

St. Jude Community Homes



St. Jude continues to work diligently through the pandemic to ensure we adhere to Public Health policies to protect everyone from contracting the virus. Though the world is slowly starting to move again, we are not out of the woods just yet! Remember to practice, physical distancing, wash your hands regularly and wear your mask in public spaces.

We continue to thank St. Jude residents for their patience, understanding, and flexibility in being so accommodating with the many changes that have taken place. Let us continue to working together to ensure everyone's safety and comfort during these challenging times.

We're all in this together!

Remembering Murray Saul



Murray Albertson Saul March 26th 1950-June 8th 2020

Murray moved into St. Jude Community Homes October, 2008. He was the first resident to move to Gerrard.

Murray loved music and enjoyed science fiction films.

Here is a message from Murray's sisters, Liz and Marg...

"Murray loved words. He loved the sound of them, their meaning and their proper and creative use in sentences. It was a family tradition to discuss words at the dinner table and a dictionary was often consulted. So it made sense that Murray received an English degree from Queens University.

Perhaps realizing that an English degree would be a tough sell for a job, he went on to study hard and got an MBA after that. He landed a few enterprising jobs that he liked.

Music was a constant joy for Murray; he was truly an audiophile with a discerning ear. He had excellent taste and a large collection of records and then CDs.

During his late 20s and early 30s, he began to hear voices that would not let him rest. Sure enough, he was diagnosed with Schizophrenia and a severe case of it. Daily routines were a struggle and work was no longer an option for him.

The Gerrard Street apartment became available to him at just the right time. He loved his beautiful apartment, the nice neighborhood and caring staff.

We had no idea Murray was a Sci-Fi fan until David Livingston Lowe started showing science fiction movies and even his own director's cuts of the films - Murray was enthralled!

Murray was always a film buff and he usually chose a first rate movie for us to watch. When I was younger, I remember he took me (Marg) to a movie that he had specially picked out. Walking there, he "set it up" for me by not telling me a thing about it and admitting that probably I would not like it. It worked. To this day it was one of the best movies I have ever seen.*

He was always up to date on politics and news and we often had good discussions about the latest world shenanigans. Of course our latest conversation was about COVID.

Our brother was always a gentle soul and we are saddened to lose him. But in the end we are happy that he died in a place that he loved and where he found happiness and peace. St. Jude's was good to him.

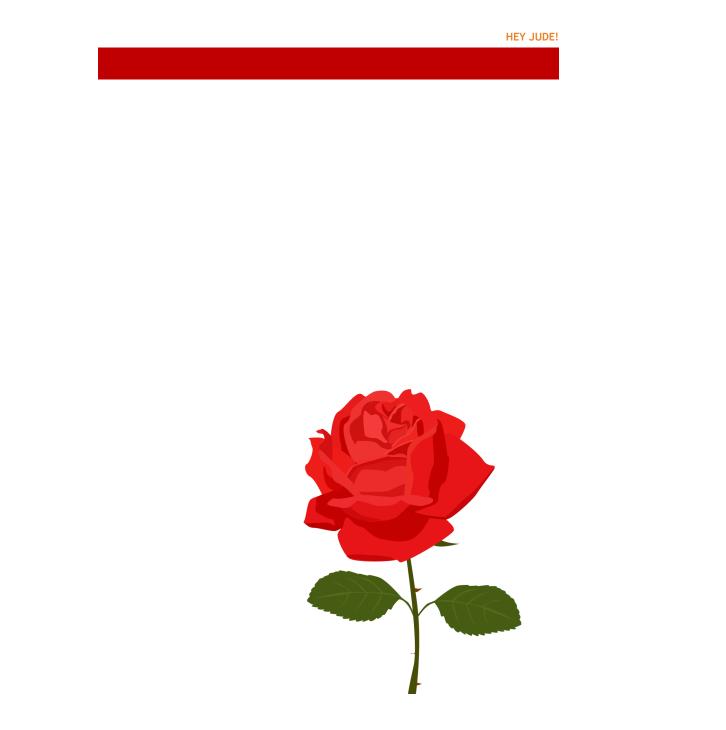
We will miss Murray greatly, probably more than we realize."

