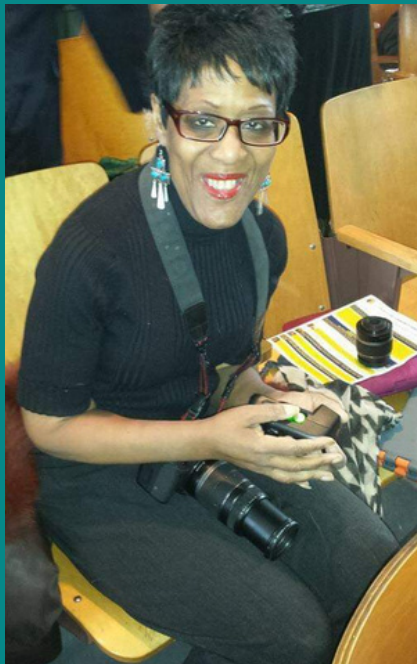
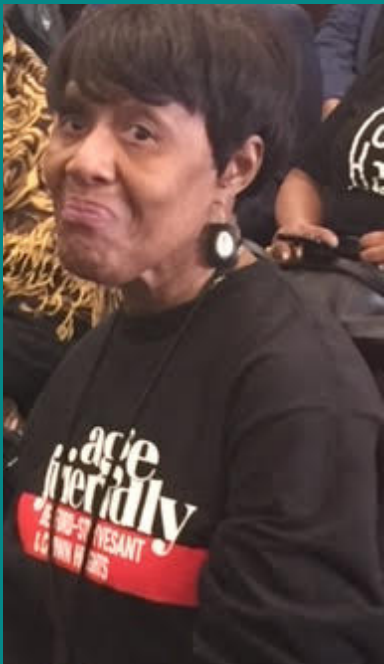




age
friendly
CENTRAL BROOKLYN

THIRD CHAPTER LIVING



*Remembering Lorraine Patrice
Gamble-Lofton*

ISSUE 19 | JULY 2022



THIRD CHAPTER LIVING

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Making Central Brooklyn A Great Neighborhood To Age-In-Place!

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Donna Williams

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IN THIS ISSUE...

Greetings Age Friendly Community,

This July, we remember our colleague and sister friend **Lorraine Patrice Gamble-Lofton**, who passed on December 15, 2021.

We are publishing this special issue in July to coincide with Ms. Lorraine's birthday which is July 14.

Ms. Lorraine was an Age Friendly Ambassador and a contributing writer and photographer for our publication **THIRD CHAPTER LIVING (TCL)**.

For this issue, we compiled select articles from TCL beginning with Meet the Team and ending with Ms. Lorraine's last article Potato Salad Is Good for You.

As you peruse the articles what comes through is Ms. Lorraine's authenticity, passion for life, and wicked sense of humor!

Donna Williams
Editor in Chief
THIRD CHAPTER LIVING





DONNA WILLIAMS

EDITOR IN CHIEF



Neighborhood: Resident of Bedford Stuyvesant

Years with the Initiative: Since March 2019. Introduction to Age Friendly was the 7th anniversary luncheon in April where I met and worked with some fantastic ladies. Currently an Ambassador and member of the Economic Empowerment Cohort.

Career Status: Retired after nearly four decades as a PR/Communications professional primarily with PBS (Public Broadcasting Service) and WNET New York public media (Channel 13).

Ageing Goal: To be my best self, living my Third Chapter and beyond happily and in good health; to continue my mediation practice and to always be grateful for the life I've been given; to be an active (yoga at EmergeSoul with Tameeka Ford), informed, and productive member of my community; to engage lovingly with family and friends; and to laugh a lot and have fun every day.

SHEILA COX

DISTRIBUTOR & PHOTOGRAPHER



Neighborhood: Resident of Vinegar Hill

Years with the Initiative: Six Years. Currently an Ambassador and member of the Intergenerational Cohort

Career Status: Retired Pre- School Teacher

Ageing Goal: To Age with Grace and Amazing Style!

