

AT HOME

FOR RESIDENTS OF THE JEWISH HOME OF SAN FRANCISCO

JUNE 2014



FATHER'S DAY – SUNDAY, MAY 15

"A man never stands as tall as when he kneels to help a child."

Lovin' Harmony Vintage Vocal Jazz Trio in concert
Sunday, May 15 ~ 2:00 p.m., Frank Family Lounge

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.

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RESIDENTS

WRITE

SUMMER OF '38

ADAPTED FROM MEMORIES

By Rudy Hooremans

High school's classes ended on the 30th of June instead of July, giving us two whole months of summer vacation. Heaven! The first week of 1938's vacation I spent hanging out with Bobbie Bijl, my best friend whom I had known since early childhood. We went to ride our bikes in the Bosjes van Poot or went to Kijkduin, a neighborhood of The Hague near the sea, to play in the dunes. Some days I spent with Jan de Munck, one of my classmates. He was rather gawky, with a lot of acne on his face, but also intelligent. He lived nearby and we spent time talking or occasionally playing with his electric trains.

That summer Moeder and Vader had a surprise for me. As part of an exchange program they had arranged for a girl from England to stay at our house for two weeks. Her name was Vera – a quiet, friendly, somewhat gangly girl of about 14. Moeder, who had retained a lot of her knowledge of English from the years she had spent in the States, found it quite easy to communicate with her. For me it was much more difficult, but somehow we managed. I don't remember much of what we did, but I'm sure we showed her a lot of the sights. The following year I was supposed to visit her family in their hometown in the center of England, but due to the tense world conditions that never came to pass.



Rudy Hooremans

Toward the end of June, Moeder and I again went to Paris to stay with her brother, Oom Jo, and his wife, Tante Judith (Jet) for a month. I loved the train trip, looking out at the ever-changing landscape. This time Oma de Beer, Tante Jet's mother, brought along her grandson Bennie, who was a year younger than I. Although the World's Fair was not there anymore, there were still plenty of sights for us to take in. Oma was a real "jolly giant" and trekked right along with us.

One day Bennie and I decided that we wanted to spend the day riding the Metro. Moeder made us each a sandwich, gave us some money, and the two of us were off. With a cheery, "*Bonjour, Monsieur!*" we slid our franc into the station agent's cage, he released the gate for us, and we ran along the long corridor and down the steps to the platform, where we boarded the first train to come along. (Two different trains passed this station, but that did not matter to us.) From this train we transferred to several others. With the help of maps we planned our route so that we took one train that went under the Seine (I think we actually expected to see some water leaking in!) and another that traveled across a bridge over that river. With some trains we rode to the very end of the line, and we found a couple that, when they left the center of the city, emerged aboveground so that we got a view of some of Paris's outlying districts. (Lots of apartment houses.) Bennie and I were very compatible and we had a great time.

Sometime around the third week of our vacation a lady visited. She was introduced to us as Miss Bush, a close friend of Moeder and Oom Jo's sister,

Tante Henrietta (also known as Jet), who, together with her husband, Jaap Dribbel, lived in London. I had been invited by Tante Jet to visit them that year after our stay in Paris. Miss Bush suggested that instead of first travelling back to Holland I go to London with her. We would take the train to Le Havre, the ferryboat to Greenwich, and from there the train to London. That sounded enormously exciting to me, but Moeder would not have it. Don't ask me why; I guess it was just one of those "mother" things. Too bad!

Read about Rudy's boyhood trip to England and more of his memories in the next issue of AtHome.



Francine Hament

THE SHOE DILEMMA – OR MY ACHING FEET

By Francine Hament

Everyone knows how comfy we all feel in our favorite shoes, well worn-in and in perfect sync with the "ups and downs" we expect of them.

Consider then the plight of Sheldon Friedman, joyous great-grandpa and his lovely granddaughter's wedding.

Dress code: ultra elegant with, of course, spiffy black shoes – on whose feet never felt like the "broken-in everyday I could walk a mile" shoes in which his feet were so happy! But no getting out of it, those new shoes had to be worn with the rest of his handsome attire.

IN MEMORY

FANNIE BIDERMAN

January 20, 1913 to May 7, 2014

LYUDMILA GOLDSHTEYN

December 22, 1940 to May 6, 2014

SHIRLEY PALANKER

January 9, 1926 to May 12, 2014

MAYYA ROZENFELD

February 27, 1932 to May 13, 2014



What could or would he do? Every day, Sheldon practiced walking in them, doing his damndest to break them in.

