

Miller's Musings



“*Quid me anxious sum*” was a popular saying in the mid-1950s. It was also the famous motto of a popular satirical magazine. A lot of us will recall Alfred E. Neuman as the poster boy for *Mad Magazine*, with the wide grin on his face. We should recognize that Latin translation as “What, me worry?”

Mad Magazine first published in 1952 and had many publication locations and format changes. It still survives today. The only difference is it no longer is available at newsstands. 2019 was the last issue available at newsstands in August of that year. You can only obtain copies now by subscription or from a comic book shop. I suppose if you still have some original copies in good condition, they might be worth something.

Mad Magazine was meant to be satirical and, when in print, a type of parody presented in a format typical of mainstream journalism. Mark Twain was an early satirical writer who was both criticized and praised for his satire.

Many satirical publications have come and gone. Probably the most famous is the *Harvard Lampoon* which was started in 1876. It is now known as *Lampoon*. Today, *The Onion* is an American satirical digital media company. It started in 2007 publishing sarcastic news, audio, and video online. It stopped the print edition in 2013.

Even though satire can be taken different ways, it is still part of our language. It conveys both wit and satire and is not to be taken seriously. So why don't we follow the motto of Alfred E. Neuman in our good life here at Keystone when he says, “**What, me worry?**”

Kathryn's Kwips

Happiness

Happiness without reason is the ultimate freedom.



Contrary to how it may sometimes seem, our circumstances do not determine our happiness. We alone control our ability to be happy or unhappy through our reactions to and attitudes toward our circumstances. Those who are truly happy are not corks at the mercy of the waves of circumstance; they are the captains of their own ships. If we are in unhappy situations, we can strive to find ways to release ourselves from them. Or, if the present situations can't be changed, we can learn to accept them and be happy anyway. If we want certain things that we know will fulfill us, such as a loving partner or good health or a creative job or career, we can work toward them, making and visualizing goals and exploring the steps we need to take to make them a reality. But even as we are in the process of reaching those goals, we can be happy by choosing to respond to life with humor instead of worry, curiosity instead of hesitation, love instead of fear, hopelessness instead of despair.

Happiness is not just within my reach; it is already in my grasp.

Baiba's Babble



A Ride to Remember

The Chicago metropolitan area has one of the largest Latvian communities in the United States along with New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and various centers throughout the Midwest. It has two Lutheran churches, a Catholic church, and a Community Center that hosts many cultural and social activities.

Back in Michigan, I had joined a Latvian sorority and when I moved to Chicago, I connected with the chapter in Illinois. This particular weekend in July, Chicago was host to a Latvian Youth Convention at the Community Center, held every three years, in different cities. The culmination was a dance and party on Saturday night. My friends had asked me to join them there. I decided to take a bus instead of a cab because I did not have a car. I walked over to the bus stop, a few blocks from my apartment. Little did I know that the bus stop was on the wrong side of town, close to Cabrini Green housing project and in a very high crime ridden area. I stood at the bus stop, the only one there, in my high heels, party dress and a light sweater with a small purse tucked under my arm. There were guys milling around. I did feel a little apprehensive but thought that the bus would be coming along at any moment.

Out of nowhere, appeared a Chicago Police car and the guys in the street scattered. One officer got out of the car, the other stayed in the car. He was easy on the eyes and started talking to me. He asked if I was OK, and what was I doing in that part of the city? They questioned me for a while.

They knew where the Community Center was and said they would take me there. So, I hopped in the back seat, separated from the front by a plexiglass shield or something similar. They turned on their sirens and flasher lights and away we drove, blowing through every red light on the way. It was a ride to remember!

A few weeks later, a colleague of mine at the Northern Trust Bank said, “Hey Baiba, what have you done? A cop is looking for you.” And then I saw him. It was one of the officers, dressed in his police blues, who had driven me to the Community Center.

I wasn't quite sure why he was there. We exchanged pleasantries and a short conversation ensued. And then he said, “I'm going to have to arrest you for being in the wrong place unless you go out with me.”

