



## Publisher's Pen

Dear Readers,

My mother-in-law spent most of her adult life in the women's retail clothing business. Her mantra, "You buy good, you get good."

From the time I met and ultimately married her LS (Loving Son) who has for almost 40 years been my LH (Loving Husband) – this is one of those principles that has been fixed in my mind. It is something I've instilled in my LD (Loving Daughter) which she has in turn instilled in her LH.

Enough with the acronyms!

To my chagrin, my mother-in-law has been proven time and time again to be right. Yes – that is the daughter-in-law admitting that her mother-in-law was right!

You heard it here first!

She was quite an amazing woman, Bertha Ozer. Gone now for almost a decade – her spirit and her wisdom live on.

Born in Poland and emigrating to America as a very young child, she became a naturalized citizen. She valued what America had to offer, became educated and worked diligently. She raised her boys, cared for her mother and extended family – and along with her LH was an entrepreneur. She recognized the opportunities that this country offers and made the most of them.

She took living in this land of the free quite seriously. She paid her taxes and voted in every election. She raised her LSs (Loving

Sons) – made certain they received educations and instilled in them the right and the responsibility to be productive and responsible members of society. And to pass that on to their progeny.

On my most recent trip to New York, we attended a street fair on Eighth Avenue. It was a picture perfect Saturday in the City – just days before the weather in the East turned cold. Seventy degrees and sunny in October. Wow!

Reggae music played at a feverish pitch creating an amazing energy. An abundance of ethnic food vendors overwhelmed us as we grazed our way up and down the Avenue – crepes, arapas, shish kabobs – you name it. Vendors of every description purveying their wares. Lots to buy. Everything from socks to Bluetooths to pashminas.

We bought wine gift bags made of silk – a handmade sweater from Ecuador for Miss Oakley who had just started walking – and a pair of gloves for LD. When Oak tootles down the street she reminds me of her great-grandmother Bertha. They walk the same way!

And there was this great looking watch. It had a black face and a "diamond" (I *know* it wasn't *real!*) where the numeral "12" would be. And an exquisite band of silver links. A Paul Jardin. You never heard of him? Me either. TP ("The Paul") was ticking. The time was correct. And *only* ten bucks!

I immediately forgot Bertha's words of wisdom.

I bought him – and wore him for the remaining few days while there.

Once home I returned to my "everyday" watch – a Seiko I had bought years ago. I didn't want to spoil TP by wearing him every day.

Last week I donned him to wear to an event for which I was rather nicely dressed. While adjusting him to Pacific Time, his stem fell off. It's been 10:42 and two seconds Daylight Savings Time

ever since. AM or PM – what does it matter?

O.K. Guess TP was not the watch of my dreams. For kicks, I Googled him. (Always Google the men you meet!) I could have bought TP online for \$4.95 *with* a lifetime warranty no less! Albeit that I would have to buy 25 in order to make that happen.

At least that way I would have had a back up!

Guess that's what the street vendor had done! He too has taken the opportunities that this country has to offer and made the most of them.

So, I did not heed my mother-in-law's good judgment that day.

I *have*, however, heeded her wisdom of participating as a citizen and voting in every election. Though I find myself challenged by the choices, I have read through the seemingly endless number of Ballot Propositions. And studied them. I have listened to the presidential candidates and learned of their positions. And of the pundits – and heard theirs. I have done the best that I am able in order to make the most educated choice that I can.

Yet, I worry about the fate of this country at this most fragile of times. The choices we make now will effect generations to come.

Election Day may have passed by the time you read this. I do hope that you exercise or exercised your right to participate – even if you are challenged by the choices.

Listen to Bertha and her wisdom: "You buy good, you get good." Be a contributing member of society. Pay your taxes. Vote in every election.

It is not only our right. It is truly a privilege.

Warmest Regards,

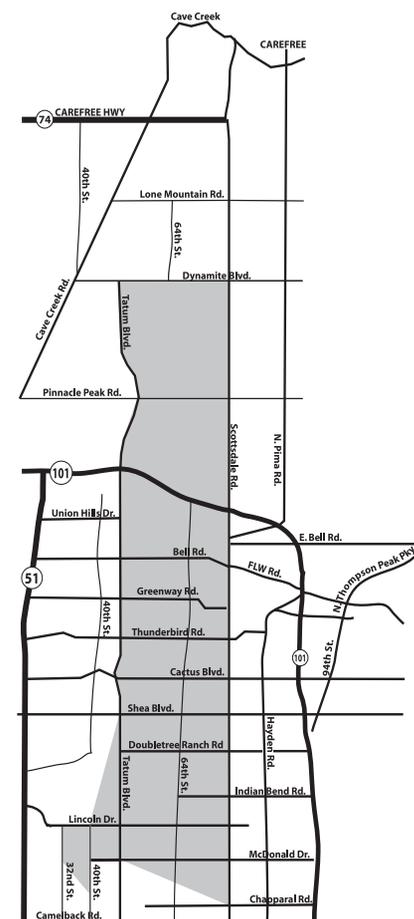
Hope H. Ozer  
Publisher

## LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER

To the publisher,

It was a joy to read your recent *Publisher's Pen* [October 2008] column about parents. In my chosen career, dealing with "words" is a large part of my daily routine. Good writing is becoming less common these days, but your column is a reminder that the "art" of good writing is alive and well. I am blessed that my mother is still with us as she approaches her 98th birthday, and your admonition to take time – to make time – for your parents struck home. In today's hurried world, it is all too easy to get distracted by things that are so less important than family. Thank you for the reminder.

– Doug Jorden  
Scottsdale



Direct Distribution to 24,000 homes in the Northeast Valley PLUS an additional 8,000 available for free pick up at more than 200 local businesses in North Scottsdale, Northeast Phoenix, Carefree and Cave Creek.

**CITYSunTimes.com**