

# The Neptune Mirror



**Volume 4 • Issue 1 • Spring 2021**

**Editors: Pearl Karal, Linda Morganstein Fen**

**Reporter: Miriam Goldberg**

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*All contributions have been submitted by residents of 2 Neptune Dr.*

*By doing so, they have given consent for publication.*

*We welcome submissions. Articles will be edited for appropriateness and clarity.*

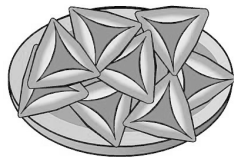
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## **In spring, we Jews observe the holidays of both Purim and Passover**



### **Purim:**

Two Jews, Esther and Mordechai, were solely instrumental in saving our people from mass slaughter at the hands of the Persians (now Iran).



### **Passover (Pesach):**

We celebrate our delivery from slavery in Egypt as a people, brought about by the hand of G-d through Moses.



Both holidays saw us emerging from life-imperiling situations to a life of safety and freedom, that most precious commodity of all.

*May we emerge from this vile  
Covid pandemic stronger and  
healthier than before, and  
continue to give thanks for  
our freedom.*

**2019: Stay away from  
negative people**

**2020/21: Stay away from  
positive people**

**The editors would like to extend a special thanks and appreciation to Fred Maisel who constantly supplies us with interesting articles and information.**



## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

**Toni Perl**

Hello everyone. I'm mixing pleasure with business, an ex-Montrealer and Residents' Council.

I'm so happy to see more of you out and about, even if it's briefly at the mail centre or outside doing your walks.

It's been busy for the Residents' Council in thinking and planning for the festivities and goodies around the holidays. It's a labour of love now that we have our new Residents' Office open for problem solving and exceptional chats, so please come in and have a look.

## A WORD OF WARNING

**Miriam Goldberg**

It's a crying shame that in this time of unemployment, sickness, loss and confusion, there are people out there who are preying on the community, especially the elderly.

How many of us have and are receiving emails and telephone calls, offering us large sums of money which we have supposedly won, together with cars and other prizes, or to tell us we owe Revenue Canada unresolved tax money.

BEWARE – all these calls are dishonest and will, if we're not careful, come back to bite us.

DO NOT GIVE AWAY ANY INFORMATION re: your bank, bank accounts, Social Insurance Number, Visa or other credit cards!

Believe me, if you had won any legitimate winnings, someone would be coming to your door with the good news, NOT informing you over the phone.

Also, the CRA would NOT be phoning you for money. You would get a registered letter.

Should you get any of these phone calls, PUT THE PHONE DOWN IMMEDIATELY. Don't be fooled and cheated out of your hard-earned money.

*People who wonder if the glass is half empty or half full are missing the point. The glass is refillable.*

# THE LEGEND OF GOLDA LIVES ON

Back in 1970, Golda Meir visited President Richard Nixon at the White House.

Nixon, drowning in criticism of the Viet Nam War, said to Golda, “You have the greatest military minds in history. If I had just 2 of your generals, my problems would be solved.”

Golda responded: “Funny you should say that. If I had 2 of your generals, my problems would also be solved. Maybe we should make a trade.”

Nixon then said, “Okay. I’ll take General Dayan and General Rabin.”

To which Golda replied, “And I’ll take General Motors and General Electric.”

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## LIBRARY NEWS

**Sid Kardash**

Yes, we have them! Book now!

### THE PUSH

by Ashley Audrain

The international best-seller that is currently “off the charts”! This debut novel explores motherhood in terms of “compulsively readable”...“riveting...” “absorbing, gripping”...and many other superlative adjectives by numerous New York Times best-selling authors, and others.

### MUDBOUND

by Hillary Jordan

A family moves to a cotton farm in Mississippi in 1946. The son of a sharecropper who works the family land returns from the war, and the stage is set for tragedy on a major scale: forbidden love, betrayal and murder follow the state’s strict racial mores.



### THE BOOK OF LOST NAMES

by Kristina Harmel

An unforgettable novel of a young woman with a talent for forgery, who saves hundreds of Jewish children in Nazi-occupied France. A fascinating page-turner by the author of the best-selling novel “The Winemaker’s Wife.”

