









HEY JUDE!

Brian Dalton Memorial

On September 1st Brian unfortunately passed away of natural cause at the age of 59. Brian lived here at Milan for about one year; he had previously spent some time in temporary

housing close to here, and in a seniors' residence in Etobicoke.

Brian was born and raised in Port Perry, north of Oshawa and an hour's drive from Toronto. He is survived by two brothers and a sister, named Dawn, who was kind enough to give us some background on his life. The



family held a visitation in Port Perry and Dawn was expecting a huge turnout of family and friends.

In his obituary, the family says the following about Brian:

You always knew where you stood with Brian. The good, the bad and the ugly. He will be remembered for his charismatic personality, Magnum P.I. good looks and Hawaiian shirts. We may not have seen him on a regular basis, but he will always be in our hearts and minds forever. Dawn describes Brian as living a "nomadic life," meaning he moved around a lot. He didn't go far in school but was intelligent, and mostly worked as a bartender, both in Port Perry and Toronto. Dawn says he was very social and happy, loved sports, and played broomball and baseball. Brian was Metis, with his Indigenous heritage passed down from one of his grandfathers. His Metis (mixed Indigenous and European ancestry) heritage meant a lot to him, and while he was at St. Jude he was attempting to get his Metis status card.

Brian was very dignified, proud, and easy going, with a good sense of humour. Although he had a number of health issues, his sister said he was "turning a corner" and was looking after his health much more in the last few years. He generally kept to himself at St. Jude's, but never complained. He really liked living here as it gave him a fresh start.



Message from Brian Dalton's sister :

A limb has fallen from the family tree That says Grieve not for me Remember the best times, The laughter, The song I lived while I was STRONG

It is with great sadness that we share the unexpected passing of our brother Brian Dalton.

On Wednesday, September 1st at the tender age of 59 of heart disease.

Survived by his siblings David, Keith and Dawn Dalton.

You always knew where you stood with Brian. The good, The bad and The ugly. He will be remembered for his charismatic personality, Magnum P.I. good looks and Hawaiian shirts.

We may not have seen him on a regular basis but he will always be in our hearts and minds forever.

We love you Brian.

HAPPY RETIREMENT!





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HEY JUDE!

Congratulations ,Debbie, on your well-deserved retirement!

We would like to thank Debbie for all her contributions to St. Jude Community Homes. Debbie was a part of our team for 16 years!

Retirement is one of those major life milestones that mark the ending of one chapter and the start of another and we would like to wish Debbie all the best!



WELCOME TO ST. JUDE'S!



We would like to give a warm welcome to our new head chef, Stuart!

Welcome to the team!

Stuart is excited to be a part of St. Jude and looks forward to meeting you!



Vicky comes to us from the Violence Against Women's sector, having worked as a frontline counsellor and then as a manager. She has over 10 years of experience in shelter work and is excited to begin this new opportunity where folks are safely housed and supported! She goes home each evening to two little sweethearts age 6 and 4 and spends any free time she can find playing Zelda. "I'm looking forward to being part of this amazing community and learning from the team and our residents. As a manager, I'm there to celebrate our success and learn from our mistakes as a team".

WELCOME TO ST. JUDE'S!



Cheryl Bower is with St Jude for her 3rd semester field placement through her classes in addiction and mental health at Centennial College. Cheryl enjoys music, art and helping people and is back at school after being out for 40 years!

HEY JUDE!

RECIPES AND DIY



SWEET RICE CAKE TOPPING IDEAS

- Peanut butter + Jam
- Cream Cheese + Cucumbers
- Peanut Butter + Shredded Coconut + Chocolate Chips
- Peanut Butter + Banana Slices + Honey
- Non-fat Greek Yogurt + Jam
- Brie Cheese + Honey + Thin Apple Slices
- Avocado + Chili Flakes
- Tuna with Greek yogurt + Spinach + Lemon
- Hummus + Cucumbers + Tomatoes



Tuscan Chicken Skillet

Ingredients:

- Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 12 ounces fettuccine
- 4 slices bacon, chopped
- 1 pound chicken tenders, cut into 1-inch pieces
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 4 plum tomatoes, chopped
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 5 ounces baby spinach
- 3/4 cup grated Parmesan
- 3 tablespoons chopped fresh basil



Directions:

1. Bring a large pot of salted water to a boil. Cook the fettuccine according to package directions; drain.

2. Meanwhile, put the bacon in a large, cold skillet, then cook over medium-high heat, stirring occasionally, until crispy, about 8 minutes; transfer to a plate with a slotted spoon.

3. Sprinkle the chicken lightly with salt and pepper and add to the skillet in a single layer. Let cook, undisturbed, until golden brown on the underside, 2 to 3 minutes. Continue to cook, stirring occasionally, until cooked through, about 4 minutes more. Transfer to the plate with the bacon.

4. Reduce the heat to medium and add the garlic, stirring, until fragrant, about 30 seconds. Add the tomatoes and cream and bring to a simmer, then add the spinach and stir until just wilted. Add the bacon, chicken, fettuccine and Parmesan and toss with tongs until well coated; season to taste with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with basil and serve.

