

M The Neptune Mirror



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**Editor: Linda Morganstein Fen | Editor Emeritus: Pearl Karal
Reporter: Miriam Goldberg**

There's no such thing as a friend who
doesn't have any faults. But if you
try to look for all their faults, you will
remain with no friends.

One who points out your flaws is not
necessarily your enemy;
the one who always compliments you
is not necessarily your friend.



Dad: a son's first hero, a daughter's first love.

What you teach your children, you also teach their children.
- The Talmud



AN UNSUNG HEROINE OF 2 NEPTUNE

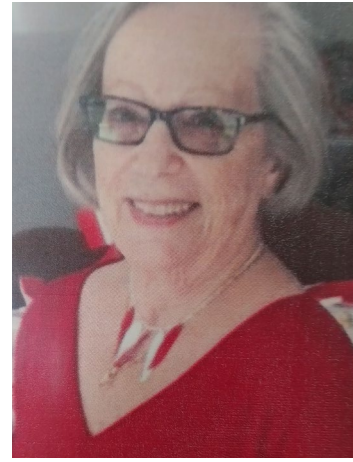


Here's to all the residents of 2 Neptune who have not received their due recognition but specifically today, Salya Rabow.

Salya has been referred to as a

“tiny ball of fire and laughter, a terrier who doesn't let go until she gets things done.”

Over the years, Salya did indeed get things done, organizing entertainments and programming, and always being there when needed to help with events.



Salya, we give you a long-overdue, **THANK YOU.**

Editor: This tribute was ready for the printer when we read with sorrow of Salya's passing. Those of us who knew and worked with her, especially the Residents' Council, are filled with profound sadness. Salya, you are sorely missed.

DEFINITION OF A MENSCH

As you sit down to read this issue of The Mirror, there's something you should know, or rather someone you should know about.

His name is Jeff Tappenden, and he's the owner of “Tap designs and productions”. Jeff is the graphic designer responsible for the layout and general feel of The Mirror, for the beauty of the design, with the knowhow to make a collection of articles attractive and something you are drawn to read.

But there's more to this young man than merely being very, very good at what he does. Jeff is also a mensch.



We recently learned that Jeff is participating in The Endbridge Ride to Conquer Cancer, a grueling 200 km bike ride from Hamilton to Niagara, and has pledged to raise \$2500. This lovely young father has donated his “Mirror” fee to the Cause, thus already surpassing his goal.

Kol HaKavod, Jeff. We're proud to know and do business with you.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Elka Pelt

We welcome our belated Spring. It has brought us beautiful leafy trees, green grass, budding flowers, sunshine and warmer weather. At 2 Neptune we are cautiously and optimistically emerging from the scourge of the COVID pandemic.

The new Residents' Council of 2022-2023 began their term in January, under restricted activity with high hopes of reclaiming the spirit and connectivity lost during our pandemic time. For the February holiday of Tu b'Shvat (New Year of the Trees in Israel) on behalf of our residents we planted trees through a JNF program, New Seeds for Future Growth. This was well received by residents. Purim holiday followed, still restricted, but we had the two required communal readings of the Megillah in the Social Hall, each led by energetic young students with great spirit and enthusiasm...Lively visitors, young and old, some in fabulous costumes, offering their Shalach Manos gifts of food and drink, brought joy to many residents. Pesach arrived. 2 Neptune was still not able to function at full tilt. People celebrated on their own. Now, gradually, we are resuming activities.

Our beautiful Courtyard is visited daily by residents, friends and family. Our 9th floor patio again this year hosted our annual



visiting mating Canada geese. Residents watched the nesting, emerging of the goslings and their departure, and again the patio is ours to use and enjoy. It has been newly power-washed and with new outdoor furniture soon to be in place, residents are welcome to enjoy the patio for the next several months. It is peaceful, a quiet place to read, to enjoy the sunshine and watch stunning sunsets from our comfortable rooftop setting.

Pauline Dobkin, our resident garden guru, deserves great thanks for our beautiful Courtyard and the outdoor patio. Her perseverance with the rooftop being more comfortable and attractive is evident. We appreciate her ability to fight for and stand by the project till it is done to satisfaction.

The Council underwent a change in the Treasurer's position. David Silverman, because of health reasons, requested replacement. Sandi Landsman graciously agreed to step back into the role she has held for many years. Sandi has been our Treasurer, the supporting partner of Fred

Maisel z'l during his devoted Treasurer times. The Council appreciates all her effort. We are reliant on her skill, excellent rapport with our TD bank and her fastidious overseeing of our finances.

Our Past President, Toni Perl, continues her energetic efforts on behalf of the residents. She and Wilfred Horwich undertook to revise our Constitution and will be reviewing old versus new with her committee to assure we have current practicing in place.

Current and new programs are being developed as interest dictates. The Library Book Club, after three reviews, is considered successful. Two new monthly education programs at Rosh Chodesh, the beginning of the new month on the Jewish calendar, are being initiated by Sid Kardash who intends to lecture on timely topics of interest and by Marion Gold who is initiating a Women's Study Group. The Library donated several cartons of books to Value Village and now awaits avid readers to come and choose their leisure reading from our current offerings.

Judy Zimlichman's monthly Conversation Group is well attended and always offers great food for thought and discussion following the event.

Brucha Kazman's weekly Yiddish program has brought out many people who have bonded in this program. Some evenings are great fun and no two evenings are the same. New residents are invited to attend. Not everyone speaks Yiddish but give it a

try. You might be surprised with what you do know.

The Baycrest Spiritual Department internship program continues and our new intern is here a few times a week to offer guidance, counseling and general conversation on whatever our residents wish to discuss. Robert Danchuk can make connections for anyone interested in this Baycrest service to us.

The newly revised Baycrest@Home program will be presented to our residents for their information. Those who have participated enjoyed the program.

Several new people have moved into 2 Neptune during the past months and we hope each will enjoy their new home, make new friends and participate in the various programs in many areas.