### REPORTER

by Seymour M. Hersh

This Pulitzer Prize-winning author is the pre-eminent investigative journalist of the modern age. He reports on the atrocity in My Lai during the Viet Nam War, the Watergate scandal, the CIA’s missteps in Cuba, Chile, Panama and elsewhere. A must read for those who treasure the institution of a Free Press.

To reserve any of these books,  
call Sid Kardash at 647 340 8959  
or email [skardash@rogers.com](mailto:skardash@rogers.com)

# **THE MUSICAL LIFE AT 2 NEPTUNE**

**Pearl Karal**



There are sounds you hear quite clearly,

The sounds of anticipation and of cheers.

You hear a quiet hum when some special event is near.

There are sounds of sympathy, of sorrow widely felt,

And sounds of laughter about something, widely shared;

Soft sounds implying sympathy over some member's distress;

The muffled quiet of hopeful deeds, the tactful rumbling of other's needs.

There are joyful sounds such as the announcement of a new great-grandchild or the music of a wedding.

But the sounds most audible are the sounds of disapproval when people heard of the loss of a much-loved Neptune Drive staff member.

The basic melody is the soft hum of concern for other residents.

The melodies weave themselves into a general background of hope.

More than a melody, it is a symphony.

Each individual is a soloist with a distinctive timbre, but the music of 2 Neptune is a blend that is recognizable to the listener.

It is our music.

It is the symphony of a vibrant community.

# AN UNUSUAL WEDDING CONCERN

**Blanche Schwartz**

As a bridal consultant for over 40 years, I would meet with the bride to tell her everything she needed for the wedding.

Every bride is special but one bride I will never forget because she had such an unusual concern. She sadly confided to me, “Mrs. Schwartz, I’m afraid I’m going to have a dead wedding.”

Shocked, I said, “What makes you say something like that?”

She replied, “Well, my parents and my husband’s parents are all Holocaust survivors; our family is very small and we don’t have a lot of friends, so who is going to make it “leibedik”, lively?”

I felt so sad to hear this that I blurted out “One thing I promise you. You are going to have a leibedik, lively wedding.” On that promise I convinced her to hire Moishe Turk’s band, and I told him to make it especially lively.

Everything went well enough until we got to the meal. The people were seated, the waiters were getting organized and the band was playing, but I looked around and

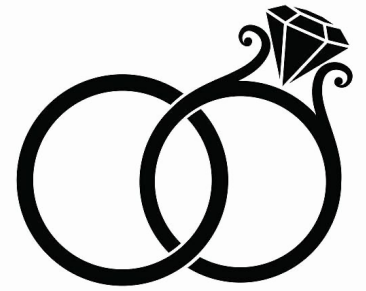
saw no one was dancing. The bride and groom were sitting with their heads down and the whole atmosphere was not that of a wedding. It didn’t look right but who should I complain to?

I figured the people seated near the head table must have been the closest relatives or friends, so I went over there to connect with them, even though they didn’t know me or what my role was.

I shouted out, “This is a wedding! Let’s make it leibedik, lively! Pretend you are out for dinner and dancing, wouldn’t this be a good time to dance?” So they all got up and started dancing.

They must have had a really good time because later the bride told me that the wedding gifts were much more generous than she thought she would get.

And she thanked me for turning her dead wedding into one that was leibedik and lively.



*They say every piece of chocolate eaten shortens your life by two minutes. Seems I died in 1537.*

## Selma Liss



# THE MOB AND DICTATORS

"The mob has many heads but no brains."

— Thomas Fuller

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"I never saw a mob rush across town to do a good deed."

— Wilson Mizner

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"The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of a beast."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

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"In the hands of vicious men, a mob will do anything."

— Euripides

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"The essence of a mob: individual desperation masquerading as collective strength."

— Dr. Mardy

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"It's a paradox that every dictator has climbed to power on the ladder of free speech.

Immediately on attaining power, each dictator has suppressed all free speech except his own."

— Herbert Hoover

*In the December issue of The Mirror, the last part of Pearl Karal's poem "Ode To My Muse", was inadvertently omitted. It is worthy of being repeated. With apologies, here it is in its entirety.*



## ODE TO MY MUSE

Pearl Karal

Where are you when I need you?

