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***Special Issue dedicated to the memory
of Jackie Sallade***

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JACKIE SALLADE—BETWEEN THE DASH

This issue of WCA WORDS is dedicated to the memory of Jackie Sallade. Jackie was one of our contributors. She passed away on September 20, 2022, as a result of a fall while on vacation in Italy. It was a very tragic accident that happened to someone who was much beloved in our WCA community.

Jackie was active in a wide variety of WCA activities, from conceiving and leading groups on women's issues and Scrabble, to Spanish lessons and the walking group. Several of the women who knew her from the various groups have sent WCA WORDS their thoughts about her. In addition to comments from WCA members who were touched by her, we have also included Jackie's obituary, written by Jackie herself in 2013. Additionally, we are including two pieces she wrote for WCA WORDS previously as well as one she sent to us that had not yet been published. These essays detail her experiences as a child of immigrants in a very personal and moving way.

Jackie lived a very full and caring life between the dash—that is the time between her birth and death.

Iris Shur, Editor

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Jacqueline B. Sallade



Jacqueline B. Sallade Obituary

Written on
Nov. 22, 2013

Jacqueline Belle Rozet was born on August 1, 1947, in Philadelphia, PA, to David and Sonia Rozet, Jewish European immigrants who had fled Nazi-invaded Europe for a safe life in the United States. Her mother was a pianist and her father a metallurgist with a doctorate in chemistry. She was an only child and lived in Northeast Philadelphia in an area near Oxford Circle until age 7. Her parents spoke mostly French at home while they studied English, so she learned French first and then English. The family frequented their other residence in NYC frequently throughout her childhood, so she considered NYC a second home. At age 7, her father's company went bankrupt in the recession of 1956. They moved to York, PA, where her father obtained a job in research. That year, she traveled to Europe by ocean liner with her mother to visit relatives in Europe and witnessed the sinking of the Andrea Doria and the rescue of many passengers from the shipwreck by their ship. She pursued her education at Madison Elementary School for 4 years, until the family moved to a suburban neighborhood in York and she transferred to Valley View Elementary School for half of sixth grade. Jackie felt like an outsider in school since her immigrant family was much different in social skills and background from the general environment around her.

She traveled with and without her parents to Europe and the Dominican Republic to visit relatives every year or two. She studied at York Suburban High School, where she did make friends and participated in theater activities. Most of her social life centered around the York Jewish Community Center. She worked as a waitress during the summer at Tommy's Snack Bar. She graduated 6th in a class of over 350 students in 1965.

Jackie started college at Douglass College in NJ, a women's college connected with Rutgers University, and attended courses taught by professors from Douglass and nearby Princeton University. While there, she received a postcard every day from her high school boyfriend, Ted Sallade. After one year, she transferred to The Pennsylvania State University, University Park, PA, where she became engaged to Ted Sallade. She graduated with a B.A. in Psychology in December of 1967 and they were married that day.

She stayed at Penn State for her Master's and Doctor's degrees in Psychology, specializing in school and clinical psychology. She graduated with her doctorate at age 23 and interned in Clinical Psychology at Geisinger Medical Center in Danville, PA. She worked in both specialties in Williamsburg, PA and then Lewisburg, PA for 17 years. She achieved the Diplomate status, passing Board exams in Clinical Psychology in 1982, following Post-doctoral study in Clinical Psychology at Penn State. After 1987, Dr. Sallade worked solely in her own private practice for the remainder of her long

career of over 40 years, mostly part-time doing therapy and then mostly forensic and disability consulting. She was an active member of the Pennsylvania Psychological Association and wrote many professional book reviews and articles, in addition to having two blogs, one on opensalon.com and another on witf.com. She considered her work a blessing and believed that she helped many people and learned from them, as well, over the years.

The marriage with Ted Sallade lasted 39 years and produced one child, born in 1979, their son Peter Sallade, now a film producer in China . After the marriage with Ted Sallade ended, she dated and then married Robert Eberly, from Dallastown, PA. They lived in Lewisburg, PA and Naples, FL.

