

The Neptune Mirror



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Editor: Linda Morganstein Fen

“The highest form of ignorance is to reject something you know nothing about.”

- Wayne Dyer

“The biggest mistake we make in life is when you think you have time.”

- Buddha

“If you continue to wait 'for the right time', you'll waste your entire life and nothing will happen.”

An old man said, “Erasers are made for those who make mistakes.”

A youth replied, “Erasers are made for those who are willing to correct their mistakes.”



FOR SHAME!

Linda Morganstein Fen

A few years ago, we at 2 Neptune witnessed the birth of a masterpiece – in fact, 2 of them. Both walls of the underpass on Bathurst St. leading to Wilson were transformed, animal by animal, into murals of creatures larger than life, so lifelike you were tempted to reach out and pat them, (well, perhaps not the 12 foot high bats..). A small group of extraordinarily talented young men, armed with dozens of cans of spray paint, created polar bears and foxes and butterflies, snow leopards and buffalo and hawks and more, that gave so much pleasure to so many and that, without much imagination, could easily have leaped off that concrete wall. They were a joy to behold in that formerly dark and dreary stretch of sidewalk.

Alas, on my walk to No Frills last week, I was dismayed to find these murals disfigured by graffiti! Some misguided, insensitive louts had used the same spray can medium to visually destroy this wonderful work of art. What sort of inferior mentality does it take to vandalize a thing of beauty, something that they are clearly incapable of creating themselves?

SHAME ON THEM!

Editor's apologies: In last issue's Purim spiel photo, Jerry Gotkin's name was misspelled. Also the poem "Poetry is a Play" was written by Lorraine Levinson.



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Elka Pelt

Two Neptune continues to enjoy busy times as we all look forward to the warm, sunny summer days ahead.

Our days and evenings provide a wide variety of programmes and entertainment by which we try to accommodate the varied interests and abilities of as many residents as possible.

The programming we are so fortunate to have presented to us is constantly under review. Well-attended programmes continue, while new ones are assessed and reviewed periodically, with changes considered to provide a spectrum to attract our residents.

New residents to our Neptune community have varied backgrounds with unique life experiences, containing a wealth of information to be shared, giving us a new perspective of interaction within our building. Perhaps new programming ideas to be shared? We would be delighted to have residents suggest feasible resident-run programmes not already on our calendar.

Our Social Director, ROBERT DANCHUK, Building Management team of LAURIE BANKS, ELAINE ROSS and BLANCHE KLEIN, and our Residents' Council members are always available to share information from and with you on new ideas. To each of you, whether a new or established resident, we would be glad to hear your thoughts on what we do and how we do it, and try to accommodate your suggestions for future change.

We are the Independent Living residents at Two Neptune. This affords us the luxury of freedom to come and go, to attend in-



house programmes, to take advantage of entertainment offered throughout the city, to try local restaurants whether our tastes range from fast food treats, tried and true reliable fare, or a special event outing to one of the finer food establishments in Toronto.

Our Social Director, Robert Danchuk, does an amazing job of taking us on outings around the city, and would do so on many more if the transportation cost for getting a group to the destination were not so prohibitive.

We have enjoyed the outings to The Art Gallery of Ontario, The McMichael Gallery for the William Kurelek exhibit, last summer's Cirque du Soleil, a matinee performance at the Meridian Theatre, a recent trip to Fallsview Casino in Niagara Falls – and I cannot omit our weekly jaunts for grocery shopping, alternating weeks between Fortinos at Lawrence Square and No Frills at Wilson and Bathurst. It is no easy feat to keep track of all the participants on these ventures.

And then there are the outings that people arrange for themselves or with fellow residents to the symphony, live performances at downtown theatres. Even just a walk around our neighbourhood with a fellow resident, a visit to the butchery, the bakery, the pharmacy, a cup of coffee, a little treat from the chocolate shop, or a new look from the local hair salon or barber shop.

For those of us who do not want to venture out of doors for personal services, some residents have the personal grooming services done in the comfort of their own homes here. Ask around to other residents if you need these contacts. We are all a wealth of information. Whether we do it personally or with the assistance of a friend or caregiver, we have the privilege of being able to call ourselves “independent”.

Our front yard courtyard is beautiful, a great gathering place for friends or company, even a few quiet corners to have some precious moments of solitude – a little nook to enjoy reading, listening to music or simply watching and enjoying the surroundings.

Our 9th floor patio is another destination we can be proud of – daytime enjoyment of the sunshine, early evening watching of beautiful sunsets, even occasional fireworks displays on civic holidays. Be sure the Concierge knows you are there for the fireworks. Residents have been inadvertently locked out in the past!

You can have a cup of coffee or tea any time of day in the Lounge. Coffee is available from the Concierge at the front desk or tea bags in the Lounge kitchenette. Friendly conversation is free. Our Residents’ Council happily funds this social activity. Come down with a neighbour, a friend or a new 2 Neptune acquaintance.

Birthdays, anniversaries, any personal announcements you want to share, are now observed every two months at our Celebration of Celebrations events in the Social Hall, with the dates shown on Robert’s calendar. Please do inform Robert about your happenings anytime and when he sends out his announcement of the upcoming building party. There will be a July 1st celebration

(to be held July 2nd). Plans will be advertised when available.

Robert sends notifications to those with email, and also posts the notices on each floor and in the glass display cases near our main floor elevators.

Thanks to Elaine Ross for her donation of the bookcase to our Lounge. Our library always has books that can be taken and kept for your own or passed on. The 2nd floor library has open hours – 24 hours a day. Feel free to use the room for some quiet time, a reading corner, or for taking something home to read at your own leisure.

Laurie Banks keeps us connected to Baycrest and their wealth of available health and wellness information. Last month’s topic was “Use of Cannabis for the Elderly”. Our next Guest Speaker will be on June 15th. Judy Cohen of the Baycrest Ambulatory Mental Health and Psychiatry Day Hospital, will discuss “Depression” – how to deal with it and even help to prevent it.

Our special thanks to Linda Morganstein, devoted Editor of the Mirror, for her incredible patience with all of us and her guidance in producing each unique issue.

To all Two Neptuners, stay well, be happy, get involved.

Elka Pelt

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LIBRARY NEWS

Sid Kardash

There's not much to report but we do give special thanks to ELAINE ROSS for donating an attractive bookcase that now sits by the coffee counter in the lounge area.

Books of interest selected by our committee are now available for your reading pleasure as well as copies of the Economist kindly donated by STAN SHIER.