Sisters Liz and Marg

*Sleuth with Michael Caine and Lawrence Olivier

Murray was a great member of our community. He was respectful and polite to his neighbours, a great individual all-round and will never be forgotten.

Rest in Peace Murray.



Remembering Jeffrey Flaxman



Jeffrey King Flaxman September 1st, 1972-September 13th 2020

Jeffrey moved to St. Jude Community Homes July 1st, 2009. Since then, Jeffrey had done many great things for our community. From being an excellent caretaker for 10 amazing years, to being a member on the board, to always being the first to help his friends, neighbours and staff. He loved music, dancing and sports. Jeffrey had a vibrant energy and a wonderful spirit that resonated with many.

A message from Jeffrey's family

"Jeffrey lived an exemplary life. He was kind, he was loyal, and he loved his family and friends unabashedly with all his being. He was the constant in all our lives: no drama, no fuss, just happy-go-lucky Jeff who always had a smile on his face and a kind word for everyone he met. Jeffrey loved sports and games and hadJeffrey also had a second family and aa strong competitive streak. Whether itwonderful group of friends from St.was playing horseshoes, badminton orJude Community Homes. When youtennis- he got that from his dad! Liketalked to Jeff, you would find out abouthis dad, Jeffrey was an avid Maplewhat was happening on Gerrard StreeLeafs fan and sadly, he never got to seeEast; who was responsible for cleaningthem hoist the Stanley Cup. But he nev-lawn maintenance and what theyer gave up hope for his team. Eachcooked at their community kitchenbirthday card, Christmas card, or phonegathering. We loved hearing about hiscall ended with his proclamation of "GoFriends, Robin, Mike, Matthew, Renato

Jeffrey had a special, loving bond with his family. Family was so important to him. Holidays were always spent with his sister, her husband, and their three children. Everyone loved Uncle Jeff beyond words. Family meals will never be quite the same without Jeffrey's recitation of grace. He loved watching sports with them, playing games and enjoying his sister's cooking. He always used to say to anyone who would listen, "my sister is the best cook!"

From the time he was born, Jeffrey looked up to his brother and never stopped saying how proud he was of him. They loved talking about hockey and sports and of course, the Maple Leafs. Jeffrey will be deeply missed by his big brother, wife, and their four children.

Jude Community Homes. When you talked to Jeff, you would find out about what was happening on Gerrard Street East; who was responsible for cleaning, lawn maintenance and what they cooked at their community kitchen gathering. We loved hearing about his friends, Robin, Mike, Matthew, Renata, Fred, Cathy (and her cat) and all the others who were such a big part of his life. But without a doubt, Jeffrey's best friend in the entire world was Wayne. They were friends for 20 years, and as Wayne reminded us, they never had a fight in all those years. They loved music, they loved the Leafs (of course), and they had a special and inseparable bond. They were ALWAYS there for each other.

Jeffrey was blessed to be supported by so many special people in his life. He was more than just a name on a page or on a client roster; he became a friend to everyone he met. St. Jude Community homes provided a safe haven for Jeffrey. It gave all the residents an opportunity to live independently in a supportive and nurturing environment, and for that, his family will eternally be grateful. We would also like to our heartfelt appreciation to Jeffrey's team, who were there for him and provided him a network of support. There were many over the years, but we would like to especially thank Dr. Jorge Soni, Naema and Hamida. He had a special relationship with each of them, and they all felt the same way about him.

Jeffrey lived a simple life, but the kind of life that we should all aspire to. He was kind, he was sweet, he was respectful, he never spoke ill of anyone, and in return, he was loved beyond measure. Jeffrey left a big imprint on this world, and that will be his legacy.

We love you, Jeff! Thank you for everything you brought to all our lives.

GO LEAFS GO!"

Jeffrey's spirit will continue to live on in the lives he has touched.

Rest in Peace Jeffrey, you will be missed.



