

Spiritual Care

“Thanksgiving: Fruits of the Spirit—Images of Abundance”

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Theme

by Ina Baas-Penner

Thanksgiving: Fruits of the Spirit – Images of Abundance

Tom was dying. He had been here for so long I thought – well I don't know what I thought. That he would go on forever? How easy it is to pretend that death will not come – to wish, sometimes, that it would not come.

Tom was our resident tomato grower, and since his admission to long term care, he had taken it upon himself to look after several potted tomato plants every spring and summer. I said to him one morning, “It's almost time to start those tomatoes, isn't it Tom?”

“Yes, I've been thinking about that...but...” The words hung in the air between us.

“I know, I know... But we could start a few anyway; we could put them on the window sill and watch them grow even for a short while. And at the end of the summer as the tomatoes ripen we'll remember ‘Tom and his tomatoes’.”

“That would be good.” Tom's smile was broad – broad like his face.

I left Tom's bedside determined to get tomato starts for him that day, and as I was driving to my favourite garden centre I became aware of how much I needed to get those tomato seedlings. What's up with that (to use the vernacular)? And it was then that I realized I was getting the tomato starts not just for Tom, but as well for myself in memory of my father-in-law who died in the spring three years earlier. My father-in law was the tomato grower in *our* family. Ah yes...a little unattended sorrow.

The tomatoes were barely started – only leaf and stem, and it would be weeks before these little plants would bear fruit. Yet in this moment on the journey – at this point where our stories intersected - Tom and I experienced sublime fruition, abundance, and mutual harvest.

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Spiritual Care Newsletter

**Welcome to Spiritual Care,
a newsletter for Spiritual
Care Providers across
Manitoba.**

**This bulletin is made
available through the
support and cooperation
of a variety of interfaith
organizations and
Manitoba Health.**

**We welcome the
participation of any and
all Manitoba Interfaith
organizations.**

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**We are keenly aware that the old
proverb is true:**

**"Wherever there is no vision the
people perish."**

**Herein is our intention to spell
out a renewed vision of Spiritual
Care, and to offer some ways of
fulfilling that vision.**

Mission Statement

"The Spiritual Care Newsletter is a
vehicle to promote intentional
spiritual dialogue contributing to our
communal search for holistic health
and healing."

Intention

This mission is carried out by
providing information, fostering
collegiality within and amongst
disciplines, affirming the provision
of professional care, and
connecting persons in all regions
of Manitoba.

The content of articles in Spiritual
Care newsletter does not necessari-
ly reflect the views of the Editorial
Committee or Manitoba Health.

Vision

The Newsletter will:

- Offer a format that is fluid,
organically relevant, and open
- Provide a format for the
exploration of issues of
access and barriers to care
for marginalized people and
communities
- Promote and reclaim the
spirituality of wholeness
and healing
- Include all disciplines
- Encourage diverse and
complementary approaches
- Dialogue with other fields
of Spiritual Care: prisons,
schools, etc.

Feelings frozen,
 For what seemed
 Like a million
 Years.
 Would they ever be healed?

While meditating in my room, I heard the sound of returning geese. I have been meditating for almost four years. The theme of the Congress of the Care of the Terminally Ill was Spirituality. As I left the final session to my amazement there was a table full of books on meditation. I was drawn to the books by John Main.

At first meditation was really hard. It took patience and discipline. It was the journey that was important and not the goal. There were many stops and starts. After years of experimenting with different approaches I found what worked for me. Being still and hearing the geese showed me that my mind had slowed down and I was open to the moment.

Feelings of sadness emerged with the sound of the geese. It reminded me of George. My first visit to his home, the day hunting season opened, I heard his breathing from across the room and was amazed that he was still alive. His son was home for the weekend and George wanted permission to go hunting. It was the beginning of October. His time was short but what did he have to lose?

George and his son went hunting and everything that could go wrong did go wrong. The truck got stuck in the mud, they ran out of oxygen and his son trekked ten kilometers to find help. It was a trip they would not forget. But it did not keep George at home. They went out on a couple more hunting expeditions before the season was over. He was still here in the spring when the geese returned.

I was reminded of the day George died. Early that morning I knew that he would not live another 24 hours. I was taking a short rest between home visits when I heard a flock of geese overhead. My cell phone rang. George had just taken his last breath. I wondered if he had flown off with the geese.

I thought about my journey with George. I thought I was in medicine in order to help others. I was the

caregiver and I would make their world better. I was beginning to see it was really a two-way street. Sometimes, I was the one who was healed.

George was an alcoholic and readily admitted it. He joined AA many years ago but never incorporated the AA philosophy into his life. I could feel myself get tense as he spoke about taking his daughters for lunch and how he was going to lay down the law. I glanced at his wife. We both worried about their emotional safety. We both knew that there was no point in saying anything. He was still trying to run the show.

I realized it could have been my Dad sitting in that chair. He would have said the same thing, in the same way. The reality hit home. It was the alcoholism talking. George and my father had no insight. In their minds they simply knew best.

Would I every fully recover from the trauma of being raised in a home with an active alcoholic? In that moment of awareness, I was able to see my father in a different way. Something shifted. As the geese flew off into the distance I knew why I had been asked to care for George.

Melting

Feelings frozen,
 For what seemed
 Like a million
 Years.
 Would they ever be healed?

It takes openness
 To the moment
 To allow
 Frozen feelings
 To melt
 To be felt
 To be washed away
 With my tears.

Janice Mulder, Palliative Care Physician
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During the Spring melt down, or the fall leaf season some of you testosterone laden readers may be tempted to assist mother nature in removing the ice and snow, or leaves and debris especially from high places. I thought I would share my own sad and embarrassing story as an object lesson of warning. It's a story full of male ego, pride, ambition and not enough neurons firing above the eyebrows. May my fall from Grace help you not to.

It began with my late night old timers hockey game. It was close to midnight, but I can't always fall asleep, as I have too much hockey assisted adrenaline, and so many concerns about our city and province. Will Councilman Magnifico live up to his name? Was that my wheel that came off when I hit that last mini-van sized pothole? I walk into our yard and look up to see that the melting snow on my new roof has slid down and is now hanging a foot over the edge directly above the door way. "HmMMM", I say to myself, "Perhaps I should get up there and push that snow down before someone gets hurt". (Cue the dramatic music)

We have just added a new tin roof to our second story addition, and so I think, what better time to familiarize myself with this new terrain than all alone, at midnight, below zero, in the dark. Perhaps you can get a hint of where all this bright thinking is leading. After scrambling up a ladder, and standing in the deep snow, I started pushing snow off of my low slope roof. I cleared the 3 or 4 feet of snow closest to the edge and was about to go down, when I thought, "Why don't I do a little more, and save myself coming up here again." (More scary music)

Standing about 8 feet back from the edge I pushed one more shovel full of snow and suddenly slipped on my back as all the snow around me began slowly sliding towards the edge. "Oh crap" I thought as I realized that this was not at all heading in a good direction. (Actually as a good hospital chaplain, I probably should have said "Oh poop", but I was under some degree of stress at that particular moment) Like some fat bloated seal on a piece of ice bobbing slowly towards a hungry polar bear, I lay on my back and watched the edge of the roof coming towards me. I was hoping my heels might dig into the rain gutter as I went over it, but that prayer went unanswered. As my waist went over the edge I frantically twisted to try and hang on to the gutter with

my mitts. Unfortunately it was clogged with ice and snow from the shoveling, and I managed only a fleeting purchase, before the full weight of my manly 125-pound physique, aided and abetted by gravity, pulled me into space. A faint cry of "Mommy" may have escaped my lips as I was launched quietly into the midnight air.

