



QPARSE News

The newsletter of the Québec Provincial Association of Retired School Educators

Les nouvelles de l'Association du personnel d'enseignement retraité du Québec

QPARSE/APPERQ

L'automne/Autumn 2017

UPcoming EVENTS

October 12

Thursday 9-9:30 am

"Fall Excursion - Eastern Townships Bus Trip to Knowlton"

November 23

Thursday Evening (TBA)

"Everything you need to know about taxes and retirement"
a workshop by the Canada Revenue Agency
at Teachers' Convention,
Hyatt Regency Montréal

December 5

Tuesday 11:30 am

"Holiday Lunch"

"Via Marcello Restaurant"



The San Francisco Pasta Caper – April 14, 2012

*(Excerpt taken from the manuscript entitled:
The Last and First Hundred Days of Retirement)*

There is nothing more Italian than making pasta. A wonderful comfort food that never fails to satisfy appetites, anchor Italian families, and take centre stage at almost all celebrations. So here stands an Italian who, although in her fifties, has only made egg noodle pasta once. That first time ended in an abysmal failure; the spaghetti lengths stuck together and the exercise took more time than I had planned for, or had available.



Now as a result, my so-called gourmet food cooking is usually reserved for Saturday mornings. One Saturday morning many years ago, making homemade pasta seemed like a very good idea. Not that we ever missed out on having homemade noodles, since my Mom would make sure that we were always well provisioned. But this time, "I" wanted to make pasta for the family. The endeavour started out well enough, and it was the perfect opportunity to try out my new pasta maker. I tackled pasta making with the same zeal reserved for the start of a new hobby - a huge sprint at the starting gate.

It quickly deteriorated into the black hole of pasta making. A quasar of gluey spaghetti lengths all bonded together and sometimes cemented one to the other - instead of dried lengthwise strips all equal-sized and separate from each other.

I now understand the time and patience needed to generate even a basically acceptable grade product. With limited time before my boxing class that Saturday morning, the session was more like speed-pasta making. The more I hurried, the stickier things got. The stickier things got, the more furrowed my brow became. Speed and specialty-type cooking do not go hand-in-hand, especially when you are a beginner.

Needless to say, frustration hit and in a moment of discontent, I scooped up the

(Continued on page 15)

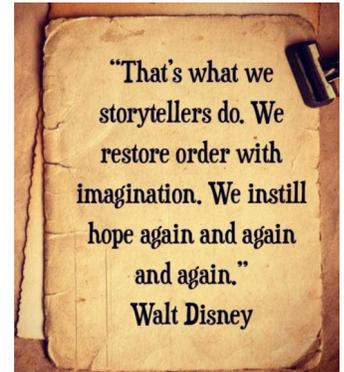
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Editorial

Storytellers

Why do we enjoy writing...especially in retirement? When we retire we become budding authors for many different reasons. We write because we now have the time, we have a story to tell, "to help sort out our feelings", or to express ourselves on things we care about such as travel, books or food appreciation. Meanwhile, some people write just because it makes them happy to do so. It's fun! Watching the page fill full with thoughts, especially when we are "in flow" is entertaining and definitely smile worthy.



Writing one's memoirs is the theme of this newsletter and I am certain you will enjoy excerpts from the various books that are quietly being written among QPARSE members. As educators, we are all storytellers and the book excerpts Hitchhiking on the High Seas, Wide Open Spaces, and The San Francisco Pasta Caper - are all short snippets of the entertaining stories that percolate through the QPARSE membership and their friends.

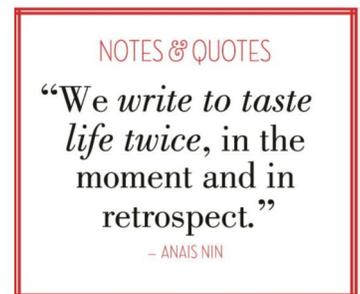
Perhaps you too will think of telling your story, or the stories that crossed your path while in education. Indeed, in that respect, we have a very rich palette of ideas to choose from! We would love to read your story, so send it to me for inclusion in a future edition of QPARSE News. As is often said, in writing, we get to experience life twice - in the living and the telling. Naturally, the membership would love to read your productions....so send them in and we will print them!

Meanwhile, the theme for the next edition of QPARSE News is entitled "For the Love of Pets". Let us get to know the pets that enrich your lives. We ask that you send us a picture of your pet with its name, age and favourite pastime. We will include these pictures in the next newsletter. Pets become very special family members and deserve to be spotlighted.

So, stay on the lookout for the arrival of Indian summer,
Keep on reading QPARSE News,
Keep on writing,
Send in your pet pictures,
And most of all, see you at the next QPARSE event,

Ciao for now,

Marzia Michielli
Editor



 <p>Editor of all</p>	<p>Newsletter working group members</p> <p><u>Marzia Michielli</u>, Terrie Kozaczynski, Jan Langelier, Renate Sutherland, Harold Penn, Katherine Snow, Jean Le Guillou, Patrick Clarke, Claudia Thierry</p>	<p>Next Deadline: December 5</p> <p>Theme: For the Love of Pets</p>
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Share our Newsletter with others!

President's Message - Message de la présidente



Dear Friends and Colleagues,
Chers amis et collègues,

With pen to paper (or maybe it should be, fingers to keyboard?), it is now mid-summer but good weather is still slow to arrive. Où est l'été? Nous espérons avoir enfin des températures estivales! Whatever the weather, I hope you are finding time to be out and active with friends and family.