Jackie loved theater, music of all kinds, dance, literature and fitness. She ran and worked out well into her 60's. She traveled widely for pleasure, including six continents and over 60 countries. She considered herself lucky in life to have been mostly healthy, successful, enriched by culture and friends, and especially was grateful for her long first marriage and her marriage to her second husband, both good men. Especially, she loved her son and her role as his mother, which she considered the most important thing she ever did.



A Jewish Immigrant's Story By Jackie Sallade

1955: We had just moved from the childhood of Jewish Eastern European immigrant's heaven, where my little group of neighborhood friends had taught me to speak English without a strong Polish-Russian-French accent, to York, PA, which had been featured on NPR for its history of bigotry. Here, my mother lied about her Russian roots, her German upbringing, and even her Jewish family (admitting that Dad was Jewish, though). Here, in my 2nd grade classroom and even my whole school, I was different. My parents had survived the Holocaust. I understood that much of my extended family had not survived concentration camps and some who had survived with their serial numbers tattooed on their arms remained scarred externally and internally forever. My parents' accents and mannerisms stood out. Also, my mother played and taught piano, but she didn't iron clothes, so my dresses were wrinkled, which made me look deprived, even though we had a large two-story apartment with oriental rugs, my mother wore diamond rings, and a maid worked for us. (Eventually, the maid took home our clothes to iron.)

Soon after we moved, I was walking to the park to play when a car pulled up alongside the street and a man leaned over and asked me for directions to the local movie theater. I pointed in the right direction. Then, he asked for the directions to the local public swimming pool, and I pointed in the right direction. Next, he pulled a photo out of his pocket and said, "Let me show you a picture." I peeked and it was a naked woman all splayed out with legs spread. I knew what my mother looked like naked and recognized the fact of pubic hair but never had seen anything like this. Instinctually, I knew that this was not normal and ran as fast as I could, reaching the gas station down the street. The car didn't follow. I asked to use the phone and called home and Dad picked me up.

The next day a police officer came to school to interview me alone. He showed me head shot photos of men. I pointed to one. I've never been good at facial recognition, but when the officer said that man had robbed both the movie theater and the swimming pool, I knew I had picked the right man. The man was arrested. I was thanked. I felt like a hero and from then on, I guessed whether or not I'd ever really fit somehow into the community, I could somehow manage to take care of myself.

Gradually, at school, I became known for my good grades and quiet observation. I was invited to the home of a popular girl for dinner. I noticed that her parents set the table carefully. At our home, my mother just threw some silverware (sterling) on the table in a pile. This girl's home seemed so much more civilized in the sense of housekeeping. I couldn't put my finger on why our home felt so different. Later, I learned the word "Bohemian." I felt quite independent and competent, which was a help later that year, when my mother had gone to help her ailing uncle in New York for about six weeks. The maid only came when my mother was home, ironically. After school, I unlocked our door and cooked dinner for Dad, always steak (broil 7 minutes on each side), canned peas and a baked potato. Sometimes, a little girlfriend came home with me, and I let her open the can of peas.

How I Learned Not to Cook By Jackie Sallade

This is a subset of a much bigger story. My mom was a Jewish diva child prodigy pianist in Russia during the Russian Revolution. She and her grandparents, mother and three uncles had to get out of Russia quickly. They left wealth behind and stuffed jewels and papers into my mother's little panties and drove their big Mercedes sedan all the way to Berlin.

There, the uncles set up their business as diamond brokers and my great-grandparents, mother and her young mother had a maid and a cook. She grew up believing that she was somehow too special to cook or clean. She studied piano at a conservatory from a young age and did well in school.

Fast forward to Nazi times. By then, the grandparents had passed. The new stepfather left and the uncles had emigrated to New York. Again, my mother and her mother left wealth behind and fled to relatives in Belgium and then France, staying ahead of the Nazis. She still didn't cook. Her aunts' maids and hired help did it. In 1942, my mother and grandmother boarded a boat in Nice to New York. She met a beau on that boat, who later became her husband and my Dad.

