

# The **PROBIAN**

Monthly Newsletter of the Probus Club of Cobourg and District

Volume 16 - No. 11  
Editor Bill Johnson  
wjohnson@eagle.ca

**Power of Attorney**  
**Why you**  
**need one!**

A Power of Attorney is a legal document that gives someone the right to act of your behalf if you are unable to do so. Legal authority is needed to make any financial decisions and you should decide who will do it for you. If you are unable to make decisions for yourself and do not have a Power of Attorney, someone must apply to become the "guardian" of your affairs. If no one steps forward, the Ontario government's Office of the Public Guardian and Trustee will act.

The term "attorney" just refers to the person you choose to act on your behalf; they do not have to be a lawyer. Ontario has three kinds of Powers of Attorney.

The **Continuing Power of Attorney for Property** covers all your financial affairs and allows the person you name to act for you, even if, you become mentally

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**The Bickersons  
j & J Domine**

perpetuates the lives of our three members – it is the most special meeting of the year for us. The meal was excellent and the Lions pavilion just accommodated us all. We owe a real thanks to **Russ Donaldson** and his group for **A GREAT DAY!**

## **Presidential Decree**

Hot!! Humid!! What a summer! Normally, we don't get enough rain to keep our grass really green up here, outside Baltimore. We were down in town the other day and it was pouring; came home and we'd had no rain at all. Dry as a bone. That's happened a few times this year. Oh well, the vagaries of nature.

Planting Ceremony remembering the lives of Probians: **Bill Duncan, Dr. Bill Richards** and **Mary Buckley**. The Mayor was in attendance with the Town's silver spade: he accepted the tree on behalf of the town and agreed that the town would care for it henceforth! "This symbol of new life perpetuates the lives of our three members". Jo and I think this is a wonderful ceremony – it is the most special meeting of the year for us. The meal was excellent and the Lions pavilion just accommodated us all. We owe a real thanks to **Russ Donaldson** and his group for **A GREAT DAY!**



**Our special Tree Planting guests posed for the camera**

close as you could get, few dads had drills then) a string went through it with a knot in the bottom to keep the nut on the string. The other kid tried to hit your chestnut and break it when you held your string and the chestnut dangled straight down. Then you got your turn. We played for hours; cheap toy – cheap amusement. Today kids have ipods and all those other gimmicks. Oh for the good old days.

As most of you know, we decided to sell the house and move into town while were in Australia this spring. The house went up for sale in June and sold in three days. Of course, we hadn't found a replacement! Many of you offered us space until we could find something and get settled. One lady, who shall remain nameless, said she had a great spot for us but didn't cook, some offer with those qualifications! Anyway, to set your minds at ease, we found a spot and will move in on August 4, the day before you read this. Joanne has delegated me to stay home to fight with boxes of goodies and deal with the telephone and high speed internet installation!! Wow, high speed internet. We are finally joining the good life!

**j & J**

**August Issue, 2010**

## **THE ANNUAL PROBUS TREE PLANTING**

**..... JULY 15th, 2010.**

On Thursday July 15th 2010, our regular meeting at the Best Western Hotel was cancelled and in its place the Probus Club of Cobourg & District held its Annual Tree Planting in Victoria Park.

The event was attended by 120 Probians all decked out in shorts, sun hats and sandals. When we compare this event to the first tree planting on July 1st 1999 it is easy to see that we have come a very long way in remembering those members who passed on during the year.

Today's "ceremonial planting" honoured the life and times of: **Bill Duncan, Dr. Bill Richards, and Mary Buckley. Mayor Peter Delanty** accepted our tree on behalf of the Town Of Cobourg, and Mary Jane McLaren, (Buckley), responded on behalf of the families.

The following poem was read by Russ Donaldson while Co Presidents Joanne and Jim Domine remembered Dr. Bill, Bill, and Mary in a very special and personal way.

### **MISS ME – BUT LET ME GO**

When I come to the end of the road  
And the sun has set for me  
I want no rites in a gloom – filled room  
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little – but not too long  
And not with your head bowed low  
Remember the love that we once shared  
Miss me – but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take  
And each must go alone  
It's all a part of the Master's plan  
A step on the road to home.

