

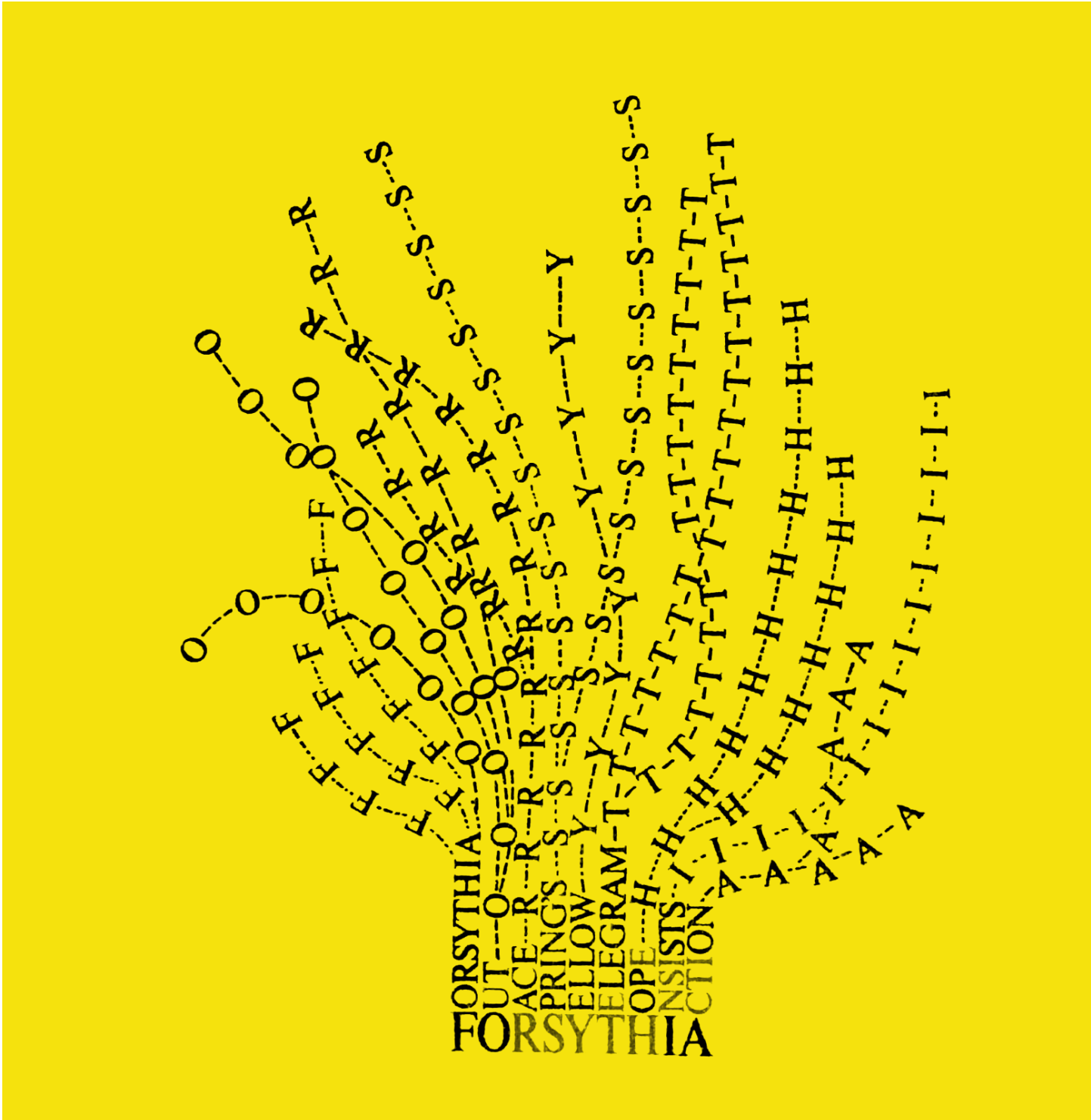
THE OLIVE PRESS

BY RHODA GOLDMAN PLAZA

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We will be celebrating Purim this month. Hamantaschen and the story of Queen Esther!
 One distillation of Queen Esther's story is that with courage and strength you can find your way through the hard times, even though the clouds are dark, and one cannot see what is next. And perhaps it is through "The Magic of Poetry" (our theme for this March issue) one can find courage and strength.
 Is it timely, to step away from the disturbing fog of our material world and find a metaphor that takes us into another emotional landscape through metered words? I often lean on one of my favorite writers, Mary Oliver, who said "poetry is a life-cherishing force."
 Dive in and listen to the poetry of the RGP people.

