



# Oaklands

NURSING HOME

## January/February 2020

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Email: Louise at:

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Facebook page: Coming

Soon

[www.oaklandscare.com](http://www.oaklandscare.com)



## Dates for your Diary

**31st January Sarah playing violin**

**7th February Melody men**

**10th February Kiddledivey music interaction session**

**13th February Father Felix service**

**26th February 10 pin bowling**

**27th February Visit from windlesham school**

**27th February Meet the animals**



## Birthday WISHES



TO:

**Brenda 7th February**

**gloria 17th february**

**Ivy 28th February**

**We Hope you will have a wonderful day and many happy returns.**



## Updates & What's New

We have managed to get a session with pet therapy this month and we're hoping to get a permanent slot.

We will now be booking more outings in for residents and families Louise will send over any dates to enable people to book in.

## Reminders & Feedback

Please let Louise know if you are enjoying the activity schedule and if there is anything you would like to see included. We would also love to hear what you have to say on the daily menu or anything else.



## Future Outings

If you would like to attend an outing , please let Louise know as soon as possible. Thank you

Monday 17th february 1.30 pm

Monday 24th February 1.30 pm

One to one outings are available if there is where you would like to visit, please let Louise know.

email: [activities@oaklandscare.com](mailto:activities@oaklandscare.com)



## Pictures of the month



# Pictures or Photos here of the residents family or activities





What do you see, nurse... what do you see?

Are you thinking - when you look at me:

A crabbed old woman, not very wise;

Uncertain of habit with far-away eyes,

Who dribbles her food and makes no reply

When you say in a loud voice 'I do wish you'd try.'

Who seems not to notice the things that you do

And forever is losing a stocking or shoe;

Who, resisting or not, lets you do as you will

With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill.

Is that what you're thinking, is that what you see?

Then open your eyes, nurse. You're not looking at me!

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still.

As I move at your bidding, eat at your will:

- I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother,

Brothers and sisters who love one another;

- A young girl of sixteen with wings on her feet,

Dreaming that soon a love she'll meet;

- A bride at twenty, my heart gives a leap,

Remembering the vows that I promised to keep;

- At twenty-five now I have young of my own

Who need me to build a secure, happy home.

- A woman of thirty, my young now grow fast.

Bound together with ties that should last.

- At forty, my young sons have grown up and gone,

But my man's beside me to see I don't mourn;

- At fifty once more babies play 'round my knee

Again we know children, my loved ones and me...

Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead.  
I look at the future, I shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing young of their own,  
And I think of the years  
and the love that I've known.  
I'm an old woman now, and nature is cruel.  
'Tis her jest to make old age look like a fool.  
The body, it crumbles, grace and vigor depart.  
There is a stone where I once had a heart.  
But inside this old carcass a young girl still dwells,  
And now again my bittered heart swells;  
I remember the joys, I remember the pain  
and I'm loving and living life over again;  
I think of the years, all too few, gone too fast  
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last;  
So open your eyes, nurse, open and see...  
not a crabbed old woman.  
Look closer... see me!

**I hope you have enjoyed this newsletter,**

***Best Wishes, Louise***