This is my first message to you as President of QPARSE and I am honoured to be taking on this new position. I gratefully acknowledge the leadership of Renate Sutherland and am happy to have her guidance on the Board of Directors as past President, and also to have her continue to make important contributions to our Association. Je suis également contente qu'au sein du Conseil d'Administration il y ait des gens dévoués et aidants afin d'assurer la bonne gestion de l'Association.

Best of all, I am very pleased to have all of you, the members, many of whom reach out to us by email, post or in person to seek advice, to ask questions, to thank us and to make suggestions for improvement. Je vous encourage fortement à continuer la communication avec moi ou un autre membre du Conseil d'Administration afin que notre association continue à évoluer.

The year ahead will consist of interesting outings, fun social gatherings, informative workshops and of course, several newsletters. I encourage you to check out the Calendar of Events in this edition of QPARSE News and hope that you plan to join us for events of interest to you. Make sure to introduce yourself to me when you are at an event! En plus, n'oubliez pas d'informer vos amis de nos activités et de les inviter à participer. Suggérez-leur même de devenir membres de QPARSE!

We have many challenges ahead of us as we venture forward. We are always on the look out for new workshop ideas and social activities. If you have any suggestions, please do not hesitate to forward them to me or members of the Board of Directors.

This fall, we will be participating in celebrations focusing on International Day of the Older Person which is officially on October 1. We will be joining the City of Dollard Des Ormeaux Seniors' Club as they celebrate seniors in the community. If you are interested, look for the D.D.O. calendar of activities.

En terminant, je vous souhaite une bonne fin d'été et un automne plein de santé et d'activités. Enjoy retirement and keep active!!

Jan Langelier
President



**QPARSE PROGRAM
CALENDAR
2017**

- Wednesday
September 6
11:30am** **“Welcome Back Lunch”**
“Restaurant Ottavio’s”
1134 Marcel-Laurin, St-Laurent, Qc,
H4R 1J7
- Thursday
October 12
9-9:30am** **“Fall Excursion - Eastern Town-
ships Bus Trip to Knowlton”**
Museum Tour and Lunch
MORE INFO TO FOLLOW
- Friday
November 3
11:45am** **“Fall Luncheon and Reception for
New Retirees”**
Reservations Essential
Le Saucier Dining Room - Pearson
School of Culinary Arts
8310 Rue George, Lasalle, QC, H8P
1E5
- Thursday
November 23
Evening -
TBA** **“Everything you need to know about
taxes and retirement”**
**a workshop by the Canada Revenue
Agency**
at Teachers’ Convention, Hyatt Re-
gency Montréal, 1255 Jeanne Mance
Sponsored by QPARSE
**Possible topics include: OAS, tax
info, TFSA, pension splitting etc.**
- Tuesday
December 5
11:30am** **“Holiday Lunch”**
“Via Marcello Restaurant”
1790 Blvd. Côte-Vertu
(corner Marcel-Laurin) St-Laurent, Qc
H4L 2A6 - **DONATIONS TO NDG
FOOD BANK**

*** IF YOU ARE ATTENDING THE LUNCHEONS,
PLEASE INFORM EVENTS COORDINATOR:

Ken Cooke (514) 485-9118

***FOR PROGRAM INFORMATION, PLEASE
CONTACT: Carol Klein (514) 696-3447

**PROGRAMME DES ACTIVITÉS
DE L'APPERQ
2017**

- Mercredi
6 septembre
11:30** **“Lunch de bienvenue”**
“Restaurant Ottavio’s”
1134 Marcel-Laurin, St-Laurent, QC,
H4R 1J7
- Jeudi
12 octobre
9-9:30** **“Excursion de l'automne – Balade en
autobus à Knowlton”**
Visite du musée et Lunch
DÉTAILS À VENIR
- Vendredi
3 novembre
11:45** **“Lunch de l'automne & réception des
nouveaux retraités ”**
Réservations obligatoires
Salle à manger Le Saucier – Institut
culinaire Pearson
8310 Rue George, Lasalle, QC, H8P
1E5
- Jeudi
23 novembre
En soirée – à
déterminer** **“Les impôts et la retraite – tout ce
que vous devez savoir”**
**- un atelier de l'Agence du revenu
du Canada**
Au Congrès des enseignants, Hyatt Re-
gency Montréal, 1255 Jeanne Mance
Parrainé par l'APPERQ
**Sujets possibles : PSV, info impôts,
CELL, retraite partagée, etc.**
- Mardi
5 décembre
11:30** **“Repas des fêtes ”**
Restaurant “Via Marcello”
1790 Boul. Côte-Vertu
(coin Marcel-Laurin) St-Laurent, QC
H4L 2A6 - **DONS À LA BANQUE
ALIMENTAIRE NDG**

*** SI VOUS PRÉVOYEZ ASSISTER AUX LUNCHS,
VEUILLEZ EN AVISER: Ken Cooke (514) 485-9118

***POUR TOUT RENSEIGNEMENT SUR LES PRO-
GRAMMES, CONTACTEZ: Carol Klein (514) 696-3447

Do You know the whereabouts of these members ?

We are still searching for the following members. If you know anything about any of them, please let Terrie Kozaczynski know by email at terriekoz@yahoo.com or by telephone at 514-334-2203.

Danford DeSilva (Dollard des Ormeaux)
Wilbur (Bill) Leslie (Pierrefonds)
Hubert Radoux (St. Nicholas)
Yvette Wilson (Toronto)

Marguerit Hayes (Deux Montagnes)
Joan Pollard (Pierrefonds)
Elizabeth Stewart (Napanee)

“Canada by Train”- Three generations travelling west

*“Majestic in its vastness, with a storied past and astonishingly diverse landscape, Canada is a fascinating travel destination. VIA Rail, Canada’s national passenger train service, makes visiting this breathtaking country a truly memorable experience.” (3rd edition, *Canada by Train, Via Rail Travel Guide*)*

Exploring “Canada by Train” was to become an unforgettable and once in a life-time adventure, when on July 6, 2017 I embarked on this memorable journey with our son Ian and granddaughter Lauren (12 ½). From bustling Toronto, we were four days on VIA Rail’s *Canadian*, which travels 4,466 km through Canada’s diverse landscapes - the boreal forests of Northern Ontario, the rugged Canadian Shield, the expansive Prairies, and the majestic Canadian Rockies before arriving in Vancouver on the Pacific coast.

