

JOHN
PHILLIP'S
JOKE OF THE
MONTH:

What did the Father buffalo say to his Son before he left for school?



Bison . . (Bye Son)

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CLM POST

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Beatitudes for Disabled People

Blessed are you that never bids us "hurry up" and more blessed are you that do not snatch our tasks from our hands to do them for us, for often we need time rather than help.

Blessed are you who take time to listen to defective speech, for you help us to know that if we persevere, we can be understood.

Blessed are you who walk with us in public places and ignore the stares of strangers, for in your companionship we find havens of relaxation.

Blessed are you who stand beside us as we enter new ventures, for our failures will be outweighed by times we surprise ourselves and you.

Blessed are you who ask for our help, for our greatest need is to be needed.

Blessed are you when by all these things you assure us that the thing that makes us individuals is not our peculiar muscles, nor our wounded nervous system, but is the God-given self that no infirmity can confine.

Blessed are those who realize that I am human and don't expect me to be saintly just because I am disabled.

Blessed are those who pick things up without being asked.

Blessed are those who understand that sometimes I am weak and not just lazy.

Blessed are those who forget my disability of the body and see the shape of my soul.

Blessed are those who see me as a whole person, unique and complete, and not as a "half" and one of God's mistakes.

Blessed are those who love me just as I am without wondering what I might have been like.

Blessed are my friends on whom I depend, for they are the substance and joy of my life!

~by Marjorie Chappell~

*"Submitted by Sherri
Mokohonuk"*



Bunch of Munsch

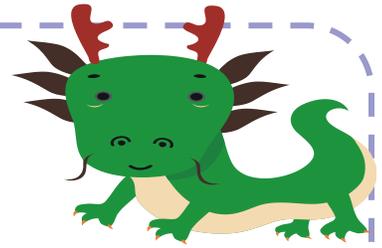
On Friday November 30, 2012 a group of individuals participated in an adventure to Sudbury to have dinner out at the Kings Buffet and to go to the Theatre Centre to see the play Bunch of Munsch.

The group included Rachelle B, Anna B, Helen H, Norman D, Wallace D, along with Wanda H and Wendy F.

Everyone really enjoyed the feast of Chinese food at the Kings Buffet and then it was off to the theatre centre.

The theatre was enjoyed by all; the stories by Robert Munsch were funny and entertaining. I heard quite a few laughs throughout the theatre and we were all laughing and singing along.

It was great to hear Wallace and Normand laugh and repeat the story of Mortimer and how his father was Crrraazzzyy!!!.



Afterwards we all squished back into the van and stopped at Tim Horton's on our way home. We arrived back in Mindemoya at midnight, but it was a great time and definitely worth the trip. We all hope we can do this again.

“Story by Wendy Friesen, Wanda Howard and the group.”

“Thank You!”

Pennies, Pennies, Everywhere!



Here's a picture of our “work group” and friends who have helped roll the Penny Run pennies throughout the whole summer.



“The Penny Pros”

They have made cards, added photos and sent them out to everyone who donated pennies from the Penny Run.

Again a BIG THANK YOU to the Brothers of the Blade, Janet Ambrose, Brad Stanton, Mr. Aerosmith & the many, many others for their generous donations of pennies!

“Story by Chantal Gravel”

From left to right: Sam, Katie, Keith, Tim, Normand, Brock, Clayton, and Arthur.



Lindsey and Clarissa
all Bieber-fied!!

“I had the experience of a lifetime and it is one that I will never forget.”

Bieber Fever!

Clarissa. M. goes to see Justin Bieber concert December 1st, 2012 in Toronto at the Rogers Center.

On November 30th, I started my adventure to Toronto to go and see Justin Bieber. Lindsey picked me up at 8:30am and we were on our way. The drive down was quiet as I slept most of the way.

Once we arrived in Toronto, we checked into the hotel, we stayed at the Marriot Towne Suites, it was awesome. I ordered room service and we ate dinner and watched movies all night.

Saturday morning I was really excited, as it was only a few hours until I was go-

ing to see Justin Bieber. Lindsey went and got me the Justin Bieber’s girlfriend perfume so I could wear it to the concert.

We left the hotel at 5pm to make our way to the Rogers Center. When we arrived I couldn’t believe all the people that were there. We waited in line to get in, there were a lot of girls there singing Justin Bieber songs and dancing, they were chanting Justin Bieber over and over, I joined in on the chanting.

