

M The Neptune Mirror



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Reporter: Miriam Goldberg | Major contributor: Fred Maisel

SHANA TOVA UMETUKAH to all the residents of 2 Neptune and their families.

May the coming year bring good health, joy and peace of mind.

***""Children are routinely advised,
"Be yourself!" followed by a confusing and
contradictory caveat: "Just don't be
too different!"***

– Dr. Mardy

***"The ability to forget a sorrow is
childhood's most enchanting feature."***

– Phyllis McGinley



***We wish a Refuah Shlayma to our Editor,
Pearl Karal, and our Reporter, Miriam Goldberg.
They have been missed.***



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Toni Perl

The sun is shining. The breeze makes me stop for a moment and take it all in. Feels great, feels new and that is what we hope to bring to the 2 Neptune residents.

How many waves have we endured trying to feel normal? My curiosity got the better of me – who haven't I seen outside? Now, almost every afternoon and some evenings, I try to get out to the courtyard to schmooze, say "Hi, how are you...nice to see you out." Normal.

Anticipation becomes hope: Can we have Chanukah?... How will the High Holidays look and feel?...Shopping bus?? Yes, done! Happy shopping; control over our food - "NO SUBSTITUTES!". I'm energized



by thoughts of purposeful, positive, enthusiastic leading toward happy, healthy residents and party time.

Stay safe.

Toni Perl,
Your Council President

Thank yourself for how far you have come. It hasn't been easy.

Being negative only makes the journey more difficult. You may be given a cactus, but you don't have to sit on it.

- Joyce Meyer

ROSH HASHANAH...

How things have changed in the last almost 2 years. It used to be at holiday times, High and otherwise, that one would clean for days and cook for days, preparing for the inevitable (and mostly welcome) hordes of relatives who would descend for a memorable feast, complete with the eternal debate over the knaidlach/matza balls – (firm or fluffy?) and who made the best brisket “in the whole world?”

Then in the morning, came the parades of new clothes and hats, on their way to shul to express their gratitude to the Almighty for the blessings of the past year and hopes for the year to come. All in all, it was a joyous time to be Jewish.

Then came Covid-19 and all was cancelled. We became isolated. No family gatherings. No community. And no shul. How did we cope? How did we deal with our need to gather and pray? Yes, religious gatherings were limited to 10 (how ironic that this allowed for a minyan – did the government realize this?) but even those who were able to take advantage of this acknowledged that it was just not the same.

Some of us used this time to daven in solitude, for introspection, to really absorb the meaning of the prayers without having to check which page the Chazan was on. For others, the lack of community merely added to the desolation, the feeling of abandonment by the rest of the world in addition to the ever-present fear of contracting the virus. This we endured for what seemed forever.



And then suddenly, like the sun emerging from behind the clouds – it appears to be over. We can now gather with our loved ones, we can go out in public, get our newly-gray hair cut and even go to shul. Are we also newly grateful for having emerged from the abyss? After the initial exuberance has worn off, will we return to the complacency of before, taking all our riches for granted?

Please, let us continue to value our intellectual and spiritual freedoms. Let us continue to appreciate what was temporarily taken from us and treasure what has been restored.

Chag Sameach. May we all have a Healthy, Safe and Joyous New Year.

Interview by the Mirror with Peter Kehinde, August 14, 2021

Peter, how long have you worked at 2 Neptune?

I've been working here full time since September 2013.

Have you ever worked with seniors before?

No, I have not.

How have you felt about working here with seniors?

I am happy and I enjoy helping them. The residents really appreciate everything we do for them. Also, I like listening to their stories, their life experiences and their jokes. These give me joy and some courage in life. In fact, I learned a lot from the residents.

How would you describe the atmosphere at 2 Neptune?

The atmosphere is peaceful here. The people here are fantastic. They're loving and always look out for one another. All the residents treat me nicely. I can categorically say that the atmosphere is welcoming for me. Being a Black person, Christian, an immigrant, no resident has ever discriminated against me here at 2 Neptune. Whenever I come here, I never feel like I am working. But instead I feel like I'm coming to my second home.

Before the pandemic, some residents gave me a surprise birthday party in the lounge, and the birthday cake was homemade for me. (smiling) I know most of their children and grandchildren by



name. Once I see some resident's family members twice, I will know their faces and names the next time. I am connected emotionally to the people here. I must admit it's very hard for me to leave 2 Neptune.

How did you cope with working full time plus studying plus having a family?

It was not easy. I took my kids to school in the morning, then went to classes, then went to work to do my shift. But I got a lot of support from my wife who helped me so much. And some of the residents encouraged me too. More so, I have been raised an Evangelical Christian where I learned to trust in God to help me, and that has been a great support too.

Tell us about your background and your family.

I was born and bred in Lagos, Nigeria, where I met my wife who is an accountant. In addition to English, I speak Yoruba, one of Nigeria's major languages. We have a 15-year-old daughter, a 12-year-old son, and a 4-year-old daughter.

Peter, congratulations on earning your Master's degree in Computer Science! What will you be doing after you leave 2 Neptune?

