

# CONNECTION

Sharing the day-to-day learning experience  
at

Community Homes & Services  
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[www.communityhomesandservices.com](http://www.communityhomesandservices.com)

Special  
Thanksgiving story  
included!

## 11/26 IS NATIONAL FLOSSING DAY



### Some facts about teeth:

- Surprisingly, 25% of adults do not brush their teeth twice a day. Not brushing twice a day increases the risk of tooth decay by 33%
- In a lifetime, the average American spends approximately 38.5 total days just brushing their teeth. That's over a month of your life!



- The hardest substance found in the human body is your tooth enamel.

### Some facts about flossing:

- Flossing is an essential part of oral hygiene. When you do not floss, you are missing over 40% of tooth surfaces, which is why your dentist always emphasizes flossing!
- Although flossing is essential, many people do not like doing it; 73% of Americans would go to the grocery store rather than floss their teeth. But is this a fair question? Some of us enjoy grocery shopping!

- The first introduction of commercial floss was sold in 1882.
- Floss is very durable. A West Virginia inmate braided a dental floss rope, which he used to scale a building and escape in 1992.
- When it comes to floss, more is more. It's best to use 18 to 20 inches of string each time you floss! This will give you enough floss to wrap securely around your fingers as well as ample floss to move between your teeth.

Flossing and brushing your teeth are important!

Check out  
the CH&S  
online class  
schedule

[http://communityhomesandservices.com/whats\\_new.html](http://communityhomesandservices.com/whats_new.html)

# NOVEMBER 2021 NATIONAL DAYS

November is National American Indian Heritage Month

- 11/3 - **National Sandwich Day**
- 11/5 - **National Doughnut Day**
- 11/7 - Daylight Saving Time Ends – First Sunday in November
- 11/13 - World Kindness Day
- 11/18 - **Mickey Mouse Birthday**
- 11/25 - Blase´ Day
- 11/26 - **Flossing Day**



## 11/13 -World Kindness Day

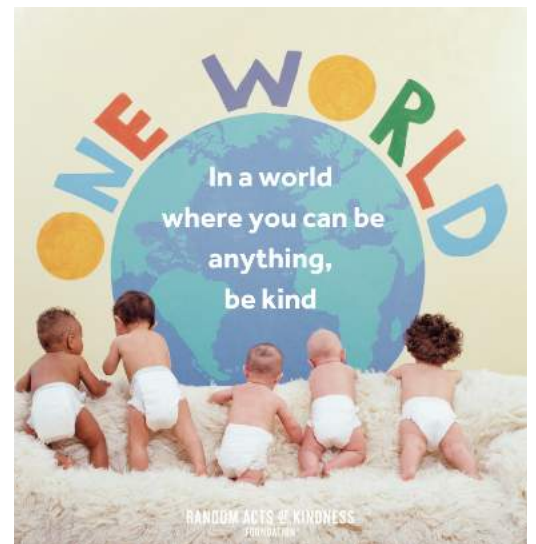
Kindness can have positive effects on the brain. Not only does kindness make us feel good, studies have shown that the psychological benefits of kindness are actually reflected in the neural circuitry of the brain.

When we allow ourselves to be kind, regularly engaging in random acts of kindness, we create neural pathways that enhance feelings of well-being and the natural flow of feel-good endorphins and mood elevating neurotransmitters! Kindness feels so good!



The [Random Acts of Kindness Foundation](https://www.randomactsofkindness.org/) website states:  
"As we celebrate World Kindness Day, I invite you to look for ways to make kindness the norm in your daily life. World Kindness Day is a great day to begin building a new routine which means including intentional moments of kindness, laughter and delight. It also means taking a moment to enjoy and recognize when those things are happening."

Kindness starts with one. One smile. One compliment. One cup of coffee. One conversation. Let's lift the fog and make kindness the norm." Sage advice, right? Let's be kind to others and ourselves!





# The Five Ws

Joe taught his students the Five Ws. The Five Ws are questions whose answers are considered basic in information gathering or problem solving. They are often mentioned in research, journalism, and police investigations. According to the principle of the Five Ws, a report can only be considered complete if it answers these questions which start with an interrogative word:



- Who
- What
- When
- Where
- Why



Even though the classical origin of these questions as situated in ethics had long been lost, they have been a standard way of formulating or analyzing rhetorical questions since antiquity.





