

MONDAY AT THE TEMPLE –
By Beverly Borins, Temple Member

Before I begin, I must say
I only do poetry the old fashioned way.
In the olden days, things had to rhyme
To be considered perfect every time.

With Melanie and friends working at Temple
We are happy and content to learn something simple.
We exercise arms, back, shoulders and knees
And feel strong and refreshed while we aim to please.

We remember the words, IF IT HURTS, **STOP**
Bum forward on chair, back straight or you'll drop.
Stretch hamstrings, roll hips and do it with ease
Or you will have a pain in your knees.

We all think it wonderful to have such a chance
To bend, twist and kvetch while we dance.
We are energized, feel great and grow younger
As our minds are thinking of our hunger.

Sheila picks programmes that help us a lot.
We listen conscientiously to everything we are taught.
Our great kitchen helpers are vigorous and strong
And do everything perfect, our lives to prolong.

We forget if we are tired, we are hurrying fast
For marvelous soup, bagels, cookies while they last.
We wait for the moitza, as good Jews do
And thank God we are with good friends like you.