



Steps for Life 2020 Your **WHY** & Your **WAY**

Thanks to the COVID-19 pandemic this spring, Steps for Life 2020 made a quick change – from in-person walks to personal events shared on social media, and from a focus on fundraising to an emphasis on participation and awareness. We were honoured, humbled and thrilled to see how many people joined in. Our traditional fields of yellow t-shirts still happened – an online gathering of your Steps for Life 2020 #MyWhyMyWay posts. This issue of Threads gives you a glimpse of the Steps for Life excitement.

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MESSAGE FROM THE CHAIR

Bill Stunt

As we slip gratefully towards summer, I'm sure we're all feeling that our world has changed – it's almost all we talk about! But some things haven't changed at all, sadly. Work-related tragedies are continuing to happen, possibly at an even higher rate due to the pressures and challenges in many workplaces. Families continue to find

themselves in that dark and confusing place so familiar to Threads of Life members. While many things needed to stop because of the pandemic, Threads of Life's work goes on – using existing ways and new ways to provide support to families like those whose stories are in this issue. Threads of Life will be here for all the families whose journeys toward healing have just begun.

A FUNERAL IN PLACE OF A WEDDING

"Sean will
always be a
part of our life"

by Cheryl Shock



Sean and Cheryl

Sean was a truck driver: it was his passion. If there was a vehicle with a motor, he would want to drive it. As soon as Sean was finished school, he got his class 1 licence and never looked back. He hauled gravel, rock, asphalt, water, and liquid sulphur just to name a few.

In November 2009, I met Sean. Instantly we were inseparable. I know it sounds cliché, but we were soulmates. Sean was my best friend; we spent all of our time together. If we weren't talking on the phone or texting, we were working on our motorbikes, sleds, camping, or going for drives. Sean loved going for drives. If we both had the day off and Sean said, "Let's go for a drive!", I always grabbed our passports because I never knew if we would end up in Kimberly, Kalispell, Whitefish, Coeur d'Alene or anywhere in between.

October 2010, after 10 months of driving eight hours one way every weekend to visit and spend time together, I moved from central Alberta to the Crowsnest Pass, in southern Alberta. Sean and I had a little piece of paradise. Our tiny house in the shadow of Turtle Mountain was what most people could only dream of. We spent our summers camping and using our ATVs or cruising the highways on our motorbikes. In the winter we sledged on those mountains we called home.

December 2011, we got engaged. Sean was

so excited he couldn't even wait for Christmas to ask me to marry him – we were engaged on the 23rd of December. We were both excited to start this new journey together.

Sean was a truck driver, and he had been hired to haul rock down from the quarry to be used for flood mitigation after the floods the summer before. He shouldn't have been working on that bus.

2012 flew by with wedding plans and working, but due to an ill family member we had to postpone our 2013 wedding. After four years together we decided that July 3, 2014 was to be our day. We were going to invite everyone over for a BBQ and a surprise wedding. The invitations were made; we had the licence, the dress, everything was perfect.

June 6, 2014, one month before our wedding: that Friday started like any other. Sean had found a local quarry job only two months earlier and was off to work. We were up early in the morning. I made Sean his lunch and coffee and walked with him out to the truck like I did every morning. I gave him a hug and kiss goodbye, told him I loved him, and he left for work.

I worked at the local grocery store and the day at work was busy like every Friday in the summer. There were lots of campers and seasonal guests picking up their groceries. In the afternoon I saw the firetrucks and ambulance go west of town and assumed there was the usual highway accident with a camper on Highway 3, a routine occurrence during the summer months in the Crowsnest Pass. After work I headed home to wait for Sean to arrive for supper.

Around 6:30 pm there was a knock on the door. You see it all the time in the movies: two police officers discussing as they walk to the door who would deliver the bad news. Then they tell the family whatever horrible news it is and the shock and crying and wailing starts. I tell you honestly it is way worse in real life. I thought one of the neighbours was stopping by – a regular occurrence in our house – yet when I opened the door, it was police officers. They really didn't need to say anything. I already knew; I just didn't know how bad it was.