I got a full-time job with the City of Toronto as a computer specialist and also a part-time job in a school working with indigenous students, teaching Computer Science. My dream is to teach Mathematics in college or university..

Do you have any special interests?

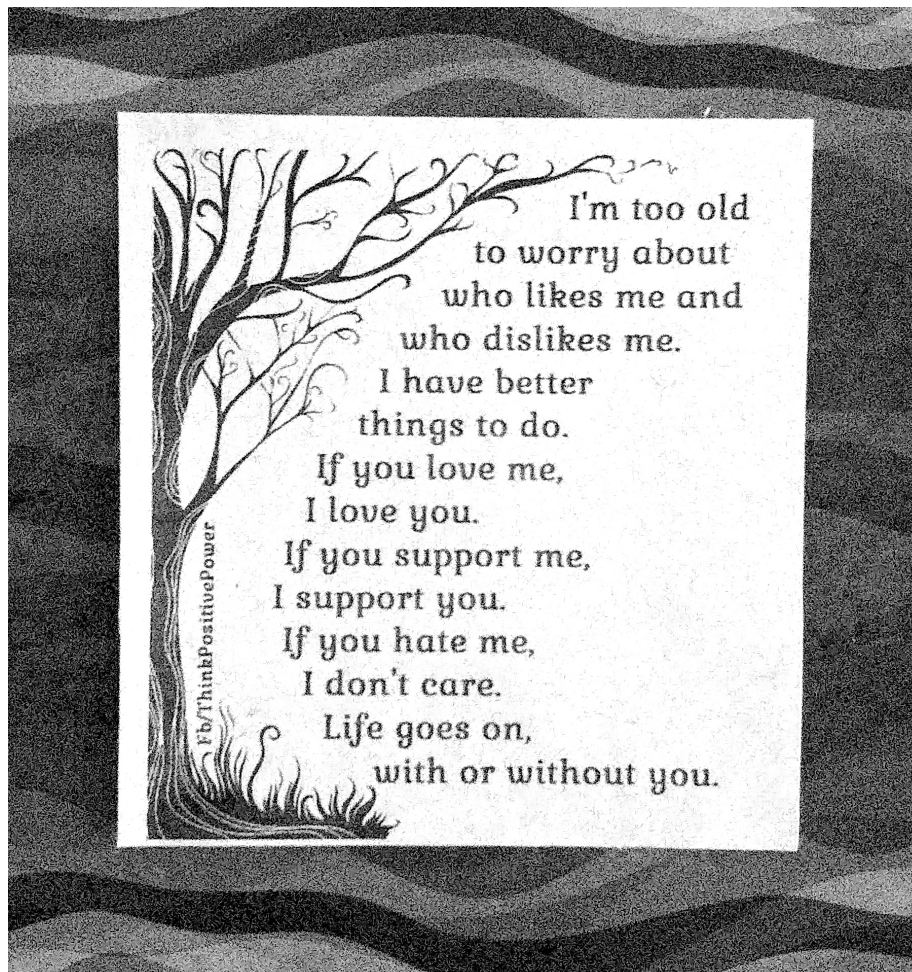
I like playing Scrabble, and I encourage my children to play too.

Anything else you'd like to share with us?

My background is Evangelical. I know more about Israel and Jewish history, culture and tradition from the Bible, but I had not seen it in real life until I worked in 2 Neptune. For instance, holidays like Purim, Passover, Shavuot, Rosh Hashanah, Yom Kippur and Chanukah. I've seen how nice Jewish people are, such friendly and good people. So, I can recommend 2 Neptune as a place to live and work.

Therefore, on behalf of my family and myself, I say Thank You to all the residents of 2 Neptune. I miss you all.

- Peter Kehinde



FROM THE LIBRARY

Sid Kardash

Good detective stories are terrific for taking one's mind off well, everything. Unfortunately, our Library is limited in scope and we seem to have no budget for ordering new ones. Therefore I am suggesting that we consider forming a 2 Neptune Reading Group to meet possibly every 6 to 8 weeks for a presentation and discussion, with the goal of purchasing at least several books per year to add to our shelves. Please let me know what you think of the idea.

THE VIEW FROM CASTLE ROCK

By Alice Munro

A collection of wonderful short stories tracing the origins of her own family immigrating to Canada in 1818 to the present. Available in our library.

THE BLACK ICE

By Michael Connelly

Yet another terrific thriller by one of the world's best crime writers. Once again, Harry Bosch, my favourite detective, is called in to investigate a body found in a hotel room, who turns out to be a LAPD narcotics detective gone bad. Available first come, first served, after I have finished reading the book. (See below)



WAR: HOW CONFLICT SHAPED US

By Margaret MacMillan

The bestselling author of "Paris 1919" and "The War That ended the Peace" writes about War as an essential component of humanity that has shaped our very history and daily lives. A thought provoking book that is a must read for all of our history buffs. Available on request from the Toronto Public Library. Use the Barbara Frum Branch

NOTE: To reserve the Michael Connelly novel and to give me feedback on The Book Club idea please contact Sid Kardash at 647 340 8959 or email skardash@rogers.com

SMILING IS INFECTIOUS

By Spike Milligan

Smiling is infectious,
You catch it like the flu.
When someone smiled at me today,
I started smiling too.
I passed around the corner
And some one saw my grin.
When he smiled I realized
I'd passed it on to him.
I thought about that smile,
Then I realized its worth.
A single smile, just like mine,
Could travel round the earth.
So, if you feel a smile begin,
Don't leave it undetected.
Let's start an epidemic quick,
And get the world infected!

