

THE OLIVE PRESS

BY RHODA GOLDMAN PLAZA

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The Humor Edition



“With jobs and equipment this big, there are no ‘small mistakes’.”

City Mechanical Supervisor

Installation of RGP’s new cooling tower which weighs about five tons.

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RHODA GOLDMAN PLAZA

2180 Post Street
San Francisco, CA 94115

415.345.5060; 415.345.5061 (fax)

www.RGPlaza.org

RCFE #385600125

STAFF

Emma Davis, <i>Director of Programming</i>	415-345-5098
Adrienne Fair, <i>Assistant Executive Director</i>	415-345-5077
Ira Kurtz, <i>Executive Director</i>	415-345-5080
Eric Luu, <i>Chief Financial Officer</i>	415-345-5083
Christine Leung, <i>Business Office Manager</i>	415-345-5073
Samson Legesse, <i>Director of Facilities</i>	415-345-5088
Candiece Milford, <i>Managing Director of Marketing</i>	415-345-5072
Corey Weiner, <i>Director of Food and Beverage</i>	415-345-5066
Elizabeth Wyma-Hughes, <i>Director of Resident Services</i>	415-345-5085

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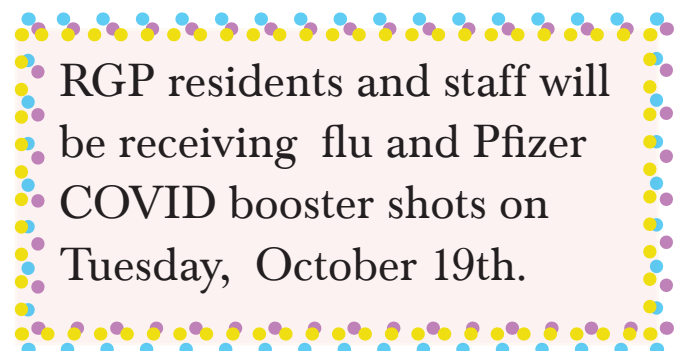
Humor and Laughter

Although humor appears as a commodity on TV late night shows, I discovered that it exists in much more subtle environments—in everyday life. It is found in a lifted eyebrow, a twinkle in the eye and as one resident said, “it comes in many colors.” Sometimes it is elusive, particularly when one is “down at the mouth,” but never completely gone. This edition I hope kindles residents interest in finding more of it, even in our post-Covid times.

Two events..

I clearly remember extended-family meals when my father’s side of the family gathered for holidays. At the age of eight or nine, I remember laughing so hard I felt I was floating to the ceiling like a helium balloon. I was euphoric from laughter, the stories, jokes, the general chaos and unbridled hilarity as my father and uncles tried to outdo each other with absurd stories about the human condition.

Another side of laughter... I was in Outward Bound, hiking in the Oregon Three Sisters area, far past my physical comfort zone. My new hiking boots were too small and I had been enveloped in excruciating pain since the morning; my only thought was how soon I could take off these boots. It was about 4:00pm, we had walked all day; I had envisioned getting to camp in a half hour. But the leader told us that we had another ten miles to go. At that news, I broke down—laughed and cried at the same time—cried because of the agonizing pain, and laughed at the cosmically absurd impossibility that I would have to walk another ten miles. At that moment, I realized how intimate laughter and grief are in fact, a hair’s breadth away...



RGP residents and staff will
be receiving flu and Pfizer
COVID booster shots on
Tuesday, October 19th.

Resident of the Month—Peter Balint

Humor is a lifejacket in rough times; it can keep you afloat.

Actually humor has many functions—it can be used to motivate, it reduces fear, it can be used to avoid feeling an overwhelming loss. I have experienced all of them. As for the first—**humor to motivate**—I remember being about five years old at a soccer game with my family. My uncles were playing so the relatives all went to support them. I was bored waiting for the game to start so I disengaged myself from my grandmother and went down onto the dirt track which surrounded the playing field and started playing with the dirt. My grandmother who wanted me to remain where I was, called out to me “Peter, what are you doing?” I replied, “I am filling all these comfort apartments for you.” (“Comfort apartments” was a new and catchy advertising slogan which had recently become popular and which everyone regarded as another fabulous but untrue ploy.) My grandmother and I kept up this banter—she asking questions, and I filling her in with plans for “comfort apartments” with my five-year-old imagination. The other spectators listening to the conversation broke out laughing at our humorous give and take; I was pleased with myself at my ability to make so many people laugh.

The second: Humor to reduce fear

During the Second World War, mother and I lived in a village where my father had rented a room for us and another house where he had rented a room for his family. At that time, Russians occupied the village, but the Germans were approaching. In fact, the village changed hands a few times during the course of the war. One day, my mother and I walked up the street to visit a



friend. In her small house she had a bedroom and a bed piled up with many eiderdown quilts. As my mother and her friend were talking, they glanced out the window, saw a Russian officer approaching and realized that he was going to enter the house. My mother's friend grabbed my mother and shoved her under the pile of quilts and warned me not to say

anything. The Russian soldier entered, went straight to the bed, pulled aside the quilts, grabbed my mother by the wrist and yanked her out, looked at her and said “Too thin!” And left. At that point, my mother and her friend who had both been terribly frightened started joking, so relieved they were at the outcome.

