



**Sheila
Rosen
Seitzman**

High fashion at Kroger's

If you want to check out the latest in fashion for the fall season, I suggest you go to Krogers in Pine Lake Mall.

This is one of the headquarters for the best dressed women in West Bloomfield. Here they parade up and down the aisles and carefully pose while standing in checkout lines.

Last winter I made the mistake of buying my groceries in Pine Lake Mall wearing my Kroger-Union Lake garb. In Union Lake I would have blended in with the masses, but in Pine Lake I felt like I belonged with the "messes."

I was wearing my black ski jacket (the one my husband said wasn't nice enough to wear to Burger Chef). I had always thought, when the jacket shrunk and the lining didn't, that the grey edging curling up on the bottom distracted from the fact that I'd lost the belt.

THE LADY in front of me in the checkout line, I recall, was wearing a fur and leather coat with matching leather boots. Her long hair was curled so that the tresses gently rocked on her shoulders.

The sparkle of her jewelry was reflected in the gloss of her long and perfectly polished nails. The mascara on those curled lashes was even and unsmudged.

I knew she had never caught her whole upper lid in an eyelash curler and never had to buy purple eyeshadow to make the other lid match.

But even harder to cope with was the little girl in line with this fashion plate. Dressed in bunny fur, she was outfitted from head to toe in pure white. Even her white boots did not have one smudge on them (and I know for sure because I put on my glasses and dropped something near the boots to check).

I LOOKED at my darling daughter half climbing out of the wagon, reaching up to grab all the candy and gum in sight, and noticed her face was etched in chocolate cookie crumbs from the package we had opened to pacify her.

With her arms up in the air, the ragged edge of her undershirt (I thought Carter's were never supposed to wear out) hung out from the polo shirt that shouted to the world "I had spaghetti for lunch."

Fortunately, my baby had taken her jacket off so I folded it inside out, flashing the Saks 5th Avenue label. After all, who would know it came from a garage sale?

1979 by Sheila Seitzman

A little boy mourns Grandpa

In the brief four years he has occupied this world, Avram has learned to love with a love few have known in a lifetime.

Four years and one week from the day of Avram's birth, his beloved Grandfather died. Now, more than six months later, Avram mourns.

Since I have suffered the loss of my father, I flounder with poor attempts to comfort Avram. My father was a man I loved deeply because he represented everything good and beautiful on earth.

My child, my son, surely I can perform this motherly role and listen to his wistful tales of loving days never more to be. Somehow, I must respond to his searching questions and bear the pain with my answer.

"Grandpa see God, Mommy?" he asks. "And if God can see me, can Grandpa see me, too?"

MY PARENTS LIVED in northern Michigan, and their visits were limited, especially during the winter. Now Avram daily recounts each visit like a litany, as if he fears he will let some precious recollection weave his memory.

"Remember when we went to the circus with Grandpa? He liked the elephants," Avram recalls. The circus. The first circus Daddy had seen since I was a little girl. His last circus.

"Do you think Grandpa misses me, Mommy?" he questions. "Cause I miss him so much. It hurts real bad and I don't want Grandpa to hurt any more."

I refrain from correcting his usage of the present tense. Most of life's happy events are often past tense. This English lesson comes with age.

He understood their problems, not as an adult, but as if it was his own problem. Children sensed this and always approached him as one of their own.

"Grandpa is so funny," Avram giggles. "He always makes me laugh."

I refrain from correcting his usage of the present tense. Most of life's happy events are often past tense. This English lesson comes with age.

DADDY WAS A MUSICIAN, a dedicated teacher of piano, voice and organ.

He was also a brilliant composer, but he consid-



**Jocelyn
Krieger**

ered his compositions to be highly personal. The talent he possessed was used to give voice to what he was too emotionally overcome to express in words.

I will never know what prompted him to compose as his gift on Avram's birth a haunting lullaby. The manuscript reads "Lullaby to Avram" by "Granddaddy - Oct. 2, 1973."

Avram was our fifth child. While Daddy had loved all the children, he never had made such a profound gift. It was almost as if this bond of unique love had been formed with Avram's birth.