# Students Mix Lobsters with Art and Production

Andrew M., Cindy, and Pamilla all worked on either art or production while watching and listening to a documentary on lobsters. Lobsters are a family of large marine crustaceans. Lobsters have long bodies with muscular tails and they live in crevices or burrows on the sea floor. Here are some interesting facts:

- **Lobsters have two stomachs.** One in their head that has teeth—it does the work of crushing the food. The second stomach is right behind the first and extends into the abdomen.
- **One lobster claw can exert 100 pounds of pressure per square inch.** Be careful! A claw from a 21-pound lobster is capable of breaking a person's arm.
- **Lobsters pee out of their faces.** They have urine-release nozzles right under their eyes. They urinate in each other's faces as a way of communicating, either when fighting or mating. Yup, we had to go there because *who knew??*
- **Lobsters are often referred to as “bugs.”** Possibly because they are closely related to grasshoppers and tarantulas,
- **Lobsters were once considered poor man's food.** In Colonial times the crustaceans were so plentiful in the northeast that they were often used as fertilizer, feed for farm animals, and as fishing bait. Because they were so cheap, they were only eaten by poor people and served to prisoners and servants.

Last spring, Carolyn and her brother co-taught a Zoom class on the lobster industry when he visited from Boston. He brought Carolyn 11 lobsters! (Carolyn doesn't eat lobster... but everyone else did!)



# CH&S November Birthdays



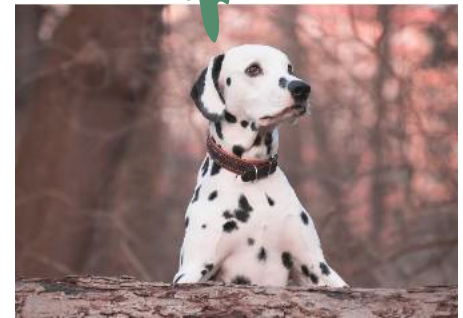
11/4 - Darnell

11/9 - Val

11/26- Mike M.

## 12 Questions with Tyrone

1. **Name/job title:** Tyrone/Good Guy
2. **What is your favorite color?** Blue
3. **What breed of dog would you be?** A dalmatian
4. **If aliens landed on earth tomorrow and offered to take you home with them, would you go?** No, I would stay here.
5. **As a child, what did you want to be when you grew up?** A man!
6. **What is your favorite ice cream flavor and ice cream topping?** Chocolate ice cream with Oreo cookies
7. **What is your favorite time of the day and why?** Night—I can sleep at night.
8. **What season would you be?** Fall
9. **What fruit or vegetable would you most want to be?** An apple.
10. **If you could rename yourself, what name would you pick?** Billy Joe
11. **What is your favorite way to get in some exercise?** Lifting weights
12. **What's your favorite sandwich and why?** A salami sandwich with cheddar cheese because cheddar is my favorite!



<https://barefeetinthekitchen.com/oreo-ice-cream-recipe/>

We accept and appreciate donations of any size or kind.  
All donations to CH&S are tax-deductible.  
CH&S is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization.



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# Andrew's Corner

## Vampires in Romania? It's a Myth

Romania is a country in Europe which is known for Transylvania, a historical region associated by the western world with vampires because of the influence of Bram Stoker's novel *Dracula*.



Romania was created as a personal union of the Danubian Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. Romania gained independence from the Ottoman Empire in 1877. During World War I, after declaring its neutrality in 1914, Romania fought together with the Allied powers in 1916. In the aftermath of World War I, Bukovina, Bessarabia, Transylvania, and parts of Banat, Crisana and Maramures became part of the Kingdom of Romania.

In June-August 1940, as a consequence of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact and Second Vienna Award, Romania was compelled to cede Bessarabia and Northern Vukovina to the Soviet Union and Northern Transylvania to Hungary. In November 1940, Romania signed the Tripartite Pact and, consequently, in June 1941 joined World War II on the axis side fighting against the Soviets.