A Meet and Greet event was held on Friday June 3rd in the Social Hall, in combination with celebrating the upcoming Shavuot holiday on June 5th and 6th. This was our first social event being offered to all residents to join together at one time since COVID shut us down in March of 2020. All residents were invited to come, meet their fellow 2 Neptune neighbours, have a light snack/lunch and hopefully befriend each other. Thanks were given to the organizers for their perseverance and great efforts to make this long awaited gathering such a success.

Our newly formed Volunteer Committee, chaired by Jeannette Oeltjen, is looking for

volunteers. There are so many ways one can be helpful. If you can listen to someone talking to you, get someone a cup of coffee, clean out a coffee pot, plug in a coffee pot before a program, arrange snack food provided at a program, walk the corridor with a resident who needs that exercise but is hesitant to do it themselves alone, read a story to someone who is sight impaired, and a multitude of other ways, please let us know. Perhaps you are a techie and can help others with a computer problem, or help set up technology that eludes us. We would love to talk to you about it and how we can build our volunteer squad. There is a suggestion box in the gym outside the Council office where you could leave us your contact information. Our Social Director, Robert Danchuk, also can pass on your names to Jeannette and to me. We would be delighted to talk to you. Everyone has something they did or still do that is of interest to others. Please share what we can do to help each other.

And now, as we read through this beautiful edition of the Mirror, I ask each of you to take a minute and consider all the effort that has gone into its production. It is a great labour of love and a beautiful production. Linda Morganstein Fen works tirelessly to make sure it is the best possible issue each time. It is attractive, informative, newsy, and gives our contributors an opportunity to share experiences and observations. Our very special thanks to Linda for her great devotion to The Mirror, keeping us informed and provided with some excellent reading material.

Have to save something for the next time. Meanwhile, I wish everyone a pleasant summer, making new acquaintances and friendships amongst us and enjoying all the features we offer at 2 Neptune.

Be well, be happy and be involved.

In friendship to each of you,

Elka Pelt.



OUR LIBRARY AND BOOK CLUB NEWS & REVIEWS

Sid Kardash
Chair, Library Committee

Given the stubborn persistence of COVID and how this situation has affected every activity in our residence, it should come as no surprise that little has actually changed in terms of Library activities and the usage of the Library facility in terms of a source for a wide variety of book choices freely available to our readers. However, there is no observable change by which we utilize the Library as a destination for an hour or two, set aside for relaxing reading outside of our individual residences.

Now that the weather has moved to warm sunny days, this observation will be even less evident; reading a book in a quiet natural space like a city park, or even our ground floor or soon-to-be renovated 9th floor rooftop setting will become preferable private choices.

Even so, there seems to be interest in the idea of a Book Club, for here residents get the opportunity to hear and discuss shared choices of books selected because of their widespread popularity and interest. Our previous Book Club meeting featured a review and discussion of *The Man from Beijing*, a murder mystery by one of Scandinavia's foremost mystery writers, Henning Mankell. The reader was brought into the world of the murder and revenge set in today's world, involving present day Communist China, as well as an entry into 19th century China where conscripted Chinese labourers were used to build the transcontinental railroad in the American



West. Mankell skillfully weaves the ancient and the modern into the story with a surprise ending.

Finally we reviewed *The Hundred Year Old Man Who Climbed Out The Window and Never Returned*, by Jonas Jonasson, a hilarious look at the adventures of an age group that we are all familiar with - the well elderly whose independent lifestyle and social encounters lead to hilarious adventures that include face to face encounters with Mao Tse Tung, Harry Truman and the scientific team responsible for the Manhattan Project which ultimately leads to the creation of the atomic bomb. The relatively few who participated in the review were generally pleased with the choice and format.

What is important however is that our residents have a say in the book choices and even the format of the discussion.

I invite any comments and suggestions that would be of help in furthering this worthwhile activity.

A NEW SEASON

Miriam Goldberg

As we enter a new season of a new Council and Presidency, not to forget the season of rebirth of our beautiful trees and flowers in our courtyard and roof garden, it seems fitting to thank the President and Council and, of course all our hard-working volunteers for their tireless efforts to keep our “mini community” running in spite of working around the Covid 19 epidemic over the past two years.

Thank you, Toni, for all your efforts on behalf of 2 Neptune, together with your dedicated council. We all appreciate that it was a very difficult time keeping us entertained and educated, but you did it. Kol HaKavod.

Thank you, Linda, for all the wonderful treats that you have baked for us over the years. These will be sorely missed by one and all, but all good things must come to an end. Again, thank you so much.

NEW SIDEWALK

Myrna Lambert

The residents of 2 Neptune will be happy to know that the sidewalk at Hotspur Rd. and Neptune Dr. is ready for use.

This project had been promised for completion for the last 6 years and the City of Toronto has finally made this happen.

When walking around the block you will now not have to walk on the road when at Hotspur and Neptune Dr.

Enjoy your summer walks around the block!

Editor: Thank you, Myrna, for your role in making this happen!

VOLUNTEERS WANTED

Pauline Dobkin

I am looking for a few VOLUNTEERS to help beautify the ROOF GARDEN.

No planting necessary –

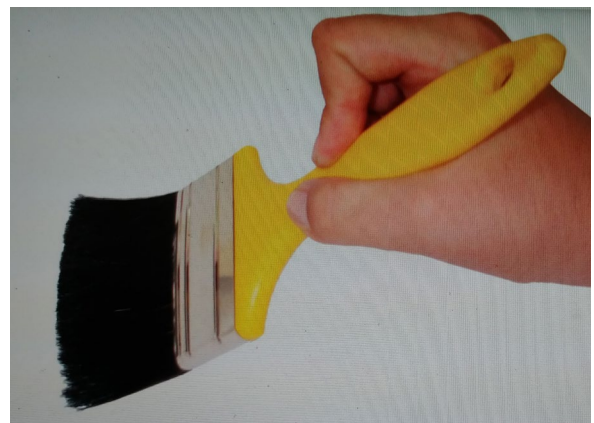
but painting absolutely.

Please notify me if you're interested.

Thank you,

Pauline

416 922 6409



BEST FRIEND

Arlene Shnall

We have many good friends in life but if you are lucky, you will have best friends who hold a special place. I have two best friends. Each one is so different but I am grateful to be able to feel comfortable and be surrounded by their warmth of friendship.