Departing Toronto’s Union Station finally at 3:45 a.m. (instead of 10:00 p.m. as scheduled the night before), we soon became aware that the *Canadian*’s VIA Rail train schedule often experiences delays and/or slowdowns which we were advised is in large measure due to CN freight traffic in this country having priority over passenger service all along the CN route – late departure and arrival times are often “the order of the day”.



Sunset in Northern Ontario



View from Jasper Park Lodge

After three relaxing days on the train and with service stops in Sudbury/Capreol, Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton, we had planned a two night stop in **Jasper National Park** with its stunning scenery, that encompasses the town and also a variety of wildlife – not least the elk that sometimes wander onto the streets. Unfortunately, on our last day in Jasper, the dark smoke of the wild forest fires in B.C. was beginning to cause poor air quality and smog throughout the region. Back on the *Canadian* again, the train sped towards Vancouver via Kamloops and across bridges above the mighty Thompson River and its valley, through numerous tunnels, the Rainbow Canyon (the most difficult and dangerous stretches of the transcontinental railway to construct), the famous Hell’s Gate stretch of rapids, the Fraser Canyon, and the historic site of Fort

Langley (establishment of the 49th Parallel as the official international boundary with the U.S.)

In spite of the delayed departure time, we thoroughly enjoyed VIA Rail’s hospitality and excellent service offered in its “Sleeper Plus Class” all-inclusive package - a cabin for two, a berth, electrical outlets, private washroom, delicious meals including regional specialties, exclusive use of the glass-domed Skyline cars where knowledgeable on-board attendants provided interpretative commentary about the places along the way. “Sleeper Plus Class” passengers also have exclusive access to departure lounges and are given priority boarding before traditional economy class passengers. We were especially appreciative of the care and services extended to us by the train porters who looked after our Lauren, for whom, being on the autism spectrum, transitions (especially those involving new experiences) can be challenging. Lauren loved the excitement of being on the train, which she enjoyed from the relative comfort and safety of her berth or sitting in the Skyline car.



Elk in Jasper National Park

Our family very much enjoyed sharing this wonderful train journey with so many travellers who also took the opportunity to celebrate the CANADA 150 by travelling across Canada with VIA Rail. A memorable and special time indeed!

Renate Sutherland



Never a Dull Moment

Recently, I have been taking time to study what people are doing in retirement. During retirement, some people get another job, some volunteer in their family business or in local institutions, some start new businesses and some take care of their grandchildren. Many choose to travel, either on their own, or through an organized tour company. So many retired friends have told me that they have taken their first cruise and can hardly wait to go on another one. As far as activities go, some friends enjoy eating out with former colleagues once or twice a month.

People sign up for courses on every imaginable subject: from language learning to pottery to weight training. I have heard that the Community Learning Centre (CLC) located in Princess Elizabeth School in Magog is a hub of educational activity for retirees. Some people are teaching at the McGill Institute for Learning in Retirement (MILR). I have enjoyed participating in many courses and lectures in this institute and I recommend giving it a try. They display art work and photography from MILR participants in their common room, and also feature the books and poetry produced by members.

Lately, I have decided to focus a bit more on art and the various ways I can enrich my general understanding of it. This year, I participated in a drawing class for the first time since elementary school! I became a member of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts and have thoroughly enjoyed every visit. I have taken my new love of the museum experience and have started to visit my local art galleries in my Eastern Township community where I spend much of my time.

I love the Vieux Forgeron Gallery in Stanstead because it features both local and visiting artists. It is owned and operated by a retired Dawson College English teacher, photographer and businessman Gabriel Safdi, and Eva Juul. The gallery is in a beautiful setting in the old Blacksmith Shop by the tumbling Tomifobia River in Stanstead, Quebec. They have a full program all summer, with at least three artists exhibiting at any one time. They are located very close to the Haskell Opera House and Library – another lovely spot - which straddles the Quebec/Vermont border. I feel so comfortable in the setting and so calmed by the rushing river.

The Colby-Curtis Museum is another lovely spot in Stanstead that shows work by local talented artists. Always a treat if you can participate in it, they have a sumptuous Tea and Scones opportunity there.

Studio Georgeville is also a huge part of the art scene in my area of the Townships. This lovely place is a cooperative gallery that has photographer, author and documentary filmmaker Louise Abbott as one of the founding members and key organizers. I am thrilled to learn about my Township Art community through the educational lectures that are presented in this cozy space. They even run an informal café in the winter to bring the community together and to share the beautiful works of art in the off-season. Here on display at different times, are stunning sculptures in stone, beautiful works in silver, sensational photography, gorgeous furniture in beautifully finished wood, water colour paintings and paintings in oil and acrylic. All the artists live in the area!

There are three other annual exhibits featuring local artists that are only open for a short time in July in my area of the Townships. I feel lucky to be in such close proximity to them.

I am embracing my new focus on Art and I am looking forward to dabbling in some of the art forms myself! First on my list is a pottery class, and secondly water color painting classes. Who knows... Perhaps, a previously untapped talent lurks within me.

Retirement – never a dull moment!

