

# THE OLIVE PRESS

BY RHODA GOLDMAN PLAZA

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# Inspiration



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## Inspiration

Without inspiration, we, the producers of the Olive Press, would not be able to turn out a single edition. We rely on it, like farmers rely on rain; without it, nothing grows.

While inspiration is freely bestowed, it cannot be coerced. Hence the periods of creative discomfort while the writer hovers between hope and despair—hope that inspiration will come and despair during the eons when it doesn't.

Case in point—the cover for this edition. How does one illustrate inspiration. A light-bulb? Quite overused and insufficient—inspiration is more than just an idea. Picasso's "bull" and Salvatore Dali's phone illustrate creative inspiration; but inspiration is not creativity. And there are other facets of inspiration....

Unfortunately, in English, there is only one word for inspiration. Maybe this limits us from acknowledging currently undefined aspects of it. Possibly many kinds of inspirations, each with their own domain and effect exist. I wonder if we had more words for the many inspirations whether we would flourish in more and in yet unknown ways...

Inspiration is hard to define... How to portray an invisible something that suddenly arrives, settling all the problems into a new, never-seen-before arrangement? During the process the "creator" has to give up, to let go, to admit defeat ... and this only after many attempts have been made, also knowing there *is* a solution, or solutions... but they have not appeared yet. And what is that inspirational element that people embody inspiring others to begin a revolution (the Russian Revolution for example) or become a philanthropist.

There are inspirations that change individual lives and inspirations that change the world. Mahatma Gandhi, Dr. Martin Luther King, Black Elk, Rabbi Avraham Isaac Kook, as well as Hemingway, and Picasso and Kandinsky. Einstein. Alfred North Whitehead. Malcolm X... and so many more.. What is it in these inspirational people that inspires, engages, propels others into action?

No answers, only questions...

# Resident of the Month—John Dellar

Many people have inspired me throughout my life,” John declared; “I have been raised and supported by wise and strong women and men. But the ideal which inspired me to give back is *Tikkun Olam*. This idea has inspired generations and I find it deeply gratifying to be carrying on a tradition and passing it on to others. I’m extremely proud that my children are following this tradition.



*Tikkun Olam*, the idea of giving back, or working for the common good has inspired my family for generations. My great-grandparents who lived in Kentucky were active in the Civil War Underground Railroad; my grandmother turned her dining room into a maternity ward for the African-American community since there was no hospital which served them. I remember being inspired by my grandmother’s first cousin who tirelessly raised money for the City of Hope in LA. In fact, she was on the phone raising money on the day she died. My uncle volunteered for SCORE back in 1962 as did my cousin and father-in-law.

Volunteering has been my way of expressing *Tikkun Olam* too. In 1983, I was a member of Congregation Sherith Israel. At a meeting, a member of the clergy stood up and stated ‘ Folks, there is a lot of hunger and homelessness in this town and Sherith Israel needs to get involved’. This call to action led me to volunteer as a cook in the Sherith Israel kitchen to provide meals to the homeless which I have been doing now for almost forty years. I have co-chaired the program and still volunteer there.

I was born and grew up in Los Angeles, but attended UC Berkeley where I studied business administration. After graduating,

I returned to Los Angeles, where I lived and worked for about twenty years and was employed in the beauty supply industry. With a business partner, we decided to start our own business here in San Francisco in 1980. We created “a new retail concept by offering a huge inventory of high-quality products at reasonable prices with plenty of well-trained salespeople in the stores.”<sup>1</sup> I feel my greatest success was providing employment annually for one hundred people. Making a profit was not our first

priority. Some of those people have gone into business for themselves and thanked me, saying “John, you were my inspiration!” In our business we emphasized being honest, fair, upfront with customers, and good to our employees. We offered a profit-sharing plan. Every month I wrote a poem to inspire our employees and to introduce our sales commission programs. Employees were encouraged to grow with the company and learn. Inspiration to develop also came from key managers who encouraged employees “always go for my job”, “reach higher”; we trained people to have the skills to step up and to perpetuate the business.”

Now that I have retired, I volunteer with SCORE (Service Corps of Retired Entrepreneurs) where I mentor business people. I assist them solveing their business issues—staffing, products, supply chain issues, customer satisfaction, etc. I try to help them look at the positive, to encourage, to listen. I’ve learned to listen first and don’t interrupt until I know the facts.

My wife, a successful businesswoman, also gave back to the community in retirement, by volunteering with adults, at-risk children in SF schools, and phone work on the Friendship Line. Two years ago she moved to the Rhoda Goldman memory care and five months ago I moved to a wonderful RGP apartment.

