



The Monthly Newsletter of the Plymouth Place Dining Services, Life Enrichment & Wellness Departments

Nutrition News You Can Use

National Nutrition Month®



Each year during March, we celebrate National Nutrition Month®, which is a nutrition education and information campaign sponsored by the Academy of Nutrition and Dietetics. It invites everyone to learn about making informed food choices and developing sound eating and physical activity habits.

National Nutrition Month® started in 1973 as National Nutrition Week, and it became a month-long observance in 1980 in response to growing interest in nutrition.

2023 will be its 50th anniversary, and the theme for this year's National Nutrition Month® is Fuel for the Future. **PP**

March 2023 Wellness Notes & Trends

Rules of the Hendrickson Fitness Center –

1. Please make sure you are signing into the fitness center. There is a sheet located outside the main door AND outside the door that leads to the exercise machines. Note: This is only for those who work out on their own.
2. Please remember to wipe down your equipment at the end of each use. When you use multiple pieces of equipment, wipe down each before moving on to the next.
3. Please be respectful of the TV and volume of the TV.

4. Please be respectful of your fellow residents and keep phone use to a minimum, especially if you are working out during a time when there is a group class or when others are working out around you.

5. Stay safe, ask for help when you need it, and never hesitate to ask questions. We're there for you.

Muscles in Motion –

The wellness team is focusing on the importance of working out in a group setting. Group classes can assist with boosting energy levels and motivation, and they encourage friendly competition between you and your peers. If you currently do not participate in group classes, our goal is to get you to try one for at least 1 week and see how you like it. Come talk to us about finding a class that is right for you.

PP



Welcome to Spring 2023

We want your feedback... send your comments, suggestions and ideas to Jim at jpdewan@gmail.com.



About That Corned Beef...

James P. DeWan

My Irish-American, raised-Catholic brother, Mark, having a Jewish wife and living for many decades in Brooklyn, regularly peppers his speech with Yiddish. Keep that thought in your head for a minute.

Sweet mother of pearl, it's March again, and if you've lived around Chicago for more than three seconds, you're no doubt aware that that means St. Patrick's Day. All month long. Green this. Emerald that. Fire up the Victrola and break out the Bing Crosby 78's. Have a heaping helping of Frosted Lucky Charms—word on the street is, they're magically delicious™.

Don't get me wrong. Far be it for me to pooh pooh anything Irish. I, myself, if my ancestor Vaughans and McGahans are to be believed, carry the genes of more than a few famine escapees. You'll forgive me, then, for rolling my eyes at the bulging shamrocks and smirking leprechauns that bedeck the season alongside plastic cups of creepily colored Miller Lite washing down sagging paper platefuls of flaccid cabbage, desultory corned beef and...

Say, speaking of corned beef, here's something interesting I learned, most of it from a fascinating book called *Hungering For America: Italian, Irish and Jewish Foodways in the Age of Migration* (Harvard University Press, 2001), by Hasia R. Diner, a history professor at New York University:

To begin, if you're no stranger to Irish pubs, you've doubtless noticed the ubiquity of corned beef on their menus. Curiously, in the pubs in Ireland, you don't see that. Have you been to Ireland?

(I guess now's as good a time as any to encourage you to jump on board the Plymouth Place trip to Ireland next fall. It'll be massive: gourmet food, world class music, first class hotels. Talk to Paddy Homan. He'll fill you in.)

But, back to the corned beef.

If you have traveled to Ireland, you may have traversed the entire country without ever having glimpsed a glistening pink plate of the stuff, and god forbid you should try to find a decent Reuben. So, what gives?

Turns out, Ireland did, in fact, produce its share of corned beef, back in the previous millenium. Here's the thing, though. Remember, "The Irish" didn't really "own" Ireland. That would

be "The English." The Irish just lived there. And worked the land. And produced all the food that got sent back to England and overseas. Food like that corned beef. And salmon. And herring and oysters, and peas and beans and onions, and honey and, you guessed it, potatoes.

"Golly," I can hear you say, "it seems they had a lot of food in Ireland after all."

Well, yes, but, see the first half of that previous paragraph.

So, the Irish peasants who produced all that delicious food, being peasants, couldn't afford to buy it. Instead, they subsisted mainly on one crop that the English had brought there for the purpose of feeding the natives: potatoes—pounds and pounds of potatoes, day in and day out, week to week, month to month, year to year. Granted, they were rendered more life-sustainingly nutritious and slightly less bland by the addition of a small amount of dairy such as butter or cream. But it was still potatoes. Very occasionally, they might have a bit of cabbage boiled with salt pork or Irish bacon (made from pork loin rather than the belly like American bacon).

Prof. Diner believes that that unfathomably limited diet of the Irish—a diet that kept them just this side of literally starving—resulted in their never placing food in the same cultural pantheon as art, music and literature, all touchstones of Irishness.

Thus, when the Irish immigrated to New York, they did not bring with them "mama's recipes," unlike the Germans and Italians and Eastern European Jews alongside whom they found themselves living. They brought potatoes. And cabbage. Boiled. And because Irish bacon was not available in the Jewish delis that were common in their new home, Diner says the Irish would, in its stead, substitute other meats, like corned beef.

Now, go get yourself a plate of corned beef and cabbage. Pour yourself a green beer. And then go online and learn some Yiddish. And order a copy of "If It Wasn't For the Irish and the Jews," the terrific CD by the late and great musician, anthropologist and historian Mick Moloney:

<https://store.compassrecords.com/products/if-it-wasnt-for-the-irish-and-the-jews>

And rather than kvetching, have a Happy St. Patrick's Day! **PP**

MARCH 15TH:

*Irish Times Dinner with Paddy and The Lads,
Dole Hall at 7:15 p.m.*

MARCH 20TH:

Culinary Adventure: Private Dining Room at 4:30

MARCH 20TH:

*Laudable Luncheon: The Irish Pipes with
Brendan McKinney: at 11:30 in the Game Room*



ROMEOS Lunch Outing

Meet at 11:15 am in the lobby on March 17th

JULIETS

JUST US LADIES INTO EATING TOGETHER

Meet at 11:15 am in the lobby on March 24th