The third: Humor to deflect overwhelming grief

I was in my twenties, living in San Francisco, when I got an unexpected call from a family member notifying me that my grandmother was in the hospital. I was quite surprised since I had seen her the previous day looking healthy, cooking and cleaning. They informed me the prognosis was not good and told me to come to the hospital. When I arrived, everyone was crying, telling stories about her as if she had already died. I met my cousin there who also had a very close relationship with our grandmother and the two of us went out into the hallway to get away from what was happening in the room. We started laughing and joking and in fact laughing hysterically and making so much noise that family members came outside to tell us to be quiet. I don't know exactly why we behaved in such an unbecoming way. I suspect that both of us being so close to our grandmother could not accept the idea that she might die and used humor to shield ourselves from that unimaginable loss.



Kelly Dame
Executive Chef

Called to the Kitchen

The kitchen is the soul of Rhoda Goldman Plaza, and I take my role as Executive Chef seriously. I would have to add, however, that without humor, life in the kitchen would be impossible. There are rules and recipes to be followed and deadlines to be met. The challenge is to communicate with a spirited multi-ethnic crew which has limited common language among them and even less in writing. Humor is often the medium that works best to get an idea across.

Through gestures, dramatizations, drawing, and translation passing through multiple staff, we manage to not only communicate, but to share the humor in our work. My LOUD body language is universally understood. There is the stink eye (translation-you KNOW you shouldn't have done that). There's the proud mamma beam when someone has done everything perfectly, and there's the wide-eyed aha-moment when the message is finally understood.

The truth is you've got to be strong and courageous to work as a cook, and just a little crazy too. The kitchen is hot, the walk-ins are cold: it's loud, the pressure is always on, and you stand all day.

I'm lucky to have such a great staff with me in the kitchen. And I feel a strong kinship with them. We may not have a common language, but we have kitchen grit, kitchen humor, and a desire to do things right.

My grandma cried when I announced I was going to culinary school. She couldn't understand why I would make that choice when I could be a doctor, a nurse, a teacher... anything but a chef. My grandparents had pushcarts, grocery and candy stores, and luncheonettes because those were the options for uneducated immigrants. Our staff want more for their kids too. Like my grandparents, they work hard to give their kids opportunities they didn't get. And I'm gratified to see their kids going to college, becoming professionals, and making their parents proud.

As for me, the kitchen is my calling. I wish my grandma could have known how much I love my job and wouldn't change it for anything. She might even be smiling.

October Birthdays

Phyllis Laufer	1
Rose Heide	2
Rachel Rappaport	2
Paulette Aroesty	4
Harold Auerbach	7
Sara Grossman	10
Richard Greenberg	11
Carl Kerwick	21
Len Sperry	24
Syed Hasib	29
Amalia Shedro	31

Community Rabbi Needed

RGP is looking for a Rabbi. It is our hope to find a Rabbi who is interested in supporting the spiritual health of our residents and has experience working with older adults including people with dementia. Responsibilities include facilitating weekly Friday afternoon services for both Memory Care and Assisted Living, leading services on High Holidays and Seders for Passover, and other special events. The Rabbi would also provide spiritual counseling and support to residents as needed or requested. We will also consider someone who is not a Rabbi, but who has extensive knowledge of Judaic practices and competence to lead services. The Rabbi will work closely with the Director of Programming, act as an independent contractor, and receive a monthly retainer for their services. Please contact Emma Davis, Director of Programming and Counseling, at 415.345.5098.

You don't have to be Jewish to be Jew-ish

Several residents have shown honest curiosity about Jews and Judaism. To aid them in perceiving the nuances of Jewish culture, we have decided to include a small monthly column which will strive to provide a better understanding.

Our goal is to explain matters Jewish to those who didn't grow up in that domain. We'll answer questions like: *What's kosher?* Or *how do I say Happy Holidays?* And we've created an email address to encourage you to suggest a topic or make a comment (askrgplaza@gmail.com).

What's kosher? Because that subject is a bit complex, we'll get to it in the future. But how might I say Happy Holidays when greeting a neighbor this time of year? That's easy. How about *Happy Holidays*. Yes, it's just that simple. If you want to be a bit adventurous try a little Yiddish: *Gut Yom Tov*. Or Hebrew: *Shanah Tovah*, meaning happy New Year. It may sound strange at first, but it will be appreciated. Last month's Olive Press covered the High Holy Days, so we'll move on. One might expect Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, to be the most important date on the Jewish calendar, but actually it's the Sabbath. That's right. An event that occurs every week is number one. It's important enough to be immortalized as the Third Commandment and it's the first holiday prescribed in the Torah.

