

The Neptune Mirror



Volume 4 • Issue 2 • June 2021

Editors: Pearl Karal, Linda Morganstein Fen

Reporter: Miriam Goldberg

Once again, many thanks to Fred Maisel who has supplied much of the "miscellaneous" material for this issue.

For the wonderful architectural photos of Montreal, we thank Rose Lenkov.

"Grief is the price we pay for love."

– Queen Elizabeth II

"Everybody wants Peace - and they will fight the most terrible Wars to get it."

INSIDE: Homage to Montreal - photos and personal stories



We, the residents of 2 Neptune Drive offer our congratulations to our ever-smiling concierge, Peter Kehinde, whose hard work at York University has earned him his MSc. Degree! Way to go, Peter!

RESIDENTS' COUNCIL, PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Toni Perl

I have been thinking about where we were and where we are at this moment.

Yes, it has been a difficult year so far, and I hope that the social interaction plans and changes we collectively made so far to the activity schedules with our great front man, Robert, show success in whatever we were able to plan and execute. I hear only good things from a lot of you, delivered with smiles and thanks – but yes, we also put out some fires.

Celebrations, as they were presented, were the input and follow through from our hospitality committee and our delivery volunteers.

Looking forward, the Council is already buzzing with new hope of news for some loosening of the restrictions to bring the joy back to our very special home.



I am so sad about the losses we have had and we hope that those families know that we are thinking of them and remembering better days.

SIGNS ON SYNAGOGUE BULETIN BOARDS:

- * Under the same management for 5,781 years*
- * Don't give up. Moses was once a basket case.*
- * What part of "Thou shalt not" don't you understand?*
- * Sign over the urinal in a bathroom at Hebrew University: The future of the Jewish people is in your hands.*

FROM THE LIBRARY

Sid Kardash

Great books for serious readers!

THE BONESETTER'S DAUGHTER

by Amy Tan

A search into the recent past in the Chinese countryside by a contemporary woman seeking to know who her mother was, the locally famous Bonesetter from the Mouth of the Mountain. A wonderful adventure by the author of the Joy Luck club.

THE JANSON DIRECTIVE

by Robert Ludlum

A near-mythical terrorist named The Calif kidnaps one of the world's greatest men. Enter Paul Johnson, a legend in the secret American covert agency, who forms an elite team in order to carry out an ingenious rescue operation. Another thriller by the author of some 3 dozen espionage adventures.

QUEENSMAKER

by India Edghill

The first novel by an American author detailing the life of Michal, the wife of King David of Israel who is the centre of the ongoing events and intrigues of palace life in Biblical Jerusalem.



EDUCATED

by Tara Westover

An international best seller which details the memoir of a girl growing up in a survivalist community in Idaho. Lacking formal education, she teaches herself mathematics and grammar, enters university to study history, and eventually enters Harvard and Cambridge. A remarkable tale of the struggle for self-invention.

SEE THE LIGHT WE CANNOT SEE

by Anthony Doerr

Chosen as one of the ten best books of 2014 by the New York Times. A family flees occupied Paris in 1940 to St. Malo and, as orphaned children, to a mining town in Germany where the discovery of a crude radio transforms the life of the novel's key character.

To reserve any of these books,
call Sid Kardash at 647 340 8959
or email skardash@rogers.com

TO MONTREAL - WITH LOVE

Rose Lenkov

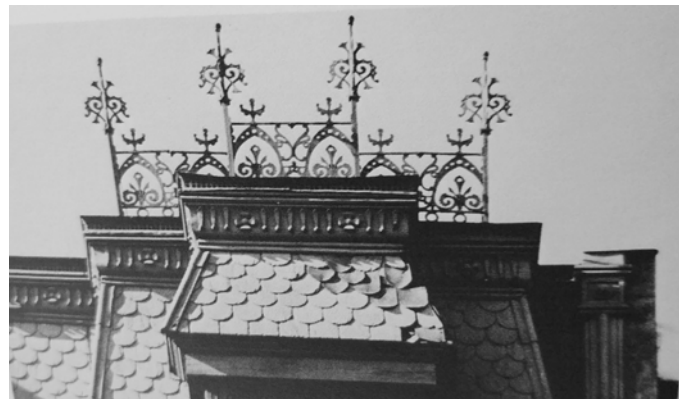
Imagine a little Eastern European shtetl transported to a major North American city in the early part of the 20th century, with its linguistic, cultural and gastronomical links to the Old Country. Far fetched, perhaps? But that's where and how I grew up!

We were living in a ghetto of mainly poor Jewish immigrants; our neighbours were French-Canadians and other ethnic newly arrived Eastern European immigrants. Our parents, facing hardships adapting to the new world, were struggling just to provide us with the necessities of life. Yet our modest little "shtibl" was located behind the world renowned restaurant, Moishe's Steak House. No one I knew at the time could afford to eat steak at home, let alone dine out at a fancy restaurant.

Oh! The ironies of life!

The equally famous Schwartz's Hebrew Delicatessen was located just around the corner on The Main – "a must" tourist and local destination for the very best smoked meat to be had. But alas, this eatery was "farbotten" to us since it was non-kosher.

To my forever good fortune, our parents strived to keep us close to our traditional Jewish roots. While attending elementary school, I was also enrolled after school in the Folks Shule, later known as Jewish Peoples School, where Yiddish and Hebrew reading and writing skills were taught. The Shule was in a ramshackle little



building on St. Urbain Street, an iconic street made famous by the controversial Montreal author Mordecai Richler. His novel, *St. Urbain's Horseman*, became a critically acclaimed best seller.

