

THE WESTERN CANADIAN

Single Copy \$1.25
(taxes included)

Volume 120 Number 12

Publications Mail Agreement 40007603

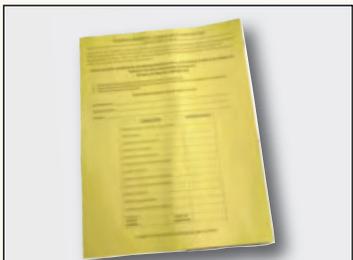
Friday, March 27, 2020

LOCALLY OWNED • SERVING MANITOU AND AREA SINCE 1900

Inside This Issue



Confederation Jubilee Quilt
Page 2



2020 Charity Canvass
Page 5



Manitou Travel Club Update
Page 13



Homesteading Essays Part 1
Page 17



DanceWorks Students Compete at Nationals
Page 18

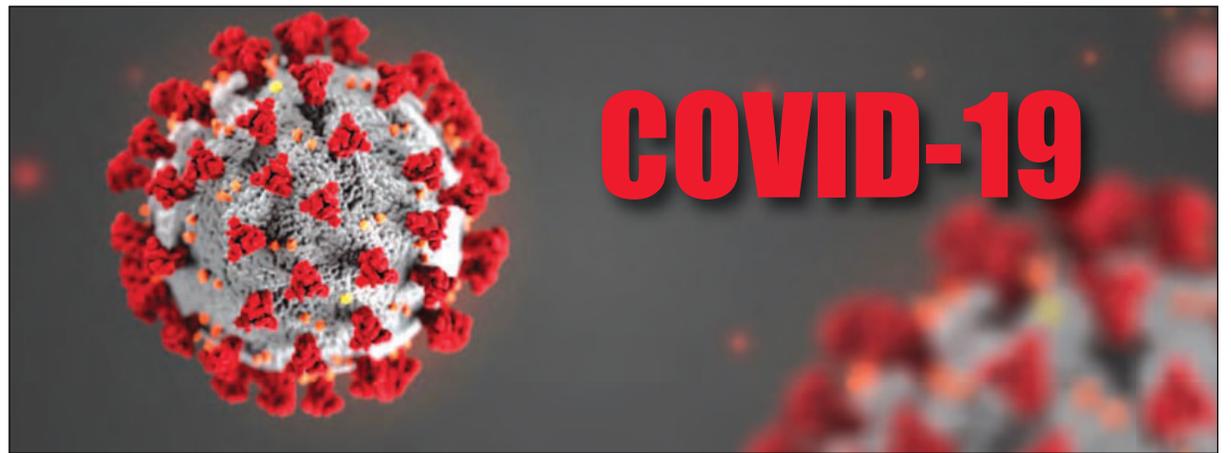
Manitoba Government Declares State of Emergency to Protect the Public, Reduce Spread of COVID-19

As the COVID-19 pandemic continues world-wide, our small communities are doing their part to “flatten the curve” by staying home when possible, and practicing social distancing when they do have to go out. Events have been cancelled, including church services, sports events, concerts and schools, all in a conscious effort to reduce the spread of the illness.

COVID-19 is a serious health threat, and the situation is evolving daily. The risk will vary between and within communities, but given the increasing number of cases in Canada, the risk to Canadians is considered high. This does not mean that all Canadians will get the disease; but it will impact the health care system. If we do not flatten the epidemic curve now, the increase of COVID-19 cases could impact health care resources available.

On March 20th, the Manitoba government declared a province-wide state of emergency under The Emergency Measures Act “to protect the health and safety of all Manitobans and reduce the spread of COVID-19,” announced Premier Brian Pallister.

“This decision was not made lightly. However, we must continue to use every tool available to ‘flatten the curve’ and reduce the spread of COVID-19 on our communities and our health-care system,” said Pallister. “Our government is focused solely on the health and safety of all



Manitobans. This move will enable us to react more quickly on a broad range of supportive measures to stop the spread for COVID-19 and ensure that essential services are available for all Manitobans during this global health pandemic.”

The Chief Provincial Public Health Officer is issuing orders under The Public Health Act as approved by the Minister of Health, Seniors and Active Living.

