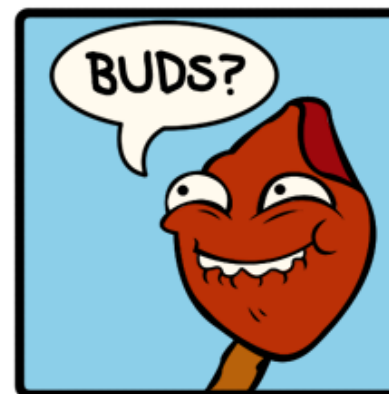
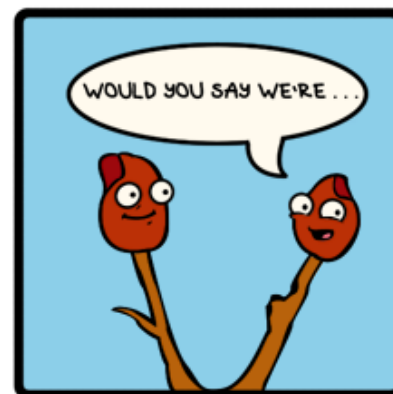
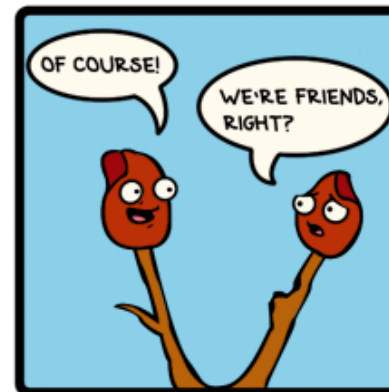
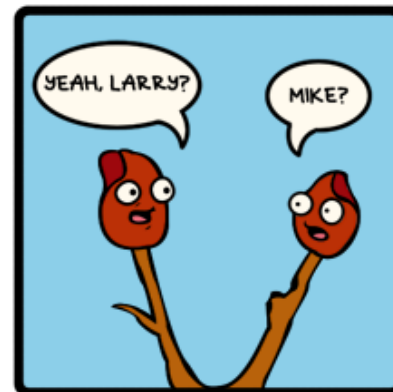
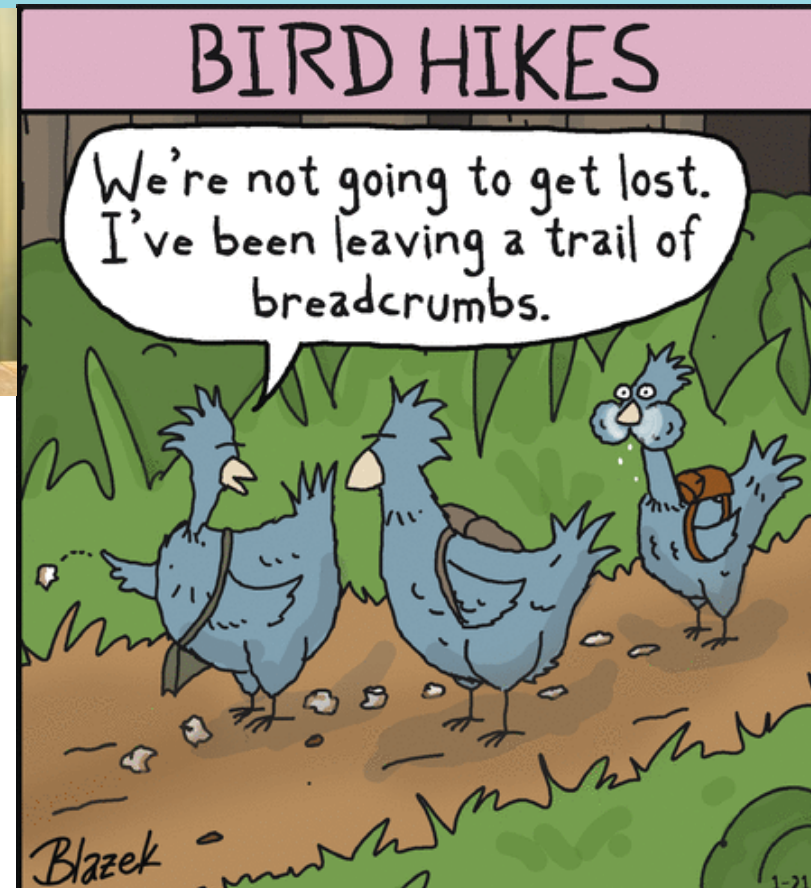