There are interesting places to visit in Romania like Sighisoara, a town with architecture similar to what people usually imagine Romania would look like. You can also relax at Sulina, a town known for its tranquil beaches, and see the universities of Cluj- Napoca, which is the unofficial capital of Transylvania. Peles Castle is known as the most beautiful castle in Romania and one of the best places to go if you want to know more about the country's history.

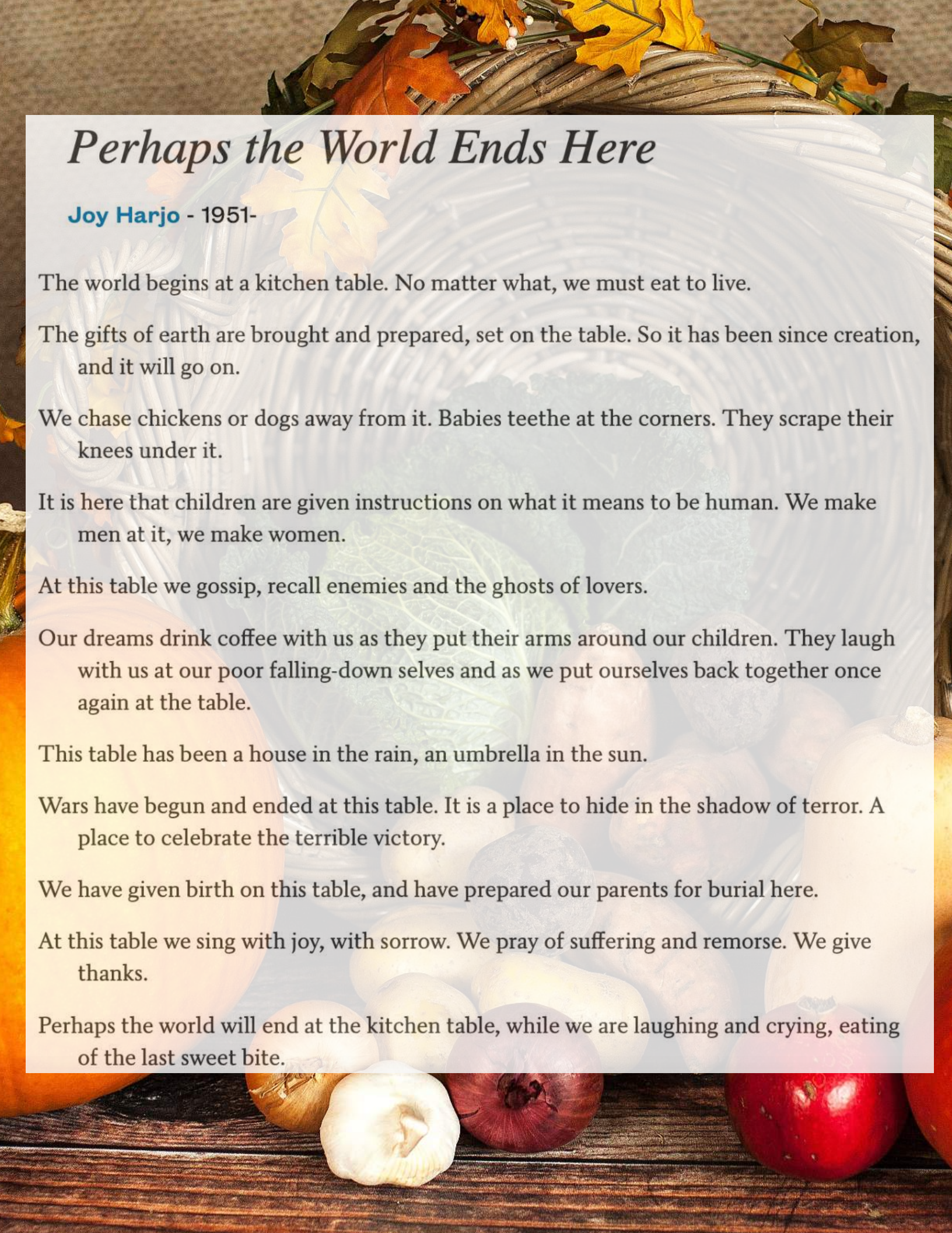
What many people know of Romania is of the region of Transylvania located there. Transylvania has been the setting of the plots of movies featuring Dracula and Frankenstein. Dracula was based on a native of Romania named Vlad the Impaler, who was the ruler of Wallachia. Vlad the Impaler's name has been widely used for names of vampires in media like *Hotel Transylvania*.

