

AT HOME

FOR RESIDENTS OF THE JEWISH HOME OF SAN FRANCISCO

NOVEMBER 2014



"When you give and carry out acts of kindness, it's as though something inside your body responds and says, 'Yes, this is how I ought to feel.'" – Rabbi Harold Kushner

THANKSGIVING DAY – THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27

AT HOME

CONTENTS NOVEMBER 2014

- | | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 | MEMORIES
<i>Holiday merriment</i>
Rudy Hooremans | 8 | HAPPENINGS AT HOME
Dining in the sukkah
Music rings out on Simchat Torah |
| 3 | MY SWEET CAROLINE
Ellen Marks-Hinkle | 12 | CUTE AND COZY
<i>NYT columnist Joyce Wadler finds that cute comes at a cost</i> |
| 4 | TOMATOES
Bernice Hunold | 14 | WIT & HUMOR
<i>Seeing the funny (Jewish) side of life</i> |
| 5 | JAPANESE MAPLE by Clive James
<i>Submitted by Bernice Hunold</i> | 15 | IN MEMORY |
| 5 | QUOTES TO LIVE BY
<i>Courtesy of Phyllis Wolf</i> | 16 | BRAVO!
Employees of the month ~ November |
| 6 | WHAT I KNOW NOW
<i>Barbara Walters chats about aging, success and how to stop sweating the small stuff</i> | 17 | RESIDENTS' BIRTHDAYS
November celebrants |

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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:
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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



HOLIDAY MERRIMENT

ADAPTED FROM *MEMORIES*

By Rudy Hooremans

There came the time that I was grown up enough to want to buy holiday presents for my parents. My allowance was 10 cents per week, adding up to a 'royal' 5 guilders and 20 cents for the year. But since during the year there was nothing for me to spend on, I had that whole bundle at my disposal.

Somewhere in the middle of November, Anna (the young girl Vader had engaged two weeks prior to my birth to help Moeder with the housework, shopping, and the preparation of dinner) would ask Moeder if she could take me to the Saturday afternoon movie. The two of us would happily set off for the center of the town, a bicycle ride of about 15 minutes. We'd park the bikes near the movie theater – the only one in town – and Anna would pay the 10 or 15 cents admission fee. We would be



Rudy Hooremans

treated to a news reel and a Mickey Mouse cartoon. Thereafter, we would start our shopping expedition.

I would buy one present for Moeder and one for Vader. Anna's present I would have to purchase at a later date, by myself. Anna would purchase a few presents for her family, then we'd go to Anna's house, where she would temporarily keep my purchases for me, because it would be a bit difficult for me to smuggle them into our house without Moeder seeing them.

We made up that, on the next Sunday morning, Ansje (as I often called her) would bring my purchases to the house and hoist them up to my room from my balcony.

On Sunday mornings I usually slept late, so I tied a long string onto my big toe and hung the other end out over the balcony railing, so that Anna could yank it and awaken me. To make sure the string would hang down, I tied a button onto the end. In the middle of the night it became a little windy and the string started to swing back and forth, making the button hit my parent's bedroom window. Vader got up, looked out the window, but luckily he couldn't see anything in the dark.

Anna was always included in many of our family's functions and occasions. At dusk one Sinterklaas or Sint Nikolaas eve, December 5 (December 6 is the birthday of Saint Nicolas, a bishop who lived in Spain and became the patron saint of children), Moeder, Vader and I went to Anna's house. Vader had purchased a large tea-packing crate. The huge box was about a four-foot cube. Half of the box was

filled with shredded paper, and amid this we had hidden the presents for Anna, her mother, and her sister and brothers. We used one of our bikes to transport the crate, placed it in front of Anna's door, rang the bell, and ran back to the corner, where we hid and gleefully watched the developing scenario. This procedure was commonly used for delivering presents, suggesting that Sinterklaas himself had brought the gifts.