SAYING GOODBYE



Sarah Hendry

Head Chef

Sarah first started out as an Assistant Chef with Greg. When Greg retired as Head Chef, Sarah gracefully took over as the new Head Chef. For many years, Sarah never failed to prepare exquisite meals to the community. When she was able, Sarah also helped co-facilitate gardening groups at Gerrard. We wish nothing but the best for Sarah on her next chapter!

SAYING GOODBYE



Linda Csiki

Program Resource Worker

Linda started working at St. Jude back in 2011. Since then, she had made a remarkable impact on the community. From being editor of the *Hey Jude newsletter*, to hosting BBQs and facilitating Community Kitchens! Linda brought great, creative energy to the groups and will be greatly missed. We wish nothing but the best for Linda and her future endeavors!

HEY JUDE!



Janelle Lewis

Program Resource Worker

Janelle will be returning to school in the fall to receive her MSW in Social Work! Janelle started at St. Jude September, 2017. Janelle always brought great energy to the community. Though she will no longer be working full-time, we will still see her from time to time as relief staff. So this isn't a goodbye, this is just a see ya later!

SAYING GOODBYE



Maria Sokolowski

Assistant Chef

Maria first came to St. Jude Community Homes as a placement student from George Brown College back in 2018. In the summer of 2018, Maria officially joined the community as assistant chef, working a long side Sarah. Over the years, Maria assisted Sarah in making delicious, healthy meals for the community. We are sad to see Maria go and she will be missed. Best of luck to you Maria!

HEY JUDE!

WELCOMING BACK FAMILIAR FACES



Sharon Lazenby

Relief Resource Worker

Sharon started out at St. Jude as a placement student in the winter of 2020 from Centennial college. She has now taken on the position as relief staff at St. Jude. Glad that St. Jude will be seeing you more often– welcome Sharon!

HEY JUDE!



Anabell Romero

Program Resource Worker

Anabell studied Psychology at the University of Guelph-Humber and recently graduated from the Addictions and Mental Health program at Humber College. Some of you may remember Anabell as a student placement here at St. Jude in 2019. Well, Anabell is back as a full-time resource worker and looks forward to interacting with you all again. Welcome back Anabell!

WELCOMING NEW FACES!



Adam Beath

Head Chef

Adam joined us August, 2020. He will be our new Head Chef at St. Jude Community Homes. Please be sure to give him a warm welcome. Welcome Adam! We look forward to your delicious meals!

HEY JUDE!



David Jang

Assistant Chef

David learned cooking in various kitchens and for many people, over his lifetime. He's cooked everything from gourmet breakfasts at the Percy Street Bed & Breakfast, to big banquet dinners for visiting Japanese aikido teachers from all over the world. Welcome David!

"I tend to think of creating dishes for people as a totally immersive creative experience — one that I put my imagination and my heart into." - David

WELCOMING NEW FACES



Angela Buigardo

Work Placement

Angela is from the land of Coffee, Colombia. Angela loves cats and soccer. Angela has history working for economic development and now has embarked herself on learning about social development at St. Jude Community Homes! Angela will be with us through a Workplace placement for the next two months. Welcome aboard Angela!

HEY JUDE!

ARTICLES

INTERVIEW WITH RESIDENTS OF ST. JUDE COMMUNITY HOMES

"HOW I'VE DEALT WITH COVID"

By: Colleen B.

Interview with Erin Wiser:

Sunday July 26th/ 2020

10:20am-10:40am

Rooftop Garden

Erin Wiser has lived at 431 Dundas St. E for 13 months. She works as a breakfast facilitator in the Dundas Dining Room during weekdays. Erin is always bright and cheerful doing this. At times though, she finds it a bit challenging getting up at 6:00am.

Erin attends to a program down the street from Dundas called *Sound Times.* She also clocks in hours at *Progress Place*, where she spends her time as secretary, works on the cash counter and assists staff. Erin has been at *Pro*-



gress Place for more than five years.