While Romania has a lot of small villages, there are also lots of cities with modern architecture like its capital Bucharest. The seat of the nation's parliament, the Parliament of Romania, is located on top of the Dealul Spirii, a hill in Bucharest. The official residence of Romania's president is called the Cotroceni Palace which also has a museum called the National Cotroceni Museum. The National Cotroceni Museum is home to a national collection of paintings and decorative arts.

Thea showed me a video of her friend talking about what it was like living in Romania. She said there were lots of beautiful natural resources. Still I am not that interested in actually going there on a trip but I am interested in learning more about Romania.

*Bio: Andrew Newson is a student at Life College and is 23 years old. He likes comic books, video games, hiking, exploring new places with his mom.... and babies. He is an authority in all things Star Wars, Star Trek and great places to go in the Bay Area. He is currently learning Mandarin and loves to research and learn new things.*





# *Perhaps the World Ends Here*

**Joy Harjo** - 1951-

The world begins at a kitchen table. No matter what, we must eat to live.

The gifts of earth are brought and prepared, set on the table. So it has been since creation, and it will go on.

We chase chickens or dogs away from it. Babies teethe at the corners. They scrape their knees under it.

It is here that children are given instructions on what it means to be human. We make men at it, we make women.

At this table we gossip, recall enemies and the ghosts of lovers.

Our dreams drink coffee with us as they put their arms around our children. They laugh with us at our poor falling-down selves and as we put ourselves back together once again at the table.

This table has been a house in the rain, an umbrella in the sun.

Wars have begun and ended at this table. It is a place to hide in the shadow of terror. A place to celebrate the terrible victory.

We have given birth on this table, and have prepared our parents for burial here.

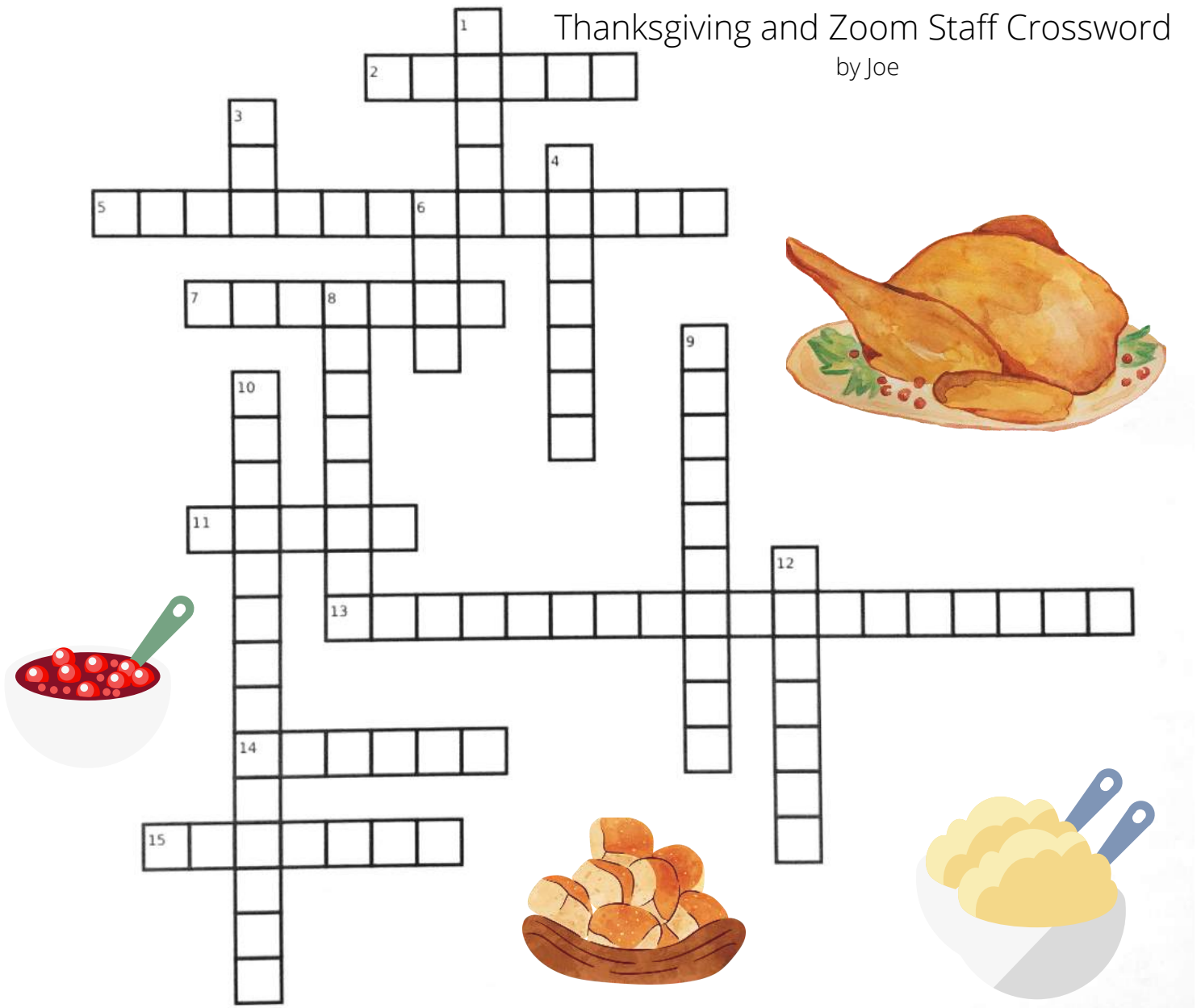
At this table we sing with joy, with sorrow. We pray of suffering and remorse. We give thanks.

