

ORCA PROBUS CLUB

Comox Valley

NEWSLETTER

May 2021

PRESIDENT'S PODIUM



Whether we like it or not, we have probably become quite accustomed to the lives we have built and routines we have created in our COVID Caves. It, after all, has been over a year and the routine to normal, even though we want it, may initially be a bit scary. It is crazy but at times I find myself watching an old movie on television. There will be a scene of people mixing and mingling, and my first instinct is to turn to Jerith and with trepidation in my voice say, "Where are their masks? They should not be mixing or mingling. Sheesh! What in the world are they thinking?" Then, I realize it is me who has been conditioned to fear certain events even when it makes no sense. There, are many acronyms for fear. The one that frequently comes to my mind is **False Evidence Appearing Real**.

I remember when I was six years old, my Mom had to go to the hospital for back surgery. During the time she was away my Gramma came to look after us kids. I had two brothers at the time, age four and eight. We lived in a typical two storey farmhouse with a basement that was primarily meant for storage. The three of us kids loved to play in that house. Every square inch of it had potential for fun and adventure. We would turn the kitchen table into a tent by throwing the biggest quilt we could find over the top of it so that it would hang right to the floor. Then, we would pull all the pots and pans out of the cupboards and bring them into the tent. Boy, could we make some noise under the big top! Gramma would come over and lift up the corner of the blanket and scream at the top of her lungs over the clanging of the pots, "What is all the racket!" We would dive past her and run up the stairs. The upstairs was really just one big room with three single beds lined up against the wall. We would bounce from bed to bed like they were trampolines, doing our best to tackle each other in the process. Gramma would come up the stairs. Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! She would be yelling all the way up, "Boys! Boys! Cut it out, the whole floor is going to fall in. Stop it!" We would dash past her and run all the way down to the basement. We loved to turn the lights out down there and play tag and hide and seek. We still have the battle scars from crashing into each other along, with the wooden supports that held up the floor. Gramma would march down the stairs. Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! Huffing and puffing, she would turn on the lights and gasp, "Someone is going to get hurt!" We would scamper past her back up to the main floor and the safety of our tent.

PRESIDENT'S PODIUM CONTINUED

On the morning of the third consecutive rainy day, Gramma lined us all up in a row from shortest to tallest and proclaimed, "You boys will not be allowed to go downstairs into the basement anymore." I remember looking at her and asking, "Why, Gramma?" She looked right back at me. Her eyes bugged out a little and when she spoke her jowls began to shake. "Because the Boogieman lives down there," she bellowed. "What does The Boogieman do," I stammered. "Sometimes," she blurted, "It eats little boys just like you!" Now my eyes bugged out and so did my brothers'. Without stopping to think, I gulped, "Where does it live down there?" Gramma's eyes bugged out even further and her jowls shook from side to side as she spoke, "The Boogieman lives in the darkest of corners and deep beneath the cement floor, oozing itself out from the cracks when you least expect." Well, you can be guaranteed that there were three little boys who were never going back down into the basement again. The evidence was indeed false, but did Gramma ever have a way of making it appear real.

As an adult, I now understand why Gramma took the basement out of play. She was tired of stomping up and down the stairs chasing after us. So, she played the only card that she knew that would stop us in our tracks. Fear! Guess what? It worked, in fact it worked so well that we even expanded the Boogieman's territory. We now believed it lived under our beds and in the upstairs attic. When bedtime came, you never saw three boys who could hit the light switch at the doorway, leap eight feet through the air, land on top of our beds and pull the covers over our heads, all in one foul swoop. Safe! We prayed.

Now, do not get me wrong. COVID is very real, but in some ways, similar to Gramma's imaginary Boogieman. COVID has put us into a lockdown situation, prevented us from feeling safe and stopping us from doing things we love to do. Many of us, like it or not, will have our own fears about getting back to normal. The same fears and excitement I faced, as a child, going back down into our basement. We know normal is coming and are excited about it, but at the same time, a little anxious. After all, we have been conditioned to stay home, distance ourselves from others, wear a mask because there is danger out there. Now, we are being asked to trust that once vaccinated, it will be okay to hug loved ones, dine indoors and even mix and mingle. Sheesh!

We loved our Gramma but were so happy when our Mom returned. One day soon afterwards, I was sitting at the counter as she made sandwiches for us. She glanced my way and said, "Miles, go get me some pickles from the basement." My eyes bugged out and without any hesitation at all, I shouted, "No!" She looked at me in disbelief, as I had always gotten the pickles for her in the past. She sternly repeated the request, "Go get the pickles, young man!" I stammered it out again, "No, no, no!" Mom came around the counter, sat down beside me and said, "What is wrong with you? Why won't you get me the pickles?" In my best Gramma impression, I bugged my eyes out, shook my jowls and blurted, "Because the Boogieman lives down there! That's why!" I believe I got Gramma in a lot of trouble that day. My Mom quietly and in her most reassuring tone smiled, put her arm around me and said, "Didn't you hear?"

