One-time trip became annual pilgrimage

By Barbara Sherf

While many snowbirds are packing for Florida and relaxing in the sun, one 72-year-old Philadelphia woman is making her 18th annual trek to volunteer at an orphanage in Guyana, South America.

Rebecca Anwar never thought when she was studying at the London School of Economics and Political Science that it would lead to this annual labor of love. But it was a friend she made there who led her to the volunteer work that’s become a passion. After returning to the United States, Anwar kept in touch with one of her London School classmates who was a Sister of Mercy. “We used to hang out in the cafeteria and formed a lifelong friendship,” she said.

Fast forward to 1998, and her friend contacted her. “Sister Noel had the opportunity to visit Israel but was concerned about leaving the orphanage for a month, and I jumped in during the summer of 1998 to help out. I thought it would be an adventurous one-time trip, but I was hooked on those boys and they on me.”

Spontaneity personified

Anwar, who met, and 10 weeks later married, a Pakistani man while both were doing graduate work at the University of Alberta in Edmonton, Canada, believes in the motto “Carpe Diem,” Latin for “Seize the Day.”

“When you are presented with an opportunity, you either take it or don’t. I generally take it,” said Anwar.

A longtime member of the faculty of the former Medical College of Pennsylvania (now Drexel University College of Medicine), Anwar made the decision to spend her winters in Guyana when her

Love & Chocolate

Making hearts pound

By Marcia Z. Siegal

What can set the heart pounding, give you a rush of positive feelings, and make you want to come back for more? Chocolate — the world’s most widely and frequently craved food. But why? Scientists have undertaken to answer this question, and to identify exactly what accounts for its enduring and powerful appeal.

Power of a kiss?

British neuropsychologist David Lewis studied chocolate’s impact by focusing on couples in romantic relationships. He found that while kissing set their hearts pounding, chocolate did too. In fact, chocolate melting in a person’s mouth can cause a more intense and longer-lasting heart-pounding “buzz” than kissing. The study also found that as chocolate started melting in the mouth, all regions of the brain received a boost far more intense and longer lasting than the excitement observed with kissing.

Chocolate can make your heart pound harder than a kiss.

• continued on page 3
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February 2016

Health Briefs

Are wine and chocolate heart-healthy?

Foods once thought to be “guilty pleasures,” may actually be good for your heart. Research indicates there may be health benefits from consuming red wine and dark chocolate. This is welcome news in time for Valentine’s Day, but moderation is still important.

The alcohol in red wine combined with antioxidants from the red grapes may help prevent heart disease by increasing levels of high-density lipoprotein (HDL or “good”) cholesterol and by protecting against artery damage. That’s because the antioxidants in red wine, called polyphenols, may help protect the lining of blood vessels in your heart.

Researchers at Oregon State’s College of Agricultural Studies took a closer look at red wine’s health benefits. In their study, overweight mice given extracts from Pinot noir grapes, which are used to produce red wine, not only stored less liver fat, but also had lower blood sugar. It turns out ellagic acids inside a vineyard’s grapes can delay the growth of fat cells and slow the development of new ones.

“If we could develop a dietary strategy for reducing the harmful accumulation of fat in the liver using common foods like grapes, that would be good news,” said study co-author Neil Shay, a scientist at the college’s agriculture research lab. The findings were published in The Journal of Nutritional Biochemistry.

Remember this

This is just one study among several that indicate red wine’s antioxidants may have potential health benefits, including protection against memory decline and possibly Alzheimer’s disease; mimicking cardiovascular benefits of exercise; inducing natural cancer cell death, most effectively in colon cancer; promoting long life; and lowering the risk of heart disease and stroke.

However, these benefits come with a huge caveat. Doctors are wary of encouraging anyone to start drinking alcohol or to drink it in excess. That’s because too much alcohol can have many harmful effects on your body. The National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism recommends that adults, age 65-plus, who are healthy and do not take medications should not have more than three drinks on a given day or seven drinks in a week. Drinking more than these amounts puts people at risk for serious problems. If you have a health problem or take certain medications, you may need to drink less or not at all. Talk to your doctor about whether you can safely consume alcohol.

Dark chocolate is best

The evidence for the health benefits of chocolate is less notable than that of red wine, but still worthy of mention. Chocolate and its main ingredient, cocoa, appear to reduce risk factors for heart disease. Flavanols in cocoa beans have antioxidant effects that reduce cell damage implicated in heart disease. Flavanols are more prevalent in dark chocolate than in milk chocolate, they also help lower blood pressure and improve vascular function. In addition, some research has linked chocolate consumption to reduced risks of diabetes, stroke and heart attack.

But to get any measurable health benefit you must consume high-quality dark chocolate with 70% or higher cocoa content. Dark chocolates often contain sugar, but the amounts are usually small and the darker the chocolate, the less sugar it will contain. Cocoa powder by itself is low in sugar and fat, while offering the potential health benefits described above. If you enjoy chocolate flavor, add plain cocoa to your low-fat milk or morning oatmeal.

White or milk chocolate varieties do not contain enough cocoa to be beneficial, and usually have added fat, sugar and calories – sometimes in massive quantities. So, if you are eating the wrong kind of chocolate, or too much of it, you can negate any health benefit to the point where it becomes unhealthy. This can contribute to weight gain, which is a risk factor for high blood pressure, heart disease and diabetes.

The bottom line: It’s OK to enjoy red wine and dark chocolate – in small quantities. Share the bottle or candy bar with someone special, and take your time savoring the foods you love.
Cupid’s arrows could really hurt when that hoped-for Valentine wasn’t delivered

By Dorothy Stanaitis

Shirley Singer’s mother made our Valentine box. Cardboard was hard to come by during World War II, but the Singers owned a grocery store, and had access to all sorts of scarce treasures. The box was large, square, and covered with ruffled pink crepe paper and paper lace doilies. Stickers of red hearts, pink roses and lavender lilacs were scattered all over it, except where the wide slit had been cut to receive our Valentines. It was the most beautiful box on the second floor of the James Rhoades Elementary School, and our class was very proud of it.