Immersed as I was in Yiddishkeit and Zionism, at the very same time I was glued to the little wooden radio in a corner of our kitchen, listening to the pop songs of the Big Band swing era and World War II hit songs. It was a period of musical excellence! Timeless melodies from the Great American Songbook, brilliant artists who would forever be revered – I just couldn't get enough!

Ex-Montrealers of a certain age will surely remember Club 800 on radio station CJAD every afternoon after school and the musical guests who were featured. Once I was lucky enough to get a ticket and saw the legendary piano player, Oscar Peterson, being interviewed. A Montreal native son!

To continue a family tradition from the Old Country, my parents felt I should learn to play a musical instrument. I was given group mandolin lessons led by an elderly Jewish gentleman, where I learned to play Yiddish folk songs and traditional holiday songs. I am forever grateful. To this day, whenever we celebrate a Jewish holiday, I take out my mandolin and enjoy playing

and singing the old holiday favourites. They evoke tender memories of “yom tov” family gatherings over the years.

Montreal was a “wide open town”, the vice capital of Canada during the 1940’s and 50’s. It was Canada’s largest, richest, most vibrant and colourful city, still far ahead of Toronto. There were nightclubs galore and strip clubs all over the downtown area, with the best floor shows and entertainment available. Ex-Montrealers of a certain generation will surely recall lining up along Stanley Street or Mountain Street to get into the Downbeat Club, the Chez Paree or the Esquire, just to name a few, and of course, the El Morocco, supposedly the best club in town. I remember during those carefree years of socializing and dating, the unforgettable performances of Sammy Davis Jr., Frank Sinatra, Sophie Tucker, Ella Fitzgerald, Edith Piaf, and the list goes on...

Decades later, my employment in the administration at McGill University was indeed a productive and satisfying period. Besides the academic environment and its challenges, the energy of the students and their challenges, I often enjoyed attending wonderful productions and concerts at the Faculty of Music and other Departments.

Around the time I was planning to retire, I became friendly with a professor who was giving a summer jazz and arts course. He knew I was a big fan of the Montreal Jazz Festival and that I was knowledgeable of the genre and many artists.

The Montreal Jazz Festival happens to be the biggest such event in the world! An officially bilingual event, it takes place annually for 2 weeks from the end of June

and runs into early July. A large section of the downtown core of the city actually gets closed down. Locals and tourists from around the world literally roam the city streets heading from one bandstand to another, choosing between countless free shows performed by the best international musicians and singers, both day and night. Imagine doing this and not having to worry about traffic in a major metropolis! Of course, Place des Arts and other indoor concert halls also host a variety of first class jazz concerts featuring star entertainers during the Festival.

Well, the good professor gave me permission to audit his summer course which he actually presented over a number of summers. So there I was every day, a mature woman (some may disagree), sitting in a university lecture room with young students, listening and learning from the visits of Festival performers who the students interviewed and then followed up with a critique. There were in-person field trips to the Festival site as well, with me tagging along with the rest of the class. A strange sight, no doubt!

Now that I am presently and permanently a resident of Toronto, I listen to Canada’s only all-jazz station on Jazz FM91 every day on my little kitchen radio. Often musicians and singers are played on air whom I enjoyed and became familiar with at the Montreal Jazz Festival. They are dear old friends. It’s fun following their careers.

Ahh, so many beautiful memories!
Montreal, my hometown, was good to me!

Merci, Montreal, je vous aime!

MONTREAL MEMORIES

Sid Kardash

It is surprising how an advertisement posted in an elevator can trigger so many memories of Montreal, an emotionally charged centre of our newly-married lives, where each sentence I write could serve as an entire chapter of a book.

I was in love, happily married to my wife, Cally, who was a nurse on staff at the Jewish General Hospital. I was starting my medical training at the Montreal General Hospital and later at the Montreal Children's Hospital, across the street from the old Montreal Forum.

My early major attraction to this relationship (aside from the obvious romantic experience) was being able to join Cally for lunch at the Jewish General and enjoy a rare treat: G'filte fish on Shabbos! The menu at the Montreal General was, well, bland and uninteresting to say the least. But "G'filte fish"? A luxury!

We lived for a short time on Mapplewood (now Edward Montpetit) in a one-bedroom apartment for \$80.00 per month rent. Considering my monthly salary as an intern was \$125.00 per month – well, it was a good thing Cally was working full time.

Nearby, we treated each other on Saturday night to Italian food at Paesano's on Cote St. Catherine Road: spaghetti in a tomato sauce, Caesar salad and a glass of wine, all for \$8.65. To us, this was wonderful.

That year we celebrated our first year of marriage by indulging in a meal at – are

you sitting down...the world famous Beaver Club at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. Cost? \$85.00 for two!

One more restaurant story and I will stop, I promise. We were at the world famous Moishe's on St. Laurent Blvd. (The Main). We splurged on Cornish hen and trimmings with our glass of wine. Delicious. Phenomenal. But Cally took one bite and stopped eating, stating she didn't feel well. (After paying the \$60.00 tab I didn't feel well either!) I later learned the reason: first trimester stage of pregnancy with our first child.

I haven't touched on so many other places and memories of that gem of a city that is forever part of our lives: Expo 67, the Montreal Forum, St. Viateur bagels, the streets, people, eateries, synagogues, the 1967 war in Israel, Mordechai Richler territory on Jeanne Mance, Park Avenue and Fairmont Street, - so many wonderful pictures to retain as memories.