My best friend goes back seventy years. We met in high school and did everything together, along with other girls. We would talk for hours on the phone – the teenage years were fun.

Every Thursday we would meet for dinner, and then go to the famous Casino theatre. Everyone from Toronto knew of it – there would be an act of entertainment with a star from New York or Hollywood and then a movie. We also belonged to B'nai Brith. Weekends were for shopping in Buffalo or in the summer, cottages.

She became engaged, married and then she moved to another city, but we still kept in touch. Then I married; she moved back to the city and once again, we could see each other.

Years went by. We had families, we were working and suddenly we were going in different directions. We talked, and shared events but the years had changed us. I became a caregiver; she loved dancing and we only heard about each other through other people.



Many years later I heard she was not well. What possessed me to call, I am not sure. Her husband answered the phone and was delighted when he heard my name. We started to talk and he told me she was in ill health.

As the years have gone by, we call each other every night and it's as though we never stopped. We met a few times and went with our children for lunch. That was fun and, although we wanted to do it again, Covid got in the way.

Our families say our bond of friendship makes them so happy. We support each other with laughter and she wants to hear my stories.

This is my best friend.

BESTIES

Toni Perl

Our family had just moved into our brand new, made-to-measure house in Cote St. Luc, 1966-67. I left behind “the Jewish ghetto”, St. Urbain and Park Avenue, Neighbourhood House on Clark Street, my Baron Byng buddies, my sock hops, my cheerleading, my entire social bubble. I was terrified and very angry!

Gersha was that lightning rod, when someone just looks at you, it's the staring... you know this is it... she came right up to me, cocked her head and said, “Who are you...what are you doing here?!”

We were standing in a snow pile, at the corner of Kildare and Beth Zion Synagogue park where the skating rink was ready for use. I had my skates and my new pink ski pants outfit, ready to mingle. The boys were fun and friendly; the girls were loud and bossy.

Gersha was head honcho...she was round, jolly, blonde and brash. She walked



with a knowing swagger - Queen Bee and gateway to my future. That was the 1950's.

I loved her instantly, my Gersha – very loud, opinionated, and completely charming. She is my forever person, loving me unconditionally, her shoulder always ready for me if needed.

My move to TO changed nothing, because your forever person is always there for you no matter what.

I hope you all have a person, a bestie.

MY BEST FRIEND

Bracha Kazman

My best friend was my friendly dog, Lovie. He was there through thick and thin. I was blessed with his loyal friendship for 14 years. He was a beautiful white Bichon Frise with long legs instead of most of his breed which have short legs. He was a people person and loved everyone young and old. He put a smile on everyone's face who was a dog lover.

Having to put him down was one of the hardest things I had to do.

Believe it or not, I heard his voice telling me it was time for him to go to his eternal resting place.



If there is a Doggy Heaven, which I believe there is, he would be frolicking and is watching over me.

His name “Lovie” was who he was. I'll always be grateful for all the special times we shared. He was truly a blessing!

MY TWO BEST FRIENDS

Linda Morganstein Fen

I first became aware of Gloria Valentine when I'd admire her drawings posted in the halls of Vaughan Road Collegiate but we didn't get to meet until a few years later as young mothers of toddlers. We formed a bond that was to last for 60 years and is still going strong.

She was beautiful, spunky and supremely talented but alas we shared the affliction of so many young women of that era – we thought we needed to lose weight. (We didn't) We tried the tomato juice diet, the water diet and the hardboiled egg diet. None of them lasted more than 2 days and none of them worked! We laugh about it now but not then.

We've shared so much in our lifetimes – the joy and nachas in our children, sadness and heartbreak that comes with love and divorce, the excitement of new adventures, - but oddly never at the same time. When she was on top of the world, I wasn't and vice versa, so we were able to support each other completely without being distracted by our own emotional upheavals.

Gloria has always been my rock, never judgmental nor critical (even at those times when I deserved it) and always there to share my heartbreaks and extreme joy. I've tried to do the same for her.

Gloria is a talented artist, singer and actress who has overcome some of life's hardest challenges. When she's on stage singing at the Free Times Café you'd never know that she's in agony with a



badly injured back. When she played the Italian “Nona” in Tony and Tina’s Wedding, she WAS Nona to the point that even a close friend did not recognize her! Up close! And when she played an aging grandmother with Alzheimer’s, I sat weeping in the audience. I had to restrain myself from running up to the stage and throwing my arms around her to comfort her.

We share a passion for Israel; she has a son, daughter-in-law and 4 grandchildren living there while I have 2 grandchildren who made aliyah. We comfort each other with each round of violence that threatens our loved ones.

My friend Gloria knows all my faults and loves me anyway. I can say without restraint that my husband, Ralph, is the same.

20 years ago he and I connected and, like in the corniest romance stories, were instantly drawn to each other. We learned each other's histories and personalities, and many times could not believe how

well suited we were to each other. Do we always agree? Of course not. But he has always been respectful of my decisions, only taking the time to question me thoroughly to ensure that I understood my motives. He would then back off and give me the support I needed.

We are intellectually suited (although I cannot match his 2 doctorates) and I laugh when he claims that I'm smarter than he!

We debate the undebatable and often agree to disagree. He's turned me on to Haiku poetry and I've turned him on to Israel.

I never thought I could love this deeply and without reservation. I am indeed a fortunate woman.

GRANDPARENTS' ADVICE

Don't pamper the baby.

Don't rush to each cry.

Don't rock that new infant

And don't lullaby.

Don't cuddle or coddle,

That's all there is to it!

Don't spoil that sweet baby –

Let us grandparents do it!



