

WCA

WORDS



May 2021

Issue 3

Can you believe this is already the third issue of WCA WORDS?

This issue takes you from a look back at life with Covid to thoughts on mourning a difficult father. Part of this issue is also devoted to output from members of the WCA Creative Writing Group.

But first we introduce the second in our series of “Why Write?” Rabbi Corinne Copnick generously accepted our invitation to tell us her motivation for writing. Rabbi Corinne was an inspiration to all who heard her presentation at the Jewish Book Festival this season when she discussed her book “Rabbi at Sea.” The book was a great read and we highly recommend it. Most notably Rabbi Corinne became ordained as a rabbi at age 79! If you are a writer already, perhaps you share Rabbi Corinne's reasons for writing and if you have never written you might be enticed to find spiritual meaning in sharing your thoughts with the world.

Why Writers Write...

By Rabbi Corinne Copnick,

MRS (AJRCA), MA (McGill), CM (Canada Medal)

Why do writers write? I often think it's because they can't NOT write, probably true as well for those who endeavor in other artistic fields. There are, of course, those who write, or pick up a paintbrush, or have a compulsion to step on a stage, mainly for themselves, but I am not one of them. In my experience, I write from a burning need to set down my thoughts (brilliant, of course!) before they are lost. It's a desire to give them to other people, to share...because, **like most gifts, what is written cannot really be given until it is received.** At times in my life—which now spans more than eight decades—writing has also been **a search, an attempt, almost unknowingly, to reach out to the divine,** or at least to expand the glimpse of divinity within ourselves as created beings.

And sometimes this desire waxes and wanes...but it always comes back, often with redoubled force.

In my first book, *Embrace: A Love Story in Poetry*, a bilingual book (English/French) which I wrote in Montreal, Quebec (where I was born) in 1981 as Corinne Copnick Spiegel (my married name), **I reached out for I-knew-not-what, something inarticulate I sensed was already there.** This book “happened” long before I became a rabbi, long before I recognized that there was a compelling path I needed to follow. And I wrote my slim book, *Embrace (Etreinte: Un poeme d'amour* is the full title in French), long before we had the Internet or Social Media or

Zoom or other ways—aside from the telephone or telegram, or even the long-lost art of the hand-written letter—to reach out to those, known or unknown, who were not physically sharing our space. *Embrace* is about that kind of spiritual reaching, with its concomitant deep anger and grief about its unattainability and therefore loss, but eventual hope and resolution for the future.

Nevertheless, as I wrote it, even I didn't know what it was really about until much later in life. I was long married by then, the mother of four wonderful children, and with my own satisfying achievements in artistic and educational fields. I knew that the searching had to do with something that wasn't there in my life—an awareness that affected many women of my generation after Betty Freidan, Germaine Greer, Gloria Steinem, and abundant other feminists had their say, for better or worse, in the 1960s, 70s, and 80s. Maybe there's always something that isn't there in everyone's life. Maybe we just don't identify it correctly.

At any rate, the response to my metaphorical book, published in a limited edition (because, if they don't know you, who buys poetry?) was very positive, and the book sold out. Today *Embrace/Etreinte* is considered a rare book. Whenever I can find a used one in an online bookstore, I purchase it (if the price is at all affordable) for myself. And I whisper to myself the four short lines in it that represent my forever longing:

“Shall we first meet

In the middle of the air,

Shall I come to find

The sky within you there?”

When I wrote these heartfelt words, they were part of an imagining, an unrequited searching for something that might not even exist. Yet, in 2021, in these first online decades of a still new century, **it’s not so hard to imagine the moment when two people searching urgently for their spiritual (and possibly physical) counterpart might actually meet in the unknown clouds of possibility we currently call the Internet.**

And—who knows?—maybe, just maybe we might even connect in our searching with something unseen, something we can’t touch, something that, by different names, we call divine.

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Since writing “Embrace/Etreinte,” Rabbi Corinne (now a Jewish Book Council network author) has authored several other books and many articles. Her last two books, “Cryo Kid: Drawing a New Map” (2008), a finalist in the 2009 Next Generation Indie Book Awards, and “A Rabbi at Sea: A Uniquely Spiritual Journey” (2020) are both available online in print and Kindle editions.

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My Father's Fabulous Funeral

(a true story with names changed to protect the innocent!)

