

BluesNews

Volume VIII, Issue III

NOVEMBER 2015

IT IS ABOUT THE NAIL!

I am soliciting your help. Bluewater needs to find new ways to recruit foster families to care for children who are in need of specialized out-of-home placements. We have a strong social media presence: on Facebook (www.facebook.com/bluewatercares) and on the world wide web at www.bluewatercares.com and this newsletter reaches almost 200 people but to no avail. We have limited financial resources to support a large promotional effort. And I have not been successful at completing any guerrilla advertising campaign. I find myself at a loss.

PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT DATES INSIDE

Foster parents have long been acknowledged as the best recruiters of other foster parents. Many of our Bluewater families have recruited other families over the years and have exhausted their network of contacts. The faith communities that have supported so many Bluewater families continue to do so, but we seem unable to generate new families.

So, I appeal to you for new ideas. How does Bluewater, in this increasing austere environment, recruit new foster families? Please, send me your ideas: wgraham@bluewatercares.com

I want your help...



www.bluewatercares.com

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HOLIDAY WISHES AND FOSTER CHILDREN

Jamie Stablein, Crisis-Stabilization Foster Care Supervisor,

Family Care Network (27/10/2015)

Every year, when I hear from staff that it is time to gather wish lists from our children, youth and families and submit them for Sponsor a Child, I generally respond with a sigh. Why a sigh? Because asking a child to identify gift(s) for their wish list is often met with confusion, resistance or other equally charged emotions. I have to remind myself that my excitement and enthusiasm for Sponsor a Child is not their experience. Intense thoughts and fears arise: Am I disloyal to my parents by requesting/accepting gifts? Does this mean I won't be home by Christmas?

As a Social Worker, it's my role to help my kids and teens understand that our community's desire to give them gifts means only that they are loved. And once convinced that writing a wish list can be a good thing, next comes the awareness of all the wonderful possibilities, which is often met with bright smiles as they dream of bicycles, games, books, stuffed animals, Sephora gift cards, video games and more. It is possible that I am even more excited than the kiddo is at this point! And watching the community respond to our kids' and families' requests is always a humbling, yet amazing experience. I have seen entire families come through the door of FCNI bearing gifts for Sponsor a Child, and you can visually see how proud they are of the experience and their contribution.

Next, comes the anticipation and coordination of gift delivery. Does the foster parent want the child to receive the gift on Christmas morning per long a standing family tradition? Or, do they simply want to indulge the kiddo and his/her excited squeals by allowing them to open their wish when it arrives? I have had the privilege of participating in each of these scenarios and all the other possibilities in between. There have been many tears of gratitude, lots of stunned silence and countless jumps for joy.

Expressions of gratitude don't often come readily from kids in foster care. Not because they aren't grateful, but more often because they are in survival mode, especially during the holidays. Amazingly, more kids than not want to know who they can thank for their gifts. One kiddo expressed her thoughts perfectly when she said, "I didn't think anyone would care that I was in a foster home. Then, I got this bike and it made me know that people care and it helped me learn that I am special too."

ON THE VARIABILITY OF PARENTING ABILITY

by SHARON ASTYK

Over the last decade a whole lot of babies have been born on my farm or brought home to it. We have had calves, chicks, kids (goat), kids (human), ducklings, goslings, kits and lambs. One of the most fascinating revelations of this is just how variable the instinct for parenting is among animals. Among closely related goats, for example, we have had among our best mothers, and our single worst one, a doe so dim that she would stand there screaming for her baby but refuse to move any closer to the baby who was screaming just as hysterically from hunger only a few feet away.

Some domestic species are bred for mothering ability – for example our Cochin and Wyandotte hens have been spectacular, devoted mothers. Some breeds of duck are good mothers, others are famous for leading their babies through cold wet grass and then drowning them. When panicked rabbits will devour their own young, and occasionally a new rabbit Mom will do this with a litter – but there are some that seem to just enjoy eating their babies.

Even within those breeds known for their parenting ability, however, there is a fair degree of variability. Khaki Campbells are supposed to be good mothers, but we have had a khaki whose relationship to the eggs she hatched out was “Sayonara, Suckas” and who had to be penned in with her babies, and others who are terrific. Runner ducks are generally poor mothers, but one of ours started hatching after hatching, nurturing them even as adults.