When you're lonely and sick of heart  
Go to the friends we know  
And bury your sorrow in doing good deeds  
Miss me – but let me go.

### **Author unknown.**

The short 20 minute celebration was followed by picture taking and then we had a scrumptious lunch prepared and served by "BBQ – On – Wheels". Everyone left for home with a full belly and a feeling that we had conducted ourselves just the way Bill, Mary & Dr. Bill would have wanted it.

## **A History of ..... THE PROBUS TREE PLANTING''**

**1999** - A Linden Tree was planted in Victoria Park behind the Rose Garden

In Memory of: **Arthur Stokes John Walling Reid  
Jay Sydney Hinman Stewart C. Robin  
Ronald Hardaker Mary Lou Bark**

**2000** - A Red Maple Tree was planted in the northeast corner of Victoria Park.

In Memory of: **Helen Gallagher Erik Olaf Thomen  
Robert Homme June Westlake**

**2001** - A Blue Spruce was planted in Victoria Park (south of Queen Street).

In Memory of: **Bill Moore Doris Brown  
Norm Graham**

**2002** - A Oak Tree was planted in Victoria Park (n/w corner of Queen & Church)

In Memory of: **Lorne V. Patrick**

**2003** – A Horse Chestnut , Victoria Park north (close to the former Hoo Lee Gardens)

In Memory of: **Peter Smith Frank McBride  
Sybil Marion Eakins**

**2004** – A Black Maple was planted on Albert Street behind the Market Building.

In Memory of: **Lorne Stephenson Robert Eakins  
Leslie Alan Rimmer Ron Thurston  
Ruth Alice Woods David Cook**

**2005** – No tree planted and no deaths in our Probus Club.

**2006** – A Silk Lilac Tree was planted in the Marina Area.

In Memory of: **Irene Myrtle Smith**

**2007** – A Silk Lilac Tree was planted in the Marina Area.

In Memory of: **John Charles Cobb  
Jean Mock Macklin June Marie Harvey  
Shirley Lois Fraser Doris Jessie Moore  
Dorothy McKenna George Edwards  
Lucie-Anne Christie**

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***A History of the Probus Tree Planting – continued***

**2008** - A Silk Lilac Tree was planted in the Marina Area

In Memory of: ***Kenneth Heaton Don Gummer  
Lois Johnson Ian Peter Mathews  
Joan Godsell George Brown***

**2009** – A Purple Beech Tree was planted in Victoria Park north of Queen Street.

In Memory Of: ***Miriam Johnston  
Olive Barbara Reid Terry Sommerville  
Mary Catherine Ryan Thomas Allen Hoskin***

**2010** – A Ruby Red Chestnut Tree planted Victoria Park, new gardens (east beach)

In Memory of: ***Bill Duncan Dr. Bill Richards  
Mary Buckley***

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:**

Many thanks to all those who helped make the day such a success:

***Bill Johnson, Don Morrison, John Draper, Marilyn Macklin, Jo Morra, Margarete Easton, Jim Domine, Joanne Domine, Stone Avery,***

We'll see you all again next year.

***Russ Donaldson***

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***Why You need a Power of attorney –  
continued from page 1***

incapable.

A ***Non-Continuing Power of Attorney for Property*** cannot be used if you become mentally incapable. However, you may find this useful if, for example, you are planning to be out of the country for a long time and need someone to take care of your Canadian affairs.

A ***Power of Attorney for Personal Care*** is used for personal decisions such as health care and housing decisions.

You can name one or more people to be your Power of Attorney, but make sure that person (or persons) knows about it in advance and is willing and able to do the job. To avoid conflicts, some people name two or more family members or friends who must agree on any course of action.

A Power of Attorney is not the same as a “living will”, which is typically used to set out your wishes

for treatment if you become ill. It also has nothing to do with your Last Will and Testament, which covers what happens to your property after your death.

