



"Reflecting on the Past"/ "A Tribute to Fathers "

June 2024

Standing around after a wake recently chatting, one of our members remarked "there are many challenges in life that we are faced with, but we can never lose our faith in the Lord and each other that tomorrow will bring with it sunshine, hope and healing for our soul". He reached into his pocket and handed me the following poem, I think written in part by George Carlin, read and let your soul smile. "Reflecting on the Past And Looking to The Future"

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers, wider Freeways, but narrower viewpoints. We spend more, but have less, we buy more, but enjoy less. We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time. We have more degrees but less sense, more knowledge, but less judgment, more experts, yet more problems, more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often.

We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years. We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbor. We conquered outer space but not inner space. We've done larger things, but not better things.

We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less. We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits and shallow relationships. These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes. These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one-night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the showroom window and nothing in the stockroom. A time when technology can bring this letter to you, and a time when you can choose either to share this

insight, or to just hit delete.... Therefore let us reflect on the following Remember; Please spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember, to daily give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say, "I love you" to your spouse, partner, children and loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you.

Remember to hold hands and cherish the moment for someday that person will not be there again.

Give time to love, give time to speak! And give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

AND ALWAYS REMEMBER:

Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath away.

Last but not least: find something to make you smile about each day, even if you have to look in the mirror.

As June has a special day in which we honor and pay tribute to those special people in our lives that proudly wear the title "Dad" I dedicate the following poem to these honored heroes'.....

"What Is A Father "A father is a person who is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic. He growls when he feels good and laughs very loud when he is scared half-to-death.

A father never feels entirely worthy of the worship in a child's eyes. He is never quite the hero his daughter thinks. Never quite the man his son believes him to be. And this worries him sometimes. (So he works too hard to try to smooth the rough places in the road of those of his own who will follow him.)

A father is a person who goes to war sometimes ... and would run the other way except that war is part of his only important job in his life, (which is making the world better for his child than it has been for him).

Fathers grow older faster than people, because they, in other wars, have to stand at the train station and wave goodbye to the uniform that climbs on board.

And, while mothers cry where it shows, fathers stand and beam -- outside -- and die inside.

Fathers are men who give daughters away to other men, who aren't nearly good enough, so that they can have children that are smarter than anybody's.

Fathers fight dragons almost daily. They hurry away from the breakfast table, off to the arena which is sometimes called an office or "The Streets".

There, with callused hands, they tackle the dragon with three heads; Weariness, Works, and the Public. And they never quite always win the fight, but they never give up and go out every day starting all over again.

Knights in shining armor; fathers in shiny trousers. There's little difference as they march away each workday.

I don't know where a father goes when he dies, but I've an idea that, after a good rest, wherever it is, he won't just sit on a cloud and wait for the girl he loved and the children she bore. He'll be busy there too -- repairing the stars, oiling the gates, improving the streets, smoothing the way.

May God bless all those men in our lives that proudly wear the title of Father, Dad or those that fill the role, **THEY ARE SPECIAL AND LET THEM KNOW IT!** And before we close, how about a little humor from the "Moshe Files" to keep you smiling.

"With Age Comes Wisdom"

A guy is 72 years old and loves to fish. He was sitting in his boat the other day when he heard a voice say, 'Pick me up.' He looked around and couldn't see anyone. He thought he was dreaming when he heard the voice say again, 'Pick me up.' He looked in the water and there, floating on the top, was a frog.

The man said, 'Are you talking to me?'

The frog said, 'Yes, I'm talking to you. Pick me up, then kiss me and I'll turn into the most beautiful woman you have ever seen...

I'll make sure that all your friends are envious and jealous because I will be your bride!

The man looked at the frog for a short time, reached over, picked it up carefully, and placed it in his front breast pocket.

Then the frog said, 'What, are you nuts? Didn't you hear what I said? I said kiss me and I will be your beautiful bride.'

He opened his pocket, looked at the frog and said, 'Nah, at my age I'd rather have a talking frog!'...lol...

With age comes wisdom. On behalf of ALL the Chaplains, May G-d bless you, keep you safe and always keep you in His loving care. Should you need an ear to listen or shoulder to lean on or perhaps have some good humor to share, please do not hesitate to give us a call.

Compliments of your Chaplain, Rabbi Moshe Wolf, 773-463-4780
E-mail: moshewolf@hotmail.com// snail mail: 3008 W. Pratt Blvd, Chicago, 60645