EDITORIAL STAFF

LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON **PHOTOGRAPHER & CONTRIBUTING WRITER**



Neighborhood: Resident of Bedford Stuyvesant

Years with the Initiative: Became associated with the Age Friendly Initiative in 2019 at the invitation of a good friend Donna Williams. Am I ever glad that I followed-up! Currently an Ambassador and member of the Advocacy Cohort

Career Status: Retired after 33 years of service at the New York Department of Finance

Ageing Goal: Looking forward to enjoying my retirement. Believe that being an active part of this group is just what a body needs.

SELMA JACKSON **CONTRIBUTING WRITER**



Neighborhood: Resident of Bedford Stuyvesant

Years with the Initiative: Member of Age Friendly Neighborhood Initiative for five years. Currently an Ambassador and member of Advocacy Cohort.

Career Status: Retired Banker and entrepreneur.

Ageing Goal: To enjoy life to the fullest and be open to new adventures.

STEFANI ZINERMAN **PUBLISHER**



Neighborhood: Resident of Bedford Stuyvesant

Years with the Initiative: Since March 2014. Organized the initial Advisory Committee, became the Co-Chair, led the effort to survey the district's seniors regarding their experiences and needs, and produced the first Neighborhood Action Plan. Currently serves as Chair for the Advisory Committee and Director of the Age Friendly Ambassador Program.

Career Status: Works in the New York State Senate as Director of Special Projects of New York for State Senator Velmanette Montgomery

Ageing Goal: To embrace my third chapter of life with passion, joy and grace in a temple that is marathon strong and battle ready.

A HOLIDAY HIT!

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON



On December 20, 2019, I found myself "dashing through the district" with the Age Friendly Ambassadors and my Assembly Member Tremain S. Wright. *Dashing through the District-A Sleigh [Bus] Ride!*, was a first-ever showcasing the illuminated homes of Bedford-Stuyvesant and Crown Heights residents who participated in Wright's Annual Holiday Lights contest.

When I first heard about it, I tried to figure out like how many sleighs we were going to need to carry the masses plus, there was no snow? Okay, okay I know that was a fantasy but they did say, "sleigh ride"!

Immediately after the annual City & State Christmas party hosted by Council Member Robert Cornegy, Jr. and Assembly Member Wright, we boarded an executive coach at Restoration Plaza and waited for the adventure to begin!

To our surprise, Santa left each of us a little gift on our seats - bright red scarfs with gold embroidering! Soon, we were on our way, dashing down Fulton street towards Fulton Park. We parked in front of the nicely lit tree that was decorated with bright white lights and the oohs and aahs began.

We were further treated with libation of hot chocolate and hot apple cider, mmm, good while Christmas music provided the soundtrack for our tour.

The stand out block on the tour was beautifully decorated by the 700 Jefferson Avenue Block Association. Others were nicely decorated but they were few and far between.

We traveled to the northside to see the tree in Von King Park and not a light was lit. Then, we headed to Crown Heights to see the well-lit tree decorated by our friends from the Parks Department, Crown Heights North Association and Friends of Brower Park. Hooray!

I miss the days when there were real battles between the blocks to be the best, Decatur Street between Sumner (now Marcus Garvey) and Throop won often and hope that those reading my words will be inspired to enter the contest and make their blocks as festive as the celebrated neighborhood of Dyker Heights.

We returned to our takeoff spot at Restoration, for one last glimpse of their tree. All and all, it was a nice way to spend a Friday night. I would venture to say that a good time was had by all.



THEMES FROM BLACK HISTORY



BY
**LORRAINE
GAMBLE-
LOFTON**

The original purpose of Black History Month was to promote the achievements, contributions and progress of the forgotten Black people.