Anna and her mother and brother Gilles lived on the second floor; her brother Ari and sister Truus on the third. Anna looked into her spy mirror to see who was at the door, opened the window to get a better look, called Gilles, and pointed to the monstrous box. A minute later she came down with both brothers, but no matter how they turned and twisted the crate, they couldn't fit it through the door. They had to go upstairs to get a tool to pry open the top and then unload the whole thing there and then, much to our delight.

The next week we were regaled with what happened inside once they started opening the presents. One of the packages Moeder had included was a box with beautifully wrapped bon-bons. One thing though: they weren't made of chocolate but of soap! Brother Ari looked at them, asked if he could have one, popped the whole thing into his mouth, and to everyone's amusement, started foaming at the mouth.

Anna took the bon-bons to church the next Sunday morning, and offered them to some of the girls – causing enormous merriment.

Read more of Rudy's memories in the next issue of AtHome.



MY SWEET CAROLINE*

By Ellen Marks-Hinkle

Now let it be told

That my daughter Caroline has the largest and loving heart of gold.

She is a wonderful mother, daughter and friend,

Who will drive to family and friends' assistance, no matter what end.

She has the warmest feelings of any "once girl."

I always think of her as my shiny, shiny pearl.

You're very fortunate if you know her at all.

She will always make you feel like you're 10 feet tall.

Note penned by Ellen on August 19, 2014; 7:47 p.m.
"Feeling very nostalgic. My dad would have turned 98 years old today."

**Sweet Caroline*, a song by Neil Diamond

RESIDENTS

WRITE

TOMATOES

By Bernice Hunold

For lunch today I had a tomato surprise, and a story jumped out of it. A true story. It's about my husband, Ray, the photographer.

Many of you know Ray, and think of him as a sweet, giving kind of guy who is always doing things for people. Well, that's only one side of him, let me tell you. There's another side to Ray. A dark side. A black side, in fact, a blackmail side.

It's all because of his love of tomatoes, the real kind, the ones that run all juicy in your mouth. Ray decided that he'd had enough of plastic-tasting tomatoes to last a lifetime. He was going to get some garden tomatoes. He thought about gardens, and came up with three gardens he knew, with friends attached.

He called his friends with the biggest garden, Tom and Pris in Santa Cruz. No "How are you?" or "What's new?" Ray got straight to the point.

"Tom? Ray here. You growing tomatoes in your garden?"

"You *are* growing tomatoes? Good. Can you and Pris come to dinner two weeks from Saturday? Good. You bring the tomatoes."

Two weeks from Saturday arrived. Tom and Pris arrived. But no tomatoes.

"Ray, don't look at me that way," said Tom. "Our tomatoes aren't ripe yet. They're small and green, like marbles."

Ray resigned himself to another tomato-less evening.



Bernice Hunold

Photo by Ray Hunold

The next day he called another garden friend, John, in Berkeley.

"John? Ray here. Do you have any ripe, red tomatoes in your garden? [Ray wasn't going to make that mistake again.]

"You don't know? Even if you had tomatoes as big as basketballs you couldn't see them for the weeds? But John, I thought you and Else were going to nurse the garden into shape. Oh, I forgot, you've only been married three weeks. Of course you have other things to do. Okay, John, see ya."

Next Ray called the owner of the smallest garden, Andrea, in Menlo Park.

"Hi, Andrea. Ray here. Are you growing tomatoes, ripe tomatoes? You are? Great! But there's only a small crop this year? Andrea, you know those clippings you want, reviews of operas? Well, there may be only a small crop of them this year. That's blackmail? Yes, it's blackmail, but you're talking to a desperate man."

Andrea came to dinner the very next Saturday. She brought three big luscious red tomatoes. I tenderly placed them in a cut-glass bowl and put the bowl in front of Ray.

Andrea didn't touch those tomatoes at dinner. Neither did I. We both wanted Ray to have all three tomatoes. Did he object? Not very strenuously. But what can you expect of a man who resorts to blackmail because of his passion for tomatoes?