WHY ME?

Linda Morganstein Fen

So, you find yourself in a bind, going through a rough patch, perhaps a debilitating illness, and you're not able to see a way beyond it - do you find yourself complaining, "Why me?"

Let's just turn that around. Why NOT me? Am I so very special that nothing bad will ever happen to me? Have I done so much good in my life that I'm exempt from anything negative? Did it not count? Why should this be happening to me and not to others?

Bad things happen all the time to good people, people who don't deserve to have troubles, people who have spent their entire lives looking out for their family and friends, and yet it is they who are stricken with hard times. If we are counting the lifetime "brownie points" accumulated, it makes no sense. It is not fair.

If we are counting on those we were so kind to, on those on whom we "knew" we could rely should things go bad, are we to be shocked when they let us down, turn their backs on us? Or are those the very people who are there with a helping hand or an understanding heart? We may never know - and may they never have to be tested.

Remember when we were children, wailing "It's not fair!"? No, life itself is not fair and no matter hard we try for a good outcome, there is no guarantee. The cards are dealt and no matter what choices we make or what fate hurls our way, we have to live with the consequences.

Swallow hard, chin up and carry on. One way or another, this too shall pass.

SUMMERS AT THE BEACH

Pearl Karal

Every summer from when I was 7 years old until I was 16, my mother packed up my brothers and me for a 2 month stay at Winnipeg Beach, located on Lake Winnipeg about 60 miles from our home in the city.

We rented the cottage for July and August, a simple, wooden but roomy structure. It had a tin roof and whenever there was a downpour, the rain drummed loudly on the roof. The windows were not glassed but had screens and indoor shutters. There was a wood stove, no electricity, no plumbing, no phone.

There was an ice box and ice available from the town's ice house. The town's well was 2 blocks away and I, being the eldest, was responsible for carrying pails of water for our use. There was a metal tank on the roof which carried rainwater for bathing and laundry. It was always full of mosquito larvae which we had to strain out before using the water. There was an outhouse in the backyard.

Every evening we refilled the coal-oil lamps which meant I could read my books by lamplight. We often sat outside and watched the moon as it travelled in an arc across the night sky. Sometimes we heard wolves howling.

About midmorning in good weather, we made a trek to the beach, carrying towels and insect repellent. We swam and played in the lake, and lay on the sand in the sun. We often wore no shoes but walked barefooted over sidewalks and along gravel roads.

Afternoons, my mother spent shopping or cooking. Vegetables were delivered to us by neighbouring farmers, and fish from the fisherman from his morning catch. Everything else was bought from the nearby grocery store.

Our father remained at work in Winnipeg where he had dinners with my grandparents. Every Friday night he came out to the cottage by the Moonlight train, and returned to Winnipeg on Sunday night.

Because there were no girls around my age, my social contacts at the Beach were limited. However, since my mother spoke Ukrainian, we had contact with neighbouring farmers. I would walk 2 miles to visit them, picking blueberries and raspberries along the way.

On my solitary walks I often sang out loud, knowing there was no one around to hear. Sometimes I recalled Jewish songs taught to me by my father, and I sang those happily.

I remember many days spent walking alone along the lakeshore and along the railway tracks, watching birds, noticing all the wildflowers and natural fields, and spotting dragonflies.

I have a vivid memory of stroking a sleeping bat that was hanging on a low shrub. We were grateful for bats, because every evening they ate up the mosquitos around the houses. We didn't go out until late in the day when the bats had cleared away most of the mosquitos.

These are happy memories. I felt like I was a part of nature and this has sustained me all my years.

Back in the Day...

Linda Morganstein Fen

When I was a child, I didn't know we were poor. For the first few years of my life, my mother and I lived with my grandmother whose knitting kept me warm in the winter. I loved my one and only white summer dress with the pretty eyelet embroidery and flouncy frills at the shoulders. It was washed and ironed carefully each and every night by my mother's weary hands.

And each night before bedtime, she would wash and comb my long dark hair and wind hanks of it around her fingers, securing the coils with bobby pins to ensure they would transform into fat, sausage ringlets in the morning.

When I was two, I was taken daily to a Church Day Care to free my mother for a sewing job at a factory making chenille bedspreads, although what that had to do with the War effort, I never did find out. The only thing I remember of those few years with the nuns is the smell of something they served daily at mealtime.

I've only smelled it again once since then but it was vile. (I think it must have been some form of turnip mash. Detestable...)

After my mother had been earning a bit of money, minus the sum she contributed to my grandmother's household for our keep, she managed to buy me a brand new winter coat – deep orange with navy velvet piping around the Peter Pan collar. It must have cost a great deal of her precious savings. She was so proud to show me off, despite the fact that I hated the coat. To this day, I will never buy anything in orange. What an ungrateful child I must have seemed.

