

# TRINITY LODGE

## RESIDENTS' NEWSLETTER

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### INSIDE THIS ISSUE

**PG 1.** *“It’s beginning to look a lot like Christmas.”*

**PG2.** *Resident Ruth Pritchard. Her story.*

**PG.3.** *More of Ruth’s story, plus pictures.*

**PG 4.** *Remembering Tiny, and Episode three of a dog named Red.*



*May you have the gladness  
of Christmas which is hope;  
The spirit of Christmas  
which is peace;  
The heart of Christmas  
which is love.*

**– Ada V. Hendricks**

WE ENCOURAGE RESIDENTS AND  
FAMILY MEMBERS TO CONTRIBUTE  
TO THE NEWSLETTER. ITS  
EXISTENCE IS DEPENDANT ON  
YOUR PARTICIPATION.  
PHONE RON 403 253 0984

### **“It’s beginning to look a lot like Christmas.”**

Our Housekeeping Supervisor, Iris, has transformed our lobby and public areas into a festive winter wonderland. The Christmas trees and the displays look amazing.

A Happy Hanukkah to our residents and friends of the Jewish faith. I’m so glad that you can be together once again to celebrate the eight days of lighting of the Menorah candles while you reflect on the spiritual meaning that act conveys.

A happy Kwanzaa to our staff with African roots. Enjoy your weeklong festivities. I’m sure our staff and friends of other cultures and religious faiths, will enjoy the goodwill that the holiday season brings.

Our Christmas concert is in the Glenmore Dining Room at 7-30 pm on Wednesday December 14<sup>th</sup>. Everyone is invited.

## Ruth Pritchard. Her Story

Ruth Crane was born in the small town of Radville, Saskatchewan. She was the third child of Dr. George Crane and his wife, Kathleen. The Cranes were from the Weyburn area of southern Saskatchewan. Ruth's grandparents were homesteaders that travelled north from the US. The Crane family is still living and working at the original homestead. Ruth's father was a prominent member of the Radville society, he was a WWI and WW2 veteran, the local MLA for Radville and the local doctor for Radville and the surrounding area. Ruth fondly remembers riding in her dad's car when he visited patients in the countryside.



Ruth received her education at an Anglican boarding school in Regina. Ruth has good memories of the nuns that taught her. They were so gentle and kind. Totally different than the tyrants that we all imagine.

Upon graduation, Ruth found herself working for the Royal Bank of Canada. It was while she was working at the bank, she met her future husband, Jack Garth. They married and lived in Regina where they raised their sons Rob and Larry. Jack's employment eventually took them to Calgary where Larry, and Rob completed the education and met their future wives. Ruth is so proud that they both gained university degrees in engineering.

At the age of forty-two, Ruth went back to school to study nursing at the Grey Nuns Hospital in Regina, her older sister, Joan was a practising anesthesiologist in Winnipeg and Ruth followed her father and sister's footsteps into a career in medicine. Ruth has a wonderful memory of her two sons attending her graduation ceremony. Upon graduation, Ruth moved to Calgary and her nursing career started in at the Holy Cross hospital in 1973. She later moved to the Rocky view hospital. Ruth still maintains contact with her nursing friends and every month a large group of them meet for lunch.

After retiring from the nursing profession, Ruth loved to vacation on cruise ships. She was able to visit many of the places that we all wished we'd visited. Her favorite memory of that time period was visiting Egypt, seeing the pyramids, and having dinner on the Nile.

Painting with pastels became a passion for Ruth about thirty years ago. We have all seen some of her artistry at the annual Artful Aging event held at Trinity Lodge every year. Ruth is blessed with a loving family. Her eldest son Larry and his wife Kathy gave her three wonderful grandchildren, Mike, then twins, Rob, and Lisa. Her gifts from Rob and Colleen were two, equally wonderful granddaughters, Karen, and Anne. Of



course, Ruth's greatest treasures are her two great grandchildren, Will and Lizzie.

Ruth visited Rob and Colleen on three different occasions in the years that they lived in Brisbane Australia. On those visits she took advantage of all that Australia had to offer from visiting with Kangaroos and Koalas, swimming in the ocean, and sailing with the family on a beautiful vintage boat. Ruth spent a couple of Christmases with her family and one year had an opportunity to head out for a Christmas Eve sail around Moreton Bay. The day was hot and sunny. They had glasses of champagne and a wonderful seafood lunch in a lovely, sheltered bay. The sun sets early in that part of Australia and the anchor was pulled up as the sun sunk below the horizon. Storm clouds began to roll in and an hour later, the wind was howling, and Ruth and family were battling their way to harbour in a tempest. All ended well and the crew and boat arrived home safely. It was agreed that it was one Christmas Eve they would never forget.

Ruth came to Trinity in July 2016. I remember Sonja arriving at the same time. The three of us have been friends for more than six years.





## Remembering Tiny.

All of our residents had a happy surprise in their mailbox last week. A lovely little package of hand-crafted greetings cards with a holiday wish from Sonia and Friends.

Sonia Hilderman, the daughter of a Trinity Lodge resident, who was with us for three years, has been performing this labour of love since 2018. That was the year her mom, Tiny Strelloff left us.

I knew Tiny, but not as well as I would have liked to. I remember she was slim, quite, tall, not tiny. She was a quiet lady, a Saskatchewan farm gal. Always cheerful, even though she had a mobility issue that forced her into a wheelchair in the later years.

I called Sonia to thank her on behalf of all of the residents of Trinity Lodge. What a wonderful way to keep the memory of a loved one alive.



## A Dog Named Red. Episode 3

One day, Red chased a gopher down a hole. The gopher turned and bit Red's nose. Red yelped and backed off. He will get his revenge another day.

A few days later, my husband and some neighbours were helping another neighbour to move his cattle to fresh pasture a few miles west. Red, being a heeler, had gained a reputation of being a good cattle dog. The group of men on horseback and Red were a good team. They made excellent progress. Red took the leading role in keeping the cattle moving. My husband was quite appreciative of all the praise being heaped on Red. He was the best cattle herding dog his neighbours had ever seen.

Suddenly, my husband's pride took a tumble. Red spotted his mortal enemy, the gopher, just a hundred yards away, literally thumbing his nose at him. Off Red went, like a bat out of you know where. He chased that pesky gopher for a couple of miles, returning to the herd a few minutes later as though nothing had happened. My husband was quite chagrined and embarrassed by what he perceived as Red's misbehaviour. All the horsemen were laughing. They were happy that Red had provided them with a pleasant diversion.

Submitted by a resident that wishes to remain anonymous.