MEMORIES OF MY DAD

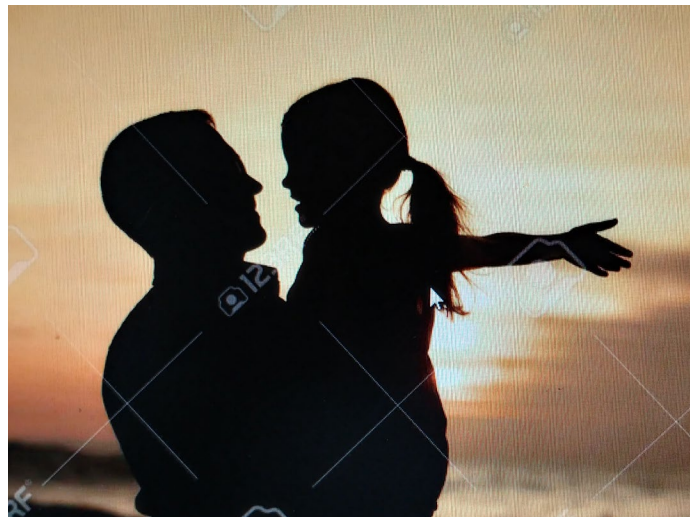
Desiree Farkas

Just to put things into historical perspective, my father was born in 1902, in a country town called Middlesburg, in what is today South Africa. He was the youngest of five children.

I must have been about 10 years old when a friend gave me some silk worms. Very educational. And very messy... Each day these tiny worms had to be moved from the old mulberry leaves to the new ones. My Dad was interested and sometimes would help me. As he took each worm off the old leaf, he called it by name: Connie, Olive, Nelly, Sally, and so on, always by the same names, and I was in awe that he remembered each worm's name. The he told me: he was spelling Constantinople!

My Dad took me fishing on the Breakwater at the Cape Town docks. We caught mackerel and maasbankers (probably a cousin of the herring), perfect to be smoked. He made a fire with wood, and when it was embers, covered it with sawdust. A huge barrel was placed over it, with the fish suspended over the fire. The heat cooked the fish, while the smoke gave it flavour. (And this is how to make kippers.)

A sense of humour goes a long way. With a toddler and a baby, I decided to advertise in the local newspaper for a maid, giving my phone number. Well, one reply sounded very good, until I hear, "But Madam, I don't do windows..." and I suddenly realized that this was my Dad,



because he couldn't hold in his laughter any longer, nor maintain the high-pitched voice.

Another memory relates to the times in which we lived. For many years my Mom employed Gladys, a Coloured woman, to help in the house. She lived quite nearby, but not convenient to public transport, so my Dad would offer her a ride home. Quite often, he would say to me, "Come with me to take Gladys home." This was the time of the Immorality Act which forbade people of different races to mix. My Dad did not want the police to arrest him, so having another white woman in the car basically made the ride Kosher.

It was after he had retired that my Dad was mugged in broad daylight. "I stamped on his foot and hit him on his nose," said my Dad quite proudly. He patted his pocket. "And I still have my wallet."

Just as I still have these memories, and many more.

WORK ETHIC

Robert Danchuk

I remember one of the few moments I felt closest to my father – I was eight years old. My father worked for the Toronto Community Housing Authority as the maintenance supervisor of all of north Regent Park.

He took me to work with him for a day. We rushed around from building to building working on various apartment repairs that tenants had reported. He took care of floods, electrical, painting and renovations to empty apartments before new tenants moved in. My father also had 12 maintenance workers he was responsible for. He did all the ordering of supplies and had to report to the property management office.

While with my father that day, he talked about having passion for your job – work hard and take the initiative in the job you do. He always said, “Don’t put off a duty for tomorrow that you can do today.”

I am so grateful to my father for instilling me with a hard working work ethic and having passion with everything I do.

Editor: For the record, Robert displays this work ethic in everything he does here at 2 Neptune.



THE LITTLE BOY AND THE OLD MAN

Shel Silverstein

Said the little boy, "Sometimes I
drop my spoon."

Said the old man, "I do that too."

The little boy whispered, "I wet my
pants."

"I do that too," laughed the little
old man.

Said the little boy, "I often cry."

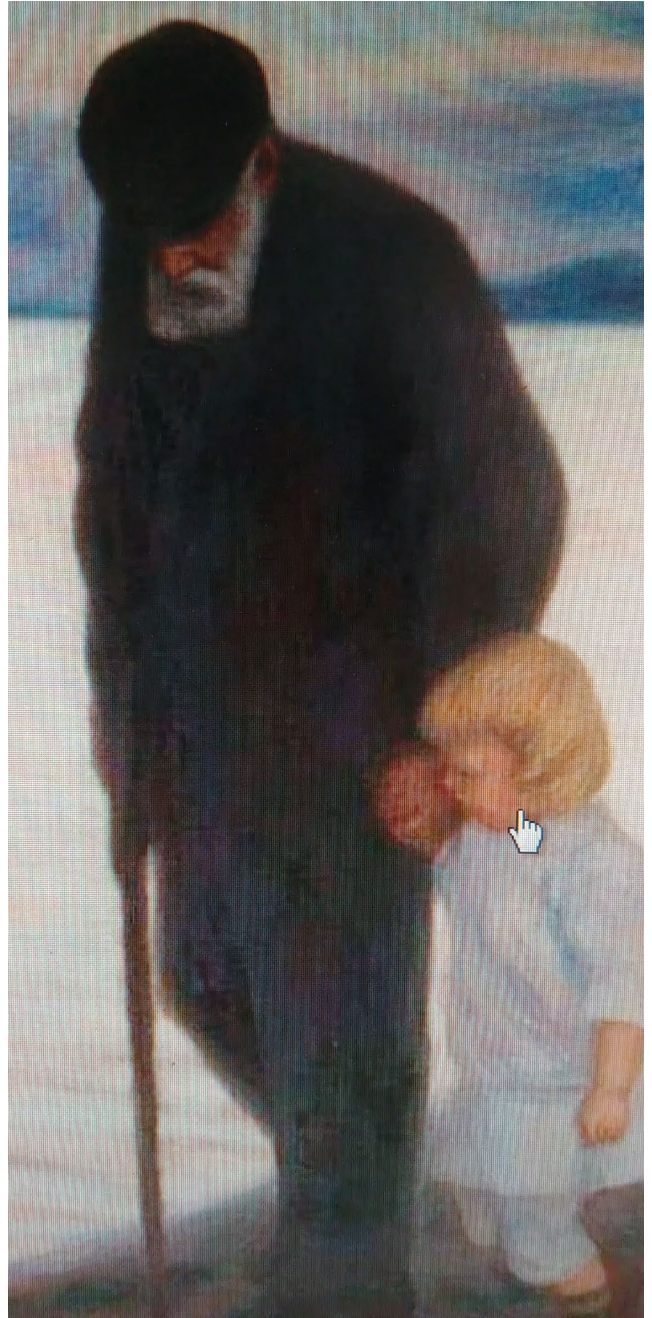
The old man nodded, "So do I."