Once we got into the Rogers Center, the first thing we did was wait in line to get Justin memorabilia, I was able to get, 2 shirts, a book, a poster, a keychain, a bracelet and a Justin Bieber lanyard. We made our way to our seats after we ate dinner.

The opening acts were The Wanted and Carly Rae Jepsen, they were pretty cool but I was there to see Justin Bieber. The DJ got the crowd going, we were all singing and dancing to music. Then the lights went low, and Justin made his entrance. He came in like he was an

angel, he floated over the stage and then landed and the concert started.

He sang all of my favorite songs, I sang and danced and hooted and hollered throughout the entire concert. The lights and laser show was awesome, his music was amazing and he was so cute. I loved every minute of the concert.

On the way home from the concert, Lindsey brought me to see the CN Tower, it was all lite up in red and it was beautiful.

We got back to the hotel at 1:00am, and we went to bed for the night. I dreamt of Justin Bieber all night.

We returned back to Mindemoya Sunday at 5:00pm and I was so exhausted, but excited at the same time.

Thank you Lindsey for taking me to see my boyfriend Justin Bieber, I had the experience of a lifetime and is one that I will never forget.

Clarissa M “Bieber”

“Story by Clarissa and Lindsey”



Clarissa and her favourite man, a.k.a Justin Bieber!

School Spirit

Congratulations to Mary Beth who recently completed the AIMS program - "Anishinaabe, Identity, Mind, and Spirit". Mary Beth is now on a placement working at the Ojibwe Cultural Foundation and she will graduate in January, 2013.

Mary Beth joined in a ceremony naming her as Little Deer. She also received an eagle feather.

This was a twelve week in class learning program that consisted of participating in workshops.

She earned certificates in WHIMIS, CPR, First Aid, and even Smart Serve.

Mary Beth also learned about the Ojibwe culture, language and history.

We are all looking forward to her graduation, way to go Mary Beth!

"Story by Wendy Friesen"



Mary Beth receiving her eagle feather at the ceremony.



CLM Christmas Dinner

On December the 13th Community Living Manitoulin celebrated its annual Christmas dinner. When we began planning this event we contacted area halls and churches to determine availability of their facilities and the cost to host the event.

The first Church that we called was the Missionary Church in Mindemoya. It was not long after this call that they contacted our office and stated that they would host us for a full turkey Christmas dinner with all of the trimmings for a nominal fee of \$5.00 per plate. We accepted with gratitude.

A week or so before the dinner I contacted Steve Clark; who serves on our board, is the chair of our fundraising committee and is a member of

the congregation at the Missionary Church, to discuss the logistics of paying the \$5.00 per person charge. Steve informed me that the parishioners had decided that there would be no cost as they would be donating all of the food; we were blown away!

Approximately 90 people attended this dinner, the hall was decorated beautifully. In addition to an amazing turkey dinner with all of the trimmings, there was a selection of homemade pies for desert, and Christmas carols lead by a member of the congregation to help welcome Santa (Doug Clark) into the hall.

If this was not enough, the senior youth group from the church was on hand to support any of us who required it.

I cannot say enough about the maturity and the helpfulness of these young adults. They exhibited a comfort and ease with the individuals that we support that surpassed their age. It was wonderful to have them there, we are so thankful.

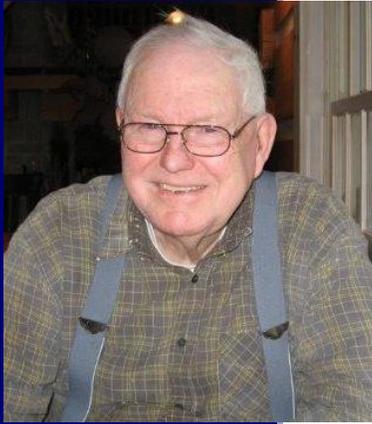
On behalf of all of us at Community Living Manitoulin I want to express our deepest gratitude to Pastor Ray and the parishioners of the Missionary Church for your selfless giving, your unconditional acceptance and your good cheer.

God bless,

John Caruso



Wallace : A Memorial



Wallace truly will be missed, he left a huge impression on everyone who had the pleasure of knowing him.

~ Written by David
Harkins—1981 ~

Wallace passed away peacefully at the Manitoulin Health Centre, Min-demoya Site, on Monday December 10, 2012 at the age of 86.

Wallace will be sadly missed by his family, friends, and his extended family at Community Living Manitoulin.

Wallace enjoyed musical entertainment and chatting with old friends.