The officers asked to come in, and they told me there was an accident on the work-site and that Sean was dead. That's it. He was dead. I didn't cry, I didn't wail; in fact I was quite numb. They asked if I had someone to stay with me and I said no. I asked if I could call my mom. I was a 37-year-old woman asking if I could call my Mommy ... The officer said sure. I'm sure he thought that I was a real winner! With shaking hands, I managed to dial my mom's number but then when she answered I could not talk; I handed the phone over to the police officer and made him tell her what had happened.

At 7 pm, Friday night, my mom and brother jumped into their car to drive the eight hours to be with me. Three of the very best women I know stayed with me until 3 am when my family showed up.

Then it started: the questions, the unanswered questions.

I had no idea what had happened to Sean except that there had been an accident at work and unknown to me at the time, no one could answer my questions due to the ongoing investigation and the fact that the medical examiner does not work on the weekend. The funeral home wasn't returning my calls, the police... no one... I felt helpless. I found out through a friend that there had been no rock to haul that day so instead of sending Sean home they had him helping a mechanic do repairs on the small bus that hauled the workers up to the mine site, and that during those repairs Sean had been crushed under that bus.

Something I haven't mentioned up to this point is that Sean was born with cerebral palsy. It left him with a limp and very little use of his right hand. He could hold things but had very little feeling in that hand. He didn't know how hard he was gripping things. Our snowmobiles all had left-hand throttles so he could sidehill, but other than that, especially as he got older, he just looked like he had at some point in time had a stroke. He couldn't "mechanic"; he wasn't trained as a mechanic. Sean was a truck driver, and he had been hired to haul rock down from the quarry to be used for flood mitigation after the floods the summer before. He shouldn't have been working on that bus.

The next week was a blur of friends, family, questions and funeral plans. Instead of finishing wedding plans I was planning a funeral. No one should ever have to substitute a funeral for a wedding. The Miner's Club in Hillcrest was standing room only for Sean's service: everyone had one last drink and a meal with Sean. Two of the things you could count on Sean for 1) that he would show up for

any meal and 2) he always had time for a beer with a buddy.

I was at a loss for what to do in the months after Sean died. The person I spent my every waking moment with was gone. I did not have anyone to talk to who could relate to my story. I had to wait months (in some cases years) for any kind of reports or answers about the incident. In the back of my mind I remembered seeing a brochure in amongst the massive amounts of paperwork you have to fill out after someone dies: it was for a group called Threads of Life.

I made Sean his lunch and coffee and walked with him out to the truck like I did every morning. I gave him a hug and kiss goodbye, told him I loved him, and he left for work.

I looked Threads of Life up online and reached out to them on Facebook. It was a scary first step for me as a new widow. I wanted to be "normal" like everyone else, and suddenly my new normal included this wonderful, caring group of individuals.

Through Threads of Life I was matched to a wonderful woman as a family guide who had a similar story to mine, and I attended my first family forum just four months after Sean's death. There I found a whole community of support I could not have imagined. I'll never forget the first workshop I attended at that forum. I do not remember who the facilitator was, I don't remember the topic she was talking on, but I remember what she said. It was, "We are all here at this forum, members of a club we didn't want to join!"

The week after Sean died, the company filed for bankruptcy. They closed up shop and walked away; they moved on to new jobs and their lives. I wonder if they ever think about Sean. I wonder if they have sleepless nights over his death like I do.

April 20, 2016, nearly two years after Sean's death, the Occupational Health and Safety investigation was complete, and charges were laid against the company. I attended three court dates where no one from the company showed up. Charges were withdrawn on

October 25, 2016, because there was no prospect of proceeding against the company due to the bankruptcy.

This was a disappointment; crushing really. When you lose a loved one you want someone to blame. I already blamed myself for letting Sean work at a job site which we knew had safety issues. Just weeks before Sean died, an employee's truck had been backed over by a piece of machinery. I have to live every day with that blame. I blamed Sean for trying to do a job he was not qualified to do, and I have told him off in my head many times since then.