P.S. When the Covid Craziiness is over, we would love to share other memories of Montreal with similar interests.

MONTREAL TO TORONTO

Toni Perl

I feel lucky to have stumbled upon 2 Neptune after arriving in Toronto in December of 2013 as an ex-Montrealer. This is my story.

Late 2013 I found myself having to make a seriously hard decision: stay in Montreal or not?

On the urgings of my family in Toronto, I put my home up for sale in September and was shocked to find myself so quickly on the #401 westbound by December, a dream come true.

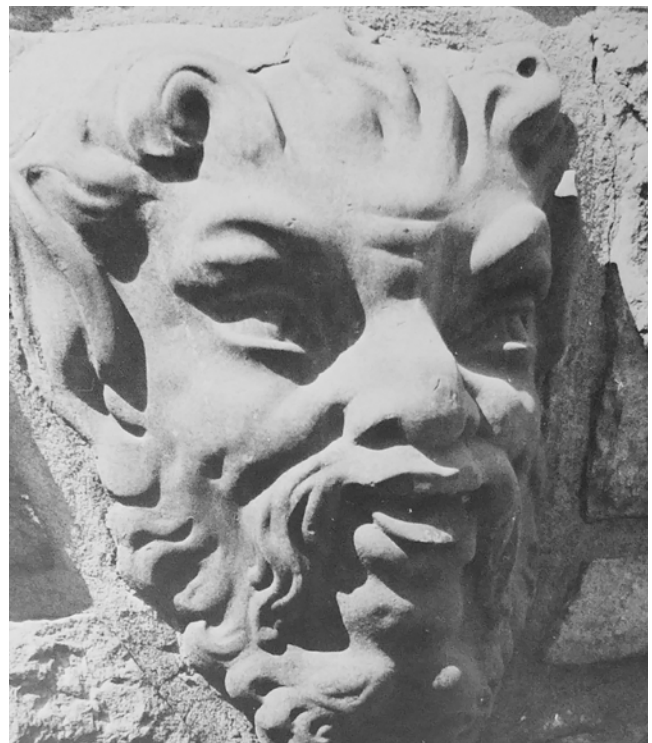
In anticipation of this move, I had made advance arrangements for a rental unit on Avenue Road, but realized very shortly what an error I had made – too noisy, too dirty! I lasted there only 7 ½ months and got out of my lease claiming that the owner would find me in the hospital talking to

myself if I didn't get out. He obliged with the stipulation that I would be the one to get a new tenant – no problem, as I had come from a Real Estate background.

I stumbled onto a Realtor site online for 2 bedrooms in the area where my grandchildren lived, and 10 units popped up at 2 Neptune. I made an appointment for viewings.

My visit was exceptionally brief and I fell in love. I knew I was home in the right place when as I was waiting in the lobby for a lift, a gorgeous wedding-type cake was being wheeled through the front entrance. It was the remnants of the 13th anniversary of 2 Neptune made by Linda... I felt the warmth and I was home!

It's now 8 years later. This place is my heart, my family and my life.





ONLY IN MONTRÉAL -OOPS PARDON MOI C'EST MOREAL...

Toni Perl

After much deliberation, I made the decision to move to TO. I imagined a cosmopolitan city with just about everything one could possibly want or need...but not quite.

I vividly remember my first shopping excursion and noted the cost of items I knew well, and the surprise at the inflated \$\$ for the exact same things here; sticker shock, time to change my habits and make new choices by budget.

As always, chocolate was at the top of the list, and looking for my favourites - (1) Coffee Crisp was nowhere to be found... only in Montréal? This set me on the tracking of many food items that were my norm and available at (2) "The Dep" (The Dépanneur – the corner store) and I started looking for others: (3) Caramilk, (4) Smarties, (5) Mr. Big, (6) Crispy Crunch,

(7) Bounty Bar and (8) Glosette raisins; nope, nope, nope. I could go on. Seriously?

My findings are now an interesting list that makes my mouth water as I write:

(9) St. Viateur bagels (did I hear right that they are now shipped to TO?), (10) The Orange Julep – nowhere better to be than with unique cars with people slurping orange concoctions. Delish.

(11) Poutine – French fries with lots of gravy, (12) Steamé dogs in mushy buns, (13) Schwartz's smoked meat on The Main, sliced by hand to perfection, (14) Wilensky's special, one of a kind; it was regular lunch around the corner from Baron Byng High, an unusual "sandwich" secret concoction.

I'm happy to leave this part open for other Montréalers and let you add more. Let's start a continuing list, strictly ONLY MONTRÉAL and send it along to me to add on. Nostalgia rules the day.



MY TRIP TO TORONTO

Stella Weinstein

It was 2015 and my two daughters and their families were sitting in Toronto plotting a coup. It was time for me to make my way westbound from Montreal down the 401. First they had a few lighthearted discussions with me; then they started secret investigations as to potential living arrangements.

Soon my family presented me with computer renderings of the floor plans of my proposed new apartment, and placed images of all my furniture to scale into the drawings, proving that I could have everything I wanted to move perfectly placed.

I had a lovely 2 bedroom, 1 ½ bath apartment in Montreal that I had been in for about 30 years. I knew the people around me and lived not far from my brother and my friends. As we all know, aging is not for weaklings. Some of my friends were moving away to be closer to their children and some of my good friends had passed away.

With all that was changing around me and the lovely apartment they had found here at 2 Neptune, what could I possibly say to dissuade them?