In the US, they had a small apartment and no servants. They went to delis. But when she married my Dad, she figured out how to make some chicken with a ketchup topping, a roast, and fish sticks.

Her mother, my grandmother, visited us in Philadelphia where we moved. She cooked such awful things as tough liver, making sure I ate every disgusting bite, one piece in honor of every relative we had, when I was three. When we had moved from Philadelphia to York, PA, I showed grandma just what I thought of the liver by giving her a piece of chewed and spit-out-liver in a napkin, as if it were a gift. Unfortunately, she died a week later so I never had a chance to apologize.

By that time, my mother had a routine of serving steak, peas and a baked potato every night for dinner. So, when she went to New York and left me alone with my Dad for over three weeks to help one of her ailing uncles, every day after school, I made steak (7 min on broil for each side), canned peas and a baked potato. Sadly, when I needed to bake cookies for my Brownie troop, she gave me store brand-name cookies to hand in, so humiliating!

After elementary school, our meal switched to the chicken topped with ketchup, cauliflower (frozen), and a baked potato. No one seemed to notice or care when I quit drinking milk and substituted diet soda instead. We ate out a lot. Mom always took

ketchup packets home and even meat wrapped in napkins and stuffed into her purse from buffets. (A leftover of living through war?)

As an adult, that has been my signature dish but I add lots of spices and marinate and bake well and it's actually good. That said, I rarely cook. My son grew up getting tired of chicken sticks, pizza bites and take-out, so he learned to cook well at an early age. My husband got used to sandwiches.

Eventually, after my father died, my mother was an old lady. On the verge of dementia, she stuffed her purse with restaurant food. In the back of my car, I smelled it and saw her eating fish from her purse. When I asked whether she was defying my request not to dirty the car with her messy eating, she said, "I'm not!"

By the time her dementia progressed, she couldn't swallow enough to eat much solid food and my husband and I brought her to our house, hired an aide, and fed her milk shakes.

So, now we're old, too. We eat out a lot.

Growing Up as a Jewish Child in York, PA in the 1960's

By Jackie Sallade

We moved from close to downtown to the suburbs when I started sixth grade. People called our new neighborhood and schools there "snob hill." I could feel the difference. We went from being one of the richer families in the old neighborhood to one of the poorer ones or average in the new neighborhood. While our white brick ranch with the red roof and red shutters surrounded by a beautifully landscaped corner lot with a variety of colors of rose bushes all around was charming, it was relatively small. I loved the trees around it, climbing the one in front frequently to sit on a thick branch, read and eat a pickle or apple. Especially, I liked the ravine across the street which led down to woods and a creek, where I walked and enjoyed nature.

One of the prettiest girls in my new class said she didn't want to be my friend because my "house was too small," such a new concept for me. (Incidentally, at our 25th high school class reunion, she was fat, ugly and old and I was attractive, young and better-off financially.) I tried out for a play, but the most popular girl got the role. I tried to get some attention from a cute boy who sat in front of me by letting him lean back against my sharp pencil and was paddled in front of the class for punishment. I achieved my purpose - being noticed. My social perception wasn't the greatest. However, the boy accepted my apology and invited me to his house. I wouldn't say I made friends that year, but I did form some acquaintances. Socially, I was confused.

That summer, possibly to advance my sense of independence, to keep me fluent in French, or to get rid of me for a while, my parents put me on a plane alone to go to Belgium to visit cousins. It was a loud, bumpy ride by propeller plane and took all night to go from New York to Brussels. Between episodes of throwing up, I read the entire paperback of "Miracle on 34th Street." My aunt and uncle and two cousins around my age greeted me at the Brussels airport. To me, they looked somewhat like thin Polish trolls, short, square but not fat, dark and hairy, like my father's side of the family. Uncle Olesh (probably Oliver in English) had numbers tattooed on his arm from Auschwitz. My aunt had been there, too, but I didn't see a tattoo on her. The kids were around my age. Jacques had a cast on his leg, which obviously was broken. Rosa had scoliosis, so her back looked skewed. She had spent much of her early years in a hospital, going through torture to straighten her back, so she wouldn't become a "hunchback."