I have met so may interesting and accomplished residents who have impressed and inspired me to look forward to continue *Tikkun Olam* in the greater San Francisco Community; I continue to volunteer at Sherith Israel, SCORE, and the S.F. Interfaith Council.

<sup>1</sup> Innovators almost always attract imitators. By Francy Blackwood. Special to the Business Times Nov 16, 1997.



Emma Davis  
*Director of Programming and Counseling*

## Inspiration and Mentoring

When I decided to pursue Marriage and Family Counseling (MFT), with a specialization in drama therapy, I envisioned working with children with autism. But when I tried to find a practicum (similar to a graduate school internship), I couldn't find one that fit my goal of working with children. So I had to choose my practicum at California Pacific Medical Center where I was able to gain experience and hours towards licensure as a Marriage and Family Therapist. Little did I know that I would find my passion for working with older adults, especially those with memory loss.

I am a MFT working in Memory Care partly because of my grandmother. She was one of my biggest supporters. When I started doing theatre as a child; she came to every play I was in. When I was in college, I was the lead in a production of John Patrick Shanley's *Savage in Limbo*. In the ending, the character Denise, whom I portrayed, speaks to the audience. Stuck in her limbo of loneliness, she asks, "Ain't you tired a livin if this is all livin is?" She talks of life and death and in the end, Her final words are "I AM ALONE."

My mother brought my grandmother to the final performance. She had been diagnosed with Alzheimer's a few years earlier, but she sat in her wheelchair in the front row. After the play ended, I came out from backstage; I saw her crying quietly in her wheelchair. I knelt and asked her what was wrong "It's just so sad," was all she could say. I could feel that she was talking about the play and about herself too as Alzheimer's had already taken so much from her. Despite the sadness, I treasure that moment. I didn't know it at the time, but her words turned out to be a guiding light for me.

Many years later, during my internship at CPMC, I worked with residents of the Irene Swindells Alzheimer's Residential Care Facility. I and my fellow interns had the opportunity to observe a drama therapy group run by Robert Sarison, MFT and Registered Drama Therapist. I was inspired by his work because it opened my eyes to a variety of therapeutic possibilities. Therapy can take all shapes and forms; it can be creative; it can inspire; it can be movement and art and playfulness. I found I could create my own path as a therapist—I was freed from weekly sessions in a room with a couch!! Robert, MFT, Director of Irene Swindell encouraged me to develop my own path. My internship taught me that the last stage of life can be filled with laughter, joy, hope, and connection. Death and the process of dying can be graceful. It can be meaningful, and it can be a tribute to a life well lived.

My driving motivation, inspired by my grandmother, is to help people have the best possible end to their life. That is not to say what I do isn't hard. Of course, it is. But every day I come to work, I get to see people thrive at the end of life. If I can make one person smile and laugh, it has been a good day for both of us. If I can make one person feel comforted, then it has been a good day for both of us. If I can make one person feel a little less lonely, it has been a good day for both of us. I miss my 'Grammy' every day, but I carry her with me always.

## On Inspiration—Mary Swope

People have often said to me “You’re an Activity Director, but do you also practice as a therapist?” I take it as an opportunity to say “I use my training every day at RGP!”

When I started working at Rhoda Goldman almost seven years ago, I knew that eventually I wanted to start an internship program similar to the one that I experienced. My practicum changed my career and I wouldn’t be where I am today without the inspiration, knowledge, and guidance that I received. When I came to RGP, I was working towards licensure and an internship program felt like it was a long way off. But Rhoda Goldman supported me from the start; in fact, I wouldn’t have been able to do it without the support of the organization and my colleagues. I passed the MFT licensure exam in October of 2018, but I still had to wait two years before I could provide supervision. When I became eligible, we were in the middle of the pandemic. But a few months into 2020, a woman named Annie contacted me. She had visited residents at Rhoda Goldman before and was in graduate school to become an MFT. She asked if I would consider becoming an approved practicum site through her university. Fast forward to May 2022; Annie has been an MFT intern for almost a year and now a second intern, Graham, has joined the program. I hope to have the impact on other growing therapists that my internship had on me.

As my internship program continues to grow, I have already seen an evolution in myself, both as an individual and as a therapist. I have faith that I can continue to build a program that my grandmother would be proud of.

