



# SARASOTA BAY CLUB'S SCOOP

November December 2023

News of the Residents - By the Residents - For the Residents

## There's No Place Like Gnome...for the Holidays...



Top: Employees gather to celebrate Employee Appreciation Holiday Party,  
Bottom Left: to Right Residents Dennis Constant and Genevieve Krumm,  
Anita Bosworth, Assis. Director of Dining at Resident Holiday Party and  
Trudy Mock, employee dressed for Employee Appreciation Holiday Party!







## Herschel

By: Margo Howard, Unit 901N

Some of you may have met Herschel walking with Ron or me. (He's the one on the leash, and rather close to the ground.) He's made many friends here, but for those of you who have not made his acquaintance, your luck may change. For the dog people at SBC, what I'm going to tell you will not come as a surprise; for the dogless residents it might seem rather strange.

Approaching the age of two, Herschel has become a "picky eater," which is actually a term of art in the veterinary world. It is said to be a common phenomenon, believe it or not. (Things could be worse. Lucy Peltz has had pancreatitis for years.) So ... Herschel's doc said the thing to do was change what he was rejecting for a *prescription* dog food. I am not kidding. And it has a French name in the bargain: "EN Gastrique." Oo-la-la.

But back to the main story. In addition to the "picky eater" drama, he also has separation anxiety whenever one of us leaves the apartment – or, heaven forbid, when we both go together. Herschel's doc, responding to my questions about this, suggested we consider therapy. *What?!* All I could think of was, Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung ... and Donna Dunlap. Donna Dunlap? But of course,! My longtime friend does relationship counseling – for dogs. I am not talking about dog behavior school. I am talking about dogs going for THERAPY.

I first met her when she was giving Sunday brunches – for dogs. These took place at a pet shop in Chicago, which, lucky for her, she owned. Otherwise, I'm not sure how long she could keep her job throwing parties for dogs. She was really all in. Even going on Phil Donahue's show with dog fashion shows.

But, anyway, back to canine neuroses. Years ago I wanted to write about Donna. She said fine, and offered to see me between patients. I could have the appointment between the schnauzer with sexual dysfunction and the Shih Tzu who was a chronic bedwetter. I did wonder, at the time, how you can do therapy with a patient who can't talk? On the other hand, that didn't seem like such a drawback when you realized that the patient could never lie to you, either. Her goal was "not to be judgmental, like any good therapist." I asked how she got the dogs to tell her about their dreams. All I can tell you is she does not suffer fools gladly, and shot me a look that would frost your martini glass.

If you are wondering, as I did, if some poor dog could be dragged in for therapy against his will, you can relax, because if he really didn't want any help he could just roll over and play dead. But back to Herschel.

I called her, though she's long been retired, and, son-of-a-gun, she said the same thing the vet did: antidepressants. So that's where we are, and we're monitoring the situation. If Herschel continues to sulk when we go out, and then turn into an over-excited, jumping nutjob when we return, then it will be Gabapentin for him. (260 milligrams).



## Expressions of Experience

**Two Generations | Two Perspectives**

**Plymouth Harbor Gallery January 4 - February 29**

**700 John Ringling Blvd, Sarasota, FL**

**Show Hours 11-4 daily**

**Meet the Artists Reception**

**Tues Jan 9, 4:30-6:30**



Join us in welcoming two generations of artists: Richard Olin, father, and Pamela Olin, daughter, showing their recent works together.

These pieces address the transitions they and so many others have experienced over the last several years. While both artists work in three dimensions, each has their own singular perspective and style.

As a duo this exhibit is both a curiosity and an insight into the self expression of two generations of artists linked by DNA.

Richard Olin and his daughter Pamela Olin will be mounting a large exhibit of both of their art work.

Richard will be showing nearly 40 of his sculptures - many of which you may have seen displayed outside SBC unit 906.

Pamela is assembling a collection from her eclectic works.

This will include sculpture crafted from steel, PVC, resin, wood and more, as well as some large paintings.

The variety of this show will surely stimulate your curiosity, as well as your sense of humor!

## You're Right!

Submitted by David Kotok, Unit 528S

The Rabbi had been with the congregation for many, many years.

Now a young couple was in his study for a counseling session. They had been arguing and fighting.

