Same compelling content, new look!

Here at the Newsletter, we strive to bring you the latest news and personal accounts. Please enjoy this issue of The Turning Point Review.

NOW SEEKING PARTICIPATION IN THE NEWSLETTER GROUP!

If you are someone you know is interested in joining The Newsletter group, we meet at 10am on Tuesdays!

Talk to your provider today about joining the group!!!

WE WELCOME SUBMISSIONS; YOU DON’T HAVE TO BE A MEMBER OF THE GROUP!

If you have an interesting story or something that you would like to share, please submit it! You can give it to your provider, who can then put it in one of our mailboxes, or you can email the submission to either Alexis King or Missy Iavarone.

In This Issue
- Dr. Uzma Yunus In Memoriam
- Dear Dodi– Thanks but no thanks
- John’s Corner
- Recipes
- Grandparents story
- And much, much more!!
UPCOMING EVENTS:

Summer Movies in the Park
Second Thursday of June, July and August
Takes place at Lorel Park at Dusk

Skokie 4th of July Parade
12pm; begins at Oakton Community College, down Oakton St.

Skokie Backlot Bash
August 23-25

STRANGE HOLIDAYS:

June 4th: National Cheese Day
June 5th: National Running Day
June 7th: National Donut Day
June 21st: National Selfie Day
July 6th: National Fried Chicken Day
July 8th: Video Game Day
July 13th: National French Fry Day
July 17th: National Hot Dog Day
July 21st: National Ice Cream Day
August 10th: National S’more’s Day
August 13th: Left-Handers Day
August 24th: National Waffle Day
Dear Dodi,

How can you get the message across nicely to someone, that you are not interested in something they have asked you to participate in?

Example: A friend asked me to go to New Orleans, and I am not interested in doing that.

-Thanks, But No Thanks

Dear Thanks, But No Thanks,

Great question! Sometimes, we feel that we are obligated to accompany someone or do something that we do not want to do, just so that the other person doesn’t feel bad.

For your specific example, you could say: “Thank you for considering me for this trip, but I am not interested in travelling to New Orleans.”

You may want to give some other options, if you would like to spend time with this person, such as another location or activity.

If you do not like the individual, you could say something along the lines of “I don’t feel comfortable.”

There are many levels of information that you can provide to the other individual, based on your comfortableness level.

Thank you for your question!

-Dodi
No matter what it seems
Not all men invent schemes
But do what they must
At some kind of cost
And the reward they get
Has value yet
For some satisfaction
The result of action
And in the realm of thought
If kindness then they ought
Be expressed with ease
Echo endless cease
Upon another moment
The torpor of torment
Because of this I ask
That you will try to grasp
The writing on these pages
Done without sages
By ache of being written
Of hand that’s in transition
From middle age and when
The story does end.

Maxwell Air Base articles
wanted strategic Quarterly
P-Si Mustang to Ft. Smith
Arkansas; up Mississippi –
Missouri confluence to
SAC (Strategic Air Command) and Billings with Emmett.
Priest of Powder River Cheyenne Chiefs
promise “Center” contribution firewood.
TO Tail hook, Nevada, “when will you be arriving, Sir?”
Had with Paul Neumann. Klute with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.
Army invincibility
Naval Supremacy
Air Force Superiority
Proof – ellipse with foci, center principle lattice target and perpendicular
It is \( ax + by = c \) and
ax = by and c is constant
What is the value of \((x,y)\)?
Return to Sender address unknown
No such number, no such phone
Don’t go messin’ with the U.S.
Mail my friend; the U.S. Mail will get you in the end, keep your hands off that jack sack or you’ll find yourself jail MAC*
After a foray of trips, I left without taking finals. Headed West to Colorado and beyond, I arrived in Boulder and found Russ; got from the hill ripped off; saw a big Hawaiian from an apartment rooftop and despaired.

I went Steamboat Springs and saw Fantasia. The Buehlings had a condo and referred me to a guy I could room in a teepee. Skiing cost and I went to House Care. The Hibbing trio and neighbors rounded out.