Again, we continue to accept new donations.

So, good reading, all.



THE 2 NEPTUNE FUND

Elka Pelt

During the 2018-2019 Residents' Council term of President Morris Adams, "The 2 Neptune Fund" was established, to be administered by the Baycrest Foundation for the benefit of our 2 Neptune residents.

Donations to the fund were to be made to the Baycrest Foundation with a taxable receipt issued to the donor. The purpose was to raise funds to be held at the Foundation until requested by the Residents' Council to cover costs of purchases or services not eligible for coverage by the Dan Fund budget provided to the Council. These budget funds are primarily for payment of our social programming.

Contributions to The 2 Neptune Fund can be made to honour or memorialize someone,

to give a good will or general donation, or a targeted donation for future use. Institutions can be solicited for a donation to cover a large cost entertainment above the level available from our regular funds. There are a few limitations however on the use of that money.

Donations have been made by our residents who wanted recognize or honour fellow residents or others. Requests have been made to organizations who generously support 2 Neptune and whose generosity provides us with enhanced programming or acquisitions. For further information on the 2 Neptune Fund and how to make a contribution, please contact ELKA PELT or SANDI LANDSMAN.

EMERGENCY INFORMATION

(TO BE TAPED TO THE INSIDE OF YOUR
FRONT DOOR)

- * YOUR FULL NAME
- * DATE OF BIRTH
- * OHIP NUMBER
- * EMERGENCY CONTACT(S) WITH PHONE
NUMBER
- * FAMILY DOCTOR WITH PHONE NUMBER
- * ALL MEDICATIONS WITH DOSES

Emergency services (paramedics, etc.) will check on the inside of your door for this information. If you should be unresponsive, this could save your life.

ROLF LEDERER,

Interview

Arlene Shnall

Rolf has just celebrated his ninth year of living at 2 Neptune, and we are fortunate to have him here.

He has two sons, four grandchildren and six great grandchildren whose photos he proudly displays in his apartment.

He has some interesting artifacts from South Africa and his walls are filled with art.

Rolf was born in Germany but moved to South Africa where he grew up and from where he subsequently graduated from medical school.

He then went to Edinburgh, Scotland, and on to Boston for four and a half years, specializing in and receiving his degree of Doctor of Psychiatry.

When he came to Toronto, he first worked at St. Michael's Hospital – and from 1968 to 2009, in private practice.

Rolf has many hobbies including photography, taking many pictures to commemorate all his travels. He loves Jeopardy and, as a faithful watcher over the years, we assume he now knows all the answers.

Israel draws him, as he has family there.

Rolf has been fascinated by genealogy for the last forty years and has become very good at it, being able to trace some ancestors back to the 1700's!



As past President of the 2 Neptune Council Rolf has been invited to attend this year's meetings.

The warmer weather has enticed Rolf to sit outside now, seeing friends he meets with regularly, sharing a pleasant afternoon, deep in conversation.

When you get a chance, take some time to talk with this interesting man. He's one of our hidden treasures.

PET THERAPY WITH TEDDY

Thanks to Baycrest Volunteer Services, we have 2 interesting and welcome guests every Monday morning in the Lounge -TEDDY and his human, ALONA.

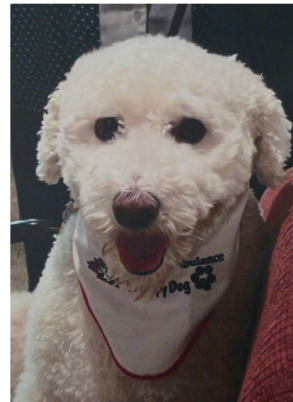
Many of us already know the benefits of being around animals – the release of serotonin, prolactin and oxytocin - hormones that can lower symptoms of depression and sadness, helping support good mental health.

TEDDY is a Ganaraskan dog, a specialized combination of the Bichon Frise, Miniature Schnauzer, the Poodle, and the English Cocker Spaniel. All of these breeds are well-known for their friendliness and trainability. The “Gannie” was originally

developed in the late 1970’s by a group of breeders from Ontario, the goal being to create the ideal therapy dog.

They have succeeded. These little dogs always seem to be in a great mood and love to play. The Ganaraskan has a very calm disposition and is extremely pleasant to be around.

We encourage you to come and visit on Monday mornings at 10am to see for yourself how your mood transforms and how relaxed you’ll be after petting and playing with TEDDY. Even his kisses are calming and magical, and will put a big smile on your face.



WHAT COLOUR ARE YOU?

Desiree Farkas

I doubt that Dr. Malan actually read his Bible. Maybe he tore out the page where it states “Love thy Neighbour”? Dr. Malan wasn’t a medical doctor. He was an ordained Doctor of Divinity and it was he, as Prime Minister of South Africa, who masterminded apartheid.

In 1948, when the Group Areas Act became law, Coloured people were often forced to leave their neighbourhoods to be relocated to windswept areas on the outskirts of the city. Houses were allocated without heed for compatible neighbours – law abiding families were housed next door to “skollies”, a term for low life, thieves and drunkards. Whereas in the past, people invariably walked to work, now they had to pay for bus fare. Everyone, of every colour, was up in arms. The newspapers featured angry editorials. Nothing changed, except one thing. When the old Coloured neighbourhoods on the lower slopes of Table Mountain were demolished, ostensibly to build houses for White people, no one wanted to live there. It remained barren for many, many years.

In the United States, people who are deemed “coloured” are usually dark-skinned. Coloured people in South Africa are not black, and most don’t have African features. They are mixed-race – black, white, East Asian – who identify culturally with the white population. Although there were obviously hardships, Coloured people were known to be resilient and with a good sense of humour.

Another group are the Cape Malays, originally brought over from Malaysia as slaves. Most Malays are Muslim, so when I worked in the office of the Great Synagogue in Cape Town, it was quite a joke that our co-worker, Hadija, had the best of all worlds – she didn’t come to work on Jewish, Christian or Muslim holidays.

The Indian population originally came to the Province of Natal. They were brought out as indentured labour to harvest the sugar cane, but many remained, often becoming successful business people. Cape Malay and Indian food – curries, bobotie, samosas, briyanis – have become synonymous with typical South African cuisine.

The very small Chinese population presented the government with a dilemma. They didn’t fit into any of the official little boxes. Eventually, the Chinese were labeled “honorary whites” – which was totally ridiculous.

The blurring of who belongs in which little box has its complications. The expression “Try for White” meant just that. A light-skinned Coloured woman might move to a white area and literally disappear, too scared to let on that her family was coloured. It was so sad.

