

AT HOME

FOR RESIDENTS OF THE JEWISH HOME OF SAN FRANCISCO

FEBRUARY 2013



Get the *gantze megillah* – the whole story (and then some) – at the Jewish Home's singular Purimspiel and costume parade.

Monday, February 25; 2:00 p.m., Goodman Building lobby

AT HOME

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AT HOME contents are for the benefit of residents of the Jewish Home. At Home is based on the tradition of free expression; submissions made by residents should be viewed as not necessarily representing the opinion, position or policies of the Home.

EDITING without approval of the author is a reserved right, due to space and time constraints. Only content written or submitted by those connected with the Home will be accepted.

SUBMIT TO AT HOME!

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HANDWRITTEN SUBMISSIONS to staff or switchboard by the 15th, or ask recreation staff for assistance.

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Residents Write

EXCERPTED FROM MEMORIES

By Rudy Hooremans

A ROOM OF MY OWN

When I was about 11 years old, we moved from The Hague's Daguerre Straat to number 267 Columbus Straat. Moeder and Vader owned this three-story house. We occupied the first apartment, renting the second one to an elderly widower and the third one to a family. Our home extended from the front, or street-side façade, to approximately half the depth of the building. The adjacent apartment was located directly behind ours, extending to the rear façade.

Our new apartment was larger than our old one. It consisted of a large parlor, leading through a pair of leaded glass and wood sliding doors to the living room. The living room was separated from the *serre*, the garden room, by another pair of glass and wood sliding doors with glazed sidelights. Another glazed wood wall formed the rear of the garden room and the building. Behind it was a nice garden.



RUDY HOOREMANS

Alongside and to the right of the parlor and the living room ran a marble-floored corridor from the front door to the kitchen. To the right of our front door and the corridor was the door to the upper apartment, with the stairs a few feet behind the door. Under these stairs, our corridor widened to give us some extra space. We kept our trusty icebox there, as well as our bicycles.

Just before you entered the kitchen was our toilet room, about the size of a closet, containing the toilet, with its overhead chain-operated flushing tank, and a small corner sink with a cold water faucet. Adjacent to the toilet room was a closet. Since it had a stone floor, it was utilized as a food storage closet. The floor was cold enough to prevent most foods from spoiling and the shelves Vader had built kept all Moeder's preserves.

Between that closet and the bicycle-storage area, at a ninety-degree angle with the main corridor, was a short corridor that led to my parents' bedroom. Straight ahead were the stairs to my bedroom (located over Moeder's and Vader's), and above that, our *zolder* (attic). During the first few years after we moved in, Vader divided this large room into three spaces by means of studs and tempered hardboard. The first space was Vader's workroom with all the tools, a workbench and a sink. The second space was to be a bathroom; we had a tub standing

there. The third space, at the street side of the building, was supposed to become the *logeer kamer*, guest room, but it wound up being the storage room for all our junk. Maybe, if the war had not turned all life on earth topsy-turvy, all of this would eventually have been completed.

My bedroom was a delight to me. My own room! It had a door that I could close, thus giving me a lot of privacy. On the street side it had a pair of wood and glass doors that swung open to give access to a narrow balcony.

For me, the room was nice and large. Along one wall stood a table and chair, where I could write, read, and do my homework. I had a bookcase with two shelves behind sliding glass doors, and at the bottom, one shelf behind two swinging wood doors with a lock, in which I could hide my “secret” stuff.

On top of the bookcase stood my alarm clock. When Oom Jo (Moeder’s brother from Paris) came to visit, he presented me with a Mickey Mouse alarm clock. It had a bell on top that rang loud enough to wake the dead. One morning it startled me out of a deep sleep. I jumped out of bed – and crashed to the floor. My legs were numb! Still half-dazed, I crept over to the bookcase and reached up to the raucously ringing clock. I couldn’t find the blooming shut-off button! So as not to wake my parents, I stuffed the thing into my pajamas, crawled back to bed, and put it under my pillow. Just about then, the clock’s spring had unwound completely and silence returned. Meantime, both Moeder and Vader had hastened up the stairs to investigate the cause of the big crash. (I loved that clock, though, and kept it with me for many years – through the war and to the U.S., until it finally gave out.)

My bed consisted of a steel frame with springs. The frame was hinged on the legs nearest the wall, so that if I wanted more room, I could swing the bed up flat with the wall, similar to a Murphy bed. (Actually, I can’t

remember ever making use of this feature, except Vader did, once or twice, to get his “lazy bugger” out of bed!) With an inner spring mattress and a heavy Dutch wool blanket, even during the coldest winter nights, once abed, I was as snug as the proverbial bug in a rug.