Where are you when I call?

Will any entreaties lead you to visit me at all?

You hide behind the dishes,

You lurk behind the door.

You whisper from the unmade bed

And squeeze my spirit sore.

We dance so well together

When you whisper in my ear;

You untie the tether

Of uncertainty and fear.

Sit with me, smile at me

And words fall into place.

Ideas flow with certainty.

There are no doubts to face.

What binds me to my silence?

What metaphors are lost?

I try to break the silence,

But that effort has a cost.

So here's to you, my callous muse.

By all let this be heard:

Next time you try to stir me

I will not write a word.



# KOSHER COMPUTERS

Submitted by Lil Frohlich

It is now possible to purchase kosher computers. They are made in Israel by a company called DELL-SHALOM.

The price is low (wholesale) even with the shipping from Israel.

However, before you purchase a kosher computer, you should know there are some important changes from the typical non-kosher computer you are used to, such as:



1. The 'Start' button has been replaced with a 'Let's go! I'm not getting any younger!' button.
2. You hear 'Hava Nagila' during startup.
3. The cursor moves from right to left.
4. When Spell-Checker finds an error it prompts, 'Is this the best you can do?'
5. When you look at erotic images, your computer says, 'If your mother knew about this, she would die!'
6. It comes with a 'monitor cleaning solution' from Manischewitz that gets rid of all the 'schmutz und drek.'
7. When running 'Scan Disk' it prompts you with a 'You want I should fix this?' message.
8. After 20 minutes of no activity, your PC goes 'Schloffen'.
9. The PC shuts down automatically at sundown on Friday evenings.
10. It comes with two hard drives – one for fleyshedik and one for milchedik topics.
11. Instead of getting a 'General Protection Fault' error, your PC now gets 'Ferklemp'.
12. The multimedia player has been renamed to 'Nu, so play my music already!'
13. When your PC is working too hard, you occasionally hear a loud 'Oy, Gevalt!'
14. Computer viruses can now be cured with matza ball soup.
15. After your computer dies, you have to dispose of it within 24 hours.
16. But best of all, if you have a kosher computer, you can't get SPAM.

*I got myself a senior's GPS. Not only does it tell me how to get to my destination, it tells me why I wanted to go there.*

# KEEP YOUR LEGS STRONG



\* Aging starts from the feet upward. When we are old, our feet must remain strong.

\* Among the signs of longevity, as summarized by the US magazine “Prevention”, strong leg muscles are listed at the top as “the most important and essential one.”

\* Do not move your legs for 2 weeks and your leg strength will decrease by 10 years.

\* As our leg muscles weaken, it will take a long time to recover, even if we do rehabilitation exercises later.

\* Therefore, regular exercise like walking is very important.

\* The whole body weight remains on the legs, with the feet bearing the weight of the human body.

\* Interestingly, 50% of a person’s bones and 50% of the muscles are in the legs. Both legs together have 50% of the nerves, 50% of the blood vessels, and 50% of the blood flowing through the human body. It is this large circulatory network that connects the body.

\* The largest and strongest joints and bones are also in the legs.

\* Strong bones, strong muscles and flexible joints form the “Iron Triangle” that carries the most important load on the human body.

\* 70% of human activity and burning of energy is done by the two feet.

\*Did you know this? When a person is young, his thighs have enough strength to lift a small car?

\*Only when the feet are healthy does the current of blood flow smoothly, so people who have strong leg muscles will definitely have a strong heart.

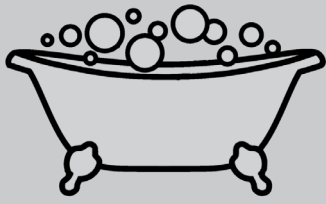
\*As a person gets older, the accuracy and speed of transmission of instruction between the brain and the legs decrease, unlike that of a young person. In addition, the so-called Bone Fertilizer Calcium will sooner or later be lost with time, making the elderly more prone to bone fractures.

\* Did you know that 15% of elderly patients will die within a year of a thigh-bone fracture? Fractures in the elderly can easily trigger a series of complications, especially fatal conditions such as brain thrombosis.