Today

By Billy Collins

If ever there were a spring day so perfect,
so uplifted by a warm intermittent breeze
that it made you want to throw
open all the windows in the house
and unlatch the door to the canary's cage,
indeed, rip the little door from its jamb,
a day when the cool brick paths
and the garden bursting with peonies
seemed so etched in sunlight
that you felt like taking
a hammer to the glass paperweight
on the living room end table,
releasing the inhabitants
from their snow-covered cottage
so they could walk out,
holding hands and squinting
into this larger dome of blue and white,
well, today is just that kind of day.



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A mother is she who can
take the place of all
others but whose place
no one else can take.

Cardinal Mermillod

Smile Of Spring

Poet: John Greenleaf Whittier

A beautiful and happy girl,
With step as light as summer air.
Eyes glad with smiles, and brow of pearl,
Shadowed by many a careless curl
Of unconned and flowing hair;
A seeming child in every thing.
Save thoughtful brow and ripening charms,
As Nature wears the smile of Spring
When sinking into Summer's arms.



A smile is a curve that
sets everything straight

Phyllis Diller

The Prize

When I was eight years old in 1938, the preacher at our church in Ossian, Indiana, made a surprise announcement: “The person who brings the most people to church next Sunday will win a prize.” My mind raced around the word “prize”. What if they were giving away a doll? At recess the next day I looked for someone to invite. A new girl in town, Joyce, seemed like a prospect. I wasted no time meeting her and asking her to come. The next day she said she could go. I asked Joyce if she needed a ride. She said, no, her parents would bring her.

Sunday morning I dressed hurriedly, eager to get to church and see my friend. Upon arrival, I had a delightful surprise. Not only Joyce, but also her parents and five brothers and sisters stood outside the church waiting! I could almost feel the doll’s porcelain features under my fingertips.

The preacher’s sermon seemed to last forever. Finally, he closed his Bible and asked all the visitors to stand, introduce themselves and tell who had brought them. Joyce’s father said they were new in town and that I was the first person to ask them to church. When asked to stand, I did so, blushing profusely. The preacher welcomed all the newcomers. I wiggled in my seat. No one had brought more than eight people, so the prize should be mine, but you could never tell with grownups.

“We thank our visitors for coming today,” the preacher said. “We commend every person who took the time to invite someone. One person has done more than what was expected. The Bible would say she has committed her work unto the Lord.”

Guilt overcame me. I hadn’t thought about God when I asked Joyce to church. I only wanted the prize. “Joan, would you come up here, please?” I had won! The preacher nodded to someone at the back and I almost clapped my hands to hurry them along. With my back turned, I was unable to see what was brought in. I began to suspect something was amiss when the boys on the front row began to snicker. My excitement changed to horrified disbelief, when “the prize” was set before me.

The preacher laid a kind hand on my shoulder. “Unfortunately, our prize probably isn’t something a child dreams of winning,” he said. He was right. Twenty-five pounds of flour had never entered my mind.



Joyce & Joan in 1950
The real prize - an 87 year long friendship.

Continued from page 2

The congregation laughed, and I made my way back to the pew. I wasn’t crying but wanted to.

Understanding, Joyce squeezed my hand.

My parents couldn’t afford to buy me a doll, but I got over that. More importantly, Joyce and I became best friends and stayed that way throughout school.

A funny story from my mom in honor of Mother’s Day
– Writing of Kayleen Reusser

A friend is one who overlooks your broken fence and admires the flowers in your garden. - Unknown

Pastoral Care Fundraiser



Thank you

to all who helped make the 2022 **Faspa in a Box Pastoral Care Fundraiser** a HUGE success. We are blessed with such a caring and giving community.