Erin finds COVID-19 is affecting her involvement in all these activities. However, she is moving in the direction of paid employment in the workplace. Erin wishes to work in sales & fundraising somewhere in the city. Erin finds that she is moving toward recovery with the help of her team at St. Jude and in particular, her support from her Resource Worker.

Erin says having her own apartment and personal space has given her time to heal. She used aroma therapy and CBT with her therapist to jump the hurdles life sends her. Her inspiration she calls "The Divine" and "The Source."

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HEY JUDE!

People inspire her too as well as the memories of her cat.

Erin's words to the wise: "Love and be Free!"

Interview with David Keith Alder:

Sunday July 26th/ 2020

12:45pm-1:30pm

Dave says he finds his daily inspiration in reading religious material every morning, "it's a prerequisite" he says.

David has worked in the past as a Liaison Officer with the office of the Attorney General and as a front desk concierge with some of Toronto's larger hotel establishments. He's been a resident at St. Jude's Community Homes for 30 years and has been an active member of the community. David years. Sarah spends her leisure has been involved in numerous things throughout his time here.

COVID-19 is not adversely affected David because he stays inside and doesn't go too far from home. He says it hasn't really affect his physical ability to function and perform his daily living tasks. If

he was in top form, he'd go back to work.

Dave's only therapy right now is his morning religious meditation time and his team supports from St. Jude- whom he speaks with over the phone. He finds that this actually works better for him than having to go out to see his support team personally.

Dave's words to the wise are: "Keep your bowels empty and your stomach full!"

Interview with Sarah Reinhardt

Sunday July 26th, 2020

3:00pm-3:10pm

Sarah is a resident at 270 Milan St. She is 71 years young and has resided at Milan for the past 14



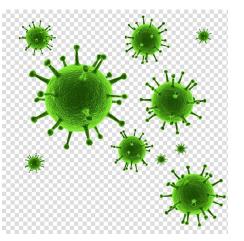
ARTICLES

time visiting with friends and travels over to Tim Horton's coffee shop twice a day to keep up with what's going on in the community. Sarah doesn't mind occupying her spare time listening to CBC radio, reading and watching movies.

Previously in her life, Sarah has worked as a waitress and been employed in the industrial sector. Sarah first learned about St. Jude Community Homes through social services and housing. Went through the interview process before taking up residency. During her 14 years at St. Jude, she has always lived on Milan St.

Sarah isn't finding COVID-19 affecting her physical abilities and daily activities. Sarah finds it does affect her visits with family as she is unable to be with them. She said this is hard on her and finds it hard wearing masks in open areas and around the building. Sarah is glad of the relief from the summer heat and the new air conditioners to keep her cool. Despite the pandemic, Sarah is grateful to be living at St. Jude. Sarah's wise words to the wise: "The squirrels aren't worried, the birds aren't worried, so neither am I."







TAKE TIME

By: Loida C.

way

Take time to live; it is one secret of success Take time to think; it is the source of power Take time to play; it is the secret of youth Take time to read; it is the foundation of knowledge Take time to read; it is the foundation of knowledge Take time for friendship; it is the source of happiness Take time to laugh; it helps lift life's load Take time to dream; it hitches the soul to the stars Take time to worship; it is the high-



ARTICLES

TUNA STEW

By: Bob M.

What you will need...

- 1 can of original Heinz beans in tomato sauce
- 1 jar of Classico Spicy Pepper sauce (680ml) or a can of herb and garlic sauce by Primo
- 1 package of sliced mushrooms (227 grams)
- 1 small onion chopped up into small pieces (or quarter of a large onion)
- Frozen peas
- Frozen mixed veggies
- Vegetable oil (or olive oil)
- Macaroni or mixed pasta
- 3 cans of tuna, 1 in water, 2 in vegetable oil
- Dried oregano herb and/or black pepper for flavour
- Salt for flavour as well.

Note: You will need one extra large pot, One medium pot and a large frying pan.



HEY JUDE!