They were nice enough, but the aunt and uncle worked in their home making handbags to sell to businesses all day and the children were in school, so I wandered around the streets of Brussels alone quite a bit. That was the beginning of enjoying exploring other countries alone. Now, that would be considered child neglect. I loved when the kids graduated from elementary school, I went to their ceremony. The

students received their diplomas in the order of their class rank. Jacques was first in his class and Rosa was tenth out of thirty. Then, we had some vacation time together as a family, playing on a beach on the border of Holland. That was fun! Still, six weeks away from home seemed long but I sure developed an independent spirit .

Two years after my solo trip to Belgium at age 10, my parents sent me to the Dominican Republic to spend six weeks with yet another aunt, uncle and one cousin. Again, I wondered why I had to go away for six weeks. Why did my parents want me gone? Maybe my mother didn't like my criticism of her. Maybe my father wanted to expand my life experience. I was 13. My cousin there was 12. Uncle Adgio had the tattooed numbers of Auschwitz on his arm, like my other uncle. He had lost his first wife and child in the gas chambers there. Aunt Hilda had worked in a nearby boarding school as a nurse and teacher and cared for his surviving daughter before marrying my uncle after his liberation from the camp.

They lived in a large second story apartment down the block from the Capitol building in Santo Domingo. Every evening we walked along a palm tree-lined boulevard along the beach called the Maleconde. The notorious dictator Hector Trujillo was in power, later to be displaced by Joaquin Balaquiere whom my uncle knew. Political figures died in car "accidents" regularly, as covered on the TV news. People refrained from talking politics in restaurants and other public places, where there were hidden microphones.

My uncle owned a factory there, which made various things at different times, ranging from bikes to underwear. His daughter from his first wife, who had died in the camp, was now grown up and happily married in Michigan, where her husband was finishing his law degree. My Aunt Hilda told me stories of her life. She had endured Polish prison at one time just because of the suspicion that she was a Jew, being released because her undergarments were "too pretty" for a Jew. She had been working as a maid under a false Identity for an SS officer and his wife in Germany when the couple she worked for wanted to adopt her. Knowing they would find her true identity as a Jew when they saw her papers, she escaped many miles away mostly by foot to Switzerland!

I was present for my cousin's Bar Mitzvah in a small, plain synagogue in Santo Domingo. I loved spending time with him. We went on the roof and looked over the city. When my cousin was at camp, which was much of the time, my aunt told me that the boys argued over whose hamburgers cooked on sticks over a fire had the biggest holes in them. It makes me laugh to this day. Meanwhile, I met some young Dominican dancers, who taught me a little Spanish and let me watch them rehearse. Also, the son of my aunt and uncle's friend tried to teach me to water ski, but I was a failure at it, falling more than staying up. All in all, it was a good experience,

although the evenings were slow and I became homesick after a while.

Junior High School was the social nightmare more kids than not experience, struggling to figure out who's my friend and who's not. Once again, I got no guidance from home. I didn't know how to be popular or even quite fit in, but I did know how to get good grades. Some kids copied my homework and I let them because I thought they would then like me. Once I helped a popular girl copy my test paper, which got me into big trouble. I learned not to let myself be used after that fiasco. I tried out for cheerleading only to be reminded about my clumsiness. The teacher in charge suggested that I try for volleyball manager, but someone else got the job. I should have volunteered to be on a committee or signed up for the newspaper or yearbook, but I wasn't nudged or asked and didn't have the insight. I did discover acting lessons and Thespian club, fortunately, and that became my niche. I landed some roles in school plays and one sentence in a group scene in a local community theater.