"But the worst of all," said the little
boy, "it seems

Grown-ups don't pay attention to
me."

And he felt the warmth of a
wrinkled old hand.

"I know what you mean," said the
little old man.



MY FATHER AND THE DRESS

HELEN ROSENBAUM

We survived the war because my father took my mother and me (I was 2 years old) from Poland to Russia. After the war, we went to Germany where the Americans were. My father got in touch with my uncle who was in Canada and who made out the papers for us to come to him. We arrived here in Canada on October 10, 1947.

As my father had been a tailor in Poland, he was able to get a job in a factory that made men's suits.

When I was about 14, I was invited to a party. My father wanted to make me a special dress to wear. He gave me money and sent me to Eaton's to buy one I liked. That one cost \$45 which, in those days, was more like \$1000!

He bought the material at a cost of \$10 and copied the dress. When he finished, he instructed me to return the original. Since all the tags were on it, I had no problem with the return.

I wore 'his' dress to the party and received many compliments. I kept it as a memory for many years.

(As my father had saved some money, he stopped working at the factory and opened a store to sell material.)



WHAT WAS YOUR DAD LIKE WHEN YOU WERE A CHILD?

Gert Ludwig

My Dad, “Izzy: (Yitzhak) Arbus, was born May 1888, in Opatow, Poland, to Yehiel Alter and “Hudes” (Yehudit nee Gedalovich – which some family members later changed to Gold, Dale and Davis.)

In order to avoid being taken into the Polish army in WW1, some men would harm themselves, i.e. cut off a finger or arm. My Dad had a nail shot into his eye which made him ineligible, and left him with one eye half brown, half hazel... no great loss, he said, as the government would come to your house during the night, snatch young men from their beds... which they did to his only brother and whom he never saw or heard about again.

In 1912, after his marriage to my Mom, Dad first came to Canada, alone, for one year. There was talk of war (WW1) so he returned to Poland to be with his wife and family, suffered through the war and finally came back to Canada again in 1923.

A handsome, strong immigrant, who ran his father's cartage business, he spoke many languages, but could neither read nor write English. He worked feverishly, lived frugally and finally, in 1926, brought his wife and two sons to Canada. They all lived in one room!

When I was born, he was driving a ‘pop truck’ for a company called Orange



Dandy. In approximately 1938 he bought a little coffee shop/stand in the basement of a manufacturing building at 179 John St., Toronto. He and my Mom learned how to make coffee and sandwiches, and established a wonderful reputation as having the best food – and as an honest and fine businessman.

There was no OHIP in those days to cover the cost of surgeries, hospital and medication which my Mom and I incurred, but my Dad never, ever defaulted on any loans, paid his bills promptly, and was highly respected in the community. He was referred to as “Arbus”, had a great sense of responsibility, and was President of his town's namesake, The Apter Credit Union for over 25 years. He loved to talk politics and was proud to live in Canada.

My Dad would teach me how to give change to his customers, and warned me to watch lest anyone should steal the chocolate bars from the front counter. He loved to take me for walks, particularly during World War II during the blackouts, on dark streets and back lanes, holding my

hand so I wouldn't be frightened and that I would be alright.

Although I was a girl, my Dad made sure I received a good Jewish education by enrolling me in the Farband (Labour Zionist) school - after public school (I had to walk about 20 blocks in all types of weather) Sunday- Thursday, to learn to read and write Yiddish. He also hired a Rabbi to come to our house to teach me to daven – prayers – in Hebrew. Education was important to him and he was very proud of my accomplishments,

My Dad had his own sense of humour, even wearing a green bowtie on St. Patrick's Day to have fun with his customers.

He retired at 73 years of age, never having missed a day of opening the coffee shop. Even when he had a cold, he would take 2 Frost tablets, a shot of rye whiskey, and go to bed to sweat it out. Dad was never sick in a hospital, never had surgery or complained about his health. He wore reading glasses which he bought at Woolworth's...(compared to Dollarama today.)

Everyone who knew 'ARBUS' OR Izzy or Yitzhak, as he was referred to, and with whom he had dealings, respected and loved him. He always told me that he may not leave us any riches, but would leave us with a NAME ...HIS NAME – ARBUS!!... and he did just that!



IN CELEBRATION OF AN OUTING ON BATHURST STREET

Marion Gold

On Bathurst Street

A new yet old venue,

Sipping a hot vanilla latte

On a hot humid day

On the patio on Bathurst Street.

Traffic whooshing by

Emitting auditory

Rattling, creaking, tooting,

Screeching sounds

Amid flashing lights.

Sauntering, meandering, silent people,

Some with child in hand,

Some striding purposely,

Limning my old, now new life.

FOREST FRIENDS

Selma Lis

Forest Bathing, as the Japanese call it, simply means
to take a slow and easy walk in the forest and
reap the many gifts that trees offer us.

Not only is it aesthetically pleasing
to feast your eyes on the gorgeous foliage,
and acoustically soothing
to listen to the gentle rustling of the leaves,
but trees are also a
medicinal powerhouse.

The research is strong!

Trees emit a natural airborne chemical called Phytoncides which,
when inhaled,
- increase our white blood cell count and
strengthen our immune system
- decrease our Cortisol, stress and blood pressure levels
- improve our memory, focus and creative abilities.

In the battle against climate change, trees also come to the rescue. They:

- continuously produce oxygen and absorb pollution through their leaves
- reduce flooding by soaking up to 450 litres of water through its roots
- cool temperatures and reduce the need for carbon producing air
conditioners

And

SCIENTISTS: PLEASE TAKE NOTE!

1 ACRE OF TREES CAN ABSORB UP TO 150 TONS OF CO2 EMISSIONS

So, let's go for a relaxed walk in the forest and allow our senses to connect with nature.

Hug a tree.

Trees are our friends.

They extend their branches to us in unconditional caring and love!



