

Joan K. Glickstein

April 23, 1934 – June 24, 2015

Compiled and Edited by
Stanley S. Glickstein



*Joan's last sunset taken from her room at Jefferson Hospital
June 24, 2015*

*This book is dedicated to my beloved wife Joan with whom I shared and treasure
58 remarkable years of love, happiness and togetherness.*

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I. Introduction



Joan K. Glickstein

April 23, 1934 – June 24, 2015

It was in the summer of 2014 when Joan had her routine yearly mammogram and a small abnormality was indicated. A biopsy revealed a cancerous growth in the breast. We were told it was very small and easily treatable. Minor surgery was recommended to be followed by routine radiation treatment. All went well. A few weeks after the surgery the head of the UPMC Cancer Clinic said she was cancer free and we were told, “Go on with your normal life style.”

After completing the last radiation treatment in December 2014 the radiologist told Joan to return for a final routine X-ray. When the radiologist completed his review of the X-ray he was in shock. He recommended that Joan return immediately to her oncologist. The X-ray revealed a very large growth on the lung that had not been detected in previous exams.

After numerous tests and pathology reports, it was determined that this growth had nothing to do with the breast cancer. It was an entirely new cancer located in the lung. It apparently grew very quickly during the 4-month time that she was diagnosed and treated for the breast cancer.

After months of chemotherapy treatments the size of the growth was reduced and treatment was stopped. Unfortunately, a short time later it was found that the lung cancer was not contained. Joan became ill and returned first to Shadyside Hospital where she was admitted for a short time. After returning home she again became ill with pneumonia and was admitted to Jefferson Hospital.

The doctor at the Jefferson Hospital indicated that these were going to be her final days and the immediate family should be summoned. Steve, Barbara, Karen, Cathy and I spent the remaining 3 - 4 days and nights at the hospital. Closure came in the evening of June 24, 2015 about 9:00 PM.

After my parents had passed in the 1990's Joan and I purchased two burial plots at Temple Sholom Cemetery in Greenwich. Sometime later, we met with the funeral director in Stamford CT. We both picked out a plain wooden casket and provided him with all the necessary information needed when one of us passed.

After Joan's passing I made the call to the Funeral Director. He took care of all the necessary arrangements needed for the funeral in Greenwich. Cynthia called Temple Sholom, spoke with the proper authority and we were provided a small sanctuary to have a Memorial Service.

On June 28, 2015 the Memorial Service was held at Temple Sholom in Greenwich. The Rabbi at Temple Sholom officiated at the service. Since he did not know Joan, I asked that he just say some a few opening remarks and then introduce the following speakers:

Granddaughter Elana Sacher, grandson Jarred Glickstein, daughter Barbara Sacher, son Steven Glickstein and husband Stanley Glickstein.

The burial following the service took place at the Temple Sholom Cemetery located on Memory Lane in Greenwich CT. Afterwards, the family and guests were invited to the traditional condolence meal at the home of Cynthia and Arthur Ribak.

The following pages contain copies of the talks that were presented by each of the speakers at the Memorial Service, obituary notices as well as a copy of the Unveiling Ceremony that took place eleven months later. In addition, some background on Joan's career, her family genealogy, family pictures and examples of her unpublished stories she has written are provided.

II. Memorial Service Presentations

1. Talk by Elana Sacher, granddaughter

Grandma, this is on behalf of all the grandchildren. There isn't enough time in the course of a day, a week, a month or a year to fully illustrate the love we have for her, but today we wish to share some of our favorite memories about our grandmother.

First of all she was fun. The earliest of our memories begin with breakfast at McDonalds. A stack of pancakes, a side of eggs, and of course a milkshake, this became the standard order. Breakfast was immediately followed by a trip to the dollar store where Grandma would then tell us to pick out any treasure we wanted.

As we grew older grandma and grandpa's house became a second home as some of us spent our summers at Camp Pittsburgh where the excitement never stopped. Long days were spent riding the roller coasters at Kennywood, experiencing the sports and science museum, and picking fruit in the backyard which grandma would then turn into pies. But this definitely was not the first time we experienced Grandma's iconic cooking and baking.

There is perhaps no better place to all of us where grandma seemed more at home than in her own kitchen. Grandma was constantly cooking up something new for us to try. From almond cookies to ginger snaps you could always expect to try something sweet when grandma was around. We all can recall the candied jack in the box cake she made for each of us when we became a bar or bat mitzvah. Constructed with gingerbread and overflowing with candy we can agree that grandma successfully passed on her love of sweets to her grandchildren. She even allowed us to step into her own kitchen from time to time and experiment. Making ice cream in a plastic bag or homemade marshmallows was always fun. Of course all under grandma's supervision, which meant eating the cookies straight out of the oven to make sure they were safe for everyone else.

Grandma's love for family was undeniable. For grandma and grandpa's 50th wedding anniversary she chose to spend not just one day, but an entire week on a boat with her family on none other than a Disney cruise. One day it seemed the entire family had gathered together, but when we looked around, where was grandma? Everyone was wondering why she wasn't there when finally we see her approaching us only to immediately announce, "I booked us another cruise!" and two years later we found ourselves aboard yet another Disney cruise and all 15 of us riding bikes on Disney island.

Distance was never one to keep grandma from her grandkids, even if it involved traveling around the world. Whether it was to the pyramids of Egypt, the Islands of Greece, or Israel grandma loved to travel. Through all of these journeys grandma was the one to keep us in check. However no matter where we went grandpa always managed to wander off. Despite

everyone else's grandma never flinched, reminding everyone that yes, he will turn up eventually.

Even when we all could not be under the same roof grandma would always take time out of her day for you. All of us who are always on our phones are really just waiting for face time call from Pittsburgh just to talk and say hello.

We are all grateful for the moments and memories we have spent with our grandmother. However, of all the things we could share with you today about our grandma, we want you to remember her for her love of baking, her dry sense of humor, her keen wit, and most importantly, her unconditional love for her family and her grandchildren.

2. Talk by Jarred Glickstein, grandson

That's what I remember...

So my grandmother knew me for having a lot of gadgets. So I thought it would be appropriate if I kept my speech on here (holds up blackberry). Every once in a while, when I hear something important or meaningful I'll just take out my phone quickly and write it down. I have one thing that my grandmother said to me that I'd like to share that with you at the end of my little talk here.

I don't have to tell you how great of a person Joan was. You all already know. I mean you even heard from a person that didn't even know her and was still touched by how great she was. And how much she cared for everyone, people she knew and people who were strangers to her. But I'd like to share a bit about my relationship with my grandmother.

One thing we had in common is we both liked to sit. And not just sit for a few minutes but we both liked sit and do one thing for a long time. My grandmother liked to read, and I would work my computer or I would write something. I used to have a notebook and I would sit and write with her and she would read.

We had these long conversations when we would both look up, and I would say "how's the book and she would say ehh. And this would go on; it could be several hours on an evening I stopped by in Pittsburgh on the way here or there. If you asked her what it was about, she had this long story about the subject, but she never really talked about what she thought about it unless you asked.

One thing I remember is we would go out - my grandfather likes to do things a lot and he's very active and he would pop in with food he found and wanted to share, or he wanted to go somewhere - so we would go. She would put down the book, I would put down my journal and we would go to the history museum or who knows where and he would always get lost. And this is one thing I remember I would look at my grandmother and say, "grandma, where's grandpa?" and she would throw up her hands and say I don't know we'll find him, we always did, he's still here. So, she was right.

One day we were sitting and my grandmother looks at me very very seriously and she says, "Did you know laughing erases wrinkles"? And I looked at her and said what? And so she repeats it again but a little differently, she says "did you know laughter is good for your digestion?" What? Did you know laughter can cure a headache? And I said are you serious really? and she looks at me and erupts into laughter and said "I don't know!"

And I took out my phone and wrote that down because when I think about my grandmother, that's what I remember.

3. Talk by Barbara H. Glickstein, daughter

Joan Glickstein -Memorial Service

We all have many memories of my mom. She was an unbelievable mother. And it would be easy to talk to you about my mom and what a great mother she was. But I'd like to tell you about the kind of person she was. And she was a remarkable person. And while I, of course could go on and on, I promise, especially to my immediate family that this will be the short version.

My mother never gave me advice. I never really thought about it much, but I think it was because she was such a good listener she knew when and how to listen and because she just always let me be me. Which, as people who really know me is not always an easy thing to do?

Still, three things are clear to me when, if someone asked what advice my mother gave me that made me realize this is the remarkable person she was.

The first piece of advice, as it was, my mother used to tell me was, "IF YOU HAVE NOTHING NICE TO SAY, DON'T SAY ANYTHING". My mother was the kindest most caring person I know. I can't say she never said a not nice word, but she never said a mean word. And though, every once in a while not nice things were said, they were said in a whisper with a caveat under her breath. I almost resented hearing this so much. She seemed to say it a lot. I guess I personally had a lot of venting to do but I have come to realize that if we all took my mother's advice – what a much better world we'd live in.

The second piece of advice my mother gave me was when I was headed off to college. She told me – "GO OUT WITH A LOT OF BOYS." It was one of those things that made me laugh because we didn't talk a whole lot about boys. Suffice to say – I did not take my mother's advice literally as anyone knows. I waited - and met Seth.

On the other hand, I did listen to her advice and reinterpreted it just a bit and learned to open my mind, to not be afraid to try new things and to understand that I could do and be whatever I wanted. I watched my mother, sometimes with gusto, sometimes hesitantly, get her PhD while raising 4 children and working part-time, go all over the country and even the world with my Dad, climb through caves and even use a jack-hammer. She was always reading. She was always learning. She would even read Max's science magazines when she would come to our house.

I wonder if, before we go to make a decision, before we go to pass judgment, we could open our minds and just even think about trying something out of our comfort zone, what a much more fun and more peaceful world we might have.

The last piece of advice my mom gave me was: "Have Faith". I don't remember the circumstances under which she told me this. I was probably worried about school or something else a bit trivial. I do remember being surprised by her saying this as, while I knew she always went to services and Judaism was important to her, I really didn't know how strongly she believed in G-d until that moment.

Hearing those words, though, was a turning point in my life. For good things or for bad, when I would get nervous or anxious I always hear my mom telling me "Have Faith".

I know as she got sicker my mom would say to me she didn't want to be sick, she wanted to get well, she just wanted to feel well. Well enough to just be able to go out of the house with my dad so he could be happy and not worry. But she said, "G-d gives you what he gives you". (As my brother said, nothing in life is fair.)

I am sure my mother prayed as hard as she could – I know she fought as hard as she could. G-d gave her what he gave her. It is not fair. It does not seem right. My mom was a remarkable person.

And so I think that if we all Have Faith, though it is very hard right now - and it may be a struggle even to breathe at moments at this surreal, unbelievable passing – I think if we Have Faith, we will move forward, because that is most certainly what she would have done, and we will be ok - and we will smile with every memory of my mom.

And I will try to be a kinder, more caring person, and I will try to have a more open mind, and mostly I will have to Have Faith not just in memory of my mom, but in honor of my remarkable mom.

4. Talk by Steven H. Glickstein, son

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR JOAN GLICKSTEIN

STEVE GLICKSTEIN

JUNE 28, 2015

REVISED FOR JULY 3, 2015 SERVICE AT BETH ISRAEL CENTER

HELLO – ON BEHALF OF MY FATHER... MY SISTERS AND THEIR FAMILIES, MYSELF AND MY FAMILY I WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE FOR COMING.

IT'S NOT EASY FOR ANYONE TO BE HERE. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT MY FAMILY APPRECIATES....ALL OF THE LOVE AND SUPPORT YOU ARE SHOWING.

I ALSO WANT TO TELL YOU MY MOM'S NUMBER ONE PRIORITY IN LIFE. HER NUMBER ONE PRIORITY WAS FAMILY. FAMILY WAS ALL THAT MATTERED. HER FAMILY WAS EVERYTHING.

NORMALLY, I WOULD TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO TALK ABOUT HOW IMPORTANT FAMILY IS.....BUT YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT.....THAT'S WHY EACH AND EVERY ONE OF YOU IS HERE. SO....I AM NOT GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF FAMILY.....ALL OF YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT

I'D LIKE TO TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ALL OF US DON'T KNOW.....

AFTER FAMILY.....MY MOM'S LIFE WAS ABOUT MAKING A DIFFERENCE IN THIS WORLD.....ABOUT MAKING THE WORLD A LITTLE BIT BETTER OFF THAN WHEN SHE LEFT.

THIS PAPER WAS SOAKED WITH TEARS WHEN I WROTE IT. I KEPT READING IT OVER AND OVER AGAIN....HOPING IT WOULD GET EASIER IF ONLY I READ THIS ENOUGH...IF ONLY I REHEARSED ENOUGH.

UNFORTUNATELY AS MOST OF YOU KNOW....GRIEF DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT....

FOR ME... THIS TALK IS GOING TO BE VERY VERY DIFFICULT

BUT THIS IS NOT ABOUT ME.....IT'S ABOUT MY MOM.

FOR YOU,...WELL... I RECENTLY GAVE A TALK WITH AN ACTUARY. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT AN ACTUARY IS...YOU CAN THINK OF HIM AS A PERSON WHO IS REALLY, REALLY, REALLY GOOD WITH STATISTICS.

HE TOLD ME ONLY 20% OF YOUR AUDIENCE ACTUALLY HEARS YOU. THIS 20% UNDERSTANDS YOU, AND LEARNS FROM YOUR TALK.

THE OTHER 80% JUST LISTENS, SMILES....DOESN'T' REALLY GET IT...AND CONTINUES ON WITH THEIR LIFE.

FOR YOU...THE QUESTION EACH OF YOU NEEDS TO ASK YOURSELF IS....ARE YOU GOING TO BE PART OF THE 20% OR THE 80%.

ARE YOU GOING TO BE PART OF THE 20% WHO LEARN THE MOST IMPORTANT LIFE LESSON MY MOTHER TAUGHT HER CHILDREN?

THESE PEOPLE WILL LEAVE HERE KNOWING HOW TO BE A BETTER PARENT... A BETTER YOUNG ADULT AND MOST IMPORTANTLY A BETTER PERSON.

OR, ARE YOU GOING TO CHOOSE TO BE PART OF THE 80%....

WHO LISTEN BUT DON'T HEAR.

BEFORE YOU CAN LEARN THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON OF LIFE MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME BEFORE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THIS LESSON.....YOU NEED A LITTLE BACKGROUND ON MY MOM.

WHEN SHE FIRST BECAME ILL AND I WENT TO SEE HER FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME.....THE FIRST THING MY MOM TOLD ME WAS "I'M WORRIED ABOUT DAD. I DON'T THINK DAD IS GOING TO BE OK."

SHE NEVER COMPLAINED ABOUT HERSELF. I NEVER HEARD ABOUT ANY PAIN OR DISCOMFORT. I DID HEAR, "I'M WORRIED ABOUT DAD".

THINKING THIS WAS ODD, BECAUSE AFTER ALL SHE DOES HAVE CANCER, I SPOKE WITH MY SISTERS. EACH OF THEM TOLD ME THE SAME STORY. HER ONLY CONCERN WAS FOR DAD.

DAD.....EACH OF YOUR KIDS TOLD MOM OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, "DAD WILL BE OK." AND DAD, YOU WILL BE.

WE ARE HERE FOR YOU.....TODAY....TOMORROW.....AND EVERY DAY.

LET'S CONTINUE ON OUR JOURNEY OF UNDERSTANDING MY MOM BY FAST FORWARDING A FEW MONTHS TO ONE OF THE LAST DAYS WE SPOKE WITH HER.

THIS TIME I AM GOING TO NEED EACH OF YOU TO CLOSE YOUR EYES.....NOT YET....I'LL TELL YOU WHEN.

I WILL WARN YOU....THIS PART IS GOING TO BE VERY HARD FOR SOME OF YOU.....BUT LIFE IS HARD.....AND WE WILL DISCUSS THAT MORE....A LITTLE LATER ON.

RIGHT NOW, YOU NEED TO SEE MY MOM LIKE HER CHILDREN SEE HER.

SO CLOSE YOUR EYES....NO PEEKING.....NO OPENING ONE EYE TO SEE IF THE PERSON NEXT TO YOU IS PEEKING. OK..... CLOSE YOUR EYES.

IMAGINE YOURSELF IN A HOSPITAL ROOM....IT'S A SINGLE ROOM. NOT BECAUSE MY MOM IS A VIP OR A FAMOUS CELEBRITY. YOU ARE IN A SINGLE ROOM BECAUSE IN THIS HOSPITAL... ALL CANCER PATIENTS GET A SINGLE ROOM.

YOU SEE MY MOM IS WEARING A HOSPITAL GOWN.....SHE IS LYING IN THE BED....A BLANKET AND SHEET ARE COVERING HER UP TO HER SHOULDERS.....SHE IS VERY GROGGY....HER FACE SHOWS SHE IS TIRED....HER EYES ARE CLOSED AND APPEAR TO BE HEAVY....IT'S DIFFICULT FOR HER TO SPEAK.

MYSELF AND MY SISTERS ARE GATHERED AROUND HER BED.....WE ARE STARING AT HER HOPING SHE WILL TALK.....WE ARE LISTENING INTENTLY..... EVEN THOUGH SHE IS NOT SPEAKING.

MOM SLOWLY OPENS HER EYES....LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AND SAYS...

"HOW LONG HAS EVERYONE BEEN HERE.....IS EVERYONE SITTING AROUND WAITING FOR ME TO DIE?....HAVE EACH OF YOU WRITTEN MY EULOGY?"

MY SISTERS AND I JUMPED BACK. WE FELT THAT SAME SENSE OF SHOCK MANY OF YOU JUST EXPERIENCE. YOU CAN OPEN YOUR EYES NOW, IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY.

THIS WAS MY MOM...SHE WAS DIRECT AND TO THE POINT.

SHE WAS TELLING US HOW LIFE REALLY...TRULY...IS.

THIS IS HOW MY MOM TAUGHT US ABOUT LIFE...SHE TOLD US HOW THE WORLD REALLY IS....HOW IT REALLY WORKS.

I RESPONDED BY TELLING HER WE ARE ALL HERE FOR DAD....DO NOT WORRY.

FROM THE LOOK ON HER FACE I DON'T THINK SHE BELIEVED ME.....SO KAREN JUMPED IN AND ASKED MOM ...WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE REMEMBERED FOR?

MOM THOUGHT FOR A SECOND AND SAID....REMEMBER ME FOR BEING A REALLY GOOD WIFE, A GOOD MOTHER... I HOPE I WAS AN OK DAUGHTER...AND A GOOD SISTER.

ACTUALLY....MOM WAS AN EXCELLENT MOTHER.

SHE WAS SO EXCELLENT; IT WOULD BE A DIS-SERVICE FOR ME TO TRY AND TELL YOU WHY I BELIEVE SHE WAS EXCELLENT.

INSTEAD, I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU. I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF JUST HOW WONDERFUL MY MOM WAS.....THAT IS..... ASSUMING YOU ARE PART OF THE 20% WHO REALLY WANT TO KNOW.

TO UNDERSTAND HOW YOU CAN DO THIS..... I NEED TO TELL YOU ANOTHER STORY. THIS ONE IS NOT SO SHOCKING AND YOU CAN KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.

WHEN I'M AT WORK OR EATING IN RESTAURANT...OR ON THE RARE OCCASION I'M SHOPPING...I WILL OFTEN SEE ANOTHER PERSON PERFORMING REALLY POORLY AT THEIR JOB. I MEAN THE KIND OF PERFORMANCE WHERE THE PERSON SHOULD BE FIRED.

I NEVER BLAME THE PERSON....I NEVER SAY THAT PERSON SHOULD BE FIRED.....

I ALWAYS LOOK ONE LEVEL UP....LOOK AT THE SUPERVISOR WHO ALLOWS UNACCEPTABLE BEHAVIOR ON THEIR WATCH.

A PERSON'S PERFORMANCE IS A DIRECT... REFLECTION... OF.... THEIR.... SUPERVISOR.

LET ME SAY IT AGAIN BECAUSE THIS IS IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND A PERSON'S PERFORMANCE IS A DIRECT... REFLECTION... OF.... THEIR.... SUPERVISOR.

....MY MOM HAS 6 GRAND CHILDREN. ONLY ONE OF THEM COULD BE HERE TONIGHT JONAH, I'D APPRECIATE YOU STANDING UP FOR A SECOND.

WITH THESE SIX (6) PEOPLE IN MIND.... I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A GOOD MOTHER MY MOM WAS.

ALL OF US HAVE AT SOME POINT IN OUR LIVES BEEN ON AT LEAST ONE JOB INTERVIEW....SOME A LOT MORE...

WHEN YOU SIT DOWN FOR THAT FACE-TO-FACE INTERVIEW.... DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES MOST INTERVIEWERS TO MAKE A HIRING DECISION? IT'S 30 SECONDS.

AFTER THE FIRST 30 SECONDS.... MOST INTERVIEWERS KNOW IF THEY ARE GOING TO HIRE YOU. THEY SPEND THE REST OF THE INTERVIEW OBTAINING INFORMATION TO JUSTIFY THE DECISION THEY ALREADY MADE.

30 SECONDS TO MAKE A HIRING DECISION. SO I ASK EACH OF YOU....WHO ARE PART OF THE 20%, ...TO SPEND 30 SECONDS WITH ONE OF HER GRANDKIDS TO DECIDE FOR YOURSELF HOW GOOD A MOTHER MY MOM WAS.