No one gave me any dating advice, boundaries, or rules. I was cute and thirteen-year-old boys tried to take advantage of me. Some got away with touching here and there before I could figure out how to ward them off. I learned the hard way that my self-respect and reputation were worth more than the status of going out with a good-looking, popular boy. I became a super-prude for anything beyond necking for way too long. Around the same time, I thought of myself as more mature than some of my girlfriends who seemed more dependent on their parents and more like sixth graders, so I dropped visiting them after school. I missed their after-school snacks and the companionship but weirdly thought of myself as more sophisticated. I have always regretted rejecting these nice girls.

Finally, I bonded with my Jewish intellectual crowd from the Jewish Community Center and made real friends. We performed shows at the JCC, had B'nai Brith Youth (BBG) conventions, tournaments (I won Storytelling) and dances with our brother organization (AZA), developed our own little newsletter, and learned about life together. That's when I started growing up, feeling self-confident and really found purpose.

So, fast forward 50 years. I came to Naples, FL with my second husband, who is from the same hometown and not Jewish (like my first husband). We met fun Midwestern people, whom I still like a lot and with whom we have fun. However, I still felt a bit out of place. Then, I found Women's Cultural Alliance (WCA) and just like with BBG, I was home, in my element, making friends and sharing activities with Jewish buddies. We're always growing up. Right?



Women's Cultural Alliance Remembers

Jackie



Cheryl Bodine-Reed

"On meurt toujours trop tôt ou trop tard." This quote is from the philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre: one always dies too soon or too late. Jackie Sallade left us way too soon. Many of us met Jackie through WCA. She joined Team Reach (a Friday morning Walking Group) several years ago, pre-pandemic. Jackie knew that I was a retired French teacher who taught French for WCA so when she met me, she introduced herself in French and explained that although she was born in Philadelphia, French was her mother tongue, the household language. It had been the only common language that her parents, fleeing the Shoah, spoke when they emigrated to the United States. After this first encounter, Jackie never ceased to amaze me and the other members of our Walking Group. On Friday mornings Jackie would arrive wearing bright colors, color coordinated outfits from head to toe (matching jewelry, hat, and shoes). We would make positive and sometimes funny comments about her ensemble. At times Jackie would point out items which we had failed to notice. Then she would laugh and off we would go walking and talking!

Through the years I learned much about Jackie. She was so grateful for her wonderful life: her work as a therapist, her family life with her husband Bob and Peter, her son of whom she was so proud. Jackie was talkative but she was also a really good listener. More importantly, if someone was having a problem, she would quietly follow-up with them. I learned this from friends as well as firsthand. I am deeply grateful for Jackie's kind support when I needed it most but was unable to ask for help. Although Jackie was an active member of many clubs and had a full social calendar, she made time for those who needed her help and guidance. Jackie was a beautiful caring soul, a loyal friend. We are all grateful for the time we had with her but regret that Jackie left us far too soon.

Lila Rosenweig

If you've ever played Scrabble, you know that a "bingo" is that 50-point bonus gained by using all seven tiles in your tray in one turn. Last season, I remember watching in awe as Jackie Sallade scored at least two bingos. (I scored none.) She was a terrific and very patient Scrabble player who enjoyed running the WCA Scrabble group. More important, she became a "bingo" in my life: the bonus that is a new friend.

We met in the WCA "Café y Conversación" group run by the talented and dedicated Paulette Margulies. Jackie was one of the original members of the group, where we chat in Spanish about anything and everything. We all looked forward to Jackie's enthusiastic reports and amusing stories from her frequent travels. Because she worked for many years as a clinical psychologist, we turned to her for an expert's perspective on mental health issues. And when the talk turned to politics, she wasn't shy about sharing her views.

I came into the group a few years ago, but only got to know Jackie well last season. She was pursuing part-time acting gigs, including commercials and voice-overs, as a second career. In class I mentioned I'd worked as a TV news reporter, producer, and writer. She wanted to meet for coffee to learn more. I suggested lunch instead. I'm glad I did! We talked about the media. We talked about our careers. We talked about our families. Did I mention we laughed a lot?