Funny thing when you are falling and you don't really like the prospects of the landing, your mind observes things in great clarity. I watched the windows of the 2nd story new bedroom addition come and go. I observed the windows of the main floor go by too. As my body plummeted earthward, my mind turned to some of the great moments of life in Winnipeg. I relived the embarrassment of family gatherings in BC where my swollen mosquito bitten body is an object of public derision. When relatives take pictures of my Manitoba family they say "West Nile smile please". I recall the taunting phone calls during our inevitable spring snowstorm, "Oh our crocuses are up and the tulips are blooming. How's the frost bite coming?"

Actually I didn't think of any of this on my way down, but it makes for a nice story.

After 19 feet of free fall a few lucky things happened. There was a large wooden stick stuck in the snow just below where I slid off. I missed impaling myself on it by a few inches. The snow that I had already pushed down actually cushioned the landing to some extent. I only broke one rib. I had my Winnipeg toque on so when my head hit another piece of wood, which was lying in the snow, it didn't split my head open, but only cut it for 8 stitches above the ear. At age 50, there is precious little follicle activity up top, (not counting the ear and nose hairs that seem to grow unimpeded), but I was fortunate that the gash was right in the middle of a patch of viable hair, so that the scar would some day be covered.

Of course I wasn't immediately aware of my good fortune after impact. I hadn't yet reached terminal velocity, (poor choice of words) but was moving fast enough to knock the breath out of me.

Luckily I had already spontaneously released some other bodily fluids on my way down so it was only air that was squashed out of me when I made my sudden stop at the bottom.

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I spent the first 30 seconds on my hands and knees wondering if and when I would be taking another breath.

After a long pause, despite feeling like Wiley Coyote after he thunders into the canyon floor, I managed to gasp some air into my lungs. Now I was able to pay attention to my aching head, which was also gushing large quantities of blood on the snow. This was the first time (but not the last) that it struck me that midnight was not the ideal time to be pushing snow off the roof. Who would come to my aid? The wife and kids were snoring happily in their beds. I was on my hands and knees, bleeding and gasping on the walkway, wondering if I could even move. I imagined my wife finding my frozen bloodied body the next morning. I imagined her crying at my funeral. I imagined some guy hitting on her at the reception afterwards. I imagined them kissing. I imagined them making love in my own bed before the earth was settled on my grave. "Not while I'm alive" I thought, and crawled to the door, fumbled it open and bellowed, "Honey, come quick, I fell off the roof". I even bled purposely on her new doormat. "Fool around with some gigolo before I'm even cold" I muttered.

My wife came shrieking down the stairs, "What's wrong, What's happened?" Now my wife is a nurse and would be a good person to have around when one is injured except for two things. 1) She is a palliative care nurse, and is very good with the dying, but I did not really want that sort of care at the moment, so she really was not much good to me. 2) She was in a state of shock and was yelling louder than I was. I can't really blame her, as at that moment I resembled a bloodied version of Gollum from Lord of the Rings. There I was on all fours, rocking back and forth moaning and holding my head. I had one boot on, (lost a boot in the snow when I landed) and the blood was running freely down my whole face covering my eyes and mouth. I would have screamed too. "Should I call 911?" she cried. Watching the pool of blood grow larger as I crouched on the floor I said yes. She brought me towels to staunch the flow of blood and I started to realize I could stand and breath, and might even live to afford a Grey Cup ticket- they might be cheaper in the wheel chair section. My wife is hyperventilating on the phone to the 911 folks, as

I start to clean up my face. Don't want to scare them too bad at the Emergency room.

I am now feeling quite perky, having cheated death, so I stagger out to the street to see if the ambulance is coming. I hear sirens coming closer, and sure enough, there's the fire truck. It drives past our street, lights flashing, to search for our house some where else. I live in Norwood flats; in the side walk bay area, where there are no actual front streets, but just sidewalks between the houses. This has confused and confounded pizza delivery people and cab drivers for years. I see the ambulance roar past our street after the fire truck. I go back in side to wait, suggesting that my wife drive me, as it would be quicker. She goes upstairs to change out of her nightgown. She is gone for 5 minutes. She is in shock and can hardly dress herself. My special needs son, who is 28, appears from his basement bedroom, and orders me to sit down in a chair. I do as he says. He goes out and flags down the wandering fire truck and ambulance. He tells my wife to calm down. She does as she's told too.

The first thing the emergency folks ask is of course, "So what were you doing on the roof at midnight?" I tell them about excess hockey energy and my hometown pride. I explain how the hackles go up when yet another person in a balmy locale asks about the weather in "Winterpeg, Mani snow ba". The paramedic sympathizes. I tell them about the teeth grinding that comes when my Ontario brother chortles over our biblical plagues of floods, insects and narcissistic garter snakes. The firefighter agrees that would keep any red-blooded prairie boy awake and stewing.

The paramedics deliver me to where I work, good old St. Boniface Hospital. I spend the next 3 hours getting poked, prodded, stitched, x-rayed and cat scanned. The latter was a precaution for anyone who falls as far as I did, to make sure their brain is okay.

My wife, who has recovered from her initial shock, and has moved into the next stage of anger and blame of the idiotic husband, remarks that there must have been something wrong with my brain **before** I fell to explain why I would be doing a midnight dance on a frozen tin roof.

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I notice several of the staff agreeing with her. Though she is scheduled to work the next day, she refuses to leave me, and finally drives me home around 4 am. I decide that I have grounds to call in sick. Hospitals have a rule that if you look worse than the patients you should stay home.

Crawling painfully and carefully into bed, I reflect on the events of the evening. My wife says my guardian angels are working overtime, and are going to file a grievance or ask for danger pay. I know that it could have been a lot worse, and I am humbled and grateful. As I lay on a stretcher in the emergency department, I could hear the sad tale of the fellow whispering behind the curtain next to me. Thirty-five treatments of radiation have taken away most of his voice. He had battled his cancer for several years and now it was back, more aggressive than ever before. He knows he is running on borrowed time. A young teenage girl was wheeled past, her face covered in bandages and blood. Later, as the doc stitched me up, he remarked how the young girl would need dozens more sutures than I, as her face was shattered and sliced like he had never seen before.