Bernice Hunold writes: *The poem below by Clive James (The New Yorker, Sept. 15, 2014) expresses the way I feel about life and death right now. I have more than one Japanese maple, but one of them is a very small tree seen on the hallway of F1. When the sunlight is on its bare branches it is awesome. It is the only thing in the window frame.*



JAPANESE MAPLE

by Clive James

Submitted by Bernice Hunold

Your death, near now, is of an easy sort.
So slow a fading out brings no real pain.
Breath growing short
Is just uncomfortable. You feel the drain
Of energy, but thought and sight remain:

Enhanced, in fact. When did you ever see
So much sweet beauty as when fine rain falls
On that small tree
And saturates your brick back garden walls,
So many Amber Rooms and mirror halls?

Ever more lavish as the dusk descends
This glistening illuminates the air.
It never ends.
Whenever the rain comes it will be there,
Beyond my time, but now I take my share.

My daughter's choice, the maple tree is new.
Come autumn and its leaves will turn to flame.
What I must do
Is live to see that. That will end the game
For me, though life continues all the same:

Filling the double doors to bathe my eyes,
A final flood of colors will live on
As my mind dies,
Burned by my vision of a world that shone
So brightly at the last, and then was gone.

QUOTES TO LIVE BY

Courtesy of Phyllis Wolf

As some of you know, Phyllis Wolf starts each session of her yoga classes with a quote. They are inspiring enough that they're worth repeating. For those who don't attend Phyllis's classes, the quotes are worth sharing with our readers of *At Home*. Here are four of them to reflect upon and embrace.



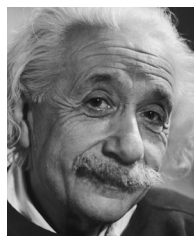
"If we don't change, we don't grow. If we don't grow, we aren't really living."

– Gail Sheehy, author



"And in the end, it's not the years in your life that count. It's the life in your years."

– Abraham Lincoln, 16th U.S. president (1809–1865)



"Creativity is contagious. Pass it on."

– Albert Einstein, scientist, physicist, philosopher (1879–1955)



"I get up. I walk. I fall down. Meanwhile, I keep dancing."

– Rabbi Hillel

WHAT I KNOW NOW

Trailblazing TV journalist Barbara Walters chats about aging, success and how to stop sweating the small stuff

Adapted from an article by Myrna Blyth in AARP magazine

WHY SHE'S RETIRING

This was the right time. The kinds of interviews I did all these years – nobody wants them anymore. You have three minutes of a morning show. That's different from before. And *The View*, which I created, has been on the air for almost 17 years. It's very successful, and I hope it will stay on after me. But 17 years is enough. I don't want to do anything forever.

HER 'WHAT'S NEXT'

Why do I have to do something next? I don't ask my friends, "What are you gonna do next?" I've worked for 50 years in television – 37 years at ABC. Why can't I do what I'd like to do? Maybe go to a movie or a museum, maybe sleep until 9, maybe see a friend. I look forward to not having every day planned, or having to be at a certain place at a certain time.

MAKING PEACE WITH AGING

Nothing is going to stop you from aging physically. You can change the way you look by doing certain things, if you want. But you cannot stop getting older. So [at 84] it's not something that's on my mind every day. I don't get up in the morning saying, "Oh my dear, I'm old." I get up and think, "I hope it will be a good day. I hope there will be things to smile about."

DEALING WITH CRITICISM

When I was on the *Today* show, there were people who liked me a lot and people who thought I was too pushy. That didn't bother me. But when I became the first woman co-anchor of a network news program [*ABC Evening News* in 1976], I was vilified. That did hurt me. I thought my career was over. No one wanted a woman, and they certainly didn't seem to want me, and I had a co-host [Harry Reasoner] who really didn't want me. What saved me was that Roone Arledge, who was president of ABC News, felt I had value. And he let Harry go back



to CBS and kept me on, which was remarkable. And that is when I probably did my best work, because I traveled all over the world and did interviews that I think remain important to this day.