The children in 4-B had a Valentine box done up like a U.S. mail box, which was clever, but didn’t compare to our colorful flight of fancy. 5-A and 5-B had red boxes with lots of white ruffles, but they seemed a little brash compared to our pretty pink version. We were sure of it; our class had the very best box on the second floor of the school.

Secret admirer

All week, children had been bringing in penny Valentines which they secretly pushed through the box’s slot. No one ever signed those cards, except with a variation of “Guess Who,” or the cryptic words, “A Good Friend.” The whole operation had an air of mystery and secrecy which only added to the suspense and excitement we all felt.

No PTA mothers were planning parties with cupcakes and cherry punch that year. Most housewives hoarded what little sugar and butter they could get for their own family celebrations. So, our classroom fete would consist of making Valentines to take home to our mothers, and singing the three Valentine songs we had practiced all month. The grand finale would be the opening of the beautiful box and the distribution of its contents.

I had contributed four cards to the box. My mother had given me a nickel to get five penny valentines, but I couldn’t resist buying myself a piece of rock-hard fudge for one penny. The harder the fudge, the better, we fourth graders said. The fudge lasted longer that way.

I bought Valentines for my two best girlfriends, Doris Hinkle and Shirley Singer; and one for our teacher, Mrs. Morrow. The fourth card was for a boy.

William Stiles would have no idea of who A Good Friend was, since we had never exchanged a friendly word, or any words at all for that matter. But I hoped that Saint Valentine would work his magic, and somehow make William notice the girl who secretly admired him. I even went so far in my imaginings as to picture a large, lacy five-cent valentine sent to me from William.

At last, the big day arrived. On February 14, I had red ribbons tied into bows on the ends of my braids, or pig-tails, as they were called on the playground. At recess, our class was wild with excitement and raced around until the bell rang signaling the start of our celebration.

Building suspense

After the laboriously crayoned cards to our mothers were tucked away in our desks, and the three holiday songs were sung with great feeling, the teacher chose a small, quiet boy, John Morrow, to be the Valentine Mailman. John was no relation to Mrs. Morrow, but we all felt that he was her favorite because they shared the same last name.

John pulled the Valentines from the box one by one. He haltingly read the names on the envelopes out loud, then took the card to the eager recipient’s desk. The suspense was almost unbearable.

I watched John deliver the card I sent to Shirley Singer, who let it sit on her desk without opening it. She intended to open all of her cards at once. I hadn’t received any cards yet, but I decided to copy Shirley and save them to open all at once too.

John was slow in delivering the cards, and had trouble deciphering the names on the envelopes. He even gave Robert M’s card to Robert J. Finally, Mrs. Morrow got up from her desk to help him. She took a handful of cards and began passing them out without reading the names aloud. I saw her deliver two to William Stiles. I wondered if one was mine.

Finally, John Morrow came to my desk with an envelope. I recognized the handwriting at once. I knew it was from Doris Hinkle without even opening it. Mrs. Morrow finished distributing her cards, and John had just four more to deliver. I had received only three so far. At least one of the cards John was holding must be for me. My heart was pounding. I felt my eyes start to sting with held-back tears. But I didn’t get any more cards.

Shirley Singer got six, and Doris Hinkle had five. William Stiles received 10. Mrs. Morrow had 22, but there were 25 children in the class. I wondered who had ignored the teacher. I knew that one was Robert J, who had bragged all week that he was too old for babyish Valentines and wasn’t sending any. None of us figured out that he had no spare pennies to buy cards.

I felt miserable. I couldn’t believe I was so unpopular. I thought more people liked me, but it seemed that they liked rock-hard fudge better. In my disappointment, I never thought about the fact that I had sent only four Valentines myself.

But I bounced back from that disappointment quickly and began damage control. I spread my three cards and three envelopes all over my desk to make it look as if I had received more cards than I did. Then I took my #2 lead pencil and roughly erased the “?” on the card that I knew must have come from Shirley Singer. Over the smudged erasure, I carefully printed the message, “Love, from William Stiles.”

Orphanage • continued from page 1

Barbara Sherf is a freelance writer and personal historian. She can be reached at 215-990-9317 or CaptureLifeStories@gmail.com.
By Sally Friedman

In 1960, I married the second man who asked me. The first offer had come from a quite-inebriated sophomore at a fraternity party, and declining seemed the wisest approach.

Victor was a sweet, funny “older man” of 27, and I was a senior in college when we met on a blind date – the classic “fix-up” back in the days before the Internet allowed for meeting in cyberspace. We had a whirlwind romance, then nine months later, married in a proper ceremony planned by my parents.

Frankly, we barely knew each other.

Sometimes, I count it as a miracle that together, we’ve maneuvered the minefields of long marriage, creating a wonderful life, a home, and three remarkable daughters who made us into that lovely complication called a family. There are seven grandchildren now to attest to the 55 anniversaries – and those solid roots.

Was it easy to get here? Certainly not. Was it worth it? Absolutely!

At this stage of life, I think I finally understand what really counts in a marriage. And maybe even how to get it. And that's where chocolate – and other excruciatingly simple keys to a happy marriage – are worth mentioning.

Simple and sweet

I’ll begin with mornings. Neither of us can remember exactly how this custom began, but every single morning, as predictably as the sunrise, my husband, who grew up on a farm and always gets up before I do, leaves me a note.

It's always on the kitchen table, and while it's hardly in the category of a love letter, invariably it's got some funny twist. He does it because he knows, after so many years, that I need all the help I can get in the morning.

While I know that some men do showier things, like executing a perfect tango on the dance floor or spouting love poetry, I’ll take my morning note over all of that.

In marriage, as in life, it's really, truly the little things that count. Trust an old-married on that.

When it's cold on winter's nights, he lets me warm my icy feet on his. When he falls asleep in the den, I tiptoe in and turn off the phone ringer.