I had a little phonograph. I had to wind it with a handle, set the needle and diaphragm armature onto the record, and the sound would come out of the horn. Sometimes I would set the phonograph on my night table on my little balcony. Our next-door neighbor wasn’t very thrilled with the raspy sounds emanating from the contraption and regularly yelled out of his window for me to stop it. He didn’t have much tolerance for boys. When my neighborhood friends and I played stickball in the street, he would call the police. They would usually confiscate our ball and take us to the station house, from where we had to be picked up by our parents. I called our neighbor “*de zure haring*,” the sour herring.

As a typical, energetic boy, I, of course, never walked up the stairs to my room. I ran, most often taking them two steps at a time. The door to my room had a pane of translucent glass in the upper panel, and on two occasions, I didn’t quite manage to stop in time, missed the doorknob, and stuck my hand right through the glass, which then cascaded in shards to the floor. Luckily, my injuries were minor, but my piggy bank hurt after I had paid for a new pane.

Read more of Rudy’s memories in the March issue of AtHome.

Residents Write

GOING OUT INTO "THE REAL WORLD"

By Edie Shaffer

In other words, a shopping trip. Yes, I bravely arranged a van pick-up and a volunteer to accompany me, and off we went – after waiting for the 30-minute-late van to arrive.

The shopping went well. We then went to the pick-up place at the appointed time. What followed was 45 minutes of waiting, many calls on my cell phone, and then being told that the driver had come, couldn't find me, and so had left. They then had to locate an available driver and a new pick-up time – a wait of 45 minutes to an hour.

I arranged to be picked up at a warm, comfortable venue, namely Peet's Coffee. In Peet's, we discovered there were no empty tables. Nevertheless, we decided to order coffee and make the best of it. Soon, a wonderful woman offered to share her tiny table with us, and thus began my "real world" adventure.

The woman's name was Marlene. She heard me mentioning that I would be missing my dinner at the Jewish Home. She became very interested in my life at the Home, and shared that she, too, was Jewish. She asked if I was happy at the Home. Our conversation helped pass the time. Then she announced that she



EDIE SHAFFER

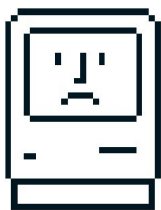
had to leave. I guess our "Jewishness" created a loving atmosphere, and she proceeded to hug me goodbye as though we were old friends.

We now had the table to ourselves, but not for long. Across the aisle sat a lovely woman, who introduced herself as Virginia Fink, and asked to sit with us. It seems she had also overheard us speaking about the Jewish Home. She told me that her late husband was a psychiatrist at the Home many years ago, that she converted to Judaism, and raised their children in the Jewish faith. She was also interested to know if the Home was still, as her husband had told her, "such a wonderful, caring place." Virginia shared that she was a social worker and a Healing Touch specialist. After noticing that my problems with transportation might be causing stress, she began a mini lesson on reducing stress, with acupuncture on many places on the face and neck.

Needless to say, I almost didn't want my ride to arrive! Who knew what other exciting people might approach?

Referring to my title for this story, I have to say that my world was getting "more real" by the minute.

Living at the Jewish Home attracts people you would never otherwise meet. That's just another benefit to life at my "home."



COMPUTER MADNESS

By Edie Shaffer

'Twas the night before "every day"
And I wait in my house
Till it's time to get up
And go reach for the "mouse"
I rush down the hall
Hoping no one is there
And now all that is left
Is to just move the chair
My wheelchair fits nicely
Right under the table
And I begin to play Scrabble
With an opponent named Mabel
Then I play with the robot
And that sounds so absurd
My new reason for living
Is to find a good word
My Kindle lies idle
I've given up fiction
I'm sure you now realize
I have an addiction!
I'll still check my e-mail
I'm not that far gone
But yet only last year
I couldn't turn the thing on
Yes, I arrived at the Home
And quite soon realized
It would be a good thing
To be "computerized"
So I promptly met Arnold
Oh, so patient and kind
And that ultimately led
To my disease of the mind
Now I need to find someone
Who'll speak psychobabble
And can please cure an addict
Who needs to play Scrabble

Staff editor's note: We are proud to print some of the acts from our 2012 Chanukah show, Toast of the Town. A take on The Ed Sullivan Show, this year's offering was indeed the talk of the town. Rocking to Elvis, bopping to the Beatles, impersonating Phyllis Diller – the original stars had nothing on our cast of characters!

A DEDICATION TO OUR HOST, ED SOLOMON

By Edie Shaffer

Many moons ago there was a television show
That everybody watched with great delight.
No matter what we had to do, or where we had to go
Nothing interfered with Sunday night.
The host was dearly loved by all
And yet he seemed quite strange.
From the time he walked upon the stage
His expression never changed.
With his folded arms and frozen smile
He became a weekly hero.
But if you judged his personality 1 to 10
He'd rate a zero.
He became a big celebrity
There was lots of imitating.
The comedians never missed a chance
Good impressions helped their rating.
But I think that we can all agree
He was deserving of his fame.
So many players graced his stage
Performers made their name.
Barbra Streisand, one of many
Received her lucky chance.
And the talented and the "not so" folks
Also got to sing and dance.
Magicians pulled three rabbits from three hats
Or were there nine?
And one thousand Polish dentists sang
Or was that just a comic's line?
He brought pleasure into many lives
So let it now be said
That this guy named Mr. Solomon
Was our special Mr. Ed!