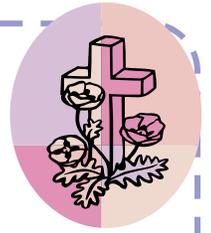
Wallace was a gentle soul who held no ill will towards anyone. He left a huge impression on everyone who had the great pleasure of knowing him.

We will miss his spontaneous singing of songs that he would make up on

the spot. He would sing about how beautiful Rachelle was, or how helpful his personal support staff members were to him.

Everyone who knew and loved Wallace learned from him what it means to be kind, considerate, thankful and genuine.

“Story by Dayna Smith”



He Is Gone

You can shed tears that he is gone, or you can smile because he has lived.

You can close your eyes and pray that he will come back, or you can open your eyes and see all that he has left.

Your heart can be empty because you can't see him, or you can be full of the love that you shared.

You can turn your back on tomorrow and live yesterday, or you can be happy for tomorrow because of yesterday.

You can remember him and only that he is gone, or you can cherish his memory and let it live on.

You can cry and close your mind, be empty and turn your back, or you can do what he would want: smile, open your eyes, love and go on.

Harold : A Memorial



Harold truly will be missed by all his friends here at CLM.

Harold passed suddenly at home in his thirty-ninth year.

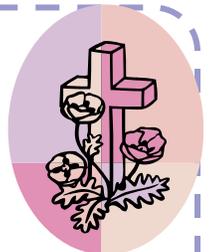
He will be missed by many aunts, uncles, cousins, and by the many people throughout Community Living Manitoulin.

He enjoyed his five days a week spent at the CLM Day Program with his friends (the individuals and staff).

He also enjoyed listening to CBC radio wherever he was, as well as listening to his

sports games (hockey especially).

He loved to watch hockey in French, but would occasionally watch in English.



CLM Sets Its Course For The Next 5 Years

On February the 23rd, 2013 Community Living Manitoulin and its stakeholders will come together to agree on a strategic operating plan for the next 5 years. We have sought input from a wide cross section of the community, our staff, board members and supported Individuals.

With the assistance of an external facilitator we will consider all of the input received along with information regarding the evolution of developmental service delivery in Ontario, and set forth a plan that will strengthen our organization and set us on a path to improved services offerings and delivery.

If you have not yet completed a survey please go to our website, (website address on back page of newsletter), and click on the survey link.

If you are interested in participating in the one day planning session please contact Megan Wickett @ 705-377-6699 ex 21.



CLM Christmas Elves

Christmas will be here soon & we have been busy working on Christmas crafts!

Some of us have been painting snowmen & Santa's while others have been making homemade hot chocolate for Christmas gifts!

We are all looking forward to going home to visit with friends & family! Plus...a break from work would be nice!

"Story by Day Program Friends"

All the wonderful crafts made by our Day Program Elves!



Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!



The Day Program Christmas Elves with their crafts!

Christmas Comes Early for Hope Terrace



A surprise Christmas celebration was held at Hope Terrace on Sunday December 9th. There were lots of smiles and laughs, yummy treats to eat, Christmas carols, and even presents for the residents and staff.

I must say that Travis displayed the most excitement by running up and down the hallway laughing and giggling about the new sweater that he had received!

I must also mention soft spoken Clarissa who had quite a rise in her voice when she opened up her new Justin Bieber CD and Katie who received the 'Elf' Christmas movie, which we all watched after opening our gifts.

Cathy received a charm bracelet, Bradley received a calendar with farm pictures on it, Frank received a new pair of Toronto Maple Leaf

mittens, and Steven received a re-usable drinking cup and of course some cheesies, which are his favorite.

Our secret Santa brought gifts that were thoughtful and unique to each resident at Hope Terrace which helped to make everyone's evening very special. Thank-you Santa!

"Story by Rebecca Kerr"

"Santa brought gifts that were thoughtful and unique to each resident"



Deborah and Krystal watching as Steven enjoys his Christmas present!



Cathy and Rebecca full of Christmas cheer!



Clarissa and her new Justin Bieber CD!

CLM Birthdays-Happy Birthday Everyone

December

Carlene. D.



Katie. D-P.

Normand. D.

Frank. G.

Tim. B.

January

Howie. P.

Brock. C.

Helen. H.



Anna. B.

John. H.





