

# 2024 The Story

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# January

03.01.24

All the children and grandchildren (and children-in-law) are active in volunteer work around the country. Their contributions are appreciated by all. Occasionally, a more official recognition occurs. Here's an award that Michelle just received. It says "Certificate of appreciation for your contribution to strengthening the national resilience and the development of the community in Nof Hagalil". To paraphrase Tom Lehrer: "This is the only one of which the news has come uncluttered, And there may be many others, but they haven't been discovered". Signed by the mayor.



Chaim writes an account of his teaching Hebrew to elementary school kids, recently arrived from the Ukraine conflict. He was teaching the verb לקנות (to buy). As an example, he said "I will buy a challah tomorrow". One kid asked "What's a challah?" Another showed a picture of a challah she'd just baked. Chaim was touched by the evident polarity in this immigrant population of their exposure to Jewish culture before their arrival in Israel.

He also shared a picture of his participation in a joint Jewish Arab neighbourhood patrol.



Our very own newscaster Sahar (appropriately on the left) participates in a class dramatisation in English about the importance of aliyah.



Last week Rahel and Yael flew off to Costa Rica to visit with Amit. Rahel managed to call almost every day at about the same time she'd call on her way to school at home! Several of the calls were made as she relaxed with her morning coffee on a veranda outside the cottage they were renting.



Nuestra hija y sus hijas cerca de un volcán en Costa Rica, y también un auténtico mono capuchino costarricense.

One day the entire Kahal delegation came for a visit. That means Netanel, Hadas, Zohar, Shahar and Sahar. As the kids mature, they often have their own activities, so it was a special treat for everyone to be there together. They even brought ice cream, which we enjoyed as we played the Haaretz weekly "20 Questions" and watched scenes from Sound of Music.

## 10.01.24

After much experimentation and indecision, including physical relocation, Deep Thought is back in my office, the latest Linux OS now replaced by Win 10. The office data component is already fully synced with Brainstorm. Its role in the family is still uncertain, but it seemed cruel to leave it all alone downstairs in the storeroom.

John was a volunteer on Geshet Haziv during the 1967 war. We have remained in contact ever since. You may remember that our mailbox is an inconvenient distance from the apartment. From time to time, Netanel checks it and brings any accumulated mail. A while ago he brought a notice that a package from the UK was waiting for me at some substation. Pat and I immediately assumed it was from John. He'd sent me some model railway magazines in the past. Netanel found the note and brought me the package. It was a book titled "Typography - A Very Short Introduction", by Paul Luna - Oxford University Press. John explained that he'd got a copy for himself and sent me one because of my interest in the subject, arising from Pop's being a typographer. Years ago Israel had a very efficient mail service. Efforts to copy US style privatisation brought about a collapse of the service. That's why getting a small package in the mail is such a hassle.

Santa Claus is Father Christmas, but he's also Kris Kringle and even Ded Moroz! It's just a matter of cultures. The first three are known in the west for the 25 December Christmas celebration. The last is the Russian equivalent for the 1 January Novi Gode celebration. Here is an explanatory card showing the differences. It was given to Michelle by a Russian friend.



Caroline replied to last week's Chronicle item "The lady in the green dress speaks". As noted, that title was used by our children for many years, because, of course, they'd never met the woman who was Savta's bridesmaid. Mirabile dictu, eventually they made her acquaintance on FaceBook.

With all the shelling and rocket bombing around the country, we have been incredibly fortunate. The quiet was broken on Shabbat. At a bit after eight in the morning our telephone Homefront security apps sounded and then the neighbourhood sirens went off. Pat was still sleeping. We immediately went to the safe room shelter (Pat's office). We sat there for the prescribed 10 minutes. I even managed to close the heavy steel plate on the window. An unidentified aircraft had been detected, but no attack was made.



No, it's not a rorschach test! I peeled a clementine one morning, and the skin came off in one piece. When I looked at it, I recalled with respect the geographers of yore who battled with the challenge of portraying a globe on a flat surface.

