



Meetings: Tuesday 12 Noon

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APRIL IS ENVIRONMENTAL MONTH

Happy Birthday	Happy Anniversary
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UPCOMING SPEAKERS:

Apr 16: Sayed Atthari Empowering Young Kurdish Girls in Iran	Apr 23: Lindsey Willis Ridge Meadows Hospice Society	Apr 30: Abigail Wynberg My African Adventure
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LAST WEEK'S MEETING

President **Brenda Jenkins** presided.

Guests: Hilda Lau and Bobbie Williams (friends of Susan)

Program: Susan Pynn's – Who's Who

Susan is the newest member of our Club, having been inducted on February 27, 2024 by Assistant Governor Ken Holland. She has been President Brenda's close friend for over 40 years, and prior to her installation has helped out on a number of Rotary projects. The following, in Susan's own words and inimitable style, is a glimpse of Susan's life to date (Susan says that "if I had to write a book about my life, it would have been labelled fiction because no one would believe this \$@#!").



Early years in Newfoundland: "I was born and raised in Corner Brook, in the province of Newfoundland and Labrador, the only province to have two dogs named after it, the Labrador retriever and the Newfoundland (the best sea-water rescue dog, with and a waterproof coat and webbed feet). I will start with my parents, who started dating at 14 and 16, and were married in 1956 at 17 and 19. Mom came from a family of 9 and "Pabst" (dad) was an only child. Kids came along in 57, 58, 59, 61 and 68. Mom said that back home in Newfoundland the first one came along any time, then every nine months thereafter. You were either Catholic or careless. We weren't Catholic. I always told my parents it took them four times to get it right – then they screwed up and had the fifth.

We were brought up always outside. Camping, fishing, ice fishing, hunting, berry picking. Always a family Drive on Sundays, with four kids piled in the back of my grandparent's station wagon. Being raised in Newfoundland, you get to have an appreciation for

music. The kitchen party is a thing. Close to the food, drinks, spoons and good acoustics. My mom's family was very musically talented. All played instruments and sang in beautiful harmonies. My Pabst also love music, and was always music playing and dancing in the house. To this day I am happiest at a live music concert – concerts are my thing. I have seen everyone from Paul Anka to Led Zeppelin.

Move to BC: In 1969 my parents decided to drive across Canada to BC. Pabst was born in Toronto, but raised in Newfoundland. So they knew what Toronto was all about, and we are so glad they decided on BC instead of Toronto. Five kids in the back seat of dad's 67 Chevy Impala, pulling the tent trailer. Mom said she will never forget us waking up at Lake Louise. We drove in during the dark, and woke up to a view of the highest mountains we had ever seen before. While driving, we entertained ourselves playing "I spy", and singing "Henry VIII" and "100 bottles of beer on the wall". Once settled in BC, Pabst tells us, "There are two things I will be happy to never hear again, 100 bottles of beer on the wall and Henry VIII. (A funny thing happened the day dad died in 2021. I'm running around doing stuff and I stopped at an A&W for lunch. What comes on the car radio? Henry VIII! I burst out laughing.)

First years in BC: First day of school we came home in tears as the kids were making fun of our accent. I tell my mom, "We don't sound funny – they do". First Christmas in tears as there is no snow on Christmas Eve. How can we have Christmas without snow. On Boxing Day Pabst took us to Mount Seymour and every Christmas after that, until we got over the snow thing.

Love and marriage: I got married at age 21, and briefly thought about having kids until about 10 months into the marriage, when two stepsons (ages 9 and 11) show up on my doorstep for a year. Best birth control made to man – stepchildren. I married the kindest, funniest, most thoughtful and romantic man in the world. Until he wasn't! He was a highly functioning alcoholic until he became a mean miserable nasty drunk. Divorced after 33 years. Who needs children - that's what nieces and nephews are for.

Auntie Susan can spoil them all rotten, and then send them all home when tired of them.

Career wise: I graduated from high school in 1979, and was the first girl in the family in generations to do so. Mom and her sister had to quit school at ages 14 and 12 to support the family. My Nan [grandma] became a widow, and the boys in mom's family had to stay in school as they would need the education to support a family. The girls did not need an education. I wanted to be an architect – however, I can't draw a straight line, see in 3D and have very little peripheral vision. Then I wanted to be an accountant, and actually took the first six-month course at BCIT to do so. While at BCIT, I worked across the street at Dogwood Long Term Care. This is when I was diagnosed with dyslexia. The Food Safety Supervisor ("FSS") at Dogwood suggested I take the two-year course for FSS at vocational school, which I did. I also did the cooking at Dogwood (that was back in the day when everything was homemade). My working career at Dogwood lasted for 10 years. I then went to Royal Columbia Hospital where I have been for the past 32 years, working as FSS, Head of Production, Cafeteria Supervisor and finally Diet Technician. I have been working in healthcare so long that I could write a book on what goes on – everything has a 10-year cycle.