Rabbi listened as each of them unloaded about the other one. Then he said.

“Let me talk with each of you separately.”

She walked out and he remained and sat there. Then he told the Rabbi everything wrong with her.

The Rabbi listened intently. He answered over, and over, again and again. “you’re right, you’re right, you’re right.”

The young man felt better and left.

She came in and sat down. She then told the Rabbi everything wrong with her man. Rabbi listened intently.

He answered over and over, “you’re right, you’re right, you’re right.”

She felt better. And she left.

The rabbi looked out of his window and saw the two of them walking away together.

They were holding hands.

Rabbi smiled.

The Rabbi’s wife had been listening to the entire thing with her ear to the door of the study.

She came stomping in.

She said: “What kind of Rabbi are you? He comes in and says all those things and you say you’re right, you’re right, you’re right.”

He goes out. She comes in and says all those things and you just say, “you’re right, you’re right, you’re right.” And she goes out.

“You’re not helping anything.”

The rabbi looked at his wife.

He took her hand.

He smiled.

He said: “you’re right, you’re right, you’re right.”



## CRABBING AND TROLLING ON THE CHESAPEAKE BAY

By: Herb Snyder, Unit 307N

Once upon a time, when I was quite a bit younger, I enjoyed spending a day fishing on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. My favorite type of fishing was catching hard shell crabs and blue fish. I had a small motor boat and would look for birds circling the water. You can bet there would be fish at that spot.

There I would go to begin my fishing.

Crabbing is done in the fall. Chicken necks are the bait. The nets are attached to a fifteen inch cord and tied on to the side of the boat. Crabs are attracted to the chicken necks. Once you see the crab at the side of the boat, you quickly take your net and carefully place it under the crab. If the crab sees the net, it will escape. Therefore, you must scoop the net directly under the crab, then you move the net straight up in the air. If you are successful, you have landed the crab into an ice chest sitting in the boat. As many crabs as you catch, you quickly carry them home before the ice melts. Good crabbers take home at least ten crabs. But make sure you only take the crabs of the legal size which is 4 inches across. The crab claw is measured 4 inches from one side to the other to determine the legal size. I don't know what the legal requirement is in other states, but this was the requirement in the state of Maryland where I did my crabbing.

Also when fishing, I caught bluefish. This is a fish with very sharp teeth. The average size is three pounds. These fish are caught by trolling. There is a very precise way to arrange the tackle when trolling. The fishing line from the fishing rod is cast straight back. At the end of the line is a swivel, a piece of round metal where you have attached a drop line. The drop line is a two pound weight. Attached to the other side of the swivel is another line with a surgical eel which looks like a real eel and is the actual bait. We have learned to use this artificial eel because bluefish are very attracted to eels. When the blue fish bites this bait, a hook which is part of the artificial eel hooks the fish. When the fish is hooked, a fisherman pulls upon the rod and reels in the fish. Before taking the hook out of mouth of the blue fish, a fisherman makes sure the fish gets into the ice chest, otherwise the fish may escape back into the water before you get it into the ice chest. Recreational fishermen fishing from shore or private boats may keep up to three bluefish per person per day. Having caught your limit, you happily head home to have your wife scale the fish and prepare them for dinner.

## Christmas Trivia

1. Which of these companies was the first to use Santa Clause in an advertisement?  
Pepsi, Coca-Cola, 7-Up, Fanta
2. Which president was the first to decorate the White House Christmas tree?  
Franklin Pierce, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln
3. Which country did the gingerbread house come from?  
Austria, Switzerland, Germany, United States
4. What kind of Christmas does Elvis Presley sing about?  
White, Red, Blue, Snowy
5. What is the name of the Grinch's dog in the movie "How the Grinch Stole Christmas"?  
Pete, Sam, Ruth, Max

Answers: Coca-Cola, Franklin Pierce, Germany, Blue, Max

## On Friendship

By: Margo Howard, Unit 901N

### Cole Porter wrote a song about it.

“Friendship, friendship; just a perfect blendship. When other friendships are soon forgot ... ours will still be hot.” Or cold. Or over.

The subject has come to interest me, perhaps because I have lived a long time and am in review mode. Some beloved women friends, mostly, but a few men, have died too young. That is one kind of loss. The other kind is what I have been pondering. (I am ignoring, here, the splintered friendships caused by a toxic President who was both loved and hated, and who, somehow, managed to gin up such strong feelings that some family Thanksgivings are a thing of the past.)