It took me many years to understand the sacrifices my mother had made to allow me not to feel deprived and, sadly, even until she died 3 years ago at 103, we never spoke about it.



CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Arlene Schnall

Life was different in the forties when most food was prepared in the home. We had a coal stove - we cooked on top and used the oven for baking. As a bonus, it would heat up the kitchen but was ultimately replaced by a gas stove.

Most people had an ice box. We had a sign of 25 or 50 pounds, showing the amount of ice we needed. Once a week the truck came around and we watched as he used those huge ice picks to pull the ice which he then carried on his shoulder. The food kept cold but the trick was to empty the basin before it overflowed onto the kitchen floor. Some people had an electric fridge but this was not common.

Cooking and canning were my grandmother's hobbies. We had barrels of sour pickles, jars of preserved fruit, pickles and vegetables. Homemade goodies. We never seemed to lack anything.

When I showed my grandson a picture of a washing machine, he didn't know what it was. It looked like a big drum to be filled with water, topped by a wringer to squeeze the water out. Since we didn't have one of these wonderful machines, my mother would have to fill the bathtub and use a scrubbing board to do the laundry by hand. Everyone had a similar scrubbing board to some kind of laundry. Sometimes we would send out our laundry to a company for Wet Wash. They would wash your clothes and bring them back, damp, for us to dry. In good weather, we'd hang them on a clothesline; lacking that, we'd place them on our upper banister.

Our home was heated by a coal furnace. The

coal truck would deliver coal to our house and drop it through the front basement window.

Without television, we listened to the radio. There were so many wonderful shows: Sunday we had all the classic comedies; lunch time was the soap opera and The Happy Gang who entertained us for years, and we had drama in the evening. Huddling around the radio, we were never bored.

Kids' entertainment was skipping, and roller-skating with skates that needed to be tightened with a key to fit your shoe. Kids played hockey on the street or baseball. In winter we skated or played board games.

We did not have fancy gadgets in the kitchen – no blender or microwave. To grind our food we had the metal grinder that screwed onto the table, with the option of a few blades attached to give us the type of grinding we wanted.

Of course, these were War years, when everything was rationed. If we did eat in a restaurant, it was meatless.

When I was growing up, I finally had a bike. This was so special as not everyone had one.

Saturday afternoon we'd go to the Matinee, but first we'd go to the Deli – a hot dog, drink and the movie all came to a quarter. (Popcorn was an extra five cents!) Today, going to the movies costs at least twenty dollars with tickets and refreshments.

When I was twelve, I worked after school for a few hours in my Uncle's bakery – for thirty cents an hour. What child today works at that age? We thought nothing of it. We never analyzed things – we just did them.

In the early 1950's we finally got a television that came with a large antenna on the roof.

Kids today have a different existence with cable and wifi.

When we tell grandchildren these stories, they wonder how we existed without cell phones and computers. This life for them is faster and with more opportunities than we had when we were their age. It's a better life for everyone. It's still fun remembering things that don't exist today.



LENIN AND THE PICKLE BARREL

Sid Kardash

Of the many stories I could tell of growing up in Lower Town Ottawa, one of my favourites involves my obligation in seeing that the pot-bellied stove that stood in our hallway received appropriate care every morning during the long winter months.

This task, (among the many required of all of us as the first generation born to Jewish immigrants from the Pale of Settlement) was carried out dutifully as ordered. No discussions, no questions asked.

But for me, this had a plus side. For, after emptying the stove of ashes, I then proceeded to the coal cellar, located in the bottom level of our home. And there, adjacent to the coal pile, stood the pickle barrel, filled with brine, and containing a bushel of pickles bought at the Byward Market and lovingly attended to every few days, by Mr. Saslove, whose end product eventually rivaled that of Strubb's or Moishe's products. What was special about Mr. Saslove himself was that he bore

an uncanny resemblance to Vladimir Lenin, head of the Bolsheviks and the key character in leading the Russian Revolution that overthrew the hated regime of Czar Nicholas II. With his dark eyes, goatee and bald head, Mr. Saslove imparted the same effort and determination to those pickles that Lenin himself would have envied.

I still see that same Mr. Saslove haranguing the crowd in Red Square, facing an audience giving him their utmost attention. In my child's mind, the Bolsheviks could do no harm. Lenin was my hero and Mr. Saslove led me to him.

Only later, as many of my childhood fantasies vaporized, did I learn of the Gulag, the Show Trials and Stalin's relentless destruction of Jewish institutions and places of community life.

But all this was later. To this day, I am reminded of the pickle barrel in the coal cellar with Mr. Saslove, as Vladimir Lenin, sending me a warm welcome smile.

RURAL RITES OF PASSAGE

Paul St. Paul (Concierge)

My growing up years in the 70's were in farming communities in Alberta. This was a wonderful time to be living in Canada. The communities were close-knit and strong, and independent of the government. Often the woman of the household would whisper to her husband, "We have enough food. Let's take care of the neighbours' child who is in need." Sometimes the women of the community would get together and "divide" up the family that needed charity.