Directions: Open a can of Heinz beans in tomato sauce and put it in the large pot. Add a jar or can (680 ml) of Classico Spicy Pepper Sauce mentioned in the lists of items needed. Cut up a small onion and put it in the pot. Take one package of sliced mushrooms (227 grams) and fry them up in vegetable oil (or olive oil). Add fried mushrooms to the large pot. In a medium pot boil water, and add 2 cups of frozen peas and 1 cup of frozen mixed veggies. Cook, that is parboil, veggies in medium pot and add this to the large pot. In the medium pot, boil salted water and add 2 cups of macaroni or mixed pasta. Cook pasta and add to the large pot. Keep the large pot at low heat until all ingredients are in it. Once all the ingredients are in, turn up the heat to medium to cook. Stir everything up as you are putting things in the large pot. Finally, drain the tuna and add it to the large pot. This recipe yields 4 or 5 meals. Keep in fridge or freeze it.

**This recipe can be made by substituting small, cut up pieces of wieners for the tuna.

Enjoy!



EVENTS

Farewell Parties

As a community, we couldn't allow the pandemic to stop us from throwing farewell parties for Linda, Maria and Janelle. It was bittersweet as we bid our staff adieu. On Monday July 6th, 2020 we wished our long time Resource Worker Linda Csiki a farewell. On Monday August 11th, 2020, we gave our excellent Assistant Chef, Maria Sokolowski a send off as well. Although Janelle may not be leaving, it will still be a big change for St. Jude as she transitions from full time to relief. Well, St. Jude has two words for our three workers: Thank You.











Covid-19 Relationship

By: Steve H.



You illuminate the streets with your beautiful grey-blue eyes on the edge of the burgeoning Junction Gardens. Close to the The *Roux*, there are small tables where people gather, shucking oysters that burn a hole in their clientele pockets. Soon after the lights of Honest Weight shimmer in pools of rain which consume the darkness of Dundas West. The memory of sweets coming from the door at Mable's waft along the my sweet 'Lindie'; A woman to sidewalks. The skeleton of the burnt Peacock Hotel barely holding its own. I ventured through the haze, I brought a backpack and a chaotic mind. You thought you'd see me looking for the same woman that I knew dancing up a river in the dark. Looking for you my sweet woman, looking for a woman. To court and spark. When

something strange happened the Westbound Junction 40 bus passed through me. I shook my head and walked over to the garbage bin. I buried my head in the shadows and looked back and glanced at the people's park, and saw the dispossessed, third-world right in front of me. The only change was the gentrified specialized boutiques. Walked over to your apartment buzzer. I came for court and Spark.

My woman, never has dreams like everybody else. She tries to forget, she remembers only the things, she doesn't tell me. The French in Quebec will never forget. They have a bitterness. Their mutual history, the English, the French is stung with asperity. Two solitudes... The Plains of Abra-

ham – a loss: they rub it in with every advertisement, every government speech translated into English ... Je me souviens. The Quebecois remember, yet my angel doesn't. She murmurs of something lost, just an "I' that was never a part of that small town in Quebec. "We" were never of the Anglophones, The French were kinder, yet, the "We" of Quebec was never her. Wolfe was killed, yet Montcalm was humiliated. All of New France gone. Her father was German; her mother Austrian. Immigrants are special with their own separate trials and tribulations their own solitude. Dreams are for immigrants, yet this family had no dreams. Their "We" was the four of them excluded by the English, and marginally, the French accepted them. The identity my sweet would have is *Ich* bin .German was her first language. The Second would be "Je suis." In her part of Quebec, French was the spoken language. The English would not accept her, yet she did attend a French

Convent. She was that of a teenager when she moved to English Ontario, Toronto.

"I don't remember ever having a dream," my sweetheart would say. Everyone has a dream, Honey! Why not? My Shawinigan sweetheart still smells the fragrance of the dawn of her small town; the dew lingers, the scent of spring draws her to the crocus and lilyof-the valley fields behind her childhood home. The yellow birch and the sugar maple fill the forests of your youth. Play in the fields. Pick blueberries with your sister. Escape the hassle at home, you sought the serenity that the bushes and berries that grew in the sparsely flowered shield of Precambrian rock. The Maurice river has the Shawinigan Falls. Why they were in his small town is a mystery. The Hydro-Electric plant is used for power, and there are many saw-mills. Your memories burned in the igneous and metamorphic rocks in the basalt and granite-laden meadows.



