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# LEEPS & BOUNDS

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Volume 2, Issue 2

December 2007

## Upcoming Events

2008 brings promise of more success stories for the students that pass through our doors.

## The Voices of Students and Staff

### POETRY

#### The House and Home

E.E.P.S. Seeps into our lives everyday

When you think your not going to expect a gain  
It's placed right in front of our faces plain.

After seeing this place and knowing what can be done  
Can make us remember where we are from

Not many people from there come and play  
But they sure know how to take up our day

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## Our Family Christmas Gathering

by Roger Groening

I reflected on the problem. There was no question as to their being one. It looked to be a crisis, and not one that I had the capacity to resolve. Reflecting was the best that I could do it seemed. Sometimes, that is the best anyone can do, I suppose.

I was in my room, pondering the scene of Cousin Jack, aged 10, on my bed. He lay in a fetal position, and it was unclear why. He was from the city, and generally a blur of activity and vitality, but now, he looked like an unhealthy slug in pain. He lay ill with confusion, periodically filling my room with sounds that I found deeply concerning.

The problem had started when Jack, a fine young boy in some respects, but one who struggled with a moral sense when unsupervised, found his way into my older brother George's closet. George was away for the day, working in the city, so Jack had free reign to spend the day tracking the closet's inventory. He had done so. This experience could be trying on the spirit. My mother, who was older than Jack, had encountered the disarray of this closet a few years earlier, and had found the experience troubling. She had avoided medical decline by limiting her stay in the closet, and declining to eat or drink any of the products that she found there. Jack had not done so. A survey of my room provided an introduction regarding the events that had occurred. The evidence was overwhelming in favor of Jack having traveled too far on the road to personal ruin. This personal abuse had taken the form of stealing into my brother's closet, and consuming from it, the remains of a harmless bottle of French Red Table wine, a drink that is meant to be sipped and shared. Jack did neither. He had also discovered a jar of pickled onions, a substance that can only loosely be placed in the category of consumable food. The empty jar suggested that he had also consumed this without sharing. He may have considered sharing, but seemed to have thought better of it. This decision was now costing him. The wine drinking was close to reasonable, but the draining of the pickled onions was hard to grasp. It was not possible that the flavor of these onions was the draw. The only explanation was that Jack was engaged in a mission that had no reasonable basis. My brother and I had on occasion shared a sampling of these onions, and had always found that consuming large volumes of the stuff resulted in feelings of ill health. Jack had no way of knowing this, but should have reviewed his activity, because now his body was curled in a position that could only be described as intense regret.

The people there are so friendly and nice  
Our smiles don't even pay a price

We start off scared to meet the right faces  
Which makes us dream of far off places

These places for us might seem far and wide  
But in the end it's for us to decide

This place where it's like a second home to me  
Makes us look inwards for all of us to see

I love the house and home of E.E.P.S.  
For it is by far, the best place to be.

By Bobby Albert

## HOPE, Something I have Now

Life is filled with choices that we all have to make.  
Sometimes we make good ones and sometimes we make  
bad ones and from the moment we step into this world we  
begin to formulate opinions.

Based upon our personal experiences and observations  
sometimes they can even change from one extreme to  
another. I hated my life as a child. Happiness was a treat,  
and my sadness a reality. I was in a cage wishing I had the  
key, which at the time was out of reach. What I find most  
intriguing about opinions is how a person can have the  
same one for such a long time and then suddenly it will  
change. I've spent the past 19 years of my life believing in  
nothing and now I believe in something.

My childhood was filled with abuse of all kinds. I was lead  
to believe that I was a nothing, and that would remain the  
case for the rest of my life. I was frustrated with my life  
and the people that were in it. My feelings of being  
unwanted were confirmed when I was placed in foster  
care, at the tender age of thirteen. My feelings grew  
stronger as time passed, and as I was tossed from hotel to  
motel, and from shelter to group homes.