Like epilepsy, there can be *grand* and *petit* reasons for broken friendships. My most calamitous loss of a friendship knocked me for a loop because this woman had been a mentor and close friend. She was an established writer when we met, and I had only been in the business for a few years. Over the years, I had inklings, occasionally, that she was not devoted to the truth, but perfection in anyone is not available. In any case, one of her books disturbed me because I felt it invited people to pity her, which I knew she did not want, so I wrote a part essay/part book review for *The New Republic*. I learned that the friendship was *Finis* because of what I had written when she cut me dead in a New York restaurant not long after it ran. Upon delayed reflection, I realized I may have been in the wrong. Perhaps one does not write about a friend in any but complimentary terms ... except this was a woman who was famous for following her writer mother’s advice: “Everything is copy.”

Two other friendships I valued, and lost, were with women who confided quite personal things about their sex lives. It took me a while to figure out why they’d both cut me off. The answer came to me when I remembered something my mother had told me years before: “When people tell you intimate things that they come to regret your knowing, they can’t look you in the eye – and you’re out.” One of the women made her confession during a four-hour dinner at the late, lamented Rialto in Cambridge when, need I say, her wine glass was ever empty, so there’s that. The other friend, who called me her “New York big sister in Cambridge” possibly shared her bedroom problem with me because, when we’d met, I was an advice columnist. Or maybe the fact that I was older motivated her. I just don’t know.

In fairness, I admit to lopping off a friend, myself. I cut off a woman who’d become a dear girlfriend. My husband and I had travelled with her and her husband, and she and I were in close email contact. I guess I did to her what is now called “ghosting.” She tried desperately to engage with me, even calling my husband and my daughter to intervene. I just could not, would not, talk to her. The problem I had was that she was keeping her Alzheimer-afflicted husband alive, tethered to a feeding tube, so she could continue to enjoy his retirement perks. Most important to her was his secretary. I found this odious because feeding tubes are uncomfortable, which my MD husband had told her, and I thought it inappropriate for a man who was not sentient. His kids were both furious and powerless. This went on until he died two years later. I simply wanted nothing to do with her because I didn’t approve of what she was doing.

My guess is that splintered friendships are presumed to be female experiences. You should know that men have fallings out, too -- though perhaps more infrequently. This from a male friend of mine. “The only real rift I ever had was with my best man and fraternity brother. He did not speak to me for 50 years.” Alrighty then. “This chap was very bright, a strong personality, and I fear, troubled. He drove from Montreal to Halifax, unbidden, to help get me out of my first, doomed marriage. When I remarried, he thought I should put him first, before my family. So that was that.”



## On Friendship Continued

Then, of course, there's "drift," which is perhaps the most common cause of once close friendships that don't last. Time or geography weakens some bonds, and communication just peters out, no cross words required. I will say this about friendship: I don't think anyone's life can be considered complete without it. I believe in the relatively new axiom that friends are the family you choose.

## Grieving

By: Renee Crammes, Unit 1007N

For a number of years, I ran Bereavement Groups at Jewish Family and Children's Services. Additionally, I have worked with people in my psychotherapy practice who were grieving the loss of a loved one. And, I have experienced my own sadness when someone close to me died.

I recently received the following poem written by Grace Noll Crowell which captures beautifully the way to be with a person who is mourning a loss. Her words touched me and I wanted to share these thoughts with others.

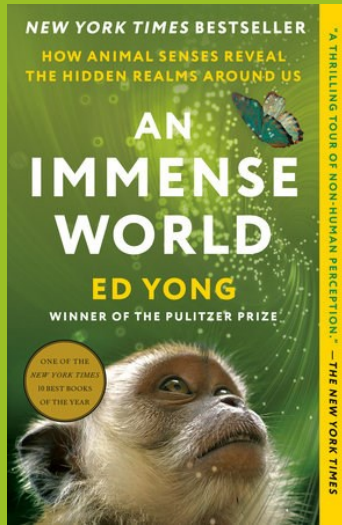
## To One In Sorrow

By: Grace Noll Crowell

Let me come in where you are weeping, friend,  
And let me take your hand.  
I, who have known a sorrow such as yours,  
Can understand.