The Jewish Sabbath, often referred to as Shabbat or Shabbos, begins at sundown Friday continuing until sundown Saturday. In the Torah, Genesis ends each event of creation with "And there was evening and there was morning, the first day," then the second and subsequent days. From that it appears that all Jewish holidays are to begin at sunset.

And a pleasant greeting for Shabbat? That's easy. Good sabbath. Or *Gut Shabbos*. Again, stretching it a bit: *Shabbat Shalom* (a Sabbath of peace) That's it for now. Shalom.

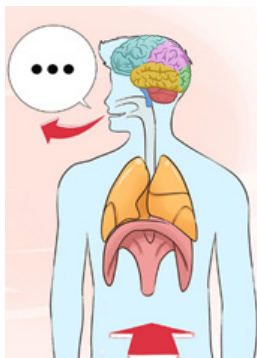
Send your inquiries to (askrgplaza@gmail.com) or put your written questions in the mailbox outside the administration office.



Health Notes

Adrienne Fair, MSN, RN,
Assistant Executive Director

Perhaps Laughter Really is the Best Medicine...



For this Olive Press humor edition, I was wondering: how exactly does laughter work in the body? With a little research, I found the whole process to be quite amazing and beneficial for health.

Laughter starts in the brain: the frontal cortex (decision-making part of the brain) has to detect something funny. This then signals the motor cortex to initiate movement in the diaphragm and vocal cords. You are now laughing. The amygdala, thalamus, and hypothalamus (the limbic/emotion centers of the brain) ramp up endorphins. This endorphin rush makes you feel giddy and happy.



Pituitary glands signal the adrenal glands (located by the kidneys) to calm down. Emission of stress hormones like epinephrine and cortisol are thus slowed down. Between the rush of joyful endorphins and the decrease of stress hormones, you are feeling pretty amazing right about now.



What about the heart and circulation? Studies show that your blood pressure increases somewhat while laughing—but also, over time, you are gradually increasing your cardiac output and decreasing your vascular resistance. In other words, laughter works a lot like exercise with regards to heart health.

Oh but wait, there's more! You also can boost your immune system through your good mood. In particular the IgA antibody (immunoglobulin A) is bolstered.



Goodness knows we could all use a little boost to the immune system these days.

Finally, I would like to mention how important it is to laugh together with friends and neighbors. This really boosts a feeling of community and connectedness. What a wonderful way to improve your health, feel joyful, and connect with others.

On a side note: we're getting into the hotter fall months here in SF. Remember to drink extra water to stay hydrated. Because, really, if you get a bladder infection, urine trouble! (Pun intended).

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Candiece Milford,
Managing Director of Marketing

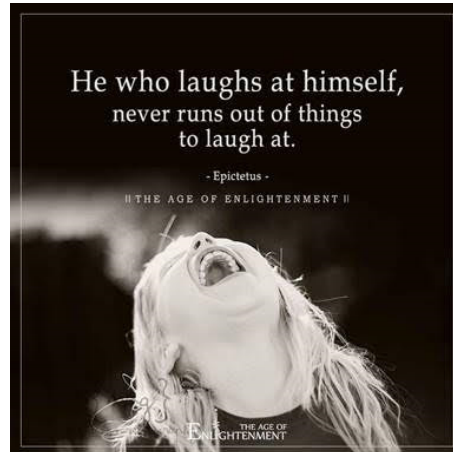
“Always Keep Your Sense of Humor”, Says Jeanne Calment At 122

Whew – is that even possible? After the unmentionable year last year, a sense of humor seems either impossible to generate or an absolute necessity in order to survive. I side with the latter. And, for me, I find a well of self-deprecation as a great source of material: if we can laugh at our merely mortal foibles, the world can breathe a sigh of relief as the levity lifts from its soul, all the tribulations that have presented themselves.

Levity can provide a type of distancing, in a kind way, from all that can drag us down so that we do not simply survive, but thrive.

Jeanne Calment, aka “a modern Methuselah”, lived a long, long life from February 21, 1875 to August 4, 1997. She died at 122 years, 5 months and 14 days. Well-known for her humor, she could also be feisty and difficult. Her advice? “Always keep your sense of humor. That’s what I attribute my long life to. I think I’ll die laughing. That’s part of my program.” While she died in a nursing home blind and deaf, she still had a chuckle in her heart. In my book, she’s a heroine.

As a discipline, try to remember the laughable events in your lives that seemed so serious at the time, but in hindsight are great sources of humor. In my own life, here’s one, humiliating as it was at the time. I splurged, and bought opening night tickets for a client and myself to Bouquets to Art. This was easily 30 years ago. Being on a budget, but needing an appropriate dress,



I went shopping and found the perfect one. A glorious evening was thoroughly enjoyed, only to discover, midway, that the price tag of my dress was sticking out under my right arm every time I lifted it. Worse, it was on sale and “marked down!”