By Judy Copeland

My father's life came to an end when he was doing what he loved most picking up coins off the pavement. A frugal man of somewhat considerable means, he could not resist bending down to rescue the shiny quarter he noticed at his feet. Ninety-three and frail, he unfortunately fell and broke his elbow. He told us he was ready to go and a few days later he passed away peacefully in his sleep. We all agreed it was a fitting finale for a man who spent much of his life in the pursuit of pennies.

At his funeral, my brother, David, the doctor took charge. The first thing he did was tape about a dozen photographs of my father on the wall of the chapel. None, however, included any with his widow, Myra, the woman he left our mother for. When Myra asked why there were no pictures of her, David claimed he told her to bring her own. (Turns out he didn't.)

My father was an atheist, so this was not going to be your typical Jewish service. My brother flew down our cousin Arthur, a non-denominational firehouse chaplain from Vermont, to preside over the funeral. He said a few things and then David, who fancies himself a comedian, took over. He moved in front of the podium, whipped out his cell phone and began his eulogy by saying, "Our father left us a bundle". I was mortified. I looked at the puzzled crowd of mostly octogenarians with hearing aids and hoped they hadn't understood what he said. The rest of his eulogy I

can only describe as a tacky stand-up routine.

When we got to the grave site, we saw only one grave for Myra and my father. Myra would eventually be buried on top of him. In his eternal thriftiness, we think he got a two for one discount. My brother was furious because he only wanted to visit our father and now he would be forced to visit her, too. However, he had a plan. He would have the gravestone designed so that our father's name was prominently displayed at the top, while Myra's would be small and difficult to read at the bottom.

I sat with Myra during the military service, my father having been a proud WW II veteran. A serviceman was playing taps on the bugle while another one folded the American flag. Myra and David disagreed over who should get the flag. My brother felt deserving because he knew our father longer than she did. Myra felt as spouse it should be hers. A last-minute truce was agreed to when Myra said she'd take it for a few years and then hand it off to David.

Myra in her grief needed to tell me a few things I would have rather not heard. She said my father had bravely cheated on my mother, visiting her every morning before he went to work and after her religious husband had left for synagogue, just to give her a kiss. She also told me that one day, after they were both divorced, her ex evaded security and came up to their apartment, immediately punching my father in the face. My father in turn punched him, knocking him out cold. The police were promptly summoned. I wondered if this could become a new sport. Septuagenarian boxing. When she started to talk about her sex life with my father, I cut her off. Tearfully, she said she would never love again.

My husband and I visited her a year later and took her to a little coffee shop at what she referred to as a shtetl in her community in Delray. She was so excited to see us and wanted us to come back to her house afterwards for some dessert. Then Sam walked in. I noticed she kept looking at him and she decided to get a ride back with him. Never mind the dessert. It seems Myra had indeed found love again.

My brother was thrilled. Maybe she wouldn't end up being buried with my father after all. But alas, poor Sam developed dementia and their little "friendship" ended. In addition, her orthodox grandson decided it was sacrilegious for his grandmother to be buried on top of her husband. He called the cemetery to see if my father could be moved over just a bit so Myra could be buried next to him. The story of My Father's Fabulous Funeral continues.

Look on the Bright Side

Bonnie Michaels

What could possibly be good about a pandemic? A look back.

As I look around the empty streets, I realize we have cut down on traffic headaches, accidents and frustrated, stressed out drivers. Not bad for a start.

When I wake in the morning, I realize the first sounds I now hear aren't traffic horns or tire screeches but bird songs. Vanderbilt Beach Road is now cacophony of hawk cries, cardinal serenading and mockingbird mating calls. What's not to like?

The sound of silence is upon us. Revere it before it is over. Relish the quiet and take in all the new sounds in your neighborhood...croaking frogs, buzzing insects, butterfly wings flapping, quaking trees, falling leaves, morning dew dripping and water sprouting from sprinklers.

The beaches are closed and I miss my daily swim immensely but, for the first time since Naples became populated with unaware visitors, (some very uncaring or unknowledgeable people), the nesting plovers, skimmers and terns will have a chance. Instead of tourists stomping on their eggs or disturbing their nests, they will get a chance to raise some new chicks.

Memorial Day is coming soon. Selfishly, I hope the beaches are still closed because the sea turtle's nests will once again be trampled on by unmindful beach goers if it is open. Have I gone too far?

The smells of spring are stronger without the car diesel and tires on asphalt. As I meander in my neighborhood, I am actively aware of a myriad of scents. The long tail of blooming saw palmettos are active everywhere and very pungent. The jacaranda blooming trees hold a quiet odor of fresh growth as the violet petals fall quietly from the balmy breezes. The jasmine sprouting out of fences confronts me with a strong lemon scent. I pick one and take it along to inhale the enticing odor.