When my children were young, our maid, Katy, would occasionally babysit. Katy was classified coloured, but was as white as I am. One evening we came home and found a tall Coloured man sitting at the kitchen table with Katy. The next morning I commented to Katy that he was very good looking, and she became quite angry. “Ek wil nie Kaffir kinders he nie – I don’t want to have Kaffir (meaning Black) children.” (She always spoke to me in Afrikaans and

I spoke to her in English.) But they did get married and had four children, one of whom they named after my daughter. So now we have White, Coloured, Cape Malay and Indian people, plus a few Chinese.

The vast majority, however were black Africans, and the government restricted their movement into the cities. A hated passbook system was instituted. I remember clearly the day I saw our casual gardener suddenly sprint across the lawn, taking a running jump over the hedge into the next garden and disappear, never to be seen again. The police were at our gate, and the gardener wasn't waiting. He had obviously entered the area illegally and didn't have a passbook.

This is how it was in South Africa. Today, things are different. My friend in Johannesburg tells me that her son took more than a year to find a job, because Apartheid has gone full circle. The white, usually a far better qualified applicant, will not get a job if a black person applies. This is great for the black applicant, but disastrous for the efficiency of the country.

A good friend in Cape Town had to renew

her passport – she already had her ticket to visit her children in the UK. Every time she went to the passport office, her passport could not be found. Finally, the person at the wicket took pity on her, and suggested that maybe her passport was in the box. The box? Yes, she was told, those passports that were “difficult” were put in a box in the cupboard. This is a true story! But not surprising. A whole generation of young black people lost their education at the time when they were burning their schools down. Why? They, understandably, did not want to be taught in Afrikaans, considered the voice of the oppressor. Most of the unrest in the 1970's occurred in the north of the country, but the Cape was not immune. I remember one morning when I was driving into the city I was surprised by a silent protest by hundreds, possibly thousands, of Africans sitting on the green verge along the roadside. Their numbers and their silence were spine-chilling. I veered off the main road and drove to my grandmother's house nearby, so that I could call to find out what was happening.

We emigrated in June, 1980.

** If your car could travel at the speed of light,
would your headlights work?*

WHEN TUBBY SANG TO THE MOON

(Another in the ongoing tales of Tubby)

by Pearl Karal

Our little dog, Tubby, was howling at the moon that night.

We were at our summer cottage at Winnipeg Beach which was right near an undeveloped area. When the wolves howled at night, the wind would often carry the sound to the cottage. When Tubby heard the howling, he wasn't going to let the wolves sing without him, so he joined in the chorus.

Late that night, Tubby's howling was so loud that Mother was worried it would wake up the other family sharing the cottage with us. And she was concerned that the man renting us the cottage would ask us to leave.

Mother got me dressed, wrapped my little brother in the baby carriage, and took us for a walk along the lakeshore in the middle of the night. She pushed my brother in the carriage, and Tubby walked alongside with me.

Tubby's howling was a declaration to the world of his dogdom, his belonging to the pack. For wolves, coyotes, and other canines, howling can be a call to see whether other animals of the species are nearby. It's like they're saying, "Are you there? What's out there? Who's around?" Howling can also be a call to hunt, or a territorial announcement. Or it can be an expression of the uncertainty of darkness. If there's a bright moon, the animals can see more. They can see who's around, what's possible.



That night I felt as if I had become part of the dog's experience. The howling wasn't a human choir, but it was a choir of the wild coming from the throats of wild animals. It touched something within the animal, something very primitive, perhaps something ancient. The howling served as a form of communication for individual animals or packs at considerable distances from each other, as if they were saying, "We are here. We and you are linked." What they shared was a sense of identity, and the awareness of being alive and of not being alone.

Will humans ever fully understand what howling at the moon means to a dog? Or will it remain somewhat of a mystery that only dogs can understand?

Whatever Tubby was thinking that night, his vocal response to the moon struck a chord in me. And in my mother. She was sensitive to that too; she saw it as beauty. I have vivid memories of the brilliant moon shining on the lake, and the expression on Tubby's face as he lifted up his head to the moon and howled.

That night, after we had been walking along the lakeshore for quite a while, Tubby got sleepy and stopped howling. We all returned to the house, ready for sleep.

The moon would continue to shine without us.

A BAG OF POPCORN

Linda Morganstein Fen

Can a brown paper bag filled with freshly popped popcorn soothe a breaking heart?

For a year and a half, I watched my beloved husband die, slowly, at home in the hospital bed in our living room. I was with him day and night, grateful that he was not in pain, grateful that we could be together away from clinical hospital surroundings, and grateful for the unexpected intimate moments that come only at 3:00am in the dark.

We had few visitors in that year and a half, partly because of Covid restrictions but also because social visits tend to taper off after a while.

One constant was my neighbour and friend, Connie. I don't know how she knew, but somehow on the evenings when I was feeling really low, there'd be a knock on the door and there was Connie, holding a brown paper bag that gave off a tantalizing aroma that somehow permeated those

blasted masks – POPCORN. We'd have a laughing handover of the treat, followed by a brief schmooze in the doorway and she'd be on her way. I'd close the door, energy somehow renewed, and feeling not quite so alone. Does she have any idea of how much those visits and her gift of friendship in that brown paper bag meant to me?

Fascinating how a bag of popcorn can become such a mitzvah...



** Replace the “w” with a “t” in “what”, “when” and “where”, and you’ll answer those questions.*

THE KNITTING CLUB

Wednesday afternoons find our group 'needling' each other - and creating wonderful magic with 2 needles and a hank of yarn. You may even find one or two 'hookers' wielding their crochet hooks. There is much laughter mixed with the teeth-gnashing as stitches are dropped or a random mistake discovered, ripping and then fixing being a time-honoured part of this craft.

Some in our group haven't knitted since they were children or young mothers knitting sweaters and blankets for their own little ones, but muscle memory quickly brings back these long-forgotten skills, and there always others right there to assist along the way.

Join us?



Seated, from left: June Zimmerman, Toni Perl, Faigie Farber

Standing, from left: Connie Baker, Linda Morganstein Fen, Desiree Farkas

KNITTING WISDOM from:

“At Knit’s End: Meditations For Women Who Knit Too Much”

“...the number one reason knitters knit is because they are so smart that they need knitting to make boring things interesting. Knitters are so compellingly clever that they simply can’t tolerate boredom. It takes more to engage and entertain this kind of human, and they need an outlet or they get into trouble.

