



Seasoned Greetings



All The News That Fits...With a Little Spice

December, 1996

Editor's Note: Welcome to Readers

For those of you who have received Seasoned Greetings (formerly the Holiday News) in the past, welcome back. For those of you new to Greetings, welcome to the family. The staff here hopes this newsletter will not only provide you

information about ourselves, but also a bit of humor, and even philosophy, fulfilling our motto: *all the news that fits...with a little spice*. Of course the biggest story of the year for us is our new member Zoe. Our lead story is about her

joining our staff. She is still young, but learning quickly, as our cub reporter Claire "Bear" has taken her under her wing.

You may reach us by mail, phone, or you can email to: SteveXR@aol.com

Two Coughs and a Baby

Childbirth is never easy, but Joan came as close as possible to having an "easy" delivery. On July 19th, 1996, at 5:15AM, still considered "early morning", and not significantly disturbing sleep, Joan's water broke. Joan & Steve called their obstetrician, Myron, who told them to go to the hospital.

Steve packed his not yet prepared hospital bag, and they went into Princeton Medical Center shortly after 11:00AM. Things progressed nicely, and at five PM, Joan's level of concern involved getting Steve to promise to go out for takeout if she delivered early enough.

Myron returned to the room shortly after 6:00 PM, and

found Joan to be fully dilated. A bit after 6:15 "all systems were go" and she was ready start pushing.

Joan had allergies and was quite uncomfortable with her coughing, so she wanted to get this process over with quickly. The baby was apparently in a rush too. It took two hours of pushing with Claire, but with Zoe, before Joan even started to push, she coughed. "I see the head!" the nurse shouted. She coughed again. "She's coming out, don't cough anymore!" said Myron. With Steve and Myron doing more of a slowing down than pulling out, Zoe was delivered at 6:22 PM, and yes, Joan got her dinner from a local restaurant!

UFO Sighted Above Resnick Home for Second Time!



Artist's rendition of the Resnick residence on the evening of July 19th



THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

A spectacular 4 ring circus has taken up residence in Princeton, with a duo of jugglers highlighting the show. Some people are impressed when they see juggling of bowling pins, sharp knives, or even fire.

That is nothing compared to the amazing Joan & Steve, who manage to juggle an infant, a rambunctious two year old (who in turn often goes after the previously mentioned knives and other dangerous objects), a

busy and growing Psychiatric practice, tutoring for Joan, activities with friends and family, maintenance of the house, and chores such as bills. Amazingly, they manage to juggle all of the above without hardly ever dropping anything! Admittedly, the two year old has occasionally fallen.

There is a wonderful animal act as well. It features Claire Bear, "Queen of the Forest", a dancing bear with a great sense

of rhythm and enthusiasm. Also featured are Red Dog, Zoe the nightingale, and Mama Bear Joan.

There are occasional guest appearances by Grandpa Sam the balloon man, Doobie the walking Frankfurter dog, and Steve the Magician, who is amazingly able to do Psychiatric treatment in between managed care paperwork and phone calls.

Activities & Events

We had our first set of fireworks together as a family this year when Princeton University celebrated its 250th birthday with multiple events including a concert by Sheryl Crow and a spectacular set of pyrotechnics. Claire was terrified at first, fearfully clinging to Daddy, but in true form, after a few minutes, she was up on her feet enjoying the show and shouting "fyewoiks, sky!"

Steve also had a big birthday this

year, the "big four-oh" with a grand party. It will probably be his last big bash, because from now on, he'll be overshadowed by Zoe's Birthday, 4 days after his, on July 19th.

Zoe's Baby naming was a nice intimate celebration at Synagogue Beth Chaim, and sister Claire had a nice Party as well on her second birthday. The kids were special on those days, and they were both royalty on Halloween. Zoe, our little nightingale princess, was shown off to the neighbors, and Claire was in great form as Claire Bear "Queen of the Forest" which she proudly announced after saying "tick or teat" (or just plain "Please").