Perhaps the world will end at the kitchen table, while we are laughing and crying, eating of the last sweet bite.



# Thanksgiving and Zoom Staff Crossword

by Joe



## Down:

1. Brown and tasty holiday sauce
3. Whether it be Morning Conversations, Professionalism, or an elective, she's here to help us out on Zoom. Plus she loves pickles!
4. She keeps us "walking walking walking now", and teaches seated yoga on Zoom. She also e-mails the Zoom schedule to everyone every week!
6. Bread, but small
8. Bread, but stale and chopped up with herbs and cooked inside the big bird
9. October's favorite gourd, in dessert form
10. Fluffy or lumpy, these tasty tubers are a holiday favorite
12. Language arts time on Zoom? She's got us covered

## Across:

2. He wonders what we would rather do on Zoom
5. From a can or from scratch, this sweet red condiment goes well with pretty much all Thanksgiving food
7. He's got the scoop on Nutrition, Health, and Longevity on Zoom
11. He teaches art on Zoom and hitchhikes through the galaxy with us
13. It's green and gooey and sometimes topped with fried onions
14. The big bird
15. He teaches philosophy and ancient civilizations on Zoom (and he has a deep seated fear of zombies)





## You Can Help!

We are still looking to hire people who are just right: intelligent, creative, stable, organized, funny, enthusiastic, personable, poised, dedicated, etc! Experience with teaching and/or developmental services and/or Positive Behavioral Support is a big plus. Work

hours are M-F, 8-4 pm. Submit resume and cover letter to [cwalker@communityhomesandservices.org](mailto:cwalker@communityhomesandservices.org) or call (415) 408-3604.

And we are still looking for a used car or van. All donations to CH&S are tax-deductible. CH&S is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. If you have an operable vehicle that you would like to donate, please call Chas at (707) 953-3852.



## Check Out Our Painting Process





Community Homes & Services  
837 Sweetser Ave. Novato CA  
94945  
415-897-8676

# November 2021 Connection Magazine





A cold breeze blew Beatrice and her mom through the front door, rousing Sunny from her catnap on the couch. It seemed like there was cold creeping in everywhere these days. Sunny's once-warm spot on the windowsill had become a chilly portal to the snow outside. The kitchen tile felt like ice under her paws in the morning when she walked across it to her water dish.

"Hello, Sunny," Beatrice's mom said. Sunny yawned and stretched her front legs out in front of her.

Thanksgiving was coming and there was an air of excitement around the house. Beatrice was looking forward to a couple of days off from school, of course, but it was also Sunny's first big holiday as part of the family, and Beatrice was excited to show her all the fun.

