

No Patience to Be a Patient



By Nina Glick

It's become, I think, even more common than the proverbial "Have a great day." Today when friends part after seeing each other, it's "Stay well" or, as my parents would have said, "Nur gezunt." We wish each other the blessing of staying healthy. Most likely, as are so many other things that we say to each other, it is tossed to the back of our minds along with "You keep looking younger and younger," "What a great person you are," "You are the best," etc.—words that people often repeat to each other and none of us really think too much about their meaning.

Last week after feeling under the weather for several weeks and being treated for an infection that was nonexistent it was determined that my sodium level was dangerously low. I was admitted to Englewood Hospital to find the underlying cause of this problem. It was a new role for me. I am the attentive wife who

cares for her husband just about 24 hours per day. I have no time for anything to be wrong with me. It must be some sort of a mistake, I told myself. Yet there I was lying in a bed in a small, enclosed space in the emergency room waiting to be moved to a floor. My greatest concern the entire time that I was there was for my husband. Fortunately I have children whose love and concern for us is more than I could have ever imagined and they worked diligently to allay my fears.

At that point my thoughts turned to interesting tidbits such as the patient who completes successful surgery and then dies in their sleep, or the patient who goes into the hospital in order to determine what causes sodium to be so low and then finds out that they have two different types of cancer in their body, or the patient who falls on their way to the bathroom while in the hospital and breaks their hip. There were very few thoughts that I did not have (none of them being productive in getting me through this experience easily).

I looked around at the other patients in the ER and saw what looked like some

direly critical situations. I wondered if given time I would look the same. I realized how little time it takes to feel as though your life can be burdensome for so many. I thought about all of the graduations that were to take place in our family in the days following my ER stint. Me, the bubbe who goes to everything, who would drive from Montreal to Rochester as if it was nothing to surprise a granddaughter who was starting in her school's production of "Annie," me who showed up at graduations when not expected due to the distance, me who is the first to offer to drive and buy and run and do whatever I can to brighten and ease the days of my children.... I realized that the world will in fact run totally well if I do not do these things. I realized that one day I would have to slow down and watch from the sidelines even though I feel strongly that I am not ready for such a role. I am blessed to have great-grandchildren (19 as of last week) whose graduations I now have had the zechut of attending, from nursery school and kindergarten. Nina, you have been blessed and maybe this is where it all ends, I thought. Is it possible that they will find something that will make me slow down and cause me to be totally debilitated?

And then, lo and behold, the ER attending physician popped his head into my allotted space to announce that my doctor has decided that I do not have to be admitted. I AM GOING HOME.

Just keep drinking that Gatorade (disgusting) and your blood work can be done from the lab in the doctor's office. Two days later, the nes of Hashem, my sodium level has begun to rise. I am, after three weeks of feeling awful, beginning to feel well. I even considered driving to Columbus, Ohio, for my great-grandson's bris that will take place on Thursday, June 17. It hit me suddenly that perhaps I should use this as a wakeup call. As my mother used to say, "One cannot tantz (dance) at alleh simchas!" Slow down a bit, Nina, and smell the hydrangeas growing right beneath your window. Don't rush the days—just slowly enjoy them and encourage people to say "Gezunt is the most important," because they are right. It is what we should constantly be wishing each other.

Nina Glick lives in Bergenfield with her husband, Rabbi Mordechai Glick, after many years of service to the Montreal Jewish community.

DESTINATION KOSHER

Project Inspire's Pre-Summer Hamptons Retreats Are an Outstanding Success

(Courtesy of Project Inspire) Once again, Project Inspire has pulled off two spectacular, three-day action packed retreats, this time in the Hamptons. With separate programs for both men and women—June 6-8 and 8-10, respectively—this upscale adventure provided nourishment for body, spirit and soul in a serene and growth-oriented environment.

The men's retreat, which began on Sunday, June 8, started with a bang, quite literally, with an Airsoft Combat Simulation adventure, a perfect ice-breaking, adrenaline pumping activity! After lunch, the group enjoyed a scenic hike at Pine Barrens Preserve, followed by a tour and tasting at both the iconic Montauk Distillery and Sagaponack Farm Distillery. The "carnivores dream" BBQ concluded with a powerful presentation by Rabbi Ari Bensoussan, entitled "God nearly killed me and why I love him for it!"

A darts competition completed the action-packed afternoon, after which the exhausted party departed to their hotels for much needed rest and relaxation. Monday's activities included an early morning



learning session, followed by an educational prayer service, power breakfast and course on Jewish philosophy. Presentations by Mitch Barnett, Josh Brody and Rabbi Bensoussan completed the well-rounded morning. After lunch there was a choice of three exhilarating activities, including two intense and scenic bike tours or a fishing adventure. Carvings and dinner were followed by a concert with the one-and-only Joey Newcomb.

The final day began with an early morning jog and learning sessions, continued by make-your-own tzitzit activity. Lunch was followed by a ropes course adventure and capped off by the grand finale: a brewery banquet.

Although participants were kept busy from early morning until late at night, there was plenty of time for bonding and camaraderie, as the guys formed a cohesive group whose connec-

tions will continue to flourish throughout the year.

On Tuesday, as the men's retreat was drawing to a close, the women's program had only begun. Axe throwing and a gala BBQ dinner were followed by a presentation from the famous Slovie Jungreis Wolff, daughter and successor of the late Rebetzin Esther Jungreis. Champagne and chocolates at the hotel rounded out the evening.

Wednesday began early with yoga on the lawn, a prayer and meditation session and a challah baking experience, along with several powerful workshops on topics such as overcoming your anxieties and fears. The afternoon's choice of adventure included a scenic bike ride, a museum and mansion tour or an adventurous water excursion. The after-dinner concert by Shaindel Antelis had the audience pumped, while cakes and cocktails at the hotel completed the day's adventure.



Thursday's closing experiences included one-on-one learning and candlestick making sessions, followed by the ropes course adventure. Emotional goodbyes were exchanged at the sushi and poke banquet, where the participants exchanged contact information and solidified friendships that will carry them through the months ahead.

In the words of the participants, "The trip was truly a gift!" It was an "unforgettable" and "inspirational learning experience" and a "motivating and encouraging event." The ultimate goal of retreats like this is, as one of the women said, "I will take what I learned and put it to good use. I will ignite many with the wisdom shared!"

The three day men's and women's adventures are only a small part of Project Inspire's breathtaking scope of activities, which nourish both body and soul, providing sparks of inspiration and life-giving nourishment during these challenging times.

