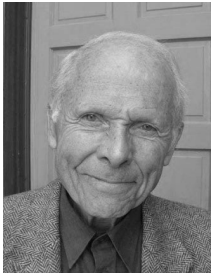


# You Don't Say!

December 2009

Published by the Cridge Club to connect the members



## From the Editor Jack Krayenhoff

**T**wo new features in this issue! First, a picture of **Sylvia Van Kirk's**

presentation of Victoria's pioneers. Have you ever seen and heard a lecture that was so much fun and, at the same time so interesting; precisely because it was fun? Who knows? – maybe we witnessed the birth of a new style of lecture, a style that will conquer the world of education. Keep it up, Sylvia!

The other first is a **"Did you know?"** column. It will be a place where Cridge Club members can find out what is happening in each other's lives. Perhaps, if you have not been coming to our events for long yet, you may not have realized that the Cridge Club is not just a program; it is much more than that. It is a place where we feel noticed and welcomed, where people are glad to see us. Where we meet new people who become new friends, and where new friends soon become old friends. A place where we can help out if we are up to it or contribute in other ways, for instance, by contributing stories to this magazine, or by bringing our old books for the Exchange Library.

In short, a place where we belong.

And if we belong, the members of the Cridge Club are interested in us, and want to know what is going on in our lives. So tell us: what's happening? Going on a long and interesting trip? We will think of you and look forward to the stories you bring back. A great-grandchild born? We want to congratulate you.

A serious operation coming up? We will keep you in our prayers. Moving to a facility? We want to look you up in your new digs.

We are launching the column with a news item about **Irene Nepstad**, who was practically a founding member of the Cridge Club, some six years ago. You will remember that a few weeks ago we sang "Happy Birthday!" for her, when she turned 95. Well, the birthday was happy all right, but her 96<sup>th</sup> year of life was not off to a good start. Read about it. And tell us what we can tell our fellow members about yourself. Call me at **250-381-6556**

Finally: have a really good Christmas, with good food and good company, and above all, a renewed experience of the joy that this remarkable Baby came to bring to us all.



## **DID YOU KNOW?**

**IRENE NEPSTAD** enjoyed the cake the Cridge Club had given her for her 95<sup>th</sup> birthday, but her 96<sup>th</sup> year of life did not begin well, because next day she fell and broke her hip. She was taken to the Jubilee Hospital, where the hip was pinned. At her age, people often are a bit confused after an anesthetic, but not Irene. When I visited her on the second post-operative day, she was bright as a button, and told me, "I need physiotherapy. I want to get out of this place." And that's the attitude that brings results! She also said, "Thank the Cridge Club from me – they have been so warm and kind to me. It's a network for me, and everybody needs a network."

## THE SPARE WHEEL By Bishop Rob Badham



During the 1960's I was ministering to my congregation in Burnaby and my means of transport was a blue trusty Volkswagen Beetle. This vehicle took me everywhere and I loved it. I had it for so long that the mileage on the odometer went back to zero and began again.

Well it was during the summer months that this event happened to me. I had parked my trusty Beetle in my driveway when I noticed that I had a flat tire. Fortunately I had managed to get home before it was fully flat. The flat tire was on the passenger's front side of the Beetle and so I jacked up the car and was busy changing it and putting on my spare tire. I placed the spare on the passenger's side put on the wheel nuts when the phone inside my house rang. I hurriedly ran inside to answer the call, which was from one of my parishioners. I spent some minutes communicating with the person on the other end of the phone and concluded my business with them. I then went back to the driveway where my car was, and released the jack and put on the hubcap.

The next morning I was driving a passenger to town and everything was going smoothly. We came to an intersection and had to stop for a red light. When the light changed to green I placed the car in first gear and drove over the intersection. At that moment I noticed a car wheel rolling in front of me, and it was a Volkswagen wheel. I remarked to my passenger, "It looks like someone had just lost a wheel, what an idiot." I had no sooner said this than my Beetle gave a lurch and fell on its side, the passenger side. I then realized that it was my wheel that I had seen rolling in front of me and I turned out to be the idiot in question. Well I was able to pull to the side of the road, jack up the car, grab the wheel, take off the hubcap, rescue the wheel bolts, place the wheel on the car, this time tighten up the

## *The Spare Wheel* Continued

wheel bolts, snap on the hubcap and continue on my way. What had happened the night before was because of the interruption of the phone call; I had gone back to my driveway, had not tightened the wheel nuts, had snapped on the hubcap and lowered the car. Well all I can say was that I had a very red face as we drove to town that morning. I learned then to take things one-step at a time and not jump to into finishing something until I knew all the answers.



## ONTARIO-"OH"-ONTARIO By Charles F. Cutler

As I grow older, I can hear my "roots" calling to me - "Remember, remember, and I succumb. Thoughts of my youth and getting my first job in our little industrial town give me feelings of nostalgia, and to some extent, a feeling of remorse.



Working in a factory was not an option - it was tradition. Follow in your father's footsteps. And I did. Good and honourable work, putting clothes on my back, and helping Mom put food on the table.

But, as is often the case with a young man, growing into adulthood, I wanted more than being a factory labourer.

As "fate" would have it, an opportunity was opened for me to enter the Sales Field. Our local Natural Gas Utility was expanding their operation and advertised for someone to fill the position of Sales Representative. After a couple of interviews, I was successful in filling that position, and had a very enjoyable and rewarding 37 years in the selling of Natural Gas for home heating and home appliances.

When I think of the number of people

whose home heating, cooking, laundry, and outdoor cooking have been so vastly improved. I can look back on it all now and say - Ontario - "OH" - Ontario - I am proud to have helped make you a "Beautiful Province".