Tuscan Chicken Skillet Recipe | Food Network Kitchen | Food Network

How to make a Starburst Wreath

Supplies:

- bamboo paper straws (about 60)
- 12" wood craft ring
- Scissors
- ruler

Instructions:



1. Add a straw to each quadrant of the wood craft ring with hot glue



2. Add another straw in the middle of each of the four quadrants, eyeballing it so they are spaced

out equally



How to Make a Starburst Wreath from Paper Straws - Design Improvised

3. Continue adding straws, spaced equally between the previ-

ous straws until you have covered the wreath form with 32 straws



4. Cut smaller straws to fill in the remaining gaps. Cut a variety of sizes such as 6.5" inches long and some 5" inches long



5. Add 5" straw and a 6'5" straw between each of the full

length straws and continue until you have filled the entire wreath





STORY

Wake Me Up

By: Steve Horton

"Wake up, Steve. It's time for our appointment". I pried open my eyes. Julie stood over me. "Mom and Dad will be here soon. How do you feel?" She said. Three months ago I thought my sister couldn't give a damn about me. Then I was admitted to the Mount Sinai Hospital psych-ward. It was spring 1978. I was nineteen. "I'm sleepy," I mumbled. "Very sleepy. They give me 4 or 5 pills a day, very big pills". "You look like you've gained a few pounds. You look good" Julie remarked. She meant I was getting fat. "The only daily exercise I get is lifting my food to my mouth", I slurred. Last I checked, I had gained 25 pounds. Drool trickled down my chin.

"How's work?" I asked her. "I'm flying to New York for the day tomorrow," she replied

"That's great," I said faking the enthusiasm- I was jealous. We walked down the dimly-lit, wall-to-wall carpeted corridor. It reminded me of the Ontario Science Centre except here the patients were the exhibits. We walked to the ward's door, turned our heads to the nursing station, and eyed a request to leave the unit. We got a nod, we then walked to the Social Work division near the elevator. Miss Jones' office was the first on the left.

HEY JUDE!

Mom soon arrived. She stepped awkwardly off the elevator, she looked worried.

She turned around and asked, "Is this the ninth floor?"

When she saw Julie and I, she hobbled over to us. She inhaled, then exhaled and said, "Well, Well, And how are we today?"

Two minutes later, my father stepped out of the elevator. "A couple of old girls downstairs asked me if I had any mail for them," he laughed. He pointed to his bulky mailbag. His postman uniform looked freshly pressed. The buttons on it sparkled in the light. He reached for his comb in the right hand pocket of his pants. He joked, "Every time I walk by the Hydro Place building, I feel like combing my hair". He found the building's mirror concept funny. It was the third time he had been downtown in the last twenty years. I let him have his joke.

I expected the meeting to be another non-event. No conversation. No revelation.

I looked up at clock on the wall. Miss Jones was five minutes late. The small talk was driving me crazy. It was as deep as a puddle. The elevator opened and out came Miss Jones. She seemed flustered and embarrassed. She was usually punctual.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said. She motioned us into her office.

We sat there for a moment when Miss Jones said "Julie and I have decided that she will see a counsellor separately."

My father and mother glanced at each other. Julie sipped her coffee, and stared out the window. I sat up stiffly. "Starting next week," Miss Jones said, looking at my mother, my father and me "Just the three of us will meet weekly."

During the first session when Miss Jones said I would be receiving psychotherapy, Julie cried. She didn't know what psychotherapy was. I wasn't surprised that she had sought help. Although she rationalized many of her actions, I thought she was an easy enigma. She needed help. I knew I wasn't the only casualty in our family. I wondered if they would give her a panacea-pill, too.

Secondly," Miss Jones said. "It may be premature but we need to discuss Steve's financial future."

"He'll be okay. He'll go back to school. Get a part-time job. He's no dummy.

"Steve has an illness. A deep-seated illness." Miss Jones emphasised.

She didn't say what kind of illness. I was more curious than crushed. "He'll be on government assistance indefinitely," she said. Tears poured down my father's face.

"You're not a wealthy man, Mr. Horton. Steve will need some help." Miss Jones said.

My father hid his nose and mouth in his right hand. He closed his eyes.

Poetry & Art



By: Jennifer M

<u>"Souvenirs d'un Lieu Cher"</u>

By Kate Dejong

After Tchaikovsky

Dans mon memoire,

Il y a un lac, un ciel bleu

Dans toute sa gloire.

Les vagues, le vent

Une voile d'un bateau

Dans la distance.

Les montagnes qui refletent dans l'eau.

Et plusieurs visites des amis

Ou sur la route, ou sur l'eau.

L'amitie en abondance,

Et la famille en vacance.

HEY JUDE!

Political Poem

By Kate Dejong

Based on a quotation from Death of a Ladies Man by Leonard Cohen

"A modest effort should be made by all concerned to discredit and

Neutralize this type of inflammatory expression now that

The actual business of running the country is in our hands."

An election has been called for September 20th in Canada.

The federal leaders are defending their platforms and

Attacking each other as per usual.