AFTER YOU SPEAK WITH ONE OF THEM,.... I REQUEST THAT YOU TO KEEP THE CONVERSATION TO YOURSELF AND THE OTHER PEOPLE HERE...PLEASE.....JUST FOR TODAY JUST FOR TODAY.... I ASK THAT YOU DO NOT TELL ME, MY SISTERS OR MY DAD ABOUT YOUR CONVERSATION.

I ASK THAT YOU REMEMBER MY MOTHER.... NOT FOR ME...BUT FOR MY MOTHER.

SO REMEMBER HER TODAY....AND COMFORT US TOMORROW.

TALK TO US ABOUT HER GRANDCHILDREN TOMORROW ... AND NEXT WEEK AND NEXT YEAR.

BECAUSE TODAY IS ABOUT MY MOTHER.

AFTER YOU SPEAK WITH THEM, THE QUESTION EACH OF YOU WILL HAVE IS.... WHAT'S THE SECRET TO RAISING SUCH WONDERFUL CHILDREN?

REMEMBER, I TOLD YOU I WOULD TELL YOU LIFE'S GREATEST LESSONS MY MOTHER TAUGHT HER CHILDREN. WELL.....IT IS HOW TO RAISE SUCH WONDERFUL CHILDREN.

THE LESSON STARTS WITH ONLY 5 WORDS

IT IS 5 WORDS MY MOTHER DRILLED INTO MY HEAD SINCE I WAS OLD ENOUGH TO SAY:

“MAAAA..., THAT’S NOT FAIR”

“MAAA... WHY DOES KAREN GET A BIGGER COTTON CANDY THAN ME”

“MAAA...WHY ARE THE RULES FOR CATHY DIFFERENT THAN THEY WERE FOR ME?”

“MAAAA....WHY DOES BARBARA GET A BIGGER BED THAN ME?”

OF COURSE, MY SISTERS SAID THE EXACT SAME THING....ONLY THEY WERE BEING TREATED UNFAIRLY INSTEAD OF ME.

ALL OF US HEARD THE SAME 5 WORD ANSWER, “NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR”

Wow – NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR. WHAT A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY TO A CHILD. AS A 50 YR OLD MAN HEARING MYSELF REPEAT MY MOTHER’S WORDS..... MY IMMEDIATE THOUGHT IS WHAT A HORRIBLE THING TO SAY TO A CHILD.

ALL OF US CAN UNDERSTAND HOW DIFFICULT THIS MUST BE FOR A 10 YR OLD, A 12 YR OLD AND EVEN A TEENAGER TO HEAR THIS FROM HIS MOTHER.

MY TYPICAL RESPONSE WOULD BE, “MAAA, WHY DON’T YOU LOVE ME AS MUCH?” ..I DON’T REMEMBER WHAT MY SISTERS WOULD SAY, BUT IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE ...NO MATTER WHAT WE SAID...MOM’S RESPONSE WAS ALWAYS “NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR.”

SHE NEVER TRIED TO EXPLAIN HERSELF..SHE WOULD JUST SAY...”NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR.”

WE HEARD THIS EVERY WEEK, BECAUSE OF COURSE WE COMPLAINED A LOT ABOUT EACH OTHER. NONE OF US GOT ANY MORE OF AN EXPLANATION...IT WAS JUST NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR.

YOU WOULD THINK ...HEARING THIS EVERY WEEK WOULD MAKE A CHILD BITTER. ..YOU WOULD THINK THE PERSON SAYING THIS IS A GROUCHY OLD LADY.

QUITE THE CONTRARY. ALL OF US LOVE LIFE, WE LOVE THE WORLD, WE LOVE EACH OTHER AND WE LOVED MOM.

SO ..WHAT AM I MISSING?..WHAT AM I NOT TELLING YOU? ..WHAT AM I LEAVING OUT

I'M LEAVING OUT WHAT MOM NEVER TOLD US..... SHE ONLY SHOWED US....TO UNDERSTAND MOM'S LESSON....YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND THE THINGS SHE TAUGHT US THROUGH HER ACTIONS...NOT THROUGH WORDS.

SHE WENT ABOUT LIFE QUIETLY TAKING INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR HER LIFE AND HER ACTIONS.

SHE TOOK IT UPON HERSELF TO MAKE THE BITTER, UNFAIR WORLD SHE TOLD US ABOUT A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE.

SHE NEVER SAID, YOU MUST FIX THE WORLD..... OR, ... YOU MUST MAKE IT BETTER. SHE JUST WENT ABOUT HER BUSINESS LIVING IN A CRUEL WORLD WHILE TRYING TO MAKING IT BETTER.

MY MOM'S WORLD WAS HEALTH CARE.....SHE SPENT HER CAREER IN HEALTH CARE.

SHE DID THIS TO MAKE THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE.

FOR EXAMPLE....WHEN THE ENTIRE HEALTH CARE SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA WAS REFUSING TO HELP ANYONE WITH DEMENTIA....WHEN COMMON THINKING WAS, YOU HAVE DEMENTIA...THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE.....

MY MOM SAID... SCREW THIS....THIS IS WRONG...WE CAN HELP THESE PEOPLE...WE MUST HELP THESE PEOPLE...AND SHE SET ABOUT CHANGING THE WORLD.

I KNOW 20% OF YOU BELIEVE ME AND 80% ARE JUST LISTENING.

SO SOMEONE GOOGLE JOAN GLICKSTEIN – WAIT..IT IS SHABBOS – I'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU WOULD SEE...

THE FIRST RESULT IS BOOKS ON AMAZON AUTHORED BY MY MOM

THOSE BOOKS HAVE FANCY TECHNICAL TITLES TO SELL BOOKS....

.... I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THE TITLE REALLY SHOULD BE:

HOW TO IMPROVE THE LIVES OF PEOPLE WITH DEMENTIA AND GET PAID FOR IT.

YOU CAN CLICK ON A BOOK AND BUY IT TODAY, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE PUBLISHED AS EARLY AS 1995

AND YOU WILL SEE THE BOOKS ARE ALSO SOLD IN THE UK. MOM'S INFLUENCE WAS NOT JUST HERE IN THE USA IT WAS ALSO IN THE UK.

WHY DID MOM INCLUDE THE PART ABOUT GETTING PAID?....

WHY ARE THE BOOKS ABOUT IMPROVING LIVES AND GETTING PAID FOR IT?

IF LIFE IS FAIR....SHOULDN'T EVERYONE WANT TO IMPROVE EACH OTHER'S LIVES FOR FREE?

IF LIFE IS FAIR....SHOULDN'T ALL OF US WANT TO MAKE EVERYONE ELSE BETTER OFF,
ESPECIALLY THE SICK?

WHAT KIND OF WORLD DO WE LIVE IN, WHEN PEOPLE MUST BE PAID TO HELP SICK PEOPLE?

MY MOM UNDERSTOOD....NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR.

THAT'S WHAT SHE **TOLD** US

MOM **SHOWED** US....BECAUSE NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR, YOU MUST DO YOUR PART TO MAKE IT
A BETTER PLACE.

OK – THAT'S THE FIRST PART OF THE LESSON.

THE SECOND PART IS A LOT EASIER AND QUICKER TO LEARN. IT SHOULD ONLY TAKE ABOUT A
MINUTE TO LEARN.

TO UNDERSTAND THIS LESSON, WE NEED TO RETURN TO THE HOSPITAL.

MY SISTERS AND I ARE GATHERED AROUND MOM IN THAT SAME HOSPITAL ROOM.

SHE'S WEARING THAT SAME HOSPITAL GOWN...LYING IN THAT SAME HOSPITAL BED... IT'S
DIFFICULT FOR HER TO SPEAK... HER EYES ARE CLOSED ... WE ARE LISTENING EVEN THOUGH
SHE IS NOT SPEAKING.

MOM OPENS HER EYES AND SEES ALL OF HER CHILDREN LEANING OVER HER.....THIS TIME HER
EYES FILL WITH TEARS OF HAPPINESS.....YOU HEARD ME RIGHT, SHE WAS SO HAPPY SHE WAS
CRYING.

SHE SAID, "YOU ARE ALL SO BRAVE."

AGAIN WE ARE SHOCKED. MY SISTERS AND I ARE THINKING....HOW MUCH MORPHINE IS MOM
GETTING?

SO I SAID THE OBVIOUS, "MOM, YOU'RE THE BRAVE ONE."

SHE REPLIED VERY PROUDLY....

YOU'RE ALL SO BRAVE.

I'M DYING....THAT'S EASY.... I JUST LIE HERE.....YOU'RE LIVING....

LIVING IS MUCH HARDER THAN DYING.

WELL, ONCE AGAIN MOM MAKES OUR HEADS SPIN FOR A WHILE.

THEN I REMEMBERED PART TWO OF LIFE'S LESSON. THE LESSON SHE TAUGHT US
WITHOUT EVERY SPEAKING IT. THE LESSON SHE TAUGHT US THROUGH ACTIONS

.....NOTHING IN LIFE IS FAIR. HAVE FAITH.

LIVING IS HARD, YOU NEED TO WORK, YOU NEED TO WORK HARD EVERY DAY.

YOU MUST FACE THE UNFAIRNESS, THE CRUELITIES AND ALL THE AWFUL THINGS LIFE THROWS
AT YOU.

YOU MUST FACE THEM HEAD ON....PERSEVERE BY BELIEVING IN YOURSELF AND G-D.

THROUGH HARD WORK AND PERSEVERANCE

....YOU CAN OVERCOME LIFE'S UNFAIRNESS.

YOU CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD REGARDLESS OF HOW MUCH ADVERSITY YOU
FACE.

THAT'S MY MOM.

THE ONLY QUESTION REMAINING IS.....

5. Talk by Stanley S. Glickstein, husband

Memorial Service for Joan Glickstein

Stanley Glickstein

June 28, 2015

July 2, Revision

Joan and I were just 3-weeks short of celebrating the 58th Anniversary of our marriage And what a 58 years it has been. Actually it is 58 years plus 4-months that I have known Joan. We met in State college PA where we both were Penn State University graduate students, she in the Speech Dept and I in Physics.

I had been dating Joan's roommate who I knew back in Brooklyn. The three of us bumped into each other one evening while walking along College Avenue. It was in March of 1957. I had plans to go skiing with the Penn State Outing Club for the weekend and I invited both of them to come along. Neither of them had ever skied. Joan's girlfriend immediately said, "no way." Joan replied, why not, if you can loan me the \$25.00 needed for the weekend's expenses. Being a trusting soul I offered her the loan. Today, Judge Judy would have to determine whether this was a loan or a gift. She went skiing and the rest is history. In later years I asked her if she ever paid me back the \$25.00 and she replied "I paid it back in spades, 100 times over!"

We were married July 12, 1967, 4-months after we met and have been celebrating ever since. It has been a remarkable lifetime together, 58 glorious years. The first 4 were spent at Penn State and I always said they were the best years of our life. While we were still at Penn State in 1960, Joan left her job as a speech pathologist with the Center County Board of Education and took on a full time position as a mother with the arrival of our son Steven.

She had wonderful stories to tell of her working adventures in the backwoods schools of Central PA; having to ask the teacher to please put more wood on the stove to keep the basement room where she worked a bit warmer during the winter months. Or the young kid who would always come late for speech therapy because he had to milk the cows and feed the chickens. It was a real eye opener for a girl coming from the streets of Brooklyn.

We spent the next 3-years in Princeton, New Jersey where she learned the etiquette of being a member of the Princeton Junior Faculty Wives Club. And that is Junior with capital letters. Even when Barbara and Karen joined the family in Princeton, Joan kept her fingers in the speech game by working for the Easter Seal Association on Saturdays.

We moved to Pittsburgh in 1964 intending to spend just a few years there but Pittsburgh became our final home and resting place. In Pittsburgh, Cathy became the final addition to our family and what a family it has been. We always felt so very fortunate to have raised the most wonderful children any parent could have wished for. We have exchanged many

gifts over the past 58-years, but the best gift that Joan has ever given me was those 4-children sitting down below. Without their support during these past 4-weeks with Joan going in and out of the hospital I would not be speaking to you today. She taught them the meaning of family, she taught them well!

Although Joan continued to work part-time as a speech pathologist throughout the years our kids were growing up she managed to get them to brownies, girl scouts, cub scouts, ballet lessons, summer science programs, piano lessons, Hebrew school and all the sports that the young ones take part in.

What can I tell you about Joan that all of you do not know? She was mostly a loving; caring mother and wife, and that effort dominated her daily activities.

Those of you who are really close to Joan know that she was a pretty smart person. I think she was more than just smart, she was brilliant. She was one of those persons with a fountain for trivia in her head. She could tell you the names of all the people who played in every old time movie. She was a whiz kid on Greek mythology, knowing the names of all the gods and goddesses; she knew the names and history of all the kings and queens of England. She was an avid reader with a book or a magazine always in her hand. It was the most annoying thing to her mother, who would talk to her but never got an answer or response. Her head was inside the book. I got use to it but her mother never did.

After 21-years from the time she received her Master's degree in Speech from Penn State Joan was awarded a PhD from University of Pittsburgh. She accomplished that feat while working part-time in various hospital Clinics. At the same time she was also serving as a devoted parent to 4-growing kids as well as a wife. What a remarkable achievement that was. What a remarkable women! And how proud I was when she picked up that diploma.

That piece of paper opened the door to new opportunities for Joan. The first came about when she was appointed to be a Pennsylvania delegate to the 1980 White House Conference for Aging.

Right now I can see Joan sitting in the first row with her hand running along her throat saying cut cut! It is enough. Sorry sweetheart, I have the mike and I am not going to listen to you this time. I will only regret it if I don't complete spewing my praise about you.

In 2007 Joan was honored and received the Charles W. Pruitt Jr. Award of Excellence. It is a yearly award given by to a person for their outstanding contributions to the field of aging. It is the one award among many that she was extremely proud to receive.

I would like to read a condensed version of the nomination letter that was submitted on her behalf, which tells it all. I quote:

“I would like to nominate Dr. Joan K. Glickstein for this year’s *Charles W. Pruitt Jr. Award of Excellence*.

The following provides some background information related solely to Joan’s contribution to the field of aging which has had regional, state and national impact.

For the past 27 years Joan has devoted her professional career to improving the welfare of those in the aging population. While her first 20+ professional years were spent working as a speech pathologist her interest in gerontology was ignited when she was asked to serve as a delegate for the State of Pennsylvania to the *1980 White House Conference on Aging*. As a result of her active and outspoken participation at this Conference important steps were taken to recognize and support the needs of the Alzheimer patient on the national level. At that time Alzheimer’s disease was still in its infancy not fully comprehended by health care professionals.

She very quickly became a leading advocate in the Western Pennsylvania area for the local Alzheimer organization. She served for many years as a volunteer family counselor organizing group help sessions that met on a monthly basis. She provided family support and counseling at a professional level by establishing *Long term Care Consultants*, a unique service designed to serve the needs of families and groups concerned with victims of Alzheimer’s disease.

She was the go-to person if it was agreed that the person with Alzheimer’s was to have their brain autopsied upon their death. Calls came at all hours, day or night for arrangements to be made.

During this period of her career Joan spoke at numerous professional meetings, Universities, organizations and interest groups on “*Alzheimer’s Disease – Senility: Facts and Fiction*.” Her message was subsequently delivered to more than 50 organizations throughout the country. In 1988 her groundbreaking book entitled, “*Program of Functional Communication Skills for Activities of Daily Living: Therapeutic Interventions in Alzheimer’s Disease*” became a best seller for Aspen Publishers. The first edition was quickly sold out and an updated second edition of the book was published several years later.

From 1987 to 2000 Joan served as the Editor-in-Chief of the monthly newsletter “*Focus on Geriatric Care and Rehabilitation*.” During these 13-years her 8-page monthly articles provided new and updated information to all types of health care professionals with an

interest in geriatrics. She was awarded the *National Excellence in Newsletter Journalism*. Today, she continues to serve on the Board of Directors for the prestigious nationally published "*Alzheimer's Care Quarterly*."

Her sustained interest in providing the best care for the aging population moved her toward establishing Glickstein-Neustadt Inc., a company devoted to providing and improving care for the elderly. That two person operation soon blossomed to where there were over 3-dozen professional on the payroll serving a half dozen nursing home rehab facilities throughout the Pittsburgh and surrounding region.

She co-authored the groundbreaking text entitled, "*A Functional Maintenance Therapy System, Reimbursable Geriatric Service Delivery*." After publication of this book she lectured widely throughout the country helping to initiate the principles outlined in the text into practical application.

Joan served for several years as President of the Pittsburgh Chapter of the Speech Language Hearing Association. In 1997 she was awarded "*Honors of the Association*" as well as being awarded a *Life Membership*.

She literally battled for years with the American Speech Language Hearing Association in an effort to establish a "*Special Interest Group in Gerontology*" for ASHA members. This was the first such group within this large national organization that would be solely devoted to problems of the aged. She became the group's first president. Within several years, membership in the membership rose to over a 1000 members proving that her vision of just such an organization was vitally needed within the ASHA community

Joan was also an active member in the *Gerontology Society of America* participating and contributing to many of its committees and study groups.

Dr. Glickstein helped establish *The Esther and Morris Glickstein Memorial Fund* to be used to support advocacy efforts for the aging population.

Joan has served on the Board of Directors of SWPPA as well as various committees for untold years.

For these reasons and more if needed, I believe Dr. Joan Glickstein should be nominated and strongly considered for receiving the prestigious *Charles W. Pruitt 2007 Award of Excellence*. End of quote.

I would be remiss if I didn't tell you that Joan had other interests too. Her oil paintings are hanging in my home and Cathy's along with large 4 foot by 6 foot embroideries that she had done. Besides being a painter she engaged in modern dance. I can prove that with the movies that I took during one of her performances. And what about her acting in the local summer stock theaters? She starred in the play "*The Night Was My Enemy*."

I will let her friends and other family members talk to you about her passion for cooking and baking. Not only could she just cook and bake; she understood the science behind what she was doing.

And of course she was also a respected leader within our small Jewish community in Pleasant Hills, PA, where she served on the Board of Directors of our Shul and as President of its Sisterhood, a lifelong member of Hadassah and I could go on and on.

I knew her best as my most loving, devoted, caring wife of 58 sweet and precious years that are going to be so missed.

Good night my sweetheart, sweet dreams. I always told you, I would love you forever, the same words that you had engraved on the back of the gold watch which you gave me when we were married 58 years ago.

It says, "*100% Forever, Joan, July 1957*" and I wear it with much much love.

Thank you my sweet.

V. Obituary Notices

1. Pittsburgh Post Gazette Obituary

Obituary: Joan K. Glickstein / She was a pioneer in studying, raising awareness of Alzheimer's



GARY ROTSTEIN

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

grotstein@post-gazette.com

12:00 AM

JUL 2, 2015

Joan K. Glickstein inhabited many roles in her perpetually active life — gerontologist, speech pathologist, businesswoman, consultant, writer, mentor, mother, traveler and more.

Through them all she was a leader or pioneer in one fashion or another, whether as an early advocate for families bearing the impact of Alzheimer's disease, one of the founders of the Southwestern Pennsylvania Partnership for Aging, or as the one organizing her Pleasant Hills family's many camping trips and other travel adventures.

"She was a visionary, and determined," said Gail Neustadt of Collier, a friend and former business partner. "When Joan felt she was right about something, she'd dig her heels in and wouldn't give an inch."

Ms. Glickstein died June 24 from complications of lung cancer at Jefferson Hospital. She was 81.

Raised in Brooklyn, Ms. Glickstein obtained a master's degree in speech pathology from Penn State University in 1957 and a Ph.D. awarded in 1979 from the University of Pittsburgh. The latter degree was one of the testaments to her perseverance, as she progressed toward it during years also spent as a working mother with part-time duties in the speech departments at Eye and Ear Hospital and St. Margaret Hospital.

She would remain active in the speech therapy field through the 1990s, including running a contracting business with Ms. Neustadt that provided their own specially trained therapists to long-term care centers. She also served as a president and longtime board member of the Southwestern Pennsylvania Speech Language and Hearing Association.

Ms. Glickstein's interests broadened to other aspects of aging starting in 1980, when she was one of Pennsylvania's delegates to the White House Conference on Aging. In particular, she became a passionate advocate and educator for patients and caregivers affected by Alzheimer's disease.

Her husband since 1957, Stanley Glickstein, said her new interest came in part from witnessing his own mother's Alzheimer's affliction.

His wife "saw the impact and had more compassion about it than I did," Mr. Glickstein said. While he could only see the disease making his mother unresponsive, "Joan would see the spark still in her eye. I'd say, 'What are you talking about?' And it was she who could see how patients still had feelings."

Ms. Glickstein served as a volunteer who would counsel families and educate them about Alzheimer's during the 1980s. She also traveled to make speaking appearances about it, at a time when there was far less public discussion of the disease than today. She wrote a book, "Therapeutic Interventions in Alzheimer's Disease," in addition to spending years publishing a broader newsletter called Focus on Geriatric Care and Rehabilitation.

Paul Winkler, now CEO of Presbyterian Senior Care, was impressed with Ms. Glickstein then as a writer and advocate, and subsequently when they were both working on regional issues in gerontology through the Southwestern Pennsylvania Partnership on Aging, a nonprofit group spanning volunteers from many fields.

“I view Joan as a pioneer,” he said, “as one of those people first looking at Alzheimer’s disease and geriatric rehabilitation as specialty areas. ... She looked at it as seniors having unique and special needs, and services should be created around them rather than just accepting whatever is common practice.”

Ms. Glickstein and her husband established an endowment fund that has helped support the SWPPA partnership group. For her many volunteer efforts, she was recognized with the top annual service awards by both the aging partnership and the Southwestern Pennsylvania Speech Language and Hearing Association.