Oh, dear. Everyone else had expensive (in those days, even gowns) and there I was advertising my status. I still laugh at this because, in the end, what difference did it really make? I would never see those people again.

And laughter? A cleansing bath for our souls and an uproarious laugh that turns to tears can also clear our eyes, not just in the physical sense, but also metaphorically. An otherwise serious moment can transform into hilarity. We all know this, but sometimes we forget with the heaviness of our burdens. So let me leave you with two quotes about laughter: Pablo Neruda reminds us that “laughter is the language of the soul” and Milton Berle states that “laughter is an instant vacation.” Anyone want to join me?

Employee of the Month—

Yan Qing Yu, (Ching)



Yan Qing Yu, also known as Ching has been working at RGP for more than eleven years. She began as a dishwasher and worked on the Kosher Meals on Wheels Program two days a week. She was

promoted to cook on the dinner shift in 2011 and has been in this job since then.

Kelly Dame, Executive Chef praises her work, “She is a great dinner shift lead; she knows when dinner is going out, when to start cooking the menu items. She is a very good long-range planner and sees the whole picture of how things need to work. She will tell me two weeks in advance if we need to order a special menu item so that it will be on hand when we need it. She gets on well with her co-workers; the dinner crew is very reliable. She takes the initiative and plans ahead.

“I like to cook,” Ching said, “and when I go home, I cook for another fifteen people—my family.

We—my husband and our four children—came to the USA in December 2009 from Taishan, Guangdong, China. In China, I had my own clothing business for fifteen years. My sisters lived here in San Francisco so we joined them. In 2009, my children were already adults, my two daughter and twin sons, all were in their twenties. They went to City College and I did too—to learn English. A friend told me about a job opening at RGP so I applied. Today, all my children are married and have children; we all work hard and live together. When I am not working, I take care of my five grandchildren and cook for the family. We are very happy and very lucky to live together in harmony.

Finding Humor in Difficult Times

Dorie Workman

How can our sense of humor influence the way we deal with certain situations? This is a question I have been asking myself over and over the past year and a half. I have often found myself leaning on my sense of humor to get through the tough days and it got me thinking, where did my use of humor to deal with difficult situations come from?

In my case, it was how I was raised. I grew up in a small mining community in rural Minnesota. My grandparents were what we would probably call “hardy stock”. Growing up on the “Iron Range” in an age before computers, cell phones, and streaming, we knew life could be difficult and isolating—especially in the winter. Spending almost six months of the year in a deep freeze meant that when situations arose, we often had to figure out how to deal with it ourselves and wait it out until help could arrive. My grandparents were the nexus of the family and my grandpa’s motto “if you didn’t laugh, you would cry” was instilled in us at an early age. To him this meant we needed to learn to laugh at ourselves and not take most situations too seriously because things often happen that you can’t do anything about.

I think this way of looking at life made working in healthcare a good fit for me. Healthcare workers have a unique way of dealing with hard situations and it often comes out in weird ways. We instinctively know that humor can be found in most situations and often, the only way to get through a day of tough situations. We learn to laugh about it because often, crying takes an emotional toll that most healthcare workers do not have the luxury of time to deal with. We would be crying all the time. Often, laughter keeps the tears at bay and keeps us going through the difficult times. Laughter really is the best medicine!



Elizabeth Wyma-Hughes
Director of Resident Services

Humor.....

I have been called many things over the years, but I don't think funny has ever been one of them. When Katheryn suggested an Olive Press edition focused on humor, I immediately felt a sense of dread. I have a deep appreciation for humor and am quick to laugh at even the most simplistic of jokes, but I am rarely the one to be cracking them.

Laughter is common in the administration office which I think encourages residents to drop in so frequently. When Katheryn truly gets laughing it almost always brings her to tears, Emma has an endearing guffaw, and Christine's giggle is positively infectious.

I certainly consider myself lucky to be part of a team that is ready to laugh together as readily as we work together. This openness to our communication allows for a free flow of ideas and fosters a highly collaborative work environment.

This culture extends to our interactions with residents who frequently drop in with suggestions and other feedback. More often than not, these visits are a good chance to say hello and just check-in. These drop-ins from residents have been particularly welcome over the past eighteen months are a great opportunity to share some of the more baffling anecdotes from this time. In fact, residents and staff weigh the

various options and problem-solve together. The more intractable resident issues are discussed among staff, mediated by humor. There have been countless instances where it was truly a toss up between do I laugh or do I cry? Toilet paper shortages at the beginning of the pandemic? Arguably hilarious. Fighting impenetrable bureaucracies to get COVID tests delivered, leading to over 2,000 kits now living in my office? Not so funny at the time, but today I can get a chuckle in hindsight (who doesn't love a good box fort after all?). Contradictory edicts from CDSS and SF DPH? In the moment, hair tearingly frustrating and only funny after you've run the inconsistencies by the powers that be and they offer clarifying statements many days later.