People inspire others and are inspired by others throughout one’s life. How lucky Mary Swope was to be inspired by her grandmother. Mary tells the story... “When I was young, I didn’t think so much about being inspired by my grandmother, but in reflecting about her in my later years, I have come to understand what a huge effect she had on my life. But having said that, I also looked up to her, cherished her when I was a child.

My grandmother was Mary Hill Swope; I was named after her. We have the same spirit, same sense of humor, and enjoyment of life. We enjoyed each other’s company. She is a part of who I am; chicken or egg. She supported my artistic nature. Who she was—her sense of social justice, love, high moral standards—inspired me. She gave me direction, or more fundamentally, a foundation for my life by her example. I can’t define it; inspiration is hard to quantify. It is subtle, but it was there. We were compatible spirits. Seamless. I didn’t realize it at the time, but over the years, I have realized it more completely. I’m not sure we consciously know who we are, only incompletely, and somewhat unconsciously. I did not have a moment of realization about how important she was to me when I was a child. We simply had an invisible connection.

My grandmother met my grandfather at Jane Addams Hull House where they both volunteered. They shared the values of social awareness and progressive movements. (Hull House in Chicago, was founded by Jane Addams, a social reformer, activist, and suffragette who led the settlement house movement and was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931.) My grandfather, president of General Electric, was also very progressive especially in the area of labor relations and knew the Roosevelts. My grandparents shared a grand social vision of the importance of labor and the need for social movements to improve everyone’s lives.

That vision of social justice led me to volunteer to go to Georgia to assist the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) in 1965 with Black voter registration. I also volunteered in 2005 for Katrina Core in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina.

My grandmother will be with me forever. I am happy to be Mary Hill Swope.



Candiece Milford,  
*Managing Director of Marketing*

## Three People

Like many of us, I have been blessed with a number of people who have inspired me to turn a page in my life through their character, experience and wisdom, both personally and professionally. On the personal side, when I was sixteen, I befriended a woman who fascinated me. She overcame a severe injury in her teens (in a body cast for two years), was the Queen of the Rodeo in Fresno in the '20s, and a civic activist in her 50s and 60s. She was a principled person, and her resilience and strength of character modeled for me that women can be far more than wives, but leaders. Strong leaders.



The second person—John Milford—straddles personal and professional worlds. Yes, he's my husband but before that, he introduced me into the world of housing for older adults. As a leader in the business for thirty-five years, he had hired and fired many people. While I didn't have any background in this area, he saw that I had the skill sets, personality, and related experience for being successful in the Sales and Marketing position at The Sequoias San Francisco. He was right, and I worked myself from being an Associate, to the Director, and eventually the Lead Marketing Director for all three CCRCs (Continuing Care Retirement Community). John's mentorship and confidence in me was critical to that success.

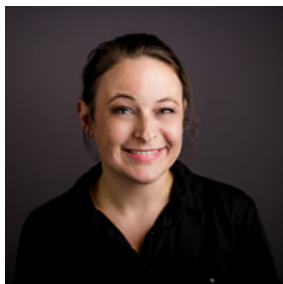
He also modeled a way of active listening that helped his staff, residents, and prospective residents to make the right decisions for themselves. I incorporate this important wisdom in my daily interactions with all the people I meet as they deal with their own, or their parents' challenges.

While one is focused on listening, one can also observe body language and family dynamics. Both reveal far more than words.

Some of the adages John often quotes have also heightened my awareness such as "you get what you inspect, not what you expect." It is aligned with a quote I learned from another business associate to "assume nothing." These two thoughts underline the importance of taking the time to be thorough at the start of a project, not to be in a hurry, because expectations and assumptions very often lead to disasters. I feel fortunate to have these guiding principles to protect me.

A third person who has inspired me professionally is Chip Conley, a master of reinvention—an ability that is personally and professionally challenging but important to me. Why? Taking professional risks that reflect one's maturing life takes courage: I believe it is critical to create peace of mind as we age. Chip's reinvention—"midlife Wisdom School in Baja, California to help people navigate mid-life transitions was the first of a series of Regenerative communities he is building. These intergenerational communities include a wisdom school, residences and a regenerative farm. Wow.

Through these three mentors I was inspired to challenge the limits in my beliefs, see possibilities, and understand that reinvention of one's self personally or professionally, can lead to reconciliation between aging and the ability to continue to challenge oneself and grow.



## Health Notes

Adrienne Fair, MSN, RN,  
*Assistant Executive Director*

### Inspiration Deluge

It was really hard for me to start writing on inspiration because it is hard to choose just one person who inspires me. I am therefore going to deluge you with many sources of inspiration, so thank you for humoring me.

