

## Thoughts about Carole

By Joyce Plousos (Carole's sister)

Carole was a resident of Mary Centre at the Greenbriar program and a friend of everyone she met. Carole was the middle child of Dorothy and Don MacMillian and very much in the middle of family life. Aunt Bea remembers that Carole was a really beautiful baby. Carole began her school years in a public school and we went together. Then we realize that Carole was going to attend another school—a wonderful new school on Haney Avenue. She continued at this school until soon after our mother passed away in 1964. Carole very much wanted to be part of the fun of a family activity, so she joined Brownies and then flew up to Girl Guides.

Mailing Address:  
Mary Centre  
530 Wilson Avenue  
Suite 200  
Toronto, Ontario,  
M3H 5Y9  
Phone [416] 630-5533  
Fax [416] 630-5702

Carole was a resident in Orillia then moved to Gravenhurst. From Gravenhurst, Carole then moved to Brampton and shone brightly in her new home at Greenbriar.

Above all, Carole was a people person. She was interested in what people were doing, their families and their pets. She would ask for details and would remember what you told her. When we forgot these details, Carole would remind us. Good natured and lovable, Carole brought out the best in others.

Carole would tell you off for something you did or didn't do, her finger wagging as she spoke. She could be teased and everyone could have a good laugh. Coffee was an essential ingredient in the day's activities and she enjoyed going out—for a meal, for shopping and for visits.



*Carole*

When we think of Carole, we think of coffee, cake, ice cream and music. When we lived at home, Carol loved Connie Francis, playing the record with the scratches and smudges until we could hardly recognize the music. Eventually, Elvis Presley took her attention and this led to Carole and her friend, Sue going to Graceland. We also think of purses, lipstick, perfume, another cup of coffee, friendship, and most of all, love.

Carole passed away on March 19, 2000.

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# Where Is God's Perfection?

In Brooklyn New York, Chush is a school that caters to learning disabled children. Some children remain in Chush for their entire school career, while others can be mainstreamed into conventional schools. At a Chush fundraising dinner, the father of a Chush child delivered a speech that would never be forgotten by all who attended.

After extolling the school and its dedicated staff, he cried out, "Where is the perfection in my son Shaya? Everything God does is done with perfection. But my child cannot understand things as other children do. My child cannot remember facts and figures as other children do. Where is God's perfection?"

The audience was shocked by the question, pained by the father's anguish and stilled by the piercing query. "I believe," the father answered, "that when God brings a child like this into the world, the perfection that He seeks is in the way people react to this child." He then told the following story about his son Shaya: One afternoon, Shaya and his father walked past a park where some boys Shaya knew were playing baseball. Shaya asked, "Do you think they will let me play?" Shaya's father knew that his son was not at all athletic and that most boys would not want him on their team. But Shaya's father understood that if his son were chosen to play it would give him a comfortable sense of belonging.

Shaya's father approached one of the boys in the field and asked if Shaya could play. The boy looked around for guidance from his teammates. Getting none, he took matters into his own hands and said, "We are losing by six runs and the game is in the eighth inning. I guess he can be on our team and we'll try to put him up to bat in the ninth inning." Shaya's father was ecstatic as Shaya smile broadly. Shaya was told to put on a glove and go out to play short center field. In the bottom of the eighth inning, Shaya's team scored a few runs but was still behind by three. In the bottom of the ninth inning, Shaya's team scored again and now with two outs and the bases loaded with the potential winning run on base, Shaya was scheduled to be up. Would the team actually let Shaya bat at this juncture and give away their chance to win the game?

Surprisingly, Shaya was given the bat. Everyone knew that it was all but impossible because Shaya did not even know how to hold the bat properly. Let alone hit it. However as Shaya stepped up to the plate, the pitcher moved a few steps to lob the ball in softly so Shaya should at least be able to make contact. The first pitch came in and Shaya swung clumsily and missed. One of Shaya's teammates came up to Shaya and together they held the bat and faced the pitcher waiting for the next pitch. The pitcher again took a few steps forward to toss the ball softly

toward Shaya. As the pitch came in, Shaya and his teammate swung at the ball and together they hit a slow ground ball to the pitcher. The pitcher picked up the soft grounder and could easily have thrown the ball to the first baseman. Shaya would have been out and that would have ended the game. Instead the pitcher took the ball and threw it on a high arc to right field, far beyond the reach of the first baseman. Everyone started yelling, "Shaya, run to first. Run to first."

Never in his life had Shaya run to first. He scampered down the baseline wide-eyed and startled. By the time he reached the first base, the right fielder had the ball.

