



# WellsBrooke

PREMIUM HOME HEALTH CARE SM

*"Making a difference  
in the lives of others."*

## WellsBrooke Throws a Party!



Brett Melnick, WellsBrooke CEO, and Karla Rouland, WellsBrooke Nurse Field Supervisor.



Mr. Price, his aide, Ann Stone (left), and Luanne Stewart (right).



Mrs. Swiecki (right) and Karrie Cook, aide.

*WellsBrooke would like to wish all of you, our employees and their families, a peaceful and joyous holiday and a happy and healthy new year! We appreciate all your hard work and dedication. We know that our clients also are grateful for your compassion and commitment to their well-being.*

### Holiday Open House



Delicious food, festive decorations, door prizes, and mingling with family and friends. Sounds like a party to me! And what a fabulous party it was!

Many of you were there to experience the fun and excitement of the holiday season as we celebrated another successful year at WellsBrooke.

But most of all, the party was a success because you took the time out of your busy schedules to be there. Throughout the newsletter you will see snapshots from that joyous day! We would like to thank each of you who attended.

Happy Holidays!

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Enjoy frosty weather, but stay safe.

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## More Party Photos!



Francetta Williams (left), Simone Taylor and Simone's children.



Above: Rochelle Johnson (right), husband, Kevin and mother, Mary Gilder. (left).



Above, Judy Blando (left) with aide, Clarice Bunting (right).



Chance Lupro's daughter, Paris and her niece, Olivia.



Picture to Left: Barb Schneider (right) with Syoloo Huffman (left).



Erin Krey (left) and Herchell Camberlen.

## Holiday Birthdays!

Sheila Ballinger  
 Pamela Bratton  
 Yvette Cadet  
 Cassandra Cole-Lewis  
 Katrina Ellington  
 Taniesha Griggs

Brandi Harris  
 Noelle Jones  
 Donna Lamoreaux  
 Brett Melnick  
 Jennifer Mitchell  
 Dana Saunders

Jennifer Seeley  
 Timothy Senkbell  
 Millicent Tenkorang  
 Jean Walsh  
 Gale Webber



## Holiday Coverage: Be there!

With the holiday season fast approaching, we would like to address scheduling issues. As you know, in the healthcare industry, it is impossible for everyone to have every holiday off.

Therefore, WellsBrooke would like to ask that aides volunteer for holiday shifts, and any shifts that are left unstaffed will be assigned by the office after considering the previous year's holiday schedule.

**Upcoming holiday shifts are as follows: Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's Eve, New Year's Day. (PLEASE NOTE: NOT ALL SHIFTS ARE PAID AT THE HOLIDAY RATE)**

Let's try to work together. If you didn't work one of the holidays last year, please work it this year and give others a chance to enjoy it, too. Holiday shift assignments

will not be the same as your "normal" scheduled shifts. Of course, we also ask that you make any child care arrangements as needed.

In addition, any call offs over the holidays will be grounds for immediate disciplinary action, up to and including termination. We all must work together to try to make our clients' holidays as pleasant as we would like our own to be.

# Be Careful Out There... and more party photos!



Faye Sutka (center) with her aides, Sarah Lupinski (left) and Paula Turbett (right).

- Brake gently to avoid skidding. If your wheels start to lock up, ease off the brake.
- Turn on your lights to increase your visibility to other motorists.
- Keep your lights and windshield clean.

## If your rear wheels skid...

- Take your foot off the accelerator.
- Steer in the direction you want the front wheels to go. If your rear wheels start sliding the other way as you recover, ease the steering wheel toward that side. You might have to steer left and right a few times to get your vehicle completely under control.
- If you have standard brakes, pump them gently.
- If you have anti-lock brakes (ABS), do not pump the brakes. Apply steady pressure to the brakes. You will feel the brakes pulse -- this is normal.

*National Safety Council, New York State Department of Motor Vehicles, Washington State Government Information & Services.*

## Winter Weather

Please remember to give yourself extra time to get to your client's home during winter weather, and if you are running late, call the after hours support phone so we can let clients and other staff know.

## Safe Driving Tips:

- Decrease your speed and leave yourself plenty of room to stop. You should allow at least three times more space than usual between you and the car in front of you.



Eric Shue with Katie Davis, WellsBroke nurse.

- Use low gears to keep traction, especially on hills.
- Don't use cruise control or over-drive on icy roads.
- Be especially careful on bridges, overpasses and infrequently traveled roads.
- Don't pass snow plows and salt trucks. The drivers have limited visibility.
- Don't assume your vehicle can handle all conditions. Even four-wheel and front-wheel drive vehicles can encounter trouble on winter roads.



WellsBroke Employees: (left to right), Paula Montagna, Deborah Wooten and Mykia Wooten.