Let me come in—I would be very still  
Beside you in your grief;  
I would not bid you cease your weeping, friend,  
Tears can bring relief.

Let me come in—I would only breathe a prayer,  
And hold your hand,  
For I have known a sorrow such as yours,  
And understand.



## Sarasota's One Book One Community Program for 2024

Submitted by: Linda Jones, Unit 309N

Sarasota County first introduced the One Book One Community Program in 2003 with the book, “*A Land Remembered*” by Patrick Smith. Each year since then a book selection committee has convened to choose one book. This year the committee chose the widely praised nonfiction book described below.

### An Immense World: How Animal Senses Reveal the Hidden Realms Around Us

This book is unlike any I have read and may be unlike any you have read as well. Ed Yong, Pulitzer Prize-winning author, explores with detailed descriptions how different species sense the world. Every animal is enclosed within its own unique sensory bubble, perceiving only a tiny sliver of an immense world.

The book is organized by chapters on smells and tastes, light, color, heat, vibrations, sounds, echoes, electric fields, magnetic fields, and uniting the senses. The final chapter expresses concerns about saving the quiet and preserving the dark. As an example, we know how light confuses baby turtles which may crawl toward lights instead of toward the ocean. Throughout the book, Yong describes the findings of individual researchers and provides notes at the bottom of the page. Information about a specific animal, such as dolphins, can be found by looking in the index which cites page numbers where that animal's senses are described.

Two sections of beautiful photographs illustrate some amazing senses. Here is a sampling:

*The side-facing slits of a dog's nostrils allow it to waft more odors into its nose.*

*Organs of smell come in varied forms, including the trunks of elephants, the beaks of albatrosses, and the forked tongues of snakes.*

*With receptors on their feet, butterflies and other insects can taste things by landing on them.*

*Catfish are living tongues, with taste buds dotted all over their skins.*

*A jumping spider's central eyes offer sharp vision, while the pair on the side track movement.*

*The bay scallop has dozens of bright blue eyes along the rim of its shell.*

*The chameleon can look forward and backward simultaneously with its independent eyes.*

*Blue whales and Asian elephants can communicate over long distances with low-pitched infrasonic sounds. In quieter eras, the whales' calls could carry across entire oceans.*

*Even while blindfolded, Sprouts the harbor seal can track fish by using his whiskers to follow the invisible trails they leave in the water.*

*Tiny pores called ampullae of Lorenzini allow sharks and rays to detect the minute electric fields produced by their prey.*

*Bumblebees can sense the electric fields of flowers.*



*Bogong moths, European robins, and loggerhead turtles can all navigate over long distances by sensing Earth's magnetic field.*

*An Octopus's arms are partly independent; they can sense and explore the world without direction from the central brain.*

Two photographs of Yong's dog, Typo the corgi, with toys illustrate the difference between the trichromatic vision of (most) humans and the dichromatic vision of dogs. Humans see a variety of colors; dogs see limited colors.

Yong points out that no species uses a single sense or excludes others. Dogs are masters of smell but note their large ears. Owls are masters of hearing but note their large eyes. Smell dominates the lives of ants, but sounds matter enough that some parasites can get into ant nests by mimicking the noises of queens. Sharks use smell to guide them to food over long distances, but vision and finally the electric sense kicks in during the final moments of a strike (p. 323).

Elephants are particularly interesting to me. Researchers who study them know their lives are dominated by smells. You don't need to know about an elephant's record-breaking catalogue of "2,000 olfactory receptor genes"; just watch the trunk. It doesn't matter whether an elephant is walking or feeding, its trunk is constantly in motion swinging, twisting, scanning, sensing. Sometimes the 6-foot trunk periscopes dramatically to inspect an object. African elephants can detect their favorite plants even when hidden in lidded boxes. After being briefly taught to identify TNT, which is supposedly odorless to humans, three African elephants could identify the smell more accurately than highly trained detection dogs. In another study, Asian elephants could correctly identify which of two covered buckets contained more food through smell alone, that even dogs struggled with. Of course, few sources of odor are as important to an elephant as other elephants (pp. 35-37). In later chapters, there is more information about elephant senses, such as their rumble (pp. 235-237).