## UNPLEASANT MEMORIES

BY Barbara Brennan

When the 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the beginning of World War II was commemorated this past September, many sad memories came back to haunt me. I recalled (for instance) at age 7, standing on a railway platform near London, my cardboard box containing a gas mask strung across my chest and getting in the way when I wanted to hug my Mum just once more before getting on that train, which was taking us children to a "safer place" where it is less likely that bombs would fall on us. Neither we children nor our parents knew the destination of the train. It was a secret. Can you imagine that?



As I write this piece, other thoughts come tumbling in to intensify the feeling of sadness, of being bereft, and I realize that even after all these years, some of our hurts are never quite dealt with. We may have to just **LIVE WITH THEM**.

But as the years go by, I have come to realize that the unhappy things I experienced in my life, can serve a purpose, yes - a useful purpose. They have given me the gift of empathy. Webster's defines "empathy" as *"the projection of one's own personality into the personality of another in order to understand him/her better"*. One can express "sympathy" without truly knowing how the other person feels, but "empathy" means that

you understand what they are going through because you've "been there" yourself.



Experience has also taught me what helps in responding to another's sad tale, and what hinders! I found that God's Holy Spirit can bring back those feelings I once experienced, in order to comfort someone else who is going through the same thing.

That does not mean that we should rehash our own experience to make the other person feel better! This is not a time for "You think you've got troubles! Just listen to mine!"

Instead, we invite them to sit down and tell us what is upsetting them, without being judgmental, without giving them a lot of advice, without brushing it off as trivial. Listening without interruption is often just what the other person needs. "Getting it off their chest" is sometimes cathartic enough! Hugs and expressions of warmth and sympathy may be helpful. Most of the time, just listening does the job.

People often just need reassurance and a comforting arm around their shoulders, but if more is needed, remember, there are professional people who can help.

Be ready. You never know when someone will have a need that you can empathise with because you have been through a similarly difficult thing yourself. God uses us in mysterious ways His wonders to perform!



Presentation by Sylvia Van Kirk

# GALAPAGOS ISLANDS THE HARD WAY, Part II

By Jack Krayenhoff

(We are waiting for a bus to take us to the one town on the Galapagos Islands that has hotels).

And indeed, after a while there comes a bus. There's room for our suitcases inside – that's nice. I ask the driver if he could let us off at the Hotel Delphin, which somebody had recommended to us. He nods affirmatively. We pay our fare to the conductor.

To get to the town with the hotels, the bus has to cross a mountain range. When we get close to the summit of the pass, the conductor sidles up to the driver from the left. At the summit, the driver suddenly moves off his seat to the right while at the same moment the conductor moves sideways into his vacated seat, and continues the driving. No slowing down - a fine, professionally executed manoeuvre.

A few houses appear, and the first hotel – not Hotel Delphin. A couple gets off. A few minutes later another hotel, and four people get off. Hotel #3, where nobody gets off. Hotel #4; two people get off. Now we are the only passengers left. The bus stops again: "End of the line, you have to get off." But where is the Hotel Delphin? I don't know; perhaps the people in that store can help you.

To the store. Can you tell me how we can get to the Hotel Delphin? A water taxi perhaps? No, no water taxi here. But sit on that dock there, for their boat often comes here to buy stuff, around 5 o'clock. Do you know if they have room? No, we don't know. Could we phone? Sorry, there is no phone.

Sit on the dock, suitcases and all. And indeed, after a while there comes a little 14-foot boat. Are you from Hotel Delphin? Yes.

Do you have a room? Sure. Just get into the boat while I buy some stuff in the store.

The boat takes off from the dock and follows the shoreline. Look, there is the hotel. It is low tide just now and I can't get any closer, for I would get stuck on the reef. Just take your shoes off, roll up your pants and make your way to the beach. I will bring in your suitcases when the tide has come in.

We step out of the boat and wade to the hotel. The owner is a pleasant woman who speaks German. German? Yes, in the early thirties a bunch of people from Hamburg set out on a boat, just for adventure. They found the Galapagos, liked them and settled here. Anyway, now I can speak German instead of Spanish which is nice, for my German is a lot better than my Spanish. Our hostess shows us a lovely beach-side, thatched-roof cottage to stay in and asks what we would like for dinner. Would a schnitzel and pan-fried potatoes be alright? With a glass of German beer?

Yes, that would be alright, very alright indeed, after a day like this. And the next three days consist of totally unadventurous bliss in our thatched-roof cottage at the beach.



## What Further Adventure Awaits? Stay Tuned.



*Dorothy leading a sing song  
at Cridge*

**THE CRIDGE CLUB 2009 - 2010  
WINTER EVENTS CALENDAR**



**3rd- Thursday - Dr. Jim Dutton**  
*"I Am a Cardiac Surgeon."*

**10th - Thursday John Wason, Story Teller**  
*"Emmanuel – The Christmas Chronicles."*



**7th - Thursday - Rev. Dr. Rod Ellis**  
*"New Year's Resolutions"*

**14th - Thursday - Dr. Gerald Tevaarwerk, Endocrinologist**  
*"Bloodsugar: Too Much? Not enough?"*

**21st - Thursday - Tim Willis, Director  
Exhibitions and Visitor Experience -Royal B.C. Museum**  
*"Why Museums Matter"*

**28th - Thursday - Joyce Folbigg - Armchair Travel**  
*"The Way of St. James"*



**4th - Thursday - Rt. Rev. Dr. Charles Dorrington**  
*"Mending Broken Relationships"*

**11th - Thursday - Dr. Sam Williams, Geriatrician**  
*"I Am a Geriatrician and I Love It"*