Who to believe? What political choice to make?

Which politician

Should run the country?

Recollections of politics in Quebec during the 70's lead me

To this quotation. The FLQ crisis and murder of Pierre Laporte,

the

To the people, the electorate. Not just to the

Politicians.

Kidnapping of English diplomat, Cross. This is the result of Inflammatory expression and terrorism. Perhaps, as Pierre Trudeau once said, we should value "Reason over Passion". At the very least, we should listen to the people, the electorate. Not just to the Politicians. It is to be a fall election this time around. Perhaps, with the Cooler weather, emotions and debates will not be so Heated. The points of their arguments will be more rational And coherent, hopefully. Certainly, the huge job losses, and the economic devastation caused By the pandemic must be addressed. And the terrible impact of huge Weather events caused by climate change. Then too, there are the Gaps in our healthcare system (especially in mental health) and in Long-term care of seniors. I am not sure yet, at this time of writing, for whom I will cast my Ballot. But I am going to give it serious consideration and attention.

The Fate of our country is in our hands...

SUMMER TIME

By: Aldene

Summer time has come and now has been.

Dig up the harvest as how you have seen.

Eat with delight in the sunlight

the feast you've prepared with all your green.



Turning Mother Earth

By Frederick Stadler

Floral patterns decorate her dress; A smile upon her to impress. Her heart is golden and her will is strong; She was born for a wholesome life long.

She moves with pride and speaks her mind. In her children, comforts she finds. Never angry at the world She lives in Zen, this golden girl!

To mothers afar, to mothers near, To mothers holding loved ones dear, To mothers of a turning Earth: Be strong, have hope, care for your birth.

Rock Garden

By Frederick Stadler

Circle of stones

Facing the North.

Quite subtle tones,

Eying back and forth.

A garden of shapes From nature's well, Held rocks of deep plates Formed from erosion's spell.

Walking, talking, Surrounding the sound, Figures of eyes spy The gray light around. Delving for a touch to the hand Planned, the rocks in sand dwell. A moment of peace; A memory of struggle. The rock garden frees The soul from its rubble. Breathe deep and enjoy the sight. Instill the spirit and let still be in light.



Art by Jennifer M



HEY JUDE!

ACTIVITIES



SOLVE THIS!

Instructions:

Draw this without lifting your pen and without crossing any lines.

Answer is on the next page.



Follow the arrows and numbers to complete

Summer

Ε	G	A	Ε	С	A	M	Ρ	Ι	N	G	K	T	A	SHORTS
W	S	L	N	S	F	N	K	G	A	S	G	R	Ι	SANDALS HIKING
W	В	A	N	Ε	A	0	Ε	L	S	Ι	F	R	R	SIGHTSEEINC OCEAN
N	Ρ	Ε	N	G	N	Ι	K	Ι	H	G	A	Ε	0	BEACH HEAT
0	S	S	A	D	S	N	N	S	H	H	Α	G	N	SWIM
L	Ι	R	0	С	A	H	Ε	A	Т	T	N	N	F	CAMPING WATERMELON
Ε	U	Ε	Ε	W	Η	L	A	T	S	S	L	H	Ι	FAN SUNFLOWERS
M	Ι	W	M	S	Ε	A	S	L	A	Ε	N	G	Ι	
R	M	0	Ι	Т	S	С	T	H	Ε	Ε	0	A	Ρ	
Ε	T	L	Ε	R	С	M	T	N	С	Ι	С	S	H	
T	A	F	С	0	U	S	N	N	U	N	Ε	Ι	F	
A	Η	N	S	Η	K	W	A	M	K	G	Α	С	A	
W	Ε	U	S	S	A	Ι	S	W	0	G	N	A	N	
N	R	S	G	R	N	M	Ε	G	H	S	H	U	R	

Play this puzzle online at : https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/2776755/

Answer on next page

Ε	G	Α	Ε	С	Α	Μ	Ρ	Ι	N	G	K	Т	Α
W	S	L	N	S	F	N	Κ	G	Α	S	G	R	I
W	B	A	N	Ε	Α	0	Ε	L	S	I	F	R	R
N	Ρ	E	N	G	N	Ι	K	I	H	G	Α	Ε	0
0	S	S	A	D	S	N	N	S	Н	Н	Α	G	N
L	Ι	R	0	C	A	H	Ε	Α	T	Т	N	N	F
E	U	Ε	Ε	W	H	L	Α	Т	S	S	L	Н	I
M	Ι	W	Μ	S	Ε	A	S	L	Α	Ε	N	G	I
R	Μ	0	Ι	Т	S	С	Т	Н	Ε	Ε	0	Α	Ρ
E	Т	L	Ε	R	С	Μ	Т	Ν	С	I	С	S	Н
Т	Α	F	С	0	U	S	N	Ν	U	Ν	Е	I	F
A	Η	Ν	S	Η	Κ	W	Α	Μ	Κ	G	Α	С	Α
W	Ε	U	S	S	Α	I	S	W	0	G	N	Α	N
N	R	S	G	R	N	M	Ε	G	Н	S	Н	U	R







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