“With this declaration, the biggest roles for all Manitobans to play right now, is to protect yourself, your family, your friends and your community,” said Dr. Brent Roussin, chief provincial public health officer. “I cannot emphasize this enough – this is the time for action. We must change our day-to-day lives, and think about your role in protecting ourselves and all Manitobans.”

“This is a time to support our friends, families and communities,” said Pallister. “The situation is constantly evolving and changing rapidly. Enacting a state of emergency will further our province’s ability to be nimble, act swiftly and

support Manitobans when they need it most.”

Community Testing Site Opens in Winkler

Any person concerned about their exposure to or risk of having COVID-19 should call Health Links-Info Santé at 204-788-8200 or (toll-free) at 1-888-315-9257 to be screened to see if a test is required.

A new community

testing drive-thru site officially opened Wednesday in Winkler at the Winkler Centennial Arena at 600 Park Street. Hours are daily from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. This is Manitoba’s 12th community testing site and fourth drive-thru location. The public is reminded that a referral to these sites is needed and they are not walk-in clinics.

For more information and to access the online screening tool for COVID-19, visit: www.manitoba.ca/covid19

COVID-19 in Manitoba

Manitoba has implemented a number of changes to better protect the health of Manitobans. They include:

- declaring a state of emergency in Manitoba;

(Continued on Page 3)

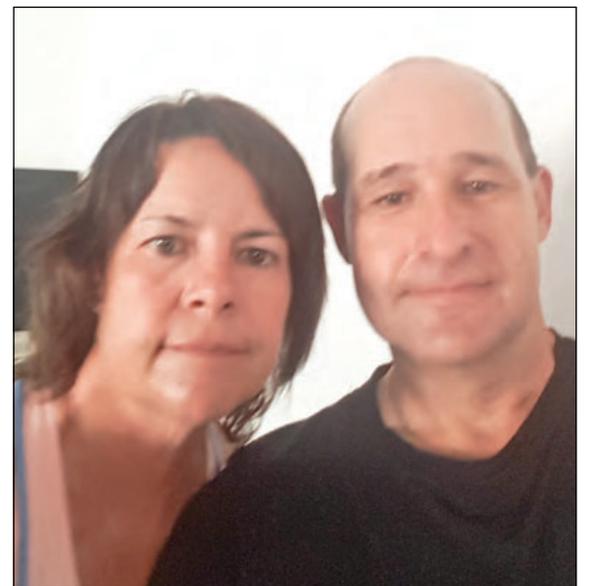
St. Leon Couple Stuck in Peru

Written by
Drew May of
The Brandon Sun,
Reprinted with
Permission

A Manitoban stuck in Peru due to the COVID-19 outbreak says she feels “powerless” and is waiting on federal government assistance she says has so far been slow to come.

Lorraine Grenier, from St. Leon, said she and her husband, Allen, have been in Peru since March 5. They were originally scheduled to return on March 16, but COVID-19-related flight cancellations and border closures mean they have been trapped in the South American country.

Part of the issue,



Lorraine and Allen Grenier

Lorraine said, has been a lack of information coming from the federal government’s official channels in Peru. After a hike in Cusco, Peru,

on March 15 the couple received word from hotel workers that the border would be closed, but nothing from the Canadian (Continued on Page 3)

OBITUARIES



FELIX G. KUEHN

Felix G. Kuehn, passed away peacefully March 3, 2020 at St. Boniface Hospital. Felix is survived to celebrate his life by his wife Linda, son Nathan (Megan), daughter Rachel (Rishi), Karl-Michael (Deanne), and Nicholas (Sara), siblings Janet, Karen (Rich), Ray (Myrna) and Cheryl, six grandchildren, eleven nieces and nephews.

Funeral was held Tuesday, March 10, 2020 at St. Demetrios Greek Orthodox Church, Winnipeg, MB, officiated by Father Matthew Beyond. Interment followed at St. Luke's Pembina Crossing Cemetery. A memorial reception was held at Manitou following the burial.

I think it was hard for my brothers and I to imagine what to say about Dad, because we all thought he probably wrote his own eulogy. Dad loved events like this; loved the chance to write a speech and present it to an adoring audience. He attended as many funerals as he could; one of the saddest parts of today is perhaps that Dad can't make a heartfelt speech about, well, himself. But upon our inquiry, Mom told us Dad did not write his eulogy, so it's up to us to try to say something as meaningful - and as long - as Dad would.