My first day of independence came when I was placed on  
my own at 17. I had been freed from my cage, no  
destination provided, and no map to guide the way  
. It wasn't till I finally hit rock bottom, when my opinions  
and views on certain subjects began to change. I made a  
choice, and swallowed my pride.

I applied for some financial assistance, and was successful  
in obtaining it. I enrolled in a local school, and made my  
new goal in life to get my G.E.D

Now I wake up each morning, excited for what the day  
will bring me. Knowing a new day will open that I believe  
was locked forever. I no longer dwell on my mistakes, and  
let my regrets overwhelm me. I now realize that there is  
hope for my future and all I need is to believe in it. We all  
make mistakes, and it's not about whose at fault. When  
you accept the good and the bad and take responsibility,  
that's when you've become a success. Don't let the world

bring you down. Believe in yourself, and you will be  
amazed at the things you can accomplish.

By Stephanie Struger

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## PLEASURE FOR THE PALATE

### Terry's "Bachelor Days" Rice Casserole

Crock pot or Dutch oven – fill with water  
2c. rice  
Chicken breasts  
Vegetables – mixed variety  
Put in 2 packages of Lipton tomato /vegetable soup  
Bake in oven at 325, periodically check and stir.  
Leave for 1 ½ hrs.

Serves one hungry bachelor or family of 4..☀

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### Chocolate Peanut Butter Bars

1 c. packed brown sugar  
1 c. light corn syrup  
1c. Kraft smooth peanut butter  
5 c. Honey bunches of Oats cereal with almonds  
6 sq. semi-sweet chocolate, melted

Mix sugar, corn syrup, and peanut butter in  
microwave. High 2 min. or until sugar is dissolved and  
is well blended, stirring after each min.  
Add cereal, mix well. Put into 13x9 pan. Cover evenly  
with melted chocolate. Refrigerate 1hr.before  
serving..☀

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## A JOKE A DAY....

*There was an Englishman, a Scotsman and a Newfee and  
they are all archeologists. The Scotsman digs down 10 ft.,  
which signifies 100 years ago, and discovers, copper wire  
and he says, "Aha, we are the first to discover the  
telephone!" The Englishman digs down 20 ft., signifying  
200 years ago, and discovers copper wire and he says,  
"Aha, we discovered the telephone way before the  
Scotsmen did!" The Newfee digs down 30 ft. , signifying  
300 years ago, and comes up with nothing. He exclaims,  
"Aha, we are the first to discover the wireless  
telephone!"☀*

## EEPS NEWS ITEMS

LOOKING BACK AT 2007, WE  
HAVE HAD 11 STUDENTS  
OBTAIN THEIR G.E.D.  
CONGRATULATIONS!

## SUCCESSES FOR THE WINTER MONTHS

- ◆ Bobby Albert has written his G.E.D. and plans to continue his studies.
- ◆ Grace Fairfax easily passed her G.E.D. and is pursuing a career with special needs children.
- ◆ Lindsay Hatland is now attending RRC to obtain a certificate for Child and Youth Recreation Activity Worker. Good Luck Lindsay! She shared with us her thoughts, through a letter, where she explains, "I am blossoming by leaps and bounds, but none of this could have been possible without the first step in the right direction. I indeed got my life change, and I would like to extend a huge warm "thank you" to those who started me off on this path. So, THANK YOU to all the helpers at EEPS, who make being helped an extraordinary event."
- ◆ James McLune has just written his G.E.D. exams and is continuing with tutorial before he enters into RRC
- ◆ Stephanie Struger has also just written her G.E.D.

I had gone up to my room to rest. The annual Christmas family gathering at our home was reaching its apex, and my mind and body had grown weary. Our house was filled with various shapes and sizes of people. An overwhelming preference seemed to be given to those who took up the space of 3 or 4 averaged size humans. They seemed to be everywhere, including corners that were not meant to be used. The actual numbers of people had reached a place where counting was out of the question.