Power of Attorney forms must name specific people who will be your Powers of Attorney, and must be signed and dated by you. There must also be signatures from two witnesses who were present when you signed the document. These forms and more information are available free from the Office of the Public Guardian and Trustee (OPGT) at 416 – 314-2800 or online at [www.attorneygeneral.jus.gov.on.ca/English/family/pgt/poa.pdf](http://www.attorneygeneral.jus.gov.on.ca/English/family/pgt/poa.pdf).

***Source: Toronto Real Estate Board Quarterly Newsletter***

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***Male or female?***

***You tell me!***



***HOT AIR BALLOONS:***

A male object, because to get them to go anywhere, you have to light a fire under their butt.

***SPONGES:***

These are female, because they are soft, squeezable and retain water.

***WEB PAGES:***

Female, because they're constantly being looked at and frequently getting hit on.

***TRAINS:***

Definitely male, because they always use the same old lines for picking up people.

***EGG TIMERS:***

Egg timers are female because, over time, all the weight shifts to the bottom.

***HAMMERS:***

Male, because in the last 5000 years, they've hardly changed at all, and are occasionally handy to have around.

***THE REMOTECONTROL:***

Female. Ha! You probably thought it would-be male, but consider this: It easily gives a man pleasure, he'd be lost without it, and while he doesn't always know which buttons to push, he just keeps trying.

***TIRES:***

Tires are male, because they go bald easily and are often over inflated.

***Thanks to a friend in Toronto for these gems!***

## Tree Planting Marks 10 Years of Remembering



Above; **Russ Donaldson** opened the large gathering with a brief history of the Probus Tree Planting. Russ has been involved in the Tree Planting remembrance services for each of the ceremonies over the past 10 years.



Co-Presidents **Joanne and Jim Domine** assisted **Cobourg Mayor Peter Delanty** with the official Tree Planting using the Towns ceremonial silver shovel. The glaring sun and summer heat didn't deter Cobourg Probian from turning out in record numbers to honour those who have left us over the past year. Held in the newly constructed garden at the eastern edge of Victoria Park, the event was a true Probian celebration of lives well lived. The Tree Planting service and luncheon takes a great deal of planning and dedication by those who have made it such a resounding success. A fitting tribute to those who have left us with so many fond memories.



Above; **Stone Avery** keeps a watchful eye on a horde of hungry Probians as they navigate their way down the buffet table. The luncheon, catered by BBQ on Wheels, was a great success, and the Lions Club Pavilion was particularly appreciated on the very warm summer's day.

**Special thanks to John Draper for the photos of Tree Planting 2010 appearing in this issue..**

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## Painting the Church

There was a Scottish painter named Smokey Macgregor who was very interested in making a penny where he could, so he often thinned down his paint to make it go a wee bit further. As it happened, he got away with this for some time, but eventually the Local Church decided to do a big restoration job on the outside of one of their biggest buildings. Smokey put in a bid, and, because his price was so low, he got the job. So he set about erecting the scaffolding and setting up the planks, and buying the paint and, yes, I am sorry to say, thinning it down with turpentine.. Well, Smokey was up on the scaffolding, painting away, the job nearly completed, when suddenly there was a horrendous clap of thunder, the sky opened, and the rain poured down washing the thinned paint from all over the church and knocking Smokey clear off the scaffold to land on the lawn among the gravestones, surrounded by telltale puddles of the thinned and useless paint. Smokey was no fool. He knew this was a judgment from the Almighty, so he got down on his knees and cried: "Oh, God, Oh God, forgive me; what should I do?" And from the thunder, a mighty voice spoke.. (you're going to love this) **"Repaint! Repaint! And thin no more!"**

## **THE SNEEZE**



They walked in tandem, each of the ninety-two students filing into the already crowded auditorium. With their rich maroon gowns flowing and the traditional caps, they looked almost as grown up as they felt.

Dads swallowed hard behind broad smiles, and Moms freely brushed away tears. This class would NOT pray during the commencements, not by choice, but because of a recent court ruling prohibiting it.

The principal and several students were careful to stay within the guidelines allowed by the ruling. They gave inspirational and challenging speeches, but no one mentioned divine guidance and no one asked for blessings on the graduates or their families.