Delores Fishman (left) with daughter, Wendy (standing) and Katrina Hardaway (right), aide.



## A Cup of Christmas Tea

The log was in the fireplace,  
all spiced and set to burn.

At last, the yearly Christmas race  
was in the clubhouse turn,  
The cards were in the mail,  
all the gifts beneath the tree,  
And 30 days reprieve  
'till VISA could catch up with me.

And though smug satisfaction  
seemed the order of the day,  
Something still was nagging me,  
and would not go away.

A week before, I got a letter  
from my old Great Aunt.  
It read: "Of course, I'll understand  
completely if you can't,  
But if you find you have some time,  
how wonderful if we  
Could have a little chat  
and share a cup of Christmas tea."

She'd had a mild stroke that year  
which crippled her left side.  
Though housebound now, my folks had said  
it hadn't hurt her pride.  
They said: "She'd love to see you.  
What a nice thing it would be  
For you to go and maybe  
have a cup of Christmas tea."

But boy! I didn't want to go!  
Oh, what a bitter pill  
To see an old relation  
and how far she'd gone downhill.  
I remembered her as vigorous,  
as funny and as bright.  
I remembered Christmas Eves  
when she regaled us half the night.  
I didn't want to risk all that.  
I didn't want the pain.

I didn't need to be depressed.  
I didn't need the strain.  
And what about my brother?  
Why not him? She's his Aunt, too!  
I thought I had it justified,  
but then before I knew,

The reasons not to go  
I so painstakingly had built  
Were cracking wide and crumbling  
in an acid rain of guilt.

I put on boots and gloves and cap,  
shame stinging every pore,  
And armed with squeegee, sand and map,  
I went out my front door.

I drove in from the suburbs  
to the older part of town.  
The pastels of the newer homes  
gave way to gray and brown.

I had that disembodied feeling  
as the car pulled up  
And stopped beside the wooden house  
that held the Christmas cup.  
How I got up to the door;  
I really couldn't tell...

I watched my hand rise up  
and press the button of the bell.

I waited,  
aided by my nervous rocking to and fro,  
And just as I was thinking  
I should turn around and go,  
I heard the rattle of the china  
in the hutch against the wall.  
The triple beat of two feet and a crutch  
came down the hall.

The clicking of the door latch  
and the sliding of the bolt,  
And a little swollen struggle  
popped it open with a jolt.

She stood there, pale and tiny,  
looking fragile as an egg,,  
I forced myself from staring at the brace  
that held her leg.  
And though her thick bifocals  
seemed to crack and spread her eyes,  
Their milky and refracted depths  
lit up with young surprise.

"Come in! Come in!" She laughed the words.  
She took me by the hand,  
And all my fears dissolved away,  
as if by her command.  
We went inside, and then,  
before I knew how to react,  
Before my eyes and ears and nose  
was Christmas past...alive...intact:

The scent of candied oranges,  
of cinnamon and pine  
The antique wooden soldiers  
in their military line;

My spirit fairly bolted,  
like a child out of class  
And danced among the ornaments  
of calico and glass.  
Like magic, I was six again,  
deep in a Christmas spell,  
Steeped in the million memories  
the boy inside knew well.

And here, among old Christmas cards,  
so lovingly displayed,  
A special place of honor  
for the ones we kids had made.

And there, beside her rocking chair;  
the center of it all...  
My Great Aunt stood and said  
how nice it was I'd come to call.

I sat... and rattled on about...  
the weather and the flu.  
She listened very patiently,  
then smiled and said, "What's new?"  
Thoughts and words began to flow.  
I started making sense.  
I lost the phoney breeziness  
I use when I get tense.  
She was still passionately interested  
in everything I did.  
She was positive. Encouraging.  
Like when I was a kid.

Simple generalities  
still sent her into fits.  
She demanded the specifics.  
The particulars. The bits.  
We talked about the limitations  
that she'd had to face.  
She spoke with utter candor;  
and with humor and good grace.

Then, defying the reality  
of crutch and straightened knee,  
On wings of hospitality,  
she flew to brew the tea.

I sat alone with feelings  
that I hadn't felt in years,  
I looked around at Christmas  
through a thick, hot blur of tears.  
And the candles and the holly  
she'd arranged on every shelf...  
The impossibly good cookies  
she still somehow baked herself...

But these rich, tactile memories  
became quite pale and thin  
When measured by the Christmas  
my Great Aunt kept deep within.  
Her body halved and nearly spent,  
but my Great Aunt was whole.  
I saw a Christmas miracle...  
the triumph of a soul.

The triple beat of two feet and a crutch  
came down the hall.  
The rattle of the china  
in the hutch against the wall.  
She poured two cups. She smiled,  
and then she handed one to me,

And then, we settled back  
and had a cup of Christmas tea.

By: Tom Hegg

