CELEBRATING PURIM, THURSDAY, MARCH 24
It’s the whole *megillah*: Synagogue service, games galore, and a heap of hamantaschen
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!
E-mail submissions by the 15th:
Ilana Glaun: iglaun@jewishseniorlivinggroup.org

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

staff editor:  Ilana Glaun
designer:  Michael Wickler
BITS ABOUT MY FATHER AND SOME OF HIS COLORFUL CAST OF (FAMILY) CHARACTERS

Vader, Joseph Emanuel Hooremans, was born on December 6, 1893. Having graduated from the University of Leiden as an electro/mechanical engineer, he went to work for the Central Bureau of Statistics, a government agency in The Hague, where he became in charge of maintenance of the office machines, such as typewriters, adding machines, and the like.

His family consisted of his mother, Anna Hooremans-Waisfisz. Her real first name was Naatje, but she didn’t think that name was cosmopolitan enough. As I grew up, like all Dutch boys, I called her Opoe (Dutch for grandma). At some point during my childhood, she decided that Opoe was too old-fashioned and that henceforth she would be called Oma.

Oma’s husband, Opa (grandpa) Levi Hooremans, had died well before I was born. Opa was in the photography business, I believe, but beyond that, I know nothing about him.

My father had three sisters. The eldest, Cato – known as Tante (aunt) To to me – was divorced from Jan van der Ham. Tante To’s son was born on May 26, 1921, and was named Leonardus Johannes Maria van der Ham; he went by Leo for short. His second middle name, Maria, becomes more understandable once I mention that his father, Jan, was Catholic. That fact was not really so very earthshaking – although I suppose it probably made quite a ripple in the sea of emotions of the Hooremans family at the time Tante To decided to marry outside the family’s faith – but it became an unwitting lifesaver for her during the Second World War.

Leo was, unfortunately, born deaf. Moeder (my mother) told me that one day, when she went to visit Cato, she noticed that baby Leo didn’t react to any sounds, such as a rattle or the calling out of his name. Moeder mentioned this to her sister-in-law.

Tante To vehemently denied this possibility. “No,” she said. “Just watch what happens when I call him.”

Whereupon she stamped her foot on the floor at the same time as she called “Leo!”

Instantly the baby looked up.

Well, eventually, after examination by several doctors, Tante To had to accept the inevitable. Meanwhile, Leo thrived and lived his life quite successfully.

Of Vader’s second sister, Marie, I have absolutely no memory of her at all, which is of course due to
the fact that she died either shortly before or after my birth.

Elizabeth (my Tante Beppie, for short) was Vader’s youngest sister. She never married and continued to live with her mother. She had a government job for many years, which, like everything else, was totally disrupted by the war.

Oma’s older, unmarried sister, Betsie, also lived with her. Oma had two brothers. There was Oom (uncle) Louis, who was a shoemaker and also born deaf, while the other one’s name I don’t know and don’t remember ever meeting. I do remember his wife, Tante Fransje, well. She lived a block away from Oma. She had a son, Emanuel, who was a Gypsy violinist.

Read more of Rudy’s memories in next month’s issue of AtHome.

NIGHTLIGHT

BY ELLEN MARKS-HINKLE

Do you remember when you were little and had a nightlight to help scare away the fright of bogeymen, spiders, and other creatures of the night?

The light must have been a great comfort for you, and you could erase whatever you thought was there to scare you.

Well, you were all very lucky. Lucky as a ducky, as my mother would have said.

I never had a nightlight, even though I was filled with fright. I wished I could have gone outside and climbed on a tree, even though I was but a little over three.

The booming sounds scared me so much; the higher and lower “beeps” gave me the creeps. So I crept into my mom and dad’s room, where the view was of the twinkling lights of the Marin hills and the Golden Gate Bridge, which helped to relax me. (So forget the tree.)

My dad woke up and took me by the hand to my room. He pulled up my drapes and explained that the large structure I could see was called a lighthouse. I already knew about it, although I did not equate it with the sounds called foghorns.

Thinking back, the foghorns had scared me to death, and I could hardly catch my breath. Now I was home free. That is, until my older brother John told me stories of the ugly trolls with thick black hair on their chins.

John said that these trolls lived on the banks of the water and under the Golden Gate Bridge. He also told me that I was “part-troll” because the color of my hair was blue-black. (Can you imagine that?)

My brother was never nice or fair to me. Oh, I really wanted to kick his derriere!

