



Good Morning to you all ! I hope your week has been blissful, with some sunshine, and now we are into rain..... and all the activities that are starting to happen. It was a busy week for Brave Heart Volunteers!

"Tuesdays With Morrie", National Home Health Care Month Open House on Wednesday, and more preparation for Brave Heart Bowls! Maybe I can sneak a quick breath before jumping back in?

Here are some items for all of you...

1. We are still seeking Soup makers, bread bakers, dessert creators, and Silent Auction Items. And now I will add one more item.. .okay it's more than that... We are seeking Volunteers to help set up, take money, serve soup, clean up etc.. etc... If you can assist with any or all of these items.. Please give me a call or email... Your Assistance will be so appreciated... This is our HUGE event and I would love to get all of you involved... Thanks...
2. The BIG UAS Event of a Community Throw is happening this weekend! Come try your hand at throwing a bowl... or hand-build one... it all goes to our Brave Heart Bowl event .. should be a lot of fun... ! It's at the Art studio at UAS from 9 AM-1 PM... See you There....
3. Caregiver Education and support meeting is this next Wednesday the 17th. Klaudia LeCesse will be presenting... "Common Mistakes in Care and Interaction"... It will meet here at the Pioneers' Home Manager's House at 12 noon. Lunch will be served! Hope you can come for this interesting talk.

Hope you have a lovely week... Blessings...

What's Left
(for Peter Hennessy)

I used to wait for the flowers,
my pleasure reposed on them.
Now I like plants before they get to the blossom.
Leafy ones - foxgloves, comfrey, delphiniums -
fleshy tiers of strong leaves pushing up
into air grown daily lighter and more sheened
with bright dust like the eyeshadow
that tall young woman in the bookshop wears,
its shimmer and crumble on her white lids.

The washing sways on the line, the sparrows pull
at the heaps of drying weeds that I've left around.
Perhaps this is middle age. Untidy, unfinished,
knowing there'll never be time now to finish,
liking the plants - their strong lives -
not caring about flowers, sitting in weeds
to write things down, look at things,
watching the sway of shirts on the line,
the cloth filtering light.

I know more or less
how to live through my life now.
But I want to know how to live what's left
with my eyes open and my hands open;
I want to stand at the door in the rain
listening, sniffing, gaping.
Fearful and joyous,
like an idiot before God.

~ Kerrie Hardie ~

(Cry for the Hot Belly)