CHOCOLATE BROWNIES

Linda Morganstein Fen

These are the “coffee club” brownies that you’ve enjoyed on Thursday mornings.

* Lightly grease a 12 x 18 jelly roll pan.

1 lb butter

12 oz (squares) unsweetened or semi-sweet chocolate, chopped

8 eggs

2 tsp salt (not an error)

4 cups sugar

3 T vanilla (not an error)

2 cups sifted flour

* Place butter and chocolate in a double boiler and stir until melted. Cool.

* In a large bowl, beat eggs with salt. Gradually add sugar.

* Beat at high speed until thick and pale (about 3 minutes).

* Lower speed to medium and add vanilla.

* Gradually add cooled chocolate mixture.

* On low speed, add flour just until blended.

* Pour into prepared pan and smooth top.

* Bake at 375F about 28 minutes until barely set.

Cool on a rack. Cover and refrigerate overnight.

Using a ruler and a very sharp knife, cut into 1” squares.

This freezes beautifully (and is delicious even while still frozen!)



ONE YEAR AGO FROM ISRAEL...May 2021

Operation "Guardian of the Walls"

(Sent to me by a friend)

I've been quiet, quiet from the shelter, because I cannot face the hatred, and the vile anti-Semitism that rears its ugly head every time there is a war.

Gaza, poor, poor Gaza, which claimed Israel kept the vaccine from their population, that Israel starved and killed children, that Israel is a colonizer, apartheid nation...said do not send in police to Jerusalem, do not try to maintain order, or we will bomb your cities. We will bomb the whole country. Bomb a country over a legal dispute about unpaid rent from property bought in 1875? What?

Also, we pay our bills to the Israel Electric Corp every month. But, in poor Gaza, they don't pay theirs. Israeli citizens subsidize their power. So they can make bombs, and tunnels, to terrorize Israeli citizens. Think about that for a second. We subsidize the terror they rain down upon us.

Poor Gaza. With no food, no fuel, no power, no vaccines.

Poor Gaza, except with enough money to buy and launch 700 missiles with thousands more stockpiled for tomorrow, or the next day. (Each one is \$45,000 USD, so today's war cost...\$31,500,000 USD)

But, poor Gaza, with no schools and no new hospitals, but with resources to build advanced tunnels, terror attack tunnel systems, stretching miles deep into Israel. (Estimated cost: 150 million USD)

Poor Gaza, kept from developing, from air travel, from running their own country as they wish.

Well, poor Gaza today sent 700 missiles at Israeli civilians, burned thousands of acres of crops and food with terror balloons filled with explosives, and launched multiple cyber attacks around the world.

Oh, and targeted a civilian airport which is now closed. Israel has one airport. We are now all stuck here together. Poor Gaza fired at an AIRPORT filled with civilian flights. On purpose.

Poor Gaza, who won't feed their children with the trucks of aid paid for and delivered by the State of Israel and her citizens, that arrive every freaking day, while claiming to the world she is starving. Instead, HAMAS leaders are billionaires and Biden just promised billions more.

Poor Gaza, whose children are forced to martyr themselves for Hamas leadership who couldn't give a rat's ass if these same kids live or die.

Poor Gaza. Someone please help the damn Gaza people. We have tried for 40+ years. But their corrupt leaders' non-existent desire for peace and inability to gain control of their extremist elements leaves us here.

We have no war in our hearts. We want peace and security and quiet borders for

everyone. We seek to destroy nothing, to kill no one. We don't want and in fact, keep giving it away in exchange for promised PEACE. What horrible conquering nation of colonizers does that? You will not hear a true Zionist screaming DEATH to all ARABS or kill the Muslim. But every day, that is the call, to kill all the Jews. Anywhere you can find us, using whatever means necessary. Today the call from the Mosques was that we should be beheaded using whatever means necessary, wherever we can be found.

I am tired. And angry frankly, at the world, for literally throwing us to the wolves. You Jews, go over there, back to where you came from. We really do not want you here, or there, or anywhere. Oh wait, you went there, to that wasteland of nothingness, to that place you came from. Hang on, we've reconsidered. The UN has unilaterally decided you should not be there either.

When you support groups singing "FROM the RIVER to the SEA, PALESTINE will be FREE", I beg you to look at a freaking map. What RIVER and what SEA? The only river is the JORDAN, and the only SEA is the Mediterranean. So where does that leave the JEWS? It leaves us absolutely nowhere. Floating dead in the Mediterranean, I suppose?

And so we come to the real crux of the issue, I think. We are tolerated (maybe) for a time perhaps. But for 2000 years we have wandered after being exiled from Israel, always hated, always persecuted, always unwanted. And so, let's just get real. There are just 13 million Jews left in

the entire world and most folks, maybe even you, wish there were none.

Yes, little Israel is home to just 7 million Jews. Little Israel is home to a total of 9.5 million people. Little Israel is 9 freaking miles wide at some points and in 1948 when it was established, was a barren wasteland of nothingness that no one wanted and everyone assumed would be a place those damn Jewish refugees from the death camps of Germany and Poland would go to quietly, suffer and maybe, if the world was lucky, would be attacked by all of the Arab armies, lose and die.

Only, we didn't. Only we brought water and irrigation and drained the swamps and got rid of the Malaria and disease, and made this little strip of nothing flourish. A modern day miracle.

And right there is the real problem. We weren't supposed to still be here.

So yes, I will show the video of the latest barrage of Iranian missiles smuggled into Gaza, thrown at our families. 200 in just 5 minutes, from poor Gaza. And I will tell you that fighting terror should be something everyone cares about. But you won't and I accept that it is just the way it is and will always be. And poor Gaza is all our fault because before the Disengagement we didn't do enough to help them, and now that we destroyed 17 thriving Israeli communities and handed over our farms and infrastructure and industry, and left Gaza (in exchange for PEACE) we haven't done enough either. We haven't lost enough soldiers, or received enough missiles, or given enough

aid or...I don't even know... but clearly, those damn Jews are horrible baby killers just by nature of the fact we left Gaza to the Gazans just as everyone asked us to. Only now you've decided that was somehow wrong or not enough or who even knows anymore?