When the big day came on his feet they resided. And there came Sheldon, walking down the aisle. Somehow the shoes and Sheldon made it. Oh, what we (happily) do for our children!

From all accounts it was a beautiful wedding – bride, groom, food, relatives were all superior. And those elegant, uncomfortable shoes will remain as a reminder of unforgettable memories for years to come.

Congrats, Sheldon, you did it! Now you can go back to your comfy "foot enclosures." (They missed you too!)

RESIDENTS

WRITE

THE SMITH

Bernice Hunold's adaptation of an English folktale

There once was a great king and this great king ordered to be built for him a great palace. It had to have the best of everything that could be had. And it had to be built by the cleverest men that could be had. And it had to take however long it took to build. And however long even back then was a mighty long time. But at last came the day the palace was finished. The king joyously called together all the men who had worked to build the palace.

"We'll have a great eating and drinking," he said.

"A feast."

And that they did. There was much good food – all served on gold plates – and there was much strong drink – all in gold cups. They sat and ate and drank and had a right fine time. But when they were all full up and could eat or drink no more, they started arguing as to who was the best among them.

First up spoke the architect, the man who had figured out the royal shapes to use for the palace.

"I told them round domes and tall arches," he said. "Without my telling them that there wouldn't have been no palace. So I reckon I must be the best man of all."

Then up spoke the bricklayer, the man who had built the brick walls.



Bernice Hunold Photo by Ray Hunold

"Without me, he said, "there wouldn't have been no walls. And without no walls, you would have had to walk around holding up those round domes and tall arches, real careful-like, or they'd fall down on your head and make you dead. So I reckon I must be the most important man of all."

Then up spoke the carpenter, who had made all the wooden doors and chairs and shelves.

"Without no doors, you couldn't get in," said the carpenter. "And if you did get in, you couldn't sit down. And if you did sit down, you'd be sitting on the floor, there being no chairs, along with a heap of gold plates and cups, there being no shelves for them to set on. So I reckon I'm the best man."

Then up spoke the man who had put all the glass in the windows.

"Without no glass," he said, "the wind would have had nothing to rattle on. And the wind and the rain would have nothing to trickle on, and the wind and the rain would have blown in. That would have made this great palace into a swimming pool. I made the glass, so I reckon I'm the most important man of all."

One after another they all stood up and told what they had done and how there wouldn't have been no palace if it hadn't have been for them. And all the time the king just sat there and listened real careful-like. Then he noticed one man who didn't say nothing – a dark man, standing apart from all the others, just outside the door.

"Come in," said the king. "Tell us who you might be."

The dark man stepped inside the great hall. "I'm the smith," he said.

With the smith's face all black from the forge and still with his leather apron on as he'd come straight from his work, one or two of them there – all dressed up in their fine clothes and looking down on the man – started saying to one another, "What right does he have to be here? He ain't done nothing toward building this great palace for the king, has he?"

"Well, have you?" asked the king of the smith.

The smith smiled and said, "We've heard the bricklayer – without no walls. And we've heard the carpenter – without no doors. And we've heard the glassmaker – without no glass.

"But I say, what about without no tools? Could any of them have done anything without no tools?"

"Why, no," said the king.

"And who was it who made the tools?" asked the smith. "It was me."

A great silence fell upon the palace. Then the king rose from his throne and said to the smith, "Sit here by my right hand."

And the smith sat down, in his working clothes, with his face all black from the forge, and made himself at home.

The king heaped some food on his own gold plate and poured some wine in his own gold cup and gave it to the smith with his own hands.

And there was no arguing after that, for now everyone knew who was the most important man of all.

RESIDENTS

WRITE



DAD I

By Ellen Marks Hinkle

Molly Christine Amanda

Dad's newborn great-granddaughter

And Raymond, the kindest and most compassionate man and father

A new life; a life taken away

September. Leaves brightly colored on the trees.

DAD II

November. Leaves falling to the ground.

Life – a continuum hoping for a peaceful end

I love you, Dad.

ETERNAL JEWISH TRUTHS FROM "BUBBIE'S TALMUD"



The optimist sees the bagel, the pessimist sees the hole.

If you can't say something nice, say it in Yiddish.

Always leave a little room for the Viennese table.

Always whisper the names of diseases.