Allison Rodman
 Director of Sales & Marketing



Comments welcome
 Email: AllisonR@rgplaza.org

FIRST SONG

By Linda Zuckerman

Mama holds you 'til you sleep
 Safe and warm within her arms
 Dream of springtime's gentle breezes
 While her lullaby surrounds you
 Dearest baby, sweetest child,
 Mama holds you 'til you sleep.

Now the waning, silver moon
 Floats across the twinkling night
 Trailing cloudy blankets near
 The rustling, restless, sleepless trees
 Dearest baby, close your eyes,
 All the Earth is quiet now.

Papa hugs you when you wake
 Morning brightness fills the sky
 And if grey clouds storm and thunder
 He'll be shelter from the rain
 Dearest baby, sweetest child
 Papa hugs you when you wake.

Now the hot and fiery sun
 Bakes the cities, mountains, farms
 'Til the shadows, cool and long

Bring the ending of the day
 Dearest baby, with your smile

Warm the morning like the sun.
 We will catch you if you fall
 Stumbling on a rocky path
 While the leaves of autumn fly
 We will kiss the hurt away
 Dearest baby, sweetest child
 We will catch you if you fall.

We'll stand by you as you grow
 When you need a helping hand
 Or when winter snows descend
 Or when daylight ends too soon
 Dearest baby, sweetest child
 We'll stand by you as you grow.

This is what we give to you
 Words to keep deep in your heart:
 Hold the friend who cannot sleep
 Hug the babe who cries alone
 Kiss the one who starts to fall
 Love and be loved all your life.

Front Cover: "Forsythia by Mary Ellen Solt and typographically concretized by John Dearstyne

Carl Kerwick has been a resident of Rhoda Goldman Plaza since October, 2017. He was born and raised in Connecticut, spent seventeen years in the military and had a successful career as an IT specialist. In the early days of Silicon Valley he was one of the originals at companies like Intuit and Autodesk

Carl has been writing since he was a teenager. When asked what drew him to poetry he said it was a way to express himself and to explore life's deeper questions. His style is descriptive, intuitive and comes from the heart. He's inspired by relationships and says that poetry connects us by sharing parts of life – it shines a light on the human experience.

Not willing to be pinned down about favorite poets (too many to mention) he did say that Desiderata is a poem that continues to inspire him every day. In this issue you will find some of Carl's work.



Being Jeanne

Colors are blue; colors are white.
 Your spirit is so bright.
 Sound can be quiet; sound can be loud.
 Having the chance to know you makes me proud.
 Living in your presence as you share your essence.
 Growing plants with your florescence.
 What a wonderful attitude, with an excellent level of gratitude.
 Being one with your aptitude.
 Days can be sad; days can make you smile.
 Journaling and writing for miles and miles.
 Your one of kind and are so kind.
 I am done writing no more lines.

Peace, Joy, Love
 Your friend Carl Kerwick
 January 14, 2025

Float

We hope we float
 We roar for more
 Compassion and love always
 Living and laughing while holding hands
 This is all part of the great plan

Carl Kerwick - January 2015



Peggy O'Brien
 Resident Services

A Poem from the Heart

The Good Listening Project began at Johns Hopkins Sibley Memorial Hospital as a collaboration between poets and medical staff. Their mission is to “cultivate resilience and wellbeing in healthcare communities.” Poets listen and give space to healthcare workers.

I particularly enjoyed this poem called In the Cath Lab, written by poet Ravenna Raven after her conversations with a cardiac nurse.

I love the heart for its automaticity.

The whole circulatory system fascinates me: how blood is pumped from one chamber to another, all the arteries and capillaries, veins and venules, how you can feel the rush of the pulse on a person’s wrist, and how every vessel has potential to tell a story about the body.

Source: goodlistening.org



The Patience of Ordinary Things

By Pat Schneider

It is a kind of love, is it not?
How the cup holds the tea,
How the chair stands sturdy and foursquare,
How the floor receives the bottoms of shoes
Or toes. How soles of feet know
Where they’re supposed to be.
I’ve been thinking about the patience
Of ordinary things, how clothes
Wait respectfully in closets
And soap dries quietly in the dish,
And towels drink the wet
From the skin of the back.
And the lovely repetition of stairs

And what is more generous
than a window?