**17 01 24**

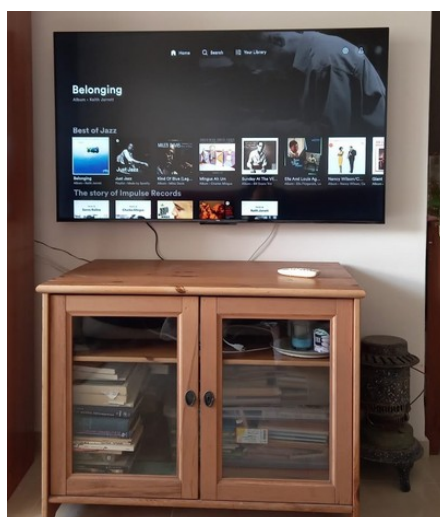
Zvi is closing in on the final version of his novel *The Luftmenschen of Planet Birobidzhan*, making final checks before submitting it to a publisher. I was delighted to learn that Netanel had been helping to get the several fascicles into a single document with uniform formatting. Zvi notes "It was just around Christmas time. I was starting to put it together for submission. I read the submission instructions from Ben Yehuda Press and didn't understand what they were talking about, so I posted a question on Facebook." Netanel saw his post and lent a hand.



Irit writes: "Continuing your explanation of Santa Claus. It turns out that the source is actually from Holland, where Sinter Class arrives every year on a ship from Spain accompanied by his assistants called Pitts. He arrives around November 20th and everyone is waiting for him at the port of each city. He descends on a white horse and stays in the Netherlands until his birthday on December 5, when he returns to Spain. Gifts for children from Sinter Class are given on December 5 rather than on the 25th, usually in a large paper shoe rather than a sock. The Dutch who immigrated to the United States when settlement began there brought this custom with them, and in the United States it was reincarnated as Santa Claus and changed to December 25. In the video on the left, you can see our Abigail waving to him excitedly."

We had a very active Shabbat. Lilach had planned to share the Friday festive dinner and even spend the night, but, as you know, she is a very busy woman. We settled on an afternoon visit, and celebrated Kabbalat Shabbat in the afternoon, after a pleasant visit of several hours. On Friday, we had a telephone call from Sahar inviting us to join him and his family at a restaurant for dinner. We could not handle a second dinner, so Sahar, Zohar, Shachar and their parents came over later in the evening for dessert. All told, lots of visiting and lots of family togetherness! Very pleasant and very tiring for two oldsters!

It's complicated, and I don't fully understand it myself, but Michelle managed to be presented with a new 55 inch smart TV. She's very pleased with it, and shared this picture. She hadn't expected to connect it to the Sabba Story below. To the right of the cabinet is an antique paraffin / kerosene space heater, kind of in the shape of an old potbelly stove.





Zohar and friend in a living room art cooperative endeavor.



Tap the picture to enjoy a greeting from Netanel's third graders.



They're all home now, but here are a couple of last views of Rahel's and Yael's visit with Amit in Costa Rica. Hadas shared the pictures.

Several family members have been actively engaged in demanding the return of the hostages held by Hamas since the murderous invasion on 7 October. All that time, Lilach has been coordinating activities of her youth movement HaMahanot HaOlim in contacts with the families of the abductees. She helped in preparing a special exhibit of the tragic events.



Lilach wrote: “For the last 3 months I have been directing my youth movement activities with the families of the abductees for their return. I just finished this week, continuing as one of the members.”



From below Lilach’s picture:

The exhibition was created by companies and members of the Olim camps movement, for the abductees, their families, supporters and visitors to the square and the entire Israeli public. As part of a wide and expanding public, we stood by the families of the abductees from the first moment for the release of their loved ones. The exhibition presents a limited selection from a multitude of actions and gestures of many people from all over the country and the nation. Our joint resistance until the release of the last of the abductees is a supreme test of our social cohesion. Don't stop until everyone comes back!

Rahel and Roberto’s new all electric car, replacing the hybrid. Netanel drives a hybrid.

I guess it’s winter in Maryland. I wonder how an electric car can survive the snowy weather!



Bill Domb shared this humorous story, which is also a painfully accurate description of our neighbors’ mentality.

**WHEN A FLY FALLS INTO A CUP OF COFFEE**

The Italian – throws the cup, breaks it, and walks away in a fit of rage.

The German – carefully washes the cup, sterilises it and makes a new cup of coffee.

The Frenchman – takes out the fly, and drinks the coffee.

The Chinese – eats the fly and throws away the coffee.

The Russian – Drinks the coffee with the fly, since it was extra with no charge.

The Israeli – sells the coffee to the Frenchman, sells the fly to the Chinese, sells the cup to the Italian, drinks a cup of tea, and uses the extra money to invent a device that prevents flies from falling into coffee.