As I saunter on, the gardenia bushes shout out their fragrance. My sweet memory of my mother's garden floats through my mind. I used to wait patiently for their exotic blooms in a colder climate of Chicago. I snip one and put it behind my ear and swing my hips. I invite a vision of a Hawaiian native dancer take over me.

Magnolia blossoms hold a different memory. I see my childhood backyard through a kitchen window waiting for spring to open the beloved blossoms. I hear my mother's voice. "You know we will have a wind storm as soon as they open up." She was usually right about spring storms. But here, there are no wind storms. The blossoms are sturdy waiting for me to stand still to admire their strong presence.

Whenever I turn on my computer I hear singing, whistling, instruments playing all around the globe. Was it always there or have things changed? Our senses are more alive in this down time and we are all reaching for the beauty that surrounds us. In the words of John Cleese,

“If life seems jolly rotten,
There’s something you’ve forgotten
And that’s to laugh and smile and dance and sing.
When you’re feeling in the dumps,
Don’t be silly, Chumps
Just purse your lips and whistle. That’s the thing.
Look on the Bright Side.

ONE BOX AT A TIME

BY IRIS SHUR

A couple of years ago I finally moved the contents of my outside storage unit into my garage. At the time I threw away all the clothing from four huge cardboard wardrobes. The rest of the boxes have remained virginal from perusal, so to speak. They stare at me every day when I get into my car and when I get back home. Today, with a lot of time on my hands, I decided to open one of them, filled with, a piece of masking tape with barely legible writing said, “misc.”

The box had been stored in a few places for over thirty years. I was really excited to see what was in it.

First I took out an old small tin box from 1950 with a picture of Queen Elizabeth on a horse. How appropriate since I had been watching the series “The Crown” on Netflix. The tin was quite damaged and, after a quick trip to Google, was found to be worth almost nothing. I have no idea how or where I got that tin. Since it’s something I thought would be worth saving I’ll give it another shot.

A long narrow wood box held a beautiful hand fan. I do remember where I got that! It’s a weird story. My next- door apartment neighbor in Boston was from Japan. We said hello once in a while. I was in my early twenties and single. He gave me the fan when he asked me to marry him. I guess saying hello constituted a romance for him. Or maybe he wanted an American wife. He didn’t seem to be particularly upset at my refusal.

An absolutely ugly and matted wig was also stored in the box. That was easy to toss as was a neck brace yellow and cracked with age. I don't remember wearing a neck brace or the wig. Also meant to wear around the neck—a real mink collar. I think my grandmother gave it to me. It was OK to wear real fur then. It's quite pretty and I wonder if I can wear it now without being reprimanded.

Lots of family memories were stored in that suitcase in the form of old home Super 8 movies. They were transferred to another format years ago but I can't bring myself to get rid of the originals. I even have the old movie camera somewhere. I remember watching those movies. There I am at three waving at the camera. And at four. And probably at five and six! There's no way I can throw those out.

A plastic bag held ceramic chess pieces painted by yours truly. I took a ceramics class in which we only painted the items, in this case chess pieces, and then they were fired. I painted a lot of stuff for my mom. I remember her telling me she had enough ceramics already. All of those are somewhere in another box in my garage inherited recently from my mother. She was so right, what the heck would I do with them?

What was I planning to do with about twenty extra invitations left over from one son's Bar Mitzvah along with a packet of gold seals stating "I survived Rob's Bar Mitzvah?" What we did was kind of clever. We had our son pose in a Polaroid (remember those?) picture with each guest. The picture was placed in a nice cardboard frame adorned with the sticker as a 'take home.' That was over thirty years ago. It was an important day in my life as well as my son's life so I just can't throw them out.

Thanks for joining me on my trip down memory lane. But the journey was pretty futile in terms of divesting myself of the memorabilia in the garage. The only things that went in the trash were that ratty wig and soiled neck brace. The rest were tucked back into the box again, probably until my children open it wondering why I kept any of it. I think I'll enclose this narrative so they'll understand. I only have 39 more boxes to check out.

INTRODUCING THE WCA CREATIVE WRITING GROUP

The WCA Creative Writing Group meets for two hours, once a month, in season. Of course, lately, we meet on zoom. We're given two topics during each meeting and write about them on the spot. Some of our writers use paper and pen, others a laptop. We each take turns reading what we have written out loud. It is amazing how differently each person responds to the various topics. The group allows participants to explore ideas that can be expanded or refined, as they wish, outside of the creative writing session.