In addition to her husband, Ms. Glickstein is survived by a son, Steven Glickstein of Columbus, Ohio; three daughters, Barbara Sacher of Reston, Va., Karen Edeson of Abingdon, Md., and Cathy Glickstein of Stamford, Conn.; a brother, Richard Katz of Boynton Beach, Fla.; and six grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held at 7:30 p.m. Friday at the Beth Israel Center, 115 Gill Hall Road, Jefferson.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Alzheimer’s Association Greater Pittsburgh Chapter, 1100 Liberty Ave., E-201, Pittsburgh PA 15222.

Gary Rotstein: grotstein@post-gazette.com or 412-263-1255.

2. Unpublished Letter to Editor of Post Gazette by Steven H. Glickstein

I was proud, appreciative and disappointed to read the obituary of Joan K. Glickstein on July 2nd. I was proud of the many accomplishments my mother achieved during her lifetime; proud how the article showed my mother made the world a better place to live; proud she was a highly accomplished professional. I am appreciative that the Post Gazette considers my mother worthy of a news article.

Yet, I believe she would have been disappointed because this was not how my mother wanted to be remembered. She wanted to be remembered as a good mother. I would like to think every mother wants to be remembered as a good mother. The challenge becomes, what more is there to say other than, she was a good mother? How do we know she was a good mother? What are the criteria for being a good mother?

In my search for an answer, I looked at my own life. I considered the good employees I've seen over the years. I considered the poor performing employees. I thought about the terrible waiter and the awful store assistant; both of whom I thought should be fired. Then I reminded myself the waiter or assistant performing poorly is not to blame. The managers who allow unacceptable behavior on their watch are at fault. A person's performance is a direct reflection of their Supervisor.

Applying this same thinking to my mother, it stands to reason the criteria for being a good mother should be measured by looking at her children and grandchildren. My mother's number one focus in life was her children, yet, she rarely gave us advice. She never suggested a career for me, never suggested colleges or other typical middle class family advice.

My mother taught me one lesson about life. She taught me, "*Nothing in life is fair.*" These five words were drilled into my head since I was old enough to say: "Mom, why does my sister get a bigger bed? Mom, why are the rules for my sister different than for me?"

As a 50 year old man reflecting back on those experiences my first thought is, "Wow, What a horrible thing to say to a child." I would expect any child hearing these words would grow up to be bitter. I would think the person saying this is a grouchy, old lady. Quite the contrary, my sisters and I all love the world, each other and we love mom.

My mother's lesson was taught not only through words, but also through her actions. She went about life quietly taking individual responsibility for her life. She took it upon herself to make the bitter, unfair world she told us about a better place to live. She never told her children to fix the world. She told us it is unfair and she showed us how to make it a little better for others.

As my mother was laying in the hospital, knowing her time was near, her eyes filled with tears of happiness as she gazed upon her children. She told us, “You’re all so brave. I’m dying. That’s easy. I just lie here. You’re living. Living is much harder than dying.” Mom was reminding us, “Nothing in life is fair”. Through perseverance and hard work you can overcome all the awful things life throws at you. Regardless of how much adversity you face, you can make a difference

.

That’s how mom wished to be remembered.

3. Pennsylvania State University Obituary

Appeared in THE PENN STATER *March/April 2016*

JOAN KATZ GLICKSTEIN 1934 - 2015

Champion for Alzheimer's

=====

Thirty years ago, as an advisor to local Alzheimer's group, **Joan Katz Glickstein '57 MS Edu** did what most other's weren't in the early days of Alzheimer's awareness: She would take patients afflicted with the disease on monthly outings to the zoo and other places

"She saw there was some light in their life, even though many people didn't see it "says her husband **Stan '57, MS, '61 PhD Sci**, who had watched his own mother suffer from the disease for 15 years.

Glickstein, from Pleasant Hills, Pa., a pioneering advocate and educator in the field of Alzheimer's and geriatric care, died June 24, 2015 at age 81. Gail Neustadt, a partner who helped Glickstein develop



programs, says her colleague "had that scientist in her that wanted to study and find ways to intervene and help."

Glickstein was a speech language pathologist who earned her Ph.D. while helping to raise four kids and working part-time at various Pittsburgh hospitals. Named a Pennsylvania delegate to the first White House Conference on aging in 1981, she helped found the Southwestern Pennsylvania partnership for Aging. The group awarded her its 2010 Pruitt Award for outstanding service and contributions in the field of aging.

Besides her husband, she is survived by four children, including **Steven '82 Eng and Barbara Sacher '84 Lib**, six grandchildren and her brother .----MERI-JO BORZILLERI

IV. Unveiling Service

UNVEILING CEREMONY For Joan Glickstein *Yehudit bat Shmuel* Sunday, June 5, 2016

1. Opening reading: The Lord is My Shepherd – Psalm 23

We have gathered here today to honor the memory of our beloved *Joan Glickstein, Yehudit bat Shmuel*, wife, mother, grandmother, aunt, great-aunt, sister-in-law, family member and friend to all. The link of life that has joined us has been broken, but the bonds of love, friendship, and family, will always continue to connect us.

Let us all read together from Psalm 23

The Lord is My Shepherd - Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

God makes me to lie down in green pastures and leads me beside the still waters.

You restore my soul and lead me in the paths of righteousness for Your name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for

You are with me; Your rod and Your staff they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies, You anoint my head with oil, my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever.

2. Meaning of Unveiling Ceremony - Stan

Unveiling is the name for the ceremonial dedication of the headstone at the grave of a loved one. It has its origins in the Biblical story of the patriarch Jacob, who erected a memorial pillar for his wife Rachel following her death, as related in Genesis 35:19-20: "So Rachel died, and she was buried on the way to Efrat (that is, Bethlehem), and Jacob set up a pillar at her grave; it is the pillar of Rachel's tomb, which is there to this day." As the passage suggests, the chief purpose of dedicating a headstone is to mark the final resting place of a loved one to honor his or her life and to serve as a focal point for people's memories. Accordingly, remembering and honoring the deceased is the main purpose of the unveiling ceremony, which has very few fixed religious requirements

3. A Woman of valor Proverb 31 - Cynthia

A woman of valor who can find?
Her price is far above rubies.
The heart of her husband trusts in her,
And he shall have no lack of gain.
She does him good and not evil,
All the days of her life.
She looks well to the ways of her household,
And eats not the bread of idleness.
She gives food to her household,
And a portion to her maidens.
Strength and dignity are her clothing,
And she laughs at the time to come.
She stretches out her hand to the poor,
Yea, she reaches forth her hands to the needy.
She opens her mouth with wisdom,
And the law of loving-kindness is on her tongue.
Her children rise up and call her blessed,
Her husband also, and he praises her.:
“Many daughters have done worthily,
But thou excellest them all.”
Grace is deceitful, and the beauty is vain,
But a women that reveres the Lord, she shall be praised.
Give her the fruit of her hands,
And let her works praise her in the gates.

4. Psalm 121 - Pam

I lift up my eyes to the mountain
What is the source of my help?
The source of my help is the Lord, creator of heaven and earth.
G-d will not let your foot falter; the guardian will never slumber.
Surely the guardian of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.
The Lord is your protector, the lord is your shelter at your right hand.
The sun will no longer strike you by day nor by moon at night.
But the Lord will continue to guard you from all harm;
G-d will guard your soul.
The Lord will guard your coming and your going, now and forevermore.
Amen

5. Unveiling Remove cover - Stan

In the name of the family of Joan Glickstein and in the presence of her family we consecrate this monument to her memory, as a token of our love and respect.

Tihe nishmata zroora bitzijo hachayeem

May her soul be bound up in the bond of life

Almighty G-d, eternal Creator, we are thankful for the life of Joan Glickstein, for the years which she was granted and for the privilege of having shared those years. May the memory of her devotion to family and friends, and the love for them, goodness, gentleness and thoughtfulness, warmth and friendship, integrity and dedication, patience and courage under affliction, loyalty to the tradition of our people continue to inspire us, that we may live a better life. O Lord, help all that mourn Joan Glickstein honor her memory through their daily lives. Comfort them, and grant them strength, for You are the Rock and Redeemer. Amen

6. EL Moleh Rachamin – Seth

Ayl mō-lay ra-chamim, sho-chayn	אֵל מֵלֵא רַחֲמִים שׁוֹכֵן
ba-m'romim, ham-tzay m'nuchō	בְּמִרוֹמִים הַמְצֵא מְנוּחָה
n'chonōh al kan-fei hash-chinōh,	נִכְוֶנָה עַל כַּנְפֵי הַשְּׂכִינָה
b'ma-alos k'doshim ut'horim	בְּמַעְלוֹת קְדוֹשִׁים וְטְהוֹרִים
k'zohar hō-rōki-a maz-hirim, es	כְּזֹהַר הַרְקִיעַ מְזֻהָרִים, אֶת
nish-mas (mention her Hebrew name and	נִשְׁמַת (פלונית בתפלוני)
that of her father) she-höl-chōh l'olömōh,	שֶׁהָלְכָה לְעוֹלָמָה,
ba-avur she-nōd'vu tz'dökōh	בְּעִבּוּר שֶׁנִּדְּבּוּ צְדָקָה
b'ad haz-kōras nish-mösōh, b'gan	בְּעַד הַזְכָּרַת נִשְׁמַתָּה, בְּגֵן
ay-den t'hay m'nu-chösōh, lō-chayn	עֵדֶן תִּהְיֶה מְנוּחָתָה, לִכְן
ba-al hō-racha-mim yasti-rehō b'sayser	בְּעַל הַרַחֲמִים יִסְתִּירָהּ בְּסִטֶּר
k'nōfōv l'olōmim, v'yitz-ror bitz'ror	כַּנְפֵּיו לְעוֹלָמִים, וְיִצְרֹר בְּצִרְוֹר
hacha-yim es nish-mösōh, adonōy	הַחַיִּים אֶת נִשְׁמַתָּה, יְיָ
hu nacha-lösōh, v'sōnu-ach	הוּא נִחַלְתָּהּ, וְתִנּוּחַ
al mish-kövōv b'shōlom,	עַל מִשְׁכָּבָה בְּשָׁלוֹם,
v'no-mar ömayn.	וְנֹאמַר אָמֵן:

In English – Stan

O G-d, exalted and full of compassion, grant perfect peace in Your sheltering presence, among the holy and pure, to the soul of Joan Glickstein, who has gone to her eternal home. Master of mercy, we beseech You, remember all the worthy and righteous deeds that she performed in the land of the living. May her soul be bound up in the bond of life. The lord is he portion. May she rest in peace. Let us say: Amen

7. Ask if anyone wants to speak

8. Placing a Stone - Stan

Within the Jewish faith, it is customary to leave a small stone on the grave. The visitor positions the stone on the grave using his or her left hand. Placing a stone on the grave serves as a sign to others that someone has visited the grave. It also enables visitors to partake in the mitzvah tradition of commemorating the burial and the deceased. Stones are fitting symbols of the lasting presence of the deceased's life and memory.

There are many different stories cited as the historical origin of this tradition. It may trace back to the Biblical times when graves were simply marked with small stone mounds. Since gravestones were not utilized during this period, the mounds helped mark the location of the grave. In essence, the act of placing small stones on graves served as a way to preserve the gravesite so that as time passed, it could be found again.

9. The Sabbath preserved Israel - Stan

He who feels in his heart a genuine tie with the life of his people cannot possibly conceive of the existence of the Jewish people apart from "Queen Sabbath." We can say without exaggeration that more than Israel preserved the Sabbath, the Sabbath preserved Israel.

If I were asked to single out one of the great historical institutions more essential for our preservation than all others, I would not hesitate to declare that it is the observance of the Sabbath. Without this, the home and the Synagogue, the festivals and the holy days, the language and the history of our people, will gradually disappear. If the Sabbath will be maintained by those who have observed it and will be restored to those who have abandoned it, then the permanence of Judaism is assured. Every Jew who has it within his power should aid in the effort to restore the Sabbath to the man from whom it has been taken away. No deeds of charity or philanthropy, no sacrifices of time or fortune made by any Jew, equals in beneficent result the expenditure of time and money looking towards the re-establishment of the Jewish Sabbath among the Jewish people. No amount of talking about morals will ever take the place of rooted habits ruthlessly plucked out.

Before concluding the Service with the Kaddish, I would like to read from Ecclesiastes.

10. Ecclesiastes - Stan

For everything there is a season, a time for every experience under heaven:

A time to be born and a time to die,

A time to plant and a time to uproot what is planted,

A time to tear down and a time to build up,

A time to weep and a time to laugh,

A time to grieve and a time to dance,

A time to throw stones and a time to gather stones,

A time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing,

A time to seek and a time to lose,

A time to keep and a time to discard,

A time to tear and a time to sew,

11. Kaddish

KADDISH

יִתְגַּדַּל וְיִתְקַדַּשׁ שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא,
בְּעָלְמָא דִּי-בְרָא כְרֻעֻתָּהּ וְיִמְלִיךָ מַלְכוּתָּהּ,
בְּחַיֵּיכוֹן וּבְיוֹמֵיכוֹן, וּבְחַיֵּי דְכָל בֵּית יִשְׂרָאֵל,
בְּעָגְלָא וּבְזִמְן קָרִיב, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁמֵהּ רַבָּא מְבָרַךְ, לְעָלְמָא וּלְעָלְמֵי עָלְמָיָא.
יְחַבְרֵךְ וְיִשְׁתַּבֵּחַ, וְיִתְפָּאֵר וְיִתְרוֹמֵם וְיִתְנַשֵּׂא,
וְיִתְהַדָּר וְיִתְעַלֶּה וְיִתְהַלָּל, שְׁמֵהּ דְקוּדְשָׁא, בְּרִיךְ הוּא.
לְעִילָא מִן כָּל [*From Rosh Hashana through Yom Kippur substitute*] לְעִילָא וּלְעִילָא מִכָּל
בְּרַבְתָּא וְשִׁידְתָּא, תְּשַׁבְּחָתָא וְנַחֲמָתָא,
וְאָמְרוּ בְּעָלְמָא, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
יְהֵא שְׁלָמָא רַבָּא מִן שְׁמַיָּא, וְחַיִּים,
עָלֵינוּ וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.
עֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם בְּמִרְוֵנוּ,
הוּא יַעֲשֵׂה שְׁלוֹם עָלֵינוּ,
וְעַל כָּל יִשְׂרָאֵל, וְאָמְרוּ אָמֵן.

KADDISH TRANSLITERATION

Yis'ga'dal v'yis'kadash sh'may ra'bbo, b'olmo dee'vro chir'usay v'yamlich malchu'say,
b'chayaychon uv'yomay'chon uv'chayay d'chol bais Yisroel, ba'agolo u'viz'man koriv;
v'imru Omein.

Y'hay shmay rabbo m'vorach l'olam ul'olmay olmayo.

Yisborach v'yishtabach v'yispoar v'yisromam v'yismasay, v'yishador v'yis'aleh v'yis'alal,
shmay d'kudsho, brich hu, l'aylo min kl birchoso v'sheeroso, tush'bechoso v'nechemoso,
da,ameeran b'olmo; vimru Omein.

Y'hay shlomo rabbo min sh'mayo, v'chayim alaynu v'al kol Yisroel; v'imru Omein.

Oseh sholom bimromov, hu ya'aseh sholom olaynu, v'al kol yisroel; vimru Omeiin

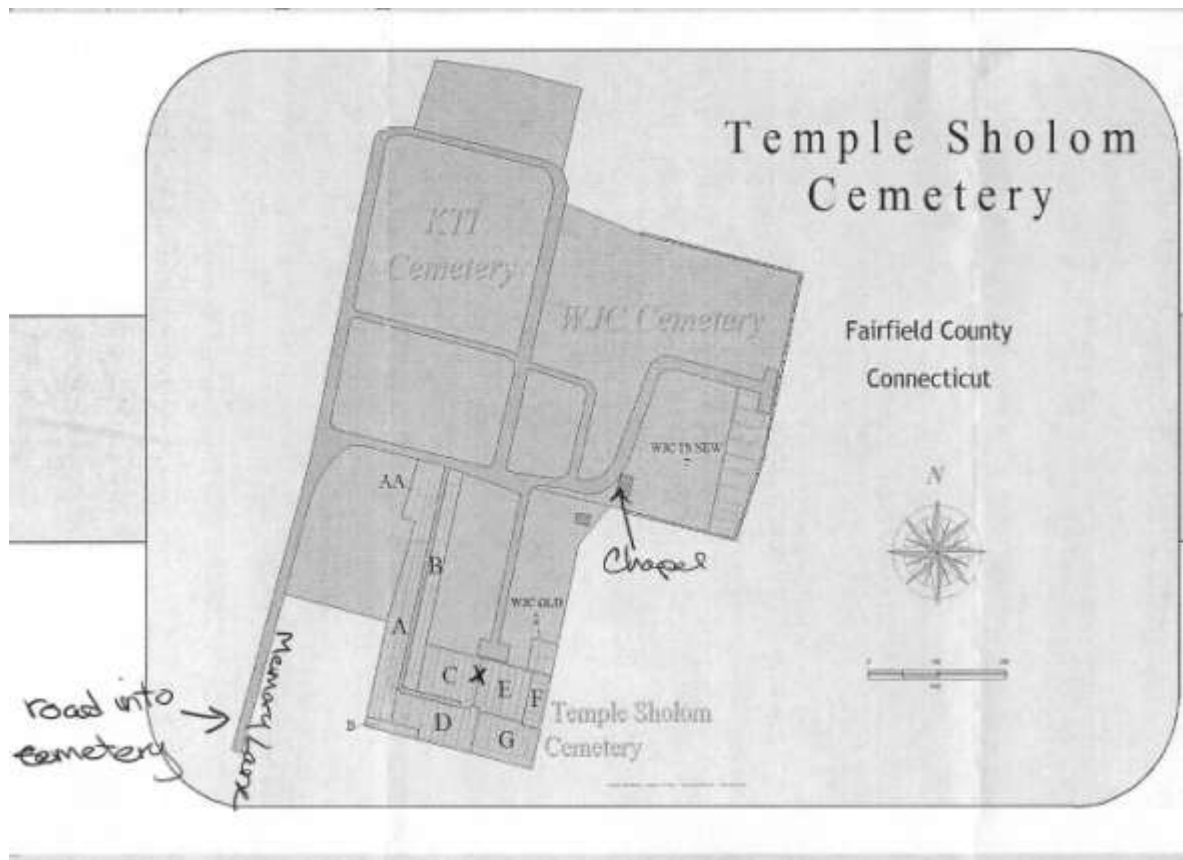
That concludes the service

V. Temple Sholom Cemetery



Entrance to Temple Sholom's section of the cemetery.
Joan's gravesite is to the left of the car parked along the roadside

Layout of Grounds at Temple Sholom Cemetery



The "x" mark noted in section C designates where Joan's gravesite is located.



Joan K Glickstein Tombstone at Temple Sholom, Greenwich CT

VI. Brief History – Joan K. Glickstein

Born – April 23, 1934 Brownsville section of Brooklyn, NY

Attended Thomas Jefferson High School - graduated 1951

B.S. Brooklyn College, 1955 Majored in Speech Pathology and Education

M.S. Pennsylvania State University, 1957 Majored in Speech Pathology

Ph.D. University of Pittsburgh, 1979 Majored in Speech Pathology

1957-1961 Joan Glickstein began her professional career in 1957 as a Speech Pathologist for the Centre County School system. She provided speech therapy to needy students while working in the basements and boiler rooms of many 1-room schools located in the rural areas of Centre County, Pennsylvania.

July 12, 1957 Married Stanley S. Glickstein, graduate student at Penn State University

1961-1964 While living in Princeton, New Jersey and raising a family Joan worked part-time for the Easter Seal Society as a Speech Pathologist.

1970-1980 After moving to Pittsburgh Joan centered her interest on raising her 4-children. However, she continued with her professional career working part-time as a Speech Pathologist for St. Margaret Hospital in their Speech and Hearing Department. At the same time she managed to take graduate courses at the University of Pittsburgh. Twenty plus years after receiving her M.S. degree Joan completed her requirements for her Ph.D. This degree was awarded to Joan by the University of Pittsburgh in 1979. That is perseverance; a quality she has, that is well known to all her friends and colleagues.

1982- Established a business called JKG Associates which provided seminars on Alzheimer's Disease. She spoke to dozens of colleges and organizations providing an in-depth overview of Alzheimer's Disease and the problems families faced in dealing with this disease. She wrote a book entitled "*A Program of Functional Communication Skills for Activities of Daily Living; THERAPEUTIC INTERVENTIONS IN ALZHEIMER'S DISEASE.*" This book was published by Aspen Publications in 1988 and was revised for a second printing in 1997.

1985-1988 She went into business with Martha Fenchak Bell and established, *Long Term Care Associates*, an organization devoted to helping families with a loved one suffering from dementia.

1987-2000 Award winning editor of the monthly newsletter *Focus on Geriatric Care & Rehabilitation* published by Aspen Publishers.

1992 She co-authored with Gail Neustadt a book entitled “*A Functional Maintenance Therapy System; Reimbursable Geriatric Service Delivery.*” The book was a stepping stone to the creation of a second company called GNET, Glickstein Neustadt Education & Training. This company presented workshops throughout the United States; from California to Washington, Texas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Florida, etc.

2002 – 2011 Joan retired from GNI/GNET in 2002 and went on to work as a consultant for Vincentian Collaborative Services in Pittsburgh.

2010 – Joan loved to write. While her professional publications were all technical, she had the flare to engage in writing fiction too. For years she participated in the “writer’s group” meetings at the Pleasant Hills Library. She spent many years writing and refining her novel *Threads*, a book that she was deeply engrossed in. *Threads is a family saga covering 40 years in the life of a woman and her family being torn apart by a disease no one understands. It is also a story of power, as well as hope and the birth of a national organization dedicated to finding a cure.* It was self published in 2010 and is available by going to www.Lulu.com.

