

# Woodhaven Hub

MARCH 2023  
UPCOMING EVENTS | NEWS



## Prairie Rose EMC Senior Youth Group

Come and enjoy  
the above group  
on Thursday,  
March 9 at  
7:30 pm in the  
Main Floor Lounge.

## Spring Ahead

Just a reminder to  
set your clocks  
ahead one hour on  
Sunday, March 12  
for Daylite Saving  
Time.

## Faspa

Come to faspa on  
Wednesday,  
March 8 at 2:30  
in the Main Floor  
Lounge. Bring a  
food item to  
share or \$2.00.



Supporting the Rest Haven Expansion Project

204-346-0126 or email [hginfo@havengroup.ca](mailto:hginfo@havengroup.ca)

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# From the Chaplain...

**Precious Lord, take my hand,  
Lead me on, help me stand;  
I am tired, I am weak, I am worn;**

What a familiar description—many are tired, weak, and worn among the people we serve. I think of some of the frail hands I come across. Hands, once youthful and energetic, once capable of whipping up a cream pie or of controlling a team of horses, now lying limp in the lap, perhaps not even able to raise a fork to the mouth. Hands, once capable and strong, now totally dependent on others.

Through the storm, through the night,  
Lead me on to the light;  
Take my hand, precious Lord, lead me home.

It was just a week after the death of his wife and newborn son that Thomas Dorsey penned these words to show how he depended on One stronger than himself—the Lord Jesus Christ.

In Numbers 11:23 we find the interesting response of God to Moses when he questioned God's promise. He had just said he would provide enough meat for all Israel, but Moses had his doubts.

"The LORD answered Moses, 'Is the Lord's arm too short?  
You will now see whether or not what I say will come true for you.'"

God's promise did come true as he provided quail enough for all the people. Likewise, God is well able to lead us through the difficulties of life. The only time God's hands appeared weak was the time the hands of Jesus were nailed to a cross—but that was to fulfill the plan of redemption.

So, as we face life's challenges, let's continue to hold on to the capable hands of the only One truly able to provide for us!

Peter Berg  
Rest Haven Chaplain

# HAVENCARE

A HavenCare Companion can help you with a variety of things including housekeeping, meal preparation, grocery shopping and companionship.

Speak to Rachel @ 204-346-1501  
for more information.



## Battery Recycling

Some tenants have been asking about battery recycling. Here at Woodhaven Manor we do not recycle batteries but you can bring them over to the Jake Epp Library where they have a battery recycling bin.





We are pleased to announce the hiring of Alison Reimer as our new part-time Administrative Assistant for HavenGroup, Alison started on February 21, 2023 and she will be responsible for supporting the administrative/receptionist functions of HavenGroup Housing, including but not limited to public relations and other reception duties, phone coverage, showing apartments as assigned, website administration, general administrative support, desktop publishing, apartment turnovers, and general housing inquiries. She will work out of Woodhaven Manor.

Feel free to stop by and say "Hi" to Alison as she takes on her role here at HavenGroup.

Here is a story that one of our Woodhaven tenants shared with me.

## Here's Grandma's *and* Mother's aprons

Dear Clay and Lucille:

I am sending you a copy of *Grandma's Apron*. It's such a delightful article. I used it in both of the genealogies that I published and the response from relatives was heart-warming.

I am also sending *The Old Black Iron Stove* and *The Schoolhouse Dance*, both by my cousin Magda, now passed on, and *What is a Grandmother*.

I sent a copy of *Grandma's Apron* to Helen Shelstad, too.

Please keep up the good word. I re-live my younger days through each article.

Many thanks,  
Helen L. Boomer,  
Regina, Sk.

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### Grandma's Apron

When I was a child grandma's garments made little impression on me with the exception of her apron. Since grandma was a woman of ample proportions her coverall apron was a big affair of printed cotton, slow to soil and edged all around with bias tape, its uses were limitless.

