



The Church of St. John the Evangelist, Kitchener

ON EAGLE'S WINGS

January 26, 2020

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Same World. New Perspective.

Elaine Duncanson

It finally happened! I moved out of the multi-level mansion into a condo. Everything I need is a few steps away. No more painful stairs dividing me from what I need next.

Here, there are many windows looking out on the action and letting in lots of sun. On Monday I woke up to someone on the radio saying January 20th was the saddest day of the year. Not in here it isn't. Not with a warm, cheery colour on the walls.

I can watch the people in the street. Some hurry along while others saunter. One man has a lopsided walk. I wonder if he has one leg shorter than the other. He may be in pain. Another man was walking slowly through the snow on Saturday, pausing frequently to rest on his cane. He came back a few minutes later carrying a shopping bag. Perhaps he went to the Hasty Market around the corner.

Nick was fascinated by the traffic and spent the first night studying the cars as they stopped for traffic lights and then went on their way. He is not familiar with red and green lights so he seemed mystified by what was stopping them. He loves the long window sills that are just cat width so the blinds must be raised each morning to give him a proper view of the world.

Several ambulances have gone past. This reminded me of a time when I was on a school bus and one of the girls pointed out the window at the hearse that was passing. She quickly made the sign of the cross and was silent for a moment. She was shocked that the rest of us did nothing. She thought everyone would say a prayer for the occupant of the hearse. We were about ten years old and had never heard of such a thing. I see more ambulances than hearses and know how traumatic it can be for a person and a family to have need of one.

In the past, I had to put on boots and carefully descend a slightly sloped driveway to find the newspaper and get back without a tumble. Now, I simply open my door and pick it up in the carpeted hallway. What a treat! The news is just the same but there is no plastic sleeve to recycle. There are new ways of doing things. Recycling is one floor down with instructions on what goes in each bin. Some of it is still a mystery for me but I will investigate. Or ask Stan the next time I see him in the hall. He has been a good source of information.

The kitchen is full of delights that are arranged differently from what I had before. It may take weeks, or even months, before I have settled on how to organize things. In the meantime, there are things that were not accessible that could provide some fun. And some old ideas to try again now that I can. My grandmother's punch bowl will no longer reside in a dark corner of the basement but on a convenient shelf in the

The next issue of On Eagle's
Wings will be available on
February 23rd.

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Nurses Notes

Elsie Millerd, Parish Nurse

A Beautiful Day in this Neighbourhood: An Example of Wholistic Healing

A few weeks ago, a parishioner recommended to me the film *A Beautiful Day in this Neighbourhood* suggesting that both Frank and I would find it good. So, this past weekend we tromped through the snow to go and see it. We were not disappointed.

For those who went through childhood or parenting between 1968 and 2001 the memories of Mister Rogers' Neighbourhood are recalled during the movie. The friends and songs of Fred Rogers are all there. We also are reminded of his philosophy of teaching children how special they are and providing them with the skills to navigate our challenges of daily life as human beings.

As I watched the unfolding of the very moving story of one of Mister Rogers' friends, I was reminded of how intertwined the various domains of our personhood are. A challenge to our physical, mental, emotional, social or spiritual self impacts the other aspects of being. Sometimes, this impact goes out beyond ourselves to affect those around us "in our neighbourhood." A physical or emotional pain may create in us frustration and even anger which spills out to those around us affecting our relationships and even isolating us. On the other hand, if we take the opportunity to address an issue in one domain, we may experience healing in all aspects of our life. This healing may also reach out to our community making it a more beautiful place to live.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could share such healing with our personal communities and our world? That is what Jesus has called us to do. Mister Fred Rogers aimed to do so through his television program which entered the homes and lives of people all over North America. The children he impacted, including my own, were given tools to find and spread healing in their neighbourhoods. How might we make a difference for wholistic health in our lives and community and so create a "beautiful day in this neighbourhood?" Viewing this movie may give you some ideas.

January is Alzheimer's Awareness Month

It is a time for understanding. That's why the Alzheimer Society is shining a light on the facts about people living with Alzheimer's and other forms of dementia. They are challenging misconceptions so that the stigma that surrounds the disease can be reduced. Thank you for taking a moment to hear their stories. You'll quickly see that it's not an "old person's disease." And it doesn't signal the end of a life. What is true is that it happens in stages, but what is always constant is that there are still lives to be lived, dreams to pursue and people to love. To learn more about these truths you can go to <https://ilivewithdementia.ca/>

You can find the answers to some commonly asked questions about dementia at <https://alzheimer.ca/en/ww/About-dementia/Alzheimer-s-disease/Common-Questions>

To learn about helpful programs regarding dementia found locally such as Minds in Motion, a Mild Cognitive Impairment Education Session (January 28th) and other education and recreation sessions go to <https://alzheimer.ca/en/ww/Program%20Guide> or call 519-742-1422.