Since 1928, every Black History week or month has had a theme that recognizes pivotal events or topics to be highlighted during the year's celebration. Since 1976, every president has endorsed a specific theme. The 2013 theme – "Crossroads of Freedom and Equality: The Emancipation Proclamation and the March on Washington" – recognized the 150th and 50th anniversaries of those key events in black American history.

"As we pay tribute to the heroes, sung and unsung, of African-American history, we recall the inner strength that sustained millions in bondage. We remember the courage that led activists to defy lynch mobs and register their neighbors to vote. And we carry forward the unyielding hope that guided a movement as it bent the arc of the moral universe toward justice. Even while we seek to dull the scars of slavery and legalized discrimination, we hold fast to the values gained through centuries of trial and suffering."

*-President Barack Obama
Black History Month Proclamation
2014 Theme: Civil Rights in America.*

When you look at all that is going on in our government, it seems fitting, that the theme for 2020 would be "African Americans and The Vote." Each of us utilizing our vote, like filling out the Census, is another way for our voices to be heard. What Carter G. Woodson would say about the continued celebrations is unknown, but I believe that he would be impressed and smile on all honest efforts to make black history a field of serious study and provide the public with thoughtful celebrations.



**BLACK
HISTORY
MONTH**

WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH

Notes on Inspiring Women

On this page, the Editorial Team and an age friendly ambassador took a moment to pause and pay tribute to the special women in our lives who have inspired us with their wit, wisdom and grit. May they forever live in our memories as examples of how to live well, do well and age well. Ashe!



Sheila Cox

I salute my mother *Alberta Cox* for always getting things done quietly.



Lorraine Gamble-Lofton

My mom *Linda Icilda Munroe*, will always be my Shero. She loved and respected me but more than anything else: She trusted me. If I said "let's" She says "go". We loved each other for real!



Selma Jackson

I live by the famous words of my grandmother *Hester Jenkins*, who would often say, "Sometimes we have to eat what we don't like!"



Donna Williams

I pay tribute to my mother *Ella Louise Dula Williams*, who was loving, caring, intuitive, steady, kind, and oh so funny!



Stefani Zinerman

My mother *Portland Zinerman* has true GRITS like most (Girls Raised It The South). She is Gorgeous, Resourceful, Inspiring, Tenacious and oh so Sassy!



Sylvia Cheeks

I'm blessed to still have my 92 years young mom *Ms. Susan O'Garro* with us.

SHIRLEY CHISHOLM: A Woman of Firsts

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON

In 2019, United States Senator from California Kamala Harris made a valiant effort to become the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States and ultimately to defeat Donald Trump this November. Many women, black and white, supported her run for president.

With her candidacy, Harris stood on the shoulders of past and present women, including the late Shirley Chisholm, who, in 1968, became the first African-American woman elected to Congress, 12th CD and in 1972 the first woman to seek the nomination for president from one of the two major political parties.

Shirley Anita St. Hill Chisholm was born on Sunday, November 30, 1924, in Brooklyn, New York. She attended Girls High, which is “in the District”. She was a graduate of Brooklyn College and went on to receive her graduate degree in early childhood education from Teachers College at Columbia University.



In July 1971, Congresswoman Chisholm decided to run for the presidency. She announced her bid for office on January 27, 1972, at The Concord Baptist Church, a prominent church “in the District.”

As providence would have it, that was the year I turned 18 and the legal age to vote was lowered to 18 from 21.

It was an exciting time for those of us who were 18 and wanted to vote. I was fortunate to volunteer at the Democratic Club, which was located on Stuyvesant, right around the corner from my home on Putnam Avenue.

Of her legacy, Chisholm said, “I want to be remembered as a woman ... who dared to be a catalyst of change.” She was, as the title of her autobiography exclaims, *Unbought and Unbossed*.

LUPUS & THE IMPACT ON SENIOR CITIZENS

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON

Amongst a myriad of other important things happening this month, May is also National Lupus Awareness Month. Lupus is one of several autoimmune diseases. To break it down better, it is an inflammatory disease that is caused when the immune system attacks its own tissue.

