

TRINITY LODGE RESIDENTS' NEWSLETTER

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INSIDE THIS ISSUE

PG 1. Celebrating November.

*PG. 2. Resident, Anne Harris.
Her Story*

*PG. 3. A picture of Anne and
her family, plus the second
episode of A dog named Red*

*PG 4. Resident's bus trip to
the Kananaskis. Another
special day for me.*

*For Residents
By Residents.*

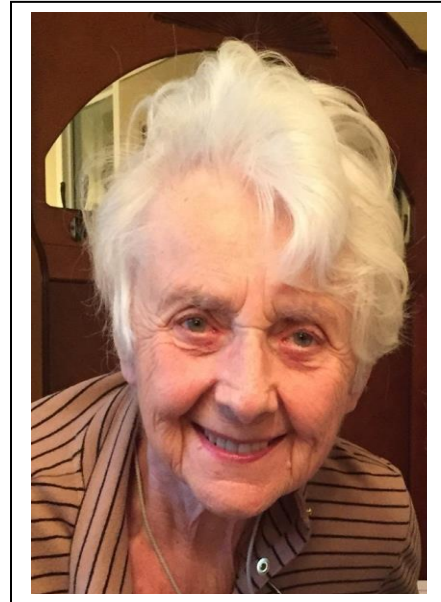
**If we're going to keep the newsletter viable, we need your input. I'm open to suggestions and items for publication to increase the content of the newsletter
Call 403 253 0984 or email ronfreckleton@shaw.ca**



November is very special to me. Halloween is gone and Remembrance Day will soon be with us. It's also time to prepare for the Holiday season. Your Resident Council is making plans to launch this year's Staff Appreciation Fund. You will find information in your mailbox on 12th November. We'll be having our Annual Holiday Fair on the 24th. There will be more than a dozen vendors displaying the latest fashions and seasonal gifts in the lobby. Of course, we'll have the delicious homemade Christmas cookies baked by staff members and I will be there with the Alzheimer Society of Calgary promoting my book and selling the 'Dahlias of Trinity Lodge,' calendar.

Resident, Anne Harris. Her Story.

In 1925, Anne Wexelbaum (Channa-Leah bat Rochel) was born in the city of Bialstock, Poland. She was the oldest of two sisters, though they would not stay in Poland for long. In 1931, the Wexelbaums moved from the old country to Lethbridge Alberta before relocating to the beautiful city of Calgary, shortening their family name to Wex. Taught in the Hebrew school and tutored in Yiddish, Anne grew up in Calgary and graduated from Western Canada High School during the second World War. A time when Canada was once again, called on to aid the Allies. There were always service members in the house for the high holidays.



It was in Montreal where Anne Wex was working at the Department of Veterans Affairs, when she was set up on a blind date that would change her life. William Velvel Harris was enlisted in the Airforce as an engineer when he met Anne, and the rest is history. They would have one son, Teddy in Montreal before moving to Calgary for the rest of their lives, joined by a daughter, Barbara, and two more sons, Stewart and Jonathan. They were colloquially known as The Troublemaker, Barb, The Golden Child, and The Entrepreneur. To this day, the humble author has no idea how they did it, but Anne and Bill Harris raised four intelligent, well-rounded, productive human beings who continue, to this day, to shower nachas (good feelings and pride) on their parents.

Of the four children, eight grandchildren would come, who collectively referred to these amazing people as Bubby Anne and Zeidah Bill. While the other six grandchildren lived across Canada and the United States, it was the unique pleasure and honor of the author and his little brother, Matt to grow up in Calgary and having them both help to raise us. I used to muse that my grandfather taught me patience, while my grandmother taught me, "Eat, eat, eat! You're skin and bones! Wait, slow down, where do you put it all?"

Bubby and Zeidah attended every milestone, every right of passage and almost all of the weddings of their grandchildren.

Enjoying her time with her family is Anne's passion. She speaks to her children and grandchildren daily and has passed down countless bits of wisdom and humor to us for over 40 years. Whether it was shabbat dinners on Friday night or visiting her out of town families for the High Holidays, the family that Anne Harris has built is her life and so is she a part of all the dozen kids and grandchildren whom she helped to raise."