The speeches were nice, but they were routine until the final speech received a standing ovation. A solitary student walked proudly to the microphone. He stood still and silent for just a moment, and then, it happened.

All 92 students, every single one of them, suddenly SNEEZED !!!!

The student on stage simply looked at the audience and said, 'GOD BLESS YOU'.

And he walked off the stage...

The audience exploded into applause. This graduating class had found a unique way to invoke God's blessing on their future with or without the court's approval.

Isn't this a wonderful story? Pass it on to all your friends.....and

**GOD BLESS YOU!!!!**

This is a true story; it happened at Eastern Shore District High School in Musquodoboit Harbour, Nova Scotia.

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## **Coming Events – Mark Your Calendars.**

**August 15<sup>th</sup> to 22<sup>nd</sup> – Prince Edward County  
Jazz Festival at various locations across  
Northumberland County.**

For more information go to [www.pecjazz.org](http://www.pecjazz.org)

### **August 19<sup>th</sup> – Regular Meeting**

Best Western Inn & Convention Centre  
Theme to be announced

### **September 2<sup>nd</sup> – Regular Meeting**

Best Western Inn & Convention Centre  
Theme to be announced

### **September 16<sup>th</sup> – Regular Meeting**

Best Western Inn & Convention Centre  
Theme to be announced

**September 29<sup>th</sup> – Car Rally** – watch for more news and information coming soon.

### **October 21<sup>st</sup> Regular Meeting –**

Best Western Inn & Convention Centre  
**Brenda Nutter - Back by popular demand** showing a photo essay on her encounter with polar bears. Be sure not to miss this meeting!

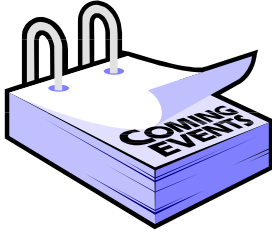
### **October 29<sup>th</sup> – Dinner Theatre at the Best Western Inn & Convention Centre “Having Hope at Home” by David Craig**

A very pregnant Carolyn is about to give birth – but not before she has her estranged parents over for a nice turkey dinner to prove the unmarried life she shares in a ramshackle farmhouse with the baby's father, Michel and her grandpa Russell, is simply fabulous. In the end, all it takes is a baby to heal the rift in this funny and heartwarming story of forgiveness and hope.

**Tickets \$33.75 – See Doreen Irwin**

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## 3900 Saturdays'



The older I get, the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having

to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the garage with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning turned into one of those Lessons that life seems to hand you from time-to-time. Let me tell you about it:

I turned the dial up into the phone portion of the band on my ham radio in order to listen to a Saturday morning swap net. Along the way, I came across an older sounding chap, with a tremendous signal and a golden voice. You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business. He was telling whom-ever he was talking with something about 'a thousand marbles..' I was intrigued and stopped to listen to what he had to say....

' Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well but it's a shame you have to be away from home and your family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet. It's too bad you missed your daughter's 'dance recital' he continued. 'Let me tell you something that has helped me keep my own priorities.' And that's when he began to explain his theory of a 'thousand marbles.'

You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less, but on average, folks live about seventy-five years.

'Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900, which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. Now, stick with me, Tom, I'm getting to the important part.

It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail', he went on, 'and by that time I had lived through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays.' 'I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy. So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had. I ended up having to visit three toy stores to round up 1000 marbles I took them home and put them inside a large, clear plastic container right here in the shack next to my gear.'

'Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble

out and thrown it away. I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life.

There's nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight

'Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign-off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure that if I make it until next Saturday then I have been given a little extra time.. And the one thing we can all use is a little more time.'

'It was nice to meet you Tom, I hope you spend more time with your family, and I hope to meet you again here on the band. This is a 75 Year old Man, K9NZQ, clear and going QRT, good morning!'

You could have heard a pin drop on the band when this fellow signed off. I guess he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to work on the antenna that morning, and then I was going to meet up with a few hams to work on the next club newsletter.

Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. 'C'mon honey, I'm taking you and the kids to breakfast.' 'What brought this on?' she asked with a smile. 'Oh, nothing special, it's just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. And hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles.