Katherine Snow

Hitchhiking on the High Seas

Excerpt of memoirs by Jean Le Guillou - England 1952

In 1951-52, aged 22, I was working as a French “assistant” in a “Grammar School” in Saltash, a small Cornwall suburb of the big naval base of Plymouth, on the other side of the river Tamar which separates Cornwall from Devonshire. My original home was Brest, at the western tip of Brittany in France. It is, like Plymouth, a big naval base which was at that time also slowly recovering from the destructions of the war. Brest lies due south of Plymouth across the English Channel.

I was enjoying room and board for a very reasonable price in a big house owned by an amiable fifty-something widow, Mrs. Tall, whose 18 year old son, Dennis, and I were on friendly terms.

In the spring, I noticed that grocery stores were selling fresh strawberries imported from Brittany, as strawberries mature there earlier than in Cornwall. Wondering how they made the journey to Plymouth, I decided to take a stroll down to Plymouth harbour. Sure enough, I noticed a small freighter with an unmistakably Breton name and sporting a French flag.

Walking on board, I introduced myself to the captain as being a Brestois like him, slipping into easy conversation, as two expats might do. After a few minutes, an idea suddenly struck me. A short school holiday was coming soon – maybe Whitsun? Not really expecting a positive answer, I casually asked the captain if it might be possible to make the trip to Brest and back on board his ship, on one of his next voyages. The request did not seem to faze him at all, and he agreed surprisingly quickly. However, not being licensed to take on passengers, he said he would have to sign me on as a crew member! While I was at it, I asked him if he would be willing to take on *two* people. Again, no problem. I was thinking of Dennis; I thought it might be fun for him, although I had yet to consult him and his Mom. Naturally, I also asked how much it would cost. In typical Breton fashion, the offer of money was politely, but firmly - almost indignantly - refused.

When I got home, I mentioned my plan to Mrs. Tall and to Dennis, who jumped at the idea. He had never set foot outside England and this was an unexpected opportunity for him. We had two weeks before the trip and Dennis needed to get a passport in a hurry! The red tape was quite simple really and was soon taken care of.

Both of us duly showed up at the appointed day and time to meet our ship and were proudly signed on as members of the French merchant marine, with very clearly undefined duties!

The ship was not the fastest liner on the high seas and took 15 hours overnight across the Channel to reach Brest around 8 the next morning. The weather was fine and we dozed off on the bench in the crew’s wardroom.

In Brest, Dennis and I walked a couple of kilometres to the railway station and boarded a train to Quimper, 50 miles away, and surprised my aunt (who had been my guardian since the death of my parents, killed in the war) with our unexpected arrival. In those days very few people - in our social group anyway - had a telephone and we had no way of warning her. But that was no problem; supper and a bed were happily provided. The next day, I took Dennis to see the sights of our beautiful city of Quimper, a jewel of medieval history and architecture, which had remained intact throughout the war. For Dennis, the whole adventure was quite an eye opener. Travel was not usual then for most people of limited means and it was a chance for him to travel abroad.

After another night spent at my aunt’s, we made our way back bright and early to Brest where we found our ship busily loading pallets of small crates of strawberries. After filling the hold up to the brim, they stacked them up and lashed them on deck until I was sure the helmsman would not even see the prow of the ship! Not a cubic inch was wasted!

Along the way, we had stopped at a butcher’s shop to buy some nice steaks for Mrs. Tall. Rationing was still severe in 1952 England but pretty well over in France by then, and the dear lady had told me that she was really longing for a “nice juicy steak”!

Towards the end of the afternoon, we were ready to go. The return trip, alas, was not as smooth as the going. The sea had become very choppy. Although we felt perfectly safe in the hands of our seasoned captain, there was not much dozing off during the night. They fed us well and the ship’s cook served a rich beef stew, washed down with the best plonk available in France, the kind that the French call: “*du gros rouge qui tache*”! And for dessert, strawberries of course! Luscious, freshly picked; several crates were opened and it was an “all you can eat” feast.

(Continued on page 8)

Hitchhiking on the High Seas *cont'd*

(Continued from page 7)

Unfortunately, a couple of hours and much motion later, the stew, the wine and the strawberries began to lose some - indeed most - of their appeal.

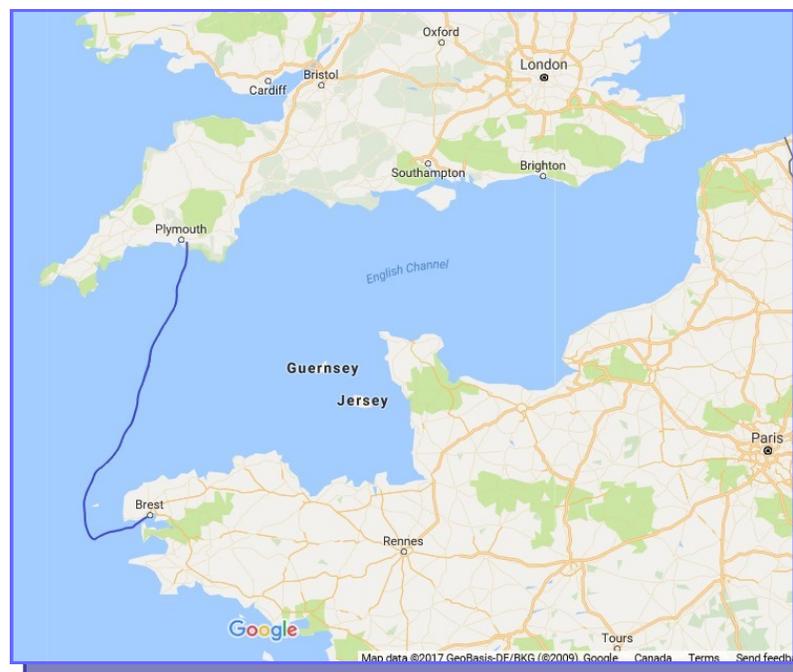
At one point during the night, from the engine room below, diesel fumes wafted upwards. Without consulting each other, both Dennis and I rushed outside for some fresh air, at the risk of being washed overboard. The rest of the trip was spent wondering whether being washed overboard might not be a better option! The whole thing was causing some merriment, but little sympathy, in the rest of the crew. At that moment, we had already decided that our sea-faring careers would have to come to an end, the sooner the better! One consolation was that, as one crew member pointed out with a wink, the captain himself was “resting” in his cabin! “Oh yes – he said - he is a superb sailor and navigator, but tends to become “uneasy” in rough weather”.