This is the end of my true story.
LATER
BY FRANCINE HAMENT

Have you come across a word that you didn’t realize could convey or say so much with just that one word? I feel spellbound by this discovery! It’s short, to the point, and somewhat of a surprise to hear it for the first time.

I didn’t dream this one up. Have you ever heard someone simply say “Later” as a way of saying “See you later.” Or “See you later, alligator.”? A volunteer, as he got up to leave, waved and said, “Later!” Just like that, one word replaced a whole sentence. Imagine how this saves time, energy, and it sure is easy. It’s also catching, and I’m sure others are just as fascinated as I am.

Don’t you think ways of communicating are getting shorter and cleverer – and thus we jump upon brevity in its purest form?

Did you know there’s a word to describe this? The verb “to bowdlerize” is an eponym. That is, it derives from the name of a person. The person in this case is Thomas Bowdler (1754–1825), an educated Englishman of independent means who wished to protect readers, chiefly women and children, from what he considered improper language and content in literary works.

What began as a sort of censorship has evolved to mean brevity, the shortening of a phrase, a sentence or even a book (think Reader’s Digest’s edited novels).

Here are examples and meanings of words – and grunts – that often convey a world of meaning:

“Bah” is dismissive.

“Duh” derides someone who is dense.

“Ew” denotes disgust, intensified by the addition of one or more e’s and/or w’s.

“Ha” expresses joy or surprise, or perhaps triumph.

“Hey” can express surprise or exultation, or can be used to request repetition or call for attention.

“Hm” extended as needed, suggests curiosity, confusion, consternation, or skepticism.

“Meh” is an indication of feeling underwhelmed, disappointed or saying, “I’d rather not.”

“Ooh” with o’s repeated as needed, conveys interest, admiration or, alternatively, disdain.

“Oy” part of Yiddish expressions such as “Oy gevalt” (equivalent to “Uh-oh”) is a lament of frustration, concern or self-pity.
“Ugh” is an exclamation of disgust.

“Uh” is an expression of skepticism or a delaying tactic.

“Uh-huh” indicates affirmation or agreement.

“Uh-oh” signals concern or dismay.

“Uh-uh” is the sound of negation or refusal.

“Um” is a placeholder for a pause but also denotes skepticism.

“Whoa” is a call to halt or an exclamation of surprise or relief.

“Wow” expresses surprise.

Can you imagine how crazy it must seem to someone trying to learn the everyday English we take for granted? And yet, even for those who’ve lived in the English-speaking world, new expressions continue to crop up.

“Later” says so much in so little time. For good or ill, this seems the continuation of the trend to bowdlerize our language. Perhaps, some day soon, “How have you been?” will become “How?” or “Been?” or “You?”

“QUOTES TO LIVE BY
COURTESY OF PHYLLIS WOLF

“What you think, you become.”
– MAHATMA GANDHI, 1869–1948; POLITICIAN AND PREEMINENT LEADER OF THE INDIAN INDEPENDENCE MOVEMENT IN BRITISH- RULED INDIA.

“Knowing yourself is the beginning of all wisdom.”
– ARISTOTLE, 384 BCE–322 BCE, GREEK PHILOSOPHER AND SCIENTIST

“Yoga is like music, the rhythm of the body, the melody of the mind, and the harmony of the soul create the symphony of life.”
– BKS IYENGAR, 1918–2014; RENOWNED YOGA TEACHER AND AUTHOR

“Life is about sharing.”
– YOKO ONO; MULTIMEDIA ARTIST, SINGER, AND PEACE ACTIVIST
My mother, Becky, gave me a book about dance with *Swan Lake*, *The Firebird*, and a dancer executing the five ballet positions. I told her the school lacked structure. I was ready for the Elinor Griffin Nursery School, with structural projects like gluing shells and smoothed glass on wood with my brother, Alex. Even though this widow had been a ballet dancer, she didn’t include ballet in the curriculum.

My father, Allan, the architecture critic for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, painted the interior of our home white to fit with the outside. He told me that white was an essential part of the International Style, which he had learned about from Nathaniel A. Owings and Myron Goldsmith of the architecture and engineering firm SOM.

By the time I was four, Allan drove me to the San Francisco International Airport. There I met his dear friend, Goldsmith. He looked on while Allan explained his United Airlines maintenance hangar and wash hangar. Allan stressed that structure was the foremost part of any building or bridge. It was also the main part of ballet, which cleared my mind.

