



## Kasey's Comments

### A Christmas Message to Our Jenkins Family

As we approach the Christmas season, we want to take a moment to reflect on the past year and express our deepest gratitude to everyone who makes Jenkins such a special place.

The long-term care industry continues to face both challenges and opportunities, and this past year required adaptability, resilience, and teamwork. Through it all, our focus has remained the same—providing a safe, compassionate, and home-like environment for our residents while navigating the ever-changing regulatory and healthcare landscape.

To our staff: you are the heart of Jenkins. Your dedication, compassion, and commitment do not go unnoticed. Every role—clinical, support, dietary, housekeeping, maintenance, administration, and beyond—plays a critical part in the care and comfort of our residents. The work that happens behind the scenes each day is truly remarkable, and we are deeply thankful for everything you do.

To our residents and families: thank you for the trust you place in us. We are honored to care for your loved ones and to be part of your lives. Your support, patience, and partnership mean more than words can express, and we remain committed to providing exceptional quality care in a setting that feels like home.

As we celebrate Christmas, we are reminded of the values that guide us—compassion, service, community, and hope. While the work ahead continues, we look forward to the new year with optimism and gratitude, knowing that together we will continue to grow, adapt, and strengthen Jenkins for the future.

From all of us at Jenkins, we wish you and your families a very Merry Christmas and a safe, healthy, and Happy New Year.

Kasey Klapprodt, President / CEO



Staff come together to build some trees.

## Jenkins:

### A Cut Above the Rest

It has often been said that there is no place like Jenkins, we are a “cut” above the rest. There are so many people, so many acts and so many events that make Jenkins a simply superior home to so many.



We grant wishes for residents to see the Shamrocks!



Board members and staff, donned in black and whites, served the resident Christmas dinners.

We celebrate the Boss's Birthday with a Cupcake Party!



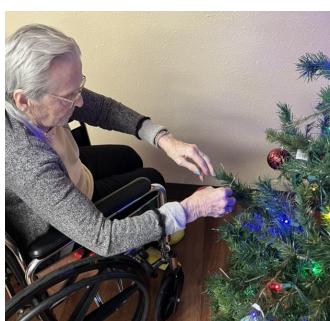
Sharing a cup of Joe downtown with some very special residents.



*A Cut Above*



## Christmas Music, Decorating, Games...





## Dinners, Gifts, & Photos



## **But A Breath**

*“Stop trusting in man, who has but a breath in his nostrils. Of what account is he?” Isaiah 2:22*

Christmas of 2006 was busy. We had been serving a little church ½ hour west of Cleveland since the summer of 2002. It was good ministry. We had opened the church to a number of AA groups mid-week and about a quarter of our congregation were a part of those as well. Besides all of the other things that go with the life of a church, since 2004 we had begun writing and preparing and presenting plays for Christmas and for Easter. In support of a homeless shelter and a number of food banks along the shore line of Lake Erie. We would take popular music that folks already knew, change the words to reflect the message of God’s love, and then invite the guests who would come to our plays to sing along with us and take those new words home with them. Over those years thousands of dollars were given to help homeless and hungry families, and as a congregation we had much good fellowship.

Two weeks before Christmas we had snow. I shoveled and went down to the hardware store for a bag of ice melt. That was the first sign that something wasn’t right. As I bent down and picked up the bag of ice melt I could not catch my breath. Couldn’t even stand up, but gasped for air. It passed that day and we finished the season, got through all the plays and Christmas preparations. Monday Christmas Day I began to transition to preparations for New Year’s Eve.

Except....did I tell you that I smoked ?...for 34 years? The Army drill sergeants in Basic Training would give us breaks so that you could “smoke em’ if you got em’ “. Those of us who didn’t quickly learned to bum one from someone else because otherwise you would spend your break policing the area.

And then there was also the mold in that building that I had spent so many of my days and evenings in for over 4 years. Once an old furniture store with a metal shell, the church when it was converted put in dry wall and ceilings but no flashing and rain gutters. We didn’t know about the mold until later that summer in 2007 when Case University did a comparison of air quality tests in the building and my blood, and found the same types of mold in each.

