

## Newsletter September 2009

Hello everyone.

Again, time is flying along. Heading towards Xmas.

The swine flu 'epidemic' seems to have fizzled out. We did take extra precautions to minimise the risk of an outbreak at the rest home. Thank you for your cooperation.

The latest news we can share with you is that our 100 year old resident Eleanor recently cut the ribbon to officially open one of our completely refurbished bathrooms. The bathroom has been transformed from old and tired to brand spanking new. It looks good.

We have also replaced some of the furniture in the top lounge. The overfilled book shelf has been replaced with a new and larger one to make it easier to select from the books and games available. The six seater table has been replaced with an eight seater to accommodate the increased number of residents wanting to participate in the activities organised by Corinne, and we have replaced the couch with a new two and three seater model. The top lounge looks new and refreshed.



Activities coordinator Corinne (with Toby) and Scotty return from a walk up the road.



The season's inaugural BBQ... with not enough sausages!!



Sharon and residents having fun looking out the dining room window

There have been a few staff changes. Yvonne Fritz has left us and we have welcomed Collette Gordon to replace her. Amelia has left to move to Queenstown because of her partner's transfer there and Leah is also moving on to enable her to spend more time with her grandchildren. We thank them for their help and wish them well for the future. To replace Amelia and Leah, Barbara Copeland is coming back on board. Welcome back!

We have had our first BBQ for the season. We were lucky with the nice weather on the day. Everyone was keen on the sausages and we ran out. We need some more for next time. Yummy!

### Reminders.

1. With summer on its way, please check your resident relative wardrobe to see if their clothes need to be changed to suit the season.
2. Also check if their toothbrush needs replacing.
3. Please note in your diary now: December 8, Xmas Carols at Glenbrook Rest Home. More details to follow.

# Glenbrook Rest Home

## Animal Update.

We have a new addition to our 'animal kingdom', our cute and lovely puppy Toby. Toby is six months old and still has to learn how to behave amongst elderly people. Our kunekunes Glen and Brook are still doing very well. A bit too well we think. They're actually getting quite fat! Too many scraps to eat and not enough exercise! Our cute bantam hen (with six babies) has had more bad luck. Her last remaining baby, together with two other chickens, was killed by two dogs recently. The dogs were Toby's mother and brother who live a bit further down the road. Hopefully it won't happen again!



**Toby**

Regards, Sharon and Peter.

## Activities.

Hello everyone, spring has sprung and we have been taking the opportunity to do some planting. We have planted two bags of strawberries and some tomatoes so are eagerly awaiting to see if we will get fruits from our labour!

We enjoyed a darts tournament with Estuary Village one afternoon in July and our team did us proud. WE WON!!

Our timetable now includes an arts/craft class on Friday morning and we have been very busy with flower arranging for the dining room tables. We have some real talent amongst our residents and Thelma and Peg have produced some amazing artwork. Please come and have a look. We are thinking about opening our own art gallery! Peg is now a local celebrity with her picture and story in the 'Post' our local paper a few weeks ago.



Thelma and her beach scene painting

We are off to the 'Positive Ageing Expo' again this year in Pukekohe on Friday the 2<sup>nd</sup> October. We have decided to spend a little longer there this time and have lunch there. There is always so much to see.

We will be visiting the Glenbrook Steam Railway at the end of November. We try and encourage as many of our residents to come and enjoy the trip. We will go on the train ride and then have our lunch there, so hope the weather will be kind to us.

Some of our residents have also attended the 'Old Time Dancing' once a month on Friday afternoon. Thelma and Inge have been up on the dance floor enjoying a dance or two.

We will be out and about in the bus for some afternoon trips. Our next trip will be to McDonalds for lunch and to the Cheese Shop in Mercer. So hopefully next week once the rain stops.



Peg and Thelma made a work of art from items found on the beach, such as shells, sand and moss.

Corinne.

# Glenbrook Rest Home

Below is a poem, apparently written by an older gentleman. We thought it quite appropriate. Remember this poem when you next meet an older person who you might brush aside without looking at the young soul within. We will all, one day, be there, too!

## Cranky Old Man

What do you see nurses? . . . . What do you see?  
What are you thinking . . . . when you're looking at me?  
A cranky old man, . . . . not very wise,  
Uncertain of habit . . . . . with faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food . . . . . and makes no reply.  
When you say in a loud voice . . . . 'I do wish you'd try!'  
Who seems not to notice . . . . the things that you do.  
And forever is losing . . . . . a sock or shoe.

Who, resisting or not . . . . . lets you do as you will,  
With bathing and feeding . . . . . the long day to fill.  
Is that what you're thinking? . . . . . Is that what you see?  
Then open your eyes, nurse . . . . . you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am . . . . . as I sit here so still,  
As I do at your bidding, . . . . . as I eat at your will.  
I'm a small child of ten . . . . . with a father and mother,  
Brothers and sisters . . . . . who love one another.

A young boy of sixteen . . . . . with wings on his feet,  
Dreaming that soon now . . . . . a lover he'll meet.  
A groom soon at twenty . . . . . my heart gives a leap.  
Remembering, the vows . . . . . that I promised to keep.

At twenty five, now . . . . . I have young of my own.  
Who need me to guide, . . . . . and a secure happy home.  
A man of thirty . . . . . my young now grown fast,  
Bound to each other . . . . . with ties that should last.

At forty, my young . . . . . have grown and are gone,  
But my woman is beside me . . . . . to see I don't mourn.  
At fifty, once more, . . . . . babies play 'round my knee,  
Again, we know children . . . . . My loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me . . . . . my wife is now dead.  
I look at the future . . . . . I shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing . . . . . young of their own.  
And I think of the years . . . . . and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man . . . . . and nature is cruel.  
It's jest to make old age . . . . . look like a fool.  
The body, it crumbles, . . . . . grace and vigour depart.  
There is now a stone . . . . . where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass . . . . . a young man still dwells.  
And now and again . . . . . my battered heart swells.  
I remember the joys, . . . . . I remember the pain.  
And I'm loving and living . . . . . life over again.

I think of the years, all too few . . . . . gone too fast.  
And accept the stark fact . . . . . that nothing can last.  
So open your eyes, people . . . . . open and see.  
Not a cranky old man. Look closer, . . . . . see . . . . . ME!!