\* Exercising the legs is never too late, even after the age of 60 years.

\* Although our feet will gradually age with time, exercising them is a life-long task.

\* Please walk for at least 30-40 minutes daily to ensure that your legs receive sufficient exercise so your leg muscles will remain healthy.



## **DON'T WASH YOUR HAIR IN THE SHOWER**

**(It's so good to finally  
get a health warning  
that's useful!)**

IT INVOLVES THE SHAMPOO  
THAT RUNS DOWN YOUR  
BODY WHEN YOU SHOWER  
WITH IT.

**A WARNING TO US ALL!!!**

I don't know WHY I didn't  
figure this out sooner!

I use shampoo in the shower.

When I wash my hair the  
shampoo runs down my  
whole body - and printed  
very clearly on the shampoo  
label is this warning: "FOR  
EXTRA BODY AND VOLUME".  
No wonder I've been gaining  
weight!

Well, I got rid of that  
shampoo and I'm going to  
start showering with Dawn  
dishwashing soap instead.  
Its label reads: "DISSOLVES  
FAT THAT IS OTHERWISE  
DIFFICULT TO REMOVE."

**Problem solved!**

If I don't answer the phone, I'll  
be in the shower!!!

## **ONE DAY AT A TIME**

**Pearl Karal**

"Live one day at a time" the wise ones say,

Make few plans, dream few dreams.

Clock and calendar had shaped our plans.

Now, fear and uncertainty reign

And hold us in their power

As they fritter our days away.

For Nature is at war with man

And the pandemic is its weapon.

We look at our clocks, but time just mocks

Our wishes and hopes for brightness and scope,

For action, for changes, for life!

What became of the energies we had in times past?

Where went our plans

For what we might do and/or see?

It all seems so futile, so pointless, so bleak.

Time hangs like a fog o'er our days.

The answer we hear from our wise ones is clear:

We can hold back the clock and the calendar's shock

By living our lives by the days,

"One day at a time, one day at a time."

Each hour can help fill our day.

# ALL ISRAEL SANG

Miriam Robinson

As I was growing up in Kfar Saba and as far back as I can remember, I was always singing, whether at school, at youth club, with friends or by myself.

We had poets like Rachel, Bialik, Alexander Penn and more, and musicians who put music to their words. They were beautiful songs, reflecting the life of the people and country, and how we built it, “With a hammer and bricks, with a shovel and plough, toil and sweat, that’s how we built our homeland,” songs we loved, touching our hearts.

Our leaders wanted to build a country, yes, but a cultured country. What is culture without books? So all the classics from all over the world were translated into Hebrew, and libraries popped up in every village, no matter how small.

Now, with books and music, we needed choirs, and so musicians were sent to every settlement.

To our village, Kfar Saba, came Mr. Kaplan who announced that everyone who loved to sing could join, no matter what their age or voice. “Come, old and young.” I was about 10 when I joined. It was a strange choir but after a while, it improved a lot, thanks to Mr. Kaplan.

Later we had more poets, like the outstanding Naomi Shemer who wrote the words and the music, and the two Palmach members, Haim Gouri and Haim Hefer whose songs reflected the life in the Palmach and more. Theirs were the most beautiful and touching ones including Hefer’s “Hafinjan” and “Hayu Zmanim.”

I loved to sing, with others and alone. When not singing, I read. When not reading, I sang. What a wonderful way it was to escape the



harsh reality of poverty – torn shoes, freezing in the cold winter without warm clothes and with little food.

One day the teacher asked us “Do we eat to live or do we live to eat?” All the students answered “We eat to live. It doesn’t matter if we eat only a piece of bread, that will keep us alive” and it did.

I continued to sing in the Palmach. After the War, I married and had children, and when I moved to Toronto, I joined the Farband Choir. I sang till my wonderful, courageous brother Elazar, died at 50. I was in shock and couldn’t sing any more.

After 40 years of not singing, and some years after I moved to 2 Neptune, I heard that Stella had started a choir with Sima as conductor. I hesitated and wondered if I would be able to sing again.

Sima asked me to sing something and, to my surprise, I remembered a whole song, both melody and words. I joined. I liked the members’ singing and Connie’s piano playing. I liked Sima’s energy, the way she conducted the choir.