Adrienne Fair, MSN, RN
Health Services Director



Peggy O'Brien
Resident Services

The Power of Psalms

We are used to rhyming in our Western poetry, but what characterizes Hebrew poetry is the use of ‘doublets,’ two, or sometimes three clauses that express related sentiments, although they vary from one another. For example:

If I say, “Surely the darkness shall encompass me
And all about me shall be as night “
Surely the darkness is not too dark for You,
But the night shines as the day
The darkness is even as the night.
Ps 139:11-12

I cried out to the Lord from a narrow place
But He answered me from a wide expanse
Ps 118:5

The Lord is my shepherd
I shall not want
He makes me lie down in green pastures
He leads me beside still waters
He restores my soul
Ps 23:3

It’s fun to look at the verses in the psalms to see if the second clause emphasizes the first, says the same thing in another way, or contrasts with it. The power of psalms is that they articulate the deepest emotions of the human spirit. Thus, they have spoken to us for thousands of years. When we see ourselves as the speakers, the ‘I’ in the psalm, we feel recognized and understood. There are 150 of them... a great supportive resource.



Rabbi Me'irah Iliinsky
Community Rabbi, Rhoda Goldman Plaza

ah bird

Elaine Marcus Starkman

ah bird
At the end of town
your song sits above
Poles and wires
sirens and cycles
Of Sunday traffic
yet I hear your voice
move this fragile moment
I feel your wings
beat inside this heart

The Therapeutic Power of Poetry

Poetry has been found to have many therapeutic benefits. A 2016 clinical trial of cancer patients found that poetry improved depression scores and specifically improved hopefulness measurements of patients. A 2015 Literature and Art Therapy study found that stroke patients who read poetry improved their thinking powers, or “cognitive function”, which in turn improved their capacity to cope with stress. Another study found that reading poetry reduced feelings of fear, sadness, anger, worry and fatigue among children. There are even more studies of the benefits of writing poetry, which has been found to improve memory and encourage self-psychologically healing. As Robert Frost said, “Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought, and the thought has found words”. I invite you to read or write your won poetry and find out what poetry can do for you!



Emma Davis, LMFT
Director of Programming



SF SPCA trolleys in each week

Adrienne presented on her Cuba trip



The year of the snake!

Caregiver training pizza party

Maxine & February birthday party



Kimberley gave out hearts

Eva went to the Flower Mart

Judith with valentine tulips

Warsaw Boy

Jacques Marchand

Do not be a good boy any longer
 The big boy behind you,
 the one with a cunning face,
 Will run.
 When he turns the corner.
 Follow.
 Is that your Mama next to you?
 She cannot
 Protect you any longer.
 Escape.
 Is the soldier a Pole?
 The one with a helmet
 and uni-form.
 Do not be a good boy any longer.
 The big boy behind you,
 the one with a cunning face,
 will run. When he turns the corner.
 Follow.
 Is that your Mama next to you? She cannot
 protect you any longer.
 Escape.
 Is the soldier a Pole?
 The one with a helmet and uniform
 different than the others.
 It matters no longer.
 Flee.
 Are you being herded into the Ghetto or
 directly onto the train for a tortuously slow ride
 to which camp?
 Hide.
 Whatever happens is better than. . .
 You haunt my dreams, Warsaw boy.
 Please, do not go quietly.



Message From a Bird

Jane Goldsmith

Look at that bird over there!
 She's staring at me quizzically,
 head cocked to one side, then to the other;
 chirping from time to time,
 then preening her feathers busily.
 I think she's a robin, or a meadowlark.
 Maybe she's hungry looking for a work
 to take back to her hungry fledglings.
 Or perhaps just enjoying some alone time
 off while her mate tends the nest. Now she is
 looking at me again! She opens her wings and
 hops toward me, Then, miraculously, sits on a
 branch next to me, cocks her head again and
 sings her little song. "Hi, sweetie," I whisper to
 her, and hold out my hand. Oh, miracles of
 miracles! She hops onto my palm, stares at me,
 and whispers back: "Love everything you can,
 while you have the time." She spreads her
 wings, cocks her head again,
 And with a flurry flies toward the sky,
 leaving me with a heart full of happiness.

Winter Music

Poem by

Alice Adelman Lowenstein

The world is still
 transformed last night
 each twig important
 in its winter sheath.
 A piece of ice
 shatters
 across the frozen crust
 scattering
 arpeggios in the snow.
 Vast white webs above
 black clapping catalpa pods
 dripping sunlight.

Finding Home

Every new resident must find a way to make home at a senior living community. It takes time, it takes a hopeful perspective, and it feels magical when they fully arrive, after the passage of time.