A friend sent this to me, so I to you, my friend.

And so, as one smart bear once said.....'If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be a hundred minus one day, so I never have to live without you.' - Winnie the Pooh.

Pass this on to all of your FRIENDS, even if it means sending it to the person that sent it to you.

And if you receive this e-mail many times from many different people, it only means that you have many FRIENDS.

And if you get it but once, do not be discouraged for you will know that you have at least one good friend...

And that would be ME.

***Want to get more out of Probus?  
Then join a committee!***

***Any club is only as strong as its active members.!***

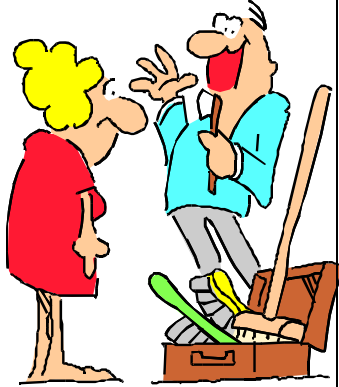
***Probus' future is in your hands.***

## **Personal Advertisements**

Senior personal ads from  
a Florida newspaper.

### **FOXY LADY:**

Sexy, fashion-conscious  
blue-haired beauty, 80's,  
slim, 5'4" (used to be 5'6"),  
Searching for sharp-looking,  
sharp-dressing companion.  
Matching white shoes  
and belt a plus.



### **LONG-TERM COMMITMENT:**

Recent widow who has just buried fourth husband,  
And am looking for someone to round out a six-unit  
plot. Dizziness, fainting, shortness of breath not  
a problem.

### **SERENITY NOW:**

I am into solitude, long walks, sunrises, the ocean,  
yoga and meditation. If you are the silent type, let's  
get together, take our hearing aids out and enjoy  
quiet times.

### **BEATLES OR STONES?**

I still like to rock, still like to cruise in my Camaro on  
Saturday nights and still like to play the guitar. If you  
were a groovy chick, or are now a groovy hen, let's  
get together and listen to my eight-track tapes.

### **WINNING SMILE:**

Active grandmother with original teeth seeking a  
dedicated flosser to share rare steaks, corn on the cob  
and caramel candy.

### **MEMORIES:**

I can usually remember Monday through Thursday.  
If you can remember Friday, Saturday and Sunday,  
let's put our two heads together.

### **MINT CONDITION:**

Male, 1932, high mileage, good condition, some hair,  
many new parts including hip, knee, cornea, valves.  
Isn't in running condition, but walks well.

***Who says seniors don't have a sense  
of humour?***

*Thanks to Russ Donaldson for these ads (?).*

## **Searching for Answers & Hope**

I found the following article from the *Living Longer and Living It* (LLLI) website to be very interesting. I hope that you will too! The Editor.

### **Learning About a Disease that Steals Memories**

First they told her she had Alzheimer's disease. Next they suggested that the medications they had prescribed to control her anxiety and depression were the cause. Then they told her it was Parkinson's. It was years before doctors finally figured out what was making Susan Grant's mind slip away.



"For a long time I told my M.D. that something was different in my brain. Something was not working right," recounts Susan. Six diagnoses, countless hours of tests, and a lot of personal money later, she was diagnosed with frontotemporal dementia (FTD)—a disease that most doctors know very little about but that affects an estimated 250,000 people in the United States.

### **The Disease That Is Stealing Her Pieces**

Frontotemporal dementia (FTD) is a disease that involves the progressive degeneration of the brain—specifically the temporal and frontal lobes—and that gradually destroys a person's ability to make decisions, behave appropriately, feel many emotions, communicate, learn, and even carry out life's daily activities. As Susan's partner and caregiver Cindy puts it, the disease "takes pieces away one at a time...her pieces are coming apart."

There are different types of FTD and each has slightly different symptoms, but they all tend to start slowly and with small signs. Minor changes that, on their own aren't a big deal, start to add up and point to a larger problem. Some FTD patients begin to have difficulty controlling their behavior and can become compulsive and socially inappropriate. They may discover that their reasoning and judgment skills are impaired. They may even suffer from movement disorders like tremors and muscle weakness. Most have memory problems in the later stages of the disease

Usually within a matter of years, symptoms worsen and leave the person needing 24-hour care. Most people die within 7 years of diagnosis.