Wong states that the 12 chapters of his book represent centuries of hard-won knowledge about the sensory worlds of other species. But in the time it took to accumulate that knowledge, we have radically changed those worlds. We have made it more difficult for some animals to exist.

Senses that have served their owners for millions of years are now liabilities. For example, smooth vertical surfaces, which don't exist in nature, return echoes that sound like air; maybe that is why bats so often crash into windows. DMS, the "seaweed-y chemical" that once reliably guided birds to food, now also guides them to the millions of tons of plastic waste. The currents produced by objects in the water can be detected by manatees, but not with enough notice to avoid a fast-moving speedboat; boat collisions are responsible for at least a quarter of deaths among Florida's manatees. Odors in river water can guide salmon back to their streams of birth, but not if pesticides in that same water weaken their sense of smell (pp. 346-347).

In writing this description, I was mindful that the book is nonfiction and filled with researchers' facts. Therefore, I adhered to what Wong wrote and was careful not to get into too much paraphrasing that might change the meaning. I loved the book and took many more notes than I could include.

The library has different versions and formats of the book including hardcover, paperback, eBook, eAudio-book, and a book club bag.

**Author Ed Yong, a Pulitzer Prize winning science writer on the staff of *The Atlantic*, will be in Sarasota on Friday, March 1st at Selby Library at 7:00 p.m.**

**Seating will be first come, first seated, and there is no registration. It's best to get there early!**

**HOW DO COURT REPORTERS KEEP STRAIGHT FACES?**

These are from a book called *Disorder in the American Courts* and are things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and published by court reporters that had the torment of staying calm while the exchanges were taking place.

**ATTORNEY:** What was the first thing your husband said to you that morning?

**WITNESS:** He said, 'Where am I, Cathy?'

**ATTORNEY:** And why did that upset you?

**WITNESS:** My name is Susan!

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**ATTORNEY:** What gear were you in at the moment of the impact?

**WITNESS:** Gucci sweats and Reeboks.

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**ATTORNEY:** What is your date of birth?

**WITNESS:** July 18th.

**ATTORNEY:** What year?

**WITNESS:** Every year.

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**ATTORNEY:** How old is your son, the one living with you?

**WITNESS:** Thirty-eight or thirty-five, I can't remember which.

**ATTORNEY:** How long has he lived with you?

**WITNESS:** Forty-five years.

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**ATTORNEY:** This myasthenia gravis, does it affect your memory at all?

**WITNESS:** Yes.

**ATTORNEY:** And in what ways does it affect your memory?

**WITNESS:** I forget.

**ATTORNEY:** You forget? Can you give us an example of something you forgot?

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**ATTORNEY:** Now doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, he doesn't know about it until the next morning?

**WITNESS:** Did you actually pass the bar exam?

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**ATTORNEY:** The youngest son, the 20-year-old, how old is he?

**WITNESS:** He's 20, much like your IQ.

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**ATTORNEY:** Were you present when your picture was taken?

**WITNESS:** Are you shitting me?

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**ATTORNEY:** So the date of conception (of the baby) was August 8th?

**WITNESS:** Yes.

**ATTORNEY:** And what were you doing at that time?

**WITNESS:** Getting laid

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**ATTORNEY:** She had three children, right?

**WITNESS:** Yes.

**ATTORNEY:** How many were boys?

**WITNESS:** None.

**ATTORNEY:** Were there any girls?

**WITNESS:** Your Honor, I think I need a different attorney. Can I get a new attorney?

**ATTORNEY:** How was your first marriage terminated?

**WITNESS:** By death.

**ATTORNEY:** And by whose death was it terminated?

**WITNESS:** Take a guess.

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**ATTORNEY:** Can you describe the individual?

**WITNESS:** He was about medium height and had a beard.

**ATTORNEY:** Was this a male or a female?

**WITNESS:** Unless the Circus was in town I'm going with male.

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**ATTORNEY:** Is your appearance here this morning pursuant to

a deposition notice which I sent to your attorney?

**WITNESS:** No, this is how I dress when I go to work.

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**ATTORNEY:** Doctor, how many of your autopsies have you performed on dead people?

**WITNESS:** All of them. The live ones put up too much of a fight.

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**ATTORNEY:** ALL your responses MUST be oral, OK? What school did you go to?