Christmas of 2016, I received the official Occupational Health and Safety report. When I read that report on Sean's accident over two years after it had happened, it was upsetting but it answered some questions I had. It's an 11-page document that, besides the medical examiner's report, was the hardest thing I have ever read in my life. This process from June of 2014 to December of 2016 was relatively short, but to me seemed to take an eternity, and the emotional and physical toll it took I cannot do justice in a short article.

June 6, 2020: It has been six years since I lost Sean to a workplace tragedy. Is it any easier? Yes and no. I take time to honour his special days. I let myself cry and grieve, something I did not do for the first few years. I have since moved and remarried, which I thought I would never do. I love my new husband who honours Sean with me, we have pictures of Sean up in our house and Sean is spoken about regularly. My husband is supportive of my grief journey and he understands that Sean will always be a part of our life. I am a widow and a wife. There is room in my heart for both of them.



Sean loved to go for a drive

RETURNING TO THE GRIEF JOURNEY

No answers, but memories and healing after 35 years

by **Sandy Prong**



Greg Dawes

I awoke in such a fright! I rose straight up-right in bed that morning and jumped up to look out the window. Was I too late? Too late for what? I wasn't certain what it was I was fearing? But I watched my mom pull out of the driveway with my brother Greg next to her. I thought to myself – he was going to work again today, despite the torrential rains that had been falling for two days now.

My brother Greg, would not come home that day.

Greg, or as he was better known, “Potsie”, was quite a character. He was that free spirit who loved to work in the outdoors. He had spent several years wearing a suit and managing a People’s Jewelers store. That was a job my dad had set him up with and he was really good at that too. You see, Greg was a true people person. I recall once being in an “establishment” I probably should not have been in at my age. I saw my brother, 11 years older than I, arrive. I watched him as he sat down at a table by himself. Within seconds several people were flocking to him. I have a feeling he was probably a bit of a “life of the party” kind of guy!

Greg loved music; he loved to play electric guitar and he had a great voice! He was an athlete, playing hockey since he was a toddler, lacrosse and he played high school football.

nickname Potsie, and the warmest of smiles. He was a sweetheart of a man and desired a simple life.

In 1978 after my dad passed away suddenly from cancer, my brother Greg headed back out

With such a large age difference between him and me, I didn't always feel like I knew my brother very well. But what I was sure of was he was the only family member that would always call me Sandy instead of Sandra, and I liked that.

With such a large age difference between him and me, I didn't always feel like I knew my brother very well. But what I was sure of was he was the only family member that would always call me Sandy instead of Sandra, and I liked that. He also was the one who could say “I love you” so easily.

Greg was often seen in his denim overalls. He had black curly hair, a long mustache, a pot belly of course thus the

west to be with a woman he loved and their daughter, and got back to working in the outdoors. That lasted about a year and he returned home. My mom and I were so glad to have him back, near to us. He quickly secured a job with the regional municipality.

At that time, my other brother, Brad, had had two daughters and Greg was such a natural uncle to them both. He loved kids and I am sure he would have been an awesome dad to

his daughter, Shishane, even though she lived thousands of miles across the country.

On April 29, 1980, at the age of 28, Greg lost his life while on the job. It was the second day of torrential rains. The day prior, I remember proclaiming he should not be working in those conditions, me all of 17! He had come home with those denim overalls covered head to toe in mud!

On the day of Greg's death, I arrived home from school and got down to my usual routine – changed to go pick up Greg at the dump site and then he would drop me off at the riding stables. Before I left, my mom mentioned the police were apparently looking for him? I

Up in the living room I saw an officer and the church minister. And then I heard it – Greg had been killed that day at work. It was beyond unbelievable – and I couldn't bear it!

didn't think too much of that as he could get into trouble occasionally.

