



Oaklands
NURSING HOME

March 2020

In This Issue

- ❖ Dates for your diary
- ❖ Birthdays
- ❖ What's New
- ❖ Reminders & Feedback
- ❖ Future Outings
- ❖ Pictures of the Month
- ❖ Poem of the Month
- ❖ Reminders
- ❖ Your Feedback



Email: Louise at:

activities@oaklandscare.com

Facebook page: Coming

Soon

www.oaklandscare.com



Dates for your Diary

2nd Visit from lancing prep school 2pm

3rd Jo singing 1.45pm

5th music interaction session 1.45pm

7th Ellie singing 1.45pm

10th Fitness with Maria 1.45pm

12th Father Felix service 10.30am

28th Flamenco dancer 1.45pm



Birthday WISHES



TO:

Murray 3rd March

Pat 18th March

Joan 28th March

Giuseppe 28th March

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



Updates & What's New

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

Wednesday 4th March

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

email: activities@oaklandscare.com



Pictures of the month



Pictures or Photos here of the residents family or activities



MY MOTHER

Her hands held me gently from the day I took my first breath.

Her hands helped to guide me as I took my first step.

Her hands held me close when the tears would start to fall.

Her hands were quick to show me that she would take care of it all.

Her hands were there to brush my hair, or straighten a wayward bow.

Her hands were often there to comfort the hurts that didn't always show.

Her hands helped hold the stars in place, and encouraged me to reach.

Her hands would clap and cheer and praise when I captured them at length.

Her hands would also push me, though not down or in harm's way.

Her hands would punctuate the words, just do what I say.

Her hands sometimes had to discipline, to help bend this young tree.

Her hands would shape and mold me into all she knew I could be.

Her hands are now twisting with age and years of work,

Her hand now needs my gentle touch to rub away the hurt.

Her hands are more beautiful than anything can be.

Her hands are the reason I am me.

I hope you have enjoyed this newsletter,

Best Wishes, Louise