BUSINESS REPORT

Joan and Steve are both feeling the tremendous stress of their work, as well as seeing of the fruits of their labor.

Joan's labor produced Zoe this year (see **Two Coughs and a Baby**). She has been working overtime and carrying multiple jobs: mom, wife, cook, cleaner, repair-person, helping her parents move from Long Island to a

senior apartment in Philadelphia, tutor, and social director. The dirty diapers and grouchy husband may not be enjoyable but the smiles of her family certainly are.

In addition to his job as the administrative assistant to the household, and his own share of parenting, Steve has been working long hard hours at his psychiatric practice. The

good news is that it has been growing. The bad news is that like a family, the bigger it gets, the more work and responsibility it requires.

Steve now has two rooms at his main office in Princeton (one for patients, one administrative), and a great office staff (Dana and Johanna). He spends one day at a Somerville office, and part of a day at a Hamilton office. The paperwork, red tape and phone calls for managed care are not enjoyable, but having your own business, seeing it grow, watching the patients improve, and seeing the smiles of your family certainly are.



Literature Corner



Zoe Tess Resnick had her Brit Bat (Baby Naming) on September 6th. This was the first formal recognition of her Jewish name: Zmirah Rifka. With permission of the author, we are printing edited excerpts from the official program and toast:

Zmirah is Hebrew for songs, hymns, or Nightingale. As the music of hymns adds emotion and vitality to Jewish prayer, Zoe has added more music to our lives.

Rifka was the Hebrew name of Steve's grandmother Ruth. Ruth means friendship. We expect Zoe to have many friends. She already has several, and has entered the hearts of many, including her best friend, and sister, Claire.

Zoe means life, and like the vitality of songs (her Hebrew name Zmirah), Zoe has added more life to our family.

Tess means fourth... Zoe is now the fourth member of our immediate family, adding more to our relationship with other family and friends.

I ask you all to raise your glasses to Zoe, which means life, which can also be said as L'Chaim.

To Zoe, to Life, L'Chaim!

THIS YEAR'S VACATIONS

In a word, none.

With everything going on this past year, between Steve's practice, Claire care, Joan's pregnancy, and Zoe care, We haven't taken any "true" vacations this year. We are trying to "make every day a holiday", by "looking at the half full glasses", "smelling the roses", "seeing the silver lining" of clouds, and avoiding clichés.

There have been several long weekends though: Washington, D.C. to deliver a car and see friends, Chicago for a Bat-Mitzvah and to see friends, New York City for the APA Convention and to see friends and colleagues, Stone Harbor to relax and see family, and Princeton Medical Center where Steve had to say good-bye to a close friend, his gall bladder!

Editorial: Kids, Crabgrass, & The Suburban Life

I remember when I was a kid.... When we are younger, we have a certain image of ourselves, but then we metamorphose into alien beings. Discussing crabgrass and diaper rash. Coming home after an exhausting day to sit in front of the TV to watch a mindless sitcom. Spending more time paying bills, recycling, and fixing computer crashes, and less time solving the riddles of the universe. What changed? When did it happen?

Maybe nothing changed. Maybe the packaging is just different.

Maybe what I saw as dull interest in manicured lawns has become a pride in our castle. Maybe what seemed to be silly fretting over diaper rash is now my heart having opened up to my children, loving them, and caring about their well-being.

Maybe I am answering some of the riddles in this crazy universe.

Maybe I'm just asking different questions.

When I pay bills, I am proud of how I earned the money to pay these bills.

I smell the air and see the birds flying through the blue sky
as I take the recycling to the curb.

I feel brilliant and creative as I fix the computer.

And though it may look like I'm living the kind of life I deplored as a kid: boring, busy, and without time for "important stuff", maybe I just didn't see that the important stuff is what I feel inside, quietly learning, growing, and loving.

And maybe, just maybe, things really are good and exciting...but only if we can just allow them to be.