I can tell you why though – it is because the Jews are living and thriving here. Even in the face of every obstacle. Even when hit by 700 missiles in a single day.

But let's get real. No one really ever wanted us to be anywhere at all.

Note: One year ago on May 11, 2021, the Hamas terrorist organization fired 6 rockets from Gaza at Israel's capital, Jerusalem.

Over the next 10 days, Hamas fired over 4,000 rockets towards innocent civilians in Israel.

Hamas continues to incite violence.

We continue to defend Israel.

Israel Defense Forces IDF



IN DAWES ROAD CEMETERY...

Carol Sklar

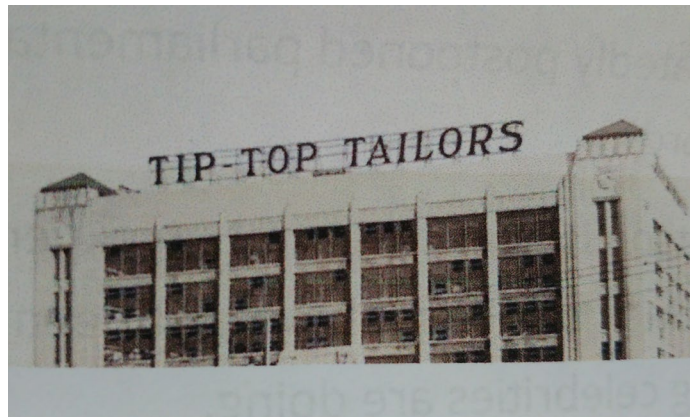
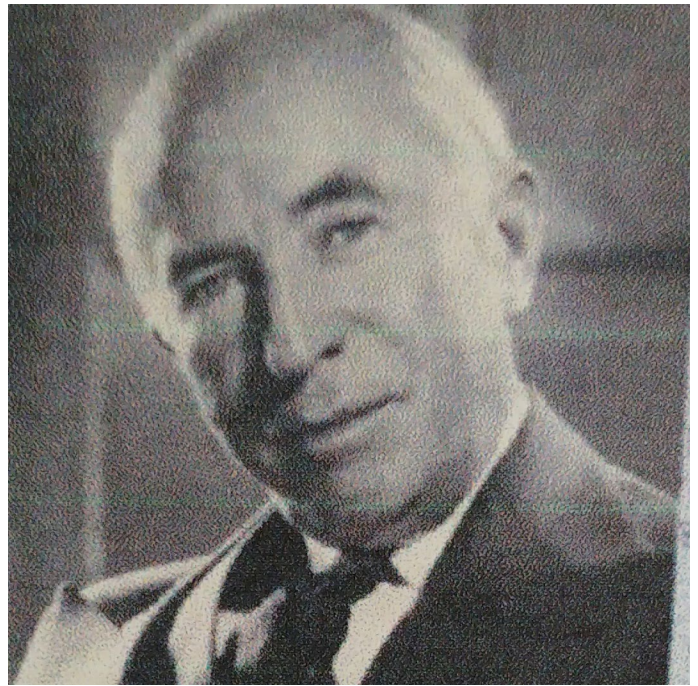
On my walk at beautiful Dawes Road Cemetery, I discovered a giant of the clothing business in Toronto and Canada: David Dunkelman (Sr.), founder of Tip Top Tailors.

His first store opened in 1909 at 245 Yonge Street, 5 doors south of the Pantages Theatre. The well-known name, Tip Top Tailors, was selected by a customer in a contest held by Mr. Dunkelman. An average good suit then cost about \$14.

His business grew rapidly and he needed more space to manufacture clothing for his customers and the Canadian military. He chose to build what has become an iconic, Art Deco building in Toronto (currently Lofts) at 637 Lakeshore Blvd. W, minutes from the CNE Princes' Gates and beside the old Toronto Maple Leaf Baseball Stadium (Fleet St.) which was sadly torn down in 1968.

When Mr. Dunkelman retired in 1948 his son Benjamin (war hero with the Canadian Army in World War II [Queen's Own Rifles] and the Israel Defense Forces in Israel's War of Independence) took over the helm of this once 52 store empire. (He was also one of the founders of the Island Yacht Club.)

In 1967 the Dunkelman family sold Tip Top Tailors to Dylex whose brands we are



all familiar with: Fairweather, Suzy Shier, Thrifty's, Town and Country, Harry Rosen, Big Steel Man.

David Dunkelman (Sr.) died in 1978. He was 95. His son, Ben, passed away in 1997 at 84. Both are buried in the family plot at Dawes Road.

AN ANCIENT LANGUAGE COMES TO LIFE ELIEZER BEN YEHUDA

Eliezer ben Yehuda, a super intelligent Lithuanian Jew, had the completely mad idea that he could somehow revitalize the Hebrew language of the prayer books and Torah into something millions of people could speak, even for wishing a peaceful weekend to their friends.

This he attempted to do in Mandatory Palestine where he holed up in a study, frantically borrowing new words as the spirit moved and inventing new ones, as well as heavily drawing on existing language from ancient texts, all the while insisting that he and his wife communicate solely in this strange conversational language. It drove her crazy.

One day the couple were yelling at each other in their home when their heretofore

silent four-year-old son, Itamar, piped up, “Lo l’hit’lachem!”, literally – “No fighting!” in response to his parents’ bickering! Thus, the first words of a native Hebrew speaker were uttered in nearly two millennia.

“If you will it, it is no dream” Theodor Herzl

Editor’s note: In the past, as submissions arrived for each issue of The Mirror, I would look forward to those of Miriam Robinson z”l. She had grown up in pre-Israel Palestine and was a nurse in the Palmach during the War of Independence. Her beautifully written personal stories of her family and Israel’s heroes were vividly written and gave us a point of view of a world that no longer exists. I think she would have approved of this article. Miriam, you are missed.



SENIOR WISDOM

Sandi Landsman

- As I've grown older, I've learned that pleasing everyone is impossible, but pissing everyone off is a piece of cake.
- I'm responsible for what I say, not what you understand.
- Common sense is like deodorant. The people who need it the most never use it.
- My tolerance for idiots is extremely low these days. I used to have some immunity built up, but obviously there's a new strain out there.
- I'm not saying I'm old and worn out, but I make sure I'm nowhere near the curb on trash day.
- As I watch this generation try and rewrite

our history, I'm sure of one thing: it will be misspelled and have no punctuation.