Journey of “The Stone of Hope”



Having been on the road less travelled for more time than I care to mention I have come to many realizations and truths about life and the events that are sometimes presented to us. I have also come to realize that the universe in all its mystery and uncertainty is sometimes directing us in a manner that is unexplainable. Any preconceived notions that we can predict or write the script for our future is a laughable suggestion. My particular Journey is a living testimonial of that truth. The stories I could tell. Talk about unexplainable encounters, serendipitous events and bizarre twists of fate in one man's life. I sometimes wonder why I was picked or chosen to witness these events that defy the wisdom of the rational mind. Being somewhat of a story teller and a philosophical person I love sharing my stories with those that are close to me. I am always intrigued by their sense of wonder, mystery and that hint of doubt in their facial expressions that they could not hide even if they wanted to. I must confess I have been dumb-founded myself along the journey but the stories are true and as one my friends said “This story must be true, no one could possibly imagine or make up such an event” I guess I have been blessed. Let's go to Manitoulin Island.

Manitoulin Island for my family, myself, my closest friends, and every stranger I have met there, is a place of great solitude. In fact, every memory I have of peacefulness and wonder usually plants me somewhere on this island. To sum it up Manitoulin Island is a place where all seems to be well. You're good and warm and fuzzy senses seem to percolate to the top and any undeserving thoughts and memories seem to bottom out nowhere to be found. This place is unique and beautiful. If you are looking for chances are you will first spot me gazing out over Lake Huron somewhere sheltered by the dunes on the sandy shores of Providence Bay. The stories I could tell. How about this one August 2012

My wife Sandy and I as a matter of tradition always venture into the tiny community of Mindemoya on the nicest day possible. I guess it is our way of getting a small fix of the hustle and bustle of a small community and somehow justifying a takeout toasted western, coffee and butter tart from Mom's Restaurant. We do the usual tourist things while were in town. We purchase gas, groceries, scratch tickets, fresh fish and then load the coin laundry to the max and reluctantly read outdated gossip magazines just to kill time. Our last stop of the day in Mindemoya is always the same because we like to save the best for the last. The, *Everything under the Sun Consignment Store*. We are always on the

lookout for the “prize find” or the “perfect gift” On that particular day Sandy and I bagged over seventy dollars in store stuff some of which would be worn, read, propped up, hung or re-gifted. We were clicking our heels but unknowingly we had bought the “perfect gift, a really nice story” and something to my knowledge that had never been seen before. What a rare find this was indeed although on the surface it did look rather simple.

The item was a white stone with a single word engraved on it. That word was HOPE. How ironic I thought. Out of necessity and sometimes despair I had compiled quite a trophy room of hope memorabilia to serve as constant reminder of this word's significance. Adding another hope trinket into the mix seemed rather fitting for the price of a Loonie. The stone was now in my possession and was about to start a new but endearing chapter in its life. I had no idea of the magnitude of the events that were about to unfold. One has to wonder about that previous chapter. The owner before me apparently took particular interest in the message of hope for whatever reason in their life. I would like to think that this person is now in a new but comfortable place and so decided to “let this stone go” just for me that day. With these questions in my mind I shared my thoughts with Sandy. “There is more to this stone than we know and I have this serendipitous feeling that this stone is going to be more than a window sill offering to the sun just to collect dust”. This stone had a destination, a purpose, and a story to tell. For the moment it was heading to Providence Bay a mere 15 Kilometers away. That night I pondered the stone's future and let my thoughts simmer over a campfire, a dram of scotch and a good night's sleep. The next morning over the clarity of coffee and the breeze of Lake Huron the idea came to me. This stone with a little stick handling and some good intentions was going to Africa and I was going to call my gift “The Stone of Hope”.

A week later our holidays came to an end and it was time for the 500 kilometer drive to my hometown of Midland which was now the temporary home of “The Stone of Hope”. A call was made to a childhood friend Wilfrid who at that time with his daughter Christina was planning an expedition to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro. Mount Kilimanjaro just happens to be a perfect fixture in Africa. My plan was to make my pitch for the stone while we fished from a 14 foot aluminum boat in a middle of a lake with the idea being

Wilfrid would have no place to run. Within a few days Wilfrid, my son Peter, and I were on a small lake competing in three categories for bass. With Wilfrid in a very rare lead in the fishing competition and a full moon emerging above the tree line I would have been a fool not to capitalize on such a positive omen so I made my pitch for “The Stone of Hope”. His answer was simple. “I would love to” and proceeded to inform me that the locals referred to the place Kilimanjaro as “The House of God”. “How profound is that?” I thought, and what a fitting place for such an idea and “The Stone of Hope”.