Scientists don't know what causes FTD but believe it involves (at least in part) the accumulation of proteins in the brain that are no longer processed correctly but instead left to pile up. This in turn causes the death of

***Continued on page 8***

**Searching for Answers and Hope – continued**

surrounding cells and, as the disease progresses, parts of the brain actually start to shrink and lose function. This is why imaging tools play such an important role in diagnosing FTD since they can create a picture of the brain and show any shrinking parts. Scientists believe that FTD has a strong genetic component and many families lose multiple members to the disease.

Despite the increasing use of imaging technology, FTD is still very hard to diagnose and most doctors really don't know much about the disease. Diagnoses can get especially complicated because symptoms often point to other diseases and conditions. The symptoms often lead to diagnoses of depression, psychiatric disorders, and other dementias. Unfortunately, many a doctor has told a patient with FTD that they're just tired or depressed and should give it some time..."you'll feel better soon."

Because of the memory loss, one of the most common misdiagnoses is Alzheimer's disease. However, there are major differences, including the fact that FTD tends to hit much earlier in life. The two diseases also impact different parts of the brain and therefore produce different symptoms. A PET (positron emission tomography) scan can distinguish the two by showing the impacted parts of the brain.

**The Struggle**

In her search for a diagnosis Susan saw a psychologist who estimated that she'd lost half of her IQ. She eventually quit working because she was no longer able to do the sophisticated thinking that her financial advisor job required. She continues to stay busy and use her mind as much as possible, but everyday tasks are becoming harder and she feels her mind slipping away.



Susan's partner Cindy has stuck by her, but others are not so lucky. The behavioral changes that many FTD patients experience can drive loved ones away—especially when there is no diagnosis and no explanation for the changes.

Families are often told that they're imagining things or that the problem must be psychological. Even once they have a diagnosis it's still a devastating disease. FTD usually strikes in the prime of life—when patients are in the thick of their careers, raising their families, and anticipating many years ahead. It's confusing, frustrating, and scary. As the mind slips away it also becomes a very lonely disease. Families lose their loved ones long before they are physically

gone.

There is currently no cure for this horrible disease, and in most cases, it cannot be slowed.

**Planning for Hope**

Susan Grant wants to see this change and is devoting herself to raising awareness of this disease. She has devoted her time, her money, and her heart to producing Planning for Hope, a documentary on FTD that aims to unveil the truth about FTD, offer hope to those affected, and "open doors of understanding" when it comes to this disease.

Improper diagnoses and delays are mistakes that can cost a patient their job, their family, and precious time. People end up taking medications they don't need—and not taking those that they do. In Susan's case, she believes she has slowed her mental decline by actively learning new things, using "brain game" software, and taking the right mixture of medications to treat her anxiety and depression. She has also participated in six clinical trials to help the search for a treatment or cure.

While scientists have not proven that the disease can be slowed, experts recognize the advantage of early diagnosis in planning. Making financial and caregiving plans are especially important since the disease tends to strike so early in life—long before retirement savings have built up and entitlement programs like Medicare have kicked in.

And Susan believes there is reason to hope. Scientists are learning more and more about this disease every day, and hopefully someday soon, will be able to offer a cure.

For the most part Susan feels like she has a really good life. She spends a lot of her time talking and writing with others dealing with FTD—sharing her stories and giving them hope. Producing the film also kept her going at a high pace, and she thinks, kept her symptoms at bay.

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**HELP WANTED**

**Male or Female  
PROOFREADER**



**To help key stroking challenged Editor produce at least one error-free issue of the Probian before his term runs out.. Knowledge of basic language skills, grammar, punctuation - a definite asset. Salary commensurate with editors own retainer as prescribed by Pay Equity legislation. Ownership of current dictionary a definite asset. Reply: The Editor, The Probian at 905-373-4470 or email wjohnson@eagle.ca**