ONE-LINE ZINGERS

Delivered by Edie “Phyllis Diller” Sadewitz

A bachelor is a guy who never made the same mistake once.

Burt Reynolds once asked me out. I was in his room.

I once wore a peek-a-boo blouse. People would peek and then they’d boo.

I never made “Who’s Who,” but I’m featured in “What’s *That?*”

What I don’t like about office Chanukah parties, especially at the Jewish Home, is looking for a job the next day.

You know you’re old if your walker has an airbag.

When I told my husband, Fang, I was going to have my face lifted, he said, “Who’d steal it?”

I realized on our first wedding anniversary that our marriage was in trouble. Fang gave me luggage. It was packed.

My vanity table is a Black & Decker workbench.

The only thing domestic about me is I was born in this country.

I have so many liver spots I ought to come with a side of onions.

You know you’re old if they’ve discontinued your blood type.

My mother-in-law had a pain beneath her left breast. Turned out to be a trick knee.

I admit I have a tremendous sex drive. My boyfriend lives forty miles away.

Think of me as a sex symbol for men who just don’t give a darn.

You know you’re old when someone compliments you on your alligator shoes, and you’re barefoot.



EDIE “PHYLLIS DILLER” SADEWITZ

SONGS FROM THE SHOW

[BETTER THAN] THE BEATLES MEDLEY

The Chanukah Lights

Moishe schlepped his barrow to the market place.

Esther is the yenta of the land.

Moishe says to Esther, “There’s schmutz on your face.”

And Esther says this as she takes him by the hand

Ob la di – oy gevalt

Life goes on, eh?

A la la la life goes on.

Ob la di – oy gevalt

Life goes on, eh?

A la la la life goes on.

In a couple of years they had built a home sweet home

With a couple of kids living in the shtetl

Esther and Moische groan. Oy, oy, oy, oy, oy, oy.

Oh yeah, I'll tell you something
 I think you'll understand
 When I say that something
 I want to hold your hand
 I want to hold your hand
 I want to hold your hand
 And when I touch you I feel happy inside
 It's such a feeling that my love
 I can't hide, I can't hide, I can't hide
 Moishe and Esther bought a bagel place
 Moishe makes his schmears by the hand
 Esther signs her girls up for the J-date race
 And together they play bridge with their friend
 Stan
 Ob la di – oy gevalt
 Life goes on, eh?
 A la la la life goes on.
 Ob la di – oy gevalt
 Life goes on, eh?
 A la la la life goes on.

MY FAVORITE THINGS

The Chanukah Lights

Honey on apples, and berries on knishes
Shofar takias and warm New Year's wishes
 Time for reflection on all of our dreams
 These are a few of our favorite things
 Building the sukkah with family and friends
 Lulav and etrog – a feast with no end
 Shemini Atzeret to Simchat Torah
 All of these holidays; joy to us all
 Cleaning the house and exchanging the dishes
 Hosting the seder; matza; gefilte fishes
 Singing and eating and praying and more
 Waiting for Elijah to come through the door
 When the dog bites
 When the bee stings
 When we're feeling bad
 We simply remember our favorite things
 And then we don't feel so sad

LIGHT ONE CANDLE

The Chanukah Lights

Light one candle
 For the Maccabee children
 Give thanks that their light
 Did not die
 Light one candle
 For the pain they endured
 When their right to exist was denied
 Light one candle
 For the terrible sacrifice
 Justice and freedom demand
 Light one candle
 For the wisdom to know
 When the peacemaker's time is at hand
 Don't let the light go out
 It's lasted for so many years
 Don't let the light go out
 Let it shine
 Through our love and our tears
 Light one candle
 For the strength that we need
 To never become our own foe
 Light one candle
 For those who are suffering
 The pain we learned so long ago
 Light one candle
 For all we believe in
 Let anger not tear us apart
 Light one candle
 To bind us together
 With peace as the song in our heart
 Don't let the light go out
 It's lasted for so many years
 Don't let the light go out
 Let it shine
 Through our love and our tears
 Don't let the light go out
 Don't let the light go out
 Don't let the light go out!

HIGH POINTS VERSUS LOW POINTS

By Francine Hament

I inadvertently came across a conversation between two residents. They were discussing what their lives had become, what roads they had traveled, since becoming “exclusive members” of the Jewish Home.