First, my grandfather Dr. Leonard Fair really inspires me and I find myself often thinking “What would Grandpa do?” He was a small town doctor who made house calls, knew all of his patients quite well, and was a true general practitioner (GP). Being a GP is not for the faint of heart—he helped people from birth to death and everything in between. I cannot visit Chillicothe, Missouri without hearing “Oh, you’re Doctor Fair’s granddaughter!” His fame lives on. He told me that the most important part of medical care was listening.

My aunt Lynn Fair is a nurse practitioner, also in Missouri. She is also a great listener with fabulous patient rapport. She inspires me with her work-life balance. She is able to maintain her unique artistic sensibility, while also providing care to her patients. She works in public health and also teaches yoga and dance. She really understands her clients as unique individuals, not just a medical diagnosis.

I have to mention, also, how inspired I am by my first semester nursing students from San Francisco State University. I spend part of each semester with them on Thursdays for an eight hour “shift” at a skilled nursing facility. The students are very enthusiastic; their excitement is infectious (in a good way) and they have many great questions. I appreciate how they keep me on my toes and how much care and attention they give to the skilled nursing residents.

By the way, the UCSF medical students who come each semester to RGP are equally inspirational. These are second-year MD students who spend an afternoon with us to see first-hand what Assisted Living is like. They are always amazingly caring, articulate, and appreciative. Keep an eye out on September 13th if you would like to meet them.

I also have to mention how inspirational our Health Services staff is. Actually, all the RGP staff-members are dedicated and compassionate. In particular though, the care staff are doing a physically demanding job which can be quite emotionally challenging. The care staff provide hands-on care for residents with grace and compassion. They are also incredibly supportive of each other—working extra days and hours, so that we stay fully staffed. Do you remember the Elves and the Shoemaker fairy tale? The shoes are “magically” constructed overnight for the shoemaker. At RGP, the care staff are hard at work all night long and behind the scenes so that our daily routine falls into place, almost like magic.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, RGP residents are endlessly inspirational. Your questions and comments keep me on my toes; I treasure your interesting stories, jokes, and anecdotes. What a joy to get to know everyone! Sometimes, residents’ phrases and voices come to my mind, triggered from a memory: “Oh, honey, I’m just happy to be here.”

# Employee of the Month—Man Truong



Recently promoted to Dining Supervisor, Man Truong is grateful for the confidence his managers have placed in him. “I am very grateful to Corey Weiner who trained me in many new tasks, taught me a lot about dining services, and supported me to learn new skills.

I am also very grateful to Michel Rossano who promoted me to my present position and has given me confidence. I thank and appreciate both of them,” Man said.

Man’s path to RGP is somewhat unusual. Man was working at a well-known Vietnamese restaurant in the Tenderloin, frequented by people who know good Vietnamese food. Van Ly, RGP’s former office manager, ate there often; she observed Man working, and saw that he was an extremely hard and efficient worker. She encouraged him to apply for a job at RGP many times, saying that it is a nice place to work and the benefits are very good. At first Man hesitated because he felt his English skills were not sufficient, but Van continued to encourage him. She told him, “Your English will improve. What is most important is that you are polite to residents, you bring them their food, understand your job, and work hard.” So when a position opened in dining in 2013, Man applied. He was hired as a server; after two years was promoted to dining leader—a position he has held for the last six years.

Born in the capitol of Cambodia, Phnom Penh, Man and his family emigrated to Vietnam in 1964 and settled in Saigon. He graduated from high school and started studying journalism at the university. Unfortunately, due to the loss of both his parents soon after beginning his studies, Man had to go to work to help support his brothers and sisters. He was sponsored to come to the USA in 2006 and married soon after. After coming to the USA, he studied English at SF City College and began learning

computer programming. Needing to help his wife and send money back to his family in Vietnam, Man stopped studying and began working at the Vietnamese restaurant where Van first met him.

Man’s dream is to organize special events—birthdays, holiday meals, special dinners. He enjoys designing the menus and preparing all the details that make an event memorable. “I like working at RGP; I love my job. My co-workers are very nice and we all work together,” Man said. “Also many thanks to all of the kitchen and dining staff; we work together and help each other.”