In this context, rites of passage were common as the birthdays came and went. The boys on the farms were especially hard put to learn the different things that were part of "being a man," They had to learn how to deal with the realities of life. It would often start out with shooting gophers in the pasture lands and trying to shoot the birds that were vying for the berries or hanging fruit. If they hit one of the hundreds of geese or ducks that might have landed in the garden for a feast, all the better.

Sooner or later, young boys had to face the annual chicken harvest where all of the eligible chickens had to be killed and gutted. Births were part of the learning process as well. If possible, a child would see a dog or cat give birth. Then pigs, sheep, cattle, horses...Sometimes, of course, the animals needed help and so the boys, and even girls, would have to sanitize their arms and then get messy.

Many more things constituted what it meant to be a man in those years but at the foundation level a discipline was instilled into the young lads and ladies because life was not always kind. Putting down a favourite dog which had been busted up by an encounter with a vehicle was particularly heart-wrenching, as the dog would look up in its pitiful condition and hope for some mercy. But mercy it would not receive because the farmer knew that the wound would fester and become infected, and that the broken spine of his pet had left the dog paralyzed.

The girls had to learn their own disciplines, many of a similar vein. If they had to end the life of a hen-pecked chicken...well, "Let it be done." A friend of mine wondered for years why, once a year, a litter of cute, adorable, cuddly puppies would show up and then one day he'd come home from school and they would be gone – with no sign of a successful sale anywhere. The puppies had been drowned but his mother's lips were sealed. And knocking down a bird's nest full of babies or a nest of hornets or wasps that was in the wrong place was another problem they had to deal with.

I grew up in these communities, albeit on the outskirts, because we only lived on acreages and had limited livestock. But I participated in some of the milder rituals. I never was part of a gang of guys who compared their shooting accuracy (and then I got glasses) or how well they could rope a calf or ride a stallion, but I remember sitting on a hillside waiting patiently for a pesky gopher to appear, and I ruthlessly killed chickens and gutted them. As well, in the midst of an Arctic blizzard, one



had to thaw out frozen water pipes so that all of the carbon-based farm life could finally have something to drink.

The real test for all those in farming communities was answering the question “Why?” “Why do you have to shoot toward the deer eating all the lettuce in your garden?” “Why do you have electricity running through your fence wires?” “Why do you perform procedures on cattle that take away their ability to grow graceful horns?” “Why do you hobble legs and tie up cows’ tails during milking?” “Why do you deprive a hen of all her eggs day after day?” “Why do you place hot brands on cattle?” “Why do you separate milk cows from their calves?” “Why do you manhandle sheep and cut off their beautiful wool?” “Why do you shoot the beautiful owls that are killing all the chickens?”

Life has changed. Many farms have disappeared and those remaining often become faceless corporations. Dairy cows no longer hear a farmer call out their pet names. Pigs rarely feel an affectionate pat from their owner. Guard llama can go a lifetime without making a human friend.

And young boys and girls are less and less involved in learning anything about farms – unless, of course, they learn one of those many skills through a community college programme and then join a corporation doing shift work.

Please do not share this article without the author’s written permission.



OUR COURTYARD GARDEN

Salya Rabow

We are so very lucky to have a most colourful and beautiful courtyard garden this year.

We owe Pauline many thanks for her vision and determination in helping our management and gardeners make it so colourful (and moneywise). Thank you, Pauline for all your efforts, foresight and perseverance.

I have been living here for 11 years and this is the first year I can truly say I am proud of our absolutely gorgeous garden.

(If only our 9th floor patio could be just as beautiful!)

And now, I wish everyone a happy and healthy Shana Tova. May your lives be as beautiful as the flowers in our garden!

REMEMBERING THE CLOTHESLINE

Thought to be by Marilyn K. Walker



A clothesline was a news forecast
To neighbours passing by;
There were no secrets you could keep
When clothes were hung to dry.

It also was a friendly link,
For neighbours always knew
If company had stopped on by
To spend a night or two.

For then you'd see the fancy sheets
And towels on the line;
You'd see the company tablecloths
With intricate design.

The line announced a baby's birth
To folks who lived inside,
As brand new infant clothes
Were hung so carefully with pride.

The ages of the children
Could so readily be known.
By watching how the sizes changed,
You'd know how much they'd grown.

It also told when illness struck,
As extra sheets were hung.
Then night-clothes, and a bathrobe too,
Haphazardly were strung.

It said "Gone on vacation now"
When lines hung limp and bare.
It told "We're back!" when full lines
sagged
With not an inch to spare.

New folks in town were scorned upon
If washing was dingy grey,
As neighbours raised their brows
And looked disgustedly away.

But clotheslines now are of the past,
For dryers make work less.
Now, what goes on inside a home
Is anybody's guess.

I really miss that way of life;
It was a friendly sign,
When neighbours knew each other best
By what was on the line.

MY VILLAGE - KFAR SABA

Miriam Robinson

My village, Kfar Saba, was a very interesting place to grow up in. The population was small but it stretched over a long, narrow piece of land.