After that, I joined a couple of Scrabble sessions with Jackie's WCA group at the Pelican Bay Community Center. Our scores were never close, but the women were so welcoming and the setting was beautiful: a shady terrace overlooking the water with a warm, gentle breeze blowing. What a delightful way to spend a Friday afternoon!

We also played Scrabble in each other's homes. Jackie was a gracious hostess, her snacks always a notch or two above standard fare. She loved art and was proud to give me a tour of the works in her home that she'd collected from her world travels. Jackie was interested in everything and everyone. She read the news and she read books. She went to the theatre and to museums. She loved music and dance. To her credit, she kept learning and reinventing herself.

Some of her audition clips are still online. Of course, it's very difficult to watch them now. In one she says she's going to enjoy her seventies. "I am gonna have fun. I'm gonna exercise and laugh and love."

Jackie did that and so much more, enriching our lives in many ways. She was a "bingo" to all of us. I miss my new friend.

Bronia Ichel

Hi Bob and Peter, I'm a friend of Jackie from Naples. I'm so sorry for your loss. A day does not go by that I don't think of Jackie and wanted you both to know you're in my thoughts and prayers. My friendship with Jackie meant so much to me and I miss her dearly.

We met at Sugden Theatre three years ago and we realized we had the admiration for the arts, travel, and adventure in common. Jackie immediately proposed an invitation to meet at Starbucks the following week to get to know one another better. We talked about our mutual world travels, family and discovered we had mutual friends.

Jackie was a proud mother and Peter came up in many conversations we had. Jackie was fun to be with and as you know she had many talents. One day at Starbucks, Jackie shared that she was trying out for a part in commercials. It was so funny! She rehearsed and asked me to video her in action, so I did. After a few tries auditioning, she landed a job. I'll never forget how happy and excited Jackie was to share her news and made the announcement during our Walking Group. She offered and insisted to treat all of us in the Walking Group to drinks at a coffee shop because she got paid! Jackie was always generous!

She was a very caring and supportive friend to everyone. Jackie would come to my studio often to visit, she brought a friend or two and brought you, Bob, to an Open Studios evening to show you my paintings, two of which she acquired for your home. When Jackie walked in, she brought sunshine and smiles. Jackie payed attention to details in the way she kept her lovely home and dressed coordinated with color from head to toe. She also had a way with displaying her art collection. She invited me over to your home for me to meet you, Bob, and help place my art at the right spot on the wall. Jackie loved having overnight guests come visit and she wanted the art to be displayed in the guest room. She said, "Bronia, I want my guests to see your colorful paintings as soon as they wake up." We marked the paintings to be hung on the wall opposite from the guest bed. That's Jackie, always making everyone feel good when in her presence.

I miss her dearly and she will be in my heart forever

I will be coming to the memorial service at Temple Shalom on Sunday and looking forward to seeing you and meeting Peter.

With my deepest condolences, Bronia Ichel

Judy Isserlis

Bob and Peter - what a loss.

When I thought about doing this and I think about Jackie - which I do all the time - I remember a short poem. I will read it to you and try not to blubber:

I Did Not Die

Do not stand at my grave and forever weep I am not there; I do not sleep

I am a thousand winds that blow

I am the diamond glints on snow.

I am the sunlight on ripened grain

I am the gentle autumn's rain.

When you awaken in the morning hush

I am the swift uplifting rush

Of quiet birds in circled flight.

I am the soft stars that shine at night.

Do not stand at my grave and forever cry

I am not there. I did not die.

(NOTE: poem is in the public domain.)

Because Jackie's **wonderful good nature** will always stay with me - she never said a bad word about anybody, and she always had a smile on her face.

Because her **generosity** will always stay with me - she was generous with her time (her time was your time), her friends (I know a lot of you because Jackie introduced us; she wanted her friends to be friends with each other) and even her clothes. She gave me some lovely things which I am attempting to squeeze myself into.