## June Birthdays

Herbert Perliss	9
Tsuneko Hellerstein	9
Jean Schulman	12
Dorothy Harkavy	14
Noel Kirshenbaum	14
Hannah Cohen	18
Vera Gertler	23
Shirley Yawitz	26
Peter Markstein	27

June 16

Resident Art Reception

Hillary Turner Photography

*We Are Not Invisible*

Thursday at 3:30

Game Room





Elizabeth Wyma-Hughes  
*Director of Resident Services*

## Non-profit Inspiration

I find myself lucky to be inspired. Over the past eight years at RGP, I've become inspired by the non-profit mission which puts the welfare of our residents and staff over profit. Conversations with friends and colleagues reinforce how different the approach is compared to the corporate model of Assisted Living.

I have had the great fortune to work with inspiring people at RGP who have shaped my professional and personal development. My understanding of my current role was largely shaped by Peggy O'Brien, the previous Resident Services Director and my boss. She sought out thoughtful collaboration between departments and emphasized the interconnectedness of the entire RGP team. Other inspiring examples are my co-workers. I am awed by Emma's ability to find laughter, lightness, and compassion in all situations. Adrienne has a remarkable ability to remain undaunted in the face of challenges and is able to reliably think outside the box to find solutions. And many more inspiring co-workers contribute exceptional ideas and plans, every day.

I've embraced and inspired by our non-profit model that allows us to honor our mission of serving and listening to residents, investing in our community, taking care of staff, a model which inspires members of our community to take an active role in RGP.

Resident feedback is a major driver of changes at RGP. Sometimes this feedback is small, like incorporating a new recipe onto a menu or trying out new outing. Other times, residents get together and address larger projects. A more recent example of this is the native plant garden added on our third-floor patio. A group of residents expressed interest in adding California native plants to the patio and contributed their years of experience and expertise to the selection and care of these new plants.

Another aspect of the non-profit model is how much employees are valued. A high staff to resident ratio promotes a high level of attention to residents, and promotes an environment of safety and wellbeing for our staff. Staff know they can ask for help, take time off when they need it, and take their time when they are with residents.

Valuing employees is also reflected in RGP's generous time off policy. The results are seen in high staff retention or low turnover. Peggy, inspiring me with the importance of a thoughtful work-to-life balance emphasized that the only way we can do our best for ourselves and the residents is to take care of ourselves outside of work.

I've found that inspiration comes from people and through the non-profit organization we actively support.

# Hilary

by Jeanne Halpern, Resident



NYC

From the semester we shared a microscope in Biology 101 at Elmira College through the years she guided me in jungles, along rivers, and over tepuis in southern Venezuela, Hilary Dunsterville Branch inspired my life. Observing and being with her, I realized that I, too, could enjoy a wider world than I'd ever imagined. Her effect stretched from teaching me how to install the hardware for a large window of draperies (which I subsequently did for my parents), to exploring junkyards for parts my husband could use in a go-cart for our kids. And this doesn't begin to describe what I learned from *Venezuela*, the book she wrote, or from the travel articles she composed during her three-year trip through North and South America, a trip I was supposed to go on with her. (But more on this later.)

When Hilary and I graduated from Elmira in 1956, I set out to find a good magazine job in New York City. As always, Hilary had a more complicated plan. She and her sister Jennifer would buy a motorbike and travel through Europe, earning money in London before and after, to cover costs. She would then return to NYC and asked if I'd like to share an apartment with her in June 1957. This was a great relief to me: I could find a job, get a temporary place to live without shopping for an apartment or all the things that go into one. Perfect. And even more perfect were my three introductions to NYC: 1) the job I found on a decorating magazine; 2) my temporary home, which was also the cultural center of the east side of Manhattan: the Y on 92nd Street, which had a swimming pool, a Kosher restaurant and, almost every evening, an English major's dream of speakers like Robert Frost, Carson McCullers, and Truman Capote; and 3) the singles group I joined at Temple Emanu-El, called the Emanu-El League, where I found most of my favorite dates.

When Hilary returned from Europe the following June, she found a large apartment on W. 74th Street with a balcony for "our garden," for which she swiped a few seedlings from Central Park and I added potted red geraniums. She'd brought with



CV

her Ann Clare, a friend whom she'd known since her childhood in England during World War II, and we three split the \$120-a-month rent. Hilary began a job at World Publishing; Ann Clare, a dietitian, worked at Howard Johnson's; and having learned all I could on the decorating magazine, I moved to a better job on *Parents' Magazine*. Except that Ann Clare worked too many hours, we were living a good life. Hilary and I often made a Saturday loop to drop off our sheets and towels at a Chinese laundry on Broadway, eat lunch downtown, see a play or museum in the afternoon, enjoy dinner and a movie at night, and sometimes walk home in the dark.