I left but for some reason something wasn't sitting right and I turned around and went back home. As I arrived there was a police vehicle and another vehicle I didn't recognize. I walked in the front door. Up in the living room I saw an officer and the church minister. And then I heard it – Greg had been killed that day at work. It was beyond unbelievable – and I couldn't bear it! We just lost my dad two years earlier! I ran out of the house!

I remember going through our park and punching a light post. I was gone for about a half hour and as I returned, my brother Brad and his wife were just arriving. Thinking back now I am ashamed that I left my poor mom at this most horrific moment in her life. A thought that still haunts me now despite the closeness I had with my mom for the remaining years of her life.

No one would tell me what happened to my brother that day, until two of my friends let it slip. I couldn't imagine the horror Greg must have faced – while he trudged in six inches of mud spotting for a bulldozer, he tripped and fell and was crushed by the bulldozer.

That very day it was reported that the municipal council was actually debating

the operation of this site where my brother worked. The councillors were apparently at odds as to whether a private contractor or regional staff should be operating the landfill site. Upon the news of my brother's death a decision was made that day that all earth-moving equipment was to be contracted to a private operator. It was too late for Greg. I don't believe any one person or organization was held accountable for my brother's tragic death! And now, 39 years later I still ask the question: Why was he working in those conditions? And who was responsible for making the decision for those workers to be there? Was the operator of the bulldozer properly trained? Was he certified to be operating the equipment? Did my brother's employer know that he was flat-footed?

So many unanswered questions have remained as I, my mother and brother Brad, really could never talk about it. There had been a hearing, but those details I am unaware of and perhaps have never wanted to know any more? We never sought support of any kind and never attempted to litigate. I believe my mom just needed to move on – just too painful to keep the tragedy close and talked about.

So even though my brother's death happened so long ago, the grief never goes away. It was buried deep in my soul for many years so I would not have to face the pain and sadness. Finally, after 35 years I started to work on that grief. As I watched my mom's failing health, it became that much more important to me to understand what had happened to my brother and to have a voice for both him and my mom.

On January 21, 2019, my mom passed away. She was 96 years old. In spite of failing eyesight and a bit of dementia, my mom was spunky and on the move up until April of 2018 when she suffered a catastrophic stroke and was paralyzed on her left side.

This journey through life we venture on brings so many moments of joy, happiness and love but also pain, grief and sadness. So despite the years passing by, my message may be tough for some, but the grief does not dissipate, it may even grow. But we push through and onward in honour of the memory of our loved ones so that they will not be forgotten and that through our grief we can bring lessons of safety and care to the forefront.



The Window

Your body is away from me
but there is a window open
from my heart to yours.

From this window, like the moon
I keep sending news secretly.

by Rumi



Committee chairs step up in returning Steps for Life communities

In 2020, four communities rejoined Steps for Life – Walking for Families of Workplace Tragedy. All four have had walks in the past, but not for at least a couple of years. They were starting from scratch, and the committee chairs and co-chairs stepped up to the task.

Sydney NS
Blaise Macneil:

What is your #Mywhy this May?

My father was seriously injured several years ago while working on a construction site. That incident could have ended his life and fortunately he survived.

Why did your community need Steps for Life?

Our community has had our share of fatalities and life altering injuries. As an Occupational Health and Safety Officer for the Province of Nova Scotia, I have been involved directly in investigating some of these incidents. I know how important it is to raise awareness to help prevent similar incidents in the future.

What did you personally get out of the experience?

I learned how much work is involved in organizing a Steps for Life event. There are many resources within my immediate community and tonnes of resources and help available through the Threads of Life and Steps for Life communities.

Sydney NS
Amanda Ley:

What is your #Mywhy this May??

MyWhy would be to help families of those who have suffered a workplace tragedy.

Why did your community need Steps for Life?

I believe our community needs Steps for Life to help raise awareness about the organization and to help recognize the support they provide for families who are impacted by workplace injuries.

What did you personally get out of the experience?

I gained an understanding of the work involved in organizing such an event and how a community can come together to support such a great cause.

Thunder Bay ON
Mika Lees:

What is your #Mywhy this May?