Then another woman gave me *Going to the ballet*, with famous ballerinas like Anna Pavlova. This reaffirmed my need for ballet class. By third grade, Becky let me take ballet near Emerson Elementary School. The teacher tapped the rhythm and sometimes the girls. Thankfully, Becky transferred me to a former Russian ballet dancer across Berkeley. It was the perfect exercise for my temperament and body, fitting in with architecture, engineering, and music. I looked forward to going on point, but Mrs. Griffin told Becky that would destroy my feet.

In middle school, I got impressed by the West African dancing in the talent show. They danced in leopard skin costumes, going up and down from the floor to an intricate beat. Some of their moves I incorporate into my dances here.

I like to connect with my audience using eye contact. Certain residents enjoy that experience. I hold hands, swaying with one resident, even though she is in a wheelchair.

Dancing is about giving and receiving joy. It means certain ballet moves, such as the concluding one from *Swan Lake* with one leg in front and my arms behind my head.

I look forward to dancing at every opportunity.
LOOKING AROUND THE LEGION OF HONOR

A group of residents enjoyed their recent trip to the Legion of Honor and audio visual tour. Listening in and learning are (from left to right) Trudy Warshaw, Phyllis Wolf, Edie Shaffer and Edie Sadewitz. Gloria Houtenbrink is in the foreground. Able and amiable driver Christian Hulse stands center, with wonderful recreation coordinator Laura Weston standing second from right.
Born Sonia Kalish to a Jewish family en route to a new life in America from Tsarist Russia in 1887, Sophie Tucker would become one of the greatest and most beloved entertainers of the 20th century.

The singer, comedian, TV, film and radio personality grew from humble roots in Hartford, Connecticut, where her family appropriated the last name Abuza and opened a restaurant. In addition to helping maintain the family business, Sophie began singing for tips at an early age and discovered her powerful voice and innate knack for entertaining.

At 16, Sophie married local heartthrob Louis Tuck (from whom she would derive her famous last name) and soon after gave birth to her son, Bert. The rocky marriage and jump into motherhood exposed Sophie to a bleak future ahead if she chose to stay close to home and abandon her theatrical dreams. She left her child to be raised by her younger sister, Anna, and made her way to New York City with just $90 in her pocket, determined to make a name for herself and find success that would enable her to give back to her family.

"I believe in tit for tat, and if that’s the case, someone owes me a lot of tat," said Sophie Tucker, the bawdy singer/comedian, whose career lasted seven decades from the 1890s through the 1960s.

LAST OF THE RED-HOT MAMAS

THE OUTRAGEOUS SOPHIE TUCKER
The harsh reality of roughing it in New York didn’t faze the ingénue and, after pounding the pavement and pinching pennies, Sophie eventually found work performing vaudeville and burlesque tunes in local establishments. However, being pegged “too fat and ugly” to perform as herself, Sophie was restricted to performing in blackface. While she made a name for herself with this act, a happy accident, which left her without her makeup kit one day in 1909, forced her to go on stage naturally – that is, as natural as a full-figured girl in a sequined ball gown and golden curls can be.

“Always let them see you before they hear you,” she later said about her feather plumes, furs and sequined, spangled gowns. The crowd adored the real Sophie, and although the disguise was gone for good, she would continue to draw on ragtime, blues, and jazz influences.

After a brief but acclaimed stint in the legendarily extravagant Ziegfeld Follies, Sophie gained traction that would send her on the road until her death from lung cancer in 1966. Amassing an extraordinary fan base, she enjoyed the success of many popular recordings, most notably *My Yiddishe Mamma* and *Some of These Days*, which became the title of her 1945 autobiography.

Sophie appeared in several films during her lengthy career, including one of the first “talkies,” *Honky Tonk*, in 1929, and alongside Judy Garland in *Broadway Melody of 1938*.

During Prohibition, many nightclubs were owned by gangsters, so after performing, Sophie often played cards with Al Capone and other mobsters. Somewhat of a card shark herself, she frequently won. Always popular, even young J. Edgar Hoover was a friend. He reportedly asked for one of her gowns, only to be told by Sophie that he wouldn’t fit into it.

With her candor, chutzpah, charisma, bold sense of humor, and powerful voice, Sophie provided a welcome antidote to Puritanism and the typical beauty mold.

“I’ve been rich and I’ve been poor. Rich is better,” Sophie was famously known to have said. And with thanks to her talent and groundbreaking defiance of stereotypes, today’s women in theater and stand-up comedy are all the richer for being able to give voice to their intelligence, frankness, and opinions.
1. My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE. “If you’re going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning.”