Exciting things were always happening, since we lived under the British occupation and were fighting for our independence.

Since the village was off the main road, the location made it easier for the underground groups to be organized.

As everywhere else, there were all kinds of people. There were good folks and bad, generous and stingy, ignorant and highly educated. Most of the people, including my parents, were idealists who came to Palestine to build a country for the Jewish people

Most of them lived in poverty, for the country was still underdeveloped. Nevertheless, there were no crimes of any sort. The thing that all had in common, and what had brought them to Palestine, was the will to live as a free people, without having to hear the words "Dirty Jew!" or being persecuted for being Jewish.

Because of the poverty we lived in, we had no toys or games to play with, so we invented interesting activities. We made little fires to roast potatoes. We stole fruits from the orchards and melons from the fields. (We did not consider that stealing!)

But the main activity was reading. All the classics from all over the world were translated into Hebrew. Most, but not all, the people read and the person who read the most, the bookworm of the village, was my brother Shimshon. Unlike my brother, Elazar, who also preferred adventures,

Shimshon spent his time reading and studying. At an early age, he had already finished reading all the books from the school and the public library, from the Greek philosophers to novels and history. He read quickly, knew what he was reading and remembered everything. He also visited homes that contained books.

One day, a childless couple moved to the village. The man had a good job in Tel Aviv and thus had some money. They were not what you would call 'typical readers'. Instead they decorated and furnished their home nicely, and to add some class to the place, they installed a bookcase in the living room. Now they needed books. They went to the little book store and asked to buy an entire collection.

"Whose collection would you like?" asked the store owner. "You know", they said, "The whole collection, with beautiful covers for our bookcase in the living room."

The man saw whom he was dealing with, so he chose the most beautifully covered books he had in the store. They were happy, went home and put the books on the shelves. It really added class to the place.

When my brother, Shimshon, heard about the new people and the new books, he went to visit them.

After they showed him around their home, my brother asked if he could look at the books. They were very proud, and happily said "Of course, of course!"

Shimshon opened a book but found that the pages had not been cut open. Every two pages were stuck together, so my brother asked for a knife or a pair of scissors to cut them open. The couple reacted with horror. "Please don't," they cried. "You'll ruin the book!"

THE VERBAL VIRUS

Selma Lis

We are the grateful survivors of Covid 19.

But let us not forget its

Not so distant cousin

The Verbal Virus

who disregards boundaries

and seeks control of the entire domestic and political arenas.

Transmission is verbal as words and ideas

infect the mindsets

and alter the thinking processes

of unsuspecting bystanders,

Led by a ringleader who utilizes the tactics of

gossip and incitement,

half truths and exaggerations,

code words, slogans and eye signals,

spies and reporters,

out of context stories and clandestine meetings,

all in the effort to seize control of decision making matters

and slander the reputation of anyone deemed an opponent.

IT IS NOTHING LESS THAN A POWER GRAB!!!

Further aided by a network of followers who, knowingly

or unknowingly,

“Fall under the influence”

and internalize the thoughts

and parrot the words of

the ringleader or group

rather than make decisions

In the quiet of their own minds.

Left unchecked, the verbal pathogens spread, mutate and penetrate every crevice of the environment resulting in:

The creation and isolation of frictional enemies,
the shooting of “verbal bullets” at group meetings,
people adapting their viewpoints to fit those of the
ringleader and group and an atmosphere of excessive criticism, negativity and
suspicion.

MOB PSYCHOLOGY IS WHAT IT IS!!!

The Verbal Virus is lurking in our midst.

There is no vaccine.

THE WORLD IS MINE

Author Unknown

Today upon a bus, I saw a very beautiful woman
and wished I were as beautiful.

When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble
down the aisle.

She had one leg and used a crutch. But as she
passed, she shared a smile.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I have two legs.
The world is mine.

I stopped to buy some candy. The lad who sold it
had such charm.

I talked with him; he seemed so glad. If I were late,
it'd do no harm.

And as I left, he said to me, “I thank you; you’ve
been so kind. It’s nice to talk with folks like you.
You see,” he said. “I’m blind.”

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I have two eyes.
The world is mine.

Later when walking down the street, I saw a child I
knew.

He stood and watched the others play, but he did
not know what to do.

I stopped a moment and then I said, “Why don’t you
join them, dear?”

He looked ahead without a word. I realized he
couldn’t hear.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine. I have two ears.
The world is mine.

With feet to take me where I’d go,

With eyes to see the sunset’s glow,

With ears to hear what I would know.

Oh, God, forgive me when I whine.

I’ve been blessed.

Indeed the world is mine.