Levity has been more important than ever in the past eighteen months and speaks to the camaraderie that has been fostered in our community. We'll keep laughing our way through the rest of 2021. That's the reason we haven't gone around the bend just yet!

Reflections on Collections: Part Two

Our Personal Collections

by Jeanne Halpern, Resident

Some people remember exactly when, where and how they began a favorite collection. Others have misty memories of how it started. Still others offer no origin story at all: Like Venus, the collection rose in the foam of a wave off the coast of Cyprus and has grown with them ever since. Today, you'll read about the collections of three RGP residents who more or less embody each possibility. Here, then, is a look at Bill's bow ties, Bernice's donkeys, and Paul's masks.

Bill's Beautiful Bow Ties



Imagine this: You're a new student at Cornell Medical School in New York City, one of a hundred students on the first day of a first-year anatomy lab. Four students stand around each of twenty-five tables, and each table contains one cadaver. What do you notice about this event that will stay with you for the rest

of your life? Though there may be a hundred different answers to this question, Bill Newmeyer's is: "I noticed the student opposite me, Bob Martin, was wearing a bow tie, so I asked him about it after class." That happened sixty+ years ago, and Bill's been wearing bow ties ever since.

During their chat, Bob asked Bill if he'd like to learn how to tie one and Bill said, "yes." Around the same time, he noticed a feature in the Wall Street Journal citing a booming business whose main product was – bow ties. All a customer had to do was add his name to a mailing list to receive a dozen fabric samples every few months. "I'll just order a few," thought Bill. There's no telling how many hundreds he's bought since then, but today the total collection, neatly folded over five hangers in his closet, is sixty-five.

Since that fortuitous day with the cadaver, Bill, now a retired hand surgeon, has rarely worn a flat tie. Why? As he often quips, "You can never spill blood or gravy on a bow tie." He's worn them in our RGP dining room on holidays, at parties, in classrooms, operating rooms,

and, of course, his office. "Women really like to see their doctor in bow ties," he said.

Recently, Bill noticed a prominent doctor interviewed on TV who was wearing a bow tie. He chose four from his collection and mailed them to that doctor. Last week, he received this reply: "Dear Bill . . . I've been wearing your amazing bow ties regularly. . . really fabulous . . . very high quality!" Bill also learned they had both received, several decades apart, their M.D.s from Cornell.

Bernice's Political Donkeys

When I asked Bernice Rabin why she'd started collecting donkeys, she remembered that when she was very young, her mother said, "When you grow



up, Bernice, you should never vote Republican! Just vote Democrat and you'll be OK." To some of us born around the Great Depression, this remark sounds pretty familiar. But for Bernice, it took an unexpected turn five

decades later. Between the time she stopped working and the time her husband Richard retired, she was casting about for an engrossing new hobby.

We can date her decision to start her collection by the first painting she showed me in her apartment: a bright, 10" x 14" oil of a donkey in a sunny, wind-blown field; it's signed by the popular Polish-American artist Morris Katz, dated 1991, and was painted at Bernice's request. "By then," she said, "I was getting hooked on donkeys." (That date, 1991, coincides with Bill Clinton's first run for President, when plenty of donkey fliers were filling mailboxes, reminding her of her mother's words.) Since Bernice and Richard were retired and loved to travel, they bought donkey souvenirs from around the world until they'd collected about a thousand.

Collections - continued

A headline in the Bethesda Magazine in August 2016, reads: “Chevy Chase Resident Seeks Unusual Record: World’s Largest Collection of Donkey Memorabilia.” Between the time her husband died and she moved into RGP, Bernice’s challenge was to choose which donkeys would accompany her. She now shares her apartment with well over two hundred.

And they’re cunningly displayed: One glass cabinet holds twenty-six; seven half-dollar-size donkey medallions from England are arrayed in a line on a wall like a work of art; a framed, oblong embroidery celebrating the help the USA and England gave to liberate Sicily in 1943 features a donkey pulling a Sicilian wagon. Pillows, tea towels, tee-shirts, light-switch covers and other donkeyesque surprises adorn every room.

When Bernice describes the origin of a special treasure like the WW 2 embroidery, her eyes brighten. She feels about her donkeys the way I feel about my penguins. And what will become of her charmed collection? “I guess,” she said, “I’ll leave that up to my daughters.”

Paul’s Mysterious Masks

Paul Ekman says he’s always collected masks, certainly for the last half-century. And while his collection of over twenty vivid facial masks from the Americas, Europe, and the Pacific islands might seem like a natural outgrowth of his psychological research – on non-verbal communication and, especially, facial expression and deception – his masks, he assures me, are not related to that work. He selected these faces, many brightly painted and hanging in three rows on his long, white, living-room wall, for the cultural thrill of collecting: for fun. And they are fun, so seductive I found it hard to take my eyes away from them to look at Paul or take notes as he spoke.