Because her **creativity** will always stay with me - the way she ran our group, her wonderful writing in WCA's Words.

And because her **adventurousness** will always stay with me - who else do you know who wanted to go to all 50 states - and did it!

There is so much more to say, but maybe most importantly, as Barbara Kaye said to me, Jackie makes me want to be better.

Sheryl Affrime

Jackie was a sweet, adventurous, energetic, optimistic and intelligent woman. She was kind, caring and inclusive and always helpful when needed. She had many interests, was a lifelong learner and touched many people's lives.

We shared a Spanish class, a walking group and spent many good times together. Losing someone so vital and alive was a big shock and she will be very sorely missed.

Barbara Kay

I first met Jackie 3 years ago through the WCA walking group. I was new to the group, and she immediately reached out to welcome me. Jackie was one of the sweetest and kindest people I have known. She always had a smile on her face and was so positive. She had so many interests and we quickly became friends outside of the group. We would meet for lunch, do Zumba at my pool, hit the upscale shops as well as the bargain basement shops! I loved her quirkiness too. I would tease her about her color coordinating outfits from head to toe and she would laugh and say it made her feel good. She loved shopping for jewelry and we would go from store to store till she picked out a piece that she liked. We would stay in touch frequently by phone during the summer months and she would love to tell me about her travel adventures. Jackie was truly one of a kind in the best way possible. I will miss her dearly and I am so grateful for having her in my life.

Paulette Margulies

Perhaps Jackie was in our Café y Conversación group six or seven years, my files stop at five. We met weekly for three months a year and delighted in Jackie's "Frenchified" Spanish. The nature of the group was to talk and study a bit at the same time. Consequently, we learned about each other's backgrounds, professions, wishes, travels and so much more. Jackie spoke about serious subjects in a serious manner and yet had a ready laugh when talking about light-hearted things. Slight and petite, she often appeared in her pastel workout or tennis clothes, topped with a wide-brimmed hat concealing a blonde ponytail having already been active well before our 10:00 start time.

When we stopped meeting in person in March of 2020, it was Jackie who suggested we switch to Zoom and then she suggested that we meet every other week year-round. There was a problem and she creatively found a solution. She really wanted to continue together and helped to make it happen.

We met in person twice last season at the end of March, outside, trying to avoid the hot sun. That was the last time I saw her in person. I do miss her terribly.

Sue Hammerman

Jackie Sallade, un recuerdo: For many years, Jackie participated in our WCA group, Café y Conversación. For the past two plus years, our group met and talked together almost completely on Zoom. Special memories of Jackie that linger with me: She loved the world. Intent on learning Spanish, Jackie spoke the language with a French accent, one of her several primary languages. She loved to travel the world, joyfully travelling far afield to be near her son, to experience new places and histories. She delved quickly into the essence of any question about life and answered quickly based on her decades of experience as a psychologist and practitioner. She took great joy in new experiences, lighting up when describing one of her most recent adventures, an audition for advertising in a commercial in California. I learned from Jackie to be intrepid and joyful. I carry her presence within me and I am grateful for the moments I was given to share thoughts and learning with her. My deepest condolences to her husband Bob and son Peter -- we talked about you often in Spanish, and always with a French accent!

Rhonda Brazina

I was fortunate to have been a part of Jackie's group for a several years. During COVID we still continued to meet on Zoom. After the world began to open up somewhat, we began meeting in the covered picnic area at Veterans Park. It seemed to me that the women in the group were very engaged because of the topics pertaining to Women's issues and the warm and professional manner in which Jackie conducted the sessions.

Jackie was masterful in what she did. As a good communicator she was able to conduct her meetings so that everyone was involved and felt they were in a safe space to share all of their thoughts, fears and dreams.

Jackie was loved and admired by so many and she will be long remembered with fondness and gratitude.