Then came Covid and the lockdown. Everything stopped.

A couple of months ago, I found a booklet of Haim Hefer’s songs. It brought back memories of those days, of the wounded, of “Friends who went to battle and never came back”, a sentence that appears in Haim Hefer’s many songs. That was our reality in 1948.

It occurred to me how privileged I was, with many others of course – to participate and fight for our independence.

# THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

Linda Morganstein Fen

Many years ago I accepted a commission to create a cake for the opening of the Bata Shoe Museum in downtown Toronto, to illustrate the story of The (Old) Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. It promised to be fun, creating a large chocolate cake boot (over 2 ½ feet tall) with a bulbous toe and chocolate laces neatly tied up the front. Of course it would feature an image of the founder Sonja Bata peering out of an upper story window at her children down below.

The cake itself was no problem at all. Done. All that remained was to create the children.

Marzipan was my modeling medium of choice and so I went to work. The babies came first – babies on their tummies, diapered tush in the air; babies learning to crawl; babies climbing out of their playpen – they almost seemed to create themselves and I was the midwife easing them into the world. As they came to life under my fingers, I felt an excitement that wasn't present with other cake orders. This was fun!

Then came the toddlers – marzipan imps teasing each other; playing in the sandbox with a pail and shovel; a little boy kissing a little girl on her cheek...

By that time it was getting very late into the night and my eyelids were becoming heavy.

I knew I needed sleep but the deadline was looming and these sugar children had to be completed.

My eyes closed. For how long? I have no idea, but when they finally opened again I was stunned to see what lay before me on my work table.

There was the completed family of marzipan children including a young girl sitting under a tree reading her book, a pair of girls in lacy dresses skipping rope, 2 boys in muddy pants, wrestling in the dirt, and a trio of boys in torn jeans climbing a chocolate ladder onto the shoe with one of them gleefully untying the laces!

Where had these figures come from? Since there was no one else, it had to be me, working in my sleep. How does one do that! To this day I have no answer to that question.

The cake delivery went well and all were pleased.

Later in the day I ran into an old friend who mentioned that I was looking tired.

“Oh,” I replied, “I was up all night making babies.”

His eyebrows shot up. I merely gave him my most enigmatic smile and walked away, chuckling to myself.

*Had I known last March that it would be the last time I would be in a restaurant, I would have ordered dessert.*



# PESACH BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

## (GLUTEN FREE)

2 cups blueberries

1/2 cup water

2 1/2 cups Gefen Almond Flour

1/2 tsp. baking soda (Kosher for Passover )

1 tsp. cinnamon

1/2 tsp. vanilla extract

1/2 cup honey

3 eggs



1. Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Line a muffin tin with paper liners.
2. In a small saucepan, simmer the blueberries with the water until the blueberries release their juice and the mixture has thickened a bit. Let cool.
3. Combine the remaining ingredients in a large bowl and add to the blueberries. Mix well.
4. Evenly fill each baking cup with the batter.
5. Bake for 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.

## WHAT DEPRESSION?

**Miriam Goldberg**

Seriously!! Look at the States, especially Texas – same freezing temperatures, then add a lack of clean water, no electricity and the same sanctions we are all living under (and should have gotten used to by now). Where did the year go!!

When I get depressed (I am self-isolating as one of my Circle of Care helpers tested Covid-19 positive) and I do, I deliberately think of the positive aspects of this pandemic and don't deal with the negative. We each have our own particular positives and if nothing else, look at Bitcom and the Stock Market. There, I made you smile at last.



# COVID HAIRDOS AND HAIRLINES

**Rose Lenkov**

These long weary months of lockdowns and closings have affected us all. Indeed, one of the inconveniences has been the closing of hair salons! Along with all the other ladies of a certain age, I resented giving up my colour touch-ups. Shakespeare once wrote “Vanity, thy name is woman!” Agreed. However, for safety’s sake, I decided to let the silver strands shine through my chestnut brown tresses and gave myself permission to join the ranks of all the other light-haired ladies everywhere. Believe me, it took some courage! I easily embraced my new look, even though my children clearly felt it clearly aged my appearance. I didn’t take that too seriously!