*'She flipped her apron at them  
as they ran away squawking'*

The apron made a basket when she gathered the eggs from the henhouse, late in the afternoon. If there were fluffy yellow chicks carried to the back-porch during a sudden thunder storm or cold spell, they made the trip in grandma's apron.

When these little darlings grew to hen-hood and liked to peck and scratch among grandma's flowers, she merely flipped her apron at them and they ran away squawking to the chicken yard. I can still see her tossing cracked corn to the hungry flock from her apron.

Lots of chips and kindling were needed to start the fires in the big cookstove in grandma's kitchen, sure, she carried them in her apron, vegetables and fruit too, lettuce, radish, peas,

string beans, carrots, apples, peaches, all found their way to the kitchen via grandma's apron. It was a carry-all.

While things were cooking, it was a handy 'hold-it' for removing hot pans from the stove. If the men were working in the field and weren't too far away, the apron, waved aloft, was a signal to come to dinner.

At threshing or company time when the big dining room table was crowded with hungry folk, grandma hovered about passing aromatic dishes and would flip her apron at those pesky flies.

When the grandchildren came to visit the apron stood ready to dry away a child's tears. If the little ones were shy it made a good hiding place in case a stranger appeared suddenly or unexpectedly.

The apron was used countless times to stroke a perspiring brow as grandma bent over the hot stove or hoed her garden under the blistering sun.

In chilly weather grandma wrapped the friendly apron around her arms while she hurried outside on errands, or lingered at the door chatting with a departing guest.

Hastily and a bit slyly, it dusted tables and chairs if company was sighted coming down the lane.

In the evening when the day's work was done grandma shed her garment of many uses and draped it over the bird cage.

Good night.

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### Mother's Apron

I used to say to mother when my girl friends came to tea, "Oh, mother take your apron off, and don't embarrass me!"

But mother simply smiled and said, "I will when I get through, but I have need of it just now. There's work for me to do."

I argued, and apologized, and often I opined, that wearing aprons gave a hint that one was not refined.

But mother took the grimy babe upon her aproned knee: quite undisturbed by what I

said, she rocked on cheerfully.

And then the older boys would come – a giggling, happy lot, and mother with the babe in arm would stir the old iron pot.

And from her kitchen she would bring a dinner well prepared, by loving hands for healthy youths who seldom thought or cared.

And so to labor and to serve, my mother always wore a big, white, crispy apron in happy days of yore.

And when the evening meal was done, I'd say, "Oh, mother do – take off your apron." She'd reply, "I will when I get through."

And so the happy years sped on, her children grew and wed; and mother nursed her grandchildren in her own children's stead.

She always found the time to go and soothe a neighbour's cough, but never could she find the time to take her apron off.

The corner of it served to dry a thousand childish tears; it was the screen for peek-a-boo for more than fifty years.

*'My apron's on – I'm here to  
serve – until life's day is o'er'*

It told each hungry stranger that came shivering to her door, "My apron's on – I'm here to serve – until life's day is o'er."

And faithfully she worked away – she had so much to do – and always of her apron said, "I will when I get through."

And then one night with weary feet she climbed the old home stair, and with a conquering sigh she sat upon her bedroom chair; and folding up her apron white, as she was wont to do, she handed it to me, and said, "Well, daughter, I am through!"

And peacefully she entered into rest -- so noble earned, and as the lonely years passed by, this lesson I have learned:

My mother's apron symbol was of service for her king; now in my treasure chest it lies – a sacred, precious thing.