The Palestinian – blames the Israeli for the fly falling into his coffee, protests the act of aggression to the UN, takes a loan from the European Union to buy a new cup of coffee, uses the money to purchase explosives and then blows up the coffee house where the Italian, the Frenchman, the Chinese, the German and the Russian are all trying to explain to the Israeli that he should give away his cup of tea to the Palestinian so there will be peace.

## 24.01.24

Elaine shared these pictures of three of her grandchildren. On the left are Elan and Ayla (of David & Jennifer) sledding in their NJ front yard. On the right is a personalized calendar that Kiera (of Danielle & Shawn) sent from CA.



You may remember that a couple of months ago we watched the British original of *The Diplomat*, and we enjoyed it. Regrettably it was not renewed for a second season. There had been some confusion, because our children had watched the US version. We tried it and were put off by the gratuitous profanity, but we endured and last night completed the first season. It had in fact a complex plot story line and touched on several significant diplomatic challenges, but the foul language and sex scenes contributed nothing to the story line. Their only justification is as a marketing strategy to a “degenerate” public.

I’ve been reading the book that John sent us on *Typography*. It’s really quite good. Early on the author, Paul Luna, tries to link the long tradition of cast type with modern digital composition. He points out that the same faces and ornaments are available for computer composition as were for the manual compositor.

All of that is true, but it forgets the process of transmission. Printing is a means of communication, not only the content, but also its form. A carefully designed page can be printed, and in all likelihood the original typography will be duplicated on paper. The page may be saved as a pdf file, which will also preserve the original typography. If, however, the document is opened on another computer, the chosen fonts will only be shown if those fonts are physically present on that computer.

This condition occurs when using email. One can design a letter very carefully with specially chosen fonts, but if those fonts are not on the recipient's computer that original typography will be lost. The problem can be avoided if the fonts can be embedded in the transmitted document or letter.



Georgia This is a sample of font selection.

Book Antiqua This is a sample of font selection.

Comic sans This is a sample of font selection.

*French Script This is a sample of font selection.*

*Monotype Corsiva This is a sample of font selection.*

Above is a collection of randomly selected fonts in an e-letter on Thunderbird. They display correctly during composition. I then sent them to myself. Below is how they display in the Thunderbird mail client on the left and in the Gmail client on the right, both on a computer.

Georgia This is a sample of font selection.

Book Antiqua This is a sample of font selection.

Comic sans This is a sample of font selection.

*French Script This is a sample of font selection.*

*Monotype Corsiva This is a sample of font selection.*

Georgia This is a sample of font selection.

Book Antiqua This is a sample of font selection.

Comic sans This is a sample of font selection.

*French Script This is a sample of font selection.*

*Monotype Corsiva This is a sample of font selection.*

Here is what I saw when I opened the same letter on the Android tablet and on the Android phone. Can you see the one font that made it through?

Georgia This is a sample of font selection.

Book Antiqua This is a sample of font selection.

Comic sans This is a sample of font selection.

French Script This is a sample of font selection.

Monotype Corsiva This is a sample of font selection.

## 31.01.24

This past week, we made a trip to Lev Karmiel, a nearby shopping center, for a medical appointment. Finally I managed to ride on an electric bus. They had been in service for some time, but my getting out usually involved walking around the neighborhood. This time we had need of public transport, and I was treated to the electric bus.

I am a chronicler, and have recorded many events as they happen, as well as many I remember from earlier times. I enjoy rereading tales of yore and sharing them with others. Over the years several correspondents have shared their own memories and I've shared them with you.

This past week, Bill D related to a recent family story by sharing some of his own childhood memories of Joaann House in Atlantic City. This was a rooming house maintained by Grandmom and Grandpop Cutler. I think Bill and I were never there at the same time, but we both remember details of our visits.

Similarly Jack and I both had family in the West Oaklane neighborhood of Philadelphia, and we both visited there at the same time, but it was many years later that we actually became acquainted.

View from Lior's hotel room in San José, Costa Rica



Friday we went out for dinner with Netanel, Hadas, Zohar, Shahar, and Sahar. It was very special getting together with the whole gang. We traveled to and from the restaurant in an electric cab!

