

Wedding Fit for a Queen

On November 20, 1947, Princess Elizabeth married Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, Duke of Edinburgh, a former Greek and Danish prince. Two thousand guests were invited to the ceremony at Westminster Abbey, and it was broadcast by the BBC over both radio and on television to the masses, which was groundbreaking coverage at the time. Not only did thousands of well-wishing Britons line the streets of London and swarm in front of Buckingham Palace, but an estimated 200 million people tuned in to the BBC broadcasts.



Princess Elizabeth's wedding dress was designed by Sir Norman Hartnell, designer to a long line of British royalty. His design was inspired by Botticelli's painting *Primavera*, an homage to spring and rebirth, and was submitted for review and accepted in

mid-August, giving him just a few months to build the dress. It was made with ivory silk, fashioned with crystals and 10,000 seed pearls, and had a 15-foot silk tulle full court train. Because Britain was still subject to the rationing restrictions of World War II, Princess Elizabeth had to use rationing coupons to pay for her dress. Hundreds of Britons sent their personal coupons to the princess in a show of support. The Queen lent her daughter her grandmother Queen Mary's Russian Fringe tiara for the wedding day. Just as Elizabeth was set to leave for the Abbey, the tiara snapped and had to be quickly repaired on-site.

The royal couple received 11 wedding cakes, but only one was official, baked by Scotland's McVitie and Price. The cake stood nine feet high in four tiers. With food rationing still in place, ingredients from around the world were sent as wedding presents, including sugar from the Girl Guides of Australia. With ingredients coming from far and wide, the cake was known as the "10,000 Mile Cake." In an era of austerity, some balked at the spectacle of such a lavish affair. But most Britons reveled in the royals and their extravagant wedding. It would be decades before another wedding of such import.

Book Review by J Neysmith

A Double Life by Flynn Berry

A page-turner, loosely inspired by one of the most shocking and still unsolved true crimes in 20th century Britain: the Lord Lucan case. It is also a moving reflection on women and violence, trauma and memory, and class and privilege.

Claire is a hardworking doctor leading a simple, quiet life in London. She is also the daughter of the most notorious murder suspect in the country, though no one knows it.

Nearly thirty years ago, while Claire and her brother slept upstairs, a brutal crime was committed in her family's townhouse. The next morning, her father's car was found abandoned near the English Channel, with bloodstains on the front seat. Her mother insisted she'd seen him in the house that night, but his powerful, privileged friends maintained his innocence. The first lord accused of murder in more than a century, he has been missing ever since.

When the police tell Claire they've found him, her carefully calibrated existence begins to fracture. She doesn't know if she's the daughter of a murderer or a wronged man, but Claire will soon learn how far she'll go to finally find the truth.

Accept both
compliments and criticism.
It takes both sun and rain
for a flower to grow.



ABERDONIAN

Aberdeen Gardens Retirement Residence, 330 Dundurn St. S. 905-529-3163



Remembrance Day Ceremony

November 11, 2020
10:45 am

Over the PA

Welcome

Remembrance Prayer

O'Canada

Amazing Grace

In Flanders Field

One Minute of Silence

At
11:00 am

Last Post

Message from the Executive Director - Maddi

Welcome to November!! I am hoping we continue with our good fortunes, good health and great teamwork and terrific community.

Stay Informed! Watch out for emails. We have updates from the Ministry of Seniors and Accessibility and Hamilton Public Health coming down the pipes! Alert levels are now the way of monitoring our risk levels and it impacts the Visitor policy.

** Let us know if your email has changed or if you want anyone added!

Stay well! Your folks need you. Make time for yourselves, breath, take a nature walk, yoga, sage your house. I am continually trying to renew myself with all the direction changes, I also pass on tips to the staff and try to keep them well informed. They are doing amazing and we appreciate them.

WE have hired new RPNS!! Please welcome Bella and Jay. They are the dynamic duo in the healthcare department. WE are so fortunate to have them.

Take care, stay well, all the best this Fall.

Message from the Activity Director – Barb

This year in recognition of Remembrance Day we will be making poppies to put on the tree in the lower level. For a donation of \$1 or more, you can buy one to put your name on and add them to poppy tree. All money collected will be donated to the legion for veterans. I hope everyone supports this worthy cause.

This year's Flu clinic at Aberdeen Gardens will be held on Nov. 17th from 1-5 pm in the activity room. National pharmacy will be running the clinic. Any resident wishing to get their shot from their Doctor or a pharmacy before then are welcome to do so, but must let Maddi, Bella or Jay know they have received their shot.

Victoria Cross



Some are born great; some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them (Shakespeare)

The V.C. is the highest and most prestigious award of the British honours system. Canada has a slightly different version of the cross. 81 Canadians have been awarded the V.C. In 1857 L.T. Alexander Dunn was the first Canadian to be awarded the V.C. during the Crimean War.

The following excerpt is of my great uncle during the siege of Delhi India:

Sergeant John SMITH

(Eventually Ensign J. Smith, VC). Born February 1814, died 26 June 1864. Won VC at Delhi on 14 September 1857. Unit: Bengal Sappers and Miners. VC presented in India in 1858. Grave or cremation details: Artillery Cemetery, Jullundur. Location of VC: Not Publicly Held.