He could have thrown the ball to the second baseman who would tag out Shaya, who was still running. But the right fielder understood what the pitcher's intentions were, so he threw the ball high and far over the third baseman's head. Everyone yelled, "Run to second, run to second." Shaya ran towards second base as the runners ahead of him deliriously circled the bases towards home. Shaya reached second base, the opposing short stop ran to him, turned him in the direction of third base and shouted, "Run to third." As Shaya rounded third, the boys from both teams ran behind him screaming, "Shaya run home." Shaya ran home, stepped on home plate and all 18 boys lifted him on their shoulders and made him the hero, as he had just hit a

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"grand slam" and won the game for his team.

'That day," said the father softly with tears now rolling down his face, "those 18 boys reached their level of God's perfection." Funny how this is so true and shame on us! Funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world is going to Hell. Funny how we believe what the newspapers say, but question what the Bible says. Or is it scary? Funny how someone can say, "I believe in God" but still follow Satan (who by the way, also "believes" in God). Funny how you can send a thousand 'jokes' through e-mail and they spread like wildfire, but when you start

sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing. Funny how the lewd, crude, vulgar and obscene pass freely through cyberspace, but the public discussion of Jesus is suppressed in the school and workplace. Funny isn't it? Funny how someone can be so fired up for Christ on Sunday, but be an invisible Christian the rest of the week. Are you laughing? Funny how when you go to forward this message, you will not send it to many on your address list because you're not sure what they believe, or what they will think of you for sending it to them. Funny how I can be more worried about what other people think of me than what God thinks of me.

## Staff Salute

By Denise Tremblett

If you were to walk into Leyton Residence on a dull dreary day, immediately your spirit would be lifted when you saw a bubbly, jolly, happy go lucky staff named Beverley Elliott. P.S. She has only been this way since tying the knot a couple of years ago (Ha! Ha!)

Bev has been a part-time Residential Counsellor at Leyton since 1996. Her gentle, patient, caring approach and her charisma is why she is so well respected by both co-workers and residents.

Bev has on many occasions risen to the opportunities and challenges to help the residents have a happy and enjoyable life. Bev always treats the residents and her co-workers with dignity and respect. At present, Beverley is on a full-time contract and represents her co-workers on the Staff Relations committee. She always maintains professionalism and has a positive attitude that is very addictive. Thanks Bev for all your hard work.

## The Merits Of Volunteering

by Linda Main

This year volunteer recognition week was April 9-15, 2000. We all know volunteers are important for many organizations and individuals; statistics prove this. But do we truly appreciate the benefits of being a volunteer?

I have a special friend whose

*continued on page 4*

## Golf Tournament a Great Success!!!

We would like to thank the following sponsors for their generous support:

680 News

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And last but not least, we would like to thank WORLD TRAVEL who generously donated 2 airline tickets to anywhere in North America that Continental Airline flies, which we raffled.

Fill in your calendars. May 30, 2001, Silver Lakes Golf & Country Club.

Mary Centre's 2nd Annual Golf Tournament

continued from page 3

name is Carolyn and she lives at Redcastle. Carolyn leads a busy and active social life and requires transportation to enable her to participate in her various weekly activities, as one of her volunteer drivers. I am delighted to be able to drive her to and from a special Seniors Support Program, which she always looks forward to with enthusiasm. Of course, what would such an outing be without a routine visit to Tim Hortons.

Over the years, we have come to know one another quite well through our visits and other special occasions. Carolyn is a friend who, like most ladies is always eager to go out for lunch, shop, chat on the phone and share family interests and stories.

We all have something to give! Carolyn enjoys giving of herself and I treasure this

gift of friendship. Yes, volunteers are important, but statistics cannot possibly calculate the satisfaction and pleasure derived from being one!

### KUDOS

To Linda Main who received a volunteer award through The Scarborough Association for Volunteer Administration during Volunteer Week.

### Fundraising Update

We would like to thank the following people for their contributions since our last newsletter:

- Leon's Furniture
- Redemptorists
- Carr Family
- Doug & Ann Goodison
- In Honour of Mr. & Mrs. Murphy's Anniversary
- Eleanor Ritchie
- Ilse Kusek

Al & Dianne Graham  
Simon Beayni  
Bernard Fryer

### Wishlist

- Automatic camera
  - Curio cabinet
  - Clock
  - Toaster/toaster oven
  - Mixing bowls
  - Kettle
  - Can opener
  - Tea towels
  - Oven mitts
  - Dish drainer
  - Coffee table
  - End table
  - Lamps
  - Backyard shed
  - Patio set
  - Ghetto blaster
  - Computer desk
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Lynnell Blind at  
**416-502-1910**



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If you would like more information about Mary Centre and/or you would like to make a donation, please clip out this section, complete the information and return to our office.

- I would like more information about the agency
- I would like information on becoming a volunteer

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