All arrangements were made and before I knew it I was travelling westbound to Toronto. What I found fascinating when I moved in here at 2 Neptune Drive was the multitude of diaspora from Montreal. In fact we found out that more people in Montreal knew about this place than the people in Toronto!

My long-standing involvement with Seniors' choirs in Montreal refocused to starting our very own choir here, and with the collaboration of my colleague from Montreal, Sema Levin, the 2 Neptune Choir was born.

Although this past year has been very hard, and we have been unable to enjoy the many social activities that living here that has always offered to us, I believe that if we all keep our hopes up, we will be enjoying each other's company again soon.

*The biggest lie I tell myself is "I don't need to write that down.
I'll remember it."*

THE TOPIC OF SURVIVAL

Sid Kardash

(With apologies from the editors – this article was submitted on August 2020 but somehow got lost in the shuffle. We present it now, as it is still relevant.)

Yes, indeed, this has been a major challenge for Cally and I to continue the process of adjusting to the new normal which we all appreciate as being within a most dysfunctional anxiety period of ongoing angst and emotional difficulties.

We had very high hopes with our move to Toronto, a chance to participate within the programmes offered at Baycrest for enhancing cognitive skills as well as the numerous attractions offered in the city, such as the Jewish milieu and cultural activities, Toronto's numerous Festivals, travel opportunities, just to name a few reasons that in concert would make our stay such a rewarding and pleasant experience.

And then came a most unwelcome visitor: COVID 19. Our entire universe seemed to have collapsed, given the severe restrictions on human contact at every level of our day. Were it not for the crucial help offered by our children, a number of programmes offered here at 2 Neptune, and the professional help and support through Baycrest home programmes, our lives would have been marked with disappointment and helplessness.

So, with all of the above examples of negativity bordering on despair, here are some further thoughts on surviving the "new normal".

Exercise daily to the best of your ability. The exercise programmes here at 2 Neptune have been of great help in maintaining fitness and tone as well as improving circulation. We have been fortunate to be able as well to go on frequent walks in parks and nearby neighbourhoods. If you can do this too, then do it.

If you are living with a partner or spouse, the breakfast discussions of current events, plans for the day, etc., as well as evening discussions of the news of the day are of tremendous help in changing the tone and directions of your feelings. For example, The American political is enough to provide ample opportunity to be left with major anxiety and depression, so work against these negative directions and feelings. Believe me, you will feel better.

Try new recipes. Cally and I love Chinese food, so I have become the Chef and Culinary Director at #811, Neptune Drive. So try it. There are innumerable recipe sites on the Net. Perhaps you can share your favourite recipe.

And, finally, see the wonderful future ahead of us. Going to the ROM, the AGO, citing wonderful neighbourhoods such as the Beaches, Greektown and ...where are the Italian and Chinese sections of town?

So, be well all of you. With the availability of a COVID 19 vaccine, it will be a Shana Tova.

Sid and Cally Kardash

BANANA BREAD IN A MUG

Mix together in a microwaveable mug:

½ ripe banana, mashed

1 T milk

1 T oil

1 tsp vanilla

Pinch salt

Whisk until smooth.

In separate small bowl-

3 T flour

1 T sugar

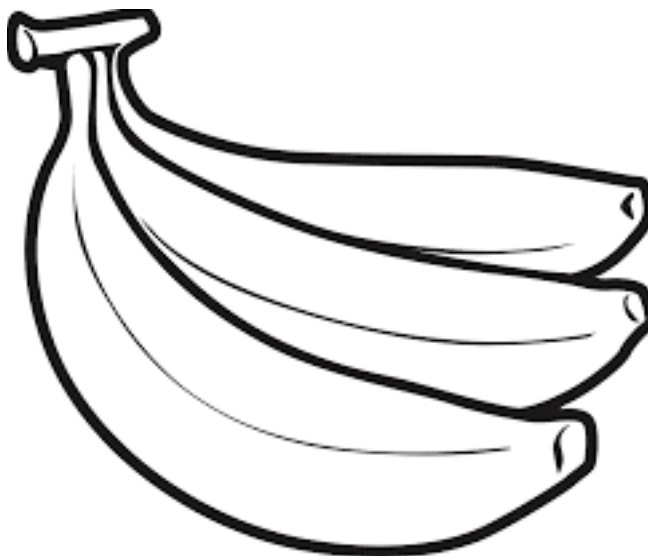
1 T ground flax seed

Chopped chocolate (opt)

¼ tsp baking powder

Add to first mixture just until flour is incorporated.

Microwave on high for 2 minutes.



LUXURY



We believed that luxury was the rare, the expensive, the exclusive, everything that seemed unattainable... Today we realize that luxury was the little things that we did not even know how to value when we had them and now that they are gone, we miss them so much...

Luxury is being healthy.. not stepping into a hospital.

Luxury is going out on the streets and breathing without a mask, exchanging a smile along the way.

Luxury is walking into the market, touching almost everything.

Luxury is meeting with your whole family and your friends.

Luxury is cheerful greetings, hugs and kisses.

Luxury is enjoying every sunrise and sunset.

Luxury is the privilege of loving and being alive.

All of this is LUXURY and we did not realize it.

May we soon, once again, be able to live a luxurious life.

COVID announcement

Breaking News:

The Ontario Government is expected to make an announcement regarding the upcoming announcement about whether or not they've decided to make a decision deciding how to announce their decision on deciding how and when to announce the announcement. The announcement after the decision to make an announcement

was postponed in favour of deciding to announce the announcement for the announcement decision in advance of the decision.