...knitters can’t just watch TV without doing something else. Knitters can’t just wait in line. Knitters can’t just sit waiting at the doctor’s office. Knitters need knitting to add a layer of interest to other, less constructive ways.”

“The first time you find yourself having a conversation about moss stitch with a group of people who aren’t desperately trying to escape you...it’s like coming home”

“There is no wrong way to knit. We should all agree to stop correcting each other, and deal with the more important issue - how wrong crochet is.”



THE REVENGE OF THE COLUMBO WATCHERS: My lesson in Derech Eretz

Sid Kardash

The incident started innocently enough with a dedicated small number of our residents, transfixed and totally absorbed in watching the exploits of their favourite weekday character, one Detective Columbo, actively displaying his dedicated pursuit of justice in his calm, unemotional manner.

I must confess, seldom does one view an unimpressive-looking middle aged character in his crumpled brown raincoat, disheveled hair, with a hint of a five o'clock facial shadow, maintain such a calm, well thought-out solution to solving yet another crime which we as humans are prone to commit. And all this with a wry sense of humour and total display of understated satisfaction in having the wheels of justice turn in the desired direction, only to be back the following week to face yet another problem originating in the criminal mind that is in urgent need of appropriate correction.

And so it was, one evening when our residents were blessed to hear and observe in person, a brilliant Yeshiva student pianist with superior talent, play a variety of classical piano masterpieces with a passion and commitment one only sees and hears in the great concert halls of Europe and North America.

So overwhelmed was I with this exposure to musicianship rarely encountered outside of a professional concert hall, that I requested an encore. Would he please play Chopin's Polonaise, the all-time major piece known to bring grown men to tears? Well, he was delighted to comply, so off I went to the



Lounge to hear him play on our recently tuned Grand piano. But first were the Columbo watchers, totally absorbed in the same room, watching their hero working on behalf of the wheels of justice. Excited as I was, I ordered the TV screen closed, silence to be observed, and we would then proceed to hear this masterpiece, all this much to the discomfort of Columbo's fans.

But it was not to be. The wheels of justice must turn. On TV. With Columbo.

So, we had to go back to the social hall and be thrilled nevertheless on the rickety old stand-up piano.

I purchased the CD disc of the pianist's work, only to find the disc defective.

So, Columbo and his ardent followers win the day with this rule: Do not ever interrupt our viewing of our favourite hero. Ever!

But finally, the lesson in DERECH ERETZ – THE RESPECTFUL WAY THINGS SHOULD BE DONE:

Don't go barging in on people, telling them what to do. You approach and quietly ask permission, if it is possible to temporarily alter the ongoing activity, which, in this case, was watching Columbo, and allow the guest pianist to play on the nearby grand piano, Chopin's Polonaise, with appropriate gestures of humility and respect.

As I know the Columbo Watchers personally, I know this approach would have resulted in the desired request being granted, and everyone would have been happy, including perhaps, the Columbo Watchers themselves.

THE ART OF POETRY – A Stone Carver's Thoughts

Lorraine Levinson

In a tiny corner of my bedroom, hidden by a door to the closet, and disguised by a large chair, is a 4 foot high bookcase. It holds nothing but poetry. It cannot compete with the floor to ceiling livingroom and den bookcases for importance, accessibility, or majesty. It is that extra child that was neither planned nor accounted for when the need came.

The obscurity of its presence was my doing. Poetry was my husband's love. It touched his heart but it never found mine. He judiciously categorized every book, so he could easily find the poets he loved most – the red, green and blue stickers poked out from the sides and tops of every page of precious memory, lest the most loved poems hide from his view in an instant of need. If the sought after one was missing, he always came upon another.

To me, all art is a particular kind of individual performance, an expression of thoughts, feelings and experiences, whatever the medium, the needs all coming from the same places in the heart.

Poetry is its own special kind of art. Where carving stone is a search for the vitality and the persona within that raw piece of rock, poetry is the poet's search for those special words that sing his song. They may cry

out to be heard, or softly whisper, but they make me want to know him and hear his story.

Poetry is not my love – not yet. I have always thought of it as an intensely personal experience that I cannot touch, nor see, nor feel, foreign and unfathomable – flashes of thoughts, redesigned and rendered by the poet, who walks away leaving you wondering.

If I search into my own waiting words, play with them, and shape them into lines and spaces and rhythm to make them speak, I could learn to be a poet. I could put together an amorphous assembly of those words, harness them from all those never forgotten thoughts and memories and feelings, and take you with me on an untrodden path, ripe for discovery. I will feel every word, tickle them, stand them up, let them loose to nudge your brain and shake up your mind.

Then I will walk away and leave you standing and wondering.

And I will smile.

Grief: it will always hurt a lot. It just won't hurt as often.

JOURNEY ON A GURNEY

Lisa Ash (sister of Marcia Sherman)

Marcia Sherman is a hero...my hero...my sister!

This piece I write is not to extol her virtues, although anyone who knows her will already have recognized them. But this account is a healthy acknowledgment of what it takes to pass the test.

Marcia has been on quite a few gurney rides in the past, but this current excursion was indeed an experience that I won't soon forget. The paramedics, the ride in the ambulance, the care in Emerg and the transfer to her room at Humber Hospital was certainly a time of inner prayer and definite awareness. The porter who transferred her was by far the kindest angel I have ever had the pleasure of meeting in the ER. His devotion, caring and dedication to his job were truly something to behold. He was concerned not only for the well being of his patient while helping her to maintain her dignity, but of mine as well! This was definitely the Rolls Royce of gurney rides!

Marcia was vulnerable, honest and greatly concerned about her plight but was at the same time, patient and understanding with the people who were involved in her care. Certainly tears, humour and compassion were omnipresent and this alone helped her caregivers by putting them at ease as well.

This journey was not easy but certainly a lesson for us all: life is not a dress rehearsal but the real thing, and everything that happens, is provided for us if we at least make the effort to keep an attitude of gratitude and work along with the best we have to offer. How you deal with frightening issues, how it's important to maintain loving relationships, how your mind and body have to deal with each other...this is so very important.

Marcia is home now and taking each day as it evolves; she does her best, tries her best, thinks her best and, in my books, she is the best!!!



ARE YOU GUILTY?

Socrates

In ancient Greece, SOCRATES had a reputation for his wisdom. One day someone came to find the great philosopher and said to him,

-Do you know what I have just learned about your friend?