It was interesting to note the tone of each person’s conversation – the high points and the low points.

“This is so different from my life before,” said the one. “Fewer choices. Your decisions are ‘mine’ or ‘theirs.’ Satisfaction isn’t always satisfactory. Having to deal with new ideas, new restrictions, your ‘voice’ not always taken into consideration.”

The above was said in a tone that conveyed an air of “What can I do? Complaining doesn’t help much.”

The other resident listened intently. You could see her thoughts washing across her face.

“I’ve found so many new experiences here,” she responded. “Classes, learning opportunities, bright teachers I wouldn’t have known about had I not moved here. My life is enhanced and I’m inspired with a headful of learning skills. Many are the highlights of my day, becoming staples of the weeks and months to follow.”

The two residents contemplated each other’s experiences, noting what was missing in their lives and what was possible if an open mind would just open a little wider and let available activities have a chance to see the light of day.

These two declared a new friendship based on this exchange of thoughts. Together, they now find things more doable and exciting.

What was negative has now changed to



FRANCINE HAMENT

more active, and experiences are now more high points than low points. The positive, high points person enjoys helping clear the way for another person to find meaningful and enriching daily subjects to keep her friend busy and on the road to a more fulfilling life. They have helped each other, and, at the same time, added new dimensions and enhanced friendship.

Long live high points and low points – combining forces for the good of all.

WORDS – LIKE “THE”

By Francine Hament

Ever wondered why, when talking about the five boroughs of New York, only The Bronx is *The* Bronx? What’s so special about The Bronx that it’s honored with a “The”? (I was born there, but that’s not the reason why!)

During WWII, a German spy, with a perfect American accent, tried to gain entry into the U.S. When he was asked to name the five boroughs, he replied “Bronx,” omitting the “The.” The authorities immediately knew he was a spy, despite his perfect accent. So, the next time you consider becoming a spy, remember that a small word such as “the” can have dire consequences.

JULY 17, 1945

By Esther Marcus, Jewish Home volunteer

My mother was the one who decided that we should emigrate to Shanghai. She felt there was really no other choice; all the other countries had closed their doors to us. We left Berlin in February 1939.

I always felt that our mother gave us life more than once because of her ability to make good decisions. She also knew how to follow her instincts.

I had married in 1945, still wartime in Shanghai, and had moved into a new room with my husband. I set up my own little workshop doing dressmaking. It consisted of a newly bought secondhand sewing machine, an iron, and me.

I went to see my parents quite often, but not as often as they would have liked. I was not able to help out as much as I used to when my mother needed me. Shopping and cooking were much more of a problem, and since there was no refrigeration, one had to go shopping every day, and to several places, too, as there were no supermarkets then. The cooking itself was the biggest problem. We had these little stoves that you fed egg-shaped coal and you stood there fanning until you had a good fire going. That really tested your nerves!

To avoid some of the work, it was decided that instead of cooking every day, my parents would get their midday meal from a kitchen nearby. My brother was still working with my father, and still living at home. It therefore



ESTHER MARCUS

became his task to pick up the food every day. And every day my mother had to remind him that it was time to put down the work and go get the food. My brother was always reluctant, but after a while he would go.

One day my mother thought she would not nag him into going but let him decide when to leave. And that day was July 17, 1945, the day the first bombs fell on Hongkew.

The Americans were aiming at an ammunitions plant and radio station, but they missed, hitting the area where the kitchen was located. My brother would surely have been killed had my mother urged him to go. A lot of people were killed that day – 250 Chinese and 31 refugees. Many others were injured.

Residents Write

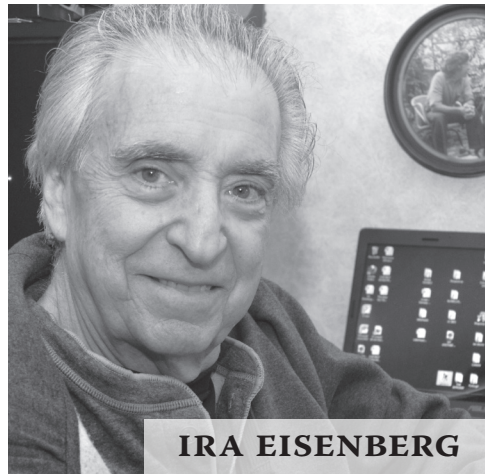
QUESTIONING THE RIGHT TO KEEP AND BEAR ARMS

By Ira Eisenberg

The fact that most mass murderers are deemed (usually after the fact) to have been mentally unbalanced should surprise no one and is beside the point when considering the horror that occurred in Newtown, Conn., in December. Moreover, the inescapable reality is that there is no reliable way to prevent even those who are certifiable from obtaining deadly weapons. In this nation of 350 million people there are already some 300 million guns in private hands.