Our late goats Morgan and Selene would happily “granny” any babies that other goats couldn’t care for – both of them fostered other goats, and both would stay with the young ones even if none of them were theirs. Selene even tried to raise a lamb once, having an intense relationship through an electric fence with a baby who called incessantly for her mother (this sheep mother was fine, but laid back, kind of like me “I don’t see blood, so I’ll get there when I get there...” ;-)).

It is not clear to me what makes this variability either – Selene, one of my best mothers, was the mother of one of my worst mothers. This doe had the experience of both good parenting and the genes for fabulous mothering, to the extent these things are heritable in goats, and she still was pretty much a loss.

Male parenting ability too is highly variable – we’ve had roosters who were incredibly diligent about bringing food to the babies and protecting them, bucks who stayed with the mothers and babies rather than foraging, and a goose father who got left to single parent when his partner took off for a neighboring pond, and did a fine job.

We get a certain amount of opportunity to watch wild creatures parent as well – and we note the same variability. One pair of barn swallows invariably chooses poor nest positioning and loses babies, while the Pheobes that return year after year to my front porch do quite well. This is not a scientific sampling, nor would I attempt to draw any real conclusion from it about parenting ability in any particular species, including human, but as a set of broad views of a lot of breeding creatures, it does tend to lead in one general direction – parenting ability is highly variable, even allowing for the also-highly-variable norms of various species and breeds within species. While it is possible to make generalizations, it is also necessary to acknowledge individuation.

This is one of those things that you can come to accept and expect in animals, particularly domestic ones. You can select for good mothering in your breeding programs, or select against it (for example, for people who want eggs but not chicks, selecting against setting behavior makes sense), raise animals by hand or foster them on other animals with better mothering ability, or



“It keeps me from looking at my phone every two seconds.”

change breeds. With hens and ducks we tend to encourage mothering ability, even though it costs us some eggs since we like self-perpetuation in our flocks. With goats we strongly encourage it, removing from our breeding herd any goat that does a poor job (very rare with Nigerian Dwarf goats, but it does happen).

But for all the degree to which this is visible in farm life, we tend not, as human beings, to expect variability at all in human parenting ability – despite the fact that such variability is evident to us. That is, some human beings are good at parenting, some not so much, but we tend to work on the assumption that not being a good parent makes you monstrous or evil, rather than lacking in a natural ability.

There is also a lot of variability in how well we are able to know ourselves on this issue – and how much choice is actually available to us. Some people realize from early on or in adulthood that they do not want to be parents or would not be good at it, and choose not to be – but this can be challenging, because there is enormous pressure on parents in our society, and it is assumed that most people can and should want to.

My favorite scene in the 80's movie "Parenthood" (which we have a tradition of watching every time we add a child or sibling group permanently to our family) is archetypal absent father Jason Robards' speech about why he hated being a father. He admits he knows his son thinks he was a lousy Dad, admits it, and that his son has become a good father in contrast. He tells Steve Martin (the oldest of Robards' character's four children) how much he resented his son for making him be afraid of losing him, and that that feeling does not go away. "It never ends. You never get to spike the ball in the end zone and do your victory dance. It never ends." It is a stunningly moving moment.