The white-faced, wooden mask at the left end of the top row? He and his wife Mary Ann discovered it on a beach in Bali, where the mask’s maker was eager to trade it for Paul’s wife’s running shorts, which they

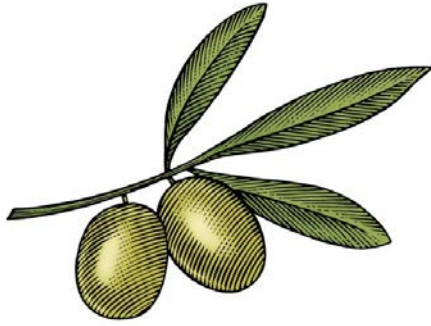
eventually did. Why would an apparently happy male face like this one—large white teeth showing from its wide red smile, shiny black eyes staring straight at me—be called an Anger Mask? Could it be used to cover quite a different emotion on its wearer’s face: anger, or perhaps, jealousy or desire?

This brightly painted mask contrasts with another, also carved from wood, from the Kaquatal, an American Indian tribe north of Seattle. It was created by a woman carver, a rarity in the tribe and in the world of masks, and depicts a woman’s face and hair. The paint, some red, some black, is not bright or shocking but acts as a subtle cover on some of the wood, the original wood grain serving as part of the skin on her face, which has neither teeth nor eyebrows. Most distinctive is the light brown “hair” that frames the head and seems to be made from long, thin, dried vegetal husks.



Like these two, Paul’s other masks, in paper-mache, tin and other materials, are distinctive outgrowths of their cultures: a joy to concentrate on, compare, wonder about, but not necessarily understand. Though they are currently grouped with his research materials intended for the Smithsonian Institution, he hopes to see them displayed and studied at just the right public site—a museum, a library—for the world to enjoy.

End Note: Though I intended to present four collections this month, I realized I couldn’t do justice to any unless I reduced the number. Also, I’ve become aware of many more collections at RGP and will write a future column on this topic.



RHODA GOLDMAN PLAZA
2180 Post Street
San Francisco, CA 94115

415.345.5060
415.345.5061 (fax)

www.RGPlaza.org
RCFE #385600125

*Founded by Jewish Family and Children's
Services and Mount Zion Health Fund*

RHODA GOLDMAN PLAZA

The appeal of Rhoda Goldman Plaza is undeniable. Older adults and their families prefer our unsurpassed assisted living and memory care community enriched by culture and tradition.

Residents enjoy superb, “made-from-scratch” cuisine that is always well reviewed by our most vocal critics; our residents! While our dining selections please the appetite, accommodations showcase spacious, private apartments designed to maximize space and comfort. In fact, we’re re-defining your life as Living Well With Assistance—we believe our community is every bit as good as a five-star hotel. And, professionally trained, courteous staff promotes your health and well-being with choices of activity programs both on and off-site.

Our Terrace Memory program provides specialized memory care to residents through therapeutic activities that enhance physical, mental, and emotional health. Both privacy and companionship are afforded on our self-contained Terrace.

Living Well With Assistance is more than a promise, but a way of life for our like-minded residents and staff who share the vision of our upscale community.

Visit Rhoda Goldman Plaza today by calling 415.345.5072.

Founded by Jewish Family and Children's Services and Mt. Zion Health Fund in 2000, Rhoda Goldman Plaza (RGP) was established as a non-profit assisted living facility to provide a better and more secure life for older adults.

Insert: Resident-Contributed Jokes, Stories, and Thoughts

Eva Kashkooli

When my mother was 8 years old, she and her mother and brother emigrated to New York from Poland. They were living there with my mother's grandfather. Their small town was on the Russian-Polish border, and he strongly preferred living in Poland not Russia. Every year the Cossacks would sweep through their town and declare that they were now living in Russia, greatly upsetting my great grandfather.

Finally, he happily learned that they were now living officially in Poland. So, he threw up his arms and cried "Thank God! No more Russian winters!!!"

Welcome to Las Vegas

By Dorothy Auerbach

"Welcome to Las Vegas," said the flight attendant (they were called stewardesses back then), and we filed off the plane and into the terminal. As we headed down the long hallway toward the baggage claim area, I was struck by the sight of slot machines covering every space on the walls. My first visit, as it was after every flight, was to the first available restroom, and even in that sacred room, slot machines were everywhere in the outer area. As I emerged from the inner sanctum and was washing my hands, a woman dashed into the restroom, put a dime into a slot machine, and pulled down the handle. Bells rang, lights flashed, and dimes began pouring out of the mouth of the machine. She had hit the jackpot. The woman looked on in astonished consternation as she viewed the cascade of dimes.

"But, all I wanted," she said plaintively, "was a tampon."

The Laughing Table

by Carl Kerwick

Sometimes there are moments of quiet giggling and then there are outbursts of loud guttural laughing. Both types bring smiles to our faces, a warming of our hearts and a connection with each other. Our laughter may come from the reflections of ourselves in earlier parts of our lives. Sometimes it comes from observations of ourselves and others and most of us use laughter to let off steam or release pent-up nervous energy. These days, we all harbor lots of pent-up energy as we strive to live as usual while existing in a pandemic. In today's social distance-separated world, laughing allows each of us to share a moment that feels like giving each other a hug or a pat on the back.