That is not to say this nation is powerless to solve the problem of gun violence, but the solution will take clear thinking, dedicated action on the part of our lawmakers and, above all, time.

I find it hard to understand those who resist the common-sense logic that weapons of war – automatic and semi-automatic pistols and rifles – have no place in the hands of ordinary citizens. Nor can I understand how the Second Amendment to the Constitution, which says, *A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the*



IRA EISENBERG

security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms shall not be infringed, can be reasonably read to bestow such an individual right.

The Second Amendment, let us not forget, was enacted in 1791, one of 10 amendments to the then-proposed constitution of a newly proposed United States of America. Those amendments were demanded by the 13 original colonies which, having just won their freedom from a tyrannical British monarchy, were skittish about surrendering any bit of their hard-fought and newly acquired sovereignty to a new and untested central government. They saw the Second Amendment as a guarantee that the 13 states would have the power to raise and equip their own armed forces to protect themselves against any new threat of tyranny that might be posed by this untried central authority to which they were being asked to submit.

It seems clear to me that the Second Amendment was never intended to bestow the right to own and carry guns to individuals, and was never viewed as such until just four years ago when, under the sway of the brilliant but radically conservative Justice Anton Scalia, a bare majority of the U. S. Supreme Court were persuaded to *reinterpret* the Second Amendment as an individual right. And some presumably responsible people, including Texas Congressman Louie Gohmert and

Wayne LaPierre, VP and chief spokesman for the National Rifle Association, now draw from Scalia's radical reinterpretation the truly nutty conclusion that the tragedy at that elementary school in Connecticut and others like it might be averted were teachers armed with deadly weapons. Oh, really? Do they really believe shootouts in classrooms would make our children safer?

The incidence of mass murder in the United States vastly outstrips that of every other so-called advanced nation, and virtually every other country, including Great Britain and Australia, strictly forbid the ownership or sale of assault weapons and enjoy much lower rates of gun violence and mass murder as a consequence.

When will we learn? How many more horrors must we endure?

STAFF EDITOR'S NOTE: *Just prior to AtHome's going to press, President Obama presented a comprehensive set of initiatives on gun control, which include requiring universal criminal background checks for all gun sales, doing away with the loopholes for gun shows, private sales and Internet sales that have exempted 40 percent of all gun sales from those checks. He called on Congress to reinstate and toughen the ban on assault weapons that was allowed to expire in 2004. He wants to restore a 10-round limit on ammunition magazines and to ban armor-piercing bullets that are used by criminals to kill police officers. The president asked Congress to pass a \$4 billion measure intended to retain 15,000 police officers who are being laid off as states and localities react to the recent recession and to budget cuts from Washington. He also issued executive orders to make the background checks system more comprehensive and strengthen enforcement of existing gun laws.*

THE DOCTOR DOESN'T ALWAYS KNOW BEST

By Ira Eisenberg

The Affordable Care Act, popularly referred to as Obamacare, predictably will extend health insurance to millions of Americans who currently lack coverage, and exacerbate an already acute shortage of doctors while doing little to reduce this nation's already excessive healthcare costs. But as the *New York Times* recently opined, "There is plenty of evidence that well-trained health workers can provide routine service that is every bit as good or even better than what patients would receive from a doctor. And because they are paid less than the doctors, they can save the patient and the health care system money."

The truth of that analysis is evident to me from my personal experience.

For years, I suffered from a sinus infection that neither my primary care physician nor a very pricey ear, nose and throat specialist were able to clear up, despite the hundreds of dollars in "care" – most of which was thankfully covered by my employer-provided insurance and Medicare. Yet the problem was finally quickly and cheaply resolved by a hospice nurse.

Don't get me wrong, I'm no Luddite where medical science is concerned. But many of the well-documented challenges facing our notoriously inefficient and excessively expensive healthcare system might be resolved by our underutilized healthcare workers, many of whom hold master's degrees and seem more keenly aware of patients' needs.

Residents Write



BERNICE HUNOLD

THE MOSQUITO

By Bernice Hunold

This piece was originally written by the humorist Robert Benchley. I adapted it to this stage-performance version. I performed it some decades ago at San Francisco State University – without the wheelchair. And recently, with the wheelchair, at the Jewish Home. – Bernice Hunold

Oi am Maizie da mosquito from da Bronx. An Oi'd loike to tell yez about my woik.

Foist of awl, ya shud know dat mosquidoes don' live by blood alone. Nah. Mosquidoes live t'irritate.

Fer example. If Oi wuz to bite any victim right now, and he dint realize it til tomorrow mawning – Oi wouldn be pleased.

If Oi wuz to score a hundred boites in one evnin – Oi wouldn be pleased. Unless doze boites wuz accompanied by a hundred howls of annoyance.

Da trut is ... Oi loike to annoy.