Julie Barocas

...About my dear, dear friend Jackie Sallade. . . She might've been physically petite, but what a HUGE impact she had on all of those who knew her, especially me. Professionally she was a psychologist, helping many of us through life's challenging times. Our "discussion" group held in the park was fun and also educational. We left feeling better than when we arrived, looking forward to the next one.

Personally though, Jackie and I had an extremely close bond from the day we met 7 years ago. We became such close friends talking and texting almost daily, traveling together, and sharing life's experiences with each other.

I loved her so much; her death has left a huge void in my life. I still wake up expecting her morning text about some subject we talked about the day before.

Rest in peace Jackie, I miss you and will never forget you."

Micki Ravitz

My friend Jackie leaves a huge hole in many of our lives. She was always so positive and up for anything, a fast walk, a game of scrabble, sharing thoughts about books and practicing Spanish. Jackie was funny, kind, loving and very, very smart. She had a very quirky sense of fashion and I will miss her. I constantly feel that she just can't be gone.

Sharon Cohan

Jackie was a clear thinker.
She always knew how to zoom into a problem to get good results.
Kind and caring.
A beautiful lady inside and out.
She will be missed by many.

Sandy Glassman

I started going to Jackie's group toward the end of the season. Jackie's ability to connect with group members in a non-judgmental, caring manner was immediately apparent. I liked her very much from the start!

Jackie was full of life and I hoped to get to know her better this year. I played Scrabble with her and another friend in the spring. We all had a fabulous time and planned to continue this season. It was a shock and so very sad to hear of the untimely death of Jackie. She is someone who will be remembered by so many for the wonderful woman and friend she was in life.

Judy Belmont

Jackie has always been an important member of our walking group. She always had a smile on her face, was so warm, friendly and complimentary to those around her. She was always interested in others and her support was always appreciated by many of us. I feel fortunate to have known her and am so sad that she left us way too early. Her positivity and kindness will always be an inspiration to me. Her kindness had no bounds and I feel fortunate to have considered her a friend.

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Gail Nizen

Jackie started with her book of stories, all with a moral or thought-provoking message. The stories were the impetus to pique our curiosity and this technique led to a lively discussion. We were not initially speaking about ourselves but rather the story became the focus of the initial discussion. No judgments.

Her calm demeanor, her insights, her ability to have us look inward, with her soft voice, as she beckoned us to relax, look inward and imagine. Then Jackie would prod us with questions, to release our innermost thoughts. Spurred on by this relaxation technique and her nonjudgmental style, the sessions were informative and eye-opening.

Jackie loved clothes and was always spiffy. Everything matched and she was color coordinated from the tip of her toes to the top of her head. She often wore a hat that matched her color scheme of the day.

GUIDELINES for WCA WORDS

What is WCA WORDS?

WCA WORDS is a literary journal open to any WCA member and will be published approximately once a month. Our goal is to provide a publishing platform for members who like to write.

How do I submit a piece for publication?

- Your submission must be your original work. It can be poetry, fiction, or non-fiction of 750 words or less.
- A submission should have a title and be typed in a format (not PDF) that can be edited for spelling, punctuation, and typo corrections. We will contact you if any substantive corrections need to be made.
- Submissions are sent to Iris Shur (irisjimshur@aol.com).

What are the Publication Policies?

- Proofreading and determination of appropriateness for publication will be done by a committee chaired by Iris Shur. Publication is also subject to review by the WCA Board.
- Per Jewish Federation of Greater Naples (JFGN) guidelines, "Items of controversial opinions and points of view about political issues will not be accepted for publication." Please keep your language and subject matter appropriate for the WCA audience.
- It will be clearly stated that the opinions and viewpoints of the author do not reflect the opinions of WCA or JFGN.
- Work that you have previously published elsewhere will be accepted, so long as you have permission to do so.
- Writers will need to agree to a release form before the work can be published. The form will be emailed to you after receipt of your submission.
- Although writers may submit multiple items, only one submission per member will be selected for publication in any given month.