Hair trimming and styling were another matter! You see, in Montreal, my hometown, I had gradually begun to experiment with haircutting and styling during my adult years. When I would go to my neighbourhood salon de coiffure my hairdresser, Josie, would exclaim in her lovely Quebecois accent, “Ahh, Rose, c’est tres beau”. Which encouraged me. She was convinced that in a previous life I might possibly have been a hairdresser! Snip! Snip! Snip!

Now, presently living in Toronto, when this Covid pandemic hit us and my

neighbourhood salon was required to shut down, I felt no anxiety. All the years of snipping and styling had prepared me for this very moment, albeit with a different shade and now thinning hair!

Over time, the “look” has gradually changed. From smooth, wavy tresses and a longer silhouette, it is now fuller bangs and a curly, rounder shape that frames my face and – who knows what’s next? During the pandemic, with our identities partially hidden anyway by our face masks, it’s safe to say “anything goes” and ask “does anyone really care?”

Mistakes and corrections are part and parcel of hairstyling. They don’t faze me. But I certainly hope there’ll be more flattering coifs rather than mishaps. Looking forward, I can foresee the “ups and downs” that inevitably come with navigating hair fashion. Again, I don’t take that too seriously! I know it’ll continue to be fun, sometimes frustrating, sometimes challenging and best of all, a welcome distraction from all that’s going on!

Snip! Snip! Snip!



# DAVE BARRY QUOTES

"If you had to identify, in one word, the reason why the human race has not achieved, and never will achieve, its full potential, that word would be “meetings”.

---

"There's nothing wrong with enjoying looking at the surface of the ocean itself, except that when you finally see what goes on underwater, you realize that you've been missing the whole point of the ocean. Staying on the surface all the time is like going to the circus and staring at the outside of the tent."

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"Your hand and your mouth agreed many years ago that, as far as chocolate is concerned, there is no need to involve your brain."

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"Aside from Velcro, time is the most mysterious substance in the universe. You can't see it or touch it, yet a plumber can charge you upwards of seventy-five dollars per hour for it, without necessarily fixing anything."

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"When trouble arises and things look bad, there is always one individual who perceives a solution and is willing to take command. Very often, that individual is crazy."

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"Dogs feel very strongly that they should always go with you in the car, in case the need should arise for them to bark violently at nothing right in your ear."

---

"No matter what happens, somebody will find a way to take it too seriously."

---

"You can say any fool thing to a dog and the dog will just give you the look that says, “My GOSH, you're RIGHT! NEVER would've thought of that!"

# A GOOD BIBLE STORY

Adam was hanging around the Garden of Eden feeling very lonely.

So G-d asked him, "What's wrong with you?"

Adam said he didn't have anyone to talk to.

G-d said that He was going to make Adam a companion and that it would be a woman.

He said "This pretty lady will gather food for you, she will cook for you and when you discover clothing, she will wash it for you.

She will always agree with every decision you make; she will not nag you and will always

be the first to admit she was wrong when you've had a disagreement. She will praise you!

She will bear your children and never ask you to get up in the middle of the night to take care of them. She will NEVER have a headache and will freely give you love and passion whenever you need it."

Adam asked G-d, "What will a woman like this cost?"

G-d replied, "An arm and a leg."

Then Adam asked, "What can I get for a rib?"

Of course, the rest is history...

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## PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATE

**Submitted by Lazar Greisdorf**

Once upon a time, a Jewish woman won the presidency of the United States of America. True to form, she very excitedly called her mother as soon as she saw the results of the election.

Daughter: Mother, mother, I won, I won! I will become the first Jewish woman to become the President of the United States of America!

Mother: Good for you.

Daughter: Mother, mother, you're invited to the inauguration. You will be sitting in the front row.

Mother: Thank you, daughter, but I don't have anything to wear for such an event.

Daughter: Mother, mother, don't worry; I've already taken care of that. An Italian dress designer is already on the way to make you look like a queen.

Mother: Thank you, daughter.

On the day of the inauguration, we see the mother seated in the front row with the Speaker of the House on her right and the Majority Leader of the Senate on her left.

After a brief hush, we see the outgoing President, the President Elect and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court leisurely walking down the red carpet.