Most of the day was taken up with random humans entering our home, partaking in one of the many meals that were being served. My parents insisted that these people were all related, and had a right to be there, consuming food as if eating huge slabs of turkey was the most natural thing in the world. By 3:30 P.M., everyone had eaten at least once. One crew of aunts was cleaning the kitchen, while another was readying the dining area for the late afternoon feeding. It was unclear to me why this second meal was provided, as hunger did not seem to be a factor. It was late afternoon when I determined that any additional eating could result in a disabling condition, and that the peace and quiet of my room was required. The visitations and food intake levels had been maximized, and my body was starting to rebel. So it was that I opened the door to my room, and encountered unhappy Cousin Jack.

I found myself out of my depth. I had experienced this feeling before, and it was never pleasant. Generally my room acted as a refuge from the storms of rural life, but it had been invaded by Jack. My room was finding this overwhelming. It did not have experience dealing with an urban cousin, who had no sense of the kind of limits that help one get through the day. I know that some action was required, and that Jack's health was of limited concern. My problem revolved around the question of where to move the body. His body had to be moved. I was unclear about many things, but I knew that when a sick cousin is discovered in your room, paying for sins he has clearly committed, the owner of the room will undergo investigation. I wanted to avoid this prospect. Not that I had anything specific to hide, but like most boys, I knew that guilt would be the result of any close inspection.

I took Jack's loosely gripping hand, and propped his poor excuse of a body against mine. I dragged him into the hallway, and into my younger brothers, Mark and Henry's shared room. They were not using their room, as there were out building a snow fort, something that Jack should have been doing., I slid his limp rag of a body into the lower bunk, leaving a few age specific toys for him in case he was feeling up to it. He could now be found without unpleasant inquiries directed at me. I returned to my room to dispense with the wine bottle and jar of pickled onions, slipped them into my backpack, and headed out to join the snow fort builders.

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## Congratulations Adam & Jennifer



Adam Paoletic, one of our students had a special wedding ceremony at one of the Tim Horton's in November.

This created a lot of excitement for the lovely couple, but has not deterred him from obtaining great marks on his exams.☀

### *How fit is everyone in your office?*

*2 staff members walk to work daily*

*1 staff member bikes all year round!*

*3 staff members bike in the summer months and 2 will periodically walk home on a winter day. One of these fellows accumulated 4,000 km of bike riding*

*1 staff member swims weekly.*

*When away from work –other individual staff activities include: volleyball, floor hockey, gym workout, table tennis, yoga, tae bo, dancing baseball, hiking skiing*

***WAY TO GO EEPS!!!!!! ☀***

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I had intended on passing through the kitchen on my way out, a task that is never easy, but I was stopped halfway to the outside door. There was a massive clean up going on. It was clear that the right thing to do was to lend support, so I sat down for some turkey and mashed potatoes. I would have helped with the clean up, really I would have, but my aunts insisted that I must be starving, having gone over an hour without food or water. This was when I noticed my younger brother, Arny putting on a kitchen basketball performance for the aunts.

Kitchen basketball was not enjoyed equally by everyone in our family. Us brothers thought quite a lot of the game, and Arny seemed convinced, that if the aunts could learn the finer points of it, they would agree. The

game had some advantages to traditional basketball. The site was conveniently close to food, and involved very simple equipment. We had a small ball, the size of a tennis ball, and a small net attached to a ceiling beam that separated the dining room from the kitchen. The only limitation to the site was that our mother was prone to using the area for baking and cooking. While we appreciated her need to use the kitchen, her timing was not always the best. Her efforts at sharing the space with us had on occasions resulted in the ball falling into a greased baking pan, creating gripping issues for shooting. While this was upsetting to us, as it often happened at a critical juncture in a game, we allowed our mother to share in the playing area, and simply cautioned her to be more careful with placement of the baking pans.