Coming Events

Walk for Alzheimer's Save the date, May 24, 2020 for fun, fitness and raising much-needed funds and awareness. When walking, you send a message of hope to 13,000 people in our community living with dementia and thousands more who care for them. For more information, contact Barb at 519- 836-7672 ext. 2019 or barbeastmanlewin@alzheimerww.ca

A Message from Brenda Holvey

To all our friends at St, John the Evangelist Church:

I was quite overwhelmed by all the kind messages and the number of friends who came to the funeral of my dear husband, Alan, at Henry Walser Funeral Home in October. Your words and prayers have helped myself and my family to accept that Alan is no longer with us but at peace in God's care.

I am saddened that I cannot make it to the old church but I am now a member of All Saints Anglican Church, Waterloo. Everyone has been very welcoming and encouraging to me.

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utility room.

Change can be distressing to many people and a move to new place is quite a challenge. The benefits, once the dust settles and the many boxes disappear, can be very great. The same familiar pictures can hang in different places or different rooms. Things that were obscured may find a more prominent place. You always unpack something that you had completely forgotten and that brings back memories.

One way to avoid or disperse the winter blues is to do something different. Look at some of the things you have around you to see them more clearly or put them in another place. Some people rearrange furniture to make a room feel different. Much easier than painting. Whatever you do, spring will come some day. The days will be longer with more sun, and leaves on trees and flowers. We do not have to spend forty days or years in the wilderness even though it may seem like that at times. For now I can join Nick watching the traffic and the people from any of the windows.

"Rise! Take Your Mat and Walk"

This is the theme of this year's World Day of Prayer Service which has been written by the women of Zimbabwe.

This year we will be taking part in the service at St. Ann's Roman Catholic Church, East Ave. on **Friday, March 6th at 11.00 am.** PLEASE mark your calendars. The service will be followed by lunch

There is some parking at the Church and also on the street.

How It All Started:

It's Old Hat (or, "Everything Old is New Again")

Jean Wright

As I entered the thrift store I adjusted my hat and, being 90, I slowly henpicked my way through the bargains. There has to be something here that I need or just want, as I rationalized. "I still have room for more new old things, after all, haven't I just dropped off a box of old things that I don't need?"

My enthusiastic and euphoric state took a turn as I entered the clothing department. Like a curmudgeon, I snorted, grumbled and pursed my lips on observing skirts so short to show noble knees, dresses thin enough for a tooth pick, shoes so high they could catapult you right out of the window and blouses so low (well, I will leave that to your imagination!).

Hurrying myself out of this horror story I was confronted with a pitiful sight. My hand immediately went to my head as in front of me was a rack of old hats. Different styles and colours. What a shame. Sly, flirtatious peeks from under the rim as Sammy Hyde passed by, it's church, where is my hat, the special one for afternoon tea with Pierre Trudeau, the big fur hat for those 10 below zero days, the top hat as I danced to "Putting On Your Top Hat," and what about the broken-down bowler in "A Couple of Swells?" Oh yes, I can't forget the Ascot hat for "My Fair Lady." I still think I have it under the bed. Then again, I've always thrown a hat on my head when my hair looks like I've been dragged through a hedge backwards. Hats bring out of us a variety of emotions: panic, sad, happy, silly, quaint, tongue-in-cheek or just plain fun.

In a split second through the rush of memories I just knew I want them all, to hell with expense. They are going to have new life breathed into them. With this thought in mind, my enthusiasm and euphoric state returned as I left the store balancing two hats on my head plus several in both hands.

Oh dear, the project that I decided would be used as a money-maker for my church took on a life of its own. Thirty-two hats so far, under the theme of "Everything Old Is New Again." My hats, I know, are delightfully visual. Some call out "courage" to the wearer, others say "have some fun and play" and yet others demand you wear them with "panache." To one and all who wear my hats I say:

"I doff my hat in turn."

After all, who knows more about hats than we senior ladies? We wore them!

How It Will End:

At a lovely Tea called "Everything old is New Again" host by St John's Congregation on May 3rd 1:30 - 4:00pm

More to wet your imagination in March's "On Eagles Wings".

P.S. Put the date in your calendar.

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