Oi loike to play wid my victim before Oi boite him.

Oi loike to tawcha him. To make him shiva an' shake. And quiva an' quake. An' rock an' roll. An' potata bake.

No, dat's wrong, dat's wrong! Oi swayed off da track dere. Where wuz Oi? Ah, tawkin about tawcha.

What instrument of tawcha do Oi use? Oi use my liddle voice. Oi use my liddle voice to make my victim tink Oi am nearer to him dan Oi reely am.

It takes tree tings to do dat. Foist, Oi start a liddle hum. An' Oi do dat while Oi'm sittin' on da big toe of da victim – stickin' out frum unda da blanket dere. Oi start a liddle hum. Mmmm. Oh, whad a beeyootiful mawning, oh, whad a beeyootiful day. No, dat's wrong! Oi swayed off da track agin. It goes like dis:

Hum a liddle hum. mmmmmmm

Increase da volume. MMMMMMMM

An' raise da pitch. *ING NG NG NG NG NG*

Now dese tree tings make it sound loike Oi'm gettin' nearer an' nearer to my victim.

Oi see him sit up in his bed.

Oi see him clench his teeth.

Oi see him wait – til he tinks Oi'm near enough to swat. Usually he swats himself on da ear. Den he feels carefully between his fingers to see if he has cawt me. *Zzzz*. Fat chance!

Sometimes Oi let him tink he *has* cawt me. It makes him cocky. He tinks dat he has demonstrated da superiority of man over da rest of us creatures. He's pleased wid himself, an' he rolls ova an' starts to sleep agin.

Now is da toime to woik on him agin. Hah! Hah! Hah!

After he slaps himself awl ova da face an' head.

After he puts on da light an' soiches da room.

After he goes back to his bed to tink up some noo woids. SACRA MENTO. BRATWURST.

Dat's when Oi go for da SALAMI. No, no, Oi mean da climax. Oi approach him from da roit. mmm. MMMM. NYINGINGING.

Den Oi'm perfectly still.

Den Oi swish to da left. An' Oi sashay around to his neck. An' just as he boings himself on da ear, Oi boite him on da neck. An' Oi fly away.

An' now Oi am pleased.

Now you know someting about my woik. Much good will it do yez.

MY VIEW

By Bernice Hunold

How lucky am I
to live with the sailboats
outside my window.
Their sails proud with the wind
that blows them merrily merrily merrily
inland and out.
And yet there is a sober note.
In the foreground is the clock at Ghirardelli.
It has stopped.
Still further foreground
I see a bus
traveling along the street
like a toy railroad car.
To the left is the Fontana
with its lofty view of the bay
And the encircling land
with its golden windows.
Coming up the hill
oblivious of the beauty behind them
two giggling girls.



**GOOD FOR COMEDY AND A
WONDERFUL DO-GOODER, LISA
GEDULDIG BROKERS BOOKS ON
HUMOR FOR THE HOME'S LIBRARY.
PHOTO CREDIT: KENT TAYLOR**

GEDULDIG GETS THE GIFT OF LAUGHTER

She certainly knows how to keep us laughing.

Lisa Geduldig – stand-up comedian, creator of Kung Pao Kosher Comedy (her annual Jewish comedy show in a Chinese restaurant over the Christmas season), and creator, producer and emcee of other comedy shows, as well as budding filmmaker – can add “deal broker” to her resume.

Thanks to Lisa's efforts – arranging for the Jewish Community Library to make a thoughtful and welcome donation – our library is now stocked with additional books on Jewish humor.

We wish our residents happy reading – now in more ways than one.

A HISTORY LESSON – AND A LESSON FOR LIFE

Submitted by Edie Sadewitz

His name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog.

There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you," said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life."

"No, I can't accept payment for what I did," the Scottish farmer replied, waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

"Is that your son?" the nobleman asked.

"Yes," the farmer replied.

"I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of."



EDIE SADEWITZ

And that he did. Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and, in time, graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London. He went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin.

Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia.

What saved his life this time? Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.

RESIDENTS' BIRTHDAYS IN FEBRUARY

3 Olga Pozhushis
3 Claire Shor
7 Boris Burkatov
9 Tamara Blanter
11 Shura Paykis

12 Hilda Senick
14 Ellen Castle
15 Abraham Knabel
16 Zalman Kholmyansky
18 Zinoviy Simkhovych

19 Betty Ruth Graham
22 Josephine Garnot
22 Henrietta Miller
28 Jesus Sandoval



Marian Blechman celebrated her 104th birthday in December, and was delighted to be the cutter of the cake for her fellow birth month honorees at the celebratory luncheon.



Looking forward to her 105th birthday at the end of January, Doris Sperber delivers a delightful smile for the camera. Anna Stepp, resident services coordinator, gives Doris a hand with the cutting of the birthday cake.