I toured and Russ came up for a weekend. I showered and shaved and bummed. My roommate decided to move the San Juans so I left the Yampa Valley and the high country. I roomed several weeks in Boulder, then came back to Illinois.

My younger brother decided to move to Florida, so he went East and I took his gear South. Stopped in New Orleans and took the coast road to St. Petersburg. I moved into a bungalow with a stray Irish Setter hanging around. Will got there somehow. I got a job at Morgan Yacht and met Mike Howdeshell. We fixed Diane’s car and I did a Bach party for the foreman at work. An on the job injury occurred and I was sidelined.

Mike and I rode out a hurricane and I ripped out a tire. I had a minor traffic violation and Will moved to the beach. I chose to leave went to Orlando for a spare and Daytona Beach. Up the coast in Savannah, the Carolina’s and Chesapeake Bay: Washington D.C. and New York where I saw Marlow Thomas on Broadway; to Boston. I got an apartment and spent time with street people. Spent a weekend in Provincetown and a day under the Boardwalk. The preppies came out and demonstrated in Harvard Yard. Things were heating up and I thought I might make my life easier by finishing my education.

I drove to Ann Arbor and was on the quad and met a hippie couple. I headed home, called and found out Lois had returned to school. I headed there none too sure of my standing and won her back. Permission came and I returned to classes. By a hair’s breath, I eked out a degree.
Dr. Uzma Yunus

In Memoriam

By Amy K.

Dr. Uzma Yunus was my psychiatrist at New Foundation Center (now Thresholds), before I came to Turning Point.

Dr. Yunus died on January 30th of this year. She was 46 years old. She had breast cancer.

I began seeing Dr. Yunus shortly after I had moved into a New Foundation Center group home. I knew Dr. Yunus was the right person for me almost immediately. She was someone I could really talk to. I felt understood. Under her care, I was never once hospitalized - which had never been the case with previous psychiatrists. My mental health stabilized for the first time in years.

I couldn’t imagine her ever leaving New Foundation Center. I didn’t want to think about her ever leaving.

Dr. Yunus began taking a lot of time off. This was not like her. I knew something had to be wrong.

Something was wrong. Dr. Yunus told us that she had breast cancer. She would still be working – just not as often. We were all in shock. At the time, I had never personally known anyone who had breast cancer. I was so scared that she was going to die.

Dr. Yunus survived the breast cancer and came back to work full time. Things were back to normal and life went on. I thought that was the end of that.

It wasn’t. Dr. Yunus told us that she now had cancer in her liver. This time she resigned. She wrote to us in her goodbye letter, “I am not quitting because I am dying; I am quitting work because I want to continue to live well.”

At our last session I could not stop crying. Why was this happening to her? I couldn’t believe I was never going to see her again.

Dr. Yunus wrote to us, “I did not understand the resilience it requires to live with a chronic persistent mental illness as I do today. Your efforts toward your betterment and the willingness to fight an illness that to this day carries so much stigma, has taught me a lot about life. Your tenacity was the source of my resilience as I went through my own cancer treatments almost two and a half years ago. Having seen each one of you, get up and out of bed to face the day has given me enormous strength and continues to do so.”

Dr. Yunus had started a blog about living with breast cancer called Left Boob Gone Rogue. She also wrote a book based on her blog with the same name. The book was published two months before she died.

I am very humbled by Dr. Yunus’s example. I look at her as I examine my own life. I feel that I have let my illness take the reins since it started. I have let my illness discourage me from doing most things because I have always believed I can’t.

It doesn’t have to be this way. I can still have goals in life and achieve things and make a difference. Dr. Yunus was not about to leave this world without leaving her mark. I would like to do the same.
Random Facts Time!

Did you know?

Neptune wind speeds are record breaking 2,100km/h (580m/s)

If Earth had Neptune’s wind it would be faster to take a plane around the world from Miami to L.A. than to fight against the wind.
Grandparents  By: Lisa R.

Who we are is shaped by our environment and those we surround ourselves around Family, Friends, and even “Foes”. Family has been a big part in my life and my grandparents’ story has ended and I now want to share their story with you.