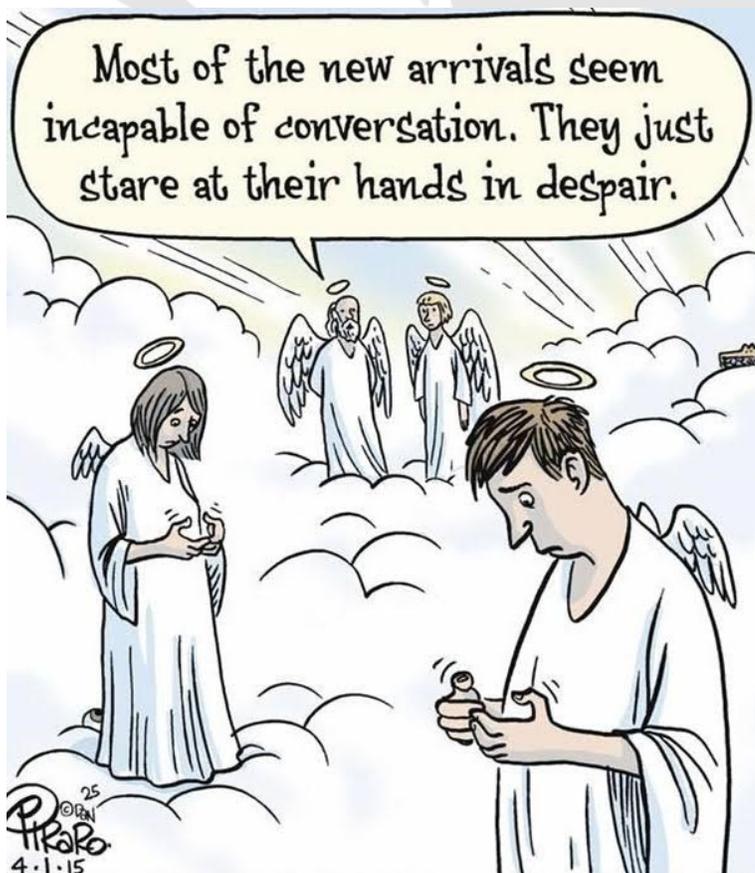
The movie itself has its limitations, but that alone transcends them – the fact that a movie about parenting can admit that you can become a parent and find you've made a terrible mistake and are now caught up in it. And it never ends. I wonder how many people have that experience – and cannot speak about it.

I think I find that scene so moving because when I was pregnant 15 years ago with Eli, that was my deepest fear – what if I hated it, what if I felt trapped and angry, what if I didn't love my child, what if no instincts kicked in and I always felt awkward and wrong and couldn't take good care of a baby? That did not happen for me – it turned out that while I'm not in any way perfect at it, I like this mothering thing, and while I make my share of mistakes, for the most part, I can hack it. BUT I knew in my guts from the moment I became pregnant that my wanting children, my wanting to be a mother, did not necessarily mean that my interior abilities would match up.

Even if they had not, I was committed to doing the job. But that was comparatively easy for me, middle class, educated, with a supportive family, an experience of loving parenting and a lot of practice babysitting in my youth. I also had the cultural capacity and education and inner-understanding to say no to parenthood if I had not wanted to be a mother.

That is not, however, the only way to be in the world. Some people clearly do feel a strong desire to have children, but experience little capacity to parent successfully. Others may not feel a desire to parent but lack the resources to prevent pregnancy, withstand cultural and familial pressure or even make choices at all in a conscious way.

My own sense is that parenting ability is not a function of class, culture, intelligence or many other factors, but something distinct in itself. Those things can help, but they are not the same as ability to mother or father. One of the best and most loving and devoted fathers I have ever seen was severely developmentally delayed. Wonderful, loving parents exist in all cultures and socie-



PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT 2015 - 2016

PARKHILL		September 2015	October 2015	November 2015	December 2015
		Sept 23	Oct 14 Oct 28	Nov 11 Nov 25	Dec 9
January 2016	February 2016	March 2016	April 2016	May 2016	June 2016
Jan 13 Jan 27	Feb 10 Feb 24	March 9 March 24	April 13 April 27	May 11 May 25	June 8
LEAMINGTON		September 2015	October 2015	November 2015	December 2015
		Sept 30	Oct 7 Oct 21	Nov 4 Nov 18	Dec 2
January 2016	February 2016	March 2016	April 2016	May 2016	June 2016
Jan 20	Feb 3 Feb 17	March 2 March 16	April 6 April 20	May 4 May 18	June 1

ties and throughout human history, despite enormous cultural variation in parenting norms. Desperately poor parents can be wonderful, and many parents facing huge barriers to good parenting overcome them.

Inability to care for or attach to your children properly can be better concealed or compensated for with more money or education to outsource some things – middle class or upper class educated people who cannot parent are more likely to keep their kids, but that doesn't make parenting ability a function of money, education, culture or a particular set of prior experiences.

Trying to explain some of the parents my children have encountered in our foster journey to my kids, I point out that there are multiple factors in parenting ability. First, there's that biological thing that goats and chickens and people all seem to have – something that exists in all species that raise their young.