- *A moment, replied Socrates. Before you tell me anything about him, it's good to take time to filter what you mean. I call it "the test of the three sieves."*

The first sieve is the TRUTH. Have you checked if what you're going to tell me is true?

- No, I just heard it.

- *Very good. So you don't know if it's true. We continue with the second sieve, that of KINDNESS. What you want to tell me about my friend, is it good?*

- Oh no, on the contrary.

- So, questioned Socrates, *you want to tell me bad things about him and you're not even sure they're true? Maybe you can still pass the test of the third sieve, that of UTILITY. Is it useful that I know what you're going to tell me about this friend?*

- Not really.

- So, concluded Socrates, *what you were going to tell me is neither true, nor good, nor useful. Why then did you want to tell me this?*

"Gossip is a bad thing. In the beginning it may seem enjoyable and fun, but in the end it fills our hearts with bitterness and poisons us too."

Gossip undresses and shames, and leaves innocent people who cannot defend themselves, vulnerable. It unclothes human dignity and shames others unfairly. We kill innocent people with our gossip and bad mouthing.

Gossip is the stripping of human dignity by bitter souls.



WHAT DO YOU SEE, NURSE?

WHAT DO YOU SEE, NURSE? WHAT DO YOU SEE?
WHAT ARE YOU THINKING WHEN YOU LOOK AT ME?
A CRABBY OLD WOMAN NOT VERY WISE,
UNCERTAIN OF HABIT WITH FAR AWAY EYES,
WHO DRIBBLES HER FOOD AND MAKES NO REPLY
WHEN YOU SAY IN A LOUD VOICE "I DO WISH YOU'D TRY."
WHO SEEMS NOT TO NOTICE THE THINGS THAT YOU DO
AND FOREVER IS LOSING A STOCKING, A SHOE,
WHO, UNRESISTING OR NOT, LET'S YOU DO AS YOU WILL.
IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE THINKING? IS THAT WHAT YOU SEE?
THEN OPEN YOUR EYES, NURSE. YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT ME.
I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM AS I SIT HERE SO STILL,
AS I RISE AT YOUR BIDDING AND EAT AT YOUR WILL.
I'M A SMALL CHILD OF TWO WITH A FATHER AND MOTHER,
BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO LOVE ONE ANOTHER,
A YOUNG GIRL OF SIXTEEN WITH WINGS ON HER FEET,
DREAMING THAT SOON NOW, A LOVER SHE'LL MEET,
A BRIDE SOON AT TWENTY, MY HEART GIVES A LEAP
REMEMBERING THE VOWS THAT I PROMISED TO KEEP.
AT TWENTY-FIVE BUILDS A SECURE HAPPY HOME,
A WOMAN OF FORTY, MY YOUNG NOW ALL GROWN
BUT MY MAN STAYS BESIDE ME TO SEE I DON'T MOURN.
AT FIFTY ONCE MORE, BABIES PLAY AT MY KNEE;
AGAIN WE KNOW CHILDREN, MY LOVED ONE AND ME.

DARK DAYS ARE UPON ME. MY HUSBAND IS DEAD.
I LOOK AT THE FUTURE; I SHUDDER WITH DREAD,
FOR MY YOUNG ARE ALL BUSY, REARING YOUNG OF THEIR
OWN
AND I THINK OF THE YEARS AND THE LOVE I HAVE KNOWN.
NOW I'M AN OLD WOMAN AND NATURE IS CRUEL;
'TIS HER JEST TO MAKE OLD AGE LOOK LIKE A FOOL.
THE BODY IT CRUMBLES; GRACE AND VIGOR DEPART;
THERE IS NOW STONE WHERE ONCE BEAT A HEART
BUT INSIDE THIS OLD CARCASS, A YOUNG GIRL STILL DWELLS
AND NOW AND AGAIN MY POOR BATTERED HEART SWELLS.
I REMEMBER THE JOYS, I REMEMBER THE PAIN
AND I'M LOVING AND LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN.
I THINK OF THE YEARS, ALL TOO FEW – GONE TOO FAST,
AND ACCEPT THE STARK FACT THAT NOTHING CAN LAST.

SO OPEN YOUR EYES, NURSE – OPEN AND SEE,
NOT A CRABBY OLD WOMAN, LOOK CLOSER ----SEE ME!!!



YOM HASHOAH

Lorraine Levinson

It was no longer our world,
but an abomination of conflagration,
a tearing down of humanity,
valued treasures we cherished,
made into a holocaust of hearts and souls,
blackened into a desperation to erase us.

Our G-d saved our seeds,
But our trees of life already burned of millions of limbs,
That lay in earth graves
To weep forever.

It was to obliterate our future,
Our blood
Our genes
Our souls
Our Jewish children from the earth.

They meant to smother who we are,
Cast us off,
Open the earth to throw us to the forgotten ---
But they Failed.

We stand and live and thrive
As guardian of our deep Jewish past,
Our precious seeds to germinate righteousness,
truth
and faith,
and to sing of our strength,
our rock hard resilience,
and to multiply
in memory of our Jewish Souls,
NEVER FORGOTTEN



HATIKVAH (The Hope)

How it became Israel's National Anthem

Dr. James Loeffler

In 1897, at the First Zionist Congress in Basel, Switzerland, the delegates joined in a rousing rendition of the song “Hatikvah.” The beloved Zionist hymn would come to be known among generations of Jews around the world as the Jewish national anthem. Yet, it was not until 2004 that the Israeli government officially designated “Hatikvah” as the country’s national anthem. Between these two facts lies the curious tale of one of the most important songs in modern Jewish history.

FROM A POEM TO A SONG

“Hatikvah” began its life in 1878 as a nine-stanza poem entitled “Tikvatenu” (“Our Hope”). Its author was a colourful 19th century Hebrew poet, NAFTALI HERTZ IMBER (1856-1909) who hailed from Zloczow, in Austro-Hungarian Galicia. Inspired by the Hibbat Zion movement of early Zionism, he eventually settled in Ottoman Palestine in 1882. It was in Jerusalem that “Tikvatenu” was first published in an 1886 collection of Imber’s poetry.

By the time Imber left Palestine in 1888 his poem had become a song, (soon renamed “Hatikvah”, Hebrew for “The Hope), thanks to the early Zionist pioneers in the Jewish farming community of Rishon-le-Tzion. The melody arrived courtesy of

a Romanian Jewish immigrant named SAMUEL COHEN, who adapted it from a Moldavian folk song “Carul cu Boi” (Cart and Oxen). “Hatikvah” spread rapidly among Jewish pioneers as part of the new culture of secular Hebrew songs and folk dances (such as the hora) that existed in the early decades of the Zionist movement.