**WITNESS:** Oral...

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**ATTORNEY:** Do you recall the time that you examined the body?

**WITNESS:** The autopsy started around 8:30 PM

**ATTORNEY:** And Mr. Denton was dead at the time?

**WITNESS:** If not, he was by the time I finished.

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**ATTORNEY:** Are you qualified to give a urine sample?

**WITNESS:** Are you qualified to ask that question?

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And last:

**ATTORNEY:** Doctor, before you performed the autopsy, did you check for a pulse?

**WITNESS:** No.

**ATTORNEY:** Did you check for blood pressure?

**WITNESS:** No.

**ATTORNEY:** Did you check for breathing?

**WITNESS:** No.

**ATTORNEY:** So, then it is possible that the patient was alive when you began the autopsy?

**WITNESS:** No.

**ATTORNEY:** How can you be so sure, Doctor?

**WITNESS:** Because his brain was sitting on my desk in a jar.

**ATTORNEY:** I see, but could the patient have still been alive, nevertheless?

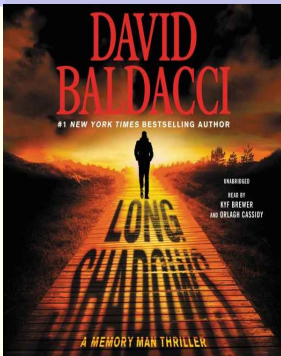
**WITNESS:** Yes, it is possible that he could have been alive and practicing law.





# A Good Read

Book Review by: Carol Green, Unit 321S



## “Long Shadows”

By David Baldacci

I was impressed by the first David Baldacci book I read, and when a friend recommended “Long Shadows”, I decided it was the perfect book to take on vacation. It did not disappoint.

Although this was my first introduction to principal character, Amos Decker, apparently it is the 7<sup>th</sup> book in the series. Decker had been in a football accident which ended a promising career. It did, however, leave him with a perfect memory. His memory plays a significant role in his solving of the crime. He has morphed into a rather unorthodox FBI agent. In this book he is assigned a new partner after his previous partner moves on. The development of a working relationship is a key element.

Although based in Washington DC, they are assigned a case in Fort Myers, Florida. It is focused on the dual murder of a judge and the man who was believed to be guarding her. He represented a security company, but as with all Baldacci tales, the relationship is far more complicated. Did her ex-husband commit the murders? Did an ex-boyfriend do it? Is the security company involved? As a judge, did she have enemies? Will alibis hold up? More murders take place. Key people disappear and need to be tracked down.

Definitely an enjoyable read. Well written and arrives at an interesting conclusion.

## Tranquility

By: Bib Grossman, Unit 324S

The scene out my window is tranquil and calm. Clear blue skies, puffy white clouds, the bay, mirror smooth. Birds wing their way on smooth currents of air. Idyllically serene.

If only the rest of the world were as peaceful and calm. The television blares all the turmoil and strife of the outside world. I almost feel guilty. As if I am hoarding all the “good things” and shutting out all the ugliness of reality.

I need this calm day to restore myself to put down the cares of daily living, of what to forget and what to remember, what to save and what to let go of, who to love more, and who to let go of, what will bring joy and what will bring tears.

That’s a very long list. I hope I have time before the next storm, which is sure to come.

The bay is full of ripples. The ripples go on to eternity. How is it the body breaks down and disintegrates but the bay just keeps rippling on?

The bay is full of life of all kinds—fish, coral, seaweed, creatures too many to count, and shrimp and crab to our delight and creatures that only come out at night.

The white wake of a motor boat cuts through the tranquil blue water (at high speed). No thought of the fish below or the birds on the wing—no thought of the tired old lady out for a peaceful stroll, pushing her walker and hoping for a moment to regain her youth and strength—contemplating the ripples in the bay, bringing back memories of happier days. Of husband and children and a meaningful job. She is all that is left as she pushes her walker down by the rippling bay, dreaming of a better way to end the day.