This should clear up any confusion concerning future announcements about announcements.

Is everything clear now?

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT GETTING OLDER?

Gert Ludwig

As I've aged, I've become kinder to myself, and less critical of myself. I've become my own friend. I've seen too many dear friends leave this world too soon, before they understood the great freedom that comes with aging.

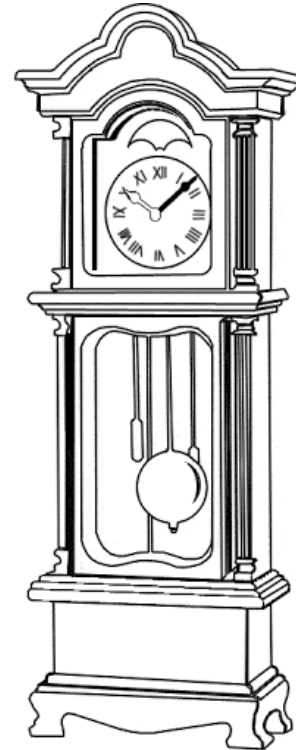
Whose business is it if I choose to read or play on the computer until 4am, or sleep until noon? I will dance with myself to those wonderful tunes of the 50's, 60's and 70's, and if I wish to weep over a lost love, I will.

I will walk the beach in a swimsuit that is stretched over a bulging body, and will dive into the waves with abandon if I choose to, despite the pitying glances from the jet set. They, too, will get old.

I know I am sometimes forgetful but there, again, some of life is just as well forgotten. And, eventually, I remember the important things.

Sure, over the years, my heart has been broken. How can your heart not break when you lose a loved one or when a

child suffers or even when somebody's beloved pet passes? But broken hearts are what give us strength and understanding and compassion. A heart never broken is pristine and sterile, and will never know the joy of being imperfect.



I am so blessed to have lived long enough to have my hair turning grey and to have youthful laughs be forever etched into deep grooves on my face. So many have never laughed and so many have died before their hair could turn silver.

As you get older, it is easier to be positive. You care less about what other people think. I don't question myself any more. I've even earned the right to be wrong.

So, to answer your question – I like being old. It has set me free. I like the person I have become. I am not going to live forever but, while I'm still here, I will not waste time lamenting what could have been, or worrying about what will be. And I shall eat dessert every single day, if I feel like it.

INTERESTING FACTS YOU MAY NOT KNOW



(We take no responsibility for the veracity of the following. We're just passing them on as 'interesting'.)

- * According to a study, smelling rubbing alcohol can relieve nausea almost instantly.
- * 9 foods that get rid of an upset stomach: Bananas, Ginger, Plain yogurt, Papaya, Applesauce, Oatmeal, White rice, Chamomile tea, Chicken broth (but you knew that one.)
- * Falling air pressure causes pain in birds' ears, so if birds are flying low to the ground, it almost always means a thunderstorm is coming. (If they're low enough, don't forget to duck.)
- * Do not use chemicals to kill ants. Instead, fill a spray bottle with water and salt (25%), shake well, spray...boom, dead ants.
- * Eat more marshmallows! Marshmallows relieve toothaches, asthma, sore throats and arthritis. (They also taste pretty good too.)
- * Remove a splinter easily by applying a paste of baking soda and water. Then wait several minutes and the splinter will pop out of the skin.
- * Putting a small amount of 7Up in a flower vase will prolong the life of the flowers.
- * Holding a banana peel over a bruise for 10 - 30 minutes will remove its colour. (We're assuming that's the colour of the bruise, not the banana peel...)
- * If you peel a banana from the bottom, you won't have to pick the little 'stringy things' of it.
- * Look for the hinges when approaching a door. If you see them, pull. If not, push. (If it doesn't open at all, the store is probably closed.)
- * Never feed bread to the ducks. They can't digest it properly and it could kill them. (Who knew...the ducks certainly don't.)

WHAT IS SPRING

Arlene Schnall

Spring is the renewal of a season

It will start to warm up, trees will bud; everything will get greener, flowers growing into beautiful colours.

Everything looks fresh. We are feeling hopeful to many new things.

Lilacs start to bloom, bringing back memories of my grandmother. She was very tiny and would climb the tree branches to get me a bouquet every year.

Our clothes become more colourful.

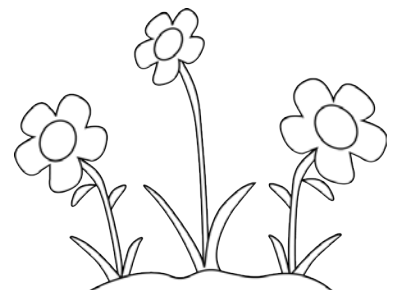
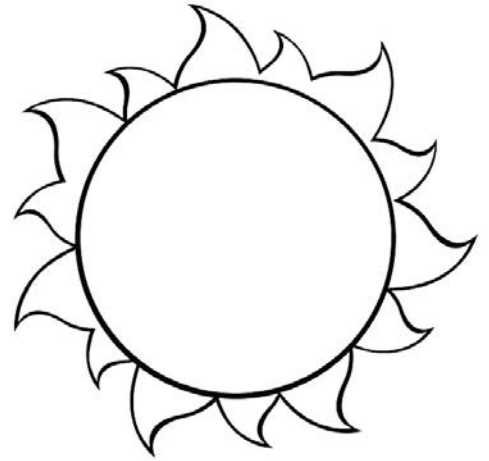
Shedding our dark heavy coats, we can now sit out in our garden greeting our friends, still wearing a mask and keeping our distance.