In any event...as the week between Christmas and New Year’s unfolded, my breathing became more challenged. Finally on Wednesday as I was working on Sundays message (including that verse of Isaiah 2:22) I could not catch my breath. I called Barb, and I remember getting in the car. The next I knew I was in the hospital with oxygen lines and doctors working to clear my lungs. The rest of Wednesday and Thursday remain a blur. Friday I spent finding comfort in reading the Scripture for Sunday’s message. That’s when I found the deep and timely irony of Isaiah 2:22. That was me! The fragile nature of my humanity was in each breath that came from a tank, through a tube, into my nostrils. And the completeness of how much of life I had so often taken for granted. Not even one day at a time, but that God gives life one breath at a time. The doctors allowed me to go home on New Year’s Eve but only with the oxygen, and made an appointment for me for February 2<sup>nd</sup>. I figured that our ministry was over and life as we had known it.

The medical supply company met us at the house and set me up with an oxygenator. We were renting half of a two level duplex, and so they gave me a hose long enough to get up the stairs. Like a dog on a leash I thought. My fears and depression were as great that night as I had ever experienced them. But then....that first night home, I had a dream. A tunnel of light, and Jesus saying not to be afraid, that He would finish His ministry in my life. “His ministry”, it was clear that He had said it that way in my dream. I woke up & saw the hose going out the door and down the stairs, and remembered instantly how sick I was and the fear and depression came back. The peace and joy of the dream had faded in an instant. But I remembered the dream & the room and the meeting, and there was no such room in our place there. It gave me hope. He gave me hope. He still does.

The next night there was another dream, but once again that same tunnel of light, and that wonderful peace. That second night Jesus said again not to be afraid, because he would heal my body sufficiently to finish His ministry in my life. And again I awoke to sickness and fear and depression. Day and night for two weeks I lived on that hose, that machine, one breath at a time. And then came the night that I heard a voice while I was sleeping. Saying “trust Me”. I still remember getting up and going downstairs and turning off that machine for the first time. I remember going back upstairs and lying down and having perfect peace that I was either going to wake up there in the morning or in heaven.

The next 7 months were filled with progress and regression. Doctors’ visits, and resuming our ministry, but now it was no longer ours but His. Each time it seemed there was progress there also came regression, until one of the doctors wondered about the air quality where I was working. That’s when the tests were done in both the building and my blood, and the suggestion from the doctor at Case University that it would be better if I no longer worked in that building and that we moved further west out where the general air quality was better.

And so, one day at a time, one breath at a time for these last 19 years, as the Lord has closed and opened doors to the work He has had for us to do, comes the daily reminder that the life we live is not ours, but what He gave us. And for a purpose that we can’t see ahead of us, that only He can lead us to. All with the intention that as we find that our greatest desire is to live in His Presence, through us He can reach out to those He leads us to and one another....and teach us in all things to trust in Him and not in ourselves....breath to breath, day to day, from here to eternity.

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## WE ARE FAMILY!

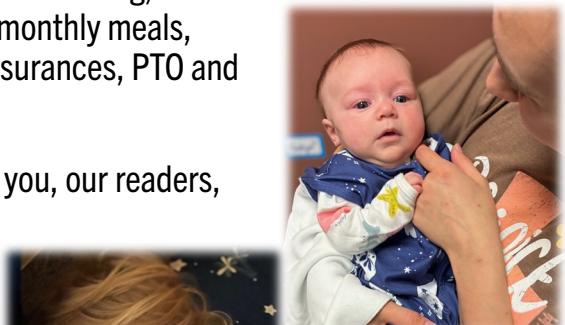
Jenkins is looking for a some special, loving, and compassionate people to join our FAMILY!

In return, the staff can take advantage of the **50% OFF childcare expense** when their child attends Educare. PLUS, flexible scheduling, FREE scrubs, FREE monthly meals, work perks, insurances, PTO and 401(k).

We are asking you, our readers, to share

this amazing benefit with friends and families that might consider a career with our FAMILY!

Call Brenda or Sam in Human Resources about career opportunities and Kasey Klapprott about the Educare benefit.  
605-886-5777



**LAKE AREA  
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Watertown, SD

## You Scream, I Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream!



As time has passed with oh so many treats served from the window of our Soda Fountain, the wear and tear has taken it's toll! Now we must dish up some improvements to ensure this will remain for our residents, their families and staff for years to come.

Our plans are to renovate with a new color scheme, cabinetry, new window treatment and some additional counter space to allow for a better quality of service.

If you would like to support the hub of Jenkins Main Street, contact Kristi Gloe at 605-886-1444 or [kristig@jenkinslivingcenter.com](mailto:kristig@jenkinslivingcenter.com)

Thank you for your consideration.