I still didn't know where to start, so I'll start closer to the end. On Monday, February 17 (Louis Riel Day), Mom called to tell me Dad felt like he was drifting away. When I came to see him at their home, Dad started talking to me about life and death: very out of character for Felix - as many of you know, he was extremely shy and not much of a conversationalist.

He had a few final requests: An Orthodox funeral, to be buried at St. Luke's at Pembina Crossing, and that we wouldn't fight after he was gone. He wanted to make sure some members of the family dealing with their own challenges would be okay, that we would take care of each other. In the middle of this tearful (on my part) discussion, my five-year-old, Max, came into

the room and crawled all over his Opa. He interrupted Dad to tell a joke. Dad stopped and listened to the joke, laughing heartily at the punch line.

"How many tickles does it take to make an octopus laugh? Ten-tickles."

This was Dad: he gave you his full attention, even at the most painful of moments. He knew it was important to laugh at a kid's horrible pun. Whether it was building a school project for one of us kids, taking grandkids out for donuts, or listening to the life story of a homeless person who needed so much more than just the sandwich Dad bought him, he stopped what he was doing, and was fully there at that moment. Dad was one of the few people who got so much done, produced so much, but lived slowly enough to enjoy the present. It was often exasperating for the more fast-paced of us, those of us more involved in the day-to-day running of life, because we would be wondering where the heck Dad was, when he had just been visiting with an interesting person he met at A&W while doing his artwork - for the last 3 hours.

All of you here have special memories of Dad. As Father Matthew said while Dad was receiving dozens of visitors during his short stay in palliative care at St. Boniface Hospital: If you bumped into Felix in the grocery store line, you got to know Felix.

We want to hold on to some of the older, healthier memories of Dad: walking us all the way from our house on Morley to the then Centennial Library, pretending to have a heart attack in the middle of the Gimli pharmacy and dropping dead in the aisle while we kids abandoned him in embarrassed horror, or watching him listen to Hank Snow songs on YouTube with his grandkids. Raising us on Fred Astaire movies, Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, and cinnamon toast. Working tirelessly on whatever project he had adopted, like the Boundary Commission NWMP Trail Association, that resulted in a wagon train chockfull of horses and barn dances. Eating marmalade on EVERYTHING. For my brothers: "Don't shake the table!" But-terfly hunting or going from cemetery to cemetery to rub headstone engravings, every kid's favourite Saturday outing.

His brother Ray shared stories about how much Dad loved building. And how he was a perfectionist. When Ray and Dad were supposed to paint the barn one summer, Dad assigned Ray the job of scraping, every square inch, with a wire brush, while Dad did the painting. And Dad was creative: when he needed to

dig out the basement of their farmhouse at Ogmore, he used dynamite to loosen the dirt first. And then he served his work crew (Ray) a lunch of sardines on toast with ketchup and salt and pepper. We kids never really understood Dad's unusual palate, either.

Dad was considerate of what was going on in other people's lives. My sister-in-law Sarah recounted how he would drive to pick her and her son, Gustav, up for supper when my brother Nicholas was away at training. Or sit and have tea with her every evening when she was going through a challenging time.

As my husband, Rishi, says, "Dad was the most famous person you never knew." Just Google Felix G. Kuehn and you'll get an idea of where his writing and art has touched people all over the world. Just don't forget the "G," or you'll get info on a journalist who imbedded and wrote about the Taliban, actually something I think Dad would have done an excellent job at as well.

But Dad also gave us some of the best memories after he found out he had cancer. He was brave and faced the challenge head on, staying positive and optimistic to his very last days. He talked about his illness a lot, to help us prepare for the worst, while he tried to fight for the best. The day before he went into the hospital, when he could barely drink, hadn't eaten for days, and needed help to get from room to room, he kept thanking us for every little gesture. "This is amazing," he said. "Wonderful, the best day of my life," as my husband, Rish, carried him to his bed because he couldn't walk.