As dawn appeared and as we reached the calmer waters of Plymouth Sound, our heaving gradually subsided and life became rather attractive again.

We had to clear the harbour and customs authorities who enquired whether we were bringing in forbidden things from our trip. When we truthfully admitted that we were carrying “nice juicy steaks”, we were met with a severe look from the customs man: “Sorry, gentlemen, but you cannot bring raw meat into this country!” We were almost resigned to the tragic fate of our steaks being incinerated on Her Majesty’s order, when our friendly captain intervened: “What if the steaks are cooked?” “Then Sir, you may bring them in”. So the ship’s cook briefly seared the steaks, just enough to make them brown, and Mrs. Tall was able to enjoy the steaks she had been pining for!

We also took home two crates of delicious strawberries, which Mrs. Tall ended up eating all by herself, except for those she shared with friends and neighbours. Dennis and I, for some reason, could not for a few months afterwards look at a strawberry without flinching.

***The map below shows the relative locations of Plymouth and Brest.
The distance would be approximately 350 km or 220 miles (190 nautical)***



Publisher's TIPS

Click on the picture to link to the articles.



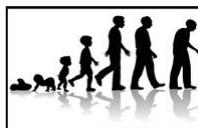
9 Senior Discounts Canadians Get Only If They Know

Safety Tips For Seniors Living Alone



Editor's Picks

Click on the picture to link to the articles.



What Age Do Millennials Think is Old?



How Old is "Old" ?
The answers vary by age|money



Why Exercise Matters to your Brain?



Grey matters: For older Canadians, words matter

Attempts have been made to distinguish between the stages of life for seniors, elderly.



Amazing Places on Our Planet

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... TO HOME, AUTO AND BUSINESS INSURANCE

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Spotlight on Members



Sylvia Ayelet Assouline *Inspired Writer*

Even after having been retired nineteen years from Riverside Park Academy, Sylvia's mind is still very active as she dreams up new plots for her "pièces de théâtre" - six of which have been performed at the Segal Centre.

She began her teaching career as a French as a Second Language teacher at John Grant High School, and retired from Riverside Park Academy 28 years later. In between, she produced many school plays with her students. Sylvia accidentally fell into script-writing to help out an acquaintance who was passionate about a story she felt must be told. It was about the role that Sephardic Jews played in the years following the 1789 French revolution in order to become French citizens. The production was a great success and so, Sylvia's second career was born.



In 2016, Sylvia published, "Et le jasmin refléurit", a spellbinding memoir of growing up in Marrakesh. The story **had** to be told, with a special tribute to her saintly mother who in spite of many tribulations was able to set a fine example for her children. When fortunes turned for the worse, Sylvia decided to fulfil her mother's lifelong dream to live in Jerusalem. Having been awarded a scholarship to study at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Sylvia insisted that her mother live with her in a modest student residence. Her illiterate mother could finally learn to read and write in Hebrew, thereby opening a new world to her.

Later, in Jerusalem, Sylvia met her future husband Sylvain, a Canadian tourist who had by coincidence also come from Marrakesh. Upon his return to Canada, Sylvain proposed to Sylvia and the rest is history! Three children and two grandchildren later, Sylvia's fourteen-year old granddaughter seems to have inherited the compulsion to write. Sylvie's granddaughter has already produced some impressive stories!

Now, Sylvia and Sylvain spend winters in Florida where her routine involves going for a brisk morning walk prior to contemplating her writing. This percolates new ideas for her next book. Then it is off for a refreshing swim. In the afternoons, the mind and body are ready to work on yet another creation.



It seems many of us have interesting stories to tell. Your family origins should not be forgotten and could be passed down to future generations. Perhaps Sylvia will inspire you to write your own memoir or family history for the next generation. However, be warned.... Like Sylvia, you too may have to change some names in order not to offend!

Claudia Thierry

Letter to the Editor Response by Richard Huint



May 28, 2017

Mrs. Michielli,

Many thanks for the kind mention of my adventures in your editorial. It is very much appreciated.

I must share with you that I left that work in 1997 after some 14 years of involvement. In 2004, the Life-saving Society recognized my work with the Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal. As far as I was concerned, that was it. You can understand my surprise in mid-August 2016 when I received a letter from London, not Ontario... I was not sure whether I should go...but people around me would not let me do otherwise. About 2 weeks after the letter arrived, we were notified that there was to be a reception at the Palace. Then about a week later, we learned that Her Majesty would be involved. It was more than overwhelming... and completely unexpected.

The entire event, from the presentation in the morning with HRH Prince Michael of Kent and later with Her Majesty, was magnificent. In the reception hall, her team placed us in groups and the six members of the Royal Family in attendance came to speak to people. In my case, Prince Philip came to our group, stood beside me, and asked me about the work I had done. We stood there chatting as if we had known each other for a long time. He took interest in what I said, asked me more questions, and really wanted to know. At age 95, he was completely solid on his feet, his mind was as clear as could be... it was amazing! He had first chatted with my wife and I in the presentation line as we arrived. Same thing then, he took interest in where we were from and recalled that he had been to Montreal for the Olympics.