Lupus usually affects women between the ages of 35-44 but it is not limited to that group. It also affects men and women younger and older. Lupus is a lifetime illness and as you would suspect, becomes increasingly more difficult to manage as a person ages.

Also, as you might imagine, like all other comorbidities (simultaneous presence of two chronic diseases or conditions in a person) including PAD (peripheral artery disease); CAD (coronary artery disease); asthma, diabetes, and heart disease, having Lupus makes one more susceptible to that dastardly COVID-19.

Let's look at how Lupus impacts the aging process and vice versa. Physiological damage often does increase over time. It presents most particularly in the joints and with chronic pain. The fatigue which is extreme and doesn't go away with rest is depressing and can also be psychologically damaging.

However, there is a silver lining in that as a person ages, the degree of inflammation and autoimmune response present typically declines and may even create a reduction in medication. Seniors are less likely to develop Lupus Nephritis that affects the kidneys which tends to worsen as you age.

Living with Lupus and feeling as good as you can is about more than just taking your meds. A senior with Lupus, like anyone else, will fare best, by maintaining a healthy diet and an exercise routine.



If you or anyone you know has Lupus, information on how Lupus can be impacted by COVID-19 is available at WWW.Lupus.org.



A CHANGE IS GONNA COME

SAM COOKE 1964

50 years after the passage of sweeping Civil Rights legislation racism against African Descendant People in America is as prevalent as ever. A multigenerational coalition here and across the globe has organized protests to call attention to this injustice and to demand change. In this issue, the Editorial Board weighs in on the possibility of eradicating racism - in all of its forms. These are our stories...

RACISM, AGEISM AND SEXISM: 101

By Lorraine Gamble-Lofton

One afternoon several years ago, my Mom gave my number to someone who was trying to buy my friend's house which I manage. So, he called and said, "I'm interested in your property on Madison Street." That home has been and still is in my friend's family since 1932. They were the first people of color on the block. After refusing several times to breakdown and sell he says to me "I'll give you plenty money!" As if I had never seen more than one \$20.00 bill at a time. Well I was done! I came back with "You might be able to buy the property, but you can never buy its legacy" and slammed down the phone.



DANCE WITH MY FATHER

Luther Vandross - 1980



Walter R. Douglas, Sr. - Lorraine Gamble-Lofton's Bruhvah
In 1985 while a member of Bridge Street AWME Church's New Day Singers, I met my "Bruhvah", Roland Walter Douglas Jr. One of the very many things that I love about him is that he knows how to critique me without ever leaving me feeling criticized. One night while I was in school, my Mom thought that she was having a heart attack. She could not reach me so whom did she call? Roland, of course, and he was there, Johnny on the spot. He called the ambulance and safely got her to the hospital. I will love him forever and a few more days.

GET UP, STAND UP

Bob Marley & The Wailers - 1973



BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON



I think that until relatively recently, most of us thought that when slavery ended in 1863, it was done. Not quite. The slaves were set free January 1, 1863. In Texas, however, the slaves were not informed that slavery was abolished until June 19, 1865, hence Juneteenth. Juneteenth is also called Freedom Day, Jubilee Day, the colors of its flag are red, white and blue to symbolize that they, former slaves, were now real American citizens.



Juneteenth is celebrated in most states of the Union as well as abroad. There are fairs, contests, concerts and of course nothing would be right without a good old-fashioned Barbecue with everything you could want, especially red soda and watermelon.

Over the years, Age Friendly has celebrated Juneteenth with an Annual Black History Bus Tour of Black Notables buried in Cypress Hills Cemetery here in Brooklyn. In 2019, as part of the celebration, there was a libation ceremony followed by an ancestral tribute before the tour began.