Citation: *For conspicuous gallantry, in conjunction with Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, in the performance of the desperate duty of blowing in the Cashmere Gate of the fortress of Delhi in broad daylight, under a heavy and destructive fire of musketry, on the morning of 14 September 1857, preparatory to the assault.*

(London Gazette: 27 April 1858)

November 11 is Remembrance Day, A day when we remember all those who gave their lives for their country. For those of us unable to attend a remembrance at a local cenotaph, a two-minute silence at 11am is held at work and in schools.

Buy and wear a poppy; it is the symbol of Remembrance Day. by resident Ken

We Remember

On November 11, we pay homage to those who responded to their country's needs. On November 11, we pause for two minutes of silent tribute, and we attend commemorative ceremonies in remembrance of the men and women who served and continue to serve our country during times of war, conflict, and peace.

Following the First World War a French woman, Madame E Guerin, suggested to British Field Marshall Earl Haig that the women and children in devastated areas of France could produce poppies for sale to support wounded Veterans. The first of these poppies were distributed in Canada in November 1921, and the tradition has continued ever since both here and in many parts of the world.

Poppies are worn as the symbol of remembrance, a reminder of the blood-red flower that still grows on the former battlefields of France and Belgium. During the terrible bloodshed of the second Battle of Ypres in the spring of 1915 Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, a doctor serving with the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, Wrote the famous In Flanders Fields poem, which is about the flowers which live on among the graves of dead soldiers. We recite this epic poem each Remembrance Day.

The flowers serve as a reminder of nature's ability to withstand the destructive element of war by men, a symbol of hope in a period of human despair. In Canada, traditionally the poppies which we wear were made by disabled Veterans. They are reminders of those who died while fighting for peace: we wear them as a reminder of the horrors of conflict and the preciousness of the peace they fought hard to achieve let us never take for granted the peaceful country we are privileged to live in and remember those who made this a reality.



The Little Things

Here I sit in my room
 Enjoying the view from my window
 A peaceful scene most every day
 All through the summer
 The wrought iron fence with little steeples
 And the trees crowding along it
 Left to seed themselves and grow in peace
 With minimal attention
 The leaves are green, no vibrant colour
 Like the maples we enjoy in the Fall
 They stay green to the very end
 Until they surrender their struggle and fall
 But from my window they are framed
 By curtains and pictures on my sill
 Sometimes they rustle in the breeze
 Leaving shadows on my floor
 They sway and bend, wave, and dance
 Like ballerinas performing an opera
 The colourful arc of the rainbow
 The shimmering northern lights
 Chorus of frogs in the pond, Eerie call of the loon
 Gentle waves lapping on the shore
 A sky full of stars, like diamonds in the sky
 The reflection of the moon on the water
 The crystals that glow on the new fallen snow
 That appear when the sun shines on them
 Nothing can surpass, make you feel more blest
 Then the first time you hold your newborn
 These little things, just little things
 Locked away in your heart
 Ready to impart
 The memories that make you smile

By resident Margaret

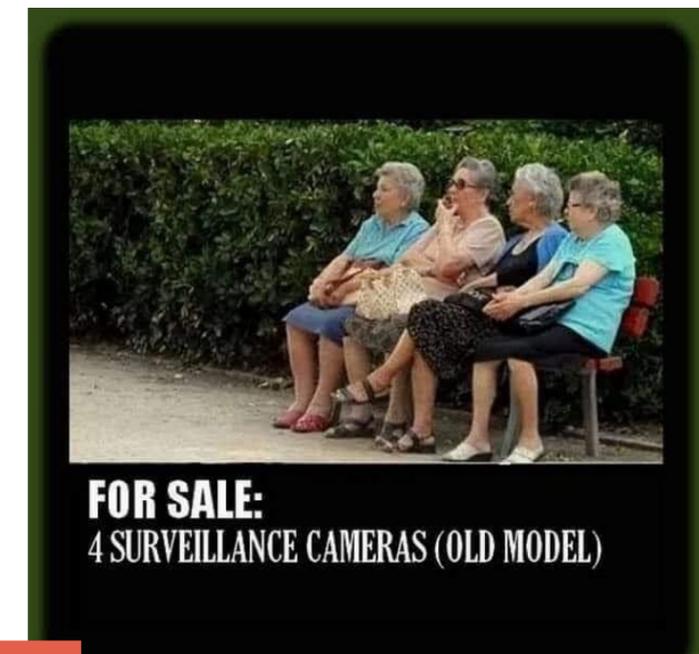
Words of Wisdom

**Let the mind be the master of your hands
 Let them work together
 Then all things are possible.**
 Maintenance Manager Doug

Rights on "The Rock"

In 1963, the infamous prison Alcatraz, known as "The Rock," closed its doors. Soon after, local Native American groups began lobbying for the island to become a cultural center and school. According to the 1868 Treaty of Fort Laramie, Native Americans—referred to as Indians at the time—were allowed to take control of surplus federal lands. So, when a fire destroyed San Francisco's American Indian Center in October of 1969, a group of 89 activists, calling themselves "Indians of All Tribes," occupied Alcatraz island during the morning hours of November 20, 1969.

The occupation lasted 19 months, with numbers on Alcatraz growing to 600. President Nixon chose to leave the peaceful occupiers alone. Officials visited to negotiate, but the occupiers demanded nothing less than the island itself, upon which they hoped to build a school, cultural center, and museum. Slowly, though, the political will of occupiers waned, and many departed, leaving behind a disorganized ragtag band. The activists may have given up Alcatraz, but they had propelled their rights movement forward and transformed Alcatraz into a symbol of Native American pride



**FOR SALE:
 4 SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS (OLD MODEL)**