# February

24 02 20124

By mid-month the planned monthly chronicle had already grown to 10 pages per language. By the end of the month, that would be at least twenty pages, and that's a bit too much to expect you to read, especially since I have trouble convincing some of you to read anything I mail. In addition to which the time lag between an event and telling the story becomes inconvenient. So let's just get on with the old Shabbat Greeting and some family news and other stuff.

Towards the end of winter, our south becomes blanketed with anemones. It's common for families to travel all around to see the terrestrial clouds of red flowers. This year, the local councils reluctantly announced: "The anemones are back and so is 'Red South'. Do yourself a favor, don't come".



For that, we can thank the savages who invaded the country from the Gaza strip.

Kehilat Yonatan has been holding services at the Alexander Muss High School in the Mossenson Youth Village for 22 years, but evidently the school needs the auditorium for other activities, so Hod Hasharon's mayor has kindly arranged for the congregation to hold its activities at the Hativat haShikmim school until the permanent synagogue is finished. The Zoom session continues. Currently, Kabbalat Shabbat services begin each Friday at 17:00 Israel time. That's 10 AM in New Jersey. [Click here](#) at the appropriate time, if you want to join in.

Our very own perpetual motion machine!



Pat putting finishing touches on an afghan for Illan and Adi.



The kibbutz lifestyle is part of our family's life experience. In 1967, we came to the kibbutz, perhaps even more than to Israel. The collective economy and concomitant social structure were incalculably valuable in educating us about the reality of socialism, both its advantages and shortcomings. I am told that there are still some kibbutzim, more than just in name, still around, though many of them have privatized, having betrayed the original values and become capitalist associations of property owners.

In the traditional kibbutz, members worked together in various economic branches. Their joint earnings were pooled and redistributed to all the members according to need. The salaries of the few who worked outside were also added to the general treasury and they too received according to need. Family units had their own small apartments, but a strong group identity was developed by non-profit communal institutions like a dining hall, a library, a small grocery store, a club room, laundry, holiday observations and various other social activities.

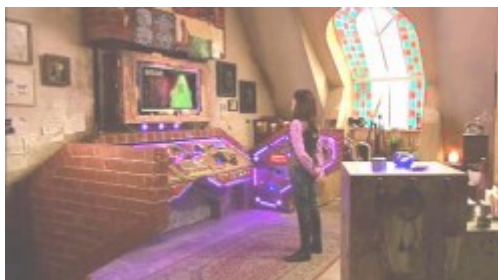
A new urban form of collective has emerged in the meantime, and both Michelle and Lilach have had close contact with it. Michelle is in contact with Mish'ol and Lilach is a member of the Eretz collective.

New and different challenges face this type of cooperative society. Family units live in apartments in one or more buildings. They may have a communal project that provides some income, but most work at different jobs around the community. Income redistribution is complicated. Communal institutions, like a club room or a dining hall or a laundry are not impossible, but physically very difficult to establish. Nevertheless, many such societies have been established in Israel, and from what I read, also in some other locations around the world.

The Hebrew wiki is the most complete! [קיבוץ עירוני - ויקיפדיה](#)

[Urban kibbutz - Wikipedia](#)

[What I Learned at an "Urban Kibbutz" - Reform Judaism](#)



I'm sure you remember that all our computers have names. The desktop machine has always been called Deep Thought. Pat's laptop is Pat's Place. Mine is Brainstorm, and the tablet is called Mr Smith because Sarah-Jane's super computer was called that. She activated it by saying "Mr Smith, I need you", but I never managed to do that, although "Hey Google" comes close.

Of late, we have watched several highly recommended films. It seems our tastes continue to be at odds with consensus. "Barbie" was amusing, but not worthy of recommendation. "Oppenheimer" was mildly interesting, but not even very informative. Perhaps it is more meaningful to those who have not experienced the events directly. The story of "Leave the World Behind" is challenging, but mirabile dictu Julia Roberts has grown old, and dystopian Earth was certainly not spiritually uplifting. In "Golda". Helen Mirren was good, as usual, but we had hoped for more of a biographical treatment. Instead the film was about the Yom Kippur War with the PM in a central role.



I've been reading the book on typography that our friend John sent me. There's lots of information there, that I must admit I never knew. Reading it is actually exciting for me, and it's like an ongoing tribute to my father.







The song "Eretz" always brings tears to my eyes. Ilanit made it popular several years ago, but there have been several versions. [Here's a link](#) to a page for hearing it and reading the lyrics. It's not a saccharine protest song, but a love song for the country. Especially in these terrible days of the Gaza war, real existential threat, and increasing isolation, the words have intense emotional impact.