## Amazing Angels

We have the most AMAZING STAFF...we like to call them

*Amazing Angels!* See just a few of them here!

Residents, families and staff are encouraged to nominate staff that exceed the normal expectations of their work here. Those selected receive angel wings, recognition & financial reward!



## IT HAS BEEN A GREAT RIDE

This will be my final medical director newsletter, as many of you know that I will be retiring at the end of this year. Caring for residents here in Watertown has been one of the greatest privileges of my career. I began caring for nursing home residents soon after arriving in town, and around the year 2000, Loren Diekman invited me to become Medical Director at Jenkins. Not long after, he encouraged me to pursue my CMD (Certified Medical Director) degree – and I am grateful he did. The years since have been filled with meaningful moments, fond memories, and lessons I will carry with me always.



One thing I have learned is that medicine never stops teaching you. Just when you think you have seen every typical "horse," along comes a "zebra" that reminds you there is always more to learn, more to understand, and more room to grow.

It has been a blessing and an honor to walk alongside residents, families, and staff through many seasons of life. I have always been mindful of the trust placed in me as a physician, and I do not take that lightly. God has blessed me greatly through this work and through all of you. I also want to reassure you that the transition ahead is in excellent hands. Dr. Alex Gauer has graciously agreed to assume the role of Medical Director and plans to pursue her CMD degree. She is an outstanding physician, and I am confident she will continue to lead with compassion, commitment, and skill. You will be well cared for.

Although I am stepping away from the medical director role, I am not disappearing. I look forward to seeing many of you around Watertown – probably wandering through Menards or Runnings, enjoying the freedom of retirement. And no, I'm not lost... just having fun.

Thank you for the privilege of letting me be part of your lives.

God bless,

Aaron Shives, MD, CMD

**~Thank you Dr. Shives for your commitment to our residents and their families over the many years here at Jenkins! We wish you the very best in retirement .**

Jenkins Board of Directors & Staff



## Welcome Home

Whoever said **SENIORS** can't have **FUN**, hasn't experienced living at 200 Maple Place in beautiful UPTOWN Watertown, SD!! Come take a tour, have lunch and experience why **LIFE** is **GOOD & FUN** at Maple Place.

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## DONATIONS

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### ACTIVITIES

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### 67th ANNIVERSARY

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Dr. Stanley Allen in memory of

Virginia Allen

Mary Wrage in memory of

Dr. Ted Wrage

Ed & Laurie Painter in memory of Helen Painter

Richard Fuller in memory of Carol Fuller

Beverly Stormo in honor of her own 100th birthday Cheers!

Ronald & Kaye Johnson

Dr. Bernie Hanson

### STAFF RECOGNITION

Jen VanLaecken & Jodi Penrod

### Soda Fountain Renovations

Howard & Linda Sogn

Rick & Peg Salchert

Dean & Diane Johnson

Jerry & Linda Town

Kaye Johnson

Dick & Robbie Jurgens

Rollie Kludt

Jerry & Judy Miller

Stanley Bauman

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Donna Kittelson in memory of

**Floyd Kittelson**

Karen Arneson

Dr. Aaron & Deanna Shives

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Maury & Judy Vockrodt in honor of **JLC Employees**

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Danielle Holmquist-Holida in memory of **Margaret Holmquist**

Richard Fuller in memory of **Carol Fuller**

Lori Waba in honor of her mother, Betty Spanton

Elta Helgeland in memory of **Phyllis Huber**

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### Phyllis Jongeling

#### (Soda Fountain donors cont'd)

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Jeri Saylor in memory of **Margaret Saylor**

Dan & Sandy Albertsen in honor of Jane Mack



### January

15...Dea Thorn  
\*108 years old  
26...Sandra Atkins  
28...Sharon Ellis  
29...Alyce Bartelt



### February

4...Peggy Synegard  
4...Vic Yexley  
6...Wanda Benson  
10...Shirely Cates  
7...Bonnie Relf  
19...Ruth Schwandt  
25...Diane Brosz



### March

12...John Tate  
15...Karen Reppe  
19...Janice Waage  
20...Carol Olson

Jenkins Living Center News  
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Thank you!**

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***You Scream, I Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream***



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In **MEMORY** of \_\_\_\_\_

In **HONOR** of \_\_\_\_\_

Please send acknowledgment to: \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**\*We are excited to make these updates and will share pictures in the next newsletter!**

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most recent newsletter can always be found  
on our website and Jenkins Facebook Page.