"This is a yam, Sunny," Beatrice said as she pulled the still-dirty tuber from the shopping bag she'd carried in from the car. "And this," Beatrice's mom said as she placed an enormous frozen turkey down on the counter with a thud. "This is something you might be interested in."

Sunny was interested. She'd learned that delightful things sometimes come in unexpected packages around this house. So who's to say the giant plastic-wrapped bird wouldn't be delicious too? Sunny was excited to find out just how tasty.

The scene outside the living room window caught Sunny's attention as the bare tree out front whipped around in the wind. The whistling sound took Sunny back again to her days on the streets. She knew every car that passed by outside brought with it a gust of chilly air and the potential to splash any cats near a puddle. She knew the people walking by out there were less likely to dig a little something from their grocery bag to toss to a cat they might see. People were anxious to get back indoors and their generosity fell by the wayside in their haste. Sunny ran from the kitchen to the window and Beatrice followed her there. She rubbed Sunny's ears. "Glad you're not out there, huh?" she said. Sunny gave a little beep and the pair watched the neighborhood quietly for a moment.

Then they saw him.

It was a tiny tabby, probably only 5 months old or so. It was underweight and shivering, and it walked shakily on three legs with his left front paw curled up near its chest. Beatrice gasped and Sunny pawed at the windowpane when they realized he was hurt. Beatrice ran to the kitchen.

"Mommy! There's a kitty outside!" she yelled, sliding on the kitchen's tile floor in her stocking feet. Her mom spun around and knocked a carton of eggs off the counter.

"Oh no," her mom said as she looked down at the broken eggs. "Okay, hang on honey. I've got to clean this up."

"Can we help him?" Beatrice pleaded.



"I've got to clean up these eggs before someone slips and falls. Will you put all the frozen stuff in the freezer while I do that?" Beatrice agreed. She hated putting groceries away, but quickly put the food away as her mom sopped up the eggy mess with half a roll of paper towels.

Bundled up and blowing warm breath into their hands a few minutes later, mother and daughter walked the stretch of sidewalk in front of the house. The tabby was gone. Sunny pawed at the cold window as she watched them then paced back and forth along the sill anxiously. There was no sign of the little kitty.

"He'll be okay, Bea. He probably found a cozy little place to hide from the cold," Beatrice's mom said as they made their way back up the driveway. Sunny met them at the door, meowing. Beatrice picked her up and carried her to their room. Mom got stressed out around the holidays. Thanksgiving was only a few days away, after all.

"The kitty will be okay, Sunny. He probably found a cozy place somewhere." Beatrice said, but she didn't really believe it. And neither did Sunny.

Thanksgiving morning came. The jack-o-lantern was rotting outside in the gray November air, but inside was filled with anticipation and warm smells. Sunny began to sense some impending event. Fancy tableware and china made their way out of the hutch in the living room and Sunny watched Beatrice shake a jiggling tube of cranberry sauce out of its can into a speckled bowl adorned with autumn leaves and apples.

The guests arrived in the mid-afternoon, bringing with them happy conversation and the smells of their respective homes. Sunny was content to sniff pants cuffs and lay in new laps in between stints at the window. She and Beatrice had been monitoring the neighborhood since they'd first spotted the little tabby, and today was no different.

When the food had been eaten and the dishes were done, Beatrice's mom emerged from the kitchen and addressed the group. "So, anybody need anything from the mall?" she asked, smiling slyly. The guests chortled and grunted as they rose to their feet. It was tradition around Bea and her mom's house to do some early Christmas shopping on Thanksgiving night.

Beatrice's grandmother, who had been quiet and somber all throughout the meal, cleared her throat. "I ain't going," she said as she pulled the lever on the side of her recliner defiantly. She looked over her elevated toes at the roomful of friends and family. "You all have fun."

"I don't want to go either, mommy," Beatrice said quietly. Everyone turned to her. "I want to play outside with Sunny before it gets dark."

"I'll keep an eye on 'em," grandma said.



## Sunny and Thanksgiving

"It's cold, honey, so make sure you wear a jacket and your gloves," said Beatrice's mom to her.