2. My mother taught me RELIGION. “You better pray that will come out of the carpet.”

3. My father taught me about TIME TRAVEL. “If you don’t straighten up, I’m going to knock you into the middle of next week!”

4. My father taught me LOGIC. “Because I said so, that’s why.”

5. My mother taught me MORE LOGIC. “If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you’re not going to the store with me.”

6. My mother taught me FORESIGHT. “Make sure you wear clean underwear in case you’re in an accident.”

7. My father taught me IRONY. “Keep crying, and I’ll give you something to cry about.”

8. My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS. “Shut your mouth and eat your supper.”

9. My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM. “Just you look at that dirt on the back of your neck.”

10. My mother taught me about STAMINA. “You’ll sit there until all that spinach is gone.”

11. My mother taught me about WEATHER. “This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it.”

12. My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY. “If I told you once, I’ve told you a million times, don’t exaggerate!”

13. My father taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE. “I brought you into this world, and I can take you out.”

14. My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION. “Stop acting like your father.”
15. My mother taught me about **ENVY**. “There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don’t have wonderful parents like you do.”

16. My mother taught me about **ANTICIPATION**. “Just wait until we get home.”

17. My mother taught me about **RECEIVING**. “You’re going to get it from your father when he gets home.”

18. My mother taught me **MEDICAL SCIENCE**. “If you don’t stop crossing your eyes, they’re going to get stuck that way.”

19. My mother taught me **ESP**. “Put your sweater on. Don’t you think I know when you’re cold?”

20. My father taught me **HUMOR**. “When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don’t come running to me.”

21. My mother taught me **HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT**. “If you don’t eat your vegetables, you’ll never grow up.”

22. My mother taught me **GENETICS**. “You’re just like your father.”

23. My mother taught me about my **ROOTS**. “Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?”

24. My mother taught me **WISDOM**. “When you get to be my age, you’ll understand.”

25. My father taught me about **JUSTICE**. “One day you’ll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you.”
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! is generously underwritten by Jewish Home supporters Dana Corvin and Harris Weinberg.

EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH

MARCH

WHAT STAFF AND/OR RESIDENTS AND PATIENTS WROTE IN THEIR NOMINATIONS:

GENNADIY DUBROV, PORTER

A very good and hardworking employee, Gennadiy is always friendly and courteous to all staff and visitors, and excellent at customer service – he always says “yes” to any task he is asked to do. He exemplifies quality work, takes pride in what he does, and both residents and staff comment on how amazing he is when he is working in their areas.

CAROLYNNE PIDLAAOAN, CNA

Extremely helpful and diligent, courteous, kind and dependable, Carolyinne is one of the best CNAs I have worked with. She oftentimes worked with floaters on the unit and always made a point of helping them – and others – to ensure they were able to finish their jobs on time. Carolyanne always goes the extra mile. I love working with her!
RESIDENTS’ BIRTHDAYS

MARCH CELEBRANTS

1  Harriet Baritz
1  Gloria Houtenbrink
5  Raisa Sandler
7  Irving Westbrook
14 Lya Galperin
14 David Kirik
15 Anna Kleynerman
15 Mikhail Meyerson
17 Alla Tarnavskaya
18 Iokhabet Kogan
20 Joyce Martinez
25 Mariya Fudym
25 Monya Kalika
26 Michael Levy
28 Mariya Sopilnichenko
30 Daniel Silverman
30 Eleanor Sozzi

With her focus firmly on the oh so delicious-looking and beautifully decorated chocolate cake, and oh so prettily attired, February birthday celebrant Josephine Garnot gets a firm grip on the knife as she does the honors of apportioning the confection to share with her fellow month’s honorees.
In the absence of Council president Edie Shaffer, vice president Ellen Marks-Hinkle called the meeting to order at 2:30 p.m. and introduced the officers in attendance.

Mediatrix Valera read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were approved as presented.

The names of residents who had passed away since the last meeting, as well as those newly admitted, were read.

Treasurer Claire Shor gave the financial report. There was $0 in deposits and $5 in withdrawals, bringing the balance to $247.71 in the checking account and $10 in petty cash.

The members were reminded 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.

**FOOD FORUM**

Food Forum minutes were distributed.

**OLD BUSINESS**

The Kindness Award was given to volunteer Jane Philips, who expressed her gratitude to the Council. Edie Sadewitz commended the Council on giving such recognition to deserving individuals.