We wanted to give you an example of responses to one of our prompts, in this case “Fads.” Here's what eight members of our group wrote about “Fads,” recently, in twenty minutes. How different they all are! The writers want you to know that these pieces are top of the mind and unedited. They wrote about fads in music, clothing, food, you name it. While you read, think about fads you remember. Pet rocks, anyone?

Fads

By Marilyn Storch

Could a pair of shoes change a person's life? The answer is yes. All it took was a pair of black and white saddle oxfords.

Ah, yes. The 50's. I was that high school girl who hadn't "developed" yet. I had acne to boot and could not tame my long frizzy hair. I was not one of the cool kids.

One birthday, my parents presented me with a gift box. Unwrapping the crinkly paper, I hoped with all my heart. And yes, there they were – a pair of new black and white saddle oxfords. I was now going to be one of the cool kids.

I donned my shoes with bright white bobby socks and the music started playing in my head -one, two, three, four- and I was off and going. No hound dog or blue suede shoes could stop me now.

I went to my next school dance in the gymnasium. Crepe paper streamers flew like butterflies against the ceiling. Lime sherbet was swimming in the punch bowl. Kids were getting into their groups. Some quiet classmates gathered near the walls. The more popular ones ventured to the center of the dance floor.

Then, the music began. I wasn't sure where I belonged. I looked at my shoes and they spoke to me. "You have style. The gym floor is beckoning you to dance." I stepped out – out of my comfort zone and onto center court.

The music was playing "Love me Tender." One of the cool boys (he said "daddio") slowly walked up to me and asked me to dance.

I was in heaven. Right there on Central High's basketball court. It was all because of my newfound confidence walking in black and white saddle oxfords.

Fads

By Sally Brickman

Everybody but me had a cashmere sweater in my high school in the fifties. Or at least it seemed that way. I had a small group of very close girlfriends and one of the most important clothing items for school or “for good” was a cashmere sweater. It could be short or long sleeved.

They each had so many of those soft, beautiful sweaters. Of course, a pair of shiny pearls adorned the sweaters. One very special day my parents gifted me with one of those treasures. It was warm and cozy and so soft you could put it next to your face and it felt like a million dollars. Even, and I should say especially, in the movies all the actresses wore the popular cashmere sweater. Of course they added the requisite shiny round white cultured pearls....very costly I would imagine.

A couple of years ago, at least sixty years from high school days, a dear old friend from those original days of yore, my friend Eileen made a comment to me. She was in Florida and had to return home in an emergency. She said “Oh, I had to pack so quickly I could only take my cashmere sweaters.” Long live the cashmere sweater!

As an older person I purchased for myself a brand new, lovely cashmere sweater. And wore the requisite cultural pearls. Suddenly it started to feel very itchy on my skin and I found myself pulling on it to feel better. I was very uncomfortable in this overly warm sweater. I wore it a few times scratching my arms. Allergic? Then I had to take it to the cleaners and pay big bucks to clean properly, keep from shrinking and then wrap in paper and plastic.

The sweater held no special charm for me. Quite the opposite. It bothered me. I really didn't need to ever wear a cashmere sweater just because my friends did. I would now fit in quite nicely and feel more comfortable with my cotton, acrylic or other comfortable non cashmere sweater.

I did not need to feel left out of the fad.

Fads

By Sara Drogin

Despite our best intentions to be individuals in our dress, who of us hasn't succumbed at times to the temptation of fads? I fondly recall the poodle skirt, the hoop skirt, and the pinafores that I wore in the 1950s, to be followed by the John Meyer outfits, with matching yoke sweaters and tweed skirts, in the early 1960s.

Within a few years, I had transitioned to bell bottom jeans, halter tops and miniskirts. I wore Dr. Scholl's sandals, fishnet stockings, and glowed in psychedelic colors. By the mid-1970s I was donning maternity garb—I borrowed a lot of clothes from friends—in the attempt to look a bit stylish in clothes meant to conceal the baby bump. (I think it quite wonderful that young women today celebrate their ever-increasing bellies with tight tops and pants.)

Fads fell by the wayside as far as I was concerned during my children's early years: I wore functional clothes made to withstand the work of early parenting. Later, as I teacher, I did want to look stylish for my students but without looking like one of them. I often sported a scarf around my neck to give my clothes a bit of dash. Over the years, I've tried to look fashionable, but I'm more discriminating about fads now—certainly most are meant for the young. I sometimes hold up a top or a dress and muse, “That would have looked terrific on me— forty years ago!”