But let's face it: marriage makes demands relentlessly. Sure, it can be about the big stuff: values, virtues, how to raise kids and spirits.

Or it can be about the tiniest details of life: whether to leave at 7 or 7:10 to catch the PATCO train, or why my glasses are always missing.

And here’s where chocolate comes in.

Curbing conflict

When Victor and I are, shall we say, not cooing like turtle doves – when one of us is cranky or depressed, furious or frustrated, we have our own solution.

One of us reaches for the package of chocolate pudding – the cooked-on-the-stove kind, not the instant. We always have an inventory of at least half a dozen boxes on the pantry shelf.

I cook and stir longer than he does. But his is somehow always smoother.

If the situation is dire, and the anger hangs in the air like smog, there’s another chocolate cure.

In the old freezer we keep in our basement, there always is an oversized package of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. Inside are the miniature kind of Reese's which tend to ease guilt considerably.

One of us will realize that the situation requires intensive care and will go down to the basement to bring on the healing.

Not much, you say? I can assure you that we humans are creatures of habit who know what a small bowl of chocolate pudding can do for a weary soul. We also recognize that at least for us, the combination of milk chocolate and peanut butter spells magic when the battle lines have been drawn.

Forgiveness is sweet – both literally and figuratively.

And if you'll bear with the advice of a very married woman, it also helps when you remember that your issues are not really the stuff of war and peace, and that saying “I'm sorry” doesn't really mean you've lost.

Sally Friedman can be reached at pinegander@aol.com
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Philadelphia’s long chocolate-making tradition continues with John & Kira’s

By Alicia M. Colombo

The Philadelphia region has a rich chocolate-making history. Asher’s Chocolates, best known for its chocolate-covered pretzels, has been making candy in Souderton, Pa., since 1892. Soon after, the world-famous Hershey’s Chocolate Company began covering caramels with chocolate in 1894 and has since grown into North America’s leading manufacturer of confections. Several of Hershey’s flagship products are still made in the town that now bears its name. Closer to home, the Original Goldenberg’s Peanut Chews have been manufactured right here in Philadelphia since 1917.

A newcomer on the scene, John & Kira’s Chocolates, was founded in 2002, moving into the old Goldenberg’s Peanut Chews facility on Wyoming Road in Philadelphia’s Feltonville section. John & Kira’s uniquely flavored, handcrafted chocolates are made with ingredients sourced from urban gardens and small family farms, both locally and around the world.

The company’s founders, Kira Baker-Doyle and John Doyle, met at one of her rooftop barbeque parties. Doyle had lived in Italy and New York, where he became well-versed in international cuisine and was working at The White Dog Café in Philadelphia. The idea for a chocolate company resulted from a road trip he took around the Northeast in search of innovative concepts in food. A boutique chocolate company seemed like a perfect idea to the two entrepreneurs because it was fun, creative, and could utilize local ingredients. “Our love of food and community is what brought us together and has been the driving force behind the company we created, John & Kira’s,” said Doyle.

With a buttery rich texture that melts in your mouth and every bite infused with a nuanced flavor, it’s easy to see why these chocolates have been featured in Gourmet Magazine and Oprah’s list of “Favorite Things.” Among the flavors that were originally tested, 10 stood out. They are included in the “Every Flavor Collection” of ganache squares, John & Kira’s signature offering. Ganache is a French term for a smooth mixture of chocolate, cream and flavoring. The collection includes both familiar flavors – strawberry, raspberry, mint and pistachio; and some unique spice pairings – coffee, whiskey, lavender honey, ginger and star anise. Perhaps the most unique flavor of all, Bergamot, contains organic, fair trade Earl Grey tea that’s harvested from a co-op in Sri Lanka; it imparts a rich flavor with light orange overtones.

“If you don’t know what to try, I recommend the Every Flavor Collection. The great variety means there’s something that everybody will like,” said Amber Hinshaw, business development manager at John & Kira’s. Hinshaw, who attended pastry school at Bucks County Community College’s Chef Apprenticeship Program and apprenticed at Striped Bass in Center City and Blueberry Hill in Doylestown, was motivated to work here because of the innovative food creations.

Tasting is believing

With all these luscious-sounding flavors and exotic ingredients, it’s hard to imagine that you’d be able to pick a favorite. But some of John & Kira’s most popular sellers are its simplest confections. “The caramel and honey and chocolate bees are hands-down the most popular single flavor that we make. The look, the taste – it hits everybody’s buttons,” said Hinshaw of these whimsically designed chocolates that are colored yellow and black to resemble a bumblebee. “The honey caramel is one of the things we make that I’m proudest of. Our honey comes from Draper’s Apiary in Tioga County, up in North Central Pa. I grew up an hour from there. The honey and the sugar are caramelized in a big copper kettle. It’s browned just until it reaches the perfect caramelization in color and flavor. The sum of those two parts, mixed with just a touch of sea salt, is an amazing combination,” she said.

Our favorite

We conducted our own taste test among Milestones staff, as well as a few friends and family. The chocolate figs were the overwhelming favorite. These delectable imported Spanish figs are filled with a dark chocolate whiskey ganache, and then dipped in 62% dark chocolate. “Holy cow, you don’t know what you’re missing until you’ve had one of our drunken figs,” said Hinshaw. Our tasters concurred. One noted a “pleasing contrast between the hard chocolate exterior coating, soft interior chocolate and the slightly chewy skin of the fig in between. Altogether delicious!” Another said, “The flavors combined nicely. The whiskey was present, but not at all overwhelming – just a hint to complement the flavor of the fig and the dark chocolate.”

New creations

John & Kira’s is not content with just offering the same few classic, highly popular products. Every Spring, after the Christmas, Valentine’s Day and Easter chocolate rush is over, the process of creating new flavors and products begins.