In response to the concern raised regarding the recorded voice mail message on F1’s phone and at the reception desk, a follow-up meeting was held on January 26. It was clarified that the outgoing message is a feature of the phone system and can be easily turned off. Residents were advised to alert the staff if the outgoing message is accidentally turned back on. Residents were requested to submit the names of the staff they need to call and a list of their corresponding numbers will be distributed as reference.

**NEW BUSINESS**

Vice president Ellen Marks-Hinkle showed the greeting cards that will be given to welcome newly admitted residents. A get well card signed by those present will be sent to Council president Edie Shaffer.

Ellen Marks-Hinkle suggested an outing to a photo exhibit at Sinai Memorial Chapel, but there was no interest from the group.

Fran Hament suggested making a donation from the Council’s fund to Make-a-Wish Foundation. It was decided to take this up at the next meeting in the presence of Council president Edie Shaffer.

Fran Hament asked why the Home’s pharmacy services only the short-term care units. Director of programs Kyle Ruth-Islas will look into this and follow up with Fran, per her request.

Kyle Ruth-Islas informed the residents that the Home is within the period of the annual state survey. It was made known that, if residents are curious about the Home’s survey findings, copies of the results of the previous survey are always available in a binder beside the nurses’ stations.

**RAFFLE WINNER**

Doris Sperber was the lucky winner of this month’s raffle.

The meeting was adjourned at 3:00 p.m.

Recorded by Mediatrix Valera
*Recreational Programs Director and Council Secretary*
Council of Residents Officers 2015-2016

Edie Shaffer, President
Claire Shor, Treasurer
Ellen Marks-Hinkle, Vice President

IN MEMORY

SHERA BOLOTOVSKAYA
November 27, 1915 to February 3, 2016

ALFRED GALINDO
March 21, 1931 to February 23, 2016

RICARDA GRIFFIN
January 23, 1925 to February 14, 2016

GARRY KAY
April 30, 1926 to February 2, 2016

LEE SITKO
November 12, 1922 to January 29, 2016

BERTA ZAUBER
January 27, 1915 to February 4, 2016
A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE WE’D REALLY LIKE TO SEE

In this election year, here’s a candidate for president we’d like to see, and for these reasons:

1. He was at the top of the 1% – and quit.
2. He joined, lived, and slaved with the bottom of the 99%.
3. He spoke with a stammer, but his message was loud and clear.
4. His rallying cry: We take care of one another and we’re all in this together.

So here’s the bottom line:

VOTE MOSES!

ALL QUIET ON THE FRONT

At the height of the Battle of the Marne, in the First World War, General “Blackjack” Pershing decided to visit the front-line trenches for a personal appraisal of the military situation. A young Jewish corporal was assigned as his guide. “Please follow me, General,” whispered the soldier.

“All right, lead the way,” whispered General Pershing in return.

Silently they walked and sometimes crawled forward through the narrow trenches. “Are we very far from the front-line trenches?” asked Pershing after about an hour.

“Not too far,” whispered the corporal.

Rather shamefacedly, the great general realized that he had raised his voice. “Sorry,” he whispered.

They continued to move forward cautiously for two more hours.

“Aren’t we there yet?” asked the impatient general, his voice scarcely audible.

“Almost,” whispered the corporal.

But when they had not arrived at their destination after the next hours, the general’s patience was at an end.

“Young man,” hissed Pershing, “exactly how far are we from the front line?”

“Oh, about 25 miles, sir.”

“Twenty-five miles!” roared the general at the top of his lungs. “Then why the hell have you been whispering all this time?”

“I’m not whispering,” replied the corporal, pointing to his throat. “I have laryngitis.”
A SMALL ASSORTMENT OF TINY TRIVIA

Source: The Best Book of Useless Information Ever, Neil Botham & The Useless Information Society

You would have to walk 50 miles for your legs to equal the amount of exercise your eyes get daily.

***
The total surface area of a pair of human lungs is equal to that of a tennis court.

***
Everyone is color-blind at birth.

***
David McConnell started the California Perfume Company in 1886 after selling his own homemade perfumes along with books door-to-door and discovering perfumes were much more popular. Today the company is known as Avon.

***
The first meal eaten on the moon by Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin was four bacon squares, three sugar cookies, peaches, pineapple-grapefruit drink, and coffee.

***
The attachment of human muscles to skin is what causes dimples.