## Thank You to Ilsa Hecht

By: Linda Jones, Unit 309N

The Friends of the Selby Library Bookstore always needs donated books to keep the shelves well stocked. It is a popular large bookstore that serves many people who live close to the Library. The bookstore has a manager who is paid by the Friends of Selby Library, but it is staffed by volunteers. In conversation with Ilsa Hecht, she mentioned that she had “hundreds” of books. I asked her if she would be willing to donate any to the Selby Library Bookstore and she generously agreed to do so. Zach Brown, a driver for several people who reside at SBC, volunteered to pack and take the books to the bookstore. He borrowed an SUV to take the 10 full large boxes of art and cook books to the bookstore. Proceeds from the bookstore are used to fund children’s, teenagers, and adult programs that the Library cannot afford. Ilsa has generously agreed to donate more books.

If there are any other bookworms or residents interested in joining the Friends Group or who would like to join Ilsa and donate books, please contact Linda Jones, unit 309N.

Again, thanks Ilsa for your generosity!



## RAC Wednesday Social

### Resident Advisory Council of SBC

## HELP WANTED!

Our Wednesday evening gathering in the North Tower Living Room has been an opportunity for SBC residents to share their talents, experiences and stories. We’ve enjoyed music, interviews and presentations of interest from others. RAC handles the scheduling twice a month in season.



We’d like to encourage you to share your own contribution with the rest of us. Very informal. A great opportunity for recently arrived residents, as well as others whose lives include tales, events, talents and experiences.

Please call to discuss:

Nancy Schlossberg—941-321-4016, Brenda Schneider—941-313-6301 or Burt Herman—630-379-7996

# Thoughts on Aging from Kareem-Abdul-Jabbar

Submitted by: Margo Howard, Unit 901N

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is an American icon, legendary NBA champion and recipient of the 2016 Presidential Medal of Freedom. Among his long list of accomplishments, he is the NBA's all-time leading scorer, a 6x NBA champion, the league's only 6x MVP and recipient of 2 Columnist of the Year Awards (in 2017 & 2018) by the Southern California Journalism Awards. The following was written by him on aging.

Since French philosopher Descartes first popularized it, the mind-body problem has always been a darling subject of philosophers, psychologists, and late-night dorm room pizza parties. But aging rips it from the theoretical ether and slaps you upside the head with its stark reality.

As I've gotten older, the relationship between my mind and body has become more intense and profound. Cancer, leukemia, and A-fib have forced me into servitude to a decaying body. Sometimes I feel like the real me is slowly peeling away from my body like old, dried wallpaper. Sometimes we are like a doddering old couple who once were in love and now are just roommates silently tolerating each other.

"A tattered coat upon a stick" has been an image that has stayed with me since I first read it as a young man. Back then, it felt like a description of a horror movie monster out to devour our youth. Well, that's exactly what it is. The zombie mutation is in the blood and those of us who survive into elderly status will become paltry tattered coats upon brittle sticks. It's inevitable.

But it's the "unless" part of the poem that I want to focus on today because that's the part that I focus on in my daily life whenever I feel stick-like.

"An aged man is but a paltry thing,  
A tattered coat upon a stick,

**Unless** Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing  
For every tatter in its mortal dress."

The poem invites the soul in us—that which we think of as our essence apart from the body—to passionately clap its hands and sing to the skies, raising our voice for every "tatter in its mortal dress," meaning every physical ailment and infirmity. Those "tatters" aren't our weakness, they're our strength. They challenge us, sure, but they also force us to place our lives in clear perspective. We are sledding down a hillside that we will never climb up again. So, we must learn to love the sliding, the view, the crisp air, and those cheering us on.

**"I can do more than stuff a ball through a hoop. My greatest asset is my mind."**

**Kareem Abdul Jabbar**

## Quotes from Kareem Abdul Jabbar

"You won't win until you learn how to lose. I don't like to do it, to lose, but I can stand it. Along with everything else, you have to acquire the ability to accept defeat. No one makes it without stumbling."

"You have to be able to center yourself, to let all of your emotions go. Don't ever forget that you play with your soul as well as your body."

"One man can be a crucial ingredient on a team, but one man cannot make a team."

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

"Don't hope. Hope is for people who aren't prepared."





## “Nothing”

By Burt Herman, Unit 809N

I couldn't come up with something to write about, so I decided to write about nothing.

It's not what you think.

I have plenty to say about nothing.

Nothing is embedded in our language. These are a few of the hundreds of nothings in our everyday language.