Some of us are now vaccinated. It will give us more freedom, but we must be careful.

Spring brings Passover, celebrating with our families. I miss the large dinners I used to have with 22 people. Last year I was alone, as well as this year. Next year we'll be sharing again.

I look forward to Sundays. My family meets in the park, children, grandchildren – the talks and laughter. We can go for walks. It's a wonderful day.

Spring to me is looking forward to many new things. As everything blooms, we can bloom too. Our thoughts, our positive attitude, trying to enjoy what we have in these times. Everything will get brighter.



IN THE OLDEN DAYS

by Shifra Hendler's granddaughter

An application was for employment,

A program was for a show.

An apple was a fruit,

A keyboard was a piano!

Memory was something that you lost with age,

A CD was a bank account!

And if you broke a disk,

It would hurt when you found it!

Log on was adding wood to a fire,

Hard drive was a long trip.

A mouse pad was where a mouse lived

And a backup happens when the sewage drips.

Cut- you did with a pocket knife,

Paste – you did with glue.

A web was a spider's home

And a virus was the flu!

I guess I'll stick with my pad and paper

And the memory in my head.

I hear nobody's been killed in a computer crash

But when it happens they wish they were dead!

LIFE'S NOT FAIR

Linda Morganstein Fen

These days I find myself ranting against those twin thieves of aging and illness – these are the culprits that rob the intellectual of his ideas and the ability to articulate them, cheat the athlete of his strength and mobility. They deprive the lover of his potency but not the desire, and the artist of her creativity – not the inspiration, but the physical ability to bring it to fruition. It leaves us with only frustration, resentment and the memories of our past achievements which should suffice but seldom do.

Like a child, I find myself complaining to the powers that be that “It’s just not fair” and then recalling reluctantly that the powers who ruled my childhood would say, “Life’s not fair. Accept it.”

They were right but they would also have pointed out that giving up is only one answer, not the only one. We have resources. We must use them.

THINK PINK

Pearl Karal

Think Pink, said the mink
With an emphatic wink
Or I'll make the night light blink.

Think Pink or I'll play

The same record half the day.

Think Pink or dolly's eyes will flutter
And your mother start to mutter,
So Think Pink.

And if I don't think Pink

Will the moon turn off its light?

Will that make it dark all night?

Or my toys begin to fight?

That would be an awful sight.

Your room would be a mess,

You will have to confess

That it all occurred because

You did not say "yes";

You didn't Think Pink.

If you don't Think Pink,

There'll be no water in the sink,

And nothing left to drink.

You'll find your eyes will blink

And the dishes start to clink.

To avoid the strange things you might see,

Then simply follow me,

Think Pink.

And if I do Think Pink,

Will that make my tonsils shrink?

Will all veggies taste like candy?

And the spinach not be sandy?

Will the bogeyman not haunt me?

And my brother never taunt me

If I listen to you and

Think Pink?

I will decide this matter

And cease all this chatter.

My own mind I will make up,

No matter what I shake up.

You cannot, will not make me

Think Pink.

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Salya Rabow

If you have a tender message
Or a loving word to say,
Do not wait 'till you forget it
But whisper it today.
The tender word unspoken,
The letter never sent,
The long forgotten message,
The wealth of love unspent;
For there some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved only wait.
So, show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

*Last year I joined a
support group for
procrastinators.
We haven't met yet.*

THE CHILDREN DIDN'T CALL THIS WEEK

The children didn't call this week.

The days are long, the hours bleak.
They mean well, their days are full
With home and school and work
that pull
And vie for their attention,
Priorities a matter of
contention
That leave a tear to wet my cheek.
The children didn't call this
week...



MY ATTITUDE

Arlene Schnall

I promise myself...

To be so strong that nothing can disturb my peace of mind.

To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person I meet.

To make all my friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make my optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and expect only the best.

To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as I am about my own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature I meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of myself that I have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the pressure of trouble.

My attitude...is my life.

ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON...

Linda Morganstein Fen

It was a perfect day for a Sunday drive – a cloudless blue sky, not too warm, not too windy – and there in the lane beside me was an adman's dream: a white convertible (top down, of course) driven by a stunning young woman, her long, luxurious blonde hair flowing over her exquisite bare shoulders. She wore an off the shoulder white summer frock that showed off her bare tanned arms and multiple silver bracelets that glinted in the sunlight.

Did I mention her hat? It was a huge straw picture hat, not often seen, that framed her lovely face.

As I grow older, so does my appreciation for beauty and I was thoroughly enchanted by the vision beside me.

The light changed and as I pulled slightly ahead of her, I stole a quick backward glance at this beauty. My jaw dropped.

She was sucking her thumb!

Lesson learned? Perhaps it's best not to examine beauty too closely.



WHERE TO GO WITHOUT LEAVING HOME

Anonymous

I've been in many places in my life, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Cahoots with someone.

I've also never been in Cognito. I hear no one recognizes you there.

I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport – you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my friends and family. I live close, so it's a short drive.

I would like to go to Conclusions but you have to jump and I'm not too much on physical activity any more.

I have also been in Doubt, This is a sad place to go and I try not to visit there too often.

I've been in Flexible but only when it was very important to stand firm.

Sometimes I'm in Capable and go there more often as I'm getting older.