PRESIDENT'S PODIUM CONTINUED

The Boogieman went home with Gramma and I told Gramma, never to bring it to our house again." With that said, she stood up and made me go get those darn pickles. I want to officially tell you that with all the courage I could muster, I went and got those pickles. Maybe fear stands for **Face Everything And Rise**. I will admit, however, that I made my little brother come with me. If that Boogieman oozed itself out of any crack in the cement floor, I was going to push my brother forward and **Forget Everything And Run**. Another good acronym for fear. We trusted Mom but it was years and many gallops up the basement stairs to safety before we truly forgot about the Boogieman.

Let's face it. We have lost close to 25,000 lives in Canada; we have suffered unprecedented economic, social and emotional upheaval. Regardless of our individual pandemic experience, each and every one of us has faced some level of loss, grief and despair. The pandemic is very real, and it will not be easily erased from our mind. As we return to normal, please be patient with yourself and compassionate to others. We may believe we should, and maybe even want to, run out and throw a big party in celebration; however, in reality, it will probably be baby steps, peppered with occasional glances into the dark corners on the journey back to the way things used to be. Nothing wrong with a Slow Dance. - President Miles

ACTIVITIES

Probus Golf is back! Mark your calendars and grab your clubs. Our first outing will be in May at the Sunnydale Golf Course. Dave Pacholak will provide all the details.

Also, we have had some interest in a kayaking and/or cycling group. Now we are NOT talking about The Tour de France nor a crazy white water adventure! We hope we all can share a relaxing paddle or cycle in this beautiful place we call home.

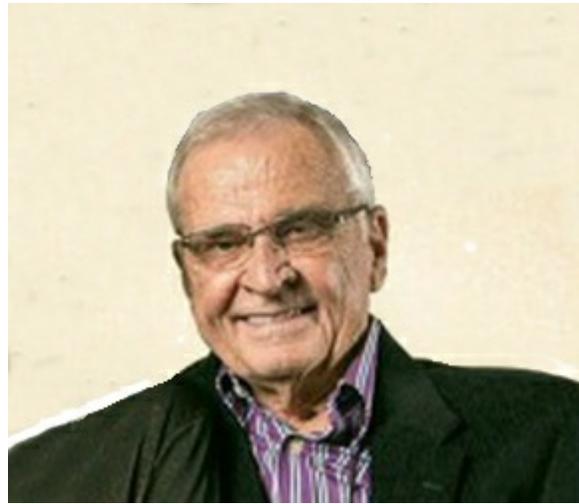
Please consider being an activity leader or co-leader for these new activities. If you are interested please send me a message. Look for information on hiking with Jim or Tim soon.

Everyone take care and stay safe.

Jerith Jones



In Memorium



Most of our Probus members would not have had the opportunity to meet Donna and Einar Brasso during their brief time here on the Island. They became members through their friends, Rae and Howard Siebert. They were not active members due to their restricted health conditions.

Their kindness, concern and generosity soon became apparent at a time when the Probus Singers and Friends were having difficulty finding a place to meet monthly. The Brasso's stepped up to the plate and offered their home as a location for our singing group. For four years, their home became a meeting place for guitar playing, singing, music trivia, laughter and great fun! Soon their home became known as The Brasso Music Hall.

The Brasso's were always interested in the Club's activities, and enjoyed receiving the monthly Newsletter. Even after their illnesses prevented them from coming to Courtenay in the summer to enjoy their home and the favourable climate conditions, they continued to support the Club by renewing their membership.

Donna and Einar passed away peacefully in their Alberta home after long battles with respiratory illnesses on April 21, 2021.

- Respectfully submitted by Rae Siebert for "The Undecideds"



MAY BIRTHDAYS

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 01 Mary-Kate Cowan | 21 Judith McIntosh |
| 03 Nancy Dyke | 22 Elaine Walker |
| 06 Pat Ellis | 25 Alistair Taylor |
| 12 Marguerite Ancell | 27 Evelyn Keith |
| 13 Melanie Olson | 28 George McNeill |
| 13 Carolyn Cronk | 30 Gene Morris |
| 14 Berta Knight | 30 Rod Keith |

Mind Teaser - There is one letter that does not appear in the spelling of any of the 50 US states. What is it?

MAY MEETING

Did you enjoy paying income taxes in April? Find out about strategies for reducing your tax bill by joining us at the May 11th Club meeting.

Paul Masson of the Bank of Nova Scotia will discuss the most common retirement income streams, wealth strategies, and strategies to reduce estate taxes and probate fees. He will use specific examples that we can apply to our situations. He invites related questions which he will answer at this time.