As the evening ended, one of the team asked my wife and I to stand near an exit door. Her Majesty came right to us, addressed my wife asking where we were from and how many Canadians had come. She was warm and friendly, very sincere in her approach, but perhaps tired. She wished us a good evening and left the hall. I felt speechless.

Her dedication to her work and the interest she took in the people in attendance was remarkable. It was all so genuine.

Again, thanks for both the mention in your editorial and the article.

Richard Huint



“WIDE OPEN SPACES,” Memoires

It is a day with a clear, blue sky. My colleague, Pamela and I are flying in a small propeller airplane, looking out over the wide, open Luangwa valley in Eastern Zambia. The airstrip in Mfuwe is within sight. It is fall 1990 and we have a short break from our CIDA Project with Elementary School Teachers at Chalimbana Teacher Training College outside Lusaka. Our Zambian partners decided to go home to their families for a holiday but we are on our way to the South Luangwa National Park for a Safari. The small town of Mfuwe is the gateway to the park, a one-hour drive in a Jeep with our luggage.

The South Luangwa National Park, 9,000 km sq. along the languid Luangwa River is one of the greatest wildlife sanctuaries in the world. It was recently opened to visitors. The area is largely flat and the park has an interesting eco-system including rivers, forests and plains with increasingly impressive game population. There are 60 different animal species and 400 types of birds. Sadly, the rhino has been poached to extinction.

We are here in the dry season when the vegetation on the wide open space of the dry woodland is shriveled up and it is easy to spot the animals at a distance or see them resting around a watering hole after their morning feed. We came upon such a tranquil scene the first day of our safari. The pride with the male lion and 6 lionesses with young cubs had a siesta and our guide encouraged us to get quietly out of the jeep to take photographs. Some of the cubs were playing while carefully watched by their mothers; it was an otherwise a relaxed scene. It was so beautiful and powerful at the same time. I was in awe of these magnificent animals and grateful for the experience.

The blue sky seemed to go on forever and the horizon was just broken with the Mopane and occasional Baobab tree. We had passed several Kigelia or Sausage trees as we entered the park.

The park was teeming with wildlife everywhere we looked. Crossing the river as we entered the park we saw crocodiles and hippos in the water and the elephants were everywhere. My very first sighting of elephants in Zambia had been earlier on a visit south to Livingston and the Victoria Falls, also called Musi-O-Tunia; “The Smoke That Thunders”. As we drove towards these magnificent falls along the wide Zambesi river, we saw at a distance the mist-like smoke high in the air. Suddenly the driver stopped the jeep to let an elephant family cross the road on its way to the river. The image, as the sun was setting, of this huge bull elephant, the smaller female and the calf walking with great purpose in a single file towards the open water was just magnificent, and again powerful in its beauty. This is now over 26 years ago and I’ll never forget it.

This time we stayed at the “Chilele Presidential Lodge”. It was 1990 and President Dr. Kenneth Kaunda was still in power after a peaceful transition from the British when North Rhodesia became the Independent Republic of Zambia in 1964.

This magnificent lodge on a hill in the National Park was open to the public and had a great vista over the open plains of the park. The Thorncraft Giraff with white legs and face passed gracefully in flocks beneath the lodge with the Crawshay’s Zebra, both species indigenous to Luangwa Parks. The density of leopards was the highest in the world here in Luangwa at that time. On a Night Safari we saw many leopards, as well as owls and a black panther which seemed to be hypnotized by the headlights from the jeep and crouched for a while in the ditch of the road before it sauntered elegantly with its powerful body away from us.

After our return that night, we sat on the veranda of the lodge for a while taking in the seemingly endless open sky with all the stars and the Southern Cross a few degrees over the horizon.

Zambia is situated about 10 degrees south of the equator and this part of the country is on a plateau about 1,400 meters high. The temperature was comfortable at this time before their summer, but I had difficulty sleeping as the intense roar of the animals on the open plain kept me awake during the night.

Thousands of elephants are killed every year for their valuable tusks. The Black Rhino is in danger of total extinction. The elephant may go extinct within a few years if poaching continues at this rate.

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WIDE OPEN SPACES *(Continued from page 12)*

Many environmental groups and well known international personalities are calling for an end to poaching which is illegal – a crime, and done for profit on the black market. Keep in mind that poaching also has a devastating influence on the local community, particularly its tourism industry and the ecosystem which is affected when species become extinct.

It is usually the older matriarchs in the herd, with their larger tusks, who are most vulnerable. Killing a matriarch disrupts the social order of the herd and the herd is scattered forever.

The visit that fall of 1990 to Luangwa opened my mind and increased my awareness and respect for the magnificent wildlife and the people involved, worldwide, to try to protect the animals and combat the poachers that threaten their existence.

There has to be hope that the animals may be safe from human greed and free to roam these wide-open spaces for generations to come.

Kari Quraeshi

L'âge d'or ou la fleur de l'âge



Certaines personnes qui travaillent après l'âge de 65 ans le font par l'obligation de joindre les deux bouts, mais pour d'autres ce serait pour le pur plaisir. Selon un sondage, 50% des hommes et des femmes ayant plus de 65 ans et qui exercent un emploi, le font pour boucler leurs budgets. Un manque de préparation financière, une situation économique précaire, figurent parmi les facteurs qui les obligent à rester sur le marché du travail.