Grandma

One of my grandma was Joan Carol S she married my Grandpa and became Joan B. She was a religious woman, but was able to see some of its flaws. I remember her and I talking about evolution and while she did not sway from her belief of Adam and Eve not once did she criticize me or got upset with how I view the world.

When I was staying over at my grandparents’ house we would be unrepeatable. We should watch tv on the same recliner, sit next to each other at the dinner table. She would sit next to me when I was falling asleep (when I was 3-7 yrs old). If I had a nightmare she would spend the rest of the night with me on the pull out couch.

Meal times were different as my Grandpa had a diet and me a picky eater so she would end up making three meals three times a day.

She was always proud at whatever I did and whenever I changed goals for the future she would support me however she could. She never said anything about my past ambitions.

After Grandpa died I would often hear her talking about looking forward towards death. While she would love the times she was with us her heart was with Grandpa.

After being diagnose with Congestive Heart Failure she needed a lot of attention. Sense I was pretty much a part time student I would before or after class stay with her and took care of her as she did with me till my aunt or uncle came home. I wanted to beg several times not to do this as watching her break down and cry while taking all her meds wishing she was dead.

However I sucked it up and didn’t let her know I heard all that. I tried really hard to be happy all the time just for her.

The last time I saw her I wanted it to just be a dream. The boney Grandma I knew looked like a fluffy marshmallow. It wasn’t long after that she passed away. I miss her so much, but now she is where she wanted to be.

Grandma R

Mariane Iown G married and became my Grandma R. As she lived in Wisconsin I didn’t see her often save for the few visits and stay overs while going on vacation to the dells or Door County. There were so few but memorable encounters. Most I remember were of myself getting mad for getting books or something “girly” (When I was around 10+ years old). Although looking back I knew she was just looking out for my sell being. As a teacher she was always looking forward to hearing what I learned or wanted to learn.

She loved all homemade gifts. I remember her eyes lighting up when receiving those gifts. She loved my art often complementing it and telling/showing the art my Great Grandma G did saying I got her eye for art.

I also remember rough times. Myself the unmovable mass vs my grandma the unstoppable force. Meals were the worst with me being a picky eater and her being a very healthy person. We would often have stands off where I would have to stay at the table till I finished something. Few times I would stand my ground and she would have to relent as I was time for bed.

Like my Great Grandma my Grandma Rockwell suffering through Alzheimer’s last time I saw her she couldn’t talk barely remember her own life when she was younger. She wrote an Essay on her mother my Great grandma, she is now living just like her.
Grandpa B

Grandpa Richard Gordon B who was a Sgt. in charge of a platoon in the army in Italy for 3-4 yrs was also a very devoted husband, father, grandfather and Christian.

I remember him always helping around the church never resting. Being a great handy man when necessary. What I remember fondly were the times I got to hear him sing. One of many passions that never left him till the day died.

From what I saw the scars left behind I knew he was a wonderful husband and father.

However I knew him as Grandpa with 7 grandkids myself included. I remember days when visiting by myself we would be all together watching the “Prince is Right”, “Jeopardy”, and “Wheel of Fortune” and anytime I got an answer right he and my grandma would smile, laugh and tell me how smart I was.

With 6 other relatives many talents cross paths and often I felt I was the inferior one among them. However when I was playing music in front of my grandpa, I felt as if I was the world’s best. The way his eyes would light up and proud smile that lasted hours after I was done. I felt good and proud of myself. Showing art I remember him asking more about it and everything else in life was on pause.

Whenever I had doubt in myself he would always know what I needed to keep pushing forward.

It broke my heart after he had his stroke. The once proud unstoppable force became nothing more than a way back machine of when he was with my grandma or he was spewing nonsense that never ended. The few times I saw him I was often haunted by what he became. Sure he still sang and love those he remembered, but he wasn’t Grandpa anymore. Things was never the same after he died I love and miss him so much.

Grandpa R.

The man I never knew Rev. Trent R. My father’s father died long before I was born. However the man he was had an effect on who I am today through how his actions shaped my dad. To know who he was I asked those who were able and close to him His three children.