The organizing committee for the Thunder Bay 2020 Walk was kick-started by Heather Bouley (see reason in question below). In our community, we are all closely connected, especially as health and safety professionals...we are a really tight group! Thunder Bay was one of the three cities who started the walk in its inaugural year, we are pretty proud of that!

...Thunder Bay ON-Mika Lees continued

Why did your community need Steps for Life?

Heather's son was injured during his work which called her to action to bring this back to Thunder Bay. She knew some of the safety professionals in the area and one of them reached out to me. We were all super-excited that this was coming back to our city!

What did you personally get out of the experience?

I gained some great new friends on the Planning Committee and re-kindled some old ones. I was able to promote it to many of the local unions in Thunder Bay and it was a fun and beautiful day.

Windsor ON

Lisa Graham:

What is your #Mywhy this May?

My Why is awareness. Awareness that far too many people die unnecessarily in the workplace; awareness that it can happen to anyone; and awareness that injury and illness prevention must be a top priority for every worker and employer in Canada.

Why did your community need Steps for Life?

It is important to us that we acknowledge and honour those who our community have lost or were severely impacted by workplace injury or illness, to inform their family members/friends of support services available to them, and to ultimately improve the culture of workplace health and safety and the importance of prevention strategies.

What did you personally get out of the experience?

Although the walk is national, having a local presence allows our community to demonstrate our commitment to health and safety, support our affected families and connect those in need with valuable health and safety partners and services available to them.

Thunder Bay ON

Heather Bouley:

What is your #Mywhy this May?

My son was injured on the job when a grinder snapped back and cut up his nose. He was so very lucky that was all that happened.

Why did your community need Steps for Life?

It wasn't the walk we had planned, but Thunder Bay's Steps For Life Walk to raise funds and awareness for fallen or injured workers and help affected families carried on through distance.

What did you personally get out of the experience?

Out of the experience I met a fantastic group that we now call our committee. It was such fun meeting new friends for a great cause. We hope to carry this walk on and get even more people involved. We had such huge support from a lot of our local unions.

Vancouver BC
Danielle Mountjoy:

What is your #MyWhy this May?

#MyWhyMyWay for our walk this May was to honour several colleagues in the mineral exploration and mining industry who died because of workplace tragedies and to show support to their families and friends.

Why did your community need Steps for Life?

Our Vancouver community can benefit from Steps for Life in two big ways: a) there hasn't been a walk in Vancouver City Centre before (previously Burnaby) and this is the only walk in the province, and b) BC has one of the lowest number of families supported per capita by Threads of Life, despite the concentration of higher-risk industries such as construction, mining, etc.

What did you personally get out of the experience?

The experience of Co-chairing our first walk has been very rewarding and I am incredibly proud of our committee for expanding Threads of Life awareness to new networks and exceeding our fundraising goal.

Vancouver BC
Rebecca Harris:

What is your #Mywhy this May?

#MyWhy this year is to spread awareness about the organization and workplace safety to the people of Vancouver.

Why did your community need Steps for Life?

Threads of Life is underrepresented on the west coast and especially in the province of BC.

What did you personally get out of the experience?

Despite it being a virtual event, we were still able to have some really meaningful conversations about workplace tragedy with people in various industries across the city and province, which is a big step for our first year back and sets us in the right direction for an even bigger impact next year!

FAMILY SUPPORT



The path to better self-care

We all know self-care is important, but many of us don't do it. It can be hard to get your head around – partly because it's so individual. What works for you – to reduce stress and restore mental and physical health – may not work for someone else. That's why we've designated July as Self-Care Month.

We'll have blog posts, social media posts, and even workshops to guide you along the path to better self care. Start with Barbara Collins' article on the next page. Then watch our Threads of Life Facebook page (facebook.com/threadsoflife) or our web site (threadsoflife.ca/news) for more information.