The Land, the Land, the Land	ארץ, ארץ, ארץ,
Land we will love	ארץ שנאהב
She is our mother and father	היא לנו אם ואב
Land of the People	ארץ של העם
Land forever	ארץ לעולם
Land where we were born	ארץ בה נולדנו
Land where we will live	ארץ בה נחיה
whatever will be	יהיה מה שיהיה.

In Hebrew conversation, "הארץ", which means "the Land", is equivalent to saying Israel.



DuoLingo has been providing language study for several members of the family. Michelle calls it "the family sport". Here is my current list. The XP number expresses time spent, and not level of competency. I would be happier with less game and competition.

 Spanish	11773 XP	 Chinese	4570 XP
 Arabic	7149 XP	 German	4498 XP
 Dutch	4971 XP	 Yiddish	114 XP



It was raining, but I had an appointment for an eye examination at Lev Karmiel, which I had twice cancelled because of the war. Two adventures occurred, aside from the examination and the ubiquitous kind people offering to help. On the way, I found myself surrounded by a bevy of Spanish speaking young adults from Mexico. Of course, I thought to have a conversation, but I was tongue tied. I simply couldn't compose a sentence other than 'Hablo un poco de español' which I guess was so pedestrian that they finished it for me. Duo Lingo, where were you? On the way back, I emerged from the mall and it was raining hard. The bus stop was across the street. I snapped open my umbrella, holding it in my left hand, as I steered my walker with the right. Of course, all traffic stopped, in both directions as I made my way insecurely across the street, and when I got to the other side, the rain stopped.



This sign is all around town. Here it is in an optometrist's window.



Ofer finally made contact. He called. First spent time about the war and how he'd known what would happen from the beginning. Then he launched into an attack based on two partial memories. I tried to get him to expand the ideas and explain what bothered him. At last I was so agitated that I felt physically ill, like an oncoming heart attack. I hung up. The ill feeling continued all night and the next morning.

Shabbat pancakes have been a tradition for a very long time, but of late I have been dissatisfied with the quality of my cooking, so I have stopped. Pat has been making hot farina, at least for the cold weather.



On the horizon, one can actually see a bit of Haifa, but the closer view from Michelle's balcony is of new apartments, some of which the Mish'ol urban kibbutz is in the process of occupying.



Rumor has it that Daisy has a friend over there as well.



We all like our vegetables, but in this Rockville neighborhood, the deer and rabbits like Rahel's and Roberto's vegetables. This prompted our children to erect a small greenhouse.



I don't see any tomatoes yet, but maybe come summer they will be growing there.



Remember the monster Coleus? It eventually needed the porch because it grew so large. It even got shared with family around the country. Tending it was an adventure, but a joyful one. Then, quite suddenly and mysteriously, it died.



Pigeons gathering and even nesting on our porch has been a real problem. Attempted solutions have been described. Here is the latest pigeon foiler.



Some time ago, I strung a chord over the planters, so pigeons could not land in them. This was only partially successful, so I added another parallel to the first. This totally prevented landing, but pigeons still stood on the railing and hopped over the chords to land on the porch. Just now, I added another string above the railing.



After years of indecision and many delays, I finally closed the hanadari.net site and all associated mail accounts. The domain has been saved, just in case anyone may want to perpetuate the hanadari name on the internet.

## March

Netanel asked for a picture of him and the pistol I made for him in his Purim cowboy costume on the kibbutz. Didn't find it, but I enjoyed reviewing pictures from kibbutz days. Also found more pictures of kolbo.

Text composition is convenient in GoogleDocs, but can't depend on the system to save graphics, and sometimes I can't get internet access. Family history must be in a proper word processor with graphics saved via snip or other program. Hebrew is superfluous. Nobody needs it and most family do not read my stuff anyway.

NHZSS came over to celebrate Sahar's 12th birthday. I can no longer manage balloon acquisition. They brought cake for the party.

For years I've been scanning old photos (and other documents) and placing them in the Memorabilia project. I eased off on the task recently, until Netanel asked for a picture of the pistol I'd made for him for some Purim at Geshet Haziv. I began searching among the unscanned pictures from our time on the kibbutz, and just slipped into scanning the treasures I found. Netanel also suggested I make them available in Google Photos. I have created an album for each child, into each of which I put pictures which contained that child. Where two or three of you appear in a picture, the picture is in each one's album.