One of my favourite places to be is in Suspense! It really gets the adrenaline flowing and pumps up the old heart. At my age I need all the stimuli I can get.

And sometimes I think I am in Vincible but life shows me I am not.

People keep telling me I'm in Denial but I'm positive I've never been there before!

I've been in Deep Sh*t many times. The older I get, the easier it is to get there. I actually kind of enjoy it there.

So far, I haven't been in Continent but my travel agent says it's on the list.

Why do I have to press one for English when you're just going to transfer me to someone I can't understand anyway?

THE WIT OF GANDHI

When Gandhi was studying law at University College, London, a Caucasian professor, whose last name was Peters, disliked him intensely and always displayed prejudice and animosity towards him. Also, because Gandhi never lowered his head when addressing him, as he expected, there were always arguments and confrontations.

One day, Mr. Peters was having lunch in the dining room of the University when Gandhi came along with his tray and sat down next to the professor.

The professor said, “Mr. Gandhi, you do not understand. A pig and a bird do not sit together to eat.”

Gandhi looked at him as a parent would a rude child and calmly replied, “You do not worry, professor. I’ll fly away.”

Mr. Peters, reddened with rage, decided to take revenge on the next text paper, but Gandhi responded brilliantly to all questions.

Mr. Peters, unhappy and frustrated, asked him the following question. “Mr. Gandhi, If you were walking down the street and found a package, and within was a bag of wisdom and another bag with a lot of money, which one would you take?”

Without hesitating, Gandhi responded, “The one with the money, of course.”

Mr. Peters, smiling sarcastically, said, “I, in your place, would have taken wisdom, don’t you think?”

Gandhi shrugged indifferently and responded, “Each one takes what he doesn’t have.”

Mr. Peters, by this time, was beside himself and so great was his anger that he wrote on Gandhi’s exam sheet the word “idiot” and gave it to Gandhi. Gandhi took the exam sheet and sat down at his desk trying very hard to remain calm while he contemplated his next move.

A few minutes later, Gandhi got up, went to the professor and said to him in a dignified but sarcastically polite tone,, “Mr. Peters, you signed the sheet, but you did not give me the grade.”

Wit always wins over anger.

*Of course I talk to myself.
Sometimes I need
expert advice.*

LIGHTNESS AND OUR WORLD

Sylvia Lustgarten

Lightness is a quality that brings to me feelings of joy, grace, freshness and beauty. To me the ballet dancer is its ultimate expression, yet this achievement demands the most arduous dedication to unending grueling physical and artistic discipline. I think of this whenever I hear the ever increasing scientific statements that we must lighten our step upon the earth if our planet is to survive. The great efforts needed to do this are as great as those of the ballet dancer.

What can we at 2 Neptune do to help? A lot of things. Many of them are small but cumulatively they can have an effect. Take the example of garbage disposable. I find it difficult to really understand many aspects of managing our garbage disposal. I would like to learn more about it so that I could do a better job, and I would like a report from Council on how 2 Neptune is managing right now. Are there problems? Maybe we could work together with management to do the best job possible.

I do my best to lessen my use of electricity by not using the dryer. This saves my clothes, money and the world. This is possible even in our apartments. It is amazing how quickly things dry. I know that this is not possible for everyone, but there is always something we can try to be less wasteful about.

The use of plastic disposables (which make life so much easier) is causing major environmental disasters throughout the world. We can lessen this by avoiding their use but that is not easy, requiring efforts from us, the consumers, the producers and the government.

Creating an environmentally friendly world is not simple. It takes extraordinary effort by all of us, individuals, organizations and government to create a safe world. We must take on the hard, tough work of learning about the movement, and encouraging our government to do their share. I encourage our Council to plan a Zoom meeting for the residents to discuss and see what we can do. It will be hard but it is worth trying.

HOW MUCH IS A BILLION?

The next time you hear a politician use the word “billion” in a casual manner, think about whether you want the ‘politicians’ spending your money.

A billion is a difficult number to comprehend, but one advertising agency did a good job of putting that figure into some perspective in one of its releases.

1. A billion seconds ago, it was 1959.
2. A billion minutes ago, Jesus was alive.
3. A billion hours ago,, our ancestors were living in the Stone Age.
4. A billion days ago, no one walked the on Earth on two feet.
5. And, most notable, a billion dollars ago was only 8 hours and 20 minutes at the rate the Government is spending it.

A CHILDHOOD MEMORY

Miriam Robinson

I must have been about eight or ten at the time and I should have known better.

As small and crowded as our home was, we always had visitors. One memorable episode occurred when my mother's cousin came for a visit.

At the time, my youngest sister slept in a crib in my parents' tiny room. The four other children shared the other room. Since my cousin was a young religious man, he wasn't allowed to sleep in our room with females.

My mother decided that the men would sleep in one room, my two young sisters would sleep with her in my parents' bed, and I in the crib.

I told her I didn't want to sleep in the crib. After a while, I asked her again, "Where am I going to sleep?" Again she said, "In the crib." Again I said "I am NOT going to sleep there." And so it went on till my mother got fed up with me and, when I repeated the question, she said irritably, "So go to sleep under the bed!"

When I heard that, I decided to show her. "Under the bed?" Under the bed it would be. I crawled under my parents' bed and fell fast asleep.

When it was discovered that I was missing, the whole neighbourhood, young and old, went searching for me. In those days there were no thefts, no rapes, not any sort of crime, so my disappearance created a real scare and commotion.