HER GAME-CHANGING STYLE

Years ago when I was doing interviews, I felt that the personality, the character, was as important as the specific thing a famous person did publicly. And it was important to me to have my viewers feel they knew this person. I was criticized for that. But now when people do interviews, these are the questions they ask.

MOST IMPORTANT INTERVIEWS

The interview [in 1977] with Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin. Israel and Egypt were fierce enemies, and the future of the Middle East was

resting on their shoulders. I think the fact that I was able to get them together was remarkable and unique. Fidel Castro [interviewed that same year] was different. We spent days with Castro. We traveled all over the mountains with him. Those are the kinds of interviews you don't do today because the leaders want to know what your ratings are and which program has the most time.

HER BIGGEST 'GET'

Monica Lewinsky remains the most watched. At the time [1999] it was a sensational interview. I think it's very sad that Monica has not been allowed to move on. And I've seen Monica, so I know. This is a woman who is now 40. Everybody else has moved on. The Clintons are in a very good place, and they should be. But Monica, for whatever reasons, has never been able to create an important life for herself.

MOST FLIRTATIOUS INTERVIEW

Clint Eastwood [in 1982]. I heard recently that he's getting divorced, and I thought I should write him a letter: "Dear Clint, I'm still here." I have to tell you he hasn't yet called me up to say, "Dear Barbara, how are you?"

HOW TV NEWS HAS CHANGED

There's no privacy. There's nothing that's sacred. And that's something that we all talk about and deplore, but it's the way our life is and the way we have created it. It also used to be that news was holy, and you did not give opinions. I mean, Walter Cronkite was the most trusted and the most famous, but you didn't know how Walter thought. Today, in order to be successful, you have to be opinionated, and that's what people want to hear.

THE POWER OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS

The most important thing for a parent is for their child to be happy. My child is a grownup, and she is happy, and that gives me great peace of mind. And since I don't have brothers or sisters, my friends are very important. I have some very close ones – old and new – but the same qualities remain: We trust each other, we have fun, we can say anything to each other and not leave the room and worry, "Why did I say that?"

WHY HER EX-HUSBANDS ADMIRE HER

I remember Nora Ephron saying once, "Never marry a man you wouldn't want to divorce." In other words, marry a man who, if you had to get a divorce, would be decent about it. I never did ask for alimony. I was working. That made a big difference. And my marriages didn't break up over another woman or another man. It was also logistics. One [husband] lived in California. I mean, you can do that for a year but not for 10.

WOMEN AND WORK

I used to say it would be very hard to have a good career, and children, and a marriage, and balance it all – and it still is. Women, and now men, still struggle. But you do have more understanding employers, and women don't feel as guilty if they work.

LETTING GO

We have a tendency to sweat the small stuff. Kitty Carlisle Hart once said to me that she looked in the mirror before going to bed and said, "Kitty, I forgive you." I've never forgotten. If there's something that's been troubling me that I can't do anything about, in my own mind, I close the door.

SECRETS OF HER SUCCESS

I used to say it was because I didn't have to go to the bathroom often and could outsit anybody, male or female – but I was being funny. I think the secret of my success is that I persevered. I didn't give up. I didn't say, "This is a lousy job, and I'm unhappy, and I'm going to quit." I went through the tough times, and they were tough. And I was fortunate that I came out the other end.

BEING A ROLE MODEL

When someone comes up to me and says, "You paved the way, and thank you," I am very proud. A lot of women think today, "What's so tough? She had a partner that didn't like her. I have partners that don't like me. She was failing. I failed." But the fact that I persevered and succeeded in what was so much a man's world – the world of television news – gives me great pride. That's my legacy. It's not a particular interview I did. That's nice, but who cares? It's that maybe I made it easier for the next woman.

HAPPENINGS AT HOME



Rabbi Shelly Marder says the blessing over the lulav and etrog, followed by the waving of the lulav.

DINING IN THE SUKKAH DURING SUKKOT



In place in the beautifully decorated sukkah are Bernice Hunold (left) and Edie Shaffer.