Lying in bed waiting for the Tylenol 3 to kick in, I knew that I had indeed been the lucky one tonight. I had fallen 19 feet with relatively minor injuries. I would live to boast about my city once again. I used to say I moved from BC to Winnipeg primarily for the weather and the insect life. Now I could hold my head high when talking to the folks in BC: "Okay, I'll match your Ross Rebagliati and Todd Bertuzzi with a Sarah Hughes and raise you a Cindy Klassen." Top that you sissy lotus land lovers! Living in Manitoba builds character. Life doesn't get any better than that.

P.S. Stay off your roofs and tell your loved ones how you feel about them, as you never know what tomorrow holds. If you see a fool on a ladder or anywhere above the ground with a shovel, claw him down with a roof rake. He'll thank you later.

Tim Frymire, Hospital Chaplain

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But then again that's the way it's meant to be, isn't it? It's at that point of connection and intersection that something ripens and healing happens.

Those of us who work in spiritual care know that the completion of a person's days as death approaches, a diagnosis of terminal illness, hospitalization, a move into long term care, and the losses associated with these and other critical times or life crises, can occasion deep spiritual struggles.

As spiritual care providers we are often invited to accompany – to journey with – individuals as they engage this struggle, and we are either witnesses to growth – 'fruits of the spirit,' so to speak, in other persons, or we become aware of a ripening within our own souls, of an inner movement – a movement from seed to leaf to flower, and when we are very present to the other – to what *Is* – we move from flower to fruit.

The theme for this issue, then, and appropriately so at this time of year, is *Thanksgiving: Fruits of the Spirit – Images of Abundance*. We have invited our contributors to reflect on their experience of growth filled moments - to reflect on what for them has been the 'harvest' of these experiences. As you read through the articles may you "celebrate and give thanks for" your own harvest experiences.

Ina Baas-Penner, Chaplain, Riverview Health Centre

This newsletter is made available through the support and cooperation of a variety of interfaith organizations and Manitoba Health. We welcome the participation of any and all Manitoba Interfaith organizations.

To submit an article or for more information, please contact a member of the editorial committee. We also welcome poetry, humour, reprintable art work, and submissions in other media. Feedback, Letters to the Editor, etc. are also welcome. Please feel free to contact a member of the editorial committee with your suggestions.

This column, Just Practicing, is a new regular feature. The column focuses on matters of practical interest to Spiritual Care Workers with reference to either their clinical work, or systemic factors in the workplace. This first article directs our attention to a matter of concern to Spiritual Care Workers in any setting but has its focus in the hospital setting. It approaches this quarter's theme of thanksgiving, as a call to competence. The writer, Doug Longstaffe, M.Div. S.T.M. is a CAPPE Specialist and Provisional Supervisor in Institutional Ministry. He is the Director of Spiritual Care for Seven Oaks General Hospital in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and also operates a part time private counseling practice. He may be reached at dlongstaffe@sogh.mb.ca

Thanks but No Thanks (When caring is not enough.)

The theme of thanksgiving stems from our experience of appreciation. Not infrequently, Spiritual Care Workers receive wonderful indications of how much they are appreciated by the persons to whom they provide care. However, there are times when, patients indicate an appreciation for our caring but do not seem receptive to actually accept our offer to be of assistance. They seem to say, "thanks but no thanks". There may be many reasons for this, but sometimes it is based upon previous experience with the same caregiver, or other caregivers, who were well intentioned but not very helpful.

This problem of good intentions not being enough, is expressed well by the following intentionally twisted paraphrase of a well known biblical passage, (the untwisted version of which may be found in the Gospel of Mathew Ch 25 Vs 35;) "I was hungry, and you clothed me; I was thirsty and you gave me something to eat; I was a stranger and you gave me something to drink; I was naked, and you invited me in." Such holy sarcasm can help us to see that good intentions do not necessarily lead to good outcomes. Any resulting thanksgiving is accordingly somewhat muted.

As Spiritual Care Workers, we are aware of the need to express appropriate empathy to the recipients of our care. Not all professions are as especially sensitive to this need and we can be proud of the humanizing impact our presence can have. But a caring presence, as important as it may be, is not all that should

be expected from a professional. A spiritual interpretation of our work and a belief in a ministry of presence is no excuse for not being tough on ourselves with respect to the clinical side of our work. We are educated and trained to provide a service that involves the application of knowledge to various complex and emotionally laden situations. This must begin with some assessment of the patient/client and their circumstances before we venture too far. Otherwise we may find ourselves mismatching our interventions.

For example, having worked with students in several different capacities over the years, I have found that one major area of concern that deserves attention early in the process, is the distinction between facilitating exploration as contrasted to facilitating containment. Although this issue arises with respect to counseling sessions, it is often more acutely urgent to make this distinction quickly in a hospital setting. In counseling settings it is often the story the client is unfolding for us that clues us in to make this assessment. However, in the hospital setting, we can often be quickly clued by the situation itself. For example, family members sitting in the emergency waiting room, having recently been told the sad news that their loved one has just died, are not likely candidates for exploration of their emotional self.

No matter how skilled a Spiritual Care Worker may be with assisting exploration of self, this is not the time to explore. Some family members in such circumstances may need to be assisted in releasing or expressing emotion, but that is different from exploration of self. For the most part, such circumstances require us to assist the person with simply coping in the moment with the shock. To some of you, this will seem obvious, but such misapplication of skilled intervention does occur in just such circumstances, not only by students, but on occasion, by graduate professionals from various disciplines.

One reason for the above error is that some care providers although well versed in many aspects of clinical care have never intentionally been challenged to examine the difference between concepts of containment and exploration. There is wisdom in the colloquial expression "when all you have is a hammer everything looks like a nail". This is true for Spiritual Care as much as it is for space research or personal development.

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Often as I walk across the street to see my friends at Eastgate Lodge Personal Care Home I pray a prayer, asking God to allow me to be the body of Christ, present to the people I will see there. This is a humbling kind of prayer, I find, and a daunting thought – who is equal to the task?

Often, as I make that short walk, I think of the experience of pain and suffering that waits on the other side of the street. People live there who have lost and grieved over things I have never dreamed of; they live in worlds, some of them, that I can never visit. Sometimes I participate in these experiences – from the margins, as it were – officiating at memorial services, hearing the eulogies spoken, listening over tea to how much this one meant to my friend.

Yet, as often as I come, I am surprised by the exchange of grace that is able to happen in this place among these people (me included!). Yes, grief and loss are a part of our lives here, but they do not define who we are. The bright joy I find in places like Eastgate far outstrips those shadows we all live with. This is a place where good conversation is waiting to occur.

If I want to talk, I have avid listeners. If I want to hear, I have excellent storytellers. Talked about a crow that likes to peck on my front window this afternoon – and about the warm summer, of summers past, grasshoppers of biblical proportions, black flies and mosquitoes that make us grateful for what we don't have. Talked about the best crop and the worst year for armyworms.