We had no telephone at that time, so in desperation, my mother decided to go to the police station, a half hour's walk from our home, to report me missing. She asked my brother to fetch her shoes from under the bed and that's when he found me.

They put me to sleep as I was, in the crib. When I woke up I didn't remember what I had done.

My mother told everyone not to mention a word to me of what had happened. Since everyone respected her, no one uttered a word.

I would never have known about that evening if not for Itche Mambush who, some years later was the founder and Mayor of the artists' village Ein Hod, and was a big admirer of my mother.

A few days after the ordeal, he turned to me and said, "How could you do such a thing to your mother?" I asked him what I had done. He didn't pay attention and continued that he didn't want to aggravate my mother, otherwise he would give me such a beating that I would remember for the rest of my life. When I asked him again what I had done, he told me about the commotion I had created.

In later years, I have slept on floors, on stretchers, in a tent, on the ground, even on stones a few times, but never again did I sleep under a bed.

A JEWISH BUSINESS

Pearl Karal

A Jewish man ran a small grocery store in a small town in Northern Manitoba. His competition was another small store run by a Ukrainian.

One day a customer came in and asked the price of shoes. The Jewish storekeeper told him his price.

“But your competition sells them for half that price!”

The storekeeper asked “Why don’t you buy it from him, then?”

The response was “He doesn’t have any.”

The storekeeper replied, “When I don’t have any, I also sell them for half price!”

A JEWISH PERSPECTIVE

Lil Frohlich

A KGB agent goes to a library and sees an old Jewish man reading a book.

“What are you reading, old man?” he asks.

“I’m learning Hebrew, comrade,” replies the Jew.

The KGB agent asks, “What are you learning Hebrew for? You know it takes years to get a permission to travel to Israel? You will die before you get one.”

“I’m learning Hebrew for when I go to Heaven so I can speak with Moses and Abraham,” replies the old man.

“How do you know you’re going to Heaven? What if you go to Hell?” asks the KGB agent.

“I already speak Russian.”

The story is told of two men visiting New York City for the first time, who come across two Jews wearing long black cots, wide-brimmed hats, with long beards and payos (earlocks). One man turns to the other and says, “What’s that?”

The second man replies, “Hassidim.”

The first man responds, “I see them, too – but, what are they?”

ON BEING JEWISH...



When Paul Newman died, they said how great he was, but they failed to mention he considered himself Jewish (born half-Jewish.)

When the woman (Helen Suzman) who helped Nelson Mandela, died recently, they said how great she was, but they failed to mention she was Jewish.

On the other side of the equation, when Ivan Boesky or Andrew Fastow or Bernie Madoff committed fraud, almost every article mentioned they were Jewish.

However, when Jeff Skilling, Randy Cunningham, Gov. Edwards, Conrad Black, Senator Keating, Gov. Ryan and Gov. Blagojevich messed up, no one reported what religion or denomination they were because they were not Jewish.

This is a reminder of a famous Einstein quote:

In 1921, Albert Einstein presented a paper on his then-infant Theory of Relativity at the Sorbonne, the prestigious French university. "If I am proven correct," he said, "the Germans will call me a German, the Swiss will call me a Swiss citizen, and the French will call me a great scientist.

If Relativity is proved wrong, the French will call me a Swiss, the Swiss will call me a German, and the Germans will call me a Jew."

It was mealtime during a flight on El Al.

"Would you like dinner?" the flight attendant asked Moishe, sitting in front.

"What are my choices?" asked Moishe.

"Yes or no." she replied.

Never take a front row seat at a bris.

Next year in Jerusalem.

The year after that, how about a nice cruise?

The High Holidays have absolutely nothing to do with Marijuana.

MISCELLANEOUS

If high heels were so wonderful, men would be wearing them.

Quotes from Lemony Snicket:

- * As I'm sure you know, the key to good eavesdropping is not getting caught.
- * Fate is like a strange unpopular restaurant, filled with odd waiters who bring you things you never asked for and don't always like.
- * If writers wrote as carelessly as some people talk, then adhasdh (bn)pasdlgkasd-fasdf.
- * One of the world's most popular entertainments is a deck of cards, which contains 13 of each of 4 suits, highlighted by kings, queens and jacks – who are possibly the queen's younger, more attractive boyfriends.

If there is an idiot in power, it is because those who elected him are well represented.
- Gandhi

The sad part about getting old is...

You stay young on the inside but nobody can tell anymore.

Beauty is simply Reality seen with the eyes of Love.

- Evelyn Underhill

Anyone who keeps the ability to see beauty never grows old.

- Franz Kafka

America is the only country where a significant proportion of the population believes that professional wrestling is real but the moon landing was faked.

- David Letterman

After the game, the King and the Pawn go into the same box.

- Italian proverb.

I've been married to a Communist and a fascist and neither would take out the garbage.

- Zsa Zsa Gabor

Wood burns faster when you have to chop it yourself.

- Harrison Ford

Having more money doesn't make you happier. I have 50 million dollars but I'm just as happy as when I had 48.

- Arnold Schwarzenegger

If G-d had intended us to fly, he would have made it easier to get to the airport.

- Jonathan Winters

What did our parents do when they were bored with no Internet?

I asked my 18 brothers and sisters, and they didn't know either.

Every woman's dream - Her ideal man takes her in his arms and throws her on the bed... and cleans the whole house while she sleeps.

Mirror, mirror on the wall –

What the hell happened?

I decided to stop calling the bathroom the “John” and renamed it the “Jim”. I feel so much better saying “I went to the Jim this morning.”