HERZL’S PROBLEM WITH “HATIKVAH”

Even as it grew in popularity, however, not all Zionists favoured “Hatikvah” for the movement’s anthem. THEODOR HERZL disliked the song, and in 1897 launched the first of several international competitions, all ultimately unsuccessful, to produce a serious alternative.

One of Herzl’s objections to “Hatikvah” was the bohemian figure of Imber himself. Despite his personal charisma, literary talents, and Zionist convictions, Imber was a perpetual ne’er-do-well,, described by one contemporary as a “vagabond, a drunkard and a Hebrew poet.” In fact, after leaving Palestine, Imber lived in London and Boston, before dying of alcoholism in abject poverty on New York’s Lower East Side in 1909, despite repeated efforts by Jewish communal leaders to help him.

THE MELODY

For other early Zionists it was not the author of “Hatikvah” but the non-Jewish origin of its melody that proved objectionable.

Many Zionist cultural figures were

unnerved by the song's strong resemblance to Czech composer BEDRICH SMETANA'S "Moldau" section of his 1874 symphonic tone poem, "MaVlast". In fact, in creating his own national musical epic for the Czech nation, Smetana had drawn on the same Moldavian song as a source around the same time that Samuel Cohen did. As a solution, some Jewish composers wrote new melodies for Imber's words.

Scholars joined the fray as well, with some postulating that the "Hatikvah" melody actually derived from the traditional Hallel liturgy of Sephardic Jews.

The early 20th-century scholar ABRAHAM ZVI IDELSOHN, "father of Jewish musicology," took a different route, arguing that Hatikvah's root melody belonged to no one folk song tradition. Instead, he claimed, it constituted a generic "wandering melody," common across European cultures without a distinct national paternity.

In later years, "Hatikvah" continued to be a subject of debate. Religious Zionists frequently objected to the putatively secular character of its lyrics, which do not mention God. As a result, RABBI ABRAHAM ISAAC KOOK composed a parallel, "Ha-emunah", (The Faith), which speaks of the "steadfast faith in the return to our Holy Land...where we shall serve our God." Ironically, socialist Zionists denounced the poem for its allegedly religious, messianic overtones, owing to the reference to an ancient Biblical promise of Jewish return. In the 1930s, they then instead proposed Haym NAHMAN BIALIK's "Birkat ha-am" (The People's Blessing), also known as "Tehezakna", for its line, "Strengthen

the hands of our brothers renewing the soil of our land..." Cultural Zionists voiced their objections as well, often criticizing the minor-key melody as gloomy and depressing, and castigating Imber's Hebrew style as heavy-handed and antiquated.

HOPE FOR HATIKVAH

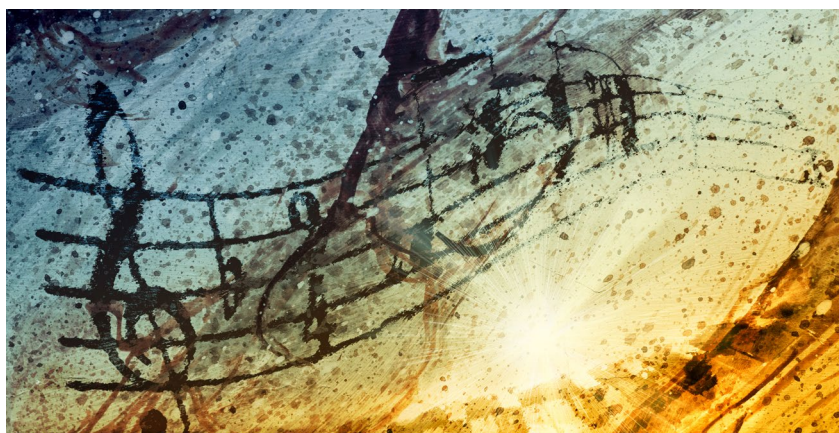
In spite of these criticisms and challenges (and in some cases because of them), most Zionists embraced "Hatikvah". Year after year it was sung at the annual Zionist congresses and other political events around the world. In 1933, at the 18th Zionist Congress, the song was officially adopted as the movement's anthem together with the now-familiar blue and white flag. In the 1940s, many Jews in Europe defiantly sang the song as a gesture of collective hope and spiritual resistance in the face of the Nazi Holocaust and Stalinist terror.

Yet, after the creation of the State of Israel in 1948, the government declined to recognize "Hatikvah" as the official state anthem, despite adopting a new flag and coat of arms as national symbols. Still, "Hatikvah" was openly promoted as the de facto national anthem and used at all official state occasion.

The traditional lyrics were also emended to reflect the historic reality of statehood. Whereas the last three lines of the text speak of "the ancient hope to return to the land of our fathers, to the city where {King} David dwelt," the new version replaces the Biblical allusion with an emphasis on "the hope of two millennia to be a free people in our land, the land of Zion and Jerusalem."

Almost from the moment of its creation, “Hatikvah” has served as both a beloved anthem throughout the Jewish world and a subject of political debate. The same pattern continues today. In recent years, a controversy has occasionally surfaced in Israeli politics over allegations that the lyrics are unsuitable for a country with such a sizable non-Jewish minority. Nevertheless, “Hatikvah” remains an enduring symbol of Jewish nationhood and Israeli identity.

AND IN NOVEMBER 2004, OVER A CENTURY AFTER ITS COMPOSITION, “HATIKVAH” WAS OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED THE ISRAELI NATIONAL ANTHEM BY THE ISRAELI KNESSET, BRINGING ITS JOURNEY FULL CIRCLE.



HATIKVAH

Kol od baleivov penimah

As long as the Jewish spirit

Nefesh yehudi homiyah.

Yearns deep in the heart,

Ulfa'tey mizrach kadimah,

With eyes turned East,

Ayin l'tzion tzofiyah.