One mitzvah can change the world; two will just make you tired.

If you don't eat, it will kill me.

Where there's smoke, there may be smoked salmon.

Never take a front-row seat at a bris.

Next year in Jerusalem. This year, how about a nice cruise?

Spring ahead, fall back, winter in Miami Beach.

A bad matzoh ball makes a good paperweight.

No meal is complete without leftovers.

PURPORTED PERSONAL ADS

Divorced Jewish woman with get, seeks man who's got a get, or can get a get. Get it?

Desperately seeking shmoozing! Retired senior citizen desires female companion 70+ for kvetching, kvelling, krechtzing. Under 30 is also OK.

Agnostic dyslexic insomniac, seeks similar to stay up all night to contemplate the existence of DOG.

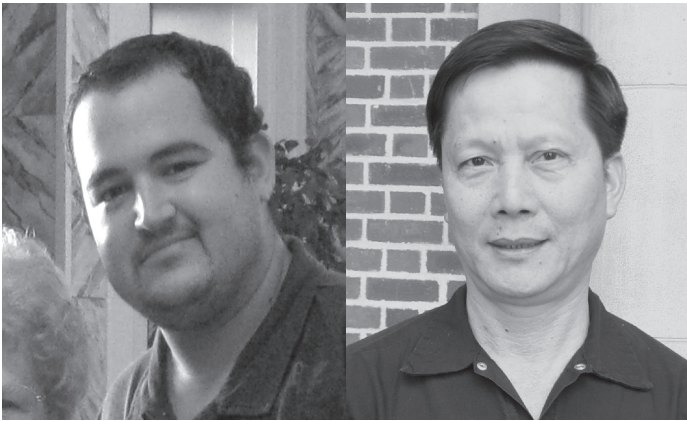
All my friends are doing it, and quite frankly, I feel left out. Jewish woman, 37, never married. Seeks divorce.

Staunch Jewish feminist, wears tzitzis, seeking male who will accept my independence, although you probably will not. Oh, just forget it.

Nice Jewish guy, 38. No skeletons. No baggage. No personality.

Jewish male, 34, very successful, smart, independent, self-made. Looking for girl whose father will hire me.

Divorced Jewish man, seeks partner to attend shul with, light Shabbos candles, celebrate holidays, build sukkah together, attend brisses, bar mitzvahs. Religion not important.



Oleg Korsunsky and Hong Kwok: Two staff members in (to quote Rebekah Finer) an all-round “wonderful department.”



Rebekah Finer

KUDOS TO MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT

By Rebekah Finer

We have a wonderful maintenance department. If we need our heat fixed or a new mattress or our clocks adjusted, we call on maintenance and they meet our needs.

I want to tell you the two times two members of this department outdid themselves – going beyond their duty.

I was giving an antique bracelet to my daughter for her 50th birthday. I dropped the clasp and couldn't find it. Hong Kwok came in and pulled out my refrigerator – and found it!

The second time I needed to have a ring removed and taken to the jewelers to be repaired so that I could give it to my granddaughter for her graduation from high school.

Oleg Korsunsky found an instrument to cut off my ring, took it to the jewelers, and returned it – in a day! I am thrilled to have a wonderful gift for my granddaughter's graduation.

Thank you, thank you to Oleg and Hong.

JERUSALEM POEMS

by Ruth Finer Mintz

At dawn,
Jerusalem is a doe.
Her golden eyes reflect the morning.
Her fauns, rays of light,
skitter across the hills.

At noon,
Jerusalem is the stag
that has escaped the hunters.
His golden antlers uphold the sun.

Late afternoon,
Jerusalem is a lion.
His mane illumines the towers and domes.

But at night
Jerusalem is a lioness guarding
the remnant of her young.

All night her footfall echoes on Mt. Zion
All night her eyes gleam into the valley.
All night her breath is in the trees.

Weaving anew the flowering hillsides.
Weaving, weaving anew the blue tent of morning
from which shall come, like a bridegroom,
the day called Peace.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME

CELEBRATING YOM HA'ATZMA'UT – ISRAEL'S INDEPENDENCE DAY

The gathering in the lobby of the Goodman Building was treated to rollicking klezmer music, handclapping, and the reading of a poem to mark this event.



Keeping the klezmer tradition alive are volunteers Victor Lin on violin and clarinetist Jonathan Bautista.