Photos by Barbara Collins: Spring Morning in Guelph



The three ingredients in restorative self-care

When was the last time you were stressed out? Maybe when you were paying bills, watching the news, attempting to make sense of COVID-19 or processing paperwork as a result of the loss of your loved one. Your heart starts racing, your palms get sweaty, your stomach jumps into your throat. We experience these feelings so often we don't even recognize that we are stressed, and that our physical and mental health is compromised. Stressful events and a stressful environment are quickly becoming the norm for most people, making it even more important to find ways to relax in order to take care of ourselves and others. Stress is known to contribute to other health issues, and the \$10 billion self-care industry wants us to believe the myth that self-care can be purchased through a spa day, prosecco and pedicures or weekend-long Netflix binges. All these indulgences are great, but they are not self-care. You may be asking yourself "if that's not self-care then what is?" **Self-care is deliberately taking care of your well being through restorative activities.** Practicing a daily self-care routine is the best antidote for stress reduction and enhanced emotional and physical well being. So, what does self-care actually look like?

From a mental health perspective, there are three important factors that contribute to a daily restorative self-care routine. They include moments of silent stillness, 10 minutes of movement and time in nature.

Each day we are bombarded with noise from the TV, traffic or our children yelling, but the loudest voice of all is that little voice inside our head that is shouting negative thoughts. **Carving out time each day to sit comfortably for five minutes in silence allows us to create awareness around this internal voice.** Increased awareness allows us to choose what thoughts we want to hang onto and which ones we are prepared to let go. It also allows us to adjust the volume on our internal voice. Try putting your to-do-list on hold for five minutes, find a quiet and comfortable place to sit and embrace the silence.

The second factor in a restorative self-care routine is including movement in your day. Just 10 minutes a day of walking,

dancing, yoga, swimming, or biking can create endorphins that help us get a better sleep, which can reduce our stress level. Sharing this self-care activity with family by dancing in your kitchen to your favourite song can add some fun to your self-care routine.

The final factor in developing a restorative self-care routine is time in nature. Like our lives, nature is an ever-changing environment. Research completed in environmental psychology indicates that time spent in nature will improve your mood, reduce stress, and improve cognitive function. Simply by going outside and immersing ourselves in nature, we are able to improve our quality of life and reduce our stress level.

One of my favourite ways to incorporate all three of these restorative self-care routines is to take my camera, if I'm using my phone camera I turn off the sound so as not to be distracted by the beeps and rings, and go for a walk along a trail or on the sidewalk. Practicing self-care through the lens of a camera forces me to slow down, be still and silent, be aware by paying attention to my surroundings and mindfully choose what catches my attention. Photographing a plant, sun-rise, budding trees, empty streets, or architectural details that I typically rush past allows me to print my favourites and create a collage of the changing scenery in my environment. You may find that the more you practice this self-care activity, the more detailed your images become, and a pattern of interest may also surface as you record your work.

For example, the day that you are on autopilot you may find nothing of interest to photograph in contrast to days when you are able to give yourself permission to embrace those five minutes of silence. Practicing restorative self-care isn't about taking the best picture or having the coolest Instagram post. It's about showing up for yourself every day. What would be possible for you if you were able to show up for yourself every day?

Barbara Collins is a registered psychotherapist and art therapist practicing in the Guelph Ontario area. www.drawingfromwithin.ca

Ontario's WSIB: A Friend Indeed



Thread of Life volunteer Erin Pitruzzella speaks at a WSIB Day of Mourning ceremony

Threads of Life is fortunate to have many partners from coast to coast who stand behind our mission, vision and mandate to support families experiencing a workplace fatality, life-altering injury or illness. In the case of Ontario's Workplace Safety & Insurance Board (WSIB), they have been a partner since before Threads of Life formally existed.

Shirley Hickman, Threads of Life Executive Director recalls the early days, when she was one of the group informally known as “One Hundred Families” who came together on the creation of the Canadian Young Worker Life Quilt, a tribute to young workers killed or injured on the job. “In 2002 a seed of an idea was planted with staff at WSIB, to create an organization connecting family members living with the outcomes of workplace tragedies. The staff already knew that this need existed. The support of all WSIB staff has been steadfast these past 18 years behind a vision and mission that aligns with the daily work they do.