One doesn't find this just anywhere: its like a really good book – for free. Had a warm, fresh, chocolate chip banana muffin, sitting down with another old friend. I use the term 'old' advisedly. At my age it's great to be the youngster. Wonderful to be the object of good-natured kidding, and of such appreciation and gratitude for the little I do. Being the body of Christ present is not such a big thing after all, I find. Mostly because He meets me wherever I go, through His greater body, in all of these small encounters.

The larger work goes on, of course. We meet as a Spiritual Care committee to advise our North Eastman Health Association on how best to meet the spiritual needs of the residents and clients in our care. We look forward to honing our skills ministering to

those with dementia at our upcoming workshop. We slog through the necessary paperwork that clutters our desks. We seek to take steps towards hiring for a Spiritual Care Coordinator position, and are excited to see the team move forward on this. Hard work all of that, but we have harder-working staff, so there is much to hope for and look forward to.

All of that, so these small exchanges of grace can multiply. This person sitting down with that person, finding there, in unique and marvelous ways, the grace of God looking out at us through our brother or our sister. All just a short walk across the street.

**Pastor Jeff Kilmartin, Elim Baptist Church,
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Scarcity or Abundance?

The quality of our active lives depends heavily on whether we assume a world of scarcity or a world of abundance. Do we inhabit a universe where the basic things that people need – from food and shelter to a sense of competence and of being loved – are ample in nature? Or is this a universe where such goods are in short supply, available only to those who have the power to beat everyone else to the store? The nature of our action will be heavily conditioned by the way we answer those bedrock questions. In a universe of scarcity, only people who know the arts of competing, even of making war, will be able to survive. But in a universe of abundance, acts of generosity and community become not only possible but fruitful as well.

Parker Palmer

***From: "The Active Life: Wisdom for Work, Creativity, and Caring",
HarperSanFrancisco, 1990***

Ten months after Katrina hit the Gulf Coast city of Biloxi, Mississippi, I was there with a team of twelve teens and six other adults to provide some disaster relief. Several members of our church had gone days after the hurricane struck, but it took until the following June for us to raise the money, coordinate the schedules and secure the three vans that made the teen mission possible.

We weren't there long. The danger of thinking that a week on-site makes you an expert must be resisted. And yet we return with at least a few lasting impressions.

Ten months after Katrina there was still an ashen pall over the whole area. Major bridges that had collapsed had not yet been rebuilt. The fine, white sand of the beaches had been combed, but the water was unswimmable because of what was still there, including "biological hazards." Twisted steel girders formed the skeleton of large buildings that would never be used again. Concrete slabs gave the only evidence that large homes had formerly sat there. Piles of debris, indiscriminately mixing clothing, toys, glassware, drywall, wood and car tires, lay untouched on yards or in the trees of still-standing but abandoned houses. A hurricane-traumatized neighbourhood dog patrolled us as we worked.

Many residents who had stayed through the storm told us that they hadn't expected it. Or better: that they had expected the winds—they defiantly rode out windstorms every year, some of them with higher velocities than Katrina – but the water caught them off-guard. At points a mile-and-a-half in from the shore, waves up to 30 feet high inundated the city and caused much of the devastation. It was the water, not the wind, which lifted a barge casino and floated it across the major highway, flattening everything in its way, for instance. It was the water, not the wind, which knocked over gravestones that had stood for a century, shattering and dislocating many of them.

Discovering that cemetery was a poignant moment for us. We had oohed and aahed at the damage to houses big and small along Route 90, and mused about Katrina's being an equal opportunity disaster. But when we saw the graves in disarray we went silent. Even the dead got no respect.

On the happier side, we got to be part of ecumenism

with its sleeves rolled up. Our connection was with The Salvation Army, our denominational home, which provided us housing in Biloxi and along the route. In Biloxi itself we found Southern Baptists and northern Lutherans and Habitat for Humanity volunteers and grief counselors from Ontario sitting at table together in a facility owned by The Salvation Army and operated by the non-denominational Project Teamwork.

Like most of the aid volunteers we were from "away." Fearing that we might be patronizing local residents, it was good for us to find numbers of them active alongside us. One young Biloxi native in her mid-20s had been at university in northern Mississippi on August 29th, 2005. Her home was close to the shore, directly in Katrina's path. For days she couldn't get word as to what had happened to her parents and younger sister. When she finally got to see first-hand, she found that the only part of the house that had not been damaged was the part that had been her bedroom on the top storey. When we met her on our mission, she was working out what she knew was complex grief and vocation by being a liaison for volunteer groups like ours.

Emmy, another local resident, had evacuated her home with her children, taking refuge, as ordered, in the local school. Profoundly anxious to know what had happened to her house and concerned for her children in the school refuge, Emmy determined to venture out before all the water had receded. She was told that if she did so, she could not come back to the school. She went anyway, and then imposed on a friend further inland until she could find an alternative. By the time we arrived, Emmy was employed as housekeeper in the warehouse-cum-hostel where we stayed. What she gave us of herself and her story was more significant than what she gave us by way of clean floors.

Truth be told, our team was an awkwardness for the disaster response groups on the receiving end. As teens, most were too young to be insured for home rebuilding work; most were too inexperienced and untrained to be counselors. We knew that before going. And frankly, I determined that we would make this venture largely for the purposes of opening our teens to the world's needs, to challenge them to see just how big God's call is on their lives.

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But we went to work. At whatever we could do. At first, our assignment was sorting and resorting donations. A massive warehouse that had previously been a shrimp and oyster plant was the point at which tons of good were received from all over the States, sorted, bundled on pallets, and then shipped as needed to smaller distribution centres. Our teens worked hard and well. But they also longed to see and meet firsthand some of those who had been victimized. So we accepted the task of street and yard clean-up. Back-straining, unimaginative work in hundred-degree heat. But the teens did it. Before long someone said, “you need to meet the lady in the yellow house.”

That house was at the end of our assigned street, and the lady came out to meet us. Her story? The house she originally lived in was gutted by the storm. When she got her yard sufficiently clear, she got a government-supplied trailer. It being in place, the power company turned on the electricity. Which unexpectedly caused a fire in her already-unlivable house, destroying it and melting the new trailer sitting beside it. The house now on her property was one relocated from elsewhere in Biloxi. So, by the time we met her, The Lady in the Yellow House had moved three times on the same small plot of land. And yet her spirit was indomitable. She cheerily greeted us. And thanked the teens for making their effort. And prayed God’s blessing on us.

That’s what sticks with me. Of course, we encountered logistical problems and people who were angry and grieving (the 8-year old grandson of The Lady in the Yellow House was reluctant to go back because “Biloxi was all broken.”) Of course, we were left with huge question marks: how does a small city recover when a large part of its population base has simply left for good? Is it right for casinos and the disaster response business to be the largest employers in town? But it is the resilience, the determined and courageous faith, hope and love of people like Emmy and The Lady in the Yellow House that are the visible signs of God’s inward grace at work in Biloxi. For me they are the realization of Isaiah’s vision “When you pass through the waters I will be with you.”