I never paid particular attention to the time Avram and Daddy would spend together.

Avram didn't begin to speak until after his second birthday, and it seemed Daddy never did clearly understand whatever he said. Most of the time they would sit together and Daddy would joke about something or other.

Avram was his most enthusiastic audience and would laugh hysterically.

"Play the card game Grandpa played with me," Avram demands.

Frustration. How can I explain I don't know how to play because Grandpa just made up the game, carefully contrived so a certain little boy would always win?

WHENEVER MY PARENTS would visit, Daddy always brought pears. He would peel and quarter them to share with the children.

The pears became Avram's first thought when he heard that his Grandpa was seriously ill. As I rushed

to be by my father's side, Avram asked, "If grandpa dies, who's going to cut my pears for me?"

Six months have passed, and Avram has not touched a pear. He says he hates pears. Yet he looks at a pear in his coloring book and deftly selects a green crayon.

"Pears are green. Grandpa and I liked pears," he tells me as he continues his artistic endeavors.

While watching a television western, Avram becomes excited when an Indian says, "I live in Virginia."

"Maybe he can see Grandpa!" he shouts. "Grandpa lives in Virginia."

Carefully I explain that Grandpa is buried in Virginia. He doesn't live there.

"I know," Avram concedes. "Grandpa wouldn't live anywhere without me."

TOGETHER WE ARE finding our way through the dark maze of grief by identifying with music.

I have resumed teaching piano and continue my father's work. Avram has learned to play the piano and reads music with such ease that I can scarcely believe his ability.

In these difficult days of bereavement, I try to conceal my sorrow in order not to inflict more pain on a child suffering so intensely.

Yet while Avram plays nearby, I pause while preparing dinner, allowing my thoughts to wander. I begin thinking how I will never again hear the front door open and Daddy's voice call: "Where's everybody?"

Or how I will never see him sit at the table and share the newspaper with me while I'm fixing dinner. Little things, but perhaps the same kind Avram cherishes.

Tears spill uncontrollably to my cheeks, and just as I am able to regain my composure in order not to disturb tiny Avram at play, a small hand grasps my own.

"I know, Mommy," Avram whispers. "I loved Grandpa, too."

Unflinchingly, he holds me as I stifle my sobs and like a soothing balm on a smarting wound, his gentle, sweet voice tells me, over and over, "I know, I know."

Low carbohydrate diet drains you

Question: Is the low carbohydrate diet superior to a balanced diet in reducing body weight and fat stores?

Currently popular low carbohydrate diets, the latest version being Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, are based on the same principle — an extremely low carbohydrate intake or no carbohydrates at all. Sugars and starches are restricted to 60 grams or less, while fat and protein are usually unlimited.

According to the proponents of this diet, carbohydrate is rapidly converted to body fat rather than being used for energy. On the other hand, the calories from fat and protein are burned up in the metabolic processes.

Since fats and carbohydrates are our primary energy foods, it is "reasoned" that by limiting the carbohydrate intake, one forces the body to utilize its own stored fat for energy.

fitness

Barry Franklin



THIS ASSERTION is, at best, only a half truth. As a result of a very low carbohydrate intake, the carbohydrate stores of the body become rapidly depleted. With every gram of carbohydrate used, approximately 3 grams of water are lost. As much as three to five pounds of water may be lost during the first week of the diet!

Thus, the initially greater weight loss resulting from a low carbohydrate diet is actually due to an

excessive loss of body water, not fat.

The low calorie diet that contains carbohydrate may promote water retention, unfortunately masking fat weight losses. Failure to recognize and correct this condition through the use of diuretics is perhaps the primary reason why the obese individual may be unable to lose "weight" on a low calorie balanced diet, despite fat weight losses.

In conclusion, body fat is used for energy only when the caloric requirements exceed the caloric intake, regardless of the amount of carbohydrate in the diet. The "apparent" effectiveness of the low carbohydrate diet lies primarily in the inability of the scale-weight to differentiate fat loss from water loss or loss of vital lean tissue.

A PhD, the writer is co-director of cardiac rehabilitation and physical fitness at Sinai Hospital and assistant professor of physiology at Wayne State University.

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