To help me in times of turmoil and change I pick up a book from my poetry stack. This is where I find a friend to talk me through.

I discovered Ada Limon, the 24th Poet Laureate of the United States last year. She joined a group of beloved poets that I return to. I depend on their poetry to blur, for a moment, my unrelenting thoughts and remind me that there will be another day, another spring.



Instructions on Not Giving Up

Ada Limón

More than the fuchsia funnels breaking out of the crabapple tree, more than the neighbor's almost obscene display of cherry limbs shoving their cotton candy-colored blossoms to the slate sky of Spring rains, it's the greening of the trees that really gets to me. When all the shock of white and taffy, the world's baubles and trinkets, leave the pavement strewn with the confetti of aftermath, the leaves come. Patient, plodding, a green skin growing over whatever winter did to us, a return to the strange idea of continuous living despite the mess of us, the hurt, the empty. Fine then, I'll take it, the tree seems to say, a new slick leaf unfurling like a fist to an open palm, I'll take it all.



Allison Rodman
Sales and Marketing Director



Introducing Jason Abraham Our New Class B Driver!

Jason is 29 and was born in Plano, Texas but raised in Georgia in the city of Athens. His mother works with special needs children and his dad restores cars.

Jason moved to San Francisco two years ago with his partner and lives in the Western addition a few blocks from RGP.

He has a degree in Music Composition and is a classically trained musician playing the clarinet. His musical heroes are Stephen Sondheim, Claude Debussy, John Adams

He loves Golden Gate Park, Knob Hill, Davies Symphony Hall and is getting into crocheting, check out the frog in the bus!

You may also see Jason in activities when he is not driving. Please give him a warm welcome!

**Haikus for Jews
David M. Bader**

Monarch butterfly
I know your name used to be
Caterpillarstein

After the youngest
Recites the Four Questions, the
Fifth—when do we eat?

Left the door open
For the Prophet Elijah
Now our cat is gone.



Birthday fun

No matter the age, may bring,
The past is gone But today,
Turn the page, Happy Birthday,
Who knows we'll sing.
what Tomorrow -Julie Hebert

Wish them a Happy Birthday!

March Birthdays

Residents

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 2 Steve C. | 15 Nancy K. |
| 3 John H. | 15 Herlinda C. |
| 5 Henni K. | 19 Bruce C. |
| 7 Marguerite E. | |

Staff

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 2 Joanna N. | 21 Hung D. |
| 4 Laura S. | 21 Jun Y. |
| 7 Anu G. | 22 Merlyn C. |
| 9 Maria L. | 24 Erlinda N. |
| 9 Thi Hai V. | 27 June Ann B. |
| 12 Donald C. | 27 Zo B. |
| 13 Samson L. | 29 Victoria R. |
| 15 Huizhen Z. | 30 Peifen L. |
| 15 Ruilan C. | 31 Kathering L. |
| 16 Lovely D. | 31 Margaret C. |
| 19 Nicole A. | |



**Maria Marzan, LVN
Charge Nurse**

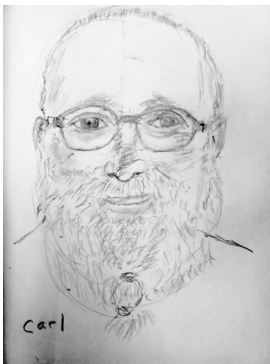
This month, we are proud to recognize Maria Marzan, LVN, our Charge Nurse in Health Services, as Employee of the Month. Since joining Rhoda Goldman Plaza in 2019, Maria has captured the hearts of both residents and staff. As an inspiring leader, she not only manages her nursing duties but is always eager to teach and mentor others with exceptional patience. Maria has a remarkable ability to pay attention to every detail, demonstrating how even the smallest actions can make a significant impact on the community. These moments truly highlight her unwavering dedication to supporting her team and providing the most compassionate care to our residents. RGP is privileged to have Maria as a valued member of our team.



Adrienne Fair, MSN, RN
Health Services Director



RHODA
GOLDMAN
PLAZA



PLEASE JOIN US
ARTIST RECEPTION: SUNDAY, MARCH 30 2-4PM

REFRESHMENTS SERVED

RSVP: ALLISONR@JFCS.ORG

ANNUAL RESIDENT
ART SHOW

RESIDENT PAINTINGS,
CERAMICS, SCULPTURE

RUNS MARCH 30 – JUNE 22, 2025

“THEN I HAD
INSPIRATION”

PORTRAITS
OF RHODA GOLDMAN RESIDENTS
FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF
JACK HERMAN