Looking towards Zion,

Od lo avdah tikvateinu,

Our hope is not yet lost,

Hatikvah bat shnot alpayim

The hope of two millennia,

Lihyot am hofshi be'artzeinu

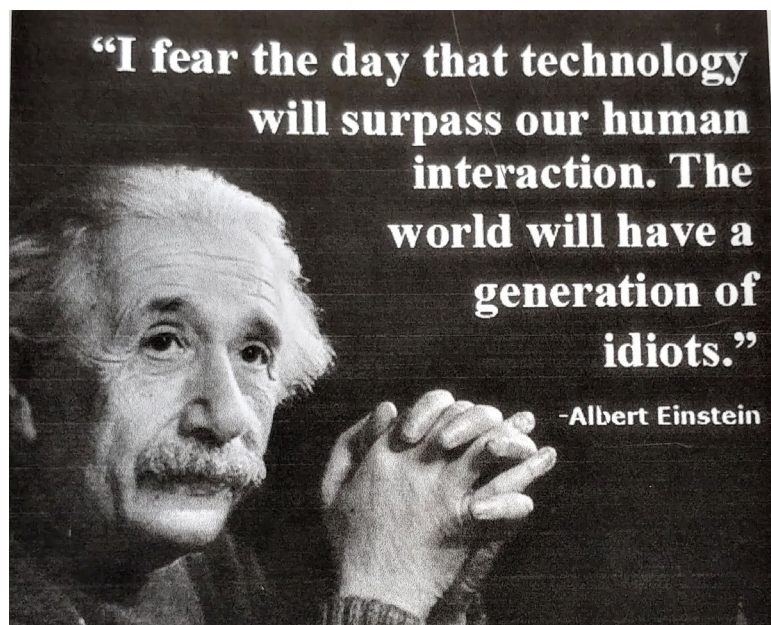
To be a free people in our land

Eretz tzion, v'yerushalayim.

The land of Zion and Jerusalem.

THE FAMILY TREE OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

His dizzy aunt----- Verti Gogh
The brother who ate prunes----- Gotta Gogh
The brother who worked at a convenience store----- Stop N Gogh
The grandfather from Yugoslavia----- U Gogh
His magician uncle----- Where-diddy Gogh
His Mexican cousin----- A Mee Gogh
The Mexican cousin's American half brother----- Gring Gogh
The nephew who drove a stage coach----- Wells-far Gogh
The constipated uncle----- Can't Gogh
The ballroom dancing aunt----- Tang Gogh
The bird lover uncle----- Flamin Gogh
The aunt who taught positive thinking----- Way-to-Gogh
The little bouncy nephew----- Poe Gogh
A sister who loved disco----- Go Gogh
The brother with low back pain----- Lum Bay Gogh
And his niece who travels the country in an RV----- Winnie Bay Gogh



THE JEWISH HISTORY OF BAILEYS IRISH CREAM

Kat Romanow

Did you know that Baileys Irish Cream liqueur was invented by a South African Jew?

Turns out, Baileys does not have deep roots in Ireland as its label (depicting lush green fields of the Irish countryside) and name would lead you to believe. Rather, it was invented by DAVID GLUCKMAN in London in 1973.

Gluckman was born in 1938 in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, now known as Gqeberha, moving with his family to Johannesburg at the age of five.

A chance reading of “Madison Avenue, U.S.A.” by Martin Mayer, a book about the advertising industry, motivated the 19-year-old Gluckman to pursue a career in advertising. After working as an account executive in Johannesburg, he moved to London four years later in 1961 – without a job or a friend in the city.

A month after arriving, Gluckman was hired at an advertising agency in Knightsbridge, an upscale neighbourhood in Central London.

One day, the general manager of the Irish Dairy Board came to the agency seeking help in transforming Irish butter from a commodity into a brand. In response, Gluckman’s team created the beloved Kerrygold butter brand, giving Gluckman the experience of creating a globally successful brand and setting the stage for his future invention.

In 1973, Gluckman and a colleague set up their own agency. Almost immediately they received a request from the International Distillers and Vintners, a beer, wine and spirits distribution company, asking them to develop an export beverage made of local ingredients that would be tax-free for 10 years, in line with a new government incentive.

Gluckman wondered aloud to his partner whether his experience helping to create Kerrygold butter could prove useful here. In response, the partner half-jokingly suggested that they create a drink that was a mix of Irish cream and Irish whiskey.

Ireland was, and still is, one of the leading producers of high quality dairy products, something Gluckman and his partner wanted to leverage. On the other hand, at that time, Irish whiskey was in decline and was only being produced by two distillers, down from 28 distillers in the 1890s. And yet – it was the most logical product to mix with cream to create a new Irish alcoholic beverage.

Running with this, Gluckman convinced his partner to take a trip to the supermarket, then and there, to buy some cream and whiskey. Back in the office, they mixed the two. It tasted disgusting. As Gluckman later commented laughingly, “Whiskey is not a very nice tasting product!”

Undeterred, they immediately went back to the supermarket where they decided to buy Cadbury powdered drinking chocolate, an iconic British product that’s

been in production since 1824. After adding the drinking chocolate and some sugar to the mix, they found they had created something that tasted pretty good.

The whole process of creating the drink we know as Baileys today, took all of 45 minutes!

His partner wasn't convinced it would sell but Gluckman decided to pitch the idea to IDV anyway. The rest is history. Not only did he create Baileys, but also established the market for cream liqueurs, of which there are countless now on the market, including non-dairy options.

Although it wasn't an overnight success, today there are roughly 82 million bottles of Baileys sold each year worldwide!

And, while there isn't anything innately Jewish about Baileys except its creator, it has found its way into North American food culture. Beyond being certified kosher, it's used in a number of modern takes on traditional Jewish dishes, like chocolate hamentaschen with Irish cream filling – a recipe created for those years when Purim coincides with St. Patrick's Day – and Irish cream-flavoured babka. Plus, it's a beloved tippie of bubbies round the globe.

And there you have it – the “Irish” liqueur - with a very Jewish background.



THE JEWS: A STORY OF A PEOPLE

Howard Fast

This is a continuation of my last History Corner.

Submitted by June Zimmerman

I quote:” the history of the Jew is a history of his God, his belief, his philosophy and his unique role on the stage of human affairs.”

.....Four tribes of Beni-Israel grazed their flocks in south Sinai, joining the Judanites, the Simeonites, the Calebites and the Kenites. This group was joined by Moses into the tribe of Judah, together with his own Levites. The main centre of power was Judah, and so they became known as the Yehudim, or Jews.

They were different from the northern tribes of the Transjordan grain lands. The Yehudim were in dry desert and the northern tribes had cut their way into Canaan. They still worshiped the woman-headed lions and the winged sphinx, but the mountain god, Yahweh, was the god of fire and thunder.

When finally all of Canaan was conquered, the land was divided among the tribes except for the Levites, who were given the right of priesthood and the right to collect taxes. This was long after Moses.

