at night
a wailing hiss is heard as one by one,
the pressure is released from thirty-seven tanks.
The release mingles with the release from the pulp mill,
but worry not: the air thins it all out.
We are being poisoned by pollution in such small,
such insignificant increments,
it does not matter at all.
At any given time
the pollution in the air is
considered safe for our consumption,
and never enough for litigation.
And we know there is justice
for sometimes the wind
carries it all back to Edmonton,
and maybe even to Ottawa.)

But this Saturday is a special morning with special air
washed clean by the rain,
laden with the last scents
of the fading lilacs.
Yet I long for the scent of the ponderosa pines –
now gone.

Oh the sagebrush beckon on the hillsides,
thriving on the ash of the burnt pines as does the grass,

even lending the brown hills
a sheen of green.
A small sign on a lawn
warns of pesticide used.
An earthworm, escaping the lawn,
Has crawled half way across the road.
The urbanized birds no longer rise early,
And I hope it will make it across.

Turning the last corner
I come full circle back to my orchard lot,
whose aged trees, some of which I planted myself,
dying as all living things must,
at last make me feel at home. (*Frank Veszely*)

In Memoriam: Audrey Reinson

Colleagues, It is with profound and personal sorrow that I relate to members the passing yesterday of Audrey Reinson, our office secretary of almost 30 years. Audrey was the voice that members first heard when they called the KTTA and the face they first saw as they entered the office door. It was a voice with a tenor that calmed and cared, and a face with a smile that welcomed and uplifted. Even in her battle with cancer Audrey continued to reassure and hearten family and friends. Our condolences go out to all of them especially Lana, her office partner and pal. The KTTA executive, past and current, know that Audrey took our messages and our minutes, she kept our books and did our banking, she transcribed our notes and typed our letters, she filed our documents and faxed our forms, she prepared executive inductions and organized member retirements, and she even cooked and cleaned up after us. But Audrey meant so much more to us than exercises of professional competence and composure. Death takes her body, but Audrey has left us so much more – a life and spirit of kindness and caring that touched all those that knew and worked with her. Audrey Reinson was in so many ways our mom and we were her children; she will be missed.

At Audrey's request there will be no funeral; however, the family may hold a celebration of Life in the coming months, I will pass the information on as it becomes available.

Respectfully,

Jason Karpuk

President

Kamloops Thompson Teachers Association