After a year or two, Hilary began talking about possibly driving from NYC south to Caracas, Venezuela, as the Pan American Highway was being built. She planned to learn to drive, buy a used Willy's jeep, and then map out the details of the trip. She invited me along, and I was in the process of deciding when fate stepped in. I met Eddie Halpern on a tennis court, married him five months later, and skipped the trip. To take my place, Hilary advertised: "Newspaperwoman jeeping 11 weeks Pan American Highway to Venezuela seeks . . ." And she found the perfect driving companion in Lou-Bette Herrick, an enthusiastic, industrious woman from Virginia about six years younger than Hilary. The trip morphed into three years, 1960 to 1963, and three parts: 1) from New York to Venezuela the first year, then earning money in Caracas; and 2) from Caracas to Tierra del Fuego, the southernmost point in South America, back to Caracas, then earning money; and 3) from Caracas north on the PanAm Highway through the USA and Canada to Circle City, Alaska, then known as "the northernmost point reached by road" and also as "the end of the road," then back to NYC.



TDF

But not straight back. They stopped in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where I lived with my two young sons and my husband, a math professor at the University. While Lou-Bette went somewhere with a new boyfriend, Hilary, the kids, and I visited local junk yards and auto-parts shops together, and Eddie rented a tall, high-powered lamp to put in our carport so Hilary could work day or night to replace parts in the jeep and restore its red paint before driving back to NYC with Lou-Bette to sell it. In true Hilary fashion, she never missed a chance to hang out and talk with us and our friends, but she always fixed what needed to be fixed.

Why am I telling you this story? The truth is, Hilary was both a delight in my life and also a model for how to think big and go ahead and do it. I saw this on the five trips I made to Venezuela over the years, each with its own extraordinary

expedition. On the one in 1971 with my two sons, Andy and Mike, we were staying at Jungle Rudy's camp in the savanna when I spied a boa constrictor coiled around a tree-trunk too close to Andy for my comfort, but neither son saw it. What Mike remembers best is his sunburn. And we all recall how our small bi-plane flew so low over the highest waterfall in the world, Angel Falls, we felt as if we were going to fall in.

And then there was the time we four Elmira College friends – Emily, Pat, Hilary, and I – took a Venezuela expedition of our own. In the years after we'd married and we became mothers and then grandmothers, we started calling ourselves "The Traveling Grannies" and taking long trips together. The one to Venezuela was just plain fun, until it wasn't. We were at a jungle camp a

long way from any town, sleeping in a tent in mosquito-netted hammocks and cooking over an open fire, when our pilot turned out to have an infected big toe, was feverish, and could no longer fly his plane. An adventure yes, and Hilary's ingenuity—plus the help she mustered from local Indians—saved us. I remember this trip most vividly because it was the last time we saw Hilary. She died of cancer in Caracas in 2006. But as I wrote above, she left me a priceless gift: a pattern for conjuring up a big idea – and making it happen.

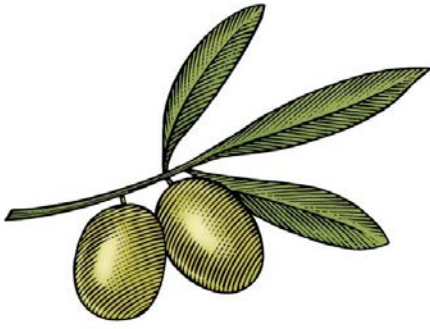
The year after I got a lymphoma diagnosis, in late December 1995, I started to mull over what I wanted to do with my life, short as the rest of it

might be. It didn't take long to make a decision: I wanted to go around the world for a year with my domestic partner Louis. Long story short, we discussed and discussed and discussed the idea. He wasn't opposed to retiring seven years early to live abroad, but he refused to live out of a suitcase. The best way

to keep us both happy was to abandon the notion of going around the world and, instead, renting an apartment in a single city. We agreed on Naples, Italy. (His grandparents had originated there and relatives still lived nearby.) During our year in Naples, Louis taught English, we went all over Italy and France together, and I made solo trips to South Africa, Israel, Jordan, Greece, and Spain. Best of all, even though Hilary and Douglas couldn't make it, Traveling Grannies Emily and Pat and their husbands visited us.

I had made a plan that sounded outlandish, and it succeeded. Louis and I loved that year. Who would have thought that sharing a microscope in freshman Biology would lead to finding a soulmate who influenced and changed my life.





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# RHODA GOLDMAN PLAZA

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

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

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

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

Visit Rhoda Goldman Plaza today by calling 415.345.5072.

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