

TRINITY LODGE

RESIDENTS NEWSLETTER

ISSUE NO.21 OCTOBER 2022

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*For Residents
By Residents.*

**If we're going to keep the newsletter viable, we need your input. I'm open to suggestions and items for publication to increase the content of the newsletter
Call 403 253 0984 or email ronfreckleton@shaw.ca**

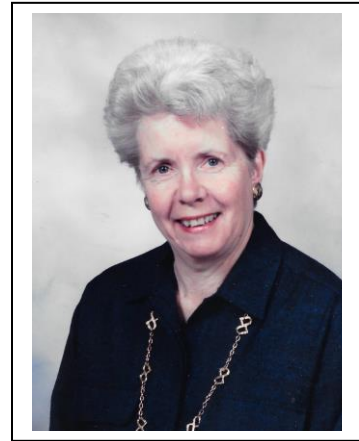


We had lots of fun at our fifth annual Walkers Walk for Alzheimer's on Thursday 22nd September. Lots of participants and everyone that donated received a 2023 "Dahlias of Trinity Lodge" calendar, a snazzy pair of socks and a stress destroying squeeze ball. Some lucky residents won fabulous prizes at the after-walk wrap-up in the Chinook Room. The Alzheimer Society of Calgary has asked me to thank everyone for the fantastic support they receive from the residents, staff, family members and friends of Trinity Lodge

Resident, Dorothy Little. Her Story

Born in Victoria BC in 1928, Dorothy was the third child of Lydia, and Archie Wills. Her grandfather had emigrated to Canada when he was a young teenager. He persuaded his childhood sweetheart back in Southwest England to join him.

Dorothy's dad was in the military for four years and served in France during the First World War. Returning to civilian life he became the editor of the Victoria Daily Times. He was active in politics in the years prior, and during, the Second World War. He was an Alderman and Mayor of Victoria throughout the war years.



I asked Dorothy did she have any special memories of her childhood. She told me that she loved to go out sailing in the family's little ten-foot sloop with her brother Ken, who was six years older than her. Her sister, Eileen was not interested in sailing. Their parents insisted that they were always to be in sight of land when they sailed. Her biggest adventure was once when they saw a storm approaching, they high tailed it to a nearby cove and had to wait a couple of hours for the weather to improve. Further adventures were curtailed because of the war.

Dorothy was educated at Victoria High School and later at the University of BC, where she gained her B.A. and B. Ed. in English and in History. Her first teaching assignment was at the same high school where she had been a student.

It was while she was in her final year of university, Dorothy met the love of her life, George, who was also in his final year and studying law. George had enlisted in the military prior to conscription and transferred to the Parachute Regiment. After the war, he took up the offer of the Canadian government, free college education for all returning military.



The couple married in 1952 and moved to Calgary, where George pursued a career in corporate law with major oil companies, while Dorothy found a new career in raising five children, four girls and a boy. Throughout their offspring's childhood, George had one rule. Even though he was always busy with work and golf, which was his favourite sport, Saturday was kid's day. They would go swimming at the Glencoe Club's pool, play badminton or hockey. The whole family loved hiking and sometimes would camp overnight in the mountains. Dorothy expressed great pride in the achievements of all of her family. Sharon and Ken became

lawyers, Cathy became a physiotherapist. I know she keeps Dorothy active on their frequent walks around the building. Alison went into social work and Nancy the youngest, moved into the international corporate world. She was on the Canadian badminton team tour when she met her future husband, Jesper. She then moved to Copenhagen to live and work.

The family has grown and now Dorothy has seven grandchildren and seven great grandchildren. In their early retirement years. Dorothy and George travelled extensively, visiting seventeen countries. Her most memorable trip was to Zimbabwe. The couple spent six weeks with Cathy, who worked in the town of Marondera. She was on a two-year volunteer contract that changed to three years, working with the local people on behalf of the Canadian University Service Overseas. (CUSO). During their stay in Africa, George and Dorothy had some adventurous safaris driving through Zimbabwe with Cathy.

In September 2017, Dorothy, and George, came to live at Trinity Lodge. The couple celebrated their sixty-sixth wedding anniversary here. George left us in June 2018 at the age of ninety-four. I have some fond memories of George, we used to tease each other about playing golf.

Dorothy went back into the educational field while her children grew. She was hired to do special projects for the Calgary Public School Board. She had flexible hours and was able to work from home. She served for six years as a Senator for the U of C. and also on the Board of the Calgary Girls Club. Dorothy is gratified to know that she assisted young people to make a better life for themselves.



A Dog Named Red

It's Fathers Day! What a beautiful day. Our two youngest sons have just arrived. I can hear them laughing as they come through the back door. When they entered the kitchen, I noticed that one of them was holding something wriggling in a blanket clutched to his chest.

"Happy Fathers Day Dad." they shouted. The younger son thrust the wriggling bundle into his dad's arms. When my husband unfolded the blanket, a beautiful Red Heeler puppy looked straight into his eyes. My husband was delighted. After a while, the excitement subsided, my husband thanked the boys for their good wishes and the thoughtful gift.

We found a place on the floor for the blanket and a small bowl of dog food. The little puppy made himself at home and after emptying the bowl, sat on the blanket. He knew he belonged.

"What should we call him?" Dad asked.

"It's your dog, you name him."

"Red." No hesitation. "His name is Red." The little red tyke perked up his ears and waddled over to my husband and reached up with both front paws. Instant bonding.

From that day on, they were almost inseparable. Wherever my husband went, Red was by his side.

Just a few months later, I was amazed to see how quickly Red had learned to round up our herd of steers. He could separate them and move them into the corals. He was always a little mischievous. Once he decided to include my husband in the round up. He was standing too close to the herd. I can still hear my husband's voice. "Not me, Red. Not me!"

Submitted by an anonymous resident.

More episodes to come

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Silly dog jokes

What do you call a dog magician?..... A Labracadabrador.

What kind of dog doesn't bark?..... A hush puppy.

What kind of dog does Dracula have?..... A bloodhound.

What kind of dog likes to take bubble baths?.....A shampoodle.

What's a dog's favourite musical instrument?..... A trom-bone.

Where did the dog park his car? In the barking lot.