When I look around the dining room each night as we laugh with each other at our table, I see so many faces sharing a moment in time. The one thing that connects the various languages we speak, our many life experiences, and the different stages of our health is laughter. I am not surprised to see and hear other tables sharing in their own laughing-table experience. As Robert Provine has written, "In laughter we emit sounds and express emotions that come from deep within our biologic being – grunts and cackles from our animal unconscious." So, to all the staff and residents of Rhoda Goldman Plaza, I thank you for your smiles and laughs and hope to see you enjoy many more. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

two planets meet in the universe. "i got homo sapiens," says one. "don't worry," says the other. "it goes away all by itself."

Carol Pearlman

Insert: Resident-Contributed Jokes, Stories, and Thoughts

Baseball in Heaven

There were two old guys, Abe and Sol, sitting on a bench in a park feeding pigeons and talking about baseball, just like they did every day.

Abe turns to Sol and says, "Do ya think there's baseball in heaven?"

Sol thinks about it for a minute and replies, "I dunno, Abe. But let's make a deal: If I die first, I will come back and tell you –and if you die first, you come back and tell me."

They shake on it, and, sadly, a few months later poor Abe passes on. One day soon afterward, Sol is sitting there feeding the pigeons by himself when he hears a voice whisper, "Sol... Sol...."

Sol responds, "Abe! Is that you?"

"Yes it is, Sol", whispers the spirit of Abe.

Sol, still amazed, asks, "So, is there baseball in heaven?" "Well," Abe says, "I got good news and bad news." "Gimme the good news first", says Sol.

Abe says, "Well.. YES!... there is baseball in heaven."

Sol says, "That's great! What news could be bad enough to ruin that!?"

Abe sighs and whispers, "you're pitching on Friday".

Courtesy Len Sperry



A man from Texas, driving a Volkswagen Beetle, pulls up next to a guy in a Rolls Royce at a red light. Their windows are open and he yells at the guy in the Rolls, "Hey, you got a telephone in that Rolls?"

The guy in the Rolls says, "Yes, of course I do."

"I got one too... see?" the Texan says.

"Uh, huh, yes, that's very nice."

"You got a fax machine?" asks the Texan.

"Why, actually, yes, I do."

"I do too! See? Its right here!" brags the Texan.

The light is just about to turn green and the guy in the Volkswagen says, "So, do you have a double bed in back there?"

The guy in the Rolls replies, "NO! Do you?"

"Yep, got my double bed right in back here," the Texan replies.

The light turns and the man in the Volkswagen takes off.

Well, the guy in the Rolls is not about to be one-upped, so he immediately goes to a customizing shop and orders them to put a double bed in back of his car. About two weeks later, the job is finally done. He picks up his car and drives all over town looking for the Volkswagen beetle with the Texas plates. Finally, he finds it parked alongside the road, so he pulls his Rolls up next to it.

The windows on the Volkswagen are all fogged up and he feels somewhat awkward about it, but he gets out of his newly modified Rolls and taps on the foggy window of the Volkswagen.

The man in the Volkswagen finally opens the window a crack and peeks out.

The guy with the Rolls says, "Hey, remember me?"

"Yeah, yeah, I remember you," replies the Texan, "What's up?"

"Check this out...I got a double bed installed in my Rolls."

The Texan exclaims, "YOU GOT ME OUT OF THE SHOWER JUST TO TELL ME THAT?"