As soon as the Mother notices her daughter, she gently nudges the Speaker of the House with her elbow and says, "You see that woman? That's my daughter. Her brother is a doctor."

# PANDEMIC LIMERICKS (2)

Rose Lenkov

It was in last spring's edition of The Mirror that I wrote these pandemic limericks.

How naïve I was at the time! Little did I know that one year later this Covid virus would still be challenging us and how much our lives would be dramatically changed.

Now, here we are, one year later! My original pandemic limericks, unfortunately, are still very relevant but I've added some new, more current ones to 'mirror' recent developments.

## THE ORIGINALS:

This virus is not like arthritis,  
Nor like sinus, not tinnitus.  
Came upon us so suddenly,  
Scared the daylights out of me,  
Beware of the COR-NA-VIRUS!

Don't shun the gloves and masks;  
This is not time to relax.  
Stay indoors, wash your hands.  
Stay safe, please understand,  
Protecting ourselves is our task!

Those silvery roots in my hair?  
At this point I really don't care.  
My waistline's getting thicker,  
The bulges getting bigger,  
No matter, ain't going anywhere!

I sure miss the friendly faces  
In hallways and other places;  
A morning smile,  
Sitting together for a while –  
Those Happy Hours and all life's graces!

Yet, there's a sliver of light;  
The future is looking bright.  
This, too, shall pass.  
There'll be happiness.  
Blue skies and sunshine will delight!

## NEWLY ADDED:

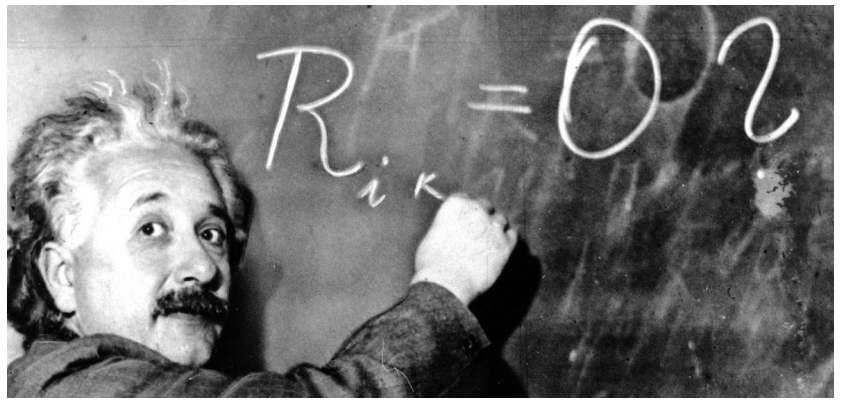
So, folks, what do you say  
About variants from Brazil and UK?  
6 doses in trials  
5 doses in the vials;  
Let's pray things will go OK!

This pandemic has us yearning  
For life as-we-knew-it to be returning.  
Will face masks disappear?  
Will smiles reappear?  
Despite everything, a new day is dawning!

Now, with Covid vaccines at the gate,  
The virus will weaken and dissipate.  
Entertainment and activities,  
Singalongs and festivities,  
2 Neptune will again celebrate!

*I don't always go the  
extra mile, but when  
I do it's because I've  
missed the exit.*

# THE WISDOM OF ALBERT EINSTEIN



When his wife asked him to change clothes to meet the German Ambassador, Einstein replied "If they want to see me, here I am. If they want to see my clothes, open my closet and show them my suits."

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"Intellectuals solve problems; geniuses prevent them."

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Imagination is more important than knowledge.  
(Sign hanging in Einstein's office at Princeton)

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"Not everything that counts can be counted, and not everything that can be counted counts."

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We can't solve problems by using the same kind of thinking we used when we created them.

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"The hardest thing to understand is income tax."

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"Education is what remains after one has forgotten everything he learned in school."

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"Two things are infinite: the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the universe."

# WORDS OF WISDOM

**Salya Rabow**

Your quality of life depends on your outlook of life.

Life is not always good but it's good to be optimistic, not pessimistic.

Be happy today with your lot.

We have control at the moment as to how we'll behave.

It's time to purge things we don't use or need.

We have two ears and one mouth so we must think before we speak.

