

The Patterns of Life



The third Saturday in March has been designated Worldwide Quilting Day, a global celebration of quilters and their fabulous creations. Quilts began not as the intricately patterned blankets

we often use today, but as padded clothing. The first evidence we have of humans wearing quilted clothing comes from ancient Egypt. Quilted clothes were uncovered at the Temple of Osiris dating back 5,000 years. Modern quilting of clothes dates back to the Middle Ages in Europe when these soft garments were worn over and under chain mail armor. The first evidence we find of quilted blankets comes from 15th-century England, but all this evidence is merely written about; few, if any, blankets from that era have survived.

English immigrants brought their sewing and quilting skills with them to America, where quilting grew into more than a practical skill—it became an art form. Patterns grew into symbols and stories. When President Lincoln signed the Homestead Act of 1862, which opened up the West for settlement, families prepared for their westward journeys by sewing quilts. These quilts have become records of history.

One of the earliest patterns, known as the Nine Patch, was simply nine squares in a three-by-three pattern. This was the quickest quilt to sew and a great and thrifty use of leftover scraps of fabric. Often, girls as young as age three or four could be taught to sew the Nine Patch pattern. A more elaborate pattern was known as the Log Cabin. This pattern was symbolic of the home. The center square was always red, to symbolize the hearth at the heart of the home. Narrow strips of fabric, like logs used to build frontier cabins, radiated from the center square in stacks. Light fabrics representing the light of day were sewn on one side of the quilt. Dark fabrics representing night were sewn on the opposite side. This pattern was also known as the Sunshine and Shadow. Patterns depicting pinwheels, stars, flowers, animals, crops, biblical stories, and even schoolhouses followed. Women sewed as they lived, a tradition that continues to this day.

March

Hello, I'm Jack Rabbit the March Hare
Came out of the ground to smell fresh air.

Could I be imagining
The breeze is predicting spring?

The bird must have guessed
Starting to build their nest

Little green plants lifting their heads
Getting ready to spruce up flower beds

What gardeners will plant isn't sure
Checking new ideas in a brochure

So spring please do not wait
We're waiting for you at the garden gate

Written by Marie L
Aberdeen Gardens resident



ABERDONIAN

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Celebrating March

- Feb 2 John Ludgate
- Feb 4 Town Hall Meeting
- Feb 5 Flamboro Casino
- Feb 7 Whitehern Trip
- Feb 8 New Resident Lunch
- Feb 8 Robin McKee "Sara G Calder"
- Feb 9 Kim Atkins
- Feb 13 Food for Thought
- Feb 14 Zoetic Theatre-Singin In the Rain
- Feb 15 Pot of Gold winner
St Patty's Day Party with Bruce Tournay
- Feb 16 Visions of Ireland
- Feb 17 Caledonia
- Feb 18 Guest Speaker The New Food Guide
- Mar 21 Lunch Critics-Golden Griddle
- Mar 23 Krishanthi
- Mar 26 Birthday Party with Paula French
- Mar 27 Lyongate Show/Tell
- Mar 30 Jan Denk

March Concert Series

- Mar 13 Celtic Thunder
- Mar 14 Andre Rieu in Dublin
- Mar 17 Lord of the Dance

Letter from your Executive Director - Maddi



The term "spring" is coming to mind! A time of rebirth, to clean out clutter, to see the sun coming in thru the windows... I am eager for this new season, like so many. In the meantime, winter keeps reminding us that we are a country of snow. Everyone has been very good at staying upright and not falling on

the ice, keeping active and warm. The other day, outside the landscapers were working hard getting rid of the snow in the parking lot. I was so pleased to see a full room of exercise goers in the gym, they were "giving their all", THANK YOU, Andrew (PTA). Andrew promotes wellness around here!! Please join in him in his routine exercises upstairs in the main lounge and downstairs in the gym. Or take a walk around the building with Andrew's walking club. Get up and move! Take care and be well.