2012 Fully retired.

VII. Descendant Trees

Given a strong push by her husband who was into family genealogy, Joan put together her family tree. She collected a wealth of pictures and searched for information on her family history. The following pages outline her father and mother's family descendant trees.

1. Outline Descendant Report for Joseph Katz

1 Joseph Katz b: May 05, 1878 in Zalisftzik, Austria, d: Abt. 1926 in New York City
+ Rochel Miller
...2 Sidney Katz b: Apr 26, 1910 in New York, N.Y, d: Oct 31, 1977 in Margate FL
+ Elsie Jablonsky b: Jul 04, 1912 in New York, NY, m: Dec 25, 1932 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Jan 09, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....3 Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934
+ Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn N. Y., m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY
.....4 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
+ Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963
.....5 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York, NY
.....5 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York, NY
.....4 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ
+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962, m: Dec 21, 1991
.....5 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
.....5 Sara Elisabeth b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
.....5 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA
.....4 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
+ Fredrick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....5 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000
.....4 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA
.....3 Richard Charles Katz b: Aug 24, 1941
+ Barbara Kellman b: Jun 23, 1942, m: May 29, 1966
.....4 Staci Melissa Katz b: Jul 02, 1968
+ Christopher John Basso b: Aug 29, 1959, m: Apr 02, 2005 in Chappaqua, New York
.....4 April Katz b: Apr 06, 1972
+ Robert Feingold b: Feb 27, 1969, m: Jun 19, 1994 in Miami, FL, d: Jan 2000 in Charlotte, NC
+ David Forst b: Nov 19, 1978, m: Mar 25, 2005
.....5 Aidan Forst b: May 10, 2009 in Chicago, IL
.....4 Tara Katz b: Sep 20, 1974
+ David Gordon b: Nov 28, 1975, m: Jun 02, 2007
.....5 Mira Gordon b: Sep 26, 2008
...2 Harry Katz b: May 25, 1909, d: Nov 27, 1998
+ Ida Cantor b: Jun 09, 1912, d: Sep 1978
.....3 Ruth Sue Katz b: Jul 18, 1933
+ Edward Jacobson b: May 29, 1929, m: Mar 28, 1955
.....4 Jeffrey Alan Jacobson b: Jul 22, 1957
+ Pam Scott
.....4 Michael Marc Jacobson b: Feb 16, 1959
+ Majorie Hurwitz
.....5 Daniel Garrett Jacobson b: Oct 13, 1987
.....5 Alissa Gale Jacobson b: May 14, 1992
.....3 Myron M. Katz b: Feb 24, 1938 in Brooklyn, NY
+ Joan Silverman b: May 18, 1942 in New York City, m: Oct 28, 1962
.....4 Jeremy Katz b: Dec 01, 1968

+ Jennifer Rust b: Nov 05, 1970, m: May 16, 2003
 5 Avery Jane Katz b: Jan 12, 2007
 5 Samantha Julian Katz b: May 28, 2008
 4 Ross Katz b: Feb 09, 1974
 + Jennifer Barten b: Dec 25, 1978, m: Dec 05, 2004
 5 Hayden Sarah Katz b: Nov 28, 2007
 ...2 Max Katz Miller
 + Madeline
 3 George Miller
 + Barbara
 4 Jackie Miller
 + Wife1
 5 Baby1 Miller
 5 Baby2 Miller
 5 Baby3 Miller
 + Wife2
 4 Marilyn Miller
 + Husband
 5 Baby1 Husband
 5 Baby2 Husband
 3 Lawrence Miller
 + Arlene
 4 Jay Miller
 4 Sherri Miller
 + Andrew Goldstein
 5 Julie Goldstein
 + Henry d: Deceased
 5 Heather
 3 Dorothy Miller
 + Warren Steinzor
 4 Meryl Steinzor
 + Husband1
 4 Linda Steinzor
 + Husband b: Greece
 5 Baby1 Husband
 5 Baby2 Husband
 + Spouse 1
 3 Daughter 1 Miller
 3 Daughter 2 Miller
 ...2 Selta Katz
 + Leo Stein
 3 Judy Stein
 + Howard Mills
 4 Jeffrey Mills
 4 Fred Mills
 4 Karen Mills
 + Edward Chernof d: 2012
 4 Adam Chernof
 3 Eileen Stein
 + Mike Palatnik
 4 Debbie Palatnik
 + Jorge Arnely
 5 Daughter1 Arnely
 5 Daughter2 Arnely
 4 Kenneth Palatnik
 3 Sheldon Stein

- + Rosalie
- 4 Mitchel Stein
- 4 Baby Girl Stein
- + Second Wife
- ...2 Hilda Katz
- + William Sherman
- 3 George Sherman
- + June
- ...2 Ann Katz b: Nov 14, 1908, d: Apr 08, 2006
- + Murray Simon b: Mar 1905, d: Oct 1977
- 3 Sandra Simon b: Apr 06, 1934 in Brooklyn, NY
- + Robert Schneider b: Dec 27, 1930 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Feb 26, 1955 in New York City, d: Apr 10, 2004
- 4 Laurie Lynn Schneider b: Sep 20, 1956
- + Norman Bogosian b: Dec 23, 1944, m: Oct 14, 1984
- 4 Steven Howard Schneider b: Oct 05, 1958
- + Carole Scanlan b: Dec 18, 1958, m: Sep 12, 1987
- 5 David Thomas Schneider b: Apr 24, 1991
- 5 Rachel Merideth Schneider b: Dec 16, 1995
- 4 Glenn Alan Schneider b: Jun 02, 1961, d: May 29, 2005
- + Delora Toews b: Aug 22, 1962, m: Feb 25, 1995
- 5 Taylor Michael Schneider b: Oct 24, 1997
- 5 Zachery James Schneider b: Oct 24, 1997
- 3 Robert Simon b: Aug 01, 1937 in Brooklyn, NY
- + Edwina Gold
- 4 Peter Simon
- 4 Kenneth Simon
- 4 Daniel Simon
- + Tanya
- 5 Jack Simon
- 5 Daughter Simon
- + Rachel Reiff
- ...2 Saul Katz b: Abt. 1916 in abt 1953
- + Florence Mintz
- 3 Joseph Katz
- + Wife 1
- ...2 Archie Katz b: Mar 10, 1918 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Sep 27, 1966 in Bayside, Queens
- + Pearl Lerner b: Dec 29, 1917 in Brooklyn, NY, m: Sep 18, 1935, d: Abt. 2000
- 3 Joyce Katz b: Dec 29, 1937, d: Oct 01, 2007
- + Bernie Blumenthal m: Abt. 1960
- 4 Eric Mitchel Blumenthal b: Jan 30, 1960
- 4 Ivan Keith Blumenthal b: Jul 20, 1964 in New Hyde Park, NY
- + Karen Berger b: Apr 15, 1962, m: Nov 09, 1992
- 5 Stephanie Ann Blumenthal b: Jul 05, 1994
- 5 Alyssa Rae Blumenthal b: Sep 17, 1997
- + Martin Robert Klein b: Jun 21, 1936, m: May 09, 1987, d: Jul 04, 2008
- 3 Debra Ann Katz b: Oct 28, 1950
- + George Spagnola
- 3 Paul Charles Katz b: Mar 02, 1940 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Dec 1969 in Brooklyn, NY
- + Dolores Cross b: Feb 13, 1941, m: 1959, d: Jun 03, 2001
- 4 Sheryl Katz
- + Husband Brasington
- 5 Charles Brasington b: Abt. 1978
- + [unknown spouse]
- 6 Anthony Brasington
- 5 Peter Brasington b: Abt. 1979

+ [unknown spouse]
.....6 Devin Brasington b: Abt. 2000
.....4 Ilsa Katz
+ Husband
.....4 Michael Katz
.....4 Lawrence Katz
+ Elizabeth Nichols
.....5 Lauren Elizabeth Katz b: Abt. 1991
.....5 Paul Charles Katz b: Abt. 1998
.....4 Robin Katz
+ Husband Ottino
.....5 Richard Blackburn b: 1985
.....5 Ryan Blackburn b: 1986
.....5 Taylor Ottino b: 1997
.....3 Estelle Katz b: Mar 28, 1952
+ Connie McCormack
.....4 Ashley McCormack

2. Outline Descendant Report for Meir Jablonsky

1 Meir Jablonsky
 + [unknown spouse]
 ...2 Tevya Jablonsky
 + Sarah
3 Sonny Jablonsky
3 Rita Jablonsky
3 Izzy Jablonsky
 ...2 Misha Jablonsky
 + Tanya
3 Lily Jablonsky
3 Izzy Jablonsky
3 Pearl Jablonsky
3 Sadie Jablonsky
 ...2 Abraham Jablonsky b: 1871 in Smela, Russia, d: Mar 31, 1943 in Brooklyn, NY
 + Chaika Prag
3 Izzy Jablonsky b: 1902 in Russia
 + Fanny
4 Sylvia Jablon b: Mar 1932
 + Manny Scharf
5 Scott Scharf
 + Crystal
5 Stuart Scharf
 + Joan
6 Baby1 Scharf
4 Pearl Jablon
 + Sam Plutner
5 Steven Plutner
5 Craig Plutner
 + Wife1
6 Baby1 Plutner
6 Baby2 Plutner
5 Norman Plutner
 + Wife1
6 Baby1 Plutner
6 Baby2 Plutner
5 Ira Plutner
 + Wife1
6 Baby1 Plutner
6 Baby2 Plutner
3 Becky Jablonsky
 + Michael Strauss
4 Jack Strauss
 + Shirley
5 Sheldon Strauss
 + Wife
6 Baby1 Strauss
6 Baby2 Strauss
6 Baby3 Strauss
5 Michael Strauss
 + Radda
5 Iris Strauss
 + Husband1
4 Albert Strauss

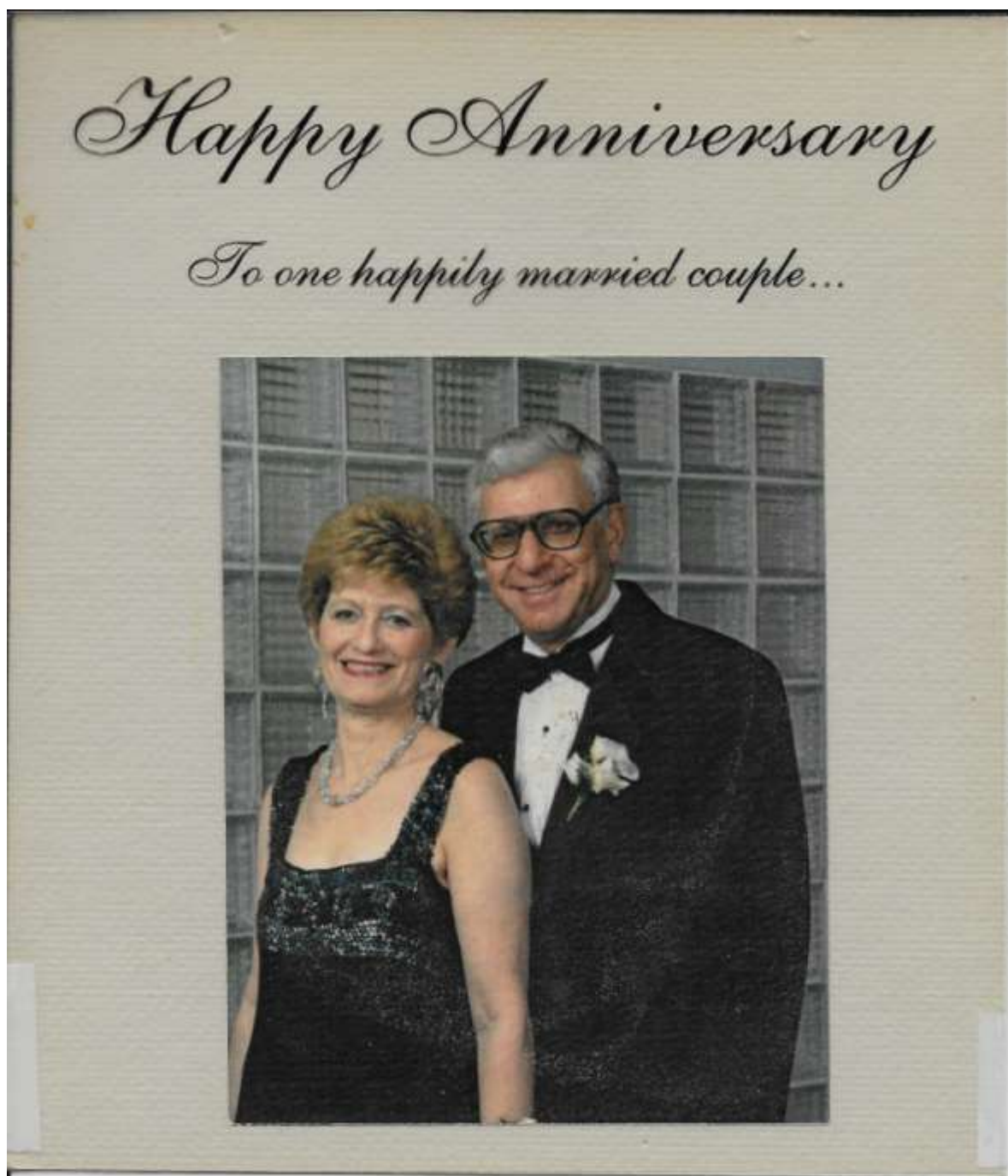
- + Goldy
 - 5 Lewis Strauss
 - 5 Francine Strauss
 - 5 Audrey Strauss
 - 4 Rita Strauss
- + Bert Walfield d: Abt. 1980
 - 5 Allen Walfield d: Deceased
- + Bonita
 - 6 Eileen Walfield
 - 6 Elizabeth Walfield
 - 5 Robin Walfield
- + Peter
 - 6 Baby1 Peter
 - 6 Baby2 Peter
 - 5 Ira Walfield
- + Wife1
 - 4 Martin Strauss d: Mar 16, 2000 in Vermont
- + Cyril (Libby) d: 1999 in Vermont
 - 5 Marsha Strauss
 - 5 Michel Strauss
 - 5 Diane Strauss
- + David Weitman
 - 4 Murray Strauss
- + Elaine
 - 5 Mindy Strauss
- + Rick Stewart
 - 6 Kathleen Stewart
 - 6 Kelsey Stewart
 - 5 Laurie Strauss b: Aug 08, 1954
- + Michael Rovell
 - 6 Brandon Rovell
 - 6 Kendal Rovell
 - 6 Ryan Rovell
 - 3 Celia Jablonsky b: Oct 20, 1908
- + Sol Eckstein b: Mar 15, 1908, d: Sep 22, 1984 in Florida
 - 4 Robert Eckstein
- + Barbara Eckstein
 - 4 Karen Eckstein b: Mar 13, 1943 in Brooklyn, NY
- + Harry Trigaboff b: Dec 09, 1942 in Brooklyn , NY, m: Jun 09, 1962, d: Jun 14, 1980 in New York, NY
 - 5 Shari Trigaboff b: Jun 15, 1965
- + Alan Antar b: Feb 20, 1961, m: Apr 13, 1986
 - 6 Heather Antar b: Dec 03, 1988 in Florida
 - 6 Tyler Antar b: Aug 06, 1992 in Florida
 - 5 Adam Trigaboff b: Mar 23, 1967
- + Stuart Cohen b: Nov 25, 1942 in Bronx, NY, m: Jul 12, 1986 in Florida
 - 3 Elsie Jablonsky b: Jul 04, 1912 in New York, NY, d: Jan 09, 1991 in Pittsburgh, PA
- + Sidney Katz b: Apr 26, 1910 in New York, N.Y, m: Dec 25, 1932 in Brooklyn, NY, d: Oct 31, 1977 in Margate FL
 - 4 Joan Katz b: Apr 23, 1934
- + Stanley Stuart Glickstein b: Nov 12, 1933 in Brooklyn N. Y., m: Jul 12, 1957 in Brooklyn, NY
 - 5 Steven Howard Glickstein b: Nov 13, 1960 in Bellefonte, PA
- + Sherri Donna Lerner b: Jul 04, 1963
 - 6 Jarred Shane Glickstein b: Apr 08, 1995 in New York, NY
 - 6 Ethan Lyndon Glickstein b: Oct 03, 1998 in New York, NY
 - 5 Barbara Helene Glickstein b: Oct 02, 1962 in Princeton, NJ

+ Seth Barry Sacher b: Oct 12, 1962, m: Dec 21, 1991
 6 Elana Rose Sacher b: Jan 17, 1994 in Fairfax, VA
 6 Sara Elisabeth b: Sep 23, 1995 in Fairfax, VA
 6 Maxwell Nathaniel Sacher b: Jul 14, 1998 in Fairfax, VA
 5 Karen Sue Glickstein b: Sep 11, 1963 in Princeton, NJ
 + Fredrick William Edeson b: Dec 27, 1966, m: Apr 11, 1999 in Pittsburgh, PA
 6 Jonah Matthew Edeson b: Apr 09, 2000
 5 Cathy Ann Glickstein b: Jan 11, 1967 in Pittsburgh, PA
 4 Richard Charles Katz b: Aug 24, 1941
 + Barbara Kellman b: Jun 23, 1942, m: May 29, 1966
 5 Staci Melissa Katz b: Jul 02, 1968
 + Christopher John Basso b: Aug 29, 1959, m: Apr 02, 2005 in chappaqua, New York
 5 April Katz b: Apr 06, 1972
 + Robert Feingold b: Feb 27, 1969, m: Jun 19, 1994 in Miami, FL, d: Jan 2000 in Charlotte, NC
 + David Forst b: Nov 19, 1978, m: Mar 25, 2005
 6 Aidan Forst b: May 10, 2009 in Chicago, IL
 5 Tara Katz b: Sep 20, 1974
 + David Gordon b: Nov 28, 1975, m: Jun 02, 2007
 6 Mira Gordon b: Sep 26, 2008
 3 Fritz Jablonsky
 + Hyman Mogel
 4 Leila Mogel b: Apr 26, 1933
 + Paul Cohen b: Dec 29, 1931
 5 Steven Cohen b: Oct 01, 1955, d: Mar 09, 2005 in Long Island, NY
 + Mindy Reiter
 6 Michael Dustin b: Jun 07, 1987
 6 Jared Ian b: Oct 15, 1991
 5 Harvey Cohen b: Apr 13, 1957
 + Julie Epstein b: Jan 23, 1962
 6 Casey Erin b: Apr 15, 1987
 6 Jordan Emma b: Apr 29, 1991
 5 Randi Cohen b: Dec 06, 1958
 5 Keith Cohen b: Feb 09, 1964
 + Cathy Fern
 6 Samantha Rae b: Feb 19, 1990
 4 Maynard Mogel b: Aug 03, 1937, d: Abt. 1993
 + Beverly Weiner
 5 Harris Mogel
 + Sue
 6 Jessica Mogel
 6 Nicholas Mogel
 5 Helene Mogel
 5 Mindy Mogel
 + Russel
 6 Erica
 6 Mitchel
 5 Lori Mogel
 + Ben
 6 Mitchel Ben
 6 Zachery Ben
 6 Baby3 Ben
 4 Audrey Mogel b: Feb 06, 1948
 + Fred Holden
 + William Abrams
 3 Heshey Jablonsky b: 1912, d: 1991
 + Elsie b: Abt. 1915, d: Abt. 1994

.....3 Sammy Jablonsky
 + Pauline
4 Joyce Jablon b: Aug 13, 1936 in Brooklyn, NY
 + Charles Dishkin
5 Tonie Beth Dishlin b: Sep 23, 1962, d: Jan 29, 1963
5 April Joy Dishkin b: Apr 18, 1964
 + Robert Trebbi b: Feb 26, 1960
6 Zachary David Trebbi b: Mar 15, 1991
5 Adam Kieth Dishkin b: Dec 30, 1965
5 Renee Starr Dishkin b: Nov 23, 1967
 + Jack Leben b: Oct 15, 1929
4 Susan Jablon b: Apr 18, 1942 in Brooklyn, NY
 + Sheldon Batkin b: Jun 13, 1937
5 Brian Batkin b: Nov 10, 1969
 + Carrie b: Jul 22, 1969
6 Joshua Lewis Batkin b: Jun 10, 1993
5 Jill Batkin b: Jun 21, 1971
 + Joe Broxmeyer b: Jun 07, 1967
6 Ryan Joseph Broxmeyer b: Mar 25, 1994
 ...2 Fayga Jablonsky d: died during birth of child
 + Unknown
3 Unknown Fayga Jablonsky
 ...2 Nisel Jablonsky

VIII. Family Photographs

Most important in Joan's life was her **family**! Here are some cherished family photographs that were taken at various occasions.