Written by Sam Harris, one of Anne's eight grandchildren.

Anne and Bill Harris with their loving family. From the left, Stewart, Barb, Teddy and Jonny.

I'm grateful to Sam Harris for submitting his story about his Bubby, a wonderful lady that he loves so much.



A dog named Red. Episode two.

It was not long before Red had a playmate. On Mothers Day, the year after Dad was gifted with Red, the boys gave me, Bullseye, the cat. They said they named her Bullseye because if she was called Fluffy or Kitty, she would not survive in our rural environment.

Very soon, the two became buddies. They shared the same sleeping quarters close to the house and they had the whole yard as a playground. Their favorite game was their own version of tag. Red would touch Bullseye with his paw, and they would scamper around the yard until Red touched her again. Bullseye would then lay down.

One day, they started their game. Red touched her and the cat rolled over with her feet in the air. She was gasping for breath. Red did not know what the problem was. We did. we found out very quickly. Just minutes earlier Red had spotted a skunk in the vegetable garden. Of course, his curiosity caused him to get sprayed. He got too close. To put it mildly, he stunk of skunk.

About three months later, after supper, one of our great grand nephews, visiting with his family, went out into the yard to play with Red. The little one came back into the house in tears. Red had been sprayed again. The child thought it was his fault. My husband consoled him. 'Don't concern yourself. He's done it before.'

The young one replied, 'Red's a smart dog but I guess he never learns.'

Submitted by a resident who wishes to remain anonymous.

Our Trip to the Mountains. Wednesday October 26th

My life is full of special days. Last week, our Trinity Lodge Residents outing was to the William Watson Lodge in Kananaskis. What a wonderful experience. First, our driver, Jeff,

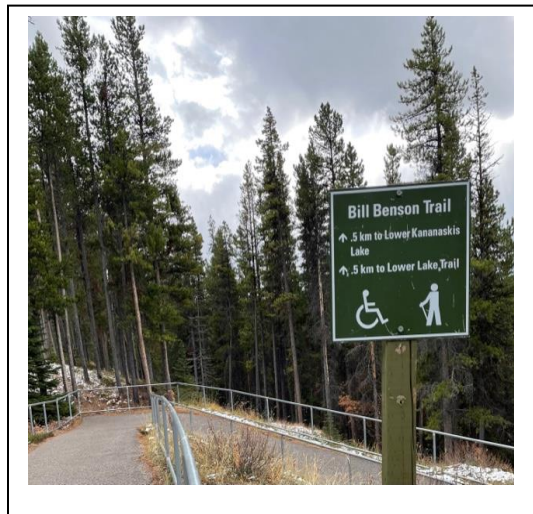


gave us a special treat by driving the Highwood Pass on our journey to the Lodge. The scenery on the ninety-minute drive was spectacular. We saw lots of wildlife including a large herd of Elk. Lots of cattle, deer, and mountain goats. Of course, the majestic mountains never fail to amaze me.

After lunch in the Lodge, I wandered off on my own to relive another special day. It happened about thirty years ago. I was at the Lodge with my extended family of nieces and nephews. We were invited to celebrate the official opening of the Bill Benson Trail by the Premier of Alberta at that time, Ralph Klein. The trail runs from the William Watson Lodge to the shore of the Lower Kananaskis Lake. Why were we invited? Bill Benson was married to my niece Sylvia.

Bill, when he was a young man, had a serious motor vehicle accident which left him a paraplegic confined to a wheelchair. He fought through his near-death experience and became a valuable, well respected, member of our community and a wonderful husband and father.

In 1980, Bill was working as the accountant/ office manager of an independent downtown, energy company. Ralph Klein, entering local politics and vying for the position of Mayor of Calgary, phoned to ask for Bill's support. Bill asked him, what were his plans for handicapped access on the streets and sidewalks of Calgary? Ralph replied that he did not know enough about the subject to give an



honest answer. He invited Bill to visit him at his campaign office and tell him what needed to be done. That meeting led to Calgary becoming the first city in Canada to have totally handicap friendly sidewalks in its downtown core.