Layeh Bock Pallant joins in the lively chorus.



Anticipating a delightful lunch in the sukkah are, left to right, Marion Levenberg, Dulce Martinez, and Gertrude Warshaw.

Sanctifying the sweetness of the occasion with a blessing over the wine are Edna Lachar and *Kol Haneshama* volunteer Fran Gensberg. *L'chaim!*



Ed Ben-Eliezer sings and claps along to Mediatrix Valera's playing of *Hineh Ma Tov* (How Good It Is).

HAPPENINGS AT HOME



THE JOY OF THE TORAH



Celebrating the conclusion and restarting of the annual Torah-reading cycle on Simchat Torah brought forth the liveliest music from the klezmer players. There's violinist Victor Lin, clarinetist Jonathan Bautista, recreational programs director Mediatrix Valera on guitar, and Liliya Matt at the piano.



The audience paid close attention while the music was in session. We know they applauded appreciatively at the end.



Recreation coordinator Richard Goldberg gets into the swing (of the hands) with Rebekah Finer.



Noted for keeping time to the music with her elegant hand gestures is Lillian Mishel.



CUTE AND COZY

Adapted from a New York Times column by Joyce Wadler

Every once in a while I fall for cute in a really bad way. One of the worst times, about 40 years ago, involved a pale blue Fiat 850 convertible that I bought from a guy I knew. It overheated the first time I took it out on the road, teaching me the meaning of the terms “cracked engine block” and “trust.”

Since then, I have grown older but have learned absolutely nothing, as is often the case. This is the only explanation I have for the renovated 1950s trailer.

Cute? You have not seen cute until you have seen one of these little numbers. This particular one was pale turquoise and looked like a rounded tin breadbox. It had been tricked out with all sorts of adorable retro items: a satin souvenir pillow from Fort Dix, N.J., with a really bad poem to “my sweetheart,” a hassock covered with flowery vintage fabric, a padded dinette beneath the louvered windows.

Maybe people in their 60s who remember the open-road ads for trailers in *The Saturday Evening Post* are especially vulnerable to these things. When a friend, also named Joyce, showed me the pictures, I heard myself emitting such high-pitched screeching noises that it was as if I were two 16-year-old girls, meeting each other after an absence of three hours.

“Oh, my God, it’s perfect. And nobody has slept in it yet? Oh, who cares if there’s no plumbing? It’s so cuuuute!”

When Joyce II told me that her husband, who is one of those guys who can build anything, had built an adorable little outhouse behind the trailer, I thought that was also cute. Kerosene lamps? I've never seen one, but that has to be the cutest thing I have ever heard of.

Did I mention that my friends' place is off the grid, on the side of a mountain in upstate New York, a cabin they built themselves over several decades, using logs that a guy with a team of horses pulled out of the woods? And that their electricity is supplied by a gas-powered generator? Think of it as foreshadowing.

Anyway, summer comes and off I go. The trailer, which sits on top of some partly exposed boulders that my friends have been digging out to build a deck, is so cute that I start taking pictures even before I get out of the car. The weather has been alternately steamy and rainy, so there's a bit of mud, but I barely notice.

Walking inside is like stepping out of a time machine: There's a vintage red-and-white Coca-Cola cooler that Joyce II has stocked with white wine and raspberries and bottled water; a Real Host gas burner and a beat-up tin saucepan so I can make coffee in the morning; a few innocent 1950s girly postcards tacked to a wall. The seats of the dinette have been turned into a bed with a view of the woods and a pond.

It's a little steamy, but I am sure things will cool down at night. I go down to the cabin, hang with the hosts, and then, around 11 p.m., they give me a flashlight and I head back up the hill to Cutesville.

This is where I learn something interesting about mud on rocks: While a little worrisome during the day, it is positively scary at night, when you can't see where you are walking. Also, if it's steamy outside a trailer, it's steamy inside.