Steven & Sherri Wedding May 23, 1991



Barbara & Seth Wedding December 21, 1991



Karen and Fred Wedding April 11, 1999



Thanksgiving 2014



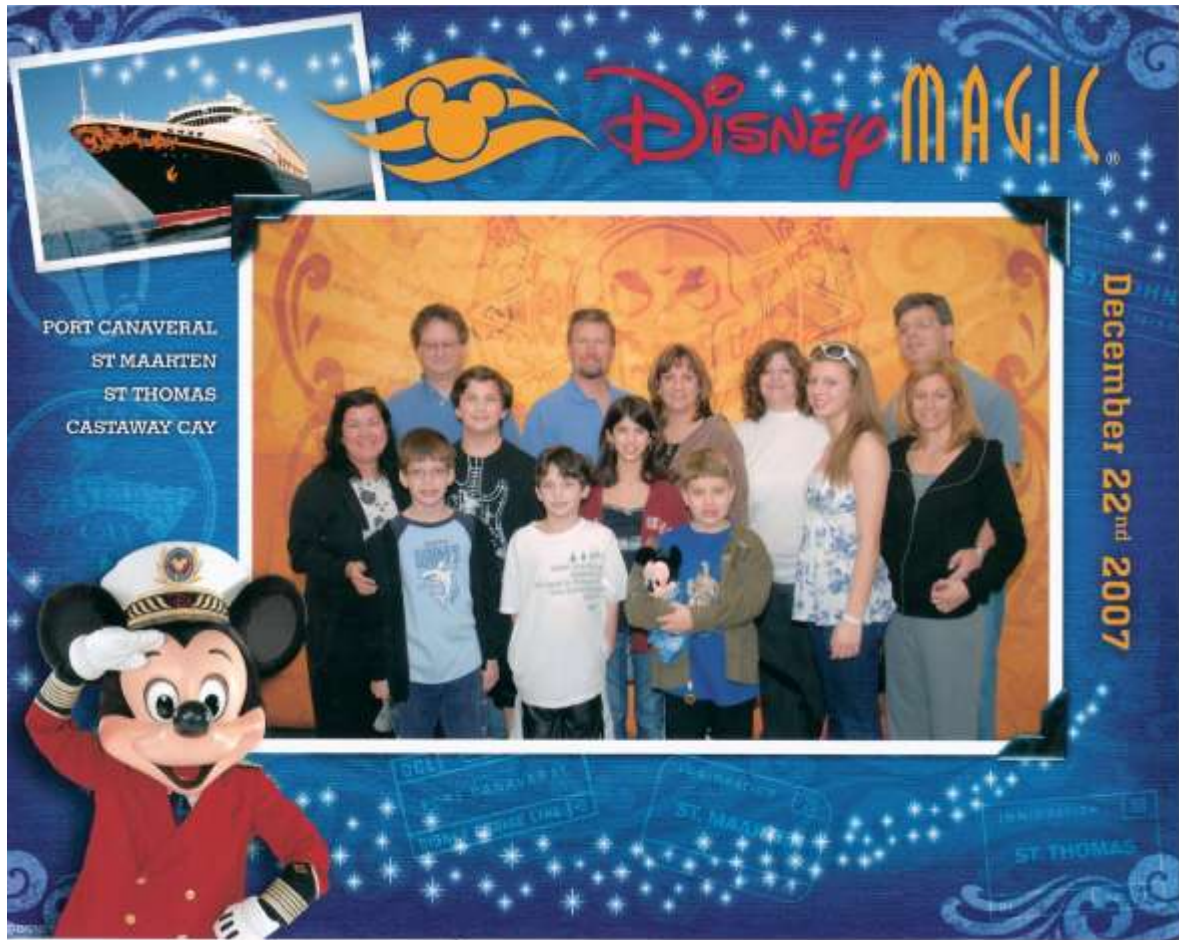
Thanksgiving 2014



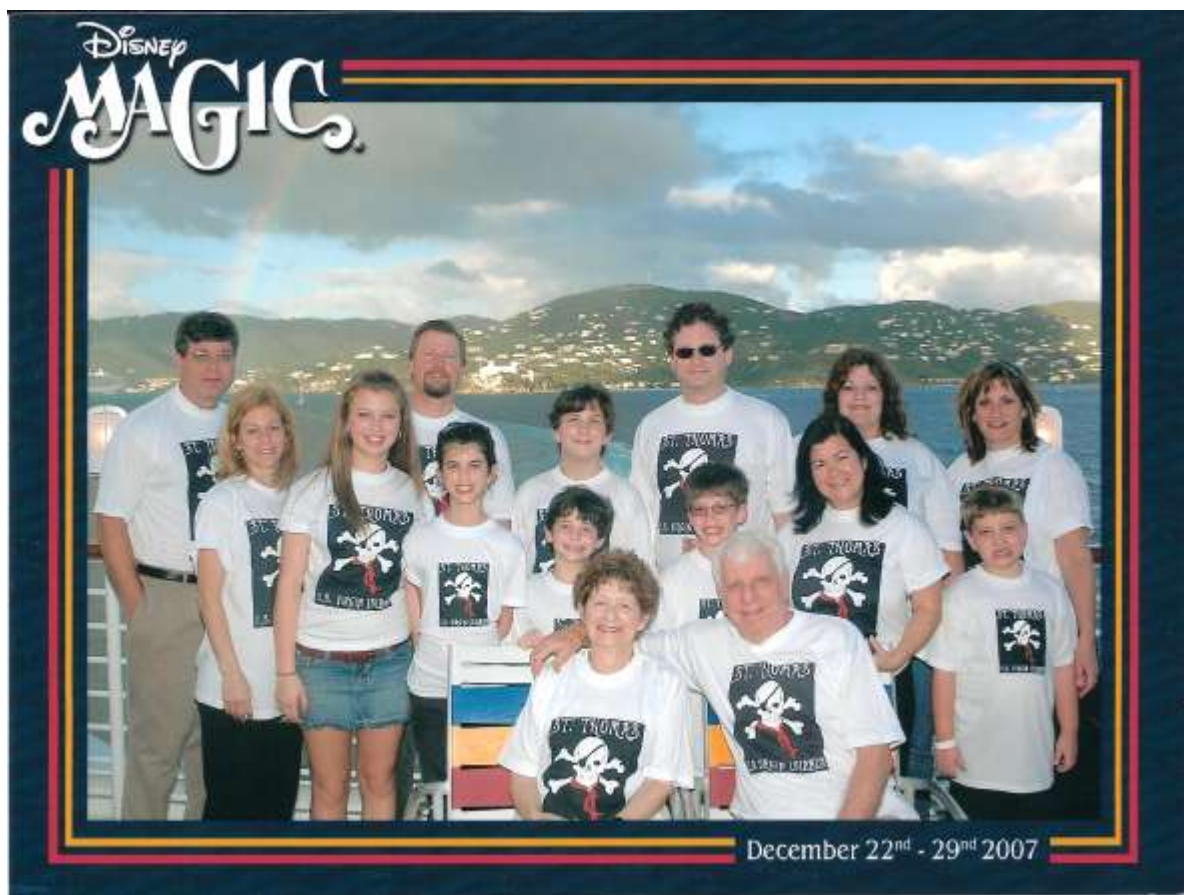
Thanksgiving 2013 at the Sacher home



Thanksgiving 2002



Family Disney Cruise 2007



Family Disney Cruise 2007



Family Disney Cruise 2009



The ladies out on the town in New York City July 2005

IX. Conclusion

Joan was a remarkable woman of many talents. Much of her professional career has been mentioned. However, it is interesting to remember that in her early years she appeared in the summer stock theatre at Penn State. She performed in “*The Night is My Enemy*” at the Boal Barn Theatre when it first opened. She took modern dance lessons. I still have a video recording of her debut as “blood dripping from the wall.” She loved to knit and crochet. Her paintings are decorating someone’s wall. In retirement she returned to what I think she loved most, writing. Because of that, I have included several of her short stories in the Appendix of this book. I know you will enjoy reading them, I did.

In concluding this brief review of Joan’s life and highlighting some of the events that took place over her 81 years, it is fitting to end with the contents of a Christmas card that she received from a past employee. It came out of the clear blue sky 10-years after Joan retired from GNI. It must have been very special to Joan since she retyped the contents of the card which said the following:

Received: January 19, 2010
From: Kathy Kovka
 3082 Amy Drive
 South Park, PA 15129

A Christmas card that said:

Joan & Stan

Keep a heart
that is open
to miracles
and you will

Find them everywhere!

Merry Christmas

Love,

Tim & Kathy Kovka

Hand written on the side of the card was the following:

Dear Joan:

Did you ever just want to send a message to someone who touched your life in a way words can't express

Well, that someone is you ... to me! I must openly state my gratitude to you. You (back then) treated me like a daughter and taught me so much. I had a lot of inspiration back then and cherished it. Lately I've been in search of and haven't encompassed the same endeavors but that does not mean that I cannot thank someone who has meant a lot in my life and career. I pray all is well with you, Stan and your family. I know you had troubles with your hip about 2 years ago but hopefully you are doing well. I hope you have a wonderful holiday season and again thank you for all you've done for me!!

X. Appendix of Unpublished Writings

I had not intended to attach an Appendix to this compilation. However, there exist many unfinished stories that Joan had started writing, but never completed. She loved to write! She published two technical manuals, *Program of Functional Communication Skills for Activities of Daily Living: Therapeutic Interventions in Alzheimer's Disease*, and, *A Functional Maintenance Therapy System, Reimbursable Geriatric Service Delivery*. Both were best sellers for Aspen Publishers. From 1987 to 2000 Joan served as the Editor-in-Chief of the monthly newsletter *"Focus on Geriatric Care and Rehabilitation."*

However, I believe her heart was in writing fiction. She pursued this love when she finally retired from GNI in about 2000. After that, much of her spare time was spent in her office typing away through all hours of the day and night. She had a great passion for writing and I would be negligent if I did not include some of her tales which she labored over for many hours, weeks, months and years. Some of these writings are included on the following pages. For many of her stories, Joan used her pen name, *Joan Stanley*.

Some of these writings appeared in a publication printed by the Pleasant Hills writers group. The book is entitled, *Metamorphosis*.

Metamorphosis 2006-2007

1. IF I COULD WRITE IT DOWN

Joan Stanley

He came to me softly, in the dark, whistling and humming tunes of seduction. Whispering in my ear promises of love and high adventure, showing me places I had never been and things I had yet to see. Holding my hand we could float on silky clouds, ride the crest of the waves, tumble and play in jungles of green and gold and fiery reds that kept me warm and gave me life. It was all there, pictures and stories in a language I no longer know, perhaps never knew, and then it was gone. I opened my eyes and longed to remember, to say it all back in familiar tongues, but it is gone, and I must wait once more for the night and my dream.

2.

A BUCKETFUL OF STARS

Joan Stanley

Abby Leighton snuggled close in the warmth of her grandma's breast. The old woman's gnarled hands held on to the skinny child as she rocked them both in the big old porch swing. She took care not to disturb the rain bucket or the toys that were scattered on the floor.

"See that star" she told the child.

"Which one granma" the little girls asked.

"Over there, the great big one on the left. That's your granpa. He tol me when he was goin to look fer him up there. Promised me a bucket full of stars."

"How'd ya know it was he?"

"Jes knowed. It weren't there afore he left an sure nuf the same night he was gone, there it was."

Abby's mother paused at the screen door and watched as her daughter and mother, lost in the magic of each other and the starry night, rocked back and forth, back and forth. At last she opened the door breaking the mood to scoop up her child and lay her in bed. "Not tonight mama" Abby pleaded. "I'm so hot. Let me look at the stars." The old woman stood and laid her granddaughter on the swing. "She'll be alright. Let her be." With a sigh Abby's mother went back into the house for a pillow and a blanket to make the child comfortable.

Abby lay quietly looking up at the starry starry night. The swing moved slowly back and forth making little creaking noises lulling the child to sleep. A soft breeze fluttered through the trees. Abby pulled the blanket tighter around her frail frame. She opened her eyes and looked up into the moon. She didn't feel hot anymore. Stars winked on and off like the headlights of a car. The big star on the left shone bright and steady. Abby reached up to touch it. She felt a tingle run through her body and smelled the musky odor of the woods combined with the sweet scent of wild flowers. "I have you now granpa" she whispered. She turned her head to look at the rain bucket with the bright moon now shining in its center. As the moon drifted in the sky the water darkened and then was lit by the reflections of a million tiny stars. "You did it granpa," she whispered "you brought me a bucketful of stars." She smiled and closed her eyes. Her hand slid peacefully into the bucket. A single shooting star made its way across the heavens and stopped just to the right of the big star on the left.

Joan Stanley

Hannah Wadsworth squealed with delight as she watched the workmen finish hanging the large gilt framed mirror in the hallway. “What’s all this?” asked her husband stepping out of his study. “It’s my new mirror. I bought it at auction for a fraction of its worth. No one would bid. I think it’s because of all the stories.”

John Wadsworth stared in horror at his reflection in the mirror.

“My God Hannah, That’s the mirror from the Lehman house.”

“Exactly, the one where the mother killed her husband and two children, they say there was a third that got away. What do you say?”

“I say get rid of the damned thing. It can only bring bad luck.”

Hannah laughed “nonsense, it’s an old wives tale.”

Hanna smiled at herself in the mirror and did a little dance. She bent over and touched a corner of its smooth surface. “Oh dear, here’s a spot I hadn’t notice.” The spot felt warm to her touch. She rubbed. It disappeared.

The next morning Hanna came down stairs and readied herself to go out. She put on her hat and looked in the mirror. The spot was back. With a sigh of disgust she found her handkerchief and rubbed until it was gone. On the third morning the spot was bigger. On the fourth it had moved. The harder she rubbed the larger it grew. She put out her hand to grab the nasty blemish and felt a rush of heat surge through her. She ran from the

room into the arms of her husband. “I’ll take it down” he whispered. “You mustn’t” she implored. He held her tighter. “Tomorrow, I’m taking it down.”

In the stillness of the night Hannah tossed and turned. Was it a child crying or the wind moaning in the trees? Silently she slipped out of bed and headed down the stairs. The hall was empty. Then she saw it. The spot was moving. Hannah put her hand on the spot. It danced away. She rubbed and it disappeared only to appear somewhere else. She rubbed harder. Again it danced away. Again and again she rubbed. She could see them, one, two, three... now there was a fourth. Hannah pulled away but the spots pulled her back. A cry of terror escaped her lips as she pounded on the evil thing with both fists. There was the tinkle of shattering glass. She could feel the warm blood slipping down her arms, melting the thousand faces staring back from the broken glass, as she slid into oblivion.

John stroked her hair and kissed her face. Then they laid her to her final rest. “Shall I put her full name on the stone?” the stonecutter inquired. “Yes, do that” John replied. “Hannah Moffit Wadsworth, is that right sir?” John looked at the man blankly. “What, oh, no, Moffit is the name of the people who took her in. Her name was Lehman, Hannah Lehman.”

4.

BRIDES, BREAD, and BEER

Joan Stanley

He turned the key in the lock. I held my breath until the door swung open. I stepped over the threshold into the living dining area. Light flooded the room from the sliding doors that led to a small balcony. I held myself tight, trying not to explode with joy, a new apartment, a new husband, a new life. The apartment was laid out in a perfect square. I could walk from the living room to the kitchen to the bedroom and back into the living room without ever retracing my steps. I waltzed in a circle checking each room. Life was perfect! I had to celebrate.

The celebration needed to be something special. I was 21 and filled with visions of elegant cocktail parties and soirées. Two other couples and candle light sounded perfect, my first real dinner party. I would prepare everything and dazzle the world with my skills. In particular, I would dazzle my new husband.

Without a freezer and only a small refrigerator very few things could be made in advance. I needed a plan. Homemade bread seemed like the perfect choice for an early start. I could mix the dough at night and bake it in the morning or perhaps even late in the afternoon. I had never made bread but I knew that my grandmother would often start working early in the morning to have bread ready for the Sabbath dinner. Why not bake the desert cakes at night, then mix the bread dough and let it wait until the morning? I could frost the cakes in the morning while the bread baked and have the oven free later on for the main dish. A plan was born!

I prepared the cakes first, two golden layers and two chocolate layers. I set the cakes on the dining room table to cool and cleaned the kitchen. Now I was ready for the bread. I read and reread the bread recipe. I gathered all of the ingredients and placed them on the kitchen counter. I found a very large bowl. To make certain I had enough bread and perhaps some left over, I decided to double the ingredients 2 cups of warm water, two tablespoons of sugar, four packets of dry yeast and about three maybe four cups of flour. Then let the sponge set! Sponge, I was clueless. The only sponges I knew about were in the sink. I read

and reread. “After the sponge sets add additional flour.” I shrugged my shoulders and covered the bowl with a tea towel the rest would have to wait until morning.

I wasn’t certain exactly what woke me I only remembered a strange unfamiliar smell. I tossed restlessly as I tried to rid myself of the unpleasant odor. At last I opened my eyes. The room was dark and very quiet. I smelled alcohol, more precisely, I smelled beer. I reached across the bed, my husband slept soundly. I could hear the slow steady rhythm of his breathing. Nothing else in the apartment moved. There wasn’t a sound only the smell of beer. Slowly, silently, I sat up and placed my bare feet on the cold floor. I stood, trying to orient myself to the room and the direction of the smell. As quietly as I could I made my way to the door leading to the kitchen area. As I moved closer the smell grew stronger.

I could feel the rhythm of my heart accelerate. Cautiously I pried open the door. Then I stepped out into the unlit passage between the two rooms. My foot hit something cold and moist. As I slid through the passage into the kitchen both my feet were lifted off the ground and I landed with a loud thud. The lights came on and I let out a scream. My husband shook his head in disbelief as I rolled over in an effort to stand. There in the kitchen creeping out of the bowl, over the counter, onto the floor, and beyond the kitchen boundary was the “sponge.” My bread starter had turned into a nightmare. I cut the goo at the top of the bowl and stuck my fingers into the center of the mess in the bowl. It hissed and retreated into a small mass. I recoiled in horror. My hair, my arms, my everything was covered in dough. My husband laughed and threw me a towel as he slid gracefully across the floor and started scraping and cleaning dough off cabinets and floors. He smiled at me and with a twinkle in his eye asked “shall we dump it or do you plan to bake it for dinner?”

5.

WHITE WATER

Joan Stanley

I am a coward. Why was I doing this? There are three of us. We are all smiling but I am the color of chalk. We start at the crack of dawn. The air smells fresh and clear. It is late summer the trees are full, flowers bloom everywhere. As we turn off the main road onto a small two lane road which meanders through the forest small animals scurry across the road. Somewhere off to my right I can hear the sound of water. At the next turn the macadam ends abruptly and we find ourselves on a dirt road heading down to the meeting point. At the bottom of the hill we reach an open area defined by the surrounding trees and a small wooden shack. We pull up next to a large white van. Within minutes several other cars whose occupants are to be our companions on the rafting trip join us. Our lead guide is a stocky well muscled man with tattoos and a very loud voice. Before heading toward an ancient yellow school bus we are each issued a life jacket and a helmet. My white face is now a pale green.

The bus trip takes almost twenty minutes, destination; push off point for the rafts. We exit the bus and head toward the waiting rafts. The rest of the professional staff is also there, waiting. One guide will precede the rafters in a kayak. The lead guide will paddle alongside and direct the rafts. Two additional guides are to join other rafters. The last guide will paddle ahead and photograph the rafts as they make their way through the rapids. Each raft has six to eight persons who are instructed to follow directions, paddle like crazy, and above all if thrown from a raft do not try to stand as “you might get your foot caught in a sink hole and the river doesn’t let go.” The first strains of terror begin to creep up. I had been this route before. Why do it again?

There is no time to think as we carry the rafts down the hill and place them in the water. The stronger paddlers take up seats in the front and rear of the raft. I sit in the middle portion across from another woman, she is younger, stronger. I smile. The river is gentle at the push off point. We float with the current and paddle just enough to keep up with the lead raft. At the first rapid we watch the man in the kayak paddle through and follow the hand signals given by the lead guide. The raft picks up speed as it goes through the small ripples of water. A short while later the raft is grounded on some rocks. We bounce and rock the raft to get free of the rocks and began to float down the river once more. The second rapid curls higher than the first and we watch as two people fall into the swirling waters. As their raft forges ahead a second raft pulls the two out of the swirling water. I feel a hollow pit opening in my stomach.

We float and paddle for the next two hours as each successive rapid grows in size and swiftness. People fall into the water and are pulled out, sometimes one person, sometimes the entire raft. I am wet from the spray off the rapids. My arms ache from paddling and I know the real test is yet to come. At one O'clock we pull onto the shore. There is a small clearing in the wood where the guides lay out a picnic lunch. A fallen tree stump and some large rocks serve as makeshift tables. The rafters walk and stretch and eat before getting back onto their rafts and pushing off for the second half of the journey.

As we approach the final rapid the rafters are signaled to pull close to the lead guide's raft for instructions. Unlike the previous rapids this one is between several large rocks and contains a whirlpool. To pass through safely the raft must approach the large rock on the right then swing to the left. The current is swift and it is important that everyone paddle hard. We are warned to stay off the rock or the raft will overturn. Once through the rapid the raft must be steered to the left and on to the shore. Rafts that come through the rapid but cannot fight the current and reach shore will not be able to exit the river for the next ten or fifteen miles. Two guides take positions on top of the rocks. The guide in the kayak goes through first. Forming a single line, each raft waits its turn to be guided through the rapid. As my raft approaches the twin rocks it begins to pick up speed. The pull of the water becomes stronger making it harder and harder to direct the raft. I can see the big rock on my right as the tip of the front of the raft is lifted by the white water.

The side of the raft touches the rock tipping it up in an arc. My paddle buddy is flung into the raft as I am propelled backward, downward, out of the raft. I feel a sharp tug around my neck. My helmet is gone. Something hard smacks against the back of my head as I hit first one rock then another. I open my eyes and see white swirls, my nose and lungs fill with cold sweet water. My face breaks the surface and I gasp for breath. I can feel myself being tossed from side to side. I fight the fear, the panic, and the sheer terror of losing all control. A small voice in my head keeps repeating "do not to try to stand 'the river doesn't let go'." As I fight to keep my feet up and my head from going under I reach desperately for the man in the kayak. I feel him pushing me away and shouting for me to grab hold of the raft coming through the rapid. My hands slide off the kayak. The noise of the water and the shouts of the rafters are deafening as my face goes under once more. I reach up and grab the side of a raft. I feel the embrace of strong arms pulling me up. Gasping and coughing I lay like a beached whale on the bottom of the raft as we head to the shore. I had faced the river and won. More importantly I had faced my fear. It was good to be alive!