Message from the Activity Director - Barb

Thank you to everyone who contributed to the Heart and Stroke Foundation. We raised \$148 for this worthy cause

This month we have three special trips planned. We will be going to Whitehern, one of Hamilton's great historic homes for a presentation of the McQuesten family history. Next we will be going to Zoetic Theatre on Concession for a *Singin in The Rain* showing and singalong. Our third special trip is to The Duchess Tea Room for afternoon tea. All three require sign up ahead. I have all the details and costs for each trip, so come see me for information and watch for the notices. Have a great month. Barb

Maude – 1927

*Maude was a pretty young lass
Whom John met at a church picnic
The other girls with painted lips said
She had no class and looked so dowdy*

*But John could see what true beauty was
And loved everything about her
So needless to say, they exchanged vows
Began their lives together*

*They settled on the family farm
The neighbours all came to welcome
The farmers' wives brought home baked
pies*

*Salads, stews, countless preserves
And a gallon or two of cider*

*Joe played accordion, Pete the mouth
organ*

Arthur called the square dances

*They passed Maude around
As they "dosey doed" her from one to the
other*

*Then putting the newlyweds in the centre
Joining their hands, made a big circle
And closed in on them with "Ooohs and
Ahs"*

And a great big friendly welcome

Written by resident Margaret G

St Patrick's Day

March 17th Marks the day that St Patrick probably died in the year 461. He is one of the three patron saints of Ireland.

St Patrick was born in the year 387, probably somewhere near the present day border between Scotland and England. At the age of 16, he was captured and taken to Ireland as a slave. During this time he became very religious and after six years he fled back to his family.

Later in his life, he returned to Ireland as a missionary. He played an important role in converting the inhabitants of Ireland to Christianity and ridding the island of snakes. However the "snakes" he drove out of Ireland may represent a particular groups of pagans or druids.

St Patrick's Day celebrations were brought to Canada by Irish immigrants. In Ireland this is a public holiday the rest of the world it is celebrated but not a holiday.

Inspiration of the month:

**"Age is no barrier. It's a limitation you put
On your mind"**



Jay's Book Review

The Bishop's Pawn by Steve Berry - no this is not about chess

History tells us of the ugly feud between the now disgraced J. Edgar Hoover and Martin Luther King, Jr. It was marked by years of illegal surveillance and the accumulation of secret files, and ended on April 4, 1968 when King was assassinated by James Earl Ray. Many still say that Ray likely did not act without the input of or direct support of the FBI.

Now, fifty years later, Berry writes a novel that has historical accuracy but sets it in a fictional environment which tries to reckon with the truth of what really might really have happened that fateful day in Memphis.

It all turns on an incident from eighteen years ago, when Lt. Malone, a us naval officer lawyer, in the JAG dept. tries hard not to live up to his burgeoning reputation as a maverick. When Stephanie Nelle, a high-level Justice Department lawyer, enlists him to help with an investigation, he jumps at the opportunity. But he soon discovers that two opposing forces—the Justice Department and the FBI—are at war over a rare coin and a cadre of secret files containing explosive revelations about the King assassination, information that could ruin innocent lives and threaten the legacy of the civil rights movement's greatest martyr.

Malone's decision to see it through to the end - from the raucous bars of Mexico, to the clear waters of the Dry Tortugas, and history.

Day Light Savings Time

Sunday March 10 th

Remember to spring your clocks ahead

one hour.

If you need assistance turning your clock

forward please let staff know.

Thoughts by Peggy

A GRAFITING OUTCOME

One day I put money in the parking meter but it didn't register in the window. When I came back to my car a few minutes later I had been issued a ticket. This seemed unfair, so I cruised around the neighborhood until I found the bylaw officer and explained the situation to him. "If you can prove the meter doesn't work" he said, "I'll tear up the ticket." So he went with me to the meter and I shoved in a nickel with my fingers crossed, which wasn't easy. Nothing registered. "Well I'll be darned!" he said, basking it hard, trying to make it work. But it didn't so he tore up the ticket.