James E. Read, Executive Director ,Salvation Army Ethics Centre, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

james_read@can.salvationarmy.org

Continued from page 7.

“Failure to recognize possibilities is the most dangerous and common mistake one can make” - (Mae Jemison).

Some of us may recognize the emergency waiting room situation instantly but other instances are less obvious. Consider for example, how patients with a diagnosis of borderline personality disorder are in frequent need of assistance with containment. We can describe such containment as, assisting them to use their thoughtful self to think in a rational manner, in order to prevent them from acting upon various self destructive impulses. Exploration of the emotional self may need to be done with someone with such a diagnosis, but is best done during a time period when the client demonstrates lower stress levels and better judgment.

Although this may be clear cut to some, treatment decisions vary considerably from practitioner to practitioner and clients can provide many distractions. What we think should be self evident, often isn’t and there are many degrees of recognition. Many subtle instances of the need to assess and reassess abound in the myriad of situations faced each day by Spiritual Care Workers.

None of us are past the need to hone these skills. For those of us with more experience, such decisions may on occasion take place at an almost unconscious level. But there is value in reviewing at a conscious level that which has become automatic.

In my experience, it bears repeating that each patient or client needs to be assessed, (albeit in some hospital situations very quickly), before we begin applying our skills to assist them. If not, we may actually make things worse. When we take the time for such assessment, we will no doubt find more patients saying yes, rather than, audibly or non-verbally communicating with us their no as “thanks but no thanks”!

Doug Longstaffe, M.Div. S.T.M., CAPPE Specialist, Provisional Supervisor in Institutional Ministry. Director of Spiritual Care, Seven Oaks General Hospital, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Being privileged to have journeyed with folks experiencing mental health concerns in Spiritual Care for 13 years at Sara Riel Inc. the "Blessings" have been abundant not only for them, but also I had been and continue to be enriched by their profound sharing of "struggle and thanks."

The person who touched me most deeply was a 51-year-old woman who struggled with depression. She was in the residential program for only a year when she was diagnosed with cancer. As she went through her various treatments and chemotherapy she hit some very low points; but she said, "I'll beat the odds!" and appeared to have made a full recovery.

Through this 6 month process, she continued to be connected to her church community and had a faith that carried her through with profound thanksgiving. She continued to live in the residential program until she gained her strength back and then moved independently into an apartment with a friend.

We continued to meet weekly on our spiritual journey and all appeared to be going well with her healing until a call was received one day that her cancer was back. Naturally she was devastated and could hardly believe that this could happen to her once again. But this time severe pain never left her and she remained in Palliative Care until her death. I was continually encouraged in my own walk of faith by how she was able to be thankful for God's presence in her life, for her family doctors, nurses, and friends that accompanied her on this journey.

The attitude that she held as she became weaker and weaker was a spirit of gratitude and thanksgiving. Many times I was witness to her saying to staff at the hospital, "take a chair and rest just for a little while". And, yes, she would minister to them.

With this attitude, people drew toward her and she was rarely alone. Because of her faith in God, she was able to tower over any pain. She knew she would be in God's loving arms forever.

While giving her eulogy at her funeral, I chose to place several brightly coloured helium balloons in the chapel to symbolize not only her passion for life but also her love of God.

When struggling with physical difficulties within

myself, I think of her strength, her faith, and her positive attitude, and how she continues to inspire and bless me, where she is now with her Loving God.

Marline Wruck, Lac du Bonnet, Manitoba

In April of 2006 I retired as Spiritual Care Provider and Mission Facilitator at Sara Riel Inc. after ministering for 13 years in mental health. I am now "semi-retired" and living with my hubby Gus in a home that we built 2 years ago on the Winnipeg River. I work casually as a proctor in mental health in this area and find it a privilege to do so. Recently I became a member of the Spiritual Care Advisory Committee and find this to be very life-giving, as well as being a Marriage Commissionaire. I have been asked to do 2 half-day presentations in the area so as you can see I'm only "semi-retired" but pleased the way it is.

Rolling Thunder Stones

*When Music was needed Music sounded
When a Ceremony was needed a Teacher
appeared
When Students were needed Telephones
rang
When Cars were needed Wheels rolled In
When a Place was needed a Mansion
appeared
When a Fire was needed Wood appeared
When an Ocean was needed Waters
rippled waves
When Shore was needed Shore met
Ocean
When Sun was needed the Sun rose east.*

Sunrise Ceremony Verse Improvised with
Australian Aborigine Song-Sticks At
Request of Medicine Man Rolling Thunder

November 5, 1975

**Allen Ginsberg, from "Rolling Thunder
Stones II"**

In Collected Poems

Every Thursday morning at Seven Oaks Hospital I have between three and twelve patients gathered in a semi-circle to find God. They come in wheelchairs and with walkers. They arrive assisted by porters. Most of them are elderly, many of them are recovering from surgery and in rehabilitation, many are frail, no longer coping well at home. Some of them know they will never return home again. Some of them no longer hear well, but simply sit and doze...drift away...blessed perhaps by faint strains of organ music and the memory of hymns. Some of them come from locked units. Some of them are in pain. All of them come seeking comfort.

These God-seekers carry with them a variety of cultures and religious backgrounds. But we don't worry about that. We gather as a community of those who have not given up hope.

So the question becomes "how can those of us charged to lead worship in such settings engage seekers in a meaningful experience of God?"

This summer I chose to dip from Joyce Rupp's book, *The Cup of Our Life: A Guide for Spiritual Growth*, hoping to nudge awake the imagination. "The cup of our life..." what could it mean for us to allow the cup to become our teacher...something visual and concrete, something 'everyday', when abstraction and rationalization no longer excite or even inspire interest?

Rupp writes in her introduction: *"The cup is an apt teacher for the inner processes of growth. In the cup I see life, with its emptiness, fullness, brokenness, flaws and blessings. The cup is a container for holding something...it's about fullness and emptying. "The spiritual journey is like that--a constant process of emptying and filling, of giving and receiving, of accepting and letting go."*

For nine weeks I brought a different cup to our worship table, chosen to represent a particular aspect of the theme, chosen to excite the imagination.

Week 1: I used two cups, one large, one small to represent the two characters in our gospel reading... one of them powerful by virtue of gender and position, the other more fragile and easily broken by virtue of her gender and position. Each of them overwhelmed by the grace of God to overflowing.

I represented this by pouring water to overflowing into both cups.

Week 2: I used a number of "**ordinary cups**". Those given to us for advertising purposes. Ordinary cups, ordinary people. Rupp writes: *"Nothing is too mundane...we can grow closer to God through every situation..."*

Week 3: The "**cluttered cup**". Our environment cluttered with trash, our lives cluttered to overflowing with anxiety, resentment, mistrust...so little space for God. I used a beautiful pottery mug, filled with peels and trash and then later with beautiful beads ... another form of filling. We engaged in a breathing prayer of emptying and opening.