So, around 3300 years ago, Canaan was a land of cities and cultures. The southern tribes made a confederation which was headed by Hoshea. The hills were covered in olive trees, cedar and pine. But in every battle with the outside world, the hills

became denuded, and soil erosion became a continuous process. However, this did not happen in Canaan or Jordan, as it is known today. The Jordan River was the boundary between these two areas.

The Philistines had built fortified cities on the southern coastal plain and stretching into the Negeb. Conflict was constant between the Jews and the Philistines, the Jews fighting to move into the area around the mountain fortress of Jerusalem.

100 years had passed now and the Jews had turned into a war-like people. They were a hard people, hardened by being the have-nots, hardened by dry lands, and hardened by the demands their God made of them.

Into this scene comes Samuel, a Levite, a priest of Yahweh. The southern tribes were known as Judeans and the northern tribes, centred in the fertile midland north of Jerusalem, were historically known as Samaritans. Samuel unites Judea and Samaria but cannot choose a warlord who would command the respect and loyalty of both sides. The northern tribes feared and hated the Jews, whom they looked down upon as barbarians. The southern confederation hated the Benjaminites more than any other of the northern tribes. However, they spoke Hebrew and were Yahweh worshipers. And their land was the meanest and driest of all the northern lands. They were a small tribe, no more than 100 fighting men.

It was out of this tribe that Samuel chose the first war chief, Saul.

Next time – the story of Saul...

SOME OLD SAYINGS – WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

**(Caution - Some of these
may require a stretch of the
imagination...or a hefty grain
of salt)**

** During WWll, U.S. airplanes were armed with belts of ammo, which they would shoot during dogfights and on strafing runs. These belts were folded into the wing compartments that fed their machine guns. These belts measured 27 feet and contained hundreds of cartridges.*

Often times, the pilots would return from their missions having expended all of their bullets on various targets. They would say, “I gave them the whole nine yards.” Meaning they had used up all of their ammunition.

**In George Washington’s day there were no cameras. One’s image was either sculpted or painted. Some paintings of George Washington have him standing behind a desk with one arm behind his back while others show both legs and both arms. Prices charged by painters were not based on how many people were to be painted, but by how many limbs were to be painted. Arms and legs are ‘limbs’. Therefore painting them would cost the buyer more. Hence the expression, “Okay, but it’ll cost you an arm and a leg. (Artists know hands and arms are more difficult to paint.)”*

**As incredible as it may sound, in the old days, men and women took baths only twice a year (May and October). Women kept their hair covered, while men, because of lice and bugs, shaved their heads and wore wigs.*

Wealthy men could afford good wigs made from wool but these couldn’t be washed. Instead, to clean them, they would carve out a loaf of bread, put the wig in the shell, and bake it for 30 minutes. The heat would make the wig big and fluffy, hence the term “big wig”.

Today we often use the term ‘Here comes the Big Wig’ because someone appears to be or is powerful and wealthy.

**In the late 1700’s, many houses consisted of a large room with only one chair. Commonly, a long wide bench was folded down from one wall, and used for dining. The head of the household always sat in the chair while everyone else ate sitting on the bench. Occasionally, a guest would be invited to sit in the chair during a meal. To sit in the chair meant you were important and in charge. He was called “the chair man”. Today in business, we use the expression or title “Chairman” or “Chairman of the Board.”*

** Personal hygiene in those days left much room for improvement. As a result, by adulthood, many women and men had developed acne scars. The women would spread bees wax over their facial skin to smooth out their complexions. When they were speaking to each other, if a woman began to stare at another’s face, she was told “Mind your own bee’s wax”. Should the woman smile, the wax would crack, hence the term “Crack a smile”. In addition, when they would sit too close to the fire, the wax would melt - therefore the expression, “losing face.”*

** Ladies wore corsets, which were laced up in front. A proper and dignified woman, as in ‘straight-laced’, wore a tightly tied corset.*

** At local taverns, pubs and bars, people drank from pint and quart-sized containers. A barmaid's job was to keep an eye on the customers and keep the drinks coming. She had to pay close attention and remember who was drinking in pints and who was drinking in quarts, hence the phrase "minding your P's and Q's".*

** Early politicians required feedback from the public to determine what the people considered important. Since there were no telephones, TV's, radios nor internet,*

the politicians sent their assistants to local taverns, pubs and bars. They were told to "go sip some ale" and listen to people's conversations and political concerns. Many assistants were dispatched at different times. "You go sip here" and "You go sip there". The two words "go sip" were eventually combined when referring to the local opinion and, thus, we have the term "gossip".

Grain of salt, anyone?

PUNNY STUFF

** I once dated a guy who broke up with me because I have only 9 toes. Yes, he was lack toes intolerant.*

** You can't blame anyone else if you fall in your own driveway. It's your own asphalt.*

** I've started telling everyone about the benefits of eating dried grapes – It's all about raisin awareness.*

** I've started investing in stocks: beef, vegetable, chicken. One day I hope to be a bouillianaire.*

** If you boil a funny bone, it becomes a laughing stock. Now, that's humorous.*

** I accidentally rubbed ketchup in my eyes. Now I have Heinzsight.*

** Did you know that "muffins" spelled backwards is what you do when you take them out of the oven?*

** Scientifically, a raven has 17 primary wing feathers, the big ones at the end of the wing. They are called "pinion" feathers. A crow has 16. So, the difference between a raven and a crow is only a matter of a pinion.*

** Singing in the shower is fine until you get soap in your mouth. Then it's a soap opera.*

* My friend said she wouldn't eat cow's tongue because it came out of a cow's mouth. So I gave her an egg.

* Once upon a time there was a King who was only 12 inches tall. He was a terrible King but he made a fine ruler.

* I want to tell you about a girl who only eats plants. You probably have never heard of herbivore.

* Six cows were smoking joints and playing poker. That's right. The steaks were pretty high.

* I was walking in the jungle and saw a lizard on his hind legs, telling a joke. I turned to a local tribal leader and said, "That lizard is really funny!" The leader replied, "That's not a lizard. He's a stand-up chameleon."

* I went to the paint store to get thinner. It didn't work.

* Failure is an event, not a person.

* Children are the living messages we send to a time we will not see.
- Neil Postman

* Nothing is enough for the man to whom enough is too little.
- Epicurus 380 BCE

* Comparison is the thief of joy.

* If you want a rainbow, you have to put up with the rain.

* The colder the x-ray table, the more of your body is required to be on it.

* Everyone has a photographic memory. Some just don't have film.

* I intend to live forever. So far, so good...