Then there is the experience of being parented yourself, which is highly variable, and while a lot of different ways of doing it can lead to good outcomes, there are some things we know we need, particularly that root attachment to a caregiver in infancy. Third there is learning and practice – people can learn to parent by helping out with the baby, babysitting, taking classes, watching good role models, etc... Finally there are how high the barriers are to good parenting. Barriers are things that prevent you from doing a good job – could be physical or mental illnesses that sap your strength or resources, could be lack of shelter or economic resources, could be lack of experience with being parented or attachment disorders, could be drugs or alcohol, various physical dangers...and so on. Everyone has some barriers, everyone has some ability to parent, everyone has some experience, good, ill or mostly mixed, of being parented, and everyone has some ability to learn. The question is how much of each and what can you do to help facilitate – to teach, to lower barriers, to help people understand the ways that they were parented and what that means for how they parent...

(Continued on page 6)

Of these the biological parenting drive is the one we are least familiar with in many ways, most likely to mythologize and also, I think, most likely to mistakenly assume uniformity in. We tend to assume that all of us have some natural ability to parent, and if we didn't, we wouldn't – but the truth is that the level of insight that allows people to decide they would not be good parents is a rarer thing. And not everyone fully chooses their reproductive life – particularly among the poorest, most vulnerable and most disabled, who are often the parents of my children. It can be frustrating to watch and tempting to judge parents harshly when they fail unless there is a clear reason – but it is possible that reasons exist that have not been fully obvious to us.

I make no claims about how common or uncommon low biological ability to parent is, or which people have or don't have it. I would only suggest this – that while certain acts of birth parents are unacceptable and wrong, not being able to be a good parent is not, in fact, necessarily a sign of evil or being a bad human being. It may simply be that we need to expect that parenting ability is complex, poorly understood, and may include some innate abilities that some folks just don't have – and that judgement for that lack of ability (as opposed to judgement about specific consequences for offspring) may not be fair or just.

Moreover, that if we want to reduce child abuse and neglect in our world, we need to have a world where it is possible to articulate our interior experience of both desire to parent and our sense of our own ability, and also where there is simply much less pressure on people to parent and conform to perceived norms. What if it were possible to describe and discuss our sense of our own parenting ability the way we talk about eyesight – some very clear, some very limited, but no personal judgement on what you were born with? I wonder how many people might feel free to not have children – or if they discover too late that they do not make good parents, to openly and freely make other arrangements for their children, rather than facing a huge stigma, because everyone who loves their kids is supposed to want to parent them. Even though if they don't.

*All credit belongs with the author. The original article was published June 13, 2014 and can be found at <http://scienceblogs.com/casaubonsbook/2014/06/13/on-the-variability-of-parenting-ability/>



Paddy had been drinking at his local pub all day and most of the night, celebrating St Patrick's Day. Mick, the bartender says, "You'll not be drinking anymore tonight, Paddy".

Paddy replies, "OK Mick, I'll be on my way then." Paddy spins around on his stool and steps off. He falls flat on his face. "Damn!" he says and pulls himself up by the stool and dusts himself off. He takes a step towards the door and falls flat on his face, "Oh bloody damn!"

He looks to the doorway and thinks to himself that if he can just get to the door and some fresh air he'll be fine. He belly crawls to the door and shimmies up to the door frame. He sticks his head outside and takes a deep breath of fresh air, feels much better and takes a step out onto the sidewalk and falls flat on his face. "Bi' Jesus... I'm in bloody trouble," he says.

He can see his house just a few doors down, and crawls to the door, hauls himself up the door frame, opens the door and shimmies inside. He takes a look up the stairs and says, "No bloody way...." He crawls up the stairs to his bedroom door and says, "I can make it to the bed." He takes a step into the room and falls flat on his face. He says, "Damn it!" and falls into bed.

The next morning, his wife, Jess, comes into the room carrying a cup of coffee and says, "Get up Paddy. Did you have a bit to drink last night?"

Paddy says, "I did, Jess. I was bloody pissed. But how did you know?"

Mick phoned. "You left your wheelchair at the pub."

IT IS WHAT YOU SCATTER:

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes... I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily apprising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes.

Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

'Hello Barry, how are you today?'

'H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good'

'They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?'

'Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time.'

'Good. Anything I can help you with?'

'No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas.'

'Would you like to take some home?' asked Mr. Miller.

'No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with.'

'Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?'

'All I got's my prize marble here.'

'Is that right? Let me see it', said Miller.

'Here 'tis. She's a dandy.'

'I can see that. Hmm mmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?' the store owner asked.

'Not zackley but almost.'

'Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble'. Mr. Miller told the boy.

'Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller.'

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me.

With a smile she said, 'There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever.'

When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store.'

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that even-

Be the kind of person that when your feet hit the floor each morning, the devil says "Oh crap, they're up!"

ing and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could.

Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket.

Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one; each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

'Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about.

They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size....they came to pay their debt.'

'We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world,' she confided, 'but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho ...'

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral:

We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

Today I wish you a day of ordinary miracles :

A fresh pot of coffee you didn't make yourself...

An unexpected phone call from an old friend....

Green stoplights on your way to work....

The fastest line at the grocery store....

A good sing-along song on the radio..

Your keys found right where you left them.

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU GATHER, BUT WHAT YOU SCATTER THAT TELLS WHAT KIND OF LIFE YOU HAVE LIVED!

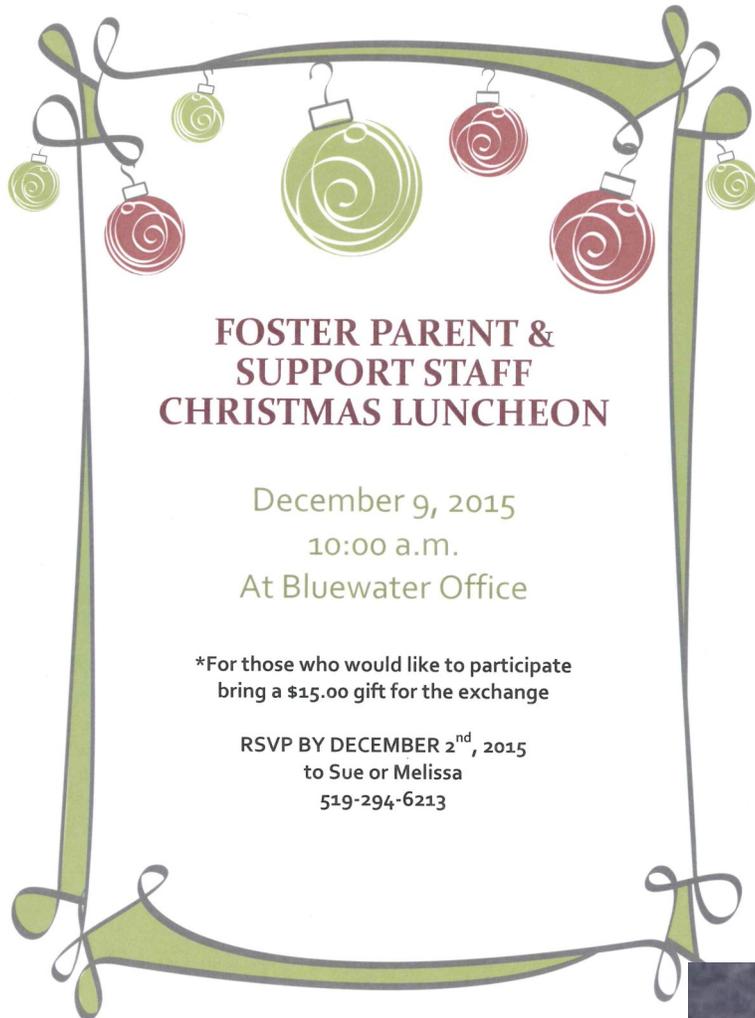
A policeman was rushed to the hospital with an inflamed appendix. The doctors operated and advised him that all was well, however, the patrolman kept feeling something pulling at the hairs in his crotch.

Worried that it might be a second surgery and the doctors hadn't told him about it, he finally got enough energy to pull his hospital gown up enough so he could look at what was making him so uncomfortable. Taped firmly across his pubic hair and private parts were three wide strips of adhesive tape, the kind that doesn't come off easily... if at all.