Nombreux, aussi, sont les gens qui trouvent leurs voies sur le tard comme Grandma Moses qui a commencé à peindre à l'âge de 75 ans, Tony Randal, qui est devenu père pour la première fois quand il avait 75 ans avec une épouse qui était 50 ans plus jeune que lui.

Ceux et celles qui en tirent énormément de satisfaction de leur emploi, le considère comme une mission ou une vocation qu'ils espèrent continuer le plus longtemps que possible.

© Brian Ostrovsky

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Welcome to New Members

Nicole Duranceau and Francine Gravel

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR RETIREMENT!

Terrie Kozaczynski

What a Difference!Retiring in 1967 versus today

THEN

Fifty years ago... during the six months of presentation time, the Expo 67 international exhibition literally put Montreal on the map and drew millions of visitors to our great city. By the time the Expo 67 exhibition ended in October of that year, fifty million visitors had passed through the turnstiles on Ile St. Helene and Ile Notre Dame. Man and his World was the theme of the exhibition and it had over 100 pavilions from 60 different countries.



In those days you earned an average salary of \$7,500 a year as a teacher. A new home would cost \$14,500, the average rent was \$125 a month, a new car cost you \$2,700 and gas would cost you 33 cents a gallon. Food was fairly inexpensive then, with bread at 22 cents a loaf, and mailing a letter would set you back only 6 cents.

The Canada pension plan and the Guaranteed Income Supplement were in their infancy and it was quite complicated to qualify. Life expectancy in the late 1960's was 72 years of age, whereas today it is 82 to 85 years of age.

Today as QPARSE members, we are extremely lucky, with fairly good pensions compared to the private sector. Meanwhile, if you are still working as a teacher the salaries at the top end of the scale are in the high seventy thousand dollars.

NOW

The cost of living 50 years later has changed somewhat! Average house prices in Montreal are in the \$350,000 range and rents are climbing above \$650. The cost of food is quite high and a new small car today, can be purchased is in the \$20,000 dollar range.

Technology and the cost of mailing have changed our way of communicating: it has gone from pen to paper to texting and skype. I wonder what it will be like in another 50 years.

We are living much longer. Today, the average age of Canadians is over 40 and by 2030 over 50% of the Canadian population will be at today's retirement age. I think our generation of retirees is quite lucky and believe that future generations will probably have to work longer for less money. As retirees today we have more disposable income and use it to travel and explore the world, more so than those who did fifty years ago.

Patrick Clarke

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The Pasta Caper *(Continued from page 1)*

dough and hurled it in the garbage can. This quickly eliminated any evidence of the idea to touch the roots of my Italian heritage. Now years later, in retirement, and at the request of my son while visiting him in San Francisco, I promised to test out his new pasta making machine. Once again, the call bell to bear witness to my Italian roots. This pasta maker was manufactured in Italy and positive vibes emanated from this one. Today would register as a milestone - my first batch of fettucine, and in San Francisco no less! Fettucine a la marinara, I could taste it already. My mother would be so proud of me! I had called her just to double check the recipe and for any last minute pointers.

With plastic film laid securely over the granite counter as my improvisation for the large wooden kneading plank which was required and unavailable here; the pool of flour was separated and then moulded into a volcanic-looking pit.



In this cavity six eggs were deposited. Step one was easy enough. Until a glance at the “machinetta”(pasta maker) instructions said otherwise. Clearly it stated: “Do not use eggs straight from the refrigerator”. That was the first mistake, albeit a beginner’s error! My mother had never mentioned the temperature requirement. Of course, it was assumed you say and you are right! Remember I am a beginner at this!

As the cloud of flour increased, and the sheets of waxed paper lined the counter the “fettucine” strips were churned out. Much to my dismay, the fettucine exited the “machinetta” in one large clumpy ball. Once again, this was a definite sign that there was too much water in the mixture. How many times had I jokingly heard the loving expression “questa e una Italiana...mangata” ...*(she is Italian...but missed)* given that my birth city was outside of Italy. The pedigree lovingly conferred the designation “Not a true Italian”, since in me was a second generation Italian.

Well, this was not true pasta either...fettucine, mangata! I knew the desired consistency, just not how to get to it! “Oh how I love recipes without clear quantities!”, I thought to myself. I had been caught once before when I made pizza for the first time. I smiled as I pictured the 17 pizzas I made that day but was quickly whisked back to the fettucine making.

In a moment of frustration, with the gluey strips in a pile, they nearly made their way to the garbage bin - again! But how would I explain the frustration to my son? Nana, as the children lovingly called her; was not there to make him the desired homemade pasta. He had shown me the location of his new pasta maker three times. Nonetheless, this was a challenge waiting to be scaled.

What’s more, that day I had read in the Sunday edition of the San Jose Mercury News that we should “challenge our brain with new and unexpected experiences” and that “pumping mental iron keeps the brain fit.” Here was my chance to use all of my senses, to try something new and practice “neurobics”.

I forged onward, and every pile of dough put through the machine came out with two fettucine lengths perfectly glued together. “Well, that was an improvement!” I thought, they aren’t a complete clumpy mound of dough! I would practice neurobics alright...just reframe the situation! Not successful at making fettucine, but definitely a successful attempt at making pappardelle. Two fettucine lengths perfectly fused gave birth to one pappardelle strip! Oh the benefits of neurobics and integrating knowledge learned.

As a teenager I would never have predicted that I would, one day, make egg noodle pasta. The mental commentary ran through the disadvantages and potential excuses for my failure - this was not my kitchen and I was working without appropriate tools. But now my Italian heritage was “egging” me on! I could have gone with the new version of the pasta making exercise “pappardelle 2.0”. Having shared my adventure with a friend, she advised me that my creation should actually be named ‘Pappercine’. The pasta caper will forever be etched in the annals of my retire-

(Continued on page 16)

The Pasta Caper *(Continued from page 15)*

ment adventures or at the very least, the exercise of neurobics.