“John and our head chef chocolatier keep up on the pulse of what chocolatiers are doing around the world. We’re also very responsive to customer requests and suggestions,” said Hinshaw. “Everyone who speaks to the customers is involved in generating new ideas.” Recently, she said, customers were asking for peanut butter. The staff mulled over how to make something different than the usual peanut butter cup covered in chocolate. “We came up with a peanut butter trio of crunchy peanut butter with sea salt, peanut butter with raspberry fruit puree and peanut butter with marshmallow. It gives the nostalgic feel of a PB&J or Fluffer Nutter sandwich with sophisticated, high-quality ingredients,” she said.

But not all ideas turn out this well. “We created a mixture of rum and ginger that we called, ‘dark and stormy.’ It sounded great, but did not pan out. It has been shelved, at least for this year,” she said.

For more information, including retail and farmers’ market locations, call 1-800-747-4808, weekdays from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; or visit www.johnandkiras.com. Milestones readers can use code JK549 to receive 10% off an online order.

Contact Alicia M. Colombo at acolombo@pcaphl.org
When time comes, ‘love lies’ are kind

By Barbara L. Sherf

Lies to my father come tumbling out of my mouth with increasing frequency these days. I call them ‘love lies.’ You see, at 87, dad has dementia and is often confused about where he is and why.

On my visits to the Veteran’s Home in Vineland, N.J., where he is being treated with dignity and respect, the lies roll off my lips in rapid succession.

Dad opens a Christmas card from me with an illustration depicting two horses and a sleigh pulling a pair of passengers.

“This looks familiar,” he says. I marvel as I had recovered the cards along with his personal papers nearly three years ago, before getting him settled into the home.

“I never liked them because of the way the horses hoof is bent at an awkward angle. It isn’t right,” he says, pointing to the disfigured joint. I look closer and, indeed, it is not right. There is a glimmer and a connection before he starts with the questions and the ‘love lies’ start rolling.

“How long am I staying here?” he asks.

“Until you’re better. They are taking good care of you here and this is where you need to be,” I answer.

“What’s wrong with me?” he asks.

“Well, your legs aren’t strong and your brain is fuzzy, probably from too many falls off the animals in the rodeos. Remember those days?” I ask, trying to divert further questioning while reaching into his bedside table and pulling out the book we wrote together and presented to partygoers seven years ago, for his 80th birthday.

Lessons on horseback

The cover is worn, but the glossy image of father and daughter sitting on horses outside of Monastery Stables in the Wissahickon Valley still shines.

He is on Wyatt, and I am on Seamus. Both horses are retired now. Wyatt’s owner died too quickly; too young. But maybe that’s better, I think.

The front title shouts out in bold black letters: “Cowboy Mission: The Best Sermons are Lived….Not Preached” by Barbara L. Sherf and Charles Sherf.

“I wrote this?” he asks.

“Some of it and some of them you told to me over and over while we were riding and I wrote them down. They are still great stories,” I say as he closes his eyes and listens. I read the story about a bull named Rodger’s Pet, who traveled the rodeo circuit from places like Sally Starr’s Ranch to Cowtown Rodeo to Totem Ranch. There’s a photo of dad as a muscular teen riding the bull.

He opens his eyes.

“I remember. Nobody could stay on that bull for eight seconds. They’d pay you 50 bucks if you did, but nobody could get the job done,” he smiles. “Many tried.”

A horse named Paint

I read him the story about the happiest day of his life. It was during the Great Depression, when, as one of five kids, he picked tomatoes and delivered them by horse and buggy to Campbell’s Soup Company in Camden. He gave his weekly pay to his mother, and she would hand some back to him every week. When he had saved $75, he and his best friend, Charlie Pfluger, traveled on Pfluger’s horse from Maple Shade to Ray Hinkson’s Dude Ranch in Camden. Once there, my father settled on buying a one-eyed horse and named him Paint, because of the brown and cream colored splotches on his coat. He loved that horse. Still does.

While my father never even kept a copy of his Birth Certificate or Divorce Decree, he still has the receipt for that horse.

“How’s Paint doing?” he asks.

“Oh, he’s getting older, very mellow. He lets me hop on him, but only bareback. No saddle. ’I love lie’ again.

“Yeah, I paid $75 for him and didn’t
Max Brenner: Chocolate by the Bald Man, in Center City, is a tribute to all things chocolate, from its “chocolate aphrodisiacs,” like its Mocha Madness Cocktail, to its Illegal Chocolate Chocolate Pancakes, Chocolate Heart Cake and Grilled Sesame Salmon with Mole Sauce. If Valentine’s Day brings chocolate to mind, it’s an apt destination.

One of 55 Max Brenner eateries worldwide, the restaurant chain takes its name from its two Israeli founders, candy store owner Max Fichtman and Parisian-trained chocolatier Oded Brenner, who launched their first handmade chocolate shop in a town near Tel Aviv in 1995.

Brenner, who is balding, subsequently bought out his partner and added “Chocolate by the Bald Man,” to the company name. In 2001, he sold the chain to Strauss Elite, one of Israel’s largest food conglomerates. The Philadelphia restaurant, which opened in 2009, is one of only three Max Brenner’s worldwide to serve a full menu in addition to desserts.

At Max Brenner’s, you’ll enjoy a sensory immersion that goes beyond taste alone. The chain’s chocolate is manufactured in another location but melted down at its local restaurants, and the heady chocolate aroma often permeates your entire visit. For visual pleasure, there’s the chocolate-themed decor, but most of all, the sight of those luscious desserts, like the huge Eu phoria Peanut Butter and Chocolate Sundae. The restaurant also cultivates a sense of touch, with signature utensils, like its “hug mug,” shaped to be hugged in both hands for coziness and warmth.

Festive favorite

Amber Gaynor, who has waitressed at the Philadelphia venue for seven years, describes it as “sensual, warm and joyful” and a natural for festive occasions. Some people reserve five months in advance for Valentine’s Day, she says. Gaynor has seen her share of birthday parties, bridal showers, anniversaries and marriage proposals. “My favorite is the one where the guy arranged for candies to be lit and came dressed in a tuxedo, along with guests to surprise his girlfriend, who arrived later and was totally shocked,” she says.