The dirndl that you wore at school with a bodice, blouse and skirt defined who you are. Austrian or German? It was defined by your parents. Even today, you struggle with who you are. Now you with greying locks, look down from your back window and glimpse out of the eyes at her world who longed to be at one with the natural world in a bubble she called her home.

The narrow passage of the St. Lawrence was dubbed with the Algonquin word for strait. This is the etymology of the word Quebec. The Province, a country within a country. How you long for the copious Blue flag that bloomed all over this beautiful province. Only the scent of the roses I gave you could replace the nature you craved for. How you would devour every petal. Sniff every rose

for days. Before the day they perished, you would keep the last flower in a container of water until my gift of love took its last breath. When it was dry, you folded the dry leaf in your diary. Dreams all the francophone will always have the ambiguous relationship with the English. The Fleur-de-lis the symbol of your French past: "Oh, Shawinigan! You cry!" Through the clear windows in the morning you glance at the red cardinal and ask, "there they are, the Cardinals? You hear the song of clear-slurred whistles that plead with you to hear their short thin chirp. I lost the early morning flapping of the Snowy White Owl." How you long to glimpse at the wise, sage-like face of this prodigious avian, "where are the Indigo Bunting? I ache to see the deep blue nape of my friends." The cormorants flapped their wings in tandem, your eyes

turned to eye the down of the distant eider. The two solitudes: Quebec and Ontario. Both you and I know that loneliness. The Presbyterian child in Ontario who knew a few French words, at wonder, what the other half of Canada was all about. Similarities astound-differences too. You in the West end: me in the East end of town. The last ten years we have loved one another, yet the two last have been distant. We both are ten years older. In our sixties. It's been both enlightening, and yet a tragic hiatus. But the love of two people will sustain the history two distant neighbours. You, in Shawinigan, knew not much of the others in English Canada. Raised quietly, your family ostracized, in La Belle Province. Fields around your home in Quebec cried out, "reach out and find me?" The anthers and pistols replied, "Loneliness is not only what you feel. Cup me in your hand. I need you as much as you need me. Find me the Laurentian where alas I used to fly down the snow hills." You must have climbed to the peak of Mt. Royal, fatigued, reaching the summit. Thine An-

gelica eyes heard, the choir of chirping wrens and anticipated their approach, O Spring! The St. Lawrence River flowed into the narrows, and the rapids in the Lachine churned. "Stop! Do not thrash against me!" The hills tell each other, "There's my little pig-tailed girl. Listen to me. Speak to me in my Quebecois!" Your Teutonic tongue is foreign to me. From Ottawa River in the east, where you have skated at the Rideau Canal to the boreal tundra of the Ungava Valley in the North, The historical Hudson Bay in the North West, the rugged land of Labrador in east. From the little town of Shawinigan; all longing eyes are turned to you. Now a free-spirit in your building and the neighbourhood on Dundas West. You are happy, yet you feel isolated. Every passing day you are losing people in your life. It's difficult, but I still go to that address to court and spark that woman I love.

My Dad

By: Jeffrey F.

My father was born July 15th, 1938. He passed away March 6th, 1989. My Dad was a very likable person. He played for a company baseball team. My Dad used to drive me to his baseball games. He was always the first one to finish his corn on a cob. My Dad taught me how to play golf and how to play five pin bowling.



My Dad used to have an apartment near Victoria Park Station. There was a golf course right outside the apartment building, that was where we went golfing. My Dad really loved his sports. He even used to umpire for some of his baseball leagues. My Dad often took me to the Maple Leafs and the Toronto Marlies game at the Maple Leaf Gardens. I watched a lot of hockey games and baseball games with my Dad; whether it was at home or in a live stadium. My Dad and I also watched a bit of golf too (but at it was mostly at home). My Dad is the reason why I love sports so much.