Please join us on Zoom for this presentation on Tuesday, May 11th at 2:00 pm. Note: You do not have to have a microphone or camera on your computer to watch this presentation.

Again, we will have a break-out session before the meeting for everyone to chat, and again at the end. We will not have a break in the middle of the meeting.

GOLF GROUP

The executive has “given the green light” to proceed with our Orca PROBUS Golf.

We are tentatively scheduled for **May 20th at Sunnydale Golf Club.**

An email will be sent to our golfers, with further details including time, social, requests for sign up, and the excellent Sunnydale COVID protocols.

Looking forward to a new season of PROBUS golf.

Dave Pacholuk



Here is the list of the winners so far in the Orca Probus Wheel of Fortune.

- Bruce Ellis
- Carol Labine
- Mike Naish

Two more draws to come!

Even the animals are suffering due to COVID.

The animals in a zoo in Germany were depressed and never left their dens. This happened during the pandemic. Nobody went there anymore.

The zoo remained empty. So the zookeeper called a pianist to play for them. See what happened...

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=237066284682025>

More Projects to Fill the Time

Last month I showed the model ship I had just finished. When I complete a model, I normally do simple projects in the shop. Since March I have been building bird houses. Here are a few I have made. - Bruce Ellis



More Bird Houses ...



Many of you will remember the presentation that Judith McIntosh gave in October 2019, which included readings from her book, Daddy Went to War.

Judith reports that the book has sold quite well. All the profits from the book go to Comox Legion. If anyone is interested, the book is available at the Blue Heron bookstore in Comox.

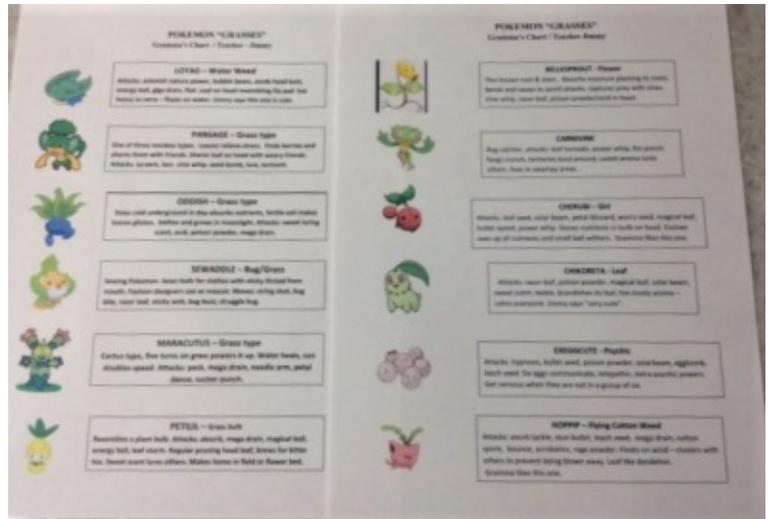
While the Hiking and Walking groups have not been active, this has not stopped Tim Ackerman and Paul Ellegood from getting out. Every morning they go for a walk, and average 65 km a week. As you can see from the picture, they walk early in the day.



Sharing precious (COVID safe) grandparent time with 9 year old Jimmy, I am learning a foreign language ... Pokémon.

Every Saturday morning FaceTime, he selects a group of Pokémon, sends photos and describes some of their attributes.

My homework is to build this chart with photos, and type in the details that we have discussed (and remember them for next week). Twenty-six of the 119 Grass Category down, and a “possible” 6 more categories to go!



- Isabelle Pacholuk

The Washington Post has published the winning submissions to its yearly Neologism contest, in which readers are asked to supply alternative meanings for common words:

1. Coffee (n.), the person upon whom one coughs.
2. Flabbergasted (adj.), appalled over how much weight you have gained.
3. Abdicate (v.), to give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
4. Esplanade (v.), to attempt an explanation while drunk.
5. Willy-nilly (adj.), impotent.
6. Negligent (adj.), describes a condition in which you absentmindedly answer the door in your nightgown.
7. Lymph (v.), to walk with a lisp.
8. Gargoyle (n), olive-flavored mouthwash.
9. Flatulence (n.), emergency vehicle that picks you up after you are run over by a steamroller.
10. Balderdash (n.), a rapidly receding hairline.
11. Testicle (n.), a humorous question on an exam.
12. Rectitude (n.), the formal, dignified bearing adopted by proctologists.
13. Pokémon (n), a Rastafarian proctologist.
14. Oyster (n.), a person who sprinkles his conversation with Yiddishisms.
15. Frisbeetarianism (n.), : The belief that, when you die, your soul flies up onto the roof and gets stuck there.
16. Circumvent (n.), an opening in the front of boxer shorts worn by Jewish men.