Not everything at Max Brenner’s is made from chocolate. In fact, most non-dessert items are not. Some contain a touch of chocolate – savory not sweet – like the previously mentioned salmon with mole sauce. However, chocolate is more evident in the side dishes, like Black & Tan Beer-Battered Vidalia Onion Rings served with Dark Chocolate Ranch Dressing or Waffle Fries dusted with Chili and Cocoa Powder.

Max Brenner’s boasts an 11-page dessert menu of hot and cold drinks, fondues, sundaes, cakes, crepes, and waffles. Among its signature desserts is its Chocolate Chunks Pizza, featuring melted milk and white chocolate chunks with toppings, such as hazelnut bits, bananas, peanut butter and roasted marshmallows.

If you’re looking for special gifts and treats, Max Brenner’s Chocolate Shop section offers cookies and candies, many packaged in vintage tins and colorful gift boxes, and available for tasting at the store. The Chocolate Intimacy Gift Set, which includes a selection of chocolates and a bottle of Moet, and The Love Story Praline Box, filled with 18 specialty pralines, are Valentine’s Day favorites.

For more information about Max Brenner: Chocolate by the Bald Man, go to 1500 Walnut St. in Center City; call 215-344-8150; or visit www.maxbrenner.com.

Contact Marcia Z. Siegal at msiegel@pcaphl.org
Cravings

Chocolate also has mood-enhancing properties, which are not just in your imagination. Chocolate has the highest concentration in any food of phenylethylamine, a chemical that triggers the release of endorphins, the body’s natural opiates. It also contains theobromine, a mild stimulant. And the pleasurable experience of eating chocolate can boost brain production of dopamine and serotonin, which also contribute to feelings of well-being.

Complex compounds

Chocolate contains more than 600 flavor compounds, and “it offers a complex sensory experience and one not easily duplicated,” according to Jacob (Jake) Lahne, Ph.D., assistant professor of food science at Drexel University’s Center for Hospitality and Sports Management. The complex fermentation, drying and roasting process used to make cocoa butter or cocoa powder blends molecules together and gives rise to its unique aroma and flavor. “So much of what we taste and what appeals to us is actually smell,” Lahne says.

Chocolate is the only edible food that melts just below body temperature, and that adds to its unique sensory appeal. “You can hold it in your mouth a minute or two and it melts. It has a cooling effect and creates a very powerful sensation,” Lahne says. In addition, as chocolate dissolves, you can taste many of its flavor compounds. As you exhale, you also get additional whiffs of the aroma, adding to the pleasure of the experience.

The word “chocolate” derives from the Aztec word “xocolatl,” a bitter drink brewed from cacao beans. The Latin name for the cacao tree, Theobroma cacao, means “food of the gods,” so named because chocolate was often used in the religious ceremonies of the Aztec, Mayan and other indigenous cultures that developed centuries ago in parts of Mexico and Central America.

Modern chocolate consists of cocoa butter or cocoa powder combined in different proportions with other ingredients, such as milk, vanilla and sugar. Depending on the type and amount of the other ingredients used, chocolate ranges from dark and semi-sweet to the more common and sweeter milk chocolate. A high concentration of fat and sugar in chocolates are key to both their delicious taste and the intense craving they so often inspire.

Experts say that the craving for fat and sugar, which are high in calories, is hardwired into our brains because our early ancestors needed to store excess calories to survive lean times. But to get the greatest health benefits, choose dark chocolate; it has the highest concentration of both mood-enhancing chemicals and heart-healthy flavanols, which help lower blood pressure and improve vascular function. (For more about the health benefits of chocolate, see page 2.)

Contact Marcia Z. Siegal at msiegel@pcaphl.org
February 2016

Monday

1. Pondering Palliative Care?
   - Susan Ruy, M.D., Chestnut Hill Hospital.
   - Discusses treatments for pain and symptom control.

2. Digital Photography Class.
   - 1:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center. 215-727-0100.
   - Introduction to digital photography techniques.

3. Cell Phone & Smart Home Workshop.
   - 1:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center. 215-727-0100.
   - Learn about using your cell phone effectively.

Tuesday

4. Line Dance Class.
   - 1:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center. 215-727-0100.
   - Learn Line Dance moves and practice with instructor.

   - Women's Heart Disease Prevention.
   - 2 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
   - Discussion on heart health and prevention.

7. Chinese New Year (Year of the Monkey)
   - Music by Messiaen, Ysaye, Druckman's 3.

8. Mardi Gras
   - Mahjong, 3-3 p.m. Center in the Park.
   - 2-4 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.

   - 2:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
   - Classical music performance.

10. Blood Pressure Screening
    - 10:30-11:30 a.m. Center in the Park.
    - Free blood pressure screening.

    - 1:30-3:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Learn to create jewelry.

    - 10:30 a.m. Northeast Regional Library.
    - Painting class with refreshments.

13. Valentine's Day Sing-Along
    - 11 a.m. Peter Bressi Northeast Senior Center.
    - Sing along with popular Valentine's Day songs.

14. Presidents Day
    - Breast Cancer Support Group.
    - 2:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Support group for breast cancer survivors.

15. Tap Dance Class for Beginners
    - 2:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Introductory tap dance class.

    - 1 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Enjoy tea, hot cocoa, and live entertainment.

17. Cheesetown Historical Society Program.
    - 11 a.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - History of cheese-making.

18. Gourmet Class.
    - 10 a.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Learn to make delicious, quick & easy meals.

19. After Hours Café.
    - Enjoy tea, hot cocoa, and live entertainment.
    - 1 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.

Saturday

20. One Book, One Philadelphia "Cold Mountain." Discussion of Charles Frazier's award-winning American epic of a Civil War soldier traveling through the South and learning about southern culture.

    - 8 p.m. Kimmel Center.
    - Classical music performance.