Written on the tape in large black letters was the sentence, "Get well soon, from the nurse in the Ford Explorer you pulled over last week." Brings tears to your eyes, doesn't it...

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Our annual Christmas luncheon is coming December 9, 2015 in our Parkhill office. Everyone is welcome: foster parents, drivers, volunteers... All we ask is you RSVP to Sue or Melissa by December 2, 2015.



Expressions of gratitude don't often come readily from kids in foster care. Not because they aren't grateful, but more often because they are in survival mode, especially during the holidays.

Snow is a four letter word this time of year. It can happen at any time and road conditions can go from excellent to terrifying in no time at all. If you have children going on visits these next several months, whenever you can, try to send one day of **extra** medication with them when they go. Travel conditions seldom remain wretched for an extended period. The extra day of medication should be sufficient to address most winter road condition calamities

Christmas Hours

Bluewater Family Support Services will be closed during the Christmas break from Wednesday, December 23, 2015 at 4:30 pm to Monday, January 4, 2016 at 9:00 am. In the event of an emergency or if you are in need of assistance, please follow the regular on-call practise: try your worker first. Should your worker be unavailable, try John Tyler. If you can reach neither of those individuals, please call Wilf Graham.

Every child deserves a champion.

An adult who never gives up on them, who understands the power of connection, and *insists* that they become the best that they possibly can be.



Enter the 2015 EatRight Ontario Kids Recipe Challenge



Hey kids! Do you have fun helping in the kitchen? Send us your favourite breakfast, school lunch, dinner and snack recipes to win great prizes.

Who can enter

Ontario students in grades 1 to 8.
Enter as often as you like. Submit each recipe on a separate Official Entry Form.

What to do

Create an original, kid-friendly recipe for **breakfast, school lunch, dinner or snack**. Recipes may be in English or French.

Criteria

Recipes will be judged on:

- **Originality:** Submit your most unique recipe with interesting ingredients! Traditional family favourites and recipes from different parts of the world are encouraged.
- **Nutrition:** Recipes should feature foods from Canada's Food Guide and be lower in fat, salt and sugar.
- **Taste:** Interesting flavour combinations are encouraged.
- **Response to the question** "Why would kids like this recipe?" (100 words or less)

Prizes: Win great prizes like electronics, gift cards and cookbooks! Winners in each category will be selected for a 1st, 2nd and 3rd place prize.

Deadline: Monday, December 7, 2015.

Tips for a winning entry!

- **We are looking for truly original recipes!**
Choose unique ingredients and cooking methods. Visit the website to see what new recipes EatRight Ontario could use.
- **Test your recipe with family and friends.**
If they like how it tastes then the EatRight Ontario judges probably will too!
- **Help us see what your recipe looks like.**
Send a photo or draw a picture of the finished dish.

For Official Contest Rules, visit www.eatrightontario.ca/rules or call 1-877-510-510-2 for a copy.
All winning recipes will be posted on www.eatrightontario.ca.

Entries will not be returned and will become the property of Dietitians of Canada.
Dietitians of Canada acknowledges the financial support of EatRight Ontario by the Ontario government.
The views expressed do not necessarily reflect those of the Province.





Get Kids in the Kitchen! Kids Recipe Challenge

Official Entry Form

Contest deadline: Monday, December 7, 2015.

EatRight Ontario is a place to go for trusted healthy eating information. Connect to a Registered Dietitian at no charge. Call toll-free 1-877-510-510-2 or visit the website at www.eatrightontario.ca.



Please Print

CHILD'S NAME

First

Last

SCHOOL GRADE

RECIPE CATEGORY (Select one):

Breakfast

Lunch

Dinner

Snack

PARENT/GUARDIAN CONTACT INFORMATION

Name

Address

E-mail

Phone

Day

Evening

HOW DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE CONTEST?