One fad I got caught up in, non-sartorial, was the Beatles craze of the mid 1960s. The group was so cute, so peppy, and so different with its long hair and daring lyrics. Each member had a separate identity that made the whole even more special. And I was proactive about this fad. When I learned that the Beatles were coming to America, and to Boston in particular, I wrote to all the Boston newspapers asking if they would like a teen perspective on the Beatles, rather than their professional music reviewers' thoughts. To my delight, the Record American, the least regarded and most tabloid-like of the papers, responded to my request. Along with my friend Bettijane, I went to the Record American office and received two press badges and two tickets to the concert.

At the concert Bettijane and I sat in the press box, along with a host of reporters, and ultimately found ourselves standing on the chairs, screaming along with the other fans in Boston Garden. What an evening! The tradeoff came on Monday, when Bettijane and I traipsed back to the news office to give our account of the evening. A reporter typed my responses to his questions, and someone took a headshot of me.

The article appeared in the paper a day or two later. The reporter had not bothered to create any complex sentences from my responses, so that my answers appeared as very simple sentences. "I liked Ringo best." "Paul was cute." I sounded distinctly inarticulate. As for the photo: I learned that it had been cut out of the paper and put up in the boys' locker room. I never learned the motivation for that— whether I should laugh or cry. But on the whole, the experience of pursuing this fad was very positive and showed me the power of striving to be proactive

Fads

By Hollis Chalem

What is a fad? A craze. Something that sweeps the nation and everyone is on board. Fads are fun. They bring out the best in us. I remember when poodle skirts were a fad. It was the best to wear it to a sock hop with a cashmere sweater and saddle shoes. Many of the other girls wore poodle skirts also. In fact, I enjoyed it so much that when I had my 40th birthday party it was a 50's party and each guest wore a poodle skirt. In fact my sons dressed as Art Carney and Jackie Gleason. It was such fun. As they say "To the Moon Alice or is it Hollis?"

Another fad was the game of Jacks and Ball. I loved to play Jacks and Ball. I consider that a fad or a generational game. It was a phase and a craze as were the 45 rpm records. These fads are quite nostalgic and bring out many memories.

My real dream was to dance on American Bandstand. Was that a fad? I never danced on the show but I sure danced in my living room. It was the best to watch Justine and Bob dance to the Rock and Roll songs of the 50's and 60's. Those were the days.

Back to the poodle skirt. In today's world with so many designer dogs, I may have to get a designer skirt not a poodle skirt like a Schnoodle skirt (half Schnauzer and half Poodle). Is that a fad? Fads are here to stay. They are not going away.

Fads

By Edye Cohen

A Fad is a popular style, innovation, rage, vogue!!

For my family Jello was all of the above.

My children and friends loved the giggly dessert that sometimes had fruit that floated and cool whipped topping.

Jello was a staple at my house.

Used for entertaining my friends, and sick children.

A healthy snack and easy dessert!!

Jell-O made up of collagen, animal bones and skin which are good for nails and bones.

Children who had stomach ailments enjoyed Jello.

Jello is still popular in salads and desserts and served to families in rural Midwest and Deep South.

Believe it or not there is a Jello Gallery Museum in LeRoy, New York.

Fads

By Judith N Huizenga MD

In my freezer, I find a Ben and Jerry's Chocolate Hazelnut Ice Cream carton. I ask, "Who bought this ice cream with 270 calories" as I retrieve my Breyer's fake chocolate ice cream with only 140 calories.

My granddaughter admonishes me when I return to the dinner table "Grandma, don't count calories, eat healthily, look at the grams of sugar in each carton."

My youngest daughter serves her three school-age sons only food made of whole grains and few items with sugar. Now, these hungry kids come to my home for dinners of white pasta, cheeses, and dessert. When I offer key lime pie, my daughter's favorite dessert, and comment on the possible calories. She also replies, "eat healthily; no one counts their calories, as she mixes a kale, chocolate, peanut butter smoothie." I think about the numerous calories in healthy peanut butter.

Each day I go over my diet and continue to estimate the number of calories. If I have saved calorie room, I treat myself to a dessert- last night, it was a delicious apple ganache.

Along with counting calories, I have accommodated the many changing dietary commandments. Some examples are:

1. No salt: Introduced by missionaries to Hawaiian natives, salt caused high blood pressure. We had no salt at our table as our three daughters grew up.