22. African-American Journey
    - 1-3 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Explore the African-American experience.

23. iPad Lessons
    - 10 a.m. Peter Bressi Northeast Senior Center.
    - Learn to use your iPad.

24. Healthy Smoothies
    - 1-3 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Learn to make healthy smoothies.

25. After Hours Café.
    - Enjoy tea, hot cocoa, and live entertainment.
    - 1 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.

    - Learn to use technology.
    - 1-3 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.

27. Philadelphia Senior Center on the Avenue of the Arts.
    - 2:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Arts-related events.

    - 2:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Classical music performance.

29. Be Kind to Your Heart Dance Class
    - 11 a.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Learn dance moves for heart health.

Sunday

    - 2:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
    - Classical music performance.

    - 2:30 p.m. Philadelphia Senior Center.
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    - Classical music performance.
**In Season**

**Chicken Mole Poblano: Mexican-style chicken dish with chocolate flavoring**

Mole – pronounced moh-lay – is the name of a wide variety of Mexican sauces that have ground chilies as an ingredient. From that common starting point springs a multitude of flavor combinations. Mole Poblano, the most well-known mole in the U.S., is made with ground chilies, spices and chocolate, and is typically served over meat. Its name is derived from the Poblano chili pepper which originates in the Mexican state of Puebla. It’s considered the Mexican national dish for holidays and feasts. In Mexico, it is usually served over turkey, but here in America, it’s often served over chicken. The dish is notable for its combination of native Mexican ingredients, like chocolate and chilies, with spices brought to the New World by Europeans.

One legend about its origins has it that 16th century nuns were inspired by an angel to concoct a new dish that mixed different chilies together with spices, day-old bread, chocolate and 20 other ingredients when they learned of the local Archbishop’s imminent visit. They killed the only animal they had, an old turkey, and served the new sauce over it. Today, cooks serve mole sauce over anything from a seared pork chop to a soft-poached egg.

Mole can be very complex – some of these sauces combine up to 30 ingredients, and contain 10 different types of chilies. This recipe is relatively simple to make. Bell peppers are not in season now in Pennsylvania, but are available year-round because they are grown in warm areas of the country, as well as Mexico and South America.

**Chicken in Mexican Mole Sauce**

Serves four

**Ingredients:**
- 1 tbsp. olive oil
- 2 cups raw diced chicken breast
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 cup onion, diced
- 1 cup green pepper, diced
- 1 can no added salt diced tomatoes
- 2 dashes hot sauce
- 1 tbsp. cocoa powder
- 2 tbsp. slivered almonds
- ½ tsp. cumin
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. ground cloves
- ½ cup orange juice
- 2 tbsp. orange zest
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. pepper

**Instructions:**

In a large frying pan, heat oil over medium high heat. Add chicken and cook for 8 minutes or until no longer pink.

Add onions, garlic and green pepper and cook for 5 minutes.

Add tomatoes, hot sauce, cocoa powder, cumin, cinnamon, cloves, orange juice, orange zest, salt and pepper. Add more hot sauce if you like it spicy.

Cook for 10 to 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Serve with whole-grain brown rice.

This recipe was developed by Nadine Day, R.D., and is provided by the Heart and Stroke Foundation.

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By Constance Garcia-Barrio

Love in every healthy vegetarian bite

If you’ve ever wondered how blessings might taste, consider a visit to Linda’s Vegetarian Village. At this homey restaurant at 6381 Germantown Ave., the condiments include not just sea salt and agave nectar, but good wishes, according to owners, Leo and Linda Smith, both in their 60s. “We buy the best fruits and vegetables available,” Linda said, “but our most important ingredient is love.”

That philosophy permeates the kitchen and the dining area. “There’s a good spirit here,” said Monica Young, a customer celebrating her birthday, “and Leo’s Southern style beans are slammin’.”

Healing herbs

Linda’s passion for healthful food grew from devotion and concern. “Twenty-five years ago, my mother became extremely ill, and I began looking into herbs and nutrition to help her,” said Linda, a native Philadelphian. “I read books and attended seminars and lectures on herbs and nutrition. I needed information. For example, it was important to learn that blueberries can benefit the brain, help eyesight, fight cancer and lower cholesterol. In other words, food can be our medicine.”

Word of Linda’s knowledge of nutrition spread to her family and friends, who began consulting her about herbal remedies. “I was an herbalist before I was a restaurateur,” said Linda, who presents “Linda’s Free Herbal Hour” the second Monday of each month. She discusses managing common conditions, like arthritis, high blood pressure, and male and female problems, through diet, exercise, thoughts and herbs. “Giving the workshop free of charge lets me reach the largest number of people,” Linda said, noting that attendees not only learn about wholesome food but also do networking. Linda and Leo’s community service just won them an award, “Best Practices in Action for the Community,” from State Representative Stephen Kinsey and City Councilwoman Cindy Bass.

The restaurant has a small library that allows customers to read up on nutrition and wellness. A mini-mart includes raw honey, vitamins and other items often needed for a healthful diet.

Though the Vegetarian Village is a dream come true, Linda was in no hurry to run a restaurant. However, Leo nudged her. He’d retired from his job in the automotive industry and wanted to devote time to cooking and entrepreneurship, both traditions in his family. For Linda, working as a supervisor with the U.S. Postal Service and trying to make the restaurant happen amounted to two full-time jobs. “It was challenging, but God blessed us to work through it,” she said and Leo agreed.
Vegetarian

continued from page 14

The restaurant offers raw vegetarian dishes, like kale salad, and plain or spicy flax seed crackers. Vegan selections range from couscous to Leo’s Southern style beans, inspired by his North Carolina upbringing. Sandwiches include raw avocado on seaweed or in a wrap. The menu features agave-sweetened desserts, like scrumptious raw cheese cake.

Optimism seems to go into the food, and so does time.