Week 4: A "**stormy cup**". On the worship table I had a picture of Jesus walking on the water and a beautiful blue glass goblet filled with water. Jesus invites us to walk on the water. Can we trust God in the storms of our life?

Week 5: The "**perfect cup**". I chose a china tea cup. I can't be the perfect cup... *"unless we become as little children we cannot enter the kingdom of God."* Finding the freedom to be who we are. The perfect cup in my china cabinet rarely gets used!

Week 6: The "**broken cup**" that can't be mended. I brought a broken pottery mug that I had dropped on the floor. Our lives are like that. This is about letting go and we prayed the Serenity Prayer.

Week 7: The "**blessing cup**". I brought a wine goblet today, one I have often used in serving communion wine. *"To bless is to put a bit of yourself into something."* We thought about the people we have blessed and those who have blessed us.

Week 8: The "**cup of mercy**". I brought my most beautiful pottery wine goblet. The dialogue with God, the experience of the cup of mercy, begins with confession. We reflected on our doubts and fears and drew from the cup of mercy. Slips of paper in the goblet were drawn with words of mercy for each one.

Week 9: The "**memory cup**". For the last service in this series I brought a precious antique tea cup brought to Canada from Russia by my mother in the 1920's. It had been her mother's.

Continued on page 15.

PW is a person I had the privilege of getting to know during an 18 month hospitalization on our hospital's medical ward. Upon admission PW was critically ill; there were questions about whether she would recover.

As well, PW struggles against the psychological trauma of being sexually abused as a little girl and the subsequent trauma of not being believed but blamed by her mother. These traumas as they spun they way through the fiber of her being left her with an eating disorder, personality development problems and continuing struggles with obsessive compulsive and anxiety disorders. The traumas set her up for a series of abusive relationships that ultimately left her alone to raise her two children

She is one of the least likely persons I have ever met to exhibit a grateful spirit. The fact that the spirit of gratitude as expressed in this poem exists in her heart is nothing short of a miracle of God's grace. She shared this poem with me and gave me permission to share it with others.

It is my prayer that it will touch you as it touched me.

I am thankful for experiencing the birth of my babies – this way when you see their innocent faces, never sleeping again is a blessing.

I am thankful for my babies now grown that talk back – this way I can see their opinions self confidence.

I am thankful for their strange hairdos and color coordination – this way they show their independence.

I am thankful for the dirty dishes and laundry they leave around – this way I know they're fed and clothed.

I am thankful to see them run around, ride bikes and climb trees – this way I can see how strong and healthy they are.

I am thankful for the leaky ceiling and flooded basement – this means we have a foundation and a roof over our heads.

I am thankful for complaining about paying the mortgage, hydro and phone – this means we have a house, power and a form of communication.

I am thankful for the little paycheck for two weeks of hard work I get – this means I am fortunate enough to have a job.

I am thankful to be mad about the price of gas and insurance – this means I have a vehicle to drive.

I am thankful for the grass that needs cutting, the fence that needs mending – this way I can be proud of our yard and hard work.

I am thankful to the rooster who crows at 4:00 a.m. and the geese who call from the window at 5:00 a.m. – this means I am needed and welcomed each morning.

I am thankful for tails that wag, or horses that neigh – this means that I am blessed with happy animals.

I am thankful for 1000 pigs, ornaments and pictures that fill my house – this way I can see how many friends and family think of me, love me.

I am thankful for the nosey neighbors and co-workers who always stop by – this means I know I'm never alone and they care.

I am thankful to strangers who look you in the eye and smile – this way you want to smile back.

I am thankful for sore legs and a pounding chest – this way I know I have two legs to stand and a beating heart.

I am thankful for singing birds, skies of blue and fresh mown hay – this way I can hear, see and smell.

I am thankful for the sun that rises each morning – this way I have a chance to begin again once more.

I am thankful I can laugh and cry – this way I know I'm not stone cold.

I am thankful for the trials and tribulations we endure – this way we build character and strength.

I am thankful for the people who never give up on me – this way I don't give up either.

Continued on page 15.

The following is a brief summary of news pertaining to this region and special events that are coming up. The national conference is included and the latest on liability insurance!

Membership

Membership has declined slightly in the past year. Memberships that have not been renewed for 2006-2007 ended on August 31. Doug Kellough writes as follows, "I would appreciate any responses from those who are reluctant to renew or who decide not to renew. We want to know your concerns. We want to be responsive to you...Please let us know why you do not choose to remain a CAPPE/ACPEP member (some of you have responded already to the pre-May 1 letter about the membership renewal and I appreciate that). Also, if you know why any of your colleagues choose NOT to become CAPPE/ACPEP members, we'd like to know so we can attract new members".

Peer Review

Five Peer Reviews for Specialists and Supervisors are in process in this region. Three have been held already. Congratulations to those who had successful peer reviews. Please contact Doug Kellough if you are due for a Peer Review so that an appointee to your Review Team can be arranged. The Handbook states that the normal expectation for Peer Reviews is every five years.

December 1 is the deadline for completion of Peer Review process in order for ratification and presentation at the Conference in February. Email Doug at dkellough@sbgh.mb.ca

Award of Excellence

CAPPE/ACPEP seeks to recognize certified members who exhibit excellence in their fields, whether it be institutional ministry, teaching/supervision or counseling. You are invited to send suggestions of qualified members for this award.

The requirements are:

1. Demonstrated excellence in professional practice as exemplified by CAPPE/ACPEP Standards of Practice.
2. Nominated by the Region/Regional executive.

3. Current active, participating certified member.
4. Best practice to be congruent with all other CAPPE/ACPEP standards (ethics, educational etc)
5. May be awarded posthumously.

If you have a suggested recipient, please send a letter outlining the person's achievements and why you think he/she should be nominated.

Your letter may be sent to any member of the Regional Executive, including Doug Kellough.

From the National Office

New rates for Professional Liability Insurance have been negotiated with Encon. (almost 60% less)

Find out more at www.cappe.org

Application forms are on the website under Members.

CAPPE/ACPEP 2007 Conference

Theme: After the Honeymoon

February 7-10, 2007
Niagara Falls
Niagara Fairview Hotel

CAPPE Christmas Event

Bethania Home
December 14, 2006

Journey to Healing: Aboriginal Experiences and Understandings of Spiritual Care

With Marcel Hardisty and Others.

November 14, 2006
9.00 a.m.– 4.00 p.m .

Bethel Mennonite Church
465 Stafford St., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Registration Deadline: November 7

Cost \$40.00
Cheques payable to: CAPPE

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

Through stories, teachings and rituals participants will learn those processes which Aboriginal people themselves experience as effective spiritual care and healing.