All his children said that Rev. Trent was a very dedicated man of faith. Most of his time was dedicated to helping everyone. From organizing marches during the civil rights era, helping children from poor neighborhoods stay out of gangs and drugs, going to nursing homes to comfort the elderly, to counseling couples struggling with their marriage.

My father and Uncle both seem to recall Rev. Trent being gone most of the time getting to talk about daily things only at the dinner table for when he came home he was often resting. All his kids recall that Rev. Trent if an event was important he would be there for them. He also loved sports terrible at them, but loved watching his sons play. In the summer he would take the family camping roasting marshmallows and in the winter would spend hours to make an ice skating rink in the backyard. If my Grandma needed something done in the house it was often done within days.

My Aunt recalls Rev. Trent being a guy who wore funny clothing green gym shoes and floppy hats that loved to laugh. My Uncle recalls how Rev. Trent wanted him to become a rev. too, but was fine when he told Rev. Trent he wanted to continue schooling. My father recalls that doing well in school was to be expected.

They took things from him and they shaped themselves and their children. My Aunt took his need to help others and became a therapist. My Uncle found that helping others was more important than money and things. My Father took his driving personality to apply to learning things and become great at what interested him.

Sadly Rev. Trent was not a man to rest. After his first heart attack at the age of 46 he was told to slow down because his body couldn’t keep up with his spirit. He pass away three years after the heart attack by another shortly before his 50th birthday. The man I never knew was loved by his family and community. Local newsletter put him on the front page after he passed and the church that held his funeral was packed. I’m proud to call him my grandpa and wonder if he would be proud to call me his grandchild.
Father’s Day Poem

By: Joe G.

The man at my home is big and strong

When he goes to work, he works all day long

He comes home at night looking tired and beat

As he sits down at the dinner table, has a bite to eat

With never a frown, he always smiles

When he asks of me…..how’s my childhood

I say I have been studying hard all day in school

Trying very hard to learn the golden rule

I love this man, yet I don’t know why!

I will be his strength until the day I die
Pipe organ building is very involved and complex. It involves some metaurgy, some knowledge of low-voltage electricity, pressurized wind, consumption and much wood working.

Metaugy as is applies to pipe organs involve a pipe maker. The pipe maker needs to know how to melt and mix various mixtures of the good lead with all of the E.P.A rules that apply. They also have the hands-on experience of casting, plaiting, and shaping the various metals.

Low voltage electricity is usually 12 volts of direct current. Most pipe organs still use electric playing action. This involves use of electrical contacts at the keys, and an electric magnet in the wind chest under the press. One also has to calculate the size of the electronic rectifier to supply all of the power to a switch leg to switch it all on and off.

Pipe makers can be separated off into their own business. A pipe maker starts with ingots of tin and lead. These are custom mixed to melt and cast into sheets of pipe metal of the correct thickness for various-sized organ pipes. The pipe metal is then cut and rolled into the needed shape. Then the seam left in the pipe is then soldered closed to complete a pipe.

Woodworking and cabinet making are a major part of the pipe organ building. Most of the working parts of the organ are of wood, and so is the case.
3 pounds corn beef brisket with spice packet.

10 small red potatoes.

5 carrots, peeled, cut into 3 inch pieces.

1 large head of cabbage, cut into small wedges.

1. Place corn beef in large pot or Dutch oven and cover with water. Add spice packet that came with corn beef. Cover pot and bring to boil, then reduce to simmer. Simmer approximately 50 mins per pound or until tender.

2. Add whole potatoes and carrots, and cook until the vegetables are almost tender. Add cabbage and cook for 15 more minutes. Remove meat and let rest for 15 minutes.
**ASIAN GLAZED CORN BEEF**

**INGREDIENTS:**

1 (3-4 pound) pickled brisket, preferably second cut
1/4 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons honey

For the Glaze:

1/2 inch fresh ginger, minced or 2 cubes frozen ginger
1/4 cup brown sugar

3/4 cup teriyaki sauce
2 cubes frozen ginger
2 tablespoons rice vinegar
4 cloves garlic, minced

**INSTRUCTIONS:**

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Place meat in it’s bag of pickling liquid into a 9x13 inch (or larger if needed) pan. Add water to the pan until the meat is covered. Cover pan tightly with foil, bake 3 hours, until meat is tender. Drain water from the pan and set meat aside until cool to handle.

