

President's Report

September 12, 2022

Well, I hope you have all come back this fall well rested and ready to pick up where we left in June. So many activities happening and we have only just begun.

Was going through some of my folders (ok mess pile) and came across a short story and thought I would share it with you.

THE IMPORTANCE OF SISTERS

A young wife sat on a sofa on a hot humid day, drinking iced tea and visiting with her mother. As they talked about life, about marriage, about the responsibilities of life and the obligations of adulthood, the mother clinked the ice cubes in her glass thoughtfully and turned a clear, sober glance upon her daughter.

"Don't forget your Sisters," she advised, swirling the tea leaves to the bottom of her glass. "They'll be more important as you get older. No matter how much you love your husband, no matter how much you love the children you may have, you are still going to need Sisters. Remember to go places with them now and then; do things with them."

"Remember that "Sisters" means ALL the women...your girlfriends, your daughters, and all your other women relatives to. You'll need other women, women always do." What a funny piece of advice, the young woman thought. Haven't I just gotten married? Haven't I just joined the couple-world? I'm now a married woman, for goodness sake! A grownup! Surely my husband and the family we may start will be all I need to make my life worthwhile.

But she listened to her mother. She kept contact with her Sisters and made more women friends each year. As the years tumbled by, one after another, she dreadfully came to understand that her mom really knew what she was talking about.

As time and nature work their changes and their mysteries upon a woman, Sisters are the mainstays of her life.

After more than 50 years of living in this world, here is what I've learned:

Time Passes.

Life Happens.

Distance separates.

Children grow up.

Jobs come and go.

Love waxes and wanes.

Men don't do what they're supposed to do.

Hearts break.

Parents die.

Colleagues forget favours.

Careers end.

BUT...Sisters are there, no matter how much time and how many miles are between you. A girl friend is never farther away than needing her can reach. When you have to walk that lonesome valley and you have to walk it by yourself, the women in your life will be on the valley's rim, cheering you on, praying for you, pulling for you, intervening on your behalf, and waiting with open arms at the valley's end.

Sometimes, they will even break the rules and walk beside you...or come in and carry you out. Girlfriends, daughters, granddaughters, daughters-in-law, sisters-in-law, mothers, grandmothers, aunties, nieces, cousins and extended family, all bless our life!

The world wouldn't be the same without women and neither would I. When we began this adventure called womanhood, we had no idea of the incredible joys or sorrows that lay ahead. Nor did we know how much we would need each other.

Now if you were to take this short story and look at it as starting your CWL adventure, I think everything said would be exactly the same. As an executive team of 8 we can be strong, but add 200 members to the mix and it is stronger. Add another 70,000 members across Canada and we are a force to be reckoned with.

With that said, I feel our sisterhood has waned a bit in the last couple of years. Being told you have to isolate, no hand shakes, no hugs and keep masked, has all led to changes in our lives, that has had some repercussions, like perhaps not wanting to get involved anymore. Let someone else take care of it.

So now is the time to dust ourselves off from the past two years, put on our work gloves again and find that desire to help out wherever needed. Taking on small projects is good for the soul, and a great way to meet more of your sisters. Let's revitalize ourselves and pass this positive energy to everyone we meet. Let's get involved again.

My face in the mirror isn't so wrinkled or drawn.

My house isn't dirty, and the dust is all gone.

My garden looks lovely, and so does my lawn.

I think I might never put my glasses back on.