A YIDDISH POEM

By Gene Wilder

Submitted by Terri Kushner

Yiddish was the secret code,
 therefore I don't farshtaist,
A bissele maybe here and there,
 the rest has gone to waste.
Sadly, when I hear it now,
 I only get the gist.
My Bubbe spoke it beautifully;
 But me? I am tsemisht.
So, oy veh as I should say,
 Or even oy vey iz mir,
Though my pisk is lacking Yiddish,
 It's familiar to my ear.
And I'm no Chaim Yankel,
 In fact I was shtick naches.
But when it comes to Yiddish though,
 I'm talking out my tuchus.
Es iz a shandeh far di kinder
 That I don't know it better.
(Though it's really nishtgeferlicht
 When one needs to write a letter)
But when it comes to characters,
 There's really no contention;
No other linguist can compete
 With honorable mentschen:

They have nebbishes, and nebechels
 And others without mazel;
Then too, schmendriks and schlemiels
 And let's not forget schlimazel.
These words are so precise
 And descriptive to the listener;
So much better than "a pill"
 is to call someone "farbissener".
Or – that a brazen woman
 Would better called Cholera,
And you'll agree farklempt says more
 Than does hysteria.
I'm not hacken dir a tshainik
 And I hope that I'm not a kvetch,
But isn't mieskeit kinder
 Than to call someone a wretch?
Mitten derinnen, I hear Bubbe say,
 "It's a nechtiger tog, don't fear,
To tell me you're still a maven,
 zoll zein shah, don't fill my ear.
A leben ohf dein keppele,
 I don't mean to interrupt,
But you are speaking narishkeit...
 And...A GEZUNT AUF DEIN
 KOP!"

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH...

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

Submitted By Gert Ludwig

For what it's worth...it's never
too late, or in case too early, to be
whoever you want to be.

There's no time limit. Start
whenever you want.

You can change or stay the same.
There are no rules to this thing.

We can make the best, or the
worst of it.

I hope you make the best of it,

I hope you see things that startle
you.

I hope you feel things you've never
felt before.

I hope you meet people who have a
different point of view.

I hope you live a life you're proud
of and, if you're not,

I hope you have the courage to
start all over again.



A SUMMER STORM

Linda Morganstein Fen

Explosive as an unexpected sneeze,

Without a weatherman's warning

Or even an "if you please".

The skies opened up

And the water buckets spilled, leaving puddles

that wet us to our knees.

*"Threads of cold rain stitched the earth
to the cold grey sky."*

- Ursula Hegi
Stones from the River

BONNE MAMAN

From a friend

The incident took place in a supermarket in New Jersey.

At the supermarket today, I found a small elderly woman standing in front of a high shelf holding Bonne Maman US preserves. She was having trouble finding the flavour she wanted because the jars were set back on the shelf.

She couldn't read the labels. She could barely reach them. I offered to help.

After I handed her the raspberry preserves, she thanked me, paused and then asked, "Do you know why I buy this brand?"

I laughed and replied, "Because it tastes good?"

"Yes, it tastes good." She paused again. "I am a Holocaust survivor." This was not the conversation I expected on a Sunday grocery run. "During the war, the family that owns the company hid my family in Paris. So now, I always buy it. And whenever I go to the store, my grandkids remind me, 'Bubbe, don't forget to buy the jelly.'"

I told her that that was the best reason I ever heard to buy any company's product. And then we both smiled behind our masks and went our separate ways.

* Someone did some research and indeed, the town that Andros Company, the makers of Bonne Maman, comes from, hid and saved Jewish families in World War II. It was called Biars sur Cere, which then had about 800 villagers.

From an article: "You have to understand what it was like then. There were posters on the walls from the Nazis and from the collaborators, and they said that if you are found to help a Jew, a freemason, a communist, a socialist or a pervert, you will be shot on sight." Despite the great danger which helping them put the villagers in, still they kept the children safe."

This is a good reason to buy Bonne Maman products – and a poignant reminder that when we look out for each other it can change lives, and that there are good and selfless people in the world. VIVE BONNE MAMAN!

Your eyes can detect 10 million colours and your nose can recall 50,000 smells.

ONE QUESTION IQ TEST

Here's a one question IQ Test to help you decide how you should spend the rest of your day....

There is a mute who wants to buy a toothbrush. By imitating the action of brushing one's teeth, he successfully expresses himself to the shopkeeper and the purchase is done.

Now, if there is blind man who wishes to buy a hammer, how should he express himself?

Think about it first before reading the answer.

*

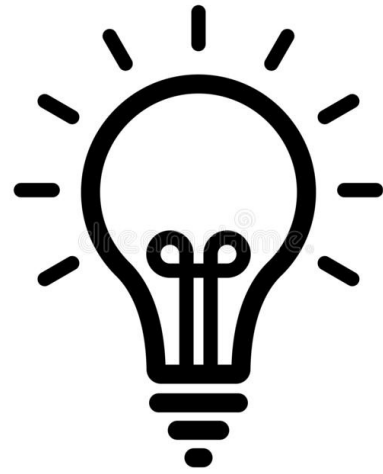
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He opens his mouth and says, 'I would like to buy a hammer.'

If you got this wrong, please put down your pencil and call it a day. Go and take a nap...



SMARTS

The following question was asked of mathematicians from around the world.

Try to guess the answer and then you will know why the country which came up with the correct answer is so successful.

How do you write 4 in between 5?

Here are the results:

The Chinese wrote, "Is this a joke?"

The Japanese wrote, "Impossible."