Like leave nothing to the imagination. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Something for nothing. Good for nothing. Nothing to write home about. Nothing new under the sun. Nothing doing. Nothing to sneeze at. Nothing comes from nothing.

The expression, “*nothing comes from nothing*,” is a concept attributed to the 5<sup>th</sup> century Greek philosopher, Parmenides. He was one of the earliest Western philosophers to consider nothing as a concept, arguing that “nothing” cannot exist, because to speak of a thing, even if it's nothing, one needs to speak of something.

Hard as I try, I can't imagine how our universe came about from nothing?

Physicist Lawrence Krauss, author of “A Universe from Nothing,” states that a century ago, had one described “nothing” as purely empty space, this might have received little argument. But the results of the past century have taught us that empty space is far from inviolate nothingness.

Krauss offers a game-changing look at the most basic underpinning of our existence. How something did not come from nothing. That nothing is not nothing! That nothing is something!

Krauss asks, “How could a cosmos have been spawned from the void?”

A question that animates centuries of science, literature, philosophy, and religion.

Please understand that I'm talking from a physical, rather than a theological beginning.

According to Krauss, “The miraculous aspect of our universe is that all the stuff we see, could have come from a universe in which that stuff already existed. While something from nothing contravenes common sense, common sense is not necessarily the best guide to understanding the cosmos.

I keep returning to my fundamental question, which is humanity's ultimate question. “What in the world is nothing?”

I hope this doesn't sound gibberish, but nothing has been described as the complex absence of anything and has been the subject of philosophical assumptions and debate for centuries. That the nothing that became our something, was part of “something” else, in which the potential for our existence, or any existence, was always implicit?

Modern day philosophers, Jerry Seinfeld and Larry David, created the hugely successful TV show “Seinfeld”, that while it was a show about nothing, it lasted nine seasons.

English philosopher Alan Watts maintains there is beauty in nothingness, that nothingness is the ultimate reality.

And with that, I have “nothing” more to say for now, except to offer my best wishes for a special holiday season.

### Sweet Nothings...

The earliest known written example illustrating the origin of the term “sweet nothings” was found in the London magazine *Belgravia* in a poem by Mary Elizabeth Braddon. Dated 1776, the poem included a stanza that read, “as low he bend o'er her he loves so dear, to whisper some sweet nothing in her ear.”

# POETRY

## Tempestous Love

By: Mario Sparagana, Unit 801N

Her visage floated at me while on her  
face I did stare.

I changed her head into a moon, an eye into a star  
And her voice into a gust of air.

I took her body in watching from afar.

In her life's blood I placed a whisper,  
"I am love," and signed it with a kiss.

My blood was raging, I was her worshipper.  
But she rejected my advance; my ardor was amiss.

She was a block of ice that would not melt.

She refused to return my ardent reverie.

Nothing! Nothing! There wasn't a thing that she felt.  
She was indifferent and would not love me.

I was a thief in forbidden water.

Stranded in a tenacious quagmire.

There is nothing amorous in this useless encounter.  
If Venus reigned, my world would be all afire.

## Bemused

By: Herb Snyder, Unit 307N

I used to ponder  
About what is out yonder.

At night I'd be awake.

This habit I could not break.

But I have decided

My time I should not squander

So now I live in the present

And it makes life much more pleasant.

## An Event

By: Herb Snyder, Unit 307N

After 90, taking a shower  
requires an hour

Looking down, I see a body

Very strange to me

Once smooth as a baby's behind

Now furrowed and well lined.

The handheld spray doesn't miss much

Like armpits and such.

Hang on to the bar hold at all cost

If you fall all is lost.

Perhaps next time

On a stool I'll sit down

To avoid gyrating like a clown.

## Charlotte Carpenter

"Remember, if Christmas isn't  
found in your heart, you won't  
find it under a tree."





## November December 2023

### Name

### Apartment

Adair, Darbra	1122S
Adair, William	811N
Bailey, Richard & Barbara	723S
Bloch, Jack & Judy	314N
Colton, Neal & Prizant, Sharon	828S
Greenblatt, Jay & Green, Joyce	204N
Johnson, Stephen & Spelman, Sharon	124S



We also welcome your contributions to future issues of SCOOP at any time! Please place your articles in

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**Linda Albert , Shirley Fein, Audrey Sharp and Janice Ellison**