I was well into my turkey and

mashed potatoes when Arny threw the ball to me. The throw was on the mark and only required a mild position change on my chair. The throw created a subsequent problem however, because as anyone who has played kitchen basketball knows, one cannot eat heartily while holding a basketball. More definitive action is required. Having the ball involves dramatic movement towards the net, something that I proceeded to do.

My actions involved some sense of disregard for my sister Julia, who had been making an effort to install a contact lens into her left eye. Contact lens installation is a delicate operation, and should not be tried during a basketball game. She should have known this. She should have excused herself, and gone to a more private location for this public act.

Her behavior was difficult to understand, especially in light of the fact that she knew a game was going on, and that I now had the ball, and was not likely to review the playing area for sisters dabbling in delicate procedures.

I needed to get the ball to the vicinity of the waiting net, and my sister was standing midway between my position, and the net. My feet left the ground in order to travel across the table, but my flight was disrupted by my sister's body, forcing me to land directly on top of her. I would have preferred to keep my feet on the ground, as my body does not travel well in the air. When my feet leave the ground, my body loses all sense of control or grace, and creates an impression that is brimming with humor, but my sister did not find it funny. This is an example of the kind of discipline she had, because there is no doubt that she saw the situation as humorous.

My landing on top of Julia intruded on her ability to complete the contact lens installation. It is a lesson I think for her and others, that something that requires strict concentration should never be performed in the middle of women who are cleaning, and a kitchen basketball game. Julia's elbow was jammed into the inner recesses of her neck, and her hand, which had been holding the lens, let go of it. This allowed the lens to become a free agent somewhere in the kitchen. Letting go of the contact lens was not a good idea on her part, because lenses are small, and difficult to find if you do not know precisely where they are.

Julia was bothered by this event, and inquired regarding my reason for living. It was not a question designed as a conversation starter however, but more along the lines of a personal rebuke. I offered to help search for the lens. This did not please her either, possibly because of my reputation for being unable to locate large objects even when informed regarding their location. I confess that I was not of great value to any search party. Further, my continued presence in the area seemed bothersome to my sister, and she encouraged me to leave. She suggested I build a snow fort, or whatever else I deemed useful, so I did.

It was only a matter of time before there was commotion coming from the house. Jack had been discovered. He had managed to find the bathroom, and after discarding volumes of unwanted debris in his system, had announced himself to his parents, who wondered how it was that he had lost the ability to walk. Jack was also not able to speak, always a symptom of insufficient food, and so the adults had propped him up in the corner consuming left over turkey and mashed potatoes, whether he knew it or not.

There was a buzz of speculation as to Jack's problem. His mother talked of a time recently when Jack, misled by some of his friends, had consumed alcohol from one of the parent's liquor cabinets. This had led to health concerns and a period of some mental incapacity for Jack. His mother seemed confident that Jack had managed to get into some liquor cabinet at our home, but my parents had no liquor cabinet. This caused further speculation, which I did not think it appropriate to participate in.

Jack meanwhile took a reluctant bite of his meal, and while chewing somewhat inappropriately on some mashed potatoes, informed me that something brittle, yet chewy, was occupying his mouth. I wondered whether Jack had perhaps come across the much sought after contact lens, but did not think it necessary to fill him in on this possibility. He seemed unstable emotionally, and not in a strong position to fully appreciate that he may be eating my sister's contact lens. My sister, who was still in the area, hunting for her lens, also did not seem in the right frame of mind to use this information for the betterment of humankind, so I absorbed Jack's reflection for private contemplation.

Eventually, the relatives left, and we wished them a Merry Christmas. They were to on their own to fend for themselves in a world where the word, Merry, had been taken out of Christmas. It was conceded by our family that the day had gone well; quite a success really, was my father's remark, with nothing of a negative nature, except I suppose Jack's illness, and the fact that the contact lens was not found. With Jack now firmly positioned in the city, I reflected that it was not likely to be found. ☼

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