And flashlights, it turns out, don't provide a whole lot of light. The trailer is supposed to be wired for electricity, but the switch to turn that electricity on, my hosts have told me, is outside on a tree. There are a lot of trees in this part of the Catskills. I do see

something next to the bed that may be a kerosene lamp, but I'm not touching it. A bold foray is made back outside, over the muddied slope. After a certain amount of promiscuous tree fondling, the electricity tree is found, and I have light in the trailer.

Unfortunately, after turning off the lights and trying to doze off to the bucolic hum of the gas generator, I realize I have developed a bone spur on my left hip, which coincidentally is the hip I sleep on. A medical anomaly, but one I am able to determine the cause of quickly: my mattress consists of two authentic dinette seats plopped on top of a dinette table, and they are not thick. They are reminding me of the skinny, rolled-up mattresses in the deserted Catskills hotels of my youth.

And, of course, as a teenager, I never had to make middle-of-the-night trips to the bathroom – a necessity that comes at around 4:30 a.m., when there is no light anywhere on the property because the generator has run out of gas. Clutching my inadequate flashlight, I head out over the slippery and now barely visible rocks to the outhouse.

Naturally, it is another triumph of cute: there is a ceramic "entrance" sign on the door, a shellacked and gleaming wooden toilet seat, and a magazine rack with the latest issues of the National Enquirer.

I take my hosts' word on that last, as the little flashlight is not powerful enough to read by, and with a muddy and by now chilly trek back to the trailer ahead of me, I do not wish to linger.

On the plus side, I tell myself, I have now had the experience of spending the night in an authentic 1950s trailer. And in the morning, I have the even better experience of leaving it. I pack up and head to the guest room in my friends' cabin, which has a sturdy Adirondack bed with a thick mattress, a boxy bedside stand with no discernible detail and a bathroom around the corner.

I have stayed in this room before, and here is what I love about it: it is not cute.



ON THE MENU: JEWISH JOKES, KOSHER STYLE

KOSHER

THE EYE OF THE RABBI

A rabbi was walking down the street when he saw Benny, a member of his synagogue, entering a non-kosher restaurant. Puzzled, he went closer to the restaurant and peeked in the window.

Perhaps he's just going in to ask for directions, the rabbi thought. But sure enough, he watched as Benny was escorted to a table.

Maybe he's just there to meet someone. He probably won't order anything to eat. But sure enough, the waiter came, and the rabbi could see Benny pointing vigorously at a menu item.

Surely he just ordered the fish, the rabbi thought. But much to the rabbi's horror, the waiter brought Benny a plate of pork chops. He watched in despair as Benny ate them with glee.

After Benny paid his bill and exited the restaurant, the rabbi took him aside. "Benny, I watched you go into that restaurant," he said.

"That's nice," said Benny.

"I watched you sit down and order your food," said the rabbi, his tone a bit elevated.

"Yes," Benny replied.

"I watched you as the waiter brought you a plate of pork chops. I saw you eating them!" the rabbi exclaimed.

"I'm happy to hear that, Rabbi," Benny nodded.

"Pork is not kosher!" the rabbi shouted. "Don't you have anything to say for yourself?"

"What's the big problem?" Benny replied. "Everything was done under strict rabbinic supervision."

THE REMEDY FOR BACON

David was a *baal teshuvah*. He was studying with a rabbi who was helping him learn about Judaism and the Torah. He had made a lot of progress. He began to eat only kosher food and he made an effort to keep Shabbos the best he could.

One morning, an irresistible smell wafted in through the vent of David's apartment; his neighbor was cooking bacon. David couldn't help himself. He ran to the neighbor's door and knocked.

"Can I have some of that bacon?" The neighbor was amused, but generously shared his breakfast.

Afterward, David was tormented by guilt. He was sure God was going to strike him dead for what he did. Desperate, he called his rabbi.

"Rabbi, I did something terrible," David said.

"David, what's the matter? What did you do?" the rabbi asked.

"Rabbi, it's horrible. I ... I ... I ate some bacon."

"David, I'm sorry to hear that, but it's not so terrible. Just repent and don't eat it any more. God will forgive you."