Passions and Interests: my passion is for baking, cooking, reading, knitting, and walking in nature (especially near the ocean). I love all animals, especially birds and dogs. I love trivia. Jeopardy is religion in my house. I tried out for jeopardy a couple of times and even met Alex Trebek the first time. I still have my signed certificate from Jeopardy. I am sure that the trivia stuff in my brain is taking up the room that is supposed to be occupied by the important stuff I'm supposed to remember. One of my favourite things for years were the trips that my mom and I took every year in the early spring to Las Vegas. I would like to tell you more about that but you know what the motto is (or maybe 'what happened in Vegas never happened at all').

Family Matters: I have a great interest in both mental health and addiction, as the two are often so closely linked. They run rampant in my family. Some of us are diagnosed and looking after ourselves, and some aren't. My paternal grandfather was a raging alcoholic all his life, while my paternal grandmother had mental health issues of anxiety. My dad suffered from anxiety and had OCD/alcohol issues which he got control of, but it took years to do so.

[Google: *Obsessive Compulsive Disorder is a common occurring co-disorder that is often present alongside alcoholism. The compulsion one feels seems to be lessened by the effects of alcohol; however, alcohol actually can make compulsions become more intense.*]

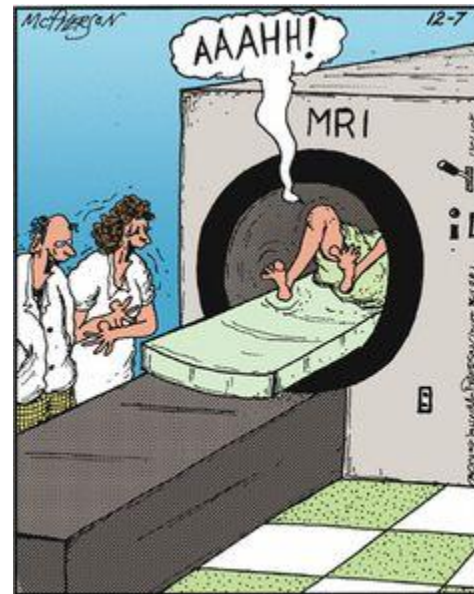
I, myself, experience anxiety/depression, but I have learned to get that under control. My little brother Ron's story is heartbreaking. He suffered for years with mental health, which led to alcohol and drug problems to the point that the family had to separate themselves from him. We were separated for 15+ years. The last time I had seen him, he was threatening me with a knife. That was the final straw for my parents. This past year I was the executor of my parents' wills, and I promised my dad I would do everything in my power to find Ron and be sure he got his inheritance. I spent two years trying to do so. A good friend and I combed the Downtown Eastside (DTES) looking for him. I filed a RCMP compassionate missing-person report, with no results. I then went on a second mission looking for him in the DTES with baked cookies, and spoke to random people (handing out the cookies)

and the VPD. I heard from him the next day. Long story short, we are back in each other's lives. I often tell him how proud I am of him taking care of his mental health. It is such a short slide between not taking care of oneself and the slippery slope down the rabbit hole. I had my youngest brother Ron at my place last Christmas – best Christmas in years.

Rotary: I got involved in Rotary through Brenda, whom I have known for 40+ years. Literally ice and fire. The Duck Race tested my raincoat and waterproof shoes that I had purchased for a trip to Ireland the following month. I needed them for the Duck Race but didn't need them for Ireland. The fire part? Says Brenda, "Hey, I signed us up for a dance contest". Result? Bones aching and on fire. Wine Fest – Rotary owes me a jacket. (Too many stories to get into here. Ask me about the BBQ henge and the RCMP alcohol check on the May 24 weekend at Hemlock Valley). Brenda has always been there for me.

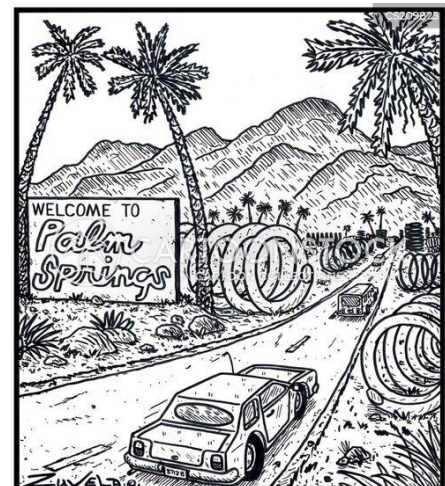
Happy and Sad dollars:

Lynda has her MRI appointment this coming Sunday. (Good luck, Lynda, but watch out for the spiders.)



"I tell ya, work has gotten to be so much more fun since we hung that rubber spider in there."

Debbie is leaving for Palm Springs (but not literally).



Fine Master: If you used the 4-WayTest to solve a real-life problem in the past 2 weeks, you do not have to pay a fine. Everyone else had to fork up \$2.

Club Announcements

April 16 – club Board meeting via Zoom.

April 24 – club planning session for next year’s Board members.

April 26 – Pub Hub at 5:30 pm at the Reach.

President’s Quote for the Day



Submitted by Laurie Anderson