A few days later back in Midland Wilfrid and I connected and the exchange of the stone was made. Wilfrid was now the new guardian of “The Stone of Hope”. The stone would now have a couple of sleepovers in the small community of Lafontaine 20 kilometers away where Wilfrid was making his final preparations for the journey. Then it was off to Pearson International Airport via Hwy 400 which I am sure even for the stone was an anxious 160 kilometers ride that would rather have been avoided. The next leg of the journey would be huge for “The Stone of Hope”. It was about to board an international flight which would navigate through Canada, cross the Atlantic Ocean, layover in Ethiopia and then land in Tanzania Africa some 12,301 Kilometers from Toronto. The stone's last free ride by vehicle or jet would go through Arusha City and end 150 kilometers from Kilimanjaro Airport at Rongai Gate, the starting point of the climb. At this point in time I suspect there was a little anxiety in the air, in Wilfrid, in Christina and I bet in “The Stone of Hope”. It was far from home.

Prior to their departure from Rongai Gate, I couldn't help but wonder what the stone's purpose might be and who it could affect and change the most. I know Wilfrid and his family were thinking of a girl named Camryn. This unfortunate child came into this world with an illness similar to cerebral palsy which left her severely disabled since birth. Despite all odds and the magnitude of this situation I know Wilfrid was thinking and praying for a Miracle. On a personal note I was longing for justice (call it my shot at redemption) but at the same time I found myself blessed leading me to think of others. I started to think about a dear friend of mine who was trying to hold himself and his family together in the face of a ruthless battle with cancer. I also thought about a family that was saddened and distraught in the face of a grieving process that came swiftly, with-

out warning and far too early for a young person's life. I guess I was in quite a quandary thinking I could personally direct my prayers to "The Stone of Hope" with specific instructions tailor made just for me, my family and friends. After some processing of my thoughts I soon came to realize that I was not the so called Lord and Commander of any conceivable outcomes attached to "The Stone of Hope" and its journey. When you think about it hope should be meant for everybody.

From the comfort of my home far removed from the conditions of Wilfrid's difficult journey I then began to imagine just how Wilfrid would place "The Stone of Hope" once he arrived at the summit. In my mind I was visualizing some triumphant and perhaps unrealistic scenarios. I pictured Wilfrid grinning from ear to ear bursting with energy and then tossing the stone with the best of intentions down the mountain side. I could also visualize him raising the stone to the sky offering a prayer and then gently placing the rock securely as his fellow climbers and guides fought back tears. Burying "The Stone of Hope" never to be found also seemed quite an appropriate scenario but once again it appeared I was trying to control the stone's destiny. I was most certainly not the one climbing the mountain, carrying the stone, or praying at every step of the way as I would eventually find out. "The Stone of Hope" was in Wilfrid's care, a trusting friend and now it was time and my turn to "let it go".

School House Base Camp

On Wednesday September 12th at 11:30 pm on a very cold evening under the brilliance of millions of stars, "The Stone of Hope" started its final ascent to the top of Mount Kilimanjaro. It is somewhat hard to describe the hardship and difficulties Wilfrid would experience in his quest to reach the summit. As Wilfrid would later say "I will never be able to put into words how difficult it was. It is the hardest thing I will ever do". At such altitudes all of one's senses and abilities seem to get stretched to the limit. One has to look somewhere within to find the faith to persevere and one has to have a deep sense of trust because now the guides you met just a few days ago are your personal support pillars. This is not going to be easy because at this stage of the climb your body has already been pushed beyond its limits. According to Wilfrid when starting your final ascent you are taught to put one foot in front of the other with the shortest distance possible between each step. It is hard to imagine that Wilfrid could accept an unwilling but necessary pace if he ever expected to successfully reach the summit. It is also hard to imagine pushing your body beyond what it could normally endure. One has to wonder if "The Stone of Hope" was taking on unforeseen responsibilities on its Journey and Wilfrid was one of them.

On Thursday September 13th at 7:20 am after travelling more than 8 hours through the night Wilfrid, Christina and "The Stone of Hope" reached the summit Uhuru Peak. What a blissful and exhausting moment that must have been to arrive at the summit in a state of mental euphoria but sucked dry of any energy to jump up and down. I am sure the physical containment of all those emotions likely came out in just one place. The smile on Wilfrid's face beamed as he stood at the peak of "the House of God" Mount Kilimanjaro. I think it is important that everyone should know that the feeling he spoke of most through that weary smile was one of sincere gratitude. Wilfrid was now in a place and time that he had never experienced before and now it was "The Stone of Hope" moment of truth.