The Americans wrote, "The question is all wrong."

The British wrote, "It's not on the internet."

Are you ready for this?

The Israelis wrote:

"F(iv)e"



TAKE TIME TO LAUGH

There are men running the government that shouldn't be allowed to play with matches.

- Will Rogers

I'm not a paranoid, deranged millionaire. I'm a billionaire.

- Howard Hughes

In a recent linguistic competition held in London and attended by supposedly the best in the world, Samdar Balgobin, from Guyana, was the clear winner with a standing ovation lasting over 5 minutes.

The final question was, "How do you explain the difference between "Complete" and "Finished" in a way that is easy to understand? Some people say there is no difference between the two words.

Here is his astute answer:

"When you marry the right woman, you are COMPLETE.

When you marry the wrong woman, you are FINISHED.

And when the right woman catches you with the wrong woman, you are COMPLETELY FINISHED."

He won a trip around the world and a case of 25 year old scotch.

Going to the front desk of New York's exclusive Pierre Hotel, Mr. Mendelbaum requested some stationery.

The clerk asked, "Are you a guest at the hotel?"

Mr. Mendelbaum snapped indignantly, "No, I am not a guest. I am paying \$300 a day!"

There is an ancient Jewish proverb that says that “A Jewish wife will forgive and forget, but she’ll never forget what she forgave.”

A young boy had just gotten his driving permit. He asked his father, the rabbi, if they could discuss his use of the family car. His father took him into his study and said, “I’ll make a deal with you. You bring your grades up, study your Talmud a little, get you hair cut and then we’ll talk about it.”

After about a month, the boy came back and again asked his father if they could discuss his use of the car.

They again went into the father’s study where the father said, “Son, I’ve been very proud of you. You have brought your grades up, you’ve studied the Talmud diligently, but you didn’t get your hair cut.”

The young man waited a moment and then replied, “ you know, Dad, I’ve been thinking about that. Samson had long hair, Moses had long hair, Rambam had long hair and even Noah had long hair.”

The Rabbi said, “Yes, and they walked everywhere they went.”

A Russian Jew fell off the river bank into the water. Since he could not swim, he was in danger of drowning.

Two Tsarist policemen heard cries for help and rushed to the river bank. But when they saw it was a Jew, they laughed at him and began to walk off.

“Help! I cannot swim,” shouted the Jew.

“Then drown.” One replied.

Suddenly the Jew shouts with his last breath, “Down with the Tsar!”

The policemen immediately rushed into the water, pulled the Jew on to the bank, and arrested him for sedition.

My teacher told me that guns kill people, so I told her that my pencil failed my math test.

Never miss an opportunity to make others happy, even if you have to go away in order to do it.

To everyone who received a book from me at Chanukah, they're due back at the Library next Friday. Thank you.

The man who asks a question is a fool for a minute.

The man who does not ask, is a fool for life.

- Confucious

As I sat, strapped in my seat waiting during the countdown, one thought kept crossing my mind...every part of this rocket was supplied by the lowest bidder.

- John Glenn

The only reason they say "Women and children first" is to test the strength of the lifeboats.

- Jean Kerr

When a man opens a car door for his wife, it's either a new car or a new wife.

- Prince Phillip

Kill one man and you're a murderer.

Kill a million and you're a conqueror.

- Jean Rostand

Lawyers believe a man is innocent until proven broke.

- Robin Hall

We are here to do good unto others. What the others are here for, I have no idea.

- W.H Auden

The first piece of luggage on the carousel never belongs to anyone.

- George Roberts

When you blush, the lining of your stomach turns red too.

If your saliva didn't mix with your food, you wouldn't be able to taste it.

You have enough iron in your body to make a 3-inch long nail.



Spread the Stupidity
Certainly food for thought.... or laughs

Only in This Stupid World

... do we leave cars worth thousands of dollars in the driveway and put our useless junk in the garage.

Only in This Stupid World

... do drugstores make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front.

Only in This Stupid World

... do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries and a diet Coke.

Only in This Stupid World

... do banks leave vault doors open and then chain the pens to the counters.

Only in This Stupid World

... do we buy hot dogs in packages of ten and buns in packages of eight.

Only in This Stupid World

... do they have drive-up ATM machines with Braille lettering.

EVER WONDER ...

Why the sun lightens our hair, but darkens our skin?

Why don't you ever see the headline 'Psychic Wins Lottery'?

Why is 'abbreviated' such a long word?

Why is it that Doctors call what they do 'practice'?

Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavour, and dish washing liquid made with real lemons?

Why is the man who invests all your money called a broker?

Why is the time of day with the slowest traffic called rush hour?

Why isn't there mouse-flavoured cat food?

Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes?

Why do they sterilize the needle for lethal injections?

Do you know that indestructible black box that is used on airplanes? Why don't they make the whole plane out of that stuff?

Why don't sheep shrink when it rains?

Why are they called apartments when they are all stuck together?

If con is the opposite of pro, is congress the opposite of progress?

If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the terminal?



Sweet Joyful
Healthy Inspiring
NEW YEAR
Meaningful Fun
Happy