MEANWHILE, PREPARE THE GLAZE

Add ingredients to small bowl, whisk to combine. Remove meat from bag, drain all liquid. Return to pan and pour half the glaze over meat. Bake uncovered for 15 minutes. Remove from oven; pour remaining glaze over meat. Bake additional 15 minutes.

**TOFFEE SQUARES**

1c butter
1 egg yolk

2c sifted flour
1 tsp. vanilla

1c brown sugar
8 oz bar of milk chocolate

Your choice of nut (pecans, walnuts, almonds…)

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg yolk, vanilla and sifted flour. Spread thinly on a cookie sheet and bake at 350 Degrees for 15-20 minutes. Melt 8 ounce bar of milk chocolate and speak on cookie surface while warm. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and cut into squares while warm. (Be sure to cut while warm or it breaks up if you try to cut after it is cold.)

**Author’s grandmother lays 6 milk chocolate bars on the hot cookie surface and the bars will melt and spread**
Cubs Supreme in 3

Chicago Has It’s Club Achieving Great Objectives Cubs Unveil Brilliant Season With Its Never-say-die spirit

Dedication Initiates Victory Is Sign Incomparable Of Never ending chance Teamwork Is Threshold of Long standing Era

Chicago Has It’s Club Achieving Great Objectives Cubs Unveil Brilliant Season
With

Its

Never-say-die spirit

Players

Emotions

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Nullify

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Thoughts

Chicago

Winning

Has

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Cubs

Unveil

Brilliant

Season

Superb

Execution

Rallies

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Epitome of

Success

With

Its

Never-say-die spirit
I SCREAM, YOU SCREAM, WE ALL SCREAM FOR ICE CREAM!!

DID YOU KNOW THAT ON THE 31ST OF THE MONTH, BASKIN ROBBINS OFFERS A SCOOP FOR $1.70!!

Lisa R.: Peppermint
Amy K: Cherry Chocolate Chip
Joe G: Chocolate
John W: Dark chocolate
John F: Neapolitan

Missy: Pistachio
Alexis: Michigan Pothole (thick black tar fudge, chocolate ice cream with crunchy chocolate cookie asphalt pieces.) YUM!!!!!
Skokie PRIDE
A Family-Friendly LGBTQ Event!
Lorel Park
Sunday, June 9, 1–5 p.m.
Food • Entertainment • Education

Hot Dogs In The Park
Enjoy a free hot dog and a bit of free family summer fun at three Skokie parks!

June 18: Laramie Park
July 16: Central Park
August 6: Oakton Park
National Night Out with the Skokie Police
WORD SEARCH

E Z A L G G A M D O P D S B P N S G
M R L S T N J P A O A O E R O L D R
H W E M L I K N D N O A T I A R S A
B I F V V L W B T N C T T A I E X N
R L K R I L S R U H A A S F T M Y D
E A C H I E V I N G C R T R H O N M
P R N K I P W D O I J E G A E E E A
U M R V H M B G D A R B L O G D D S
S A O X Q O X E A L I N A V S N N
P M Z U U C D P G B U T T E R N X U

HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU FIND??

SUPERB
ACHEIVING
COMPELLING
REVIEW
BLOG
DEDICATION
DRIFTER
BRIDGE
WAFFLE
BEACH
GRANDMA
GRANDPA
POTATOES
FATHER
MAN
BUTTER
MOVIES
UNDERSTOOD
GLAZE
DONUT
PARK
YEARS
VANILLA

turningpoint Solid support. When you need it most.

Celebrating 50 years
TURNING POINT SOLID SUPPORT TODAY AND TOMORROW
50 WHEREVER WE GO!

VALETTA, MALTA