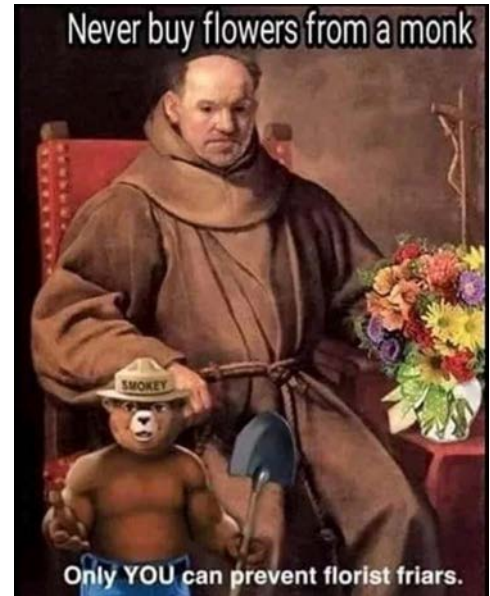
Courtesy Len Sperry

Insert: Resident-Contributed Jokes, Stories, and Thoughts

Some of these are not new.....but some are

1. Dad, are we pyromaniacs? Yes, we arson.
2. What do you call a pig with laryngitis? Disgruntled.
3. A commander walks into a bar and orders everyone a round.
4. How much did the pirate pay to get his ears pierced? A buccaneer.
5. I once worked at a cheap pizza shop to get by. I kneaded the dough.
6. When I told my contractor I didn't want carpeted steps, they gave me a blank stair.
7. Bono and The Edge walk into a Dublin bar and the bartender says, "Oh no, not U2 again."
- 8.. Prison is just one word to you, but for some people, it's a whole sentence.
9. I'm trying to organize a hide and seek tournament, but good players are really hard to find.
10. I got over my addiction to chocolate, marshmallows, and nuts. I won't lie, it was a rocky road.
11. What do you say to comfort a friend who's struggling with grammar? There, their, they're.
12. I went to the toy store and asked the assistant where the Schwarznegger dolls are and he replied, "Aisle B, back."
13. What did the surgeon say to the patient who insisted on closing up his own incision? Suture self.
14. I've started telling everyone about the benefits of eating dried grapes. It's all about raisin awareness.

Courtesy Herb Scholder



Virologists have identified a new Nile virus - type C.

It appears to target those who were born between 1940 and 1970

Symptoms:

1. Causes you to send the same message twice.
2. Causes you to send a blank message
3. Causes you to send a message to the wrong person.
4. Causes you to send it back to the person who sent it to you.
5. Causes you to forget to attach the attachment.
6. Causes you to hit SEND before you've finished.
7. Causes you to hit DELETE instead of SEND.
8. Causes you to SEND when you should DELETE.

It is called the *C-NILE* virus!

And if you can't admit to doing the above, you've obviously caught the mutated strain —

The *D-NILE* virus.

Maxine Kotin

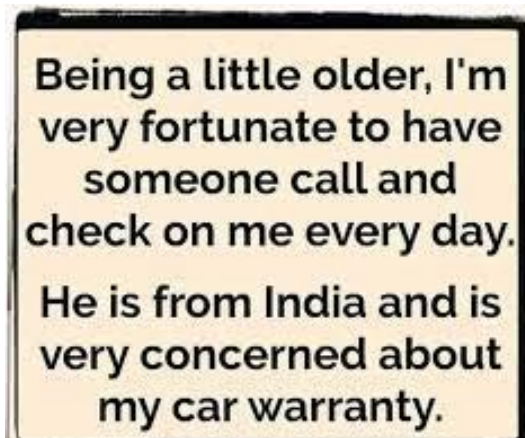
Insert: Resident-Contributed Jokes, Stories, and Thoughts

Teacher: Give me a sentence which includes the words: defense, defeat, detail.

Student: When a horse jumps over defense, defeat go first and then detail

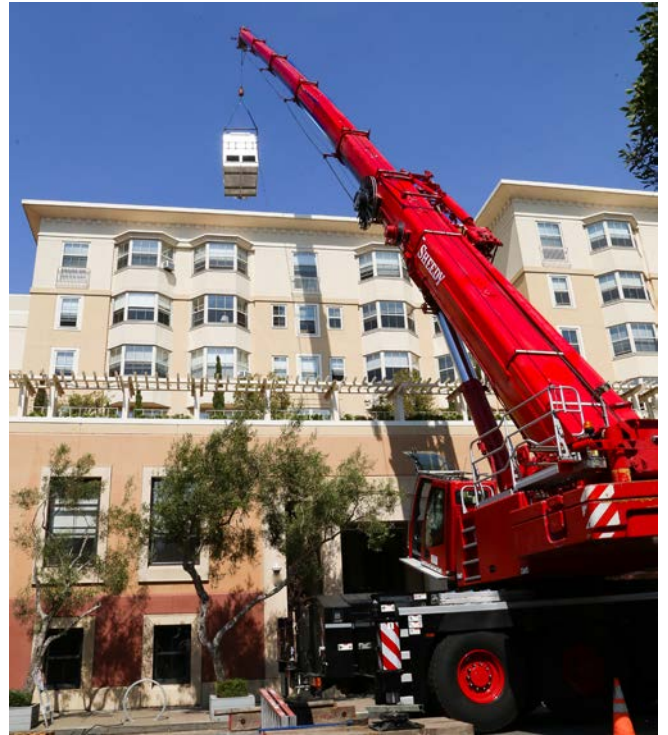
Mr. Sperry's One-liners

- Dijon vu - the same mustard as before
- When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I
- A bicycle can't stand on its own because it is two tired
- What's the definition of a will? It's a dead give away
- In democracy your vote counts. In feudalism, your count votes
- The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered
- You feel stuck with your debt if you can't budge it
- A midget fortune-teller who escapes from prison is a small medium at large
- Santa's helpers are subordinate clauses
- Why don't oysters share their pearls? Because they're shellfish.
- Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
- What is a thesaurus' favorite dessert? Synonym buns.



Courtesy Dr. Bill Newmeyer

RGP's Cooling Tower Replacement



The crane lifts the 5-ton cooling tower onto the roof. The new equipment will provide both heating and cooling for the building.



On the roof, City Mechanical employees fit the equipment into place.