6.

COME DANCE WITH ME

Joan K. Glickstein

Eyes closed, she rolled over onto her back and listened to the soft buzzing of his snoring. The sound floated gently through her mind and mingled with an old tune. She could see herself sitting in the gymnasium that passed for a dance hall on the first weekend of every month. She sat on an old blue folding chair listening to the local band, just waiting for something or someone.

"Come dance with me," he said.

She looked up into the most beautiful blue eyes she had ever seen. He bowed low and extended his hand. She smiled at the old-fashioned gesture. "You're beautiful and I love you. Marry me.," he said.

She laughed. "Marry you? I don't even know you. We've just met"

"My name is Charles Bookman. I'm 22 years old and I have a good job. As for having just met, I will take you on a picnic tomorrow and we can talk about that. I'll pick you up at noon."

"But what if it rains?"

"Rain or shine, twelve noon."

It rained all morning and showed no signs of letting up when the doorbell rang at noon. He stood at the door with a large open umbrella and a wide grin.

"It's pouring," she said.

"I see," he replied.

"Where are we going?"

"On a picnic, of course."

"But it's pouring," she repeated.

He made no move to enter or to leave. She looked into his smiling eyes and sighed. With a shrug of her shoulders, she turned to grab the old yellow poncho and rain boots she had waiting, just in case ..., and headed out into the downpour.

He parked near the bandstand and they ran for the shelter of the gazebo. They pulled the sole dry table toward the center and proceeded to empty the large basket of its contents. There was a tablecloth, napkins, wine glasses, candles and everything needed for a gourmet dinner. Her eyes sparkled and she clapped her hands with delight. He extended his hand and said, "Come dance with me."

"There's no music."

"Are you always so negative?" he asked pulling her close. She could feel his warm breath in her hair as he began to sing, softly at first, then louder and with abandon as they swayed and twirled to the music.

They married in the summer on the hottest day on record. The air conditioner broke and the preacher passed out from the heat. The beautiful ice sculptures melted into a puddle and every spare piece of ice was wrapped in a napkin draped around a guest's neck. She cried and her makeup ran. He took her hand and said, "You are the most beautiful woman in the world and I love you." The three-piece band struck up a slow tune. He put his arms around her and hummed his tune as they swayed to the music while their guests mopped the sweat from their foreheads.

The twins were born early, weighing barely three pounds each. The neonatal intensive care was a nightmare. Wherever she looked, there were tubes. So many tubes she could not find her babies. The girl was the stronger of the two; she kicked her little legs at the blankets and made mewling and gurgling sounds. They called her Grace. The boy was calmer and so they called him Peace. He tried to suck and he tried to breathe but in the end, it was too much and he was gone. The funeral was brief. The casket was white with a soft blue velvet lining. She blamed herself for not eating enough, for eating too much, for being bad or good or just not worth anything. She blamed him for smiling, for not caring enough, for everything and for nothing. Her heart was breaking for the small son she could not give him.

There were sounds were coming from the nursery so she peaked in. The baby was almost invisible in his large arms. He was humming softly, swaying to the tune. She walked toward them slowly, tears wetting her face. He continued swaying to the music in his head. Without missing a beat he said, "God gave us this one to keep. If he give us more, it will be wonderful. If he doesn't, well, somehow I think we will find more."

She put her arms around the two of them and joined them in their dance. Somewhere, somehow, she could hear the music.

Grace grew and started school. Then one day Grace came home with the skinniest little boy she had ever seen. His shirt was too big and his fingernails were dirty, but Grace did not seem to notice.

"He's my friend Tommy and he's hungry."

She nodded and asked, "Tommy would you like something to eat?"

Tommy grinned, showing teeth that may or may not have been brushed that morning. She made them both peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Grace ate half of a sandwich. Tommy ate two and a half and from that day forward, Tommy was a regular, after school and weekend visitor. On weekends, he often came for lunch and stayed for dinner. He washed his hands and mostly combed his hair. As Grace grew and thrived, so did Tommy. It didn't

seem to matter that his father wasn't there or that his mother was always "sick." Tommy knew he could always count on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, some cookies and Grace. Grace liked school and books, and Tommy liked whatever Grace liked. They read books, did homework, rode bicycles, played, and talked about all the important things children played and talked about together. As they studied together and played together, they grew together. So when Grace and Tommy were married everyone felt the family was complete.

There was a loud snort from the sleeping figure besides her. She shifted her weight and opened her eyes to look at him. The slow steady buzzing began again. She watched the rise and fall of his chest in cadence with the buzz. It was his tune. He made music even while sleeping. A small tear began to form in the corner of her eye as once again her mind wandered back.

It was such a little bump. She was tempted to ignore it, but he pushed her and prodded and finally she agreed to get it checked and then rechecked.

"Stage I very early, not aggressive," so they said, "Just a lumpectomy, you're O.K."

Hooray, I'm O.K.! Then the new news, it's back! Not so little, in one of the nodes. Let's do one. Should we do two to be safe?

Their wrong! Their right! My God, what did I do wrong this time? It's not true. It can't be.

They decided on a double mastectomy followed by radiation and chemotherapy. "To make sure we got it all." They took her breasts and some of her lymph nodes. The surgery and radiation left her weak and in pain. The chemotherapy left her nauseous and angry. Her hair fell out in clumps in proportion to her declining spirits. Someone came to talk to her about "body image and acceptance."

"I have no body! I have no image!" she railed. She puked and cried until there were no more tears and nothing left to throw up.

He tried to hold her, to kiss her. He swabbed her mouth and cleaned up the puke. He emptied bedpans and tried to change her dressings. She pushed him away and turned her head. He hummed his tune and let her be. Then the treatments stopped and the pain eased and the nausea left. She looked in the mirror and saw the Halloween skeleton that she had become. *Look at me* she thought. *How could he love me? He doesn't care. How could he?* And she cried again.

The winter was cold and damp. Perfect weather to make every bone in her body ache. Her hair had been growing back making her scalp itch. Too achy to sleep and too tired not to, she put on her robe and headed to the kitchen to make some cocoa. She stopped at the threshold to listen to the sounds of someone sobbing. Peering in through the doorway she saw him sitting at the table, head in his hands. Without thinking, she rushed to his side and threw her arms around him.

"I'm sorry, so sorry. I never meant to hurt you. I love you but ... Look at me! Look at what's been done. How could you love me? I don't love me." Her words poured forth in a jumble, tumbling over one another, covering him like a warm blanket to ward off the winter's chill.

He stood up and looked down at her. "You're beautiful and I love you. I will always love you. Will you marry me?"

She looked up at him, at his silly grin and into the most beautiful blue eyes she had ever seen and for the first time in over a year, she laughed. "You're either an idiot or a saint," she sighed.

"Well, I'm certainly no saint," he replied. Then he put out his hand and said gently, "Come dance with me."

He held her close and they twirled to the music he sang in her hair.

The tear that had been building slid slowly down her face. She smiled, still listening to their music, as she reached over touching the sleeping figure lying next to her. He stirred and the soft buzzing stopped. He turned toward her and in a voice thick with sleep asked "what are you doing up?"

She looked at him and grinned. She sighed again and answered happily "Just dancing to some old tunes."

I found the following two stories hidden amongst Joan's files. They are just too real to leave out. I very much enjoyed reading them and had to print them out for myself.

*The names used in some her stories represent real people with a name change. The stories are based on true events. For those readers who want to read more about Jenny and David, I urge you to read her published book, *Threads* (available from LULU.com.) That story too, while mixed with some fictional tales (I think) is based on real people. Only the names have been changed.*

The following pages were written with several different titles. I just copied this file which was probably finished by January 14, 2008.

7.

UNTITLED Jan 14, 2008

Spring break arrived along with David's proposal. Jenny smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not sure" she whispered. "What's not to be sure? You know I love you." Jenny nodded. "Great then its settled." David was elated. Jenny was nervous. "How do you know?" she asked. David looked at her with warm loving eyes. He took her in his arms and whispered "just look at how wonderful we are together." Then he grinned his impish grin and added "besides, I'm so good I will make a perfect husband." Jenny sighed; David made her feel safe and wonderful and all the good things that go with it. But is that love? "Love?" David repeated "love grows." "Like a flower?" she asked. "Like a weed" he replied. Having settled that, she prepared to meet his family during the Passover Holidays. "We have a break from school and it seems like a good time for the families to get together. A Seder will give everyone something to do." It was David's suggestion but she jumped at it. At a Seder she wouldn't have to do much talking. She liked that, not having to talk.

As the date grew closer Jenny grew increasingly uneasy. She knew little about David's family. She simply never thought to ask. He had mentioned that they once lived in the same neighborhood as she but they bought a house a few miles away and moved. Jenny was impressed that they owned a house. Everyone she knew in Brooklyn lived in an apartment. Very few people owned their own house. She desperately wanted her father to buy a house but they never seemed able to afford a down payment. Aside from the house, David's description of his family seemed to be much like her own. Most of the family lived in the same neighborhood and they all gathered for the holidays. His grandfather always made the two Seders. When Jenny's grandfather was alive, he used to make Seder. Jenny and her mother's entire family, aunts, uncles, cousins, would always go there for the first night. Since his death Seder's were rotated among her mother's family. Not everyone always showed up. The Seders also seemed to be less formal and shorter than the ones at poppa and bubba's. This year Jenny and her family will attend the first night at David's grandfather's Seder. The second night David and his family will come to Jenny's house and Jenny's father will conduct the Seder. Grandfathers always took precedence and Jenny was glad.

Two days before the holiday David left for home. Jenny stayed to complete a term paper and take a midterm exam scheduled on the day before the break. It was impossible to go anywhere until the day of the Seder. The Jewish students pleaded for an early or late exam.

One student went so far as to call the exam and anti-Semitic act. All to no avail. The exam date stood. Now she waited anxiously. Her ride was late. Jenny could feel the panic rise up inside her as the minutes ticked by. *Oh, God! She thought. I won't have time to change for the Seder. If mama insists I'll just make everyone else late. Everyone will hate me. I know it. No one comes late for Passover, especially not to a religious house. It's bad enough we have to ride there. Oh, God! Oh, God. Oh, Hell! I give up. David, you miserable thing. Why did I let you talk me into this? Oh sure, your uncles all ride and your grandfather is very tolerant of them. Their his sons for crying out loud and so what if your parents aren't as observant as they used to be. I'm a stranger. A female with a degree no less. What will they think of a stranger riding up on holiday night? A smart ass with a degree.*

At last Jenny's ride arrived. The driver, a duffle bag, and another student filled the front. Two passengers sat sprawled in the back. The trunk was full so Jenny threw her bag on the floor in the back and climbed in. As she settled into a seat near the window the driver announced "hang on guys, one more stop before heading off." As the car came to a halt in front of an old house on the end of College Avenue, Mort, the driver of the car, honked loudly. A tall, lanky young man came out of the doorway carrying a small duffle bag. "Just throw it in the back" Mort shouted. The young man did as he was told and climbed in over Jenny. The three passengers huddled in the rear of the car, feet on baggage and packages, their legs pulled up toward their chins. "We're off" cried Mort and with a toot of the horn he pulled away from the curb and headed toward Brooklyn. When the car finally pulled up in front of her house Jenny's legs ached and she could barely breathe. She grabbed her bag from the pile and ran into the apartment building.

Becky had been sitting by the window that looked out onto the street since noon. "Let it be, Becky" Mrs. Kaplan pleaded. "You can't make her come any sooner and we don't need the neighbors watching you watch for your sister." "I know that momma. I just need to watch." Mrs. Kaplan sighed and handed her younger daughter the bagel she had prepared for the girl's lunch. "Eat this!" she commanded. "In a few hours it will be Pesach and you will be looking for it." Becky took the plate and bit into the hard chewy crust. Cream cheese squirted out on all sides. The girl squealed with delight. She loved chewy bagels with mounds of cream cheese. Best of all she love squirty, sloppy cheese oozing out of the bagel and onto her plate. She new Jenny would gag in disgust and the thought pleased her. Mrs. Kaplan usually tried to avoid letting her younger daughter have sloppy bagels when Jenny was home but Jenny wasn't here yet and today was special, very special. The two girls were seven years apart. Jenny, the big sister, adored Becky who in turn worshiped the ground Jenny walked on. Becky could hardly wait to meet Jenny's boyfriend. She sat glued to the window, waiting for her sister, anxious that this new boy would make things different between them. Becky had seen the car pull up in front of the house. She bolted from her seat with shouts of "she's here, she's here, Jenny's here." Everyone lunged for the door and the family was upon her before she reached the first landing. Neighbors stuck their heads out of their doors to say hello and congratulations. It seemed to Jenny that the entire world was interested in her engagement. In a Brooklyn apartment house privacy sometimes meant the immediate world knew what you were doing.

Becky hugged and squeezed. Then her father kissed her. Jenny dropped her bag and walked over to eleven year old Ari and put her arms around him. The boy blushed and

hugged back shyly. "Hi Jen. I missed you" he mumbled. While all this was going on Jenny's mother stood, as if rooted to her spot on the floor, and grinned. That's it, she just stood there and grinned. Jenny couldn't figure it out. With everyone yelling and screaming and hugging and kissing her mother looked weird. She walked over to her mother and hugged her. Still not a word. Jenny looked at her mother. "I'll hurry up Ma. I'm sorry we were late." Still there wasn't a word. Jenny spoke again, "Ma, talk to me. It's me, remember?" Jenny's mother looked at her daughter, grinning and nodding. Twice she opened her mouth to speak and Jenny waited. She bounced up and down, up and down like a little rubber ball at the end of a hi-li racket. At long last she said, "I'm biting my tongue, you get dressed." Jenny kissed her mother and looked toward her father. He had his hurry up look on his face so Jen took the suitcase and headed for her room. "The dress is a mess" she wailed. Her mother took the dress from her "I'll iron and you wash." She washed quickly and put on her newly ironed dress and a pair of heels. She hated wearing heels. They threw her entire body out of line and made her feet hurt. But girls wore heels when they dressed and Jenny wanted to make a good impression. She was about to exit her room when she heard her mother's voice "Don't forget some make-up." Jenny sighed and went back to the mirror. She hated make-up even more then she hated high heels but she wasn't about to disgrace her mother. Just this once she would suffer in silence. Jenny looked around the room and noticed that she was alone. She shared the room with her younger sister and not once since the day Becka was born could Jenny remember being alone in the room. Before Jenny could give way to idle speculation, her father knocked on the door and told her to hurry it would be dark soon. Jenny grabbed her purse and joined her family. They all piled into the "Red Devil" and headed toward David Green's house and the mishpocha. Jenny was given the seat of honor next to her father, the driver. Mrs. Kaplan, Becky, and Ari seated themselves in the back. If anyone said anything on the way Jenny didn't hear it. The sound of her heart combined with the rumbling in her stomach drowned out all other sounds.

When the car reached the Green's house Jenny could see the family standing on the front porch waiting for them to arrive. "This is it, daddy" she shouted as her father calmly drove past the waiting group. Jenny strained her neck backwards to see if David had recognized her in the red convertible. She looked forward toward her father who was wrapped in deep concentration.

Then Jenny realized what was happening. David's house was on the left hand side of the street. This meant that her father would make six right hand turns to avoid either a U-turn or a left turn in order to park in front of the house. In all his life, her father had never made a left turn to go anywhere. Jenny bit her lip and hoped no one noticed the red convertible or they might wonder why the car had suddenly disappeared. At last the six turns were made and the car was settled just inches from the curb in front of the Green's house. David rushed down the steps to greet them and to introduce Jen to his family. Everyone stood near the car and exchanged excited greetings. Then the group took off to Poppa Greens and the Seder.

Poppa Green's house was at the end of the block. The outside of the house was identical to the house that David Green and his family lived in. This wasn't at all surprising since all of the houses on the block were identical except for the presence or absence of an awning over the front porch or the color of the trim around the windows. All of the houses

had eight steps leading up to a large front porch and except for the houses on either end of the street they were all connected one to the other. Even by today's standards these were not small houses. They were two stories with three bedrooms, full basements that sometimes held paying tenants, and back yards. They were called row houses because they stood in a row, like soldiers. They were wonderful and unpretentious. The achievement of the American dream. Your own piece of land, where you could plant a tree or a flower and watch it come alive in the spring and go to sleep in the winter. Many of the people that lived in the houses had come from other parts of the world or they were first generation Americans. They knew what it meant to rise before the first light and to work until the light had again changed to dark. They were grateful for their jobs and the money it brought. But their pride was expressed in their children. Education rather than money was the measure of success.

David and Jenny were second generation offspring. They were both in graduate school. They were both precious jewels to be shined and polished and shown to relatives for approval and admiration. The joy of knowing that my son, the doctor to be, was to marry an educated girl from a "frumma" background was heady news and the excitement generated by such a match added to the joy of the holiday season.

The group climbed the eight steps leading to the front porch. Everyone except Jenny seemed to fly upward and onward. Jenny trailed behind the happy group, looking down at her feet, trying not to trip on her heels and make a complete fool of herself. David had already reached the door when he realized his bride to be was nowhere in sight. He looked back and saw Jen struggling to keep herself together. Quickly he moved back down the steps to give her a hand. Jen never quickened her pace. Together they made it to the door which had been flung open revealing a noisy crowd of aunts, uncles and cousins, shouting "Hi, Butch" and "Here comes the bride."

Jenny looked at her shoes and mumbled "David, I'm going to be sick." Then she said silently, "Please God, don't let me be sick. Not now." A feeling of unmistakable terror had gripped her. There had to be an exit. She had to run. The crowd had closed in and Jenny, David, the Kaplan's and the Greens were all being propelled to the center of the overflowing room. Jenny felt herself being smothered by a pair of strong, soft arms and an enormous bosom. The heavily accented voice welcoming her to the family sounded faintly familiar. "Jenny, this is my grandmother." Jenny looked up. As her mouth started to form the proper "I'm very pleased to meet you," she looked at the grinning face of the wrinkled old woman who still had a tight grip on her body. Jenny's mouth stopped in mid-sentence. A look of astonishment appeared as recognition dawned in her almost numb brain. She turned her head questioningly toward David who had the look of a pleased idiot. One of the uncles stepped forward. "Surprise and welcome" he beamed. The young man wasn't much older than Jenny. They had lived on the same block and had attended the same school. Jenny and her parents had visited back and forth until the Green's had moved. Jenny never asked where. People frequently moved. Green was such a common name that it had never occurred to her that David and Sam were related. Now, here she was about to become one of the family. Everyone knew who Jenny was before she ever set foot in the room. They knew her parents and her grandparents. They knew what she liked and what she didn't like. What was worse, everyone had known and approved the match before Jenny knew and said

yes. She was furious. No wonder her mother was "biting her tongue". No wonder her sister seemed so weird. No wonder!! Jenny glared at David.

"You set me up!" she hissed.

"Yeah" he grinned.

"How could you? How could you do such a terrible thing?"

"What's terrible? If I told you my grandmother wanted me to meet you, would you have gone out with me? Tell the truth."

Jenny thought for a moment then answered slowly, "No, I suppose not."

"Aha!" David said. "See, you wouldn't have even looked at me. Foolish girl. We would have missed a great life. Be glad you don't have to worry about getting acquainted. Everyone loves you

Already."

With that said, the crowd once more closed in. Jenny shook her head in bemused wonderment. "I need the bathroom" she said as she took off to the only place she could be alone and think. Jenny closed the door behind her. She walked silently over to the toilet and lifted the seat. Then quiet calmly she proceeded to throw up.

While the following pages are actually a continuation of the above writing, it was also found as a separate file entitled "Here Comes the Bride."

8. IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN

Joan K. Glickstein

It was August and it was hot. The wedding was planned for winter break. They would marry and celebrate the New Year at the same time. Now getting married on New Year's Eve may be a simple event to some people but in the Jewish community where Jenny and David resided setting the date meant getting the hall. Not just a hall but THE hall. To get to the hall you had to take the bus from David's house heading toward the subway and ride for about ten minutes. When you get off the bus you find yourself on a very large street lined with small shops and restaurants. About two blocks down from this business section just before the private houses begin there is a building whose sole purpose is to ensure the joyful union of Jewish young ladies to Jewish young men. Here is where one finds the ultimate in Jewish Glatt Kosher catering and here is where Jennifer Kaplan was to become Mrs. David Green. God willing!