I wish I could say a five string band started to play and that there was a ribbon cutting ceremony. I wish I could say the skies opened up to a glorious ray of sunlight that just happened to fall squarely on his Osprey backpack that carried "The Stone of Hope". How about this one for a vivid imagination? Wilfrid witnessed an unexplainable tap on the shoulder suggesting that he had fulfilled one of his greatest missions while on this earth. Frankly nothing could be further from the truth. Wilfrid by his own omission described it like this, "I wish I could say that there was something extraordinary about the placement of the stone Peter but to be completely honest the best I could muster was to let the stone fall from my hand into a pile of other rocks". Wilfrid's testimonial was not quite what I had envisioned but it was good enough for me for more reasons than one. From that moment in time there would be this barely recognizable, perhaps unseen object radiating from one of the most remote places in the world. It would act as a messenger to you and I as our beacon of hope! What is even more profound is that Wilfrid's seemingly awkward placement of "The Stone of Hope" would actually become this fateful blessing in disguise. "The Stone of Hope" unexpectedly will remain exposed under the sun, the rain, the stars and I suspect the next weary traveller that summits Kilimanjaro. If my intuition is serving me well I do believe "The Stone of Hope" is going to find a new travelling companion who may unfortunately have far greater needs and circumstances than the ones already attached to it. It makes me smile to think that this new traveller by picking up the stone will breathe new life into a journey, create a new chapter in a story and at the same time reinforce the belief that hope can be eternal. This story could conceivably go on forever. Maybe I was on to something when I said, "I bought something no one has ever seen before". Hope.

Epilogue

Each and every one of us at some point in time in our life will go on one of those less than enthusiastic journeys. For some people who seemingly breeze through life their unfortunate journey is a root canal. No one learns anything profound or gains wisdom in a root canal. For those that battle adversity, for those that have the moral courage that dare to espouse an unpopular cause, for anyone that has climbed that metaphorical mountain of despair they are the ones that gain a great comprehension of life and grow to understand hope. Depending on your point of view and your place on your journey these ideas are both blessings and curses. What is most important to remember is that hope is subject to change. Sometimes we just have to change directions in our life and sometime this requires loads of courage. Not all our hopes and dreams may come true. We do have to live through tragedy and despair but if I can speak from personal experience events tend to unfold better than we could ever imagine, "More than we could ever have hoped for" as is sometimes said. This requires patience and there are no short cuts. Patience is also relative. It is not a day, week, or a year. It is a time span that has a beginning and an ending that sometimes seems to be a black hole away. The thing that gets you through the black hole is that word HOPE. Speaking of patience and hope I am always intrigued by this story.

In the movie *The Shawshank Redemption* the actor Tim Robbins (aka Andy) is a wrongfully imprisoned innocent man serving time in one tough prison where hope is viewed as a dangerous thing. Andy despite the despair of his everyday life tries his best to convince his hardened criminal friends that hope was real and that it could be found if you knew where to look. The line Andy used was "There is something inside that they can't get, they can't touch it's yours" Andy was speaking of HOPE. The ending of the movie is rather poetic and divine. The man with the greatest odds but greatest conviction to Hope finds himself a free man. Andy now finds himself mentoring one of his former inmates Morgan Freeman (aka Red) to walk in similar footsteps to find his own personal freedom. In a carefully scripted letter to Red he reminds his friend that, "Hope is a good thing, maybe the best of things and no good thing ever dies". Both men had one or two life sentences. They are now free men.

And this I hope for you.

~ By Peter Dupuis ~

"Submitted by Bonnie McColeman"



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Inspiring Possibilities

Community Living Manitoulin is an incorporated non-profit agency offering residential, vocational, and community services to adults with developmental disabilities.

Community Living Manitoulin currently operates 4 group homes, a Supported Independent Living program, a Life Skills program, a Transitional program for young adults, a Respite program, a Supported Employment program, and a Consignment store.

Community Living Manitoulin serves over 60 individuals with developmental disabilities across Manitoulin Island and employs close to 60 staff. We are led by a volunteer Board of Directors that works with the Executive Director and the Management Team to ensure the individuals we serve attain their goals of independence and inclusion within their communities.



Special Thanks

A very special thank you and our deepest gratitude goes out to Pastor Ray and the parishioners of the Missionary Church for their selfless giving, unconditional acceptance and good cheer.

A special thank you also goes out to the Senior High Youth Group for their exceptional maturity and helpfulness during our CLM Christmas Dinner.

THANK YOU