From this initiative, Threads of Life was formed, and the WSIB has been an active partner ever since.

As Threads of Life grew to offer more programs and support more families, so did the level of commitment from the WSIB. Over time they have become a generous financial contributor, providing funding to support delivery of our programs and services in Ontario. WSIB staff volunteer on many of our Steps for Life planning committees in Ontario, and create teams that participate and fundraise in walks all across the province. WSIB also provide meaningful opportunities to help raise awareness and highlight workplace injury prevention.

Each year, on the Day of Mourning, the WSIB invites a Threads of Life family member to share their story of how a workplace fatality changed their life. A few years ago during North American Occupational Safety and Health week, they made arrangements to have the Life Quilt displayed in the lobby of their head office, offering staff and visitors the chance to view this powerful, visual tribute to young workers.

It is said that “hard times reveal true friends”. In the past few months, as the emerging COVID-19 pandemic raised many questions and concerns and resulted in the switch to a virtual Steps for Life event, the WSIB's support was unwavering. Their annual financial contribution for 2020 would not change, and across the province, the WSIB Steps for Life teams continued to rally with a unique #mywhymyway activity that involved a virtual team meeting with staff members donning colourful costumes.

Threads of Life does tremendous work supporting the families of people who have been killed or injured at work and in promoting workplace health and safety,” said Thomas Teahen, President and CEO of the WSIB. **“We value our partnership with Threads of Life and are proud to continue providing financial support to help do this important work. We look forward to working closely together over the coming year to raise health and safety awareness and prevent workplace injuries and illness.”**

Strong partnerships like the one we have with the WSIB ensure that Threads of Life remains successful in delivering our mission to help families heal through a community of support and to promote the elimination of life-altering workplace injuries, illnesses and deaths. The WSIB is truly a friend in deed.

Steps for Life 2020 was a whole new experience, and who would have imagined the number of activities and expressions of support you shared? From East to West, from alpine walking to Zumba, you came out (or stayed in) to demonstrate your passion for health and safety and your caring for families affected by workplace tragedy. All we can say is thank you. On these pages are just a few examples of the activities and motivations we spotted through the month of May.

Your Whys

Jane Crawford, New Brunswick: The majority of my family work in two of the most dangerous industries, so I would like to show my support for Threads of Life. Each day my family members come home and everyone's safe, I say a little prayer, so hopefully none of us ever experience one of these life-altering experiences. *So wish me luck on my 10,000 steps!*

Diana Devine, Ottawa: Every step I take will remind me of how hard I need to work to raise workplace safety awareness! I will still be doing my Ottawa race weekend races, where I will be running 5km, 10km and 21.1km runs on my own. *(Diana runs in memory of her dad, Rico.)*

Dr. Hedy Fry, MP Vancouver Centre: I'm wearing yellow today because it's May 2, a day Threads of Life has brought forward as reason for ensuring everyone understands the dangers of the workplace and creates some new policies for workplace security ... Think about that today; Tweet this; send it out to all your friends so that we can remember to thank our front line workers and all workers in the workplace who put their lives in their hands every day.

Natasha Normore, Cornerbrook: The first time we did the #stepsforlife walk in #Halifax it was a personal goal for Nick to complete the walk. We had no idea how this event and this cause would become such a huge part of our lives. Over the years, we've walked next to so many of our friends and family and I want to say THANK YOU to everyone who has and continues to support families like ours, who have been affected by workplace accidents.

Wynny Sillito, Calgary: My why is obviously very clear based on my injury, but outside of my own injury, I've lost people that I love in workplace tragedies, so every step that we take with Steps for Life is one step closer to safer workplaces throughout the country.

Carolyn Sim, Sarnia: I "walk" to show my sons and family that their dad may be gone but never forgotten, and I will continue to raise awareness about the importance of safety in the workplace so other families don't have to go through the pain that we have experienced.