This workshop explores how those in spiritual care can best accompany Aboriginal people through crises, anxiety and healing.

Marcel Hardisty of Hollow Water, Manitoba has many years of walking the healing journey as an Aboriginal and with Aboriginal people. He has been part of the Community Holistic Circles of Healing in Hollow Water which tends to healing of individuals, families and community with attention to the spiritual dimension and Traditional ways.

Marcel is chairperson of the CHCH board and also a NADAP counselor for the community. Others from the community will be joining him for the session.

Participants are encouraged to watch the NFB video "Hollow Water" in advance of the workshop.

Contact and registration:
Anita Douville, sgm.
Spiritual Services
409 Tache Street
Winnipeg, MB R2H 2A6
Tel.. (204) 237 2356
Fax. (204) 235 3528
Email: adouville@sbgh.mb.ca

Mystery

by Erica Block

Continued from page 12.

Our scripture was from Deuteronomy. "Do not forget the things your eyes have seen..." The container of our lives holds both joy and sorrow. We sought a memory that could warm our hearts and give us hope.

**Erica Block, Spiritual Care Worker,
Seven Oaks General Hospital,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.**
eblock@sogh.mb.ca

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Lastly, I am thankful for the pen, paper and hand to write – this way I can express myself. P.S. I am thankful to have had this one night to feel this way – this means that I still have a reason to be thankful.

- PW

**Larry Hirst, Chaplain, Bethesda Hospital and
Place, Steinbach, Manitoba**
lhirst@sehealth.mb.ca

Comments on this newsletter? Contact:

Ted Hicks
Acting Chair of the Editorial Committee
Health Sciences Centre
Room GF 214-820 Sherbrook Street
Winnipeg, MB R3A 1R9
Telephone: (204) 787-4967
Fax: (204) 787-1517
Email: thicks@hsc.mb.ca

Sites for Sore Eyes by Timothy Fenlon

Gratitude quotes that when we open our hearts will lead to Joy and Happiness.

<http://www.abundance-and-happiness.com/gratitude-quotes.html>

Gratitude quotes to live by especially as we come closer to Thanksgiving.

<http://colleenscorner.com/Gratitude.html>

Scripture reading of Thanks giving.... See the date of October 8

<http://uccan.org/sd/worship/invitededicate.shtm>

Litany of Thanksgiving for the Religions of the World

http://www.scarboromissions.ca/Interfaith_dialogue/litany_religions.php

Events

Do you have an event you'd like to include in this newsletter?

Contact:
Ted Hicks
Acting Chair of the
Editorial Committee
Health Sciences Centre
Room GF 214-820 Sherbrook Street
Winnipeg, MB R3A 1R9
Telephone: (204) 787-4967
Fax: (204) 787-1517
Email: thicks@hsc.mb.ca

Grayson Warren Brown in Concert October 27, 2006

St. Benedict's Retreat & Conference Centre
(3km. North of Perimeter on Hwy. 9, North Main)

7:30 pm

Tickets, \$15 per person for concert only.
Phone: 204-339-1705

Liturgical Music Workshop Concluding Eucharistic Liturgy October 28, 2006

Liturgical Music Workshop
9:30 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Concluding Eucharistic Liturgy
4:30 p.m.

St. Benedict's Retreat & Conference Centre
(3km. North of Perimeter on Hwy. 9, North Main)

Learn to sing with "soul", from the heart and not the page, with internationally known liturgical composer, recording artist and speaker Grayson Warren Brown. His down-to-earth approach to liturgy and Scripture, coupled with his dynamic speaking style, has made him one of the most sought-after presenters in North America.

Commuter: \$40 (\$35 per person for 3 or more) includes Friday night concert, social, workshop, lunch, refreshment breaks & music packets from Oregon Catholic Press. Bed and breakfast available for out of town participants.

Phone: 204-339-1705

Dr. Sidney B. Simon

Negative Criticism & What to Do About It

October 20

7:30 p.m. - 9:00 pm

Forgiveness: The Healing Journey

October 21, 9:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

St. Benedict's Retreat & Conference Centre
(3km. North of Perimeter on Hwy. 9, North Main)

Phone: 204-339-1705

Friday night lecture: Negative Criticism: \$15
Saturday workshop: Forgiveness: \$65 (includes lunch and all materials)
Bed and Breakfast: Private \$45, Shared \$35

Dr. Simon, professor emeritus at the University of Massachusetts, is the founder of the Values Clarification Movement. He helped develop a theory and set of practical strategies that have altered counseling practice, child rearing, education, medical care and social work in North America and abroad. The author of 17 books, including *Negative Criticism and Forgiveness*, he lectures and leads workshops worldwide.

Negative Criticism & What to Do About It

There is little in life that destroys self-esteem more than Negative Criticism. In a world where put-downs are everywhere, we need to teach people how to handle criticism. We need to know both: what to do when we get it and how to humanely give it when necessary.

Forgiveness: The Healing Journey

This workshop teaches the six stages we must pass through if we are to heal the hurts of the past. It is based on Simon's best-selling book, *Forgiveness: How to Make Peace with Your Past and Get on with Your Life*. Unhealed hurts get in our way of fulfilling our professional and personal power. It is a deeply moving, sometimes funny, but always a practical and passionately tender workshop and has been heralded with the highest evaluations wherever it has been held.

For more info, visit www.mts.net/~stbens/

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Spiritual Care in the RHAs

WRHA

Contact:

Real Cloutier
COO, Deer Lodge
Vice-President, Long Term Care
Phone: 204-831-2110
Fax: 204-831-2947

Brandon

Contact:

Kathy McPhail at 204-726-2119
E-mail kmcphail@brandonrha.mb.ca
Maggie Ramsay at 204-726-2319
E-mail ramsaym@brandonrha.mb.ca
Mona Franklin
Rev. Dr. Evert Busink (chair) at
204-728-4552
E-mail firstcrc@mts.net
Rev. Deacon John McKenzie (past-chair) at
204-727-4728
Fax: 204-727-1027
E-mail jhmac1@westman.wave.ca

Chaplains:

Rev. John Wilderspin at 204-726-2054
E-mail wilderspinj@brandonrha.mb.ca
Rev. Sherry Sawatzky-Dyck at 204-726-2597

Central

Contact:

Neil Walker at 204-428-2030
Rev. Lorne Friesen (Eden MH Centre) at
204-325-4325

Chaplains:

Rev. Peter Bartel (Altona Health Centre)
at 204-324-8295
Rev. Vincent Morris (Tabor Home)
at 204-822-5626
Rev. David Friesen (Salem Home)
at 204-325-4316

North Eastman

Contact:

Lorraine Dent at 204-268-7400
E-mail ldent@neha.mb.ca

Parkland

Contact:

Mavis Wood at 204-622-6230
Rev. Allan Unger. Fax: 733-2573
Email: gracebaptist@mts.net