It was 10 A.M. on a Sunday morning when the Kaplan's and the Greens arrived en masse at the Twin Cantors Wedding Hall. The hall was alive with waiters, busboys, cooks and assorted personnel scurrying from room to room setting tables, arranging place cards and doing all those tasks so necessary to the assurance of a "simple but most elegant glatt kosher union." Jenny cast a jaundiced eye over the proceedings and turned to David, "This place is a zoo" she remarked. But before David could respond, the party was greeted by Mr. Teplitz a short round man with a fringe of salt and pepper hair. His large bald spot was only partially covered by an intricately embroidered yarmulke that insisted on sliding sideways toward his left ear. Mr. Teplitz smiled and nodded effusively like a toy bird Jenny had seen in a store window. The bird went up and down, up and down toward a glass of water but never seemed to get its beak wet. Now here was Mr. Teplitz making the same up and down movements as he ushered the entire party into his office. Everyone sat, Mr. Teplitz behind an over sized desk designed to show his importance and the quality of his work, men on the couch in the rear, mothers together opposite Mr. Teplitz but on his right, and Jenny off to the left. It was time to get down to business. A simple but elegant affair, of course. First everyone needed to settle on colors, colors were extra. White was fine but colors offered warmth. Jenny opened her mouth, her mother spoke, they settled on pink. With colors plain china was fine but gold was elegant at 50 cents more per service. By the time they had come to the menu Jenny was numb. Simple but elegant was sounding more and more like Barnum and Bailey. She could care less if the chopped liver showed up in the shape of a heart or if Mr. Teplitz's own heart was ground in with the liver. For that matter she was beginning to hate chopped liver but the meeting went on. At last they went to see the hall. It wasn't that they had never seen the hall before, they had attended many weddings there. Jenny's cousin was married there just a few months earlier. But one did not "take" a hall without first seeing it. So everyone rose and walked dutifully toward the rooms where it was all to happen. Note that Mr. Teplitz said "rooms" not "hall" for a simple but elegant wedding required more than just one room or a mere hall. First there was the entry hall, a large room where a table would display small cards containing each guest's name and table number, calligraphy was extra. Then there was the reception room where

the smorgasbord was to be set, next came the dining room where everyone would go after the ceremony and last but not least, as Mr. Teplitz pointed out, there was the chapel where the lovely couple would be united.

The chapel was a room with wooden pews that could accommodate up to 300 people. There was a raised platform in the front of the room with overhead lighting that gave off a strange glow illuminating those that stood underneath the permanent canopy that was the chupa. It was on this platform that the ceremony was to take place. The wall opposite to the platform was covered by heavy curtains and it was to this part of the room that Mr. Teplitz drew everyone's attention. Bobbing and dancing in excitement he motioned everyone to "come, come, see what we have added. You'll love it." With one great sweep of his pudgy little hand he directed everyone's gaze to a flight of steps whose banisters were covered with artificial flowers. At the top of the steps there was an enormous heart wreathed in more artificial flowers. "Here it is" he said. "Our bride steps out of the heart, down the stairs, and meets her groom. Isn't it gorgeous? Of course it's extra but it's a wedding like no other!" As the group gazed in admiration of Mr. Teplitz's wonder Jenny shattered the stillness with a loud cry. "That's it guys. I've had it! I won't do it. Mother, I love you. Mrs. Green I'd do anything to please you. But I can't walk down those steps in a long dress and high shoes. I'll kill myself if I try and worse I'll look like an idiot when I die. David, you tell them. How would you like to have to tell your friends your fiancé died stepping out of a heart made of fake flowers at the wedding. That's sick."

A deep silence filled the room. The men looked at their shoes. Mr. Teplitz puckered his mouth and made little sucking noises. The mothers looked at one another. To one not versed in Jewish body language the scene might best be described as a Mexican standoff but to the cognizant it simply allowed both sides to draw up the plan of battle. It took less than a heartbeat for Mrs. Green to ever so slightly tilt her head toward Jenny and raise one eyebrow in that direction. In exactly the same space of time Mrs. Kaplan, ever so slightly dropped her head forward in the direction of Mrs. Green. Never could it be said that Mrs. Green had issued an order and Mrs. Kaplan had agreed but in the next beat Mrs. Kaplan was at her daughter's side with her arms around her.

"Jenny, darling" she soothed. "Jenny, you know you will be beautiful."

"I don't want to be beautiful. I want to get married."

"Of course you do. You're my first born and I want you to be a beautiful bride. You're the most important thing in your father's life. Don't worry, we'll work it out."

At the invocation of her father's name, Jenny knew she was a dead pigeon. "For God's sake daddy, help me. It's your money."

Mr. Green raised his eyebrows and looked at his daughter. A loud sigh and a shrug emanated from his body. Mr. Teplitz beamed. Her fate was sealed. Jenny Kaplan would have to walk out of a heart bleeding with artificial white flowers before she could become Mrs. David Green. For one brief instant Jenny wondered what it would be like to grind Mr. Teplitz's heart in with the chopped liver. The group moved back into the office and Jenny sank into the couch. Her father sat down next to her and put a comforting arm around her shoulders said, "Just think of the pleasure you'll give your mother." "Just think" she mumbled.

By the time all the arrangements were finished it was after 3 in the afternoon and the day was still hot. Jenny looked down at her shoes as she walked. Every once in a while she kicked a bit of garbage into the street as she made her way from her house to her grandmother's. The contracts had been signed and everyone was happy. Everyone, except Jenny. She was nervous and upset and anxious. She was angry with Mr. Teplitz for selling a side show instead of a wedding and she was angry with her father for paying for it. The more she walked the hotter she became. The hotter she became the more confused things seemed to become. At last she spotted her grandmothers building.

Jenny entered the small narrow hall and climbed the stairs to the first landing. When she reached the landing she opened the door leading to "Tar Beach." That was what everyone called the tar covered roofs used by tenants for sunning and meeting on hot summer days. Tar Beach is where Jenny's grandmother frequently sat to watch life going on in the streets down below. Jenny looked around at the empty chairs and satisfying herself that Buba was not there she proceeded up to the second landing. She knocked at the door and waited. Sometimes it took Buba a while to get to the door but Jenny was impatient. She knocked again. This time she heard the shuffle of feet. "Buba, it's me, Jenny. Open up" she called. There was the sound of a lock being turned and then the noise of a chain being undone. At last the door was opened and Jenny fell into the arms of her grandmother.

Buba stood less than five feet high. Her body was soft and round, almost as round as she was tall. Except for special occasions Buba always wore a loose fitting cotton house dress which buttoned down the front. This she covered with an enormous apron that had two big pockets. The apron hung loosely from a string around her neck and made a half hearted attempt to circle her ample waist. The little yellow flowers printed on her dress danced and winked as she moved. It was hard to tell how old she really was. When asked she always replied "sweet sixteen." There were no pictures of her as a young girl. The ones that did exist showed an older woman with young children. If one guessed her age by the number of wrinkles on her face she was over a hundred. But she always had wrinkles and even her children never recalled her as being anything but old. The cheekbones were high and her eyes were small, almost oriental. She had almost no teeth and Jenny never remembered her having any. She ate apples and nuts, and when Jenny asked her how she could do that without any teeth Buba laughed and said "you manage when you're little, so you manage when you're old." Buba wore her gray, white, hair in a top not made of her own hair that had been cut many years earlier. The style was that of the Russian city that she had come from. She had shown Jenny the "switch" one time when they were alone. When they all lived together Jenny remembered watching Buba fix the top not in place with huge hair pins and marveling that it never moved out of place. Buba seemed taller then. Now Jenny's own head topped her grandmother's by several inches.

Buba pulled a clean handkerchief out of one of her pockets and handed it to Jenny. "So? What happened?" Buba asked as she led Jenny to the parlor couch. Jenny's eyes welled up with tears. "Oh, Buba, it's awful, just awful" she wailed. "They want me to walk out of a heart. I'll look like a fool." Buba listened patiently as Jenny poured out the story of Mr. Teplitz and the heart with the spiral staircase. Jenny cried and shook her head. Buba waited. At long last Jenny was silent and she waited for her grandmother to console her. The old woman looked at her granddaughter. Her eyes narrowed and she pursed her lips. "So, what's so terrible?" Buba asked. Jenny took hold of her grandmother's hands and

looked at her round wrinkled face. The face was serious and questioning. "Don't you see, Ba? Don't you see? I'll look like an idiot!" The old woman thought for a moment. "Is that the worst?" she asked?

"Isn't that bad enough?" pleaded Jenny.

"So tell me what is the worst?" came the reply.

"I'll just die."

"Dying doesn't count. That's the worst for the family but for you, it wouldn't mean a thing."

"What if I fall and break my legs and become a cripple?"

"So you sue and get rich. What else."

"Everyone will laugh because I look so stupid."

"You're supposed to be the entertainment. That's why your mother is making this wedding in the first place."

"Yes, but I'm not supposed to be a clown, a fool."

"So, let's see who will say you are a fool. Who will be at the wedding?"

"What do mean, who will be there. You know. Sara and Rachel and all the rest of the family. David and my friends and some of daddy's business buddies. That's who. You know that."

"O.K. so let's see. Sara. Sara will look at you coming down the stairs and remember her own wedding two months ago. Remember? Bessie wanted a spectacular. So Mr. Teplitz arranged to have some trained birds fly over the couple just before they broke the glass. Love birds, he said. A symbol of love, is what Mr. Teplitz told your aunt. So what happened? One of the pigeons got lost and decided to land in Bessie's hairdo. The wedding had to be stopped and it took twenty minutes to pry the poor bird's feet loose from the net in Bessie's hair. But Sara and Mory were married and that was the most exciting wedding this year so don't count on Sara to laugh.

"So now for Rachel, she will be too terrified about her own wedding to even enjoy yours. So we don't have to worry about Rachel."

As for the rest, the yentas will talk no matter what and you have no right to deprive them. So next come your friends. The Jews will hold their breath and be relieved when it's finished and you haven't broken a leg and the goyim will think they have witnessed some special religious passage and be honored you let them share it with you."

"Finally we have your father's business friends. To them this is business, and no one laughs at business. Not even a Rockefeller. And now we come to the real problem..."

Jenny buried her head deep into the old woman's lap. "Oh, Ba," she cried. "I'm just so scared."

Buba loosened the girl's grip on her hands. Slowly, gently, the old woman stroked the tangled locks of hair that flowed over her apron. "Do you love him?" the grandmother asked.

"I don't know" came the reply. "Did you love Poppa?"

Jenny had meant to ask how her grandmother knew she loved her grandfather. Somehow the words had changed when she asked. There was a pause, and Jenny looked up into the face that had loved her from before she was born. She had expected an immediate reply and the pause made her uneasy. Jenny never thought of her grandmother as anything other than a source of love and comfort. Someone like God, who always was and always will be. All at once the pause forced Jenny to see a glimpse of a woman who might have existed before Jenny, before children, perhaps even before marriage. Jenny pressed closer to her source of comfort and waited for her answer. "We shared a life" Buba said slowly, remembering how it was. "Your Poppa was a good man. He worked hard and always provided."

"But did you love him?" Jenny pleaded.

Again there was the pause. At last Buba reached into her lap and pulled Jenny's face up to hers. "Yes, I loved your Poppa and I miss him" she said. "Jenny, the best kind of love comes slow and takes time. If you expect the whole world now, what will you have left for latter? Life is little things all put together. If you worry too much about one thing you miss the rest."

"Buba, what will we talk about? I mean, after we are married a year, what will we say?"

A small smile crept across Buba's face and a tiny glint was beginning to shine in her eyes. "Ah ha! At last we have it. You are worried what David will think of you."

"Suppose I have nothing to say? He'll think I'm a shtuma, a dummy"

"A shtuma isn't quiet, she's stupid. Because your mouth is shut your ears aren't broke. Maybe it's David's turn to talk. David knows you're not a dummy. Only you think you're a dummy. And even if you are a dummy, which you are not, some people need to be married to dummies."

Jenny sighed. For the first time since the incident with Mr. Teplitz she smiled. Her grandmother was right. The world wasn't coming to an end. The wedding was only one little thing. The only one who might feel like a fool at the wedding was Jenny and that would only happen if she let it happen. What the hell. If Sarah could survive the birds she could survive the heart. Lightened by a sudden feeling of euphoria, Jenny threw her arms around her grandmother's neck and grabbed her in tight embrace. The old woman let out a gasp of air. Snuggling closer, Jenny kissed her Buba's soft cheek. When her nose reached Buba's ear Jenny whispered softly "What's to eat?"

9. ONCE UPON A TIME WAY, WAY, OUT WEST

Joan K. Glickstein

Once upon a time, a long, long, long, time ago, way, way, out west, there was a very small town surrounded by large mountains. Now in this town there lived a church going man named Efram. Efram came out west seeking a place where he could worship in peace, make converts, and get rich. Deadwood was just such a place, except it had no church. So Efram and the other white settlers set about building one. When the church was finished the townspeople had a gathering. They congratulated one another, sang hymns, prayed, and ate a great many vegetables since they were peace loving people who did not believe in killing. Not even for food. But there was one thing that was still missing. The church did not have a minister! Then into town rode a handsome stranger on a big, really big, dark horse.

The stranger rode straight up to the church, got off his horse, and with the good book in his right hand, walked right into the church. "Where is your minister?" he asked. "Alas, we have none" came the reply. "Then it is truly the good lord who sent me, I shall be your minister." And so it came to pass that the handsome stranger on the big, really big, dark horse became the very little town's minister.

As time passed Efram and the minister became good friends. Since the minister had no wife and women (white women that is) were scarce, Efram wrote back home suggesting that the minister and his sister might make a good match, being that Efram's maternal grandmother came from a long line of ministers. For some reason the family thought the match was a good idea. In due time the young woman arrived in Deadwood bag and baggage to check out her future mate. Now this minister was not only young and handsome but clever as well. In no time at all a wedding date was set and life was about to move on its merry way. Except!

In this town there was a sheriff. As western towns and western sheriffs go there wasn't anything unusual except, this sheriff happened to be an Indian. Not only was he an Indian but he was the son of the local tribes chief, a very proud and important chief, as chief's go. Despite being a low paying job, the chief was kind of glad that his son was the sheriff, since there were more Indians than white men in town at that time. But not all the townspeople felt that way since having an Indian for a sheriff made it hard for some of the white men to sell liquor to the Indians, which was not legal anyway.

Now one of the things a good minister must do is try to get more parishioners. This is often done by persuading any human being that is willing to listen to accept the faith. And so, the minister spent a good bit of his time on the Reservation since there were more human beings there then in town.

Unfortunately, in those days minister's salaries were not very great and sometimes expenses, especially for a young, good looking, minister, could get beyond the point of solvency. Truly there were not very many ways to make an easy buck even in the old west. So the minister, to make ends meet comfortably, sold liquor to the Indians. More accurately, he delivered liquor to the Indians.

When the sheriff got wind of this, he did what any good western sheriff would do. He gave the minister twenty-four hours to clear out of town then headed to the homestead to tell the minister's girl.

Of course the girl was upset. Here she was a thousand miles from home. Her only prospect gone and not much left in the way of cash. On the other hand, she was better off without a shady minister for a husband, even if he was good looking. Besides, the sheriff was a much more interesting catch.

In due time, with the aid of her brother, the sheriff was converted and the match was made. Life as a sheriff's wife was nothing like being married to a minister; especially if the sheriff happens to be an Indian. Poachers, outlaws and rum runners all thought they had the right to use the sheriff as a punching bag because he was an Indian. One time when he arrested a drunken Indian the man's wife came after him with a tomahawk. Fortunately she missed but the desk where he sat was a mess!

Time passed and a little girl was born. The girl grew to be a dark eyed beauty and many men courted her but she was strong willed and would have none of them.

By this time logging was an important industry and the logging camps attracted many men who were out to make their fortune. Into one of these camps came a Scotch-Irish man named John Manning. He liked the looks of the strong willed half-breed he saw in town and decided to marry her.

John started going to church and vowed not to eat meat or kill animals or even Indians. Though he did think about it. To court the girl, John learned about the Indians and visited the reservation. Finally he spoke to the girl's father and a bargain was struck. John would marry the girl and work the homestead. He would work at the logging camp only in his spare time and to earn extra money. He would spend some of his time on the reservation and learn some of the Indian ways. And absolutely he would never again kill Indians.

Three years after John Manning and Mary Eagle were married she bore him a son whom they name Carter Black Eagle Manning. Carter grew to be a strong, sturdy lad, not too tall and not too bright. He tried to be a sheriff like his dad, but he was too kind hearted to keep anyone locked up. Next he tried to be a black smith, but the barn burned down. After many other tries his mother took him aside and said "Black Eagle my son" she always called him by his Indian name, "Black Eagle, you have tried here and you have failed; now you must leave Deadwood and make your own way." Then she hugged him and handed him his knapsack, some tools, a lunch bag, and two corn and molasses cookies. Carter hugged his mother and headed for the woods.

Carter walked all that day and part of the night. He was deep into the woods. All around him were the stumps of trees that the loggers had cut down. There were big empty patches with deep ruts filled with stagnant water left by the wagons that hauled the trees. There were no birds, no fireflies, only the blackness of the night.

Finding a dry spot under a lone tree, he lay down and fell asleep. In the morning Carter could see an old dilapidated house that had been abandoned by its former owners. He climbed the stairs to the rickety front porch and was about to knock when he noticed a sign on the front door that said "you are here, at A Broken Down Place." It was right at this moment that he heard something behind him, or under him, move. He looked around and sure enough, there was someone under the porch.

"Come out, come out" called Carter. "I can't" replied a small voice. "We are stuck in the mud." Carter got down on his hands and knees and stretched out his hand. "Here take my hand, I will help you." The little boy under the porch took Carter's hand and with a mighty tug out he came and out came a little girl holding on to the little boy's hand. "Who are you? And how did you get here?" Carter asked. "I'm Tom and this is my sister Becky" replied the boy. "We were from Falling Trees but everyone there has left. They left after the logging stopped. There were no more jobs and no money so to help our family Becky and I left to make our own way in this world but when we got to A Broken Down Place we got stuck in the mud until you lent us a helping hand."

Carter sat down on a broken step and scratched his head. He looked at the two muddy children. He opened his knapsack and pulled out a sandwich. The children's eyes opened wide but they did not say a word. "You must be very hungry" Carter said as he unwrapped his sandwich. "Would you like to share my sandwich?" "Oh, yes" replied the boy as he snatched the food from Carter. Having gulped down half the sandwich in two bites he handed the rest to his sister. She smiled shyly and ate the rest. "Well now" said Carter, "What a coincidence, I too left to make my own way in this world." Then he stood and looked up at the sky "It looks like rain. Why don't we all go inside?"

They were standing in the center of a large room when there was a loud thunder clap and a flash of lightning followed by buckets full of rain. Pitter patter came the rain. Drip, drip, drip, right through the roof. Soon the inside of the house was almost as wet as the outside. But no one seemed to mind. Now they were three. No one was alone.

As soon as the rain stopped Carter pulled out his tools. The two children gathered boards and old logs that could be used to fix the holes. In no time the house was dry. They found food in the forest and an old pot to cook in. Everyone was happy. Then there came a knock on the door. Carter opened the door. It was a tall, handsome stranger with a big, very big dark horse.

"Come in, come in" said Carter. "I will indeed" said the stranger. "This is my house" he said, showing Carter the deed. "I see you have fixed it up. So instead of making you leave now, I will give you twenty-four hours to buy my deed or else!" "But night is falling" pleaded Carter. "Tough" replied the stranger as he turned and left. "What can we do?" cried the children. "We will look for a helping hand" Carter said softly. He picked up his knapsack and started his trek toward Deadwood.

Tired and dirty, he knocked on his mother's door. Mary Eagle took one look at her son and said "Black Eagle my son, you stink, first you bathe, then you eat, then we talk." When at last Carter was able to speak, Mary Eagle listened with her eyes closed. After Carter finished his story. Mary Eagle remained silent for a long time. She took hold of her son's hands. "This is a problem. You need a helping hand. We shall go see your grandfather Sheriff Short Man Who Shoots Straight." So the two set off for the sheriff's house. Once again Carter told his story. The sheriff dropped his head to his chest and for a very long time said nothing. Carter thought he could hear the old man snore. But in due time the sheriff raised his head and said "Black Eagle, my grandson, you are dealing with a cunning man. It will take cunning to outwit him. You need a helping hand. We shall seek the

wisdom of your great grandfather the local tribe's chief Cunning Fox Ten Scalps and One Tongue in Cheek." So off they went to the reservation to seek the wisdom of the chief.

When they reached the reservation they learned that the chief was in the Sweat Lodge. So Black Eagle and Man Who Shoots Straight joined the chief while Mary Eagle visited with her relatives. Carter repeated his story for the third time. All the men in the sweat lodge listened. They nodded gravely and decided to have a big POW wow to determine what should be done about the handsome stranger with the dark horse. "We could scalp him" said one man. "We don't do that anymore" said another. "Too bad" said a third. "You must pay him off" declared the fourth. And they all nodded in agreement. "I know how" came a slurred voice from a far corner of the sweat lodge. Everyone turned to look at Drunken Beaver Sits on Blanket All Day.

They stared in amazement as Drunken Beaver stood and pulled back the worn red blanket he always sat on. "This was my grandfather's" he said pointing to a huge cache of whiskey bottles hidden in a well under his blanket. "We have been sitting on this treasure for many years trying to decide what to do with it. Now it is for Black Eagle. The government man will be on the reservation today. He will pay enough for these bottles to buy your deed. As soon as he has paid we will charge him extra so you can fix your house." "You know it is against the law for Indian's to buy or sell liquor" said the sheriff. "Indeed it is" said the chief. "What shall we do?" asked Carter. "Why we must get it off the reservation as quickly and quietly as we can" answered Drunken Beaver. "Quite right, I believe the government man drive a truck" said the sheriff and everyone smiled.

It was night fall by the time Carter arrived back at A Broken Down Place. The handsome stranger was busy pushing the two children out the door when Carter grabbed him by the belt buckle and shouted "Leave my little friends alone. Take you filthy money and give me your deed." The stranger turned and knocked Carter down. When he saw the money he held out his hand and helped Carter to stand. Reaching into his back pocket the stranger took out the deed and handed it to Carter who made certain it was the real thing. The handsome stranger got on his high horse and rode off. Carter hugged the children and ushered them inside. He put the rest of the money on the table and said to the children "Now we can live in peace and with all of this anyone who finds himself at A Broken Down Place will have a helping hand.

Joan K. Glickstein

(I chose this category because I have 6 grandchildren who like to tell stories. I want to write a story that will make them smile.)