Team Challenge winners

		Community	Team Name	Team Leader Name
NATIONAL	NATIONAL TEAM Winner & NATIONAL INDIVIDUAL Winner	St. John's	Dragon Lady	Dayle Biggin
	TEAM Winner	Halifax	Livin' The Dream In Memory Of Kyle J. Hickey	Michelle MacDonald
Atlantic Canada	INDIVIDUAL Winner	Halifax	Livin' The Dream In Memory Of Kyle J. Hickey	Estella Hickey
	TEAM Winner	Toronto	Ellis Don	Claudia Wisotzky
Central Canada	INDIVIDUAL Winner	Toronto	Ellis Don	Dennis Christie
	TEAM Winner	Edmonton	PCL Steppers	Ceildh Whelan
Western Canada	INDIVIDUAL Winner	Vancouver	Westridge Eagles - KLTP	Leah-Ann Maybee

Your Ways



Games night in Charlottetown PE



Finding flow in Vancouver BC



Trumpet solo in Thunder Bay ON



Shoveling the white stuff in Timmins ON



**Saskatoon SK:
Jennifer Ruszkowsk:**

“GOAL! I set a goal of biking 180 km in May for Steps for Life - Saskatoon. \180 km represents one traditional Steps for Life walk (5 km) for each of the 36 work related fatalities accepted by SK WCB in 2019. While I can never do enough for families affected by a workplace tragedy, I’m grateful to be able to support Threads of Life”



Gift of life in Halifax NS

SHARE THIS NEWSLETTER!

Pass it along or leave it in your lunchroom or lobby for others to read.

How to reach us

Toll-free: 1-888-567-9490

Fax: 1-519-685-1104

Association for Workplace Tragedy
Family Support - Threads of Life

P.O. Box 9066
1795 Ernest Ave.
London, ON N6E 2V0

contact@threadsoflife.ca
www.threadsoflife.ca
www.stepsforlife.ca



Association for Workplace Tragedy Family Support

Threads of Life is a registered charity dedicated to supporting families along their journey of healing who have suffered from a workplace fatality, life-altering illness or occupational disease. Threads of Life is the Charity of Choice for many workplace health and safety events. Charitable organization business #87524 8908 RR0001.

MISSION

Our mission is to help families heal through a community of support and to promote the elimination of life-altering workplace injuries, illnesses and deaths.

VISION

Threads of Life will lead and inspire a culture shift, as a result of which work-related injuries, illnesses and deaths are morally, socially and economically unacceptable

VALUES

We believe that:

Caring: Caring helps and heals.

Listening: Listening can ease pain and suffering.

Sharing: Sharing our personal losses will lead to healing and preventing future devastating work-related losses.

Respect: Personal experiences of loss and grief need to be honoured and respected.

Health: Health and safety begins in our heads, hearts and hands, in everyday actions.

Passion: Passionate individuals can change the world.

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Yes I will, help bring hope and healing to families

Gift Payment Options

- I'd like to make monthly gifts
 \$25 \$50 \$100 \$ _____
- I'd prefer to make a one-time gift
 \$25 \$50 \$100 \$ _____
- I've enclosed a void cheque to start direct withdrawal for monthly giving
- You may also donate to Threads of Life online at www.threadsoflife.ca/donate
- Please send me updates about Threads of Life events via email at: _____

Visa MasterCard

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____ _____
account number _____ _____ _____
expiry

NAME ON CARD _____

SIGNATURE _____

PHONE NUMBER _____

ADDRESS (for income tax receipt) _____

Threads of Life, P.O. Box 9066 • 1795 Ernest Ave • London, ON N6E 2V0 1 888 567 9490 • www.threadsoflife.ca

All donations are tax deductible. Charitable Registration Number #87524 8908 RR0001

Thanks to our Steps for Life sponsors!

THANK YOU! Steps for Life benefits from the support of sponsors both on a national and community level. Thank you for demonstrating your leadership and your commitment to health and safety!



Association for Workplace Tragedy Family Support

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Champions





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