School Email Friend Website Other:

Important information on Official Contest Rules:

For a complete list of contest rules visit eatrightontario.ca/rules or call 1-877-510-510-2

By submitting your contest entry and signing the Official Entry Form, you agree that: a) you have read and understood the Official Contest Rules; b) you or your child's Recipe is an Original Work. Original Work means that the Recipe has been originally and lawfully created by you or your child, and the use, modification or reproduction of the Recipe by Dietitians of Canada (DC) will not give rise to any third party claims for infringement or violation of copyright, trademark or any other right of any third party, or to any third party claims including libel, defamation, violation of privacy or contract breach; c) you have obtained all necessary permissions, consents, licenses or other approvals of any and all team members, and third parties necessary or appropriate for the preparation or use of the Recipe; d) you release DC from any liability in connection with participating in this contest or preparation or use of the Recipe; e) you agree to indemnify DC for any liability and all reasonable costs arising from any third party action, claim or proceeding commenced against DC because of the Recipe; and f) you grant DC unrestricted use and reproduction rights (including copying and modifying) of the Recipe for any purpose, without compensation.

Please check: I AGREE

PARENT/GUARDIAN SIGNATURE (If submitting by mail):

RECIPE NAME

NUMBER OF SERVINGS: _____

INGREDIENTS

WHICH INGREDIENTS ARE FROM ONTARIO?

DIRECTIONS (You may include a second page if necessary)

WHY WOULD KIDS LIKE THIS RECIPE? (Answer in 100 words or less)

WHAT CAN KIDS DO TO HELP MAKE THIS RECIPE?

Send in your recipe!

To mail your submission, please send to:

EatRight Ontario Kids Recipe Challenge

Dietitians of Canada,

480 University Avenue, Suite 604

Toronto, Ontario M5G 1V2

Submissions must be postmarked by deadline date.

To e-mail your submission, please send to:

recipecontest@dietitians.ca

Contest deadline: Monday, December 7, 2015



Get Kids

in the Kitchen!

Kids Recipe Challenge

More about EatRight Ontario

EatRight Ontario is a place to go for trusted healthy eating information. Connect to a Registered Dietitian at no charge. Call toll-free 1-877-510-510-2 or visit www.eatrightontario.ca.

Here are the *three easy ways* to reach a Registered Dietitian at EatRight Ontario:

1. Call 1-877-510-510-2.
2. E-mail a Dietitian at www.eatrightontario.ca/email.
3. Visit www.eatrightontario.ca

Sign up for eNews, a monthly email with nutrition tips, updates and free giveaways at www.eatrightontario.ca/enews.



Bluewater Family Support Services

P.O. Box 460,
2130 Parkhill Drive,
Parkhill, Ontario

Phone: 519-294-6213
Fax: 519-294-0279

E-mail: BluesNews@bluewatercares.com

www.bluewatercares.com

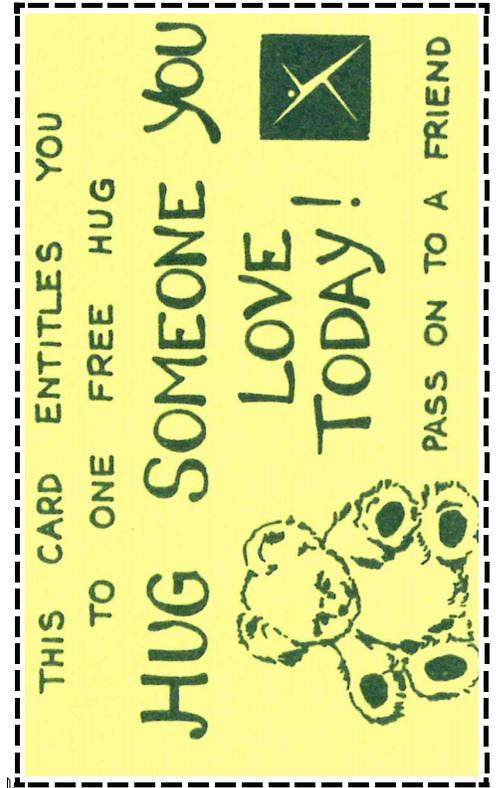


say what?!

Music can be a powerful tool for communicating difficult feelings or thoughts. Songwriters often give a voice to our thoughts and express our feelings better than we might ever have dreamt.

Here are a couple of Youtube links

- [YOU MAKE ME BRAVE](#)
- [WORDS CAN BREAK YOU HEART](#)



HUMOUR