Liliya Matt's finger-work and marking-the-tempo footwork had the audience happily clapping along.



Recreational programs director Mediatrix Valera provides the guitar accompaniment.



Rebekah Finer followed up her tambourine tapping with the reading of a composition (reprinted on the previous page) from the *Jerusalem Poems* series by Ruth Finer Mintz.



Residents thoroughly enjoyed Victor Lin's fine violin playing.



OBSERVING VICTORY IN EUROPE DAY

In coordination with the Russian Veterans Association of San Francisco, a number of our Russian-language residents marked the anniversary of V-E Day – the formal acceptance by the Allies of World War II of Nazi Germany’s unconditional surrender of its armed forces and thus the end of WWII in Europe.



Alla Surkis, recreation coordinator, gives a welcoming introduction to a representative from the San Francisco Russian Veterans Association.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

1 Shirley Dambrau
1 Fide Munoz
3 Esfir Babina
4 Mildred Orchid
4 Burton Sukhov
6 Cosmedin Matoza
7 Solomon Nosovitskiy
7 Gaya Shifrin

8 Susannah Temko
9 Lazar Lifshits
10 Ida Cherner
11 Vitaliy Lisunov
14 Eliazar Khasminsky
14 Sima Reznik
15 Mikhail Goldman
15 Renee Lieberman

16 Klara Khaimskaya
19 Mark Steiner
20 Argan Vinokurov
21 Mary Thomson
22 Faina Belkina
27 Mila Mangan
28 Edith Meyer
29 Rudy Hooremans



Her lovely smile matching the gorgeous confection, Frances Schwartz, who celebrated her 104th birthday in May, delighted in having the honor of cutting the cake at the celebratory luncheon.

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

BRAVO!

EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH JUNE

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

ALIDA DIAZ, CNA



Alida goes way beyond her designated duties. She is never too busy to help, even when a resident is not one of those assigned to her. She is caring, smart, has a good sense of humor, and a great, upbeat personality.

KEN LAI, PORTER



Ken is diligent and hardworking, always friendly with a smile and a greeting. He is willing to help with whatever you need him to do, and makes a point of showing kindness and respect to others. He also takes out the paper from the shredder without being reminded to do so, which is much appreciated!

Council president Edie Shaffer 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 was \$0 in deposits and \$10 in withdrawals, leaving the balance at \$223.71 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

Food Forum Minutes were distributed.

OLD BUSINESS

Residents are concerned with the reception of channels 2, 7 and 35 in the Koret and Friedman buildings. Anna will send a request to Plant Operations to have them investigate the matter with the cable vendor.

F1 residents are concerned with F1's microphone system. Mediatrix Valera is working on replacing the sound system and updating microphones that are no longer working.

Residents are still noticing a delay in getting their medications refilled. They were reminded again to

contact their primary care physicians as well as their unit nurses. Anna will remind CNO Edwin Cabigao of this issue.

Residents complimented Rabbi Marder and staff on the wonderful seder on Monday, April 14. The food was delicious and the music enjoyable.

NEW BUSINESS

Residents expressed concern regarding staffing in the Friedman Pavilion. Assistant administrator Mark Friedlander addressed the issue, explaining that we are at the correct resident-to-nurse ratio for our sized facility.

Mark noted changes to the Social Services department, introducing Christine Soares, the new Social Services director, who will replace Sonya Ciancutti, who is moving into a new role as program director of acute psychiatry.

Mark discussed the next Goodman building move: G2 will move to G3 on Tuesday, May 13.

Edie Shaffer commended the recent klezmer music performance that was put on in the Goodman lobby.

David Chiu, president of San Francisco's Board of Supervisors and District 3 representative, was the guest speaker at this month's meeting. He spoke about his role in San Francisco and answered any questions or concerns about the city or his election term.

RAFFLE WINNER

Claire Shor was the lucky winner of this month's raffle.

The meeting was adjourned at 3:15 p.m.

Recorded by Anna Stepp
Resident Services Coordinator & Council Secretary



SUPERVISOR CHIU SPEAKS AT HOME

David Chiu, president of San Francisco's Board of Supervisors and District 3 representative, takes note of Edie Sadewitz's comment at the May Council of Residents meeting, when he was the guest speaker. Francine Hament looks on.



Council of Residents Officers 2013-2014

Dulce Martinez
Vice President

Edie Shaffer
President

Claire Shor
Treasurer