Growing up with my Dad, we had a very nice two-bedroom apartment- I even had my own room! I did chores for him and helped clean the apartment and he would give me allowance for it. With the allowance, I would use it to go roller-skating downtown at the roller skating rink.

I will always be grateful for my Dad; he will be missed forever.

My Family

By: Jeffrey F.

My family has always been helpful over the years. They always give good advice and I can always count on their advice. They are all very nice people, easy to get along with and easy to talk to. I am happy and proud that they are my family. I love them very much. They have always been good to me.

I am the youngest of my family. I have an older brother, who lives in Oshawa and an older sister, who lives in Flesherton. My mother lives in Guelph. My sister has been married to her husband for over 30 years, they have two sons and a daughter. My nephews (my sister's sons) live in Toronto and my niece (sister's daughter) lives in Vancouver. Just like me, my youngest nephew is a big Leaf's fan and a Pittsburg Steelers fan. My brother has been married for over 10 years.

Every year, I give my family Christmas cards and birthday cards. Before COVID 19, I used to visit my family over the holidays/ special occasions (i.e. Christmas, birthdays, Canada Day). During Christmas, my family and I would go out for dinner in Orangeville to celebrate the holiday. Unfortunately, I am not able to see them due to the pandemic but I still keep in touch with them over the

phone. My family are a very caring, loving family. They mean the world to me.



St. Jude Community Homes

Poetry & Art



"Samhain"

By: Cathy D.

Thank you for spoiling me What a happy coincidence I like dogs too But for now Wild Birds are my only pets, oo-oo Hey maybe I'll plant a tree for you And watch it grow while I windsurf I accidentally catapulted myself With the rig And had a minor Knockout type-of-thing You step on pebbles By the sea



HEY JUDE!



We are cousin nations Bold tribe made an arduous journey To the rural mountains Westword, oo-oo Rakastan Julianna Hatfieldiaa I love her Talot pienna kivan meren ranalla You step on pebbles By the sea Time to go I saw a majestic swan Taking off from a lake Says Samhain

Ode to Sewing On a Button

By: Kate D.

Inspired by Pablo Neruda

My grandmother did her mending; Repairing those holes in the fabric Of my sister's existence My mother stitched buttons and torn Garments for her many children With each button I sewed On my shirt the other morning, I recalled those women and how The healing, soothing action Of mending things is part and parcel In my recovery

Sewing is a kind of art: Making whole what has been broken Like the knitting together of a Fractured heart, slowly, as one Pulls the needle and thread through The material, there is a sense of a Feat accomplished, the completion Of a certain task Such is my Life: steps of little Fulfilments and actions done. All in the name of reclaiming My sanity and restoring order And oneness to my shattered mind

We Rise

By: Samantha H.

As I lay action good and what happen in my mind I will love myself for who I am inside. When I am good, I deserve more love. When I am angry, I deserve more love than less action. When I am sad, I deserve more love. On my worst days I deserve more love, not less no matter the past that I have survived.

I will always love my life in this notebook in celebration of your true innocent nature. Love doesn't ask you to accept what cannot be accepted; it simply says as you can make love one to another person. You can find love with other people's expression, breathing emotionally when there can be a tendency feeling each other a good process to you.

Mind greater attention, strong emotions, physical and uncomfortable. You realize that someone will be happy with you and understand you for who you are. Whether you are interested in knowing life or not the conversation, it was tender and emotional to unconditional with a girl or boyfriend realizations. In a woman, she'll find love more than most men. Many blessings for our journey ahead, this is only the beginning. In every breath you take, love is always here throughout any personal encounter; love is always here. No matter what comes together or whatever is pulled apart, love is always here.

I think about my life with my friends and family who've helped me long the way, they are good people. They keep me motivated and happy.

I do not get mad anymore. I am at mindful peace with my friends and family.



Summer Time

By: Aldene P.

Summer time has come again Gentle breezes now and then Come what may Some shall say Sometimes seeing a small wren



HEY JUDE!



By: Fred S.



By: Denise G.



By: Jennifer M.



By: Catharine P.





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