“It takes 20 hours to prepare the flax seed crackers in the dehydrator, but they’re worth it because flax seeds help to reduce inflammation,” Linda said. Leo and Linda sometimes nourish customers in other ways. “At times, people just need a listening ear,” Leo said. “It’s our passion to help people eat better and live the best life possible. We do it because we love it.”

For more information, call 215-438-2500.

Constance Garcia-Barrio is a freelance writer and author of a novel based on African-American history in Philadelphia.

Solutions to the Milestones Crosswords puzzle

For more information, call 215-438-2500.

Constance Garcia-Barrio is a freelance writer and author of a novel based on African-American history in Philadelphia.

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Philadelphia Folklore Project exhibit celebrates Tibetans in Philadelphia

By Marcia Z. Siegal

A colorful exhibit of photos and artifacts at the Philadelphia Folklore Project (PFP) in West Philadelphia showcases Philadelphia’s small but fervent Tibetan community. Upon entering, you see a map of East and South Asia stretched across a golden wall. Tibet lies southwest of China, and also borders on India, Nepal, Burma and Bhutan. That map harks back to another time. On modern-day maps, Tibet – once the world’s 10th largest country – no longer exists.

Since its invasion and occupation by the People’s Republic of China that began in the 1950s, parts of Tibet have been incorporated into various Chinese provinces, with one section left as the newly designated Tibet Autonomous Region. In all these areas, Tibetan language and culture are repressed, often brutally. However, to the Philadelphia Tibetan community, the idea of homeland and the dream of Tibetan freedom are very much alive, as this exhibit shows.

PFP Program Director Toni Shapiro-Phim chose from among 1,600 photos to document a year in the life of the community for “Tibetans in Philadelphia.” The exhibit was created in collaboration with the Tibetan Association of Philadelphia, which has worked with PFP for an ongoing project to document the community through interviews, videos and photographs.

**Keeping culture alive**

“In the process of getting to know local Tibetans better, I witnessed an extraordinary commitment to community and culture in the face of repression, and at great distance from, their homeland,” Shapiro-Phim says.

Numbering about 150 in all, the community enjoyed heightened visibility this past October when Tibetan Buddhists’ spiritual leader, the Dalai Lama, received the National Constitution Center’s prestigious Liberty Medal. The medal is awarded annually to “those who have strived to secure the blessings of liberty to people the world over.” Now living in Dharamsala, India, headquarters of the Tibetan government in exile, the 80-year-old Dalai Lama was recognized for his efforts to promote compassion and human rights around the world. (He could not journey to Philadelphia for health reasons, so the award was accepted by a close associate in his stead.)

With walls painted in the deep, bright red, yellow, green and blue of Tibetan prayer flags, “Tibetans in Philadelphia” engages visitors in the experiences, practices and hopes of a small, local community with a lot to say, according to Shapiro-Phim. “Their commitments to deepening their cultural practices across generations – practices in many cases forbidden these days in Tibet – to sharing stories of the injustices suffered by compatriots in their homeland and to supporting a movement for Tibetan autonomy in affirmation of everyone’s right to cultural expression, are remarkable, and inspiring,” she says. “All this is presented in our exhibit through photographs; quotations; and the display of items, such as a huge ‘yak’ dance costume and a children’s Tibetan language picture book; as well as gorgeous ritual objects.”

Most of the adults in the local community came here as refugees, emigrating from exile in Nepal or India or resettling in Philadelphia and its suburbs from elsewhere in the United States. The daily Tibetan Buddhist prayer ritual, observed in the privacy of their homes, is a powerful tie to their heritage.

**Religious traditions**

An altar room at the far end of the exhibit conveys this religious tradition. A large framed photograph of the Dalai Lama, Tibetan Buddhists’ spiritual leader, graces the back wall. Statues of the Buddha and a female deity line a cabinet on the side. Bowls filled with water offerings sit in front of the portrait and the statues. Next to one of them is an exquisitely crafted floral butter sculpture. Butter sculptures, made from butter and mineral pigments, are a traditional Tibetan sacred offering.

The community celebrates its traditions weekly through its Tibetan Sunday School, where children learn Tibetan language, songs and dances. The school is usually held in a Mongolian Buddhist temple in North Philadelphia. Recently, it’s been held several times at PFP, where children can also enjoy the exhibit.

Tibetan communities in Philadelphia and worldwide gather monthly for the celebration of “Lhakar,” which is Tibetan for “White Wednesday.” Wednesday is
Love lies

• continued from page 7

even have the $5 to pay for the old army saddle. Rode him home bareback. He likes that. It’s good to ride bareback. You’ll become a better rider,” dad lectures.

I turn the page. There is a photo of dad coming out of the chute at Cowtown Rodeo on Paint during a calf roping competition as his younger brother, Tommy, sits on the fence watching in awe.

“How’s Tommy?” he asks.

“I heard he was here this morning and seems to be doing well after his heart surgery,” I reply.

“Oh yeah, yeah, I remember,” dad says. I sense he does not remember, but let it go.

“How is my mother doing?” he asks.

“Oh, she’s slowing down too, but she still gets out to collect the eggs from the chicken coop and makes them for grandpop nearly every morning,” the ‘love lies’ are flowing smoothly now.

“That’s good. I loved that farm. Did I ever tell you the story about how we boys would go skinny dipping in the fishing pond?” he asks.

“No,” I ‘love lie,’ “tell me.”

He proceeds to weave the yarn about how his brothers and Pfuger would all jump in the swimming hole “buck naked,” and if his sisters or any girls would come near, the boys threatened to run out and expose themselves.

“That scared them away,” he laughs. “I don’t think we’d have the guts to do it, but it kept them away,” he chuckles, as I turn the page.

“I like this one,” he says of a photo of himself on Paint right next to Pfuger on his horse as an 8- or 9-year-old Tommy balances himself with one knee on both of their shoulders in a triangle formation; no helmets, no nets.

“You’d never be able to get that shot these days. Look, nobody is wearing helmets. Uncle Tommy could have fallen off and gotten stomped to death by those horses,” I exclaim, realizing that this is no lie and wondering who took the photo.