Fisherman's Wharf-Pier 39 – April 15, 2012

The next day, for a change of pace and to shake out the claustrophobic willies of pasta making of the day before, we set out to visit Fisherman's Wharf. Fisherman's Wharf has the personality from Gold Rush days with an Italian flavour,... especially Pier 39. Italian immigrants would fish for crab and then sell it to people on the pier. In honour of that tradition, there are many restaurants on the pier's boardwalk ready to sell you crab in its many variations. It is unfortunate my daughter, is not here; she would have loved the crab restaurants and food trucks, for she is the crustacean-aficionado in the family! The warm sun relaxes us as we wander around Pier 39. With this much energy and activity at the pier this is one more reason why my son prefers San Francisco to Seattle. Small pubs, specialty boutiques, Segway riders, strolling families and numerous smiling tourists make the pier a "happening" place and a satisfying outing.



Next on the agenda of visits is one of the busiest, whimsical and well-known tourist attractions in the U.S. For me and all those present at the pier, the sea lions sunning themselves on the many small wharfs, were the biggest attraction. The elder-looking sea lions illicit smiles from all who pause to observe them.

There were fifteen wharfs with sea lions on most of them. Some were lazily basking in the sunlight while they napped, yet others appeared to be in competition for recognition. On each wharf there would be one sea lion that would erratically throw its head back and announce that it was the greatest, much in the same way that peacocks show their feathers when bragging of their accomplishments. This would start a hooting and squawking match between sea lions on adjacent wharfs. As if on cue, at something one of the sea lions must have said, all the sleepy sea lions awoke, became agitated and began their dissonant song.



This was then followed by hurried competitive diving once again initiated by the elders of the troop. Why had they suddenly reacted to the latest hooting song and not to the other prior medleys was not clear; but they too, like humans have their idiosyncrasies.

Animals have the ability to completely mesmerize us and plunge us deep in thought. Why had I not visited my son more often in San Francisco? With a hectic work sched-

ule no longer an issue, I resolved to visit more in retirement.

M. Michielli

In Memory of our Dear Friends

We send our deepest condolences to the friends and family of the following:

Seymour Adelman

Charles C. Ancrum

Arlene Bleser

Donald J. Boulé

Doris Cookman

Hazel Carson

Katherine Mary Currie

Eric Henry Rumsby

Thomas Wallace

Goldie Welik



“Reunion” Memoires

Since retirement they meet once a year and reminisce – these 7 friends from an inner city Elementary School, in Oslo, some 80 years ago.

This is rather remarkable because they went in different directions with their life experiences. Some went on to higher education and interesting professions; some finished middle school, married early and started families. Some settled abroad and some are now great- grandmothers while others, much later, experienced the joy of grand-motherhood.

Everyone brings photos and they share stories when they meet once a year - they have usually not seen each other since the last group event - although most live in the same city.

It is rather unusual, actually, to still be in touch and be able to pick up with a “Do you remember”?

However, not everyone remembers and some do not make it to the reunion. They get confused and roam around in the city. Finally they find their way back home. The next day they have no memory of this.

When they were young- age 6 or so- they all lived near to one another and were in and out of each other’s homes. They became close friends. When school was shut down for some years due to war - they met with the teacher in secret in each other’s homes and brought a log of wood to help with the heating during cool and dark winter days. Friendships were glued.

Sharing memories with childhood friends over all these years is a privilege and a blessing. It makes them feel connected to where they came from, - where they have been - and more importantly- who they are.

Kari Quraeshi

ACER – CART News



Our membership in the Canadian Association of Retired Teachers Association - Association Canadienne des Enseignant(e)s Retaite(e)s (ACER-CART) allows us to keep up to date on many issues of concern to us all at the national level. We also benefit from meeting with representatives from across Canada with whom we can share our experiences and learn from each other.

In June, Kathleen Malcius and I attended the Ottawa Annual General Meeting. The areas of interest discussed included, lobbying for a National Health Care Strategy as well as, voicing on-going opposition to the government’s plan to implement Bill C-27. As you know Bill C-27 is an attack on defined benefit pension plans. Information about these two concerns will be shared on our web site and if possible, on our Facebook page as it is provided to us.

Another very important part of these meetings is the opportunity to hear from all other member associations as they share issues of particular interest to their members and practical suggestions for better responding to members. We are a relatively small association and benefit greatly from this exchange.

The Executive for 2017 – 18 consists of:

- ◆ *President: Brian Kenny – Retired Teachers of Ontario*
- ◆ *Vice President: James McCauley – PEI Retired Teachers Association*
- ◆ *Regional Representative East: Bill Berryman – Nova Scotia Retired Teachers Association*
- ◆ *Regional Representative Ontario: Martin Higgs*
- ◆ *Regional Representative West: Gerry Tiede – BC Retired Teachers*

Jan Langelier

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*We are a volunteer organization and do not have an office.
For further information contact Terrie Kozaczynski at terriekoz@yahoo.com*

*Nous sommes une organisation de bénévoles et nous n'avons pas de bureau.
Pour des informations supplémentaires contacter Terrie Kozaczynski à
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**Kindly pass this newsletter/application form
to teachers who have recently retired**



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About Us

- We are retired teachers, administrators, professionals and support personnel who have been employees of an English school board or private school in Quebec.
- We organize social, educational and community service activities with our members.
- We represent the interests of seniors through our participation in **ACER-CART** (the Canadian Association of Retired Teachers).
- We publish a **newsletter** three times a year. Booklets of poems, jokes and puzzles are shared among senior members once a year.

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