Grandma stirred in her recliner. "I made this for you," she said as she dug with one hand through the gigantic handbag on the floor. She retrieved something small and knitted, and tossed it across the room. Everyone had assumed she'd been talking to Beatrice, but the black mystery garment landed squarely on Sunny's head. It was a little black and white sweater. Beatrice gasped and ran over to the cat, who hadn't moved an inch. She flopped it over Sunny's head and began working her legs through the four little leg holes. It was a perfect fit.

"Thanks, grandma!" Beatrice yelled. She ran across the room and hugged her chuckling grandmother where she sat as everyone filed sluggishly out of the house. Beatrice watched them go, and soon grandma was asleep in the recliner. Then Sunny and Beatrice were ready to go look for the little hurt kitty.

It didn't take long. They'd taken a handful of dark turkey meat from a Tupperware in the refrigerator and they only needed to plop down two chunks of it to lure the gray tabby from its hiding place under the neighbor's shrub. Its front left leg was badly injured, and it held it close to its chest as it hopped towards the turkey on the sidewalk. There was something special about the little cat - Sunny and Beatrice realized it almost immediately. Two bites into the turkey and it was purring raggedly and kneading the cold concrete with its good paw. Beatrice reached out a pensive hand and stroked its back gently. A little high-pitched beep broke the purrs as it laboredly stood. The cat ate the turkey without breathing, it seemed.

The three little silhouettes stood huddled in the street and wondered what to do next. The little kitty was clearly still hungry, but it was the broken limb that filled Beatrice's mind. She could just imagine her mom coming home to find the kitty in their house. She saw crying and yelling and the little broken kitty back under the shrub by bedtime. She didn't truly yet know the scope of her mother's empathy. All she knew was that mom was worried about fleas and that she'd said they'd call Animal Control when she got a chance. Beatrice didn't like the sound of any of that. She made her decision out of haste and fear.

Beatrice raced her bicycle shakily to the veterinarian's office with the two cats huddled in her handlebar basket. The busy road was littered with puddles and potholes. She was cold and scared and she kept imagining her grandmother calling the police upon waking to find them gone. Or worse: calling mom. She pushed it out of her mind and focused on her objective. Sunny snuggled up to the little cat, who mewled in anguish at every bump and turn in the road.

They rolled on two wheels right through the automatic doors into the lobby of the veterinarian's office, leaving wet tire tracks on the linoleum floor. A young, frazzled-looking doctor met them there with wide eyes that scanned the room for another adult. His nametag read "Dr. Woody Conrad".

"My kitty is hurt," Beatrice said. She'd started crying despite her best efforts.



## Sunny and Thanksgiving

"Ok, honey. Where's your mommy and daddy?" the doctor said, peering into the basket.

"My mom isn't here! My kitty needs help!" Beatrice pleaded.

The doctor carefully pulled the little cat from the basket and inspected his injured arm. "We need to get him into surgery immediately. Nurse!" he shouted down the hall as he whisked the little cat away.

Beatrice was holding Sunny tightly in her arms in the veterinarian's waiting room when her mom rushed in. She'd been in the housewares department at Target wondering if her mother liked juice enough to justify buying her a juicer when the receptionist at the vet's office called her cell phone. The Kitchenaid, wine glasses, and new winter coat were likely still sitting in the red cart in the middle of the aisle as she hugged and the trembling little girl and cat. Doctor Woody emerged from the back room with a solemn look on his face, "I did everything I could."

It was Christmas morning and Beatrice was sitting near the Christmas tree with her mom and grandma. Sunny was on the recliner biding her time until she could knock some of the tree's lower hanging ornaments back onto the ground where they belonged. There was a single gift bag overflowing with red and green tissue paper remaining under the tree. Grandma stuffed her hand into the bag and said "It's for you."

She threw the sweater over Beatrice's head onto the couch behind her where the little tabby cat lay sleeping. Beatrice jumped up and began working it over Woody's head. It had three leg holes, and it fit like a glove.

by Joe Readel

**No act of kindness,  
no matter how small,  
is ever wasted.**

—AESOP



**Carry out a random act  
of kindness, with no  
expectation of reward,  
safe in the knowledge  
that one day someone  
might do the same for you.**

—PRINCESS DIANA