N came over to assist in Google Photos saved scans

Municipal elections all around the country. Pat ordered transport from a local party. Otherwise we would not have been able to traverse the couple of blocks to the polling station.

Our very long time friend Shloime was kind enough to ask after our well-being. It may be that I have neglected reporting that because of my overarching concern for providing information about the war in Gaza and the neo-fascist revolution in Jerusalem. For those concerns, you are on your own, but act responsibly. As for us, we are old and decrepit, but emotionally supported by frequent communication with our children, and physically so by the proximity of Netanel and his team, as well as by Baha', our caregiver, who visits several times a week.

In fact, folks all around are looking after us. Pat was not feeling up to a long bus ride, and I really wanted to prove to myself I could still do it, so I took the 262 intercity bus to the MOR medical center north of Haifa for three routine eye examinations. I took along my three wheeled walker. As has been my past experience, everyone along the way was helpful. Passengers helped when boarding, and even the drivers left their seats to help when alighting. My feet really hurt afterwards, though, from all the walking. Nobody could help with that.

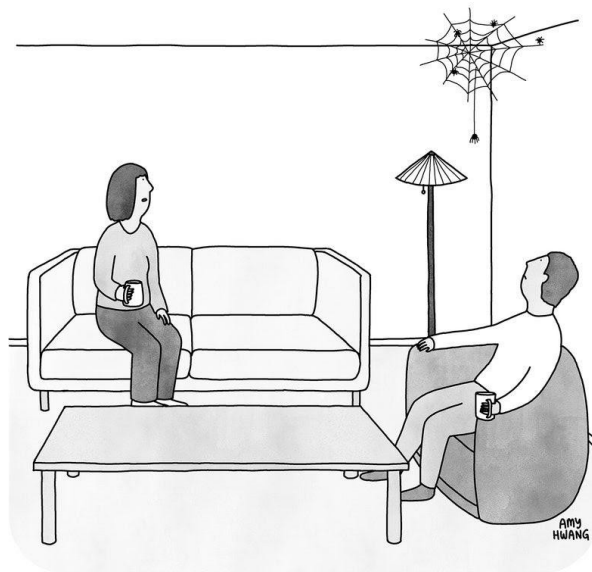


I've been back scanning our huge collection of pictures, so we can share them with family. I must admit it's very difficult work. I find myself reminiscing or just enjoying almost every photo, which makes it very slow going indeed. I'm grouping the pictures in albums more or less chronologically. The current batch of pictures are 55 years old, and most of them have not aged gracefully, so I have to do some enhancement.



Recognizing fraudulent news reporting is a skill we all must cultivate. AI is often guilty of errors, but the populist big brother types are egregiously guilty of deliberately misleading the electorate. A recent cartoon in *The New Yorker* can provide you with an exercise in the perception of error. So, what's wrong with this cartoon?

“I can't wait for it to be warm enough for them to want to go outside.”



Evidently, the cartoonist never saw a spider web, or at least didn't remember much about what he saw.

We decided to celebrate Shabbat with a restaurant dinner. No, we didn't go traveling around town, we ordered tasty meals from the Japanika oriental restaurant at the Big shopping center. As usual, we had a fine Kabbalat Shabbat dinner, and enough left over for a few meals during the week.

I placed a link to the weekly Sabba Story Sunday in whatsapp by mistake. Monday I sent it out as an email.

The little reminiscence about my mother's demonstrating was very well received. I have been updating and adapting similar tales of family events to share with the grandchildren in the Sabba Stories series. Still lots more stories to go.

Wednesday saw the mailing of a midweek opinion letter, in another attempt to keep the Shabbat Greeting a bit more pleasant. [שעטנז](#). If you haven't seen it, [you can access a copy here](#), but be sure to read it before sundown.

How can I utilize DT? At the moment it sits idly in my office, functional but lacking any real *raison d'être*.

The pictures I've been sharing are not all that good. The enhancements are often only marginally successful, but the scenes are fun to see nonetheless. Recently I tried to cast them to the TV screen, and they were worse. They're best viewed on a phone or tablet. The larger they get, the more the original focusing imperfections and ensuing geriatric chromatic deterioration are evident.