The wise person keeps opinions to himself.

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## COVID

**Frieda Kotler**

Covid in Yiddish: HONOUR.

Ha, Ha: if honour is covid

Then my name is Dovid.

However I am a female

With the name Frieda,

So, disappear, you Covid-a.

*Don't let them take your  
temperature on your  
forehead as you enter the  
supermarket because it  
erases your memory. I  
went for a liter of milk  
and came home with 2  
cases of chocolate bars.*



# BONNIE STERN'S FAMOUS CHOCOLATE CARAMEL MATZAH

\* 6 pieces of regular matzah

\* 1 cup packed brown sugar

\* 1 cup butter or margarine

\* 2 cups chocolate chips

1. Line 12" x 18" baking sheet with foil.

2. Arrange matzah in single layer. Overlap if necessary.

3. Combine brown sugar and butter or margarine in saucepan and bring to a boil. Do not stir. Cook a few minutes or until it comes together and does not look oily.

4. Pour over matzah as evenly as possible.

5. Bake at 350 degrees about 10 to 12 minutes or till bubbly.

6. Immediately sprinkle with chocolate chips. Allow to melt for 5 minutes and then spread evenly.

Chill and break into chunks.

Enjoy!

*I swear we're fighting 3 pandemics:  
Coronavirus, stupidity and politicians.*

# WE NEED TO LAUGH

If it's true that stress brings on weight loss, then why on earth am I not invisible!

\*\*\*\*\*

Netflix and Yahoo are merging.

They're moving their headquarters to Jerusalem and calling it "Net'n'Yahoo."

\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Schwartz goes to meet his new son-in-law to be, Moishe.

He says to Moishe (who is very religious), "So, nu, tell me Moishe my boy, what do you do?"

"I study the Torah," he replies.

"But, Moishe, you're going to marry my daughter. How are you going to feed and house her?"

"No problem", says Moishe. "I study Torah and it says G-d will provide."

"But you will have children. How will you educate them?"

"No problem" says Moishe. I study Torah and it says G-d will provide."

Mr. Schwartz goes home and Mrs. Schwartz, his wife, anxiously asks what Moishe is like.

"Well", says Mr. Schwartz, "He's a lovely boy. I only just met him and he already thinks I'm G-d."

Three bubbies are sitting on a park bench.

The first one lets out a heartfelt “Oy!”

A few minutes later, the second bubbie sighs deeply and says, “Oy vey!”

A few minutes after that, the third lady brushes away a tear and moans “Oy vey is mir!”

To which the first bubbie replies, “I thought we agreed we weren’t going to talk about our children!”

\*\*\*\*\*

The world has turned upside down. Old folks are sneaking out of the house and their kids are yelling at them to stay indoors!

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This morning I saw a neighbour talking to her dog. It was obvious she thought her dog understood her. I came into my house and told my cat. We laughed a lot.

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Does anyone know if we can take showers yet or should we just keep washing our hands?

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I never thought the comment “I wouldn’t touch him/her with a 6-foot pole” would become a national policy, but here we are!

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Never in a million years could I have imagined I would go up to a bank teller wearing a mask and ask for money. Whoa! This is great!

Have you ever been guilty of looking at someone your own age and thinking, “Surely I can’t look that old?” You’ll love this one.

My name is Alice Smith and I was sitting in the waiting room for my first appointment with a new dentist. I noticed his DDS diploma, which showed his full name.

Suddenly I remembered a tall, handsome, dark-haired boy with the same name who had been in my high school class some 40-odd years ago. Could this be the same guy that I had a secret crush on, way back then?

Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man with the deeply-lined face was way too old to have been my classmate.

After he examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended Morgan Park High School.

“Yes, yes, I did. I’m a Mustang,” he beamed with pride.

“When did you graduate?” I asked.

He answered, “In 1959. Why do you ask?”

“You were in my class!” I exclaimed.

He looked at me closely. Then, that ugly, old, bald-headed, wrinkled, fat, gray, decrepit son-of-a gun asked, “What did you teach?”

\*\*\*\*\*

I changed my car horn to gunshot sounds. People get out of the way much faster now.

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I didn’t make it to the gym today. That makes it five years in a row.

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