As you all know, Dad barely had a sense of humour. When he was admitted to St. B and the emergency room doctor came to talk about end-of-life care, Dad was extremely weak and, we assumed, as tired as we were. Dad wryly asked him, "So are you a doctor of philosophy or a doctor of medicine?" The doc was immediately put at ease.

That's also something Dad did: he made us more comfortable with ourselves. As he got older, Dad mellowed a lot; he often told me there was no point in judging other people, as everyone was just doing the best they could with what they had. He made peace. He was excited for every little achievement we had, and never mentioned our failures.

Dad was curious about everything and that led him to be knowledgeable about everything. If he didn't know a complete answer, he would go to the library or archives - and later, the Internet - and quickly become a self-taught professor on any subject. I

joked that maybe Dad was just bluffing on some subjects, but there was really no way to know, as he presented everything so confidently. In the hospital, when his friend, Murray Krushel, came to visit, Dad called me out on it. He told Murray to confirm his stories, saying we didn't believe him. I didn't know how much Dad really knew me.

Dad was a storyteller. For a large part, his most beloved stories involved family history or his happy childhood. If you gave him any opening, he would talk your ear off for hours. And if you thought you could feign illness and get away from the family history stories: too bad. Dad wrote multiple books and gave them to us to make sure we definitely knew the history.

Dad showed us how to appreciate the people around us. He insisted on taking thank you notes to every technician for every horrendous test he had to endure. And he showed us how much he loved and appreciated Mom. Could there be two more opposites that married and created a love story for over 46 years? Dad told me the foundation of their relationship was their faith; no matter what was going on in their lives, they were both working towards the same goal, and that kept them together. He encouraged me to find something like that as a foundation for my marriage.

I'm struggling with Dad leaving our world. He did his best to prepare us, asking us to let him go when it was time. We agreed, but I'm not sure I knew what that really meant. I see so much through Dad's eyes. I'm waiting for spring so he can help me choose new plants for our gardens. He was so excited to spend any time with my kids and sent me detailed emails of their shenanigans together, making me slow down and see my kids in the moment, too, rather than running from every activity to the next. He had prepared the artwork for the second edition of his colouring book we made together, but we hadn't put it together yet. He wanted to record all his podcasts that were hundreds of pages of pre-written scripts. I dreamt of traveling through Europe with him, going through all the old castles and churches we could find; knowing he would have an acute knowledge of every street, every river, every brick, really.

On Louis Riel Day, Dad told me there were two things that really mattered in his life: family, and marching to the beat of his own drum. And he really did: he was creative and weird and wore costumes in public and spent a lifetime writing books and making art for the love of it. He knew who he was and was proud of it,

even when it confused those of us regular humans.

And I guess that's why it's so hard to say good-bye to Dad. He made the world wonderful and weird. But a friend of Dad's sent me a comforting message after his passing. She told me when her father was dying and she didn't know what she was going to do without him, he told her to give all her love she had for him to her kids, and to talk to him, because he would be listening. Dad really was an amazing listener, so I'll keep that conversation going for the rest of my life.

Maybe you're listening to us now, Dad, or maybe you're exploring all the amazing places you wrote about, drew about, but never got to see with your earthly eyes. Whatever you're doing, I will stick to what we said as you got ready to leave us, "We're so happy you're not in pain anymore. We know you're not alone, and we'll be okay," because you really showed us how to live, and you even showed us how to die, always gracious and kind and full of curiosity for the next adventure. Happy trails on your new adventure, Dad!

If friends so desire, donations in memory of Felix may be made to the Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Cathedral, 643 Manitoba Ave., Winnipeg, MB R2W 2H1 or to the St. Boniface Hospital Palliative Care, 409 Tache Ave., Winnipeg, MB R2H 2A6.

Wheatland Funeral Service in care of arrangements. www.wheatlandfs.com

Thank You

The family of Felix Kuehn would like to thank each and every one who supported our families through this journey. Your visits, inquiries and prayers were very appreciated. Thank you to the exceptional staff on the Palliative Care floor at St. Boniface Hospital.

**NORMAND
GRENIER
PAINTING**

204-744-2862
or 204-825-0251
ST. LEON, MB

*Seward
Construction*

MANITOU

204-242-4498

**tjseward
construction
@gmail.com**