CUT HERE



BRAVO! EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH NOMINATION FORM

I, _____,
nominate _____

for the Bravo! Employee of the Month Award for the month of _____

- Performs “beyond the call of duty” to improve service to the residents, or the quality of the Jewish Home’s image.
- Exemplifies professionalism and dedication to excellent service by putting forth the extra effort.
- Makes outstanding contributions of significance to the Jewish Home to fulfill its mission / vision.

I feel he/she should receive the award because:

SUBMIT THIS FORM to your recreation coordinator by the 1st of the month for the following month’s award consideration. Or you can place it in the nomination box located at the self-service area in the H.R. department, 1st floor, B-building, or hand-deliver it to the H.R. department, or e-mail it to mdeguzman@jhsf.org.

Bravo!

EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH JANUARY

WHAT YOU WROTE IN YOUR NOMINATIONS:

MIDOC GARCIA, CENTRAL SUPPLY COORDINATOR



Midoc consistently performs beyond the call of duty, and beyond the description and responsibilities of his position, to improve service to the residents

and promote the quality of the Jewish Home’s image. His involvement with and contribution to happenings at the Home – from leading the dancing at staff events to creating a wonderful video for the all staff holiday party – motivates staff participation and increases morale and enjoyment.

RHEA ORIAS, CNA

Rhea is amazing at her job. A delightful co-



worker, she also clearly fits her chosen vocation – assisting her residents, treating them with kindness and dignity, being extremely attentive to them, and should they feel agitated,

helping them become calm and relaxed. The reason Rhea goes above and beyond is not because she has to but because she wants to.

Bravo! is generously underwritten by Jewish Home supporters Dana Corvin and Harris Weinberg.

EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH **FEBRUARY**

WHAT YOU WROTE IN YOUR NOMINATIONS:

GERAPIE CALARA, CNA

An excellent CNA, Gerapie contributes valuable



suggestions during IDT meetings and care plan conferences on how to provide better care, pays close attention to reports and endorsements, and makes a point of getting

to know what is going on with other residents (not only those assigned to her). She also goes out of her way to provide supportive care. She will use her own sewing kit to mend a resident's item of clothing or personally purchase small, thoughtful sundry items for her residents.

KATHY KYI, RECREATION TEAM LEADER



Kathy consistently shows great concern for and engagement with our residents' well-being. This is evidenced by her many referrals for spiritual support, her creative

strategies for providing help and care, and her interdisciplinary teamwork on F3.

IN MEMORY

RITA ARONSKAYA

August 10, 1912 to December 19, 2012

GENYA BEREZOVSKY

April 12, 1931 to December 17, 2012

RAISA BURMAN

April 24, 1934 to December 3, 2012

MIRIAM CASS

August 27, 1914 to January 5, 2013

SARRA EPELBAUM

May 13, 1913 to January 1, 2013

BESS GRADEL

March 3, 1921 to January 2, 2013

TSILIA KHASHMINSKAY

October 11, 1919 to December 25, 2012

SAMUEL LETUCHY

May 15, 1928 to November 28, 2012

BETTY LONDON

August 24, 1916 to December 14, 2012

SARAH PINK

December 15, 1920 to December 29, 2012

RIMMA SAFYAN

December 31, 1922 to December 13, 2012

NORMAN SINGER

August 10, 1922 to January 17, 2013

Council of Residents



DECEMBER 18, 2012 MEETING MINUTES

Council president Edie Sadewitz called the meeting to order at 2:35 p.m. and introduced the officers in attendance.

Council secretary Anna Stepp read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were approved as read.

Edie read the names of residents who had passed away within the last month.

Edie read the names of new residents who were admitted to the Home within the last month.

Treasurer Claire Shor gave the financial report. There were no deposits and \$30 in withdrawals, leaving the balance at \$117.31 in the checking account and \$10 in petty cash.

Anna reminded the membership that copies of the Residents' Bill of Rights as well as the Theft and Loss Prevention Procedures are always available to residents, and that copies are on hand at all Council meetings. Residents were reminded that their social worker will follow up with them on the status of all missing item reports. Residents should also feel free to contact their social worker for follow-up issues.

FOOD FORUM

Last month's open Food Forum meeting minutes were distributed.

OLD BUSINESS

Edie Shaffer announced the generous donation of \$50 from Ann and Arnold Naidus – on behalf of the Council of Residents – toward the victims of Hurricane Sandy.

Council of Residents officers and residents in attendance agreed to donate \$25 from the Council fund toward those affected by Hurricane Sandy.

Residents are concerned about the shortage of on-call nursing staff on the units.

Francine Hament commented that Frank Gee, assistant director of Plant Maintenance, fixed the heat issue in her room in a most timely manner.