(Author's Unknown)

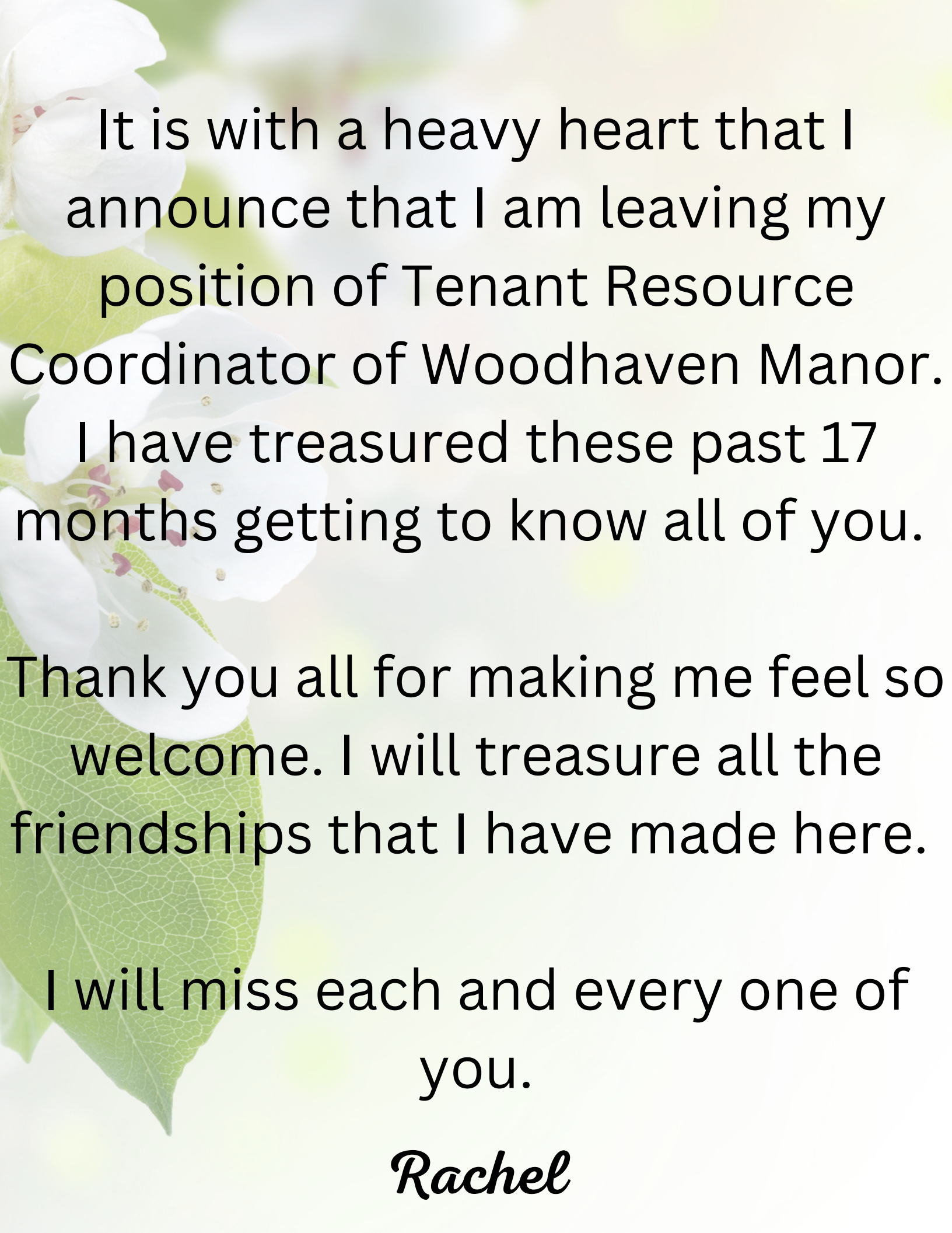


# Woodhaven Manor January Birthday Celebrations

H A P P Y

B I R T H D A Y



A background image featuring several white flowers with yellow centers and green leaves. The flowers are in various stages of bloom, and the leaves are vibrant green with visible veins. The overall scene is bright and natural.

It is with a heavy heart that I  
announce that I am leaving my  
position of Tenant Resource  
Coordinator of Woodhaven Manor.

I have treasured these past 17  
months getting to know all of you.

Thank you all for making me feel so  
welcome. I will treasure all the  
friendships that I have made here.

I will miss each and every one of  
you.

*Rachel*