"But Rabbi, God must hate me now. There's got to be some way to cancel it out. There has to be some way to make up for what I did."

"No, David, Judaism doesn't work like that. We all make mistakes. We repent, admit our errors, and work on trying to do better next time. God is happy to forgive us."

"But Rabbi, there must be something I can do."

"David, you don't need to try to appease God, but there are some positive steps you can take to try to improve yourself and correct the problems that led you to sin. How much bacon did you eat?"

"Four strips," David admitted.

"Then commit to reciting four *Tehillim* every day. You will then be on a path to improvement," the rabbi advised.

"Thank you, Rabbi. That's exactly what I'll do."

The next morning, David went to the synagogue to recite the *Tehillim*. He was still learning Hebrew so he trudged through it very slowly. Next to him was a man with a long gray beard, wearing a black hat and a black coat, his body swaying back and forth as he chanted the *Tehillim*, turning page after page at a rapid pace, one after the next, after the next.

"What a holy man that is," David thought. "What an amazing, righteous man. That man must know so much about the Torah, and must be so close to God. *And to think that he would eat that much bacon!*"

HE IS THE MESSIAH, BUT ...

A rabbi was teaching his class about the days following the arrival of the Messiah.

"At that time, the Messiah will slaughter the *shor ha-bor*, the giant ox. The meat from this enormous beast will be enough to feed the entire world," he said.

The students in the class sat wide-eyed as the rabbi continued.

"And then the Messiah will slay the Leviathan, the giant sea monster. The flesh from this creature will also be enough to feed the entire world."

"But Rabbi," one student protested, "if the *shor ha-bor* provides enough food for the entire world, why will he also slaughter the Leviathan?"

"Because," the rabbi answered, "there'll inevitably be someone who will say, 'I'm not so sure about his *kashrut*. I'd better go with the fish.'"

IN MEMORY

RICHARD BLOOM

January 28, 1930 to October 12, 2014

MARY ANN BOWRA

August 10, 1921 to October 23, 2014

CYRIL CLAYTON

March 12, 1919 to October 16, 2014

EVA COOPER

May 8, 1917 to September 29, 2014

LEONARD JACOBSON

January 6, 1926 to September 30, 2014

BARBARA OROVITZ

May 29, 1933 to September 26, 2014

ILLYA PAVLOVSKYY

May 7, 1930 to October 21, 2014

LIYA PERLOVA

September 5, 1922 to October 5, 2014

SIMA REZNIK

June 14, 1925 to October 11, 2014

NORMAN SCHNEIDER

November 22, 1945 to October 12, 2014

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:

BRAVO!



EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH

NOVEMBER

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

MARIA DE GUZMAN, H.R. COORDINATOR



Ever kind and always willing to help everyone, Maria also seems to know the answer should somebody have a question. And on the rare occasion she doesn't, then she knows the someone else who does.

LALAIN RAMIREZ, UNIT COORDINATOR



A dedicated employee, Lalaine goes beyond the call of duty. She is always willing to assist patients, their family members, and fellow staff, and does so with care and consideration.

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.*

RESIDENTS' BIRTHDAYS

NOVEMBER

- | | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Yakov Zigelman | 11 Kim Bich To | 25 Faina Rabinovich |
| 7 Maryana Kleyn | 12 Rowena Cooper | 25 Berta Vekhman |
| 10 Lev Davydov | 12 Lee Sitko | 27 Shera Bolotovskaya |
| 11 Musyan Buslovich | 15 Rakhil Nasilevich | 27 Olga Konshina |
| 11 Ilya Flom | 17 William Schwartzman | 29 Constance Boling |
| 11 Robert O'Connor | 19 Lillian Barer | 29 Victor Mashbein |
| 11 Edith Shaffer | 24 Liza Golmyan | |



Mariya Ayzenberg may accept a bit of assistance with the cutting of the birthday cake, but the lovely smile is all her own. Mazel tov to you, Mariya, and to all your fellow October celebrants.