Edie Sadewitz commended hairdresser Frieda Saenz on her 40-year anniversary with the Jewish Home.

NEW BUSINESS

Residents are still very concerned with the condition of the shower area on K2: The room temperature is too cold; there is no towel stand; it is too hard to climb into the tub; one is not able to stand directly under the shower head.

Edie Sadewitz gave honorable mention to Creative Arts director Gary Tanner for all his work on the stage design and props for the annual Chanukah show.

Edie Sadewitz commented on the wonderful job YAD (Young Adults Division of the Jewish Community Federation) did decorating the Home for Chanukah.



**CLOCKWISE L. TO R.: CLAIRE SHOR,
EDIE SADEWITZ, EDIE SHAFFER, SYLVIA KORN**

Officers of the Council of Residents 2012-2014

Edie Sadewitz
President

Sylvia Korn
Co-Vice President

Edie Shaffer
Co-Vice President

Claire Shor
Treasurer

Edie announced the total amount raised for the Hurricane Sandy Fund on behalf of the Council of Residents.

RAFFLE WINNER

Marion Levenberg was the lucky winner of this month's raffle.

The meeting was adjourned at 3:10 p.m.
Recorded by Anna Stepp, Council Secretary

JANUARY 10, 2013 MEETING MINUTES

Council president Edie Sadewitz called the meeting to order at 2:30 p.m. and introduced the officers in attendance.

Council secretary Anna Stepp read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were approved as read.

Edie read the names of residents who had passed away within the last month.

Edie read the names of new residents who were admitted to the Home within the last month.

Treasurer Claire Shor gave the financial report. There were no deposits and \$5 in withdrawals, leaving the balance at \$112.31 in the checking account and \$10 in petty cash.

Anna reminded the membership that copies of the Residents' Bill of Rights as well as the Theft and Loss Prevention Procedures are always available to residents, and that copies are on hand at all Council meetings. Residents were reminded that their social worker will follow up with them on the status of all missing item reports. Residents should also feel free to contact their social worker for follow-up issues.

FOOD FORUM

Last month's open Food Forum meeting minutes were distributed.

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OLD BUSINESS

Residents are still very concerned with the condition of the shower area on K2: The room temperature is too cold; there is no towel stand; it is too hard to climb into the tub; one is not able to stand directly under the shower head.

Eddie Sadewitz gave honorable mention to Creative Arts director Gary Tanner for all his work on the stage design and props for the annual Chanukah show.

Eddie Sadewitz commented on the wonderful job YAD (Young Adults Division of the Jewish Community Federation) did decorating the Home for Chanukah.

Eddie announced the total amount raised for the Hurricane Sandy Fund on behalf of the Council of Residents.

NEW BUSINESS

Residents are still concerned with the shower area on K2. Council secretary Anna Stepp will check in with Nenita regarding progress.

Residents are still concerned about the number of nursing staff, stating that their units are “short staffed.”

Eddie Sadewitz noted that the Countdown to New Year’s celebration was wonderful.

Council vice president Edie Shaffer mentioned it would be nice to have a computer on K1. Assistant administrator Mark Friedlander addressed the request, but unfortunately, it is not in the budget to staff a computer on K1 at this time.

RAFFLE WINNER

Dulce Martinez was the lucky winner of this month’s raffle.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:55 p.m.

Recorded by Anna Stepp, Council Secretary

DOGS OF THE JEWISH HOME



DID I HEAR MY NAME?

Just like his human, recreation coordinator Barry Pfeffer, Linus has his ear cocked to make sure he doesn’t miss any way he can be of service to our residents. The pair has personality to spare.

Happenings at Home



TUNING IN TO THE SHABBATONES

Making the Jewish Home the first leg of their Bay Area tour, the University of Pennsylvania Shabbatones delighted residents with their performance and musical arrangements. Founded in 2001, they are one of the premier Jewish a cappella groups in the country. Student-run and student-directed, with all their arrangements written by group members, their style reflects a combination of popular and religious American, Israeli and Jewish music, which they deliver in both English and Hebrew.

Happenings *at Home*



They're passionate golfers, dedicated philanthropists and committed partners of the Jewish Home. We had the honor of thanking and celebrating the fabulous foursome who, under the name of G2 Insurance, participated in a Private Client Group Invitational this summer. They won the regional event and then went on to take the national championship, naming Jewish Home & Senior Living Foundation as the benefitting charity. Pictured, l. to r.: Stephen Dascole, G2 Insurance's personal lines manager; Peter Pollat, chair, Jewish Home's golf tournament committee; Edie Sadewitz, Jewish Home resident and president of the Home's Council of Residents, displaying one of the specially crafted mementos of our appreciation; Jason Goldman, founding member and principal, G2 Insurance. Not pictured: Douglas Goldman, who shares and continues his family's longstanding legacy of support of the Jewish Home.