Last week, I provided links to the Anderson and Baranoff extended family collections of pictures taken and shared during our stay on the kibbutz 1967 to 1980. I'm adding photos all the time, so save the links and check back from time to time. What I call [0000 - 1937 Ancestors](#) contains pictures of family before Pat and I were born. Of course, some of the pictures were actually taken much later, but they're of our forebears.

One can download individual pictures as jpg files or a zip of an entire album of jpg files.

After a long pause, Michelle managed an afternoon visit. We promised to get to her place for a visit, but it hasn't happened yet. We had a nice long visit and chat, enjoyed lasagna and even managed to view some of the new photo collection on the TV screen.

Yuval's wedding is approaching 27.3. Pat contacted Netanel to make sure he's still planning to take us and Michelle to the event.

Friday **יום שישי**

15.03.2024

Yet another format change. News and views are linked on a separate ADDENDA page, so the greeting is just a Shabbat blessing, with leisure reading suggestions and some cartoons.

Pat insists on home cooking this Friday instead of a restaurant takeout.

Netanel and Sahar participated in a Kahal pub event and shared videos.



[Sahar, our very own Woody Guthrie!](#)



[Netanel, our very own Abu Woody](#)

Shabbat שבת

16.03.2024

Caroline sent me an article from The Commonwealth, a publication I'd not read in many years. After having read the article she'd sent about Cubans forcibly returned to Cuba, I scanned the magazine, and found an article about Hoover's encounter with the Catholic Left.

The good old days! I remember the Berrigans and Dorothy Day and Thomas Merton. These are among my all time heroes. I just finished Prequel, which caused me to recall the shenanigans of Fr Coughlin as well. Curious that the article didn't mention the Catholic right, even by way of contrast.

I remember having read The Catholic Worker, and we still have some of Merton's books on the shelves. I also remember "worker priests" and "liberation theology"? Yikes! The memories are flooding in.

We usually call Michelle and Netanel on Shabbat just to check in, although we usually meet on Zoom in the afternoon. This Shabbat, Michelle had said she'd be on an excursion, so would not be home for the call. We did call Netanel, and he explained that he and Hadas were visiting one of her park projects in Nof Hagalil, and had met Michelle there!



Here is the sign describing the project, with the planner's name shown Hadas Sharir.



And here are the siblings.





Rahel and Roberto are planning a trip to Scotland. Rahel asked about our Scottish ancestry, of which we have none, I think. I provided a link to the appropriate page in Memorabilia, however. Then I recalled the Scottish poem “John Anderson, my jo” by Robert Burns. I guess the family may have a connection to Scotland!

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/50357/john-anderson-my-jo-john>

[This week's Sabba Story](#) was sent to the grandchildren. No feedback that they are reading the stories.

On Thursday we ordered dinner from Tagalos for Shabbat

Jurassic School from Yael



Amit's comment: “The greatest film of all time”

Friday Fine dinner from restaurant. Kids came over for dessert.

Shabbat R & R off to Scotland.

I'm still not up to making pancakes. My legs get weak too quickly, after morning chores. Maybe make the pancakes in the middle of the day and freeze them all.

## April



Elaine's place mats have been gracing our weekday coffee table for several years.



My legs have been giving me a lot of trouble in recent years, and I have made every effort to keep them up. In the LR I have a foot stool for watching TV. In my office I have a footstool for reading, and recently I have increasingly made use of the laptop BS on my lap. DT is a sit down proposition. There's even a parking spot for my tea trolley.





Above is DT as composing station. BS is above and synchronized with DT.



Rahel sent us a woody likeness of the Loch Nes Monster from Scotland.

After Int Inst I started a translation service mostly legal documents for law offices. That was before digital translation. Now the same work can be done on any computer, especially with ai.

I finally made pancakes and put them in freezer.

I did not send out a Sabba Story that I wrote. I wanted to see if anyone would remark about not having received the weekly story. Of course, no one did. There's a link to it in the Friday greeting, but ....

Yuval & Adi Wedding. Netanel took us on a very long drive to and from the Caesarea location.



Irit, Muli and Yuval greeted us with great enthusiasm when they spied us entering.





Couldn't turn on DT this morning. New reading arrangement will be affected, because BS is back in the circuit. I'll be back to Mr Smith and Handy for reading with my legs up.



Netanel took the family hooking project rug that had been stored for so long. He is using it in the displaced kids school where he is teaching. The kids use it for reading, and are thrilled at the background story.

Our family at demonstrations in Jerusalem