Craning my neck looking over his shoulder, I ask him to move over and we continue looking at the pictures. His eyes close as I read more stories. He is back on the farm or maybe, we are riding in the Wissahickon Valley section of Fairmount Park.

Drifting to sleep

Gently removing his glasses and putting aside the book, I slide down and cuddle up next to him. Half asleep he pulls my hands to his chest and murmurs, “Oh, this feels good. So good.”

The tears come rolling down my cheeks, but I do not move and try to muffle the weeping.

I hold onto him like he held me as a little girl. Time stands still.

Dad is fully asleep now; twitching and dreaming. I imagine he is back on the farm riding Paint through the fields, or picking tomatoes to get more money for a saddle and feed.

We lost mom in May, so he’s the only parent I’ve got left and I tighten my grip.

He is sleeping.

Slowly, methodically, I untangle my arms and hands without waking him. Smoothing his thinning gray hair, I kiss him gently on the cheek.

Do I wake him to say goodbye? No. He is at peace, dreaming, and so I exit out a back door so the staff do not bear witness to the river of tears streaming down my face. The realization sets in that I have really lost both parents and the guilt surfaces that dad didn’t hear me say goodbye. But I knew if I had awakened him, the painful questions would have come again.


“Safely home, I speed dial the nurse’s station.

“Was my father upset when he woke up?” I ask with hesitation.

“Oh no, he was in a chipper mood and he just went down to dinner,” the aide says.

“I’m glad. Please tell him I won’t see him tomorrow because I need to take care of his horse, Paint,” I say to the aide with hesitation.

The aide assures me he will relay the message.

He understands the love; the lies.

Flourtown resident Barbara Sherf is a writer and personal historian. She can be reached at CaptureLifeStories@gmail.com.
the Dalai Lama’s “soul day,” when Tibetans offer special prayers for his long life. They wear traditional Tibetan clothing, eat Tibetan food and speak Tibetan to preserve their culture.

“Tibetans in Philadelphia” also showcases annual occurrences in the life cycle of the community. “Losar,” Tibetan New Year, is the most important festival in the Tibetan calendar. The event occurs in late January or February, based on the Tibetan lunar calendar.

Another annual commemoration on March 10 marks the start of the Tibetan Uprising in 1959, when 300,000 Tibetans took to the streets in Tibet’s capital city of Lhasa to protest Chinese occupation of their homeland. Resistance to the occupation later spread throughout Tibet. Several uprisings occurred in years subsequent to that. All were unsuccessful; thousands of protesters were killed and imprisoned, and Chinese efforts to oblige Tibet’s language and culture continued. The exhibit at PFP includes photos of local Tibetan community members demonstrating at sites in Philadelphia’s historic district to commemorate the March 10 Uprising Day. Some of these demonstrators hide their faces behind scarves to avoid potential repercussions against relatives still living in Tibet. “Tibetans in Philadelphia” is open to visitors by appointment and will be on display through May 2016.

For more information:
Philadelphia Folklore Project, 735 South 50th St.; 215-726-1106; www.folkloreproject.org.
Tibetan Association of Philadelphia; 215-715-6754; http://phillytibetans.com

Contact Marcia Z. Siegal at msiegal@pcaphl.org

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**Tibetans**

• continued from page 16

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4100 Jonestown Road, Harrisburg, PA 17109
Shawn E. Carper • Supervisor
What would George and Abe do now?

Before there was a Presidents Day – a long weekend designed for selling us stuff – Lincoln’s and Washington’s birthdays (Feb. 12 and 22 respectively) were separate holidays.

Some historians question the idea of individual greatness, suggesting that the times create the leader. Were those two not serving during major milestones in history, it’s suggested, they might have had about as much impact, as say, Millard Fillmore (nobody goes shopping in honor of his birthday).

But now, facing perhaps our greatest crisis yet, unlike anything we’ve ever experienced before, the times call again for leadership, and the prospects are scary. It’s unlikely that a potential Washington or Lincoln is among these presidential candidates.

This is a worldwide crisis, unlike anything we’ve experienced before. Politicians speak of “war,” but war is between organized identifiable entities, with a beginning and an end, in which one side defeats another. In this case, we’re not always sure just who are the good guys and the bad guys; just what it is our “enemies” (whoever they are) want from us; whether air strikes in Syria can forestall terror attacks in Paris or California; or how, if ever, we can feel safe again.

What would George or Abe have done?

Not quite a melting pot

The Cobbs Creek neighborhood in West Philly was a melting pot – Jews, Irish, Italians, Greeks, Armenians. Each street was an ethnic enclave.

A white enclave, that is. “The colored” lived north of Market Street. The only time we saw black kids was at the Saturday matinee at the Cross Keys Theater, formerly at 60th and Market Sts., and we didn’t see much of them there; they were ushered up to the balcony.

That’s right. In this day and age! Up North!

Bryant and St. Carthage elementary schools were all white at the time. Not until junior and senior high did we attend schools that were interracial.

Those neighborhoods and schools are now predominantly African-American. While the Cross Keys is long gone, if it were still around, I’m sure you’d be welcome to sit whenever you damn please.

Where my roots are

She reads this column. That’s how she knew that back in antiquity, she and I had attended the same elementary school in West Philly.

We were in different classes at Bryant, and as far as either of us knows, never crossed paths. Name-dropping revealed few mutual acquaintances. But it was fun recalling teachers, 60th Street stores our mothers dragged us into during those pre-supermarket years and all those movie theaters we could choose from.

Reminiscing was fun. My family moved away when I was 14, but that’s where my roots are.

* * * * *

The incorrect crossword puzzle grid was printed in last month’s issue. We regret any inconvenience this may have caused our readers.

Milestones Editor Emeritus Don Harrison served as deputy editor of the Daily News opinion pages and as assistant managing editor and city editor of the Philadelphia Bulletin.
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