Max has the perfect grandpa. Perfect, that is, except for one thing. Max's grandpa has the smelliest feet anyone has ever smelled. When grandpa takes off his shoes everyone must leave the room.

Max is a little boy who lives in a little house with his grandpa, two old dogs, Buddy and Babe, and a big yellow cat named Chloe whose eyes glow in the dark.

Thomas is the boy who lives in the green house next door to Max. Thomas is a bully. He likes to play tricks on Max and to throw sticks at Buddy and Babe.

Jonah is Max's best buddy. They like to play hide and seek and explore together. When grandpa helps Max and Jonah set up two tents in the back yard so the boys can sleep outside and explore the night sky. Thomas decides to play a trick on them. Thomas plans to sneak into the boys' tents after they are asleep and fill their shoes with poison ivy berries. When the boys wake up in the morning and put on their shoes, the berries will break and make their feet blistering red and itchy.

That night, the boys hear an owl and are afraid to sleep alone so grandpa has the two boys sleep in one tent while he goes to bed in the other tent taking Chloe and the two dogs with him. When Thomas creeps into the tent to do his mischief, he doesn't realize that grandpa is the one in the sleeping bag. Thomas uncovers grandpa's shoes and reaches inside his shirt where he has hidden a bag with poison ivy berries. To his great surprise he is greeted by an awful smell. Awakened by the noise Chloe arches her back and hisses at the intruder. Seeing the two glowing eyes moving toward him and smelling the awful smell that has filled the tent, Thomas starts to make a hasty retreat but Buddy and Babe have moved in front of the door flap to block his way. As Thomas moves hastily out of the tent he trips over Buddy and Babe causing the bag with the poison ivy berries to break and spill inside his shirt. Thomas brushes and shakes himself as he runs home to shower.

The next morning Max and Jonah watch as grandpa shows them how to cook eggs over an open fire. When grandma brings the boys mugs of hot chocolate to go with their pancakes and eggs she tells grandpa that she invited Thomas to join them for breakfast but his mother said he couldn't because he had the worst case of poison ivy she had ever seen.

Joan Stanley

Max is a little boy who lives in a little house with his grandpa, two old dogs, Buddy and Babe, and a big yellow cat named Chloe whose yellow eyes glow in the dark. Max's grandpa is a scientist. Sometimes he makes things that fly up to the sky and sometimes he makes things that bubble and smoke. But mostly grandpa gives Max power hugs and makes quarters appear out of thin air.

If you ask Max he will tell you that he has the perfect grandpa. Perfect, that is, except for one thing. Max's grandpa has the smelliest feet anyone has ever smelled. In fact grandpa's feet smell so bad that everyone must leave the room when grandpa takes off his shoes.

Poor Grandpa, he didn't always have smelly feet. It happened one day when he went exploring in the woods near his house. He was walking barefoot through a field of beautiful flowers. The flowers tickled his feet and felt nice between his toes, so Grandpa wriggled and squiggled his toes until the flowers stuck underneath and in-between. From the big toe to the little toe there were soft spongy flowers resting happily. When Grandpa tried to brush them off they hugged his toes and clung tightly to their spot. The more he rubbed the tighter they stuck. *Well now*, thought grandpa, *I will just go home and wash my feet. Then surely the flowers will be gone.*

When Grandpa walked into the house Buddy sniffed and growled, Babe whined and hid under a chair, Chloe hissed and climbed on the couch, and grandma said "pew what is that smell?" Grandpa sniffed and looked down at his feet. "Uh, oh, it must be the pollen from these flowers" he said showing Grandma the flowers resting happily between his toes. "I'd better wash them off of my feet right now."

Grandpa washed and washed but the flowers stuck fast and no matter how much he washed the smell would not go away. "Pew" said grandma "put those stinky toes away." "Pew" said Max "please hide that smell." So grandpa had to hide his stinky toes. "These heavy socks should help" said grandma as she gave grandpa a pair of workmen's socks to put on. Grandpa put on the socks and promised not to go barefoot again.

The next morning there was a knock on the door. It was Jonah, Max's best friend. Jonah wanted to play. "Come in" Max said happily. "Pew" said Jonah "what is that smell?" "Uh, oh, Grandpa has his shoes off" replied Max. "Let's go outside and play hide and seek."

Max and Jonah raced outside followed by the two dogs. It was a perfect day for hide and seek. The sun was shining and the sky was bright blue. Buddy and Babe loved to play hide and seek with Max and Jonah. The boys hid behind trees and behind bushes. Buddy and Babe sniffed them out barking loudly whenever a boy was found. Sometimes Max and Jonah would run away from the dogs.

Buddy and Babe were old and didn't run very fast. Max and Jonah were young and ran very fast. Max and Jonah pretended to fall on the ground. The dogs pounced on the boys, licking their faces while yelping happily at having caught something.

After a while the boys grew tired of playing. They sat down in the shade to rest. Grandma brought them some milk and chocolate chip cookies. Buddy barked for a treat. Max threw him a dog biscuit. Buddy ran after the biscuit. The dog brought the biscuit back to Max. Max and Jonah laughed. Then Jonah threw a biscuit. This time Babe brought it back.

The boys took turns throwing dog biscuits for Buddy and Babe to fetch. They threw the biscuits farther and farther, until at last they threw one so far that it landed near the green house next door. Buddy chased after the biscuit. Babe chased after Buddy. They ran and ran. They ran behind the big oak tree that separated Max's house from the green house with white shutters.

Suddenly, a big stick flew out from behind the tree. It hit Max with a thwack on the arm. Then Jonah saw two stones just in time to duck out of the way as they crash landed near his feet. "Yelp, yelp, yowl, howl" came Buddy's cries as he and Babe scurried back toward Max and Jonah.

"Ha, ha, ha" sounds of laughter filled the air. Thomas McNasty Small climbed down from his perch behind the tree. "I certainly got that dumb old dog this time" he cackled and he laughed so hard he started to cry.

Oh dear, thought Max, *its Thomas McNasty Small.* Thomas was the big boy who lived in the green house with white shutters next door to Max. Thomas McNasty liked to throw sticks and stones. As a matter of fact, Thomas McNasty liked to throw almost anything he could at animals and small boys and especially at Max. It was time for Max and Jonah to make a hasty retreat back to Max's house. "Run" said Max. "Run" said Jonah.

"Thomas McNasty Small" called a shrill voice. "Is that you I see standing on my good lawn furniture?" Thomas turned around and looked into the glaring eyes of his mother. "No ma-am," replied Thomas in a tiny voice "I was just trying to learn how strong this chair was." "Well then" said Mrs. Small "if you are so interested in finding out how strong things are you may come inside and test the strength of my garbage bags by filling them up with trash and putting them into the garbage can." Thomas McNasty's face puffed up and turned red as a beet. His eyes watered. Thomas McNasty looked most unhappy as he turned and quietly followed his mother into the green house with the white shutters.

“Good riddance” said Jonah. “I’m glad he’s gone” said Max and the two boys walked back toward the little house. Grandpa was there to greet them. “Well now” said grandpa “what have you two boys been up to?” Max rubbed his arm. A big black and blue mark had started to form right where the stick had landed. “Oh, nothing sir” said Jonah. “Not much” mumbled Max. “Hmm” said grandpa pretending not to see Max’s black and blue arm. “I think you boys have had enough hide and seek. It’s such a lovely day how about riding bikes in the park and a picnic super?” “Wow!” said Max. “Wow!” said Jonah. “Good” said grandpa “I’ll tell grandma to call Jonah’s mother and to get ready for the picnic. In the mean time you boys can get your bicycles ready to go.”

2

Max and Jonah raced happily to Jonah’s house, first to tell his mother and second to fetch his bicycle. Then the two boys walked back to Max’s house. The garage door was up. Max’s bike was leaning against a wall just waiting for Max to ride it.

The two boys rode their bicycles around and around the block, trying to stay as far away from the green house with the white shutters and Thomas McNasty Small as they could. It was the third, or maybe the fourth, time around that they came smack up to and in front of Thomas McNasty himself.

Uh oh, thought the boys, *Thomas McNasty is trouble*. But much to their surprise Thomas McNasty was smiling. Why he even looked friendly. That was very strange indeed, especially since Thomas McNasty was never friendly to anyone. Not even to his mother. But there he was smiling and looking friendly.

“Hello” said Thomas McNasty in a friendly voice. “Hello” said Max and Jonah in a suspicious voice. “May I ride with you? I have a Speedy-O Racer bike and we could have a race” said Thomas McNasty.

Max and Jonah looked at one another. Thomas McNasty had asked in such a polite voice that the boys could not say no. “Good, we will ride from here to the edge of the duck pond at the bottom of the hill and back. The first one home is the winner” Thomas McNasty said. Max and Jonah agreed but a cold chill ran down their back when a sly smile crossed Thomas McNasty’s face.

The three boys mounted their bikes and pointed them in the direction of the big hill. “One, two three, go” cried Thomas McNasty and off they went. The boys pedaled hard and leaned forward over their handle bars to gain as much speed as they could. First it was Jonah out front, then Max, then Jonah again. But where was Thomas McNasty?

When the boys reached the big hill, Thomas McNasty was nowhere in sight. The two boys started down the hill their bikes going faster and faster. Suddenly, out of nowhere Thomas McNasty shot past on his Speedy-O Racer bike.

Thomas McNasty is sure to win thought Max as he raced past Jonah and headed to the duck pond. Max pedaled harder. Faster, and faster he flew like the wind. *I just have to get their first* he thought.

Then, as Max was about to reach the flat ground in front of the duck pond he saw Thomas McNasty blocking the way. Max moved to the right. Thomas McNasty moved to the right. Max moved to the center. Thomas McNasty moved to the center. Max moved quickly to the left to avoid crashing into Thomas McNasty.

Whump went the front wheel on Max's bike as Max and the bicycle went flying over a big log that had been placed on the bicycle path. Max held on as tightly as he could but he sailed over the handle bars right into an icky, sticky, puddle of mud and rocks. Then the bicycle crash landed right on top of him. Thud! Max lay there in the mud, shaken bruised and angry. Thomas McNasty Small was nowhere in sight.

Jonah looked down at his hurt friend and the smashed bicycle. "Please don't cry Max" pleaded Jonah. "Maybe your grandpa can fix it. He can fix anything." "Sure" said Max sadly "but I don't think he can fix it in time for us to go on a bicycle picnic today."

Jonah pulled the bicycle off of Max and helped his friend to stand up. The two boys walked their bicycles back up the hill. Pushing the bicycles was hard work because the mud had started to harden around the wheels and bicycle chain packing bits of rock and debris like cement.

At long last they reached the garage. Both boys were tired and unhappy. Jonah parked his bicycle near the house. Max leaned his against the garage wall. Then he knocked on the door. *What shall I tell grandpa bout my broken bicycle* he wondered?

Grandpa opened the door. He stepped outside and looked at the two muddy, unhappy boys. And then ... and then he reached behind Max's ear and pulled out a quarter. Max's mouth dropped open as if he were ready to say something but grandpa had already walked over to Jonah and pulled another quarter out from behind Jonah's ear. "My, my" said Grandpa "looks as if we need a change of plans. It looks like you boys fell into a quarter machine."

Jonah and Max looked at each other with surprise. A quarter machine was the last thing they would have thought of falling into. Max was covered from head to toe with ooey gooey mud. Bits of twigs and leaves stuck out on his hair, his shirt was torn and both his knees were scraped. Jonah was also covered with mud and his shoes squashed each time he took a step. "I know, what you boys need right now is a good sprinkling with the hose. When the mud is off we can talk." Grandpa turned on the hose. He melted the mud and the twigs and the unhappiness right off of the two boys.

Grandpa handed each boy a towel. They wiped the water off their faces and dried their hair. Then they sat down near the garage to watch as Grandpa hosed down the muddy

bicycles. When grandpa was finished the boys found some old rags in the garage and dried the bicycles. They rubbed and rubbed until the bicycles were shining. Grandpa took Max's bicycle in his big hands and turned it upside-down. He took out his tools and pulled off the front wheel. "I'm sorry Max but you need a new tire and two new spokes on your wheel. The bicycle can be fixed but not in time for us to have a bicycle picnic." Poor Max was sad again and hiding in the bushes Thomas McNasty Small saw it all.

Thomas McNasty hid behind a bush and watched as grandpa removed the broken wheel. He smiled at the thought of having tricked Max into falling into the mud and breaking his bicycle. *Too bad it's only a flat tire and some spokes* he thought. *Next time I'll do better.* Then he settled down behind the bush hoping to hear grandpa punish Max for wrecking his bicycle. But grandpa surprised them all.

Grandpa sat down on the ground close to the two boys. He looked them squarely in the eyes and said "You know, what you two need is an explorer's picnic. Yes sir that's just what you need." Max and Jonah looked at each other. They had never heard of an explorer's picnic. Thomas McNasty frowned and scratched his head. He had never heard of an explorer's picnic. He needed to hear more. "Well boys" Grandpa continued "here's what we will do we will explore the night sky. First we will have a picnic dinner out back. Then when it grows very dark I will take out the big telescope I use to hunt through the stars. If you boys are really brave we can even pitch two tents for you to sleep under the stars just like real explorers do." "But what are we hunting for" asked Max and Jonah? "Why animals of course" replied grandpa. "We are going to hunt for animals in the sky."

Animals in the sky...? That's stupid, thought Thomas McNasty. *Animals in the sky...? I never heard of that* thought Max. "I never heard of any animals in the sky" said Jonah softly not wanting to hurt Grandpa's feelings. "Oh but there are lots of animals in the sky, if you have a keen eye and a good imagination you can see them on almost any starry night and tonight promises to be a very starry night" said Grandpa. "Why there's the bear, and the lion, and a swan. There's even a group called the Dog Star and with my powerful telescope we will find them all. Now what do you boys think of that?"

Max and Jonah clapped their hands. An explorer's picnic sounded just great. They could hardly wait to get started. "O.K. then, Jonah needs to take his bicycle home and get ready. I'll tell grandma to call and invite Jonah's parents for the picnic and ask if Jonah could sleep out back in a tent. Now we have to gather up our tents and camping equipment. Come on Max let's get ready." *Ready indeed,* thought Thomas McNasty, *I'll show them how to get ready.* Then he laughed. Thomas McNasty Small had a plan.

3

Thomas McNasty hurried back to the green house with the white shutters. He slipped quietly down stairs to the basement. There in a cool dark corner that no one ever

looked in sat a small silvery bucket filled with red berries. These were the Poison Ivy berries that Thomas McNasty had collected in the fall. One touch of a berry could make a person's skin break out in a horrible rash that blistered and oozed and itched.

Thomas McNasty had hundreds of red Poison Ivy berries. He put on a pair of heavy gloves and stirred the berries just to make certain they still held some juice inside their skin. He smiled slyly when he saw the tip of his glove darken. Next he pulled out a small plastic bag and filled it with some of the Poison Ivy berries. He closed the top of the bag and placed it on the floor near the bucket. Then he removed his gloves being careful not to touch the finger tips.

"All I need to do now is wait" he whispered. Thomas McNasty planned to sneak into Max and Jonah's tent after they were asleep and fill their shoes with Poison Ivy berries. When the boys woke in the morning they would step on the berries and break out in a nasty burning itching rash. Thomas McNasty laughed a cackling laugh. He could hardly wait until it was his turn to become an explorer.

4

It was six o'clock when Jonah and his parents arrived for the start of the explorer's picnic. It was much too early for the stars to be seen but a very good time for Max and Jonah to play while the grownups got dinner ready. There were hot dogs and hamburgers and potato salad. Grandma made an apple pie for desert. Jonah's mom brought marshmallows to toast.

The two boys found long sticks. They watched as Grandpa whittled points on the end for the marshmallows. Everyone laughed and told stories until it grew dark and the stars started to come out. Then Jonah's parents said it was growing late. They thanked Grandma and Grandpa for the lovely picnic. They hugged Jonah and told him to have fun until they return in the morning to take him home.

Jonah felt lonely. He had never slept outside in a tent before, not without his dad. He was excited but just a little scared. Max looked at Jonah. He knew how his friend felt because Max had never slept outside by himself either. Grandpa nodded to Grandma. She kissed both boys goodnight and went inside. It was time to become explorers.

The night sky was filled with stars. The boys helped themselves to more marshmallows as Grandpa set up his big telescope. Grandpa looked through the eyepiece. He swung the telescope this way and that. He moved dials and knobs. At long last he said "that's it I see it. Come here boys. Take a look I found the Dog Star." Max and Jonah dropped the bag of marshmallows and ran to look through the eyepiece.

"I don't see it" said Max. "I don't see it" said Jonah "it must be hiding!" "Oh, you see it" said grandpa. "You just don't know that you see it." The boys looked puzzled. Grandpa took a pointy stick and started to make some marks in the dirt. "When you look

through the eyepiece do you see a very bright star” he asked? “Yes” answered the boys. “Good, now if you look this way and this you will see more stars. You need to use your imagination to connect the stars and you will see the Dog Star.”

Max and Jonah looked doubtful. Max took another look through the eyepiece. He saw all the stars. He found the bright star. Then he looked this way and that and imagined a dog. “I see it. I see it” he cried. Jonah’s turn was next. He found the bright star but he couldn’t see the Dog Star. “Imagine, just imagine” said Max. Jonah looked again. First he imagined a very little dog. Then he imagined a very big dog. Then he imagined a very, very big dog. At last he saw the Dog Star.

The stars twinkled and glowed in the sky. Max and Jonah were very tired. Somewhere an owl hooted and a bat swooped down from the sky. The boys looked at the two tents. They looked at Grandpa. Grandpa looked at the boys. “You know boys” Grandpa said slowly “it’s such a beautiful night do you think I could sleep outside in one of the tents. If you boys don’t mind sleeping together in the big tent I could sleep in the little one. Why we could even let Buddy and Babe and Chloe sleep with us.” “That’s a great idea Grandpa” shouted Max. “A great idea” echoed Jonah.

The boys ran to let Buddy, Babe, and Chloe out while grandpa packed up the big telescope. Buddy and Babe romped playfully around Max and Jonah while Chloe headed straight for the little tent. She made herself comfortable at the far end. It was time for bed. Grandpa helped the boys into their sleeping bags. He said goodnight and went into the little tent.

There was an old blanket and a pillow lying on the floor of the tent. Grandma had placed them there just in case. Grandpa lay down on the blanket and took off his shoes. Chloe started to hiss. Grandpa wrapped his feet in the blanket and Chloe settled down in the far corner. Buddy stretched out in front of the boys’ tent while Babe got comfortable near the little tent. Chloe yawned and closed her eyes.

5

Thomas McNasty lay in his bed waiting for everyone to fall asleep. His eye lids grew heavy as he listened to the noises around him. He heard his mother and dad getting ready for bed. He heard Max and Jonah laughing. He heard the owl and he heard Buddy and Babe. Then he heard nothing, not a single sound. He slipped out of bed and looked out of his window. It was dark, very dark. It was time for Thomas McNasty Small to put his plan into action.

Quickly and quietly Thomas McNasty tip toed down to the basement. He didn’t bother to put on shoes for fear of making noise. The basement floor was cold and it sent a chill down his spine. He moved slowly in the dark room. In the far corner of the room the silvery bucket seemed to shine. Thomas McNasty reached down and picked up the closed plastic bag. The Poison Ivy berries were packed safely inside. He tucked his pajama top

into the waist band of the bottoms. Being very careful not to open the plastic bag he slipped the Poison Ivy Package into his pajama top. The package slid down inside his pajamas then stopped as it reached the waist band. *Good*, thought Thomas McNasty, *now my hands are free and if anyone sees me they won't know what I have, now for the real fun.*

The night air was cool and pleasant. The moon lit a yellow path and shone the way to the explorers' tents. Inside the two tents Max, Jonah and Grandpa were fast asleep. Thomas McNasty tip toed up to the first tent. Babe laid stretch out near the entrance. Carefully Thomas McNasty stepped over the sleeping dog and entered the tent. Inside the tent was very dark but he could make out the sounds of someone breathing. Crouching down in the darkness he patted the ground searching for the sleepers shoes. His hand reached out and touched the sleeping figure.

Grandpa rolled over pulling the covers up to his chin. The bottom of the covers moved higher as Grandpa tugged on the other end. Grandpa wiggled his toes. The covers moved up and up. Then out popped one foot and then another. Suddenly the little tent was filled with an awful smell. Chloe's yellow eyes popped open; she arched her back and hissed. Thomas McNasty gagged as he stared into the yellow eyes and shiny white fangs of the cat.

"Hiss, hiss" went Chloe. *A snake* thought Thomas McNasty *there's a big yellow snake in here.* He turned and ran out of the tent. Forgetting that Babe lay stretched out at the entrance he tripped and fell splat face down. The little plastic bag went squash. Berry juice splattered up and down and all around the inside of his pajamas. The pajama waistband kept the bag from falling out as his pajamas soaked up all of the Poison Ivy berry juice. Babe, annoyed at being woken started to growl. Buddy stood up and started over to see what was happening. In the moonlight the two dogs looked very large. A very frightened Thomas McNasty ran home as fast as he could.

In the morning Grandma poked her head into the two tents and said "wake up sleepy heads it's time to cook breakfast." Grandpa fired up his old camping stove. He showed the boys how to boil water for instant cereal and hot cocoa. Then he showed them how to make the best scrambled eggs ever and to toast their bread on an open fire. Grandma brought out some juice and milk and hot biscuits. As a special treat she put out the left over apple pie. "My, my" said Grandpa "this certainly is a lot of food for just the four of us." "I know" replied Grandma "I invited the Smalls who live in the green house with the white shutters to join us but Mrs. Small said she was sorry but they couldn't. I think it had something to do with a very bad case of poison ivy."