Educational Supervisor

Rev. Marg McCallum at 204-638-2162
Fax: 204-638-0669 Cell: 734-0278

Nor-Man

Contact (Flin Flon):

Rev. Clare Edwards at 204-687-6054
Lynette Kowalchuk
E-mail lkowalch@normanrha.mb.ca

Contact (The Pas):

Karen Polischuk
E-mail kpolisch@normanrha.mb.ca

Chaplains:

Rev. Verna Jebb at 204-623-4636
E-mail: m.mcallum@uwinnipeg.ca

Churchill

Contact:

Steve Todd, CRHA at 204-675-8318
Fax: 204-675-8328
Rev. David Caskey at 204-675-2264
Fax: 204-675-2962
Churchill Health Centre, R0B 0E0

Assiniboine

Contact:

Ms Merle Teetaert
#447 Deloraine, MB, ROM OMO
Tel 204-747-2745-ex. 235
Fax 522-3161
E-mail Mteetaert@arha.ca

Interlake

Contact:

Pat Tarnapolski at 204-765-5162
E-mail ptarnapolski@irha.mb.ca

Spiritual Care in the RHAs

Burntwood

Contact (RHA)

Stan Franklin 204-6775386
Fax 204-7781427
E-mail sfranklin@brha.mb.ca

Contact (Thompson Christian Council)

Sister Andrea Dumont 204-677-0163)
Fax 204-677-0169
E-mail educentr@ mts.net

South Eastman

Contact:

B. Mackenzie
#470 La Broquerie, MB, ROA OWO
Tel 204-424-6025
Fax 424-5888
E-mail: bmackenzie@sehealth.mb.ca

Chaplains (Resthaven Personal Care):

Bill Kehler at 204-326-2206
Fax 204-326-3521

Chaplains (Menno Home):

Abe Funk at 204-434-6496 or 204-434-9193

Chaplains (Bethesda Health Centre):

Larry Hirst at 204-346-5166
Fax 204-326-6479

Email Lhirst@sehealth.mb.ca

Chaplains (Vita—South East):

Rev. Joy Andrusaik
Email jandrusaik@sehealth.mb.ca

Selkirk Mental Health Centre

Contact:

Marianne Johnson
E-mail: majohnson@gov.mb.ca

Chaplains:

Rev. Mary Holmen at 204-482-3810 ext. 382
E-mail mholmen@gov.mb.ca
Elder Ernest Daniels at 204-482-3810 ext. 377
E-mail edaniels@gov.mb.ca

Events

Continued from page 16.

**Navigating the Waves
October 20, 2006**

Sun Gro Centre
Beausejour, Manitoba

8:30 a.m. - 3:30 p.m.

Cost: \$30.00

Registration/Information:

Contact your manager or Chris at 204-268-1029

Guest Speakers:

Aubrey Hemminger - Chaplain at Deer Lodge
Centre, Timothy Fenlon - Chaplain at St. Boni-
face Hospital, Marline Wruck - Past Chaplain at
Sara Riel Inc.

Aubrey Hemminger will look at helping
caregivers provide spiritual care for those with
dementia, stressing the importance of accompa-
niment, presence and communication.

Marline Wruck and Timothy Fenlon will be
hosting an experiential session in which to assist
people to be able to balance their work/volunteer
life and personal life in a fast paced society.

By Degrees

... Awareness of God does not come by
degrees:
from timidity to intellectual temerity;
from guesswork, reluctance, to certainty;
it is not a decision reached at the cross-
roads of doubt.
It comes when, drifting in the wilderness,
having gone astray,
we suddenly behold the immutable polar
star.
out of endless anxiety,
out of denial and despair,
the soul bursts out in speechless crying.

**Abraham Joshua Heschel, Man Is Not
Alone**

Directory of Manitoba's Spiritual Care Community

	FACILITY	NAME	PHONE	FAX
1	Health Sciences Centre (WRHA)	Patricia Frain, Director	787-3884	787-1517
2	St. Boniface Hospital	Fr. Gerry Ward	235-3286	235-3528
3	Grace General Hospital	Mjr. Catherine McFarlane	837-0515	831-0029
4	Seven Oaks General Hospital	Rev. Doug Longstaffe	632-3596	697-2106
5	Victoria General Hospital	Rev. Ron Long	477-3216	269-5425
6	Misericordia Health Centre	Fr. Vince Herner	788-8285	772-4304
7	Concordia General Hospital	Rev. Kathleen Rempel-Boschman	667-1560	669-2110
8	Riverview Health Centre	Rev. Dr. Glenn Horst	478-6281	478-6122
9	Deer Lodge Centre	Rev. Aubrey Hemminger	831-2592	895-3217
10	Brandon Regional Health Centre	Rev. John Wilderspin	726-2054	729-9973
11	Eden Mental Health Centre	Rev. Lorne Friesen	325-4325	325-8429
12	Selkirk Mental Health Centre	Rev. Mary Holmen	482-3810	482-6390
			(ext. 382)	
13	Ste. Rose du Lac	Chaplain Barbara Sutherland	447-2181	447-2250
14	The Pas - Health Complex	Chaplain Lydia Constant	623-5949	623-1506
15	Foyer Valade	Chaplain Aline Catnoir	254-3332	254-0329
16	Fred Douglas Society	Rev. Dr. John Lenshyn	586-8541	589-0110
			(ext. 135)	831-0544
17	Golden West Centennial Lodge	Mjr. Roxanne Jennings	888-3311	254-5402
18	Meadowood Manor	Rev. Ed Hamm	256-1610	334-2503
19	Sharon Home	Rabbi Neal Rose	586-9781	233-6803
20	Tache Nursing Home	Chaplain Helen Torchia	233-3692	832-9555
21	West Park Manor	Chaplain Ken Perry	889-3330	222-3237
22	Park Manor	Chaplain John Diamond	222-3251	783-7524
23	Calvary Place	Rev. Henry Schulz	943-4424	727-2103
24	Dinsdale Home	Mjr. Winnifred Perrin	727-3636	233-2564
25	Sara Riel, Inc.	Joel Simpson	237-9263	589-8605
26	Holy Family Nursing Home	Sr. Monica Papiz	589-7381	326-3521
27	Bethesda Health Centre	Rev. Larry Hirst	346-5166	326-6479
28	St. Joseph's Residence	Normand Blondin	697-8031	
			(ext. 231)	
29	Regional Aboriginal Spiritual/ Cultural Coordinator			
30	Lutherhome	Pastor Terry Thronson	338-4641	
31	Altona Health Centre	Rev. Peter Bartel	324-8295	
32	Manitoba Developmental Centre	Rev. Ron Siemens	856-4200	
33	St. Amant Centre	Ursula Remilliard	256-4301	
			(ext. 253)	
34	Salem Home Inc.	Rev. David Friesen	325-4316	325-5442
			(ext. 229)	
35	Middlechurch Home	Betty Bender		betty@middlechurchhome.mb.ca