2. In medical school, the mandate was to limit cholesterol -especially egg: Yolks contribute to plaques in the arteries and heart diseases. Our breakfasts changed from eggs to cereals like oatmeal and toast.
3. Thirty years later, eggs are a great source of healthy protein. Processed food like cereals is terrible for you unless it's whole grain.
4. Animal fat: Fat clogs arteries and causes a sudden heart attack. No longer can we have delicious southern lard fried chicken.
5. Trans fat: Butter was pure fat, so we substituted margarine. However, in the last decade, physicians discovered that margarine had one tablespoon or 2.1 grams of trans fat. The worst villain of all, trans-fat is so harmful that the government banned food manufacturers from including trans-fat in their products in 2015.
6. Sugar: This evil and most seductive ingredient causes weight gain and worsens inflammation, especially arthritis, and increases the risk of developing diabetes.
7. Artificial sugars: do not substitute sugar with the multitude of artificial sugar products. These products contribute to weight gain, brain tumors, and bladder cancer.

My parents, who lived until ninety-four and ninety-seven, maintained a vegetarian diet. However, they did not deprive themselves of sugar, refined grains, or dairy products.

Their motto was-

Eating healthy is fine,

but even if you follow all these health mandates,

you may not live a long time. It will just feel that way.

Fads

By Louise Orkin

The topic for today is fads. I'm wracking my brain to try to remember if I ever bought into a fad. I must have: I was a very typical teenager.

What are fads anyway? I imagine they are styles that sweep across a certain age group or demographic and are ubiquitous. Everyone is wearing it! Take, for example, the rage to wear torn jeans. Where did that come from? Who wore them? I can say, from my own observation, everybody from preteens to women in their fifties. (I think it was mostly women in their 50's, I don't think men of that age wore torn jeans, but I don't know for sure.) After age 50, my impression is that most women gave it up.)

And why did that fad sweep a nation, or maybe the world? Why did people pay more for torn jeans than for whole ones? No one has ever explained that to me. When I asked my daughter, a married woman and mother in her fifties, why she wore them, she just replied "it's a style". Or maybe, she just liked them.

This is hard for me to understand. I like fashion as much as the next person, but even if I were younger, I don't think I'd have paid a premium price for torn jeans.

Now, of course, I am aware of fashion, and when people started wearing Frye boots, I bought a pair too, even though they really hurt a lot of the time, and I confess, I succumbed to buying designer bags on occasion. Of course, I justified it: yes, they are expensive, but Vuitton bags

literally last forever—I have two, and one is at least thirty years old and one is about twenty and I still carry them: Yes, I do, a lot of the time.

So...the subject of fads is fascinating and probably there have been many studies, but also a lot of questions: Is a fad the same as a fashion? Is fashion more for the well off and a fad for the more middle income person? (I don't think so.) Is a fad more for females than for males? At what age are people influenced by a fad? What causes a fad to suddenly lose its appeal? This is quite an interesting subject and probably worthy of study. Or maybe, it's been studied, and I just missed it. I'm going to pay more attention from now on.

FADS

by Jean Erlbaum

I am usually such a pissy, non-social, out-of-the-loop person that I am probably not so influenced by fads. I am guessing that many fads have come and gone that I never even noticed.

But other people have pointed out my relationship to fads to me. My sister-in-law Amy who is gorgeous and incredibly stylish, is on top of every fad. She has made fun of me for years because I like fanny packs. For me they are just a convenient way to carry my phone, keys, tissues on a long jog or a short trip from home. I wear my fanny packs until they wear out. When I have needed a new one, they were usually hard to find. I have often had to go to the Salvation Army to find used fanny packs. Recently Amy told me they were back in style and in fact she was going to buy one. I think I better stock up while they're hot.

My father accused me of following a fad when I quit eating meat in 1960. He kept leaving me newspaper clippings on my dinner plate telling me the dangers of not getting enough protein. As far as I know, it was not a fad then to be a vegetarian. I was just a kid who thought the idea (and the reality) of eating meat was yucky. If my father were alive today, I could put many articles on his dinner plate about the dangers to our human bodies and our planet from a meat-based diet. I am thrilled that now more and more people are becoming vegetarians and I really hope it is not just a fad.

When I started teaching yoga in 1969, it was definitely a weird thing. It was so much on the fringes that I had to teach 6 days a week and travel to several different towns to barely make a living. Now I turn down more classes than I can teach each week. For the past 25 years, my

career has been riding on the wave of a fitness industry. I guess in my own goofy way, I am indebted to fads!

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 not be an announcement of events or book or movie reviews.
- 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.