- I haven't gotten anything done today. I've been in the Produce Department trying to open this stupid plastic bag!
- I put my scale in the bathroom corner and that's where the little liar will stay until it apologizes.
- Hard to believe I once had a phone attached to a wall and, when it rang, I picked it up without knowing who was calling.
- There is no such thing as a grouchy old person. The truth is that once you get old, you stop being polite and start being honest.
- A lot of money is tainted – taint yours and taint mine.

OBSERVATIONS AND WISE ADVICE

- * No one is in charge of your happiness but you.
- * Wise men speak because they have something to say; fools because they have to say something.
- * It's okay to get angry with Gd. He can take it.
- * If a relationship has to be a secret, you shouldn't be in it.
- * Frame every so-called disaster with these words: "In five years will it matter?"
- * If we were to throw our problems into a pile and saw everyone else's, we'd grab our own back.
- * It's easy to stand with the crowd. It takes courage to stand alone. Mahatma Gandhi
- * Success should not be measured by what you buy or own, but in the pride you feel in the person you're with...when you're all alone.

JUST FOR FUN - SENIOR TEXTING CODES

Rose Lenkov

Teens have their texting codes (LOL, OMG, TTYL, etc.)

Not to be outdone by these kids, now senior members have their own short-hand codes.

ATD – At The Doctor's

BFF – Best Friend's Funeral

BTW – Bring The Wheelchair

CUATSC – See You At The Seniors Centre

DWI – Driving While Incontinent

FWIW – Forgot Where I Was

FYI – Found Your Insulin

GGPBL – Gotta Go, Pacemaker Battery Low

GHA – Got Heartburn Again

LOL – Living On Lipitor

TOT – Texting On Toilet

TTYL – Talk To You Louder

WTP – Where are the Prunes?

Hope these help.

GGLKI! (Gotta Go, Laxative Kicking In)



NOTABLE QUOTATIONS

Julia Child – A party without a cake is really just a meeting.

Oscar Wilde - To get back to my youth, I would do anything in the world. Except exercise, get up early, or be respectable.

Unknown – Today I bought a doughnut without sprinkles. This diet thing is hard.

Will Rogers – the older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.

C.S. Lewis – We must recognize that, as we grow older, we become like old cars – more and more repairs and replacements are necessary.

Golda Meir – Old age is like a plane flying through a storm. Once you are aboard, there is nothing you can do about it.

Bill Dane – I'm so old that my blood type has been discontinued.

Mark Twain – The older I get, the more clearly I remember things that never happened.

Tom Wilson – Wisdom doesn't necessarily come with age. Sometimes, age just shows up all by itself.

Phyllis Diller – I'm at that age where my back goes out more than I do.

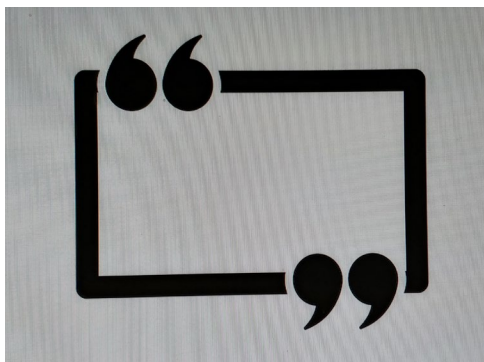
Kitty O'Neill Collins – Aging seems to be the only available way to live a long life.

Robert Orben – Old people shouldn't eat health foods. They need all the preservatives they can get.

Unknown – I have successfully completed the thirty year transition from wanting to stay up late to just wanting to go to bed.

George Orwell – At fifty, everyone has the face he deserves.

Ann Landers – At age 20, we worry about what others think about us...at age 40, we don't care what they think of us...at age 60, we discover they haven't been thinking of us at all.



Andy Rooney – It’s paradoxical that the idea of living a long life appeals to everyone, but the idea of getting old doesn’t appeal to anyone.

Lee Trevino – The older I get, the better I used to be.

Barry Cryer – I’m 59 and people call me middle-aged. How many 118-year-old men do you know?

Albert Einstein – I have reached an age when, if someone tells me to wear socks, I don’t have to.

J. Norman Collie – Grandchildren don’t make a man feel old. It’s the knowledge that he’s married to a grandmother that does.

Mark Twain – When your friends begin to flatter you on how young you look, it’s a sure sign you’re getting old.

Dennis Wolfberg – There’s one advantage to being 102. There’s no peer pressure.

DO YOU HAVE THE ANSWERS?

- * Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard when he lives in the jungle without a razor?
- * Why do we press harder on a remote control when we know the batteries are flat?
- * Why do banks charge a fee on "insufficient funds" when they know there is not enough?
- * Why do kamikaze pilots wear helmets?
- * Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?
- * Whose idea was it to put an 's' in the word 'lisp'?
- * Why is it that people say they 'slept like a baby' when babies wake up every two hours?
- * If the temperature is zero outside today and it's going to be twice as cold tomorrow, how cold will it be?
- * How is it that we put man on the moon before we figured out it would be a good idea to put wheels on luggage?
- * Why do people pay to go up tall buildings and then put money in binoculars to look at things on the ground?
- * Why do toasters always have a setting that could burn the toast to a horrible crisp which no decent human being would eat?
- * Why is there a light in the fridge and not in the freezer?
- * Why do people point to their wrist when asking for the time, but don't point to their bum when they ask where the bathroom is?
- * If quizzes are quizzical, what are tests?
- * Does pushing the elevator button more than once make it arrive faster?
- * Why do the Alphabet song and Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star have the same tune? (I'll bet you're singing it now...)





ROBERT'S BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

In March of this year, the caregivers of 2 Neptune gave a surprise Birthday party for our very busy and much loved Social Director, Robert Danchuk.

As always, he was a good sport and had fun, as well as enjoying the birthday cake they provided. After all, as Julia Child once said, "A party without cake is just a meeting!"

Happy belated birthday, Robert.