Among the many Black Notables buried at Cypress Hills Cemetery are Jackie Robinson, the first Black to break the color line in baseball; Thomas Jennings, the first African American to get a patent; his daughter Elizabeth Jennings Graham, who was an activist here in New York City; Eubie Blake, composer,

JUNETEENTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

lyricist, and pianist of ragtime, jazz, and popular music; and Arturo Schomburg, writer, cultural archivist and collector of books, manuscripts and paintings pertaining to the history of Black culture. The Schomburg Center in Harlem is named in his honor.

Baba Stan Kinard, who transitioned last year is also buried in Cypress Hills. Stan was a husband, father, community activist, and educator. He was the Director of Brownsville Heritage House, founder of the Carter G. Woodson Cultural Literacy Project and the Director of the CARE Center at Boys and Girls High School. But most importantly, he was a friend of Bedford-Stuyvesant. Currently, there is a petition to have Baba Stan Kinard named one of the Black Notables at Cypress Hills Cemetery.

To sign and help circulate this petition, use the following link:

<https://bit.ly/2CviMwp>



PHOTO CREDIT: STEFANI ZINERMAN



NATIONAL KOREAN WAR VETERANS ARMISTICE DAY

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON



Black Soldiers in the Korean War

For a great number of us when we hear “The Korean War” (1950-1953), what comes to mind is the television show *M*A*S*H** starring Alan Alda (Hawkeye Pierce) and Loretta Swit (Hot Lips Houlihan).

The National Korean War Veterans Armistice Day is observed each year on July 27th in honor of Korean War veterans and their families. It is a time to remember as many as 50,000 American troops who died in the conflict, over 100,000 wounded, and thousands of prisoners of war.



In 2013, President Barack Obama made a speech in honor of National Korean War Armistice Day, noting that for Korean War veterans, “theirs was a different kind of homecoming.

Unlike the Second World War, Korea did not galvanize our country. These veterans did not return to parades.”

I imagine that was how my Dad and his friends probably felt. Neither my mom nor my sister, were able to get a flag after his transition because, although we had his papers, where his records were kept experienced a major fire.



North Korea has, on several occasions in the 21st century, announced its refusal to recognize the armistice including in 2009, 2010, and 2013. The blessing of this Armistice Day is that although these warriors fought for their homeland and were not acknowledged, like their veterans of previous conflicts, they were there for their brothers in arms, their families and their country.



Armistice Day



WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED ON BASTILLE DAY?



BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON



For some, Bastille Day is fireworks and a large military parade. However for most, it marks the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille (July 14, 1789), a grand fortress in Paris that was infamous for holding political prisoners, but also held a large reserve of gunpowder.

By the late 1780s, France was grappling with unemployment and widespread famine. In an attempt to resolve the situation, King Louis XVI called a meeting of the Estates General, a national assembly representing the three estates of France.

Arguments between the Third Estate and the other two led the Third Estate to call themselves the National Assembly which King Louis XVI sanctioned on June 27, 1789. Weeks later, on July 11, the King removed a finance official, Jacques Necker, who supported The Third Estate. Necker's dismissal proved to be problematic for the King.

On July 14, French revolutionaries took over a soldiers' hospital in Paris seizing guns and cannons and then stormed the Bastille – freeing a handful of prisoners – but most importantly finding a stockpile of gunpowder, the main reason for raiding the place. When news broke in Versailles that people had stormed the Bastille, famously, Louis XVI asked a French duke that evening if the storming of Bastille was a revolt, with the duke replying “No, sire, a revolution.”



Ultimately, the storming of The Bastille was about a revolution, a demonstration against political tyranny. July 14 wouldn't be seen as an official holiday until almost a century later. Well that is not absolutely true, it would be 165 years before it would become an official revolutionary holiday. It will always be the best day of the year, whatever year it is. You ask why?

Yes, you have figured out the correct answer, it's MY birthday!

THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON: THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, ETC., ETC., ETC....

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON

On August 28, 1963 at the Lincoln Memorial, assembled there because it represented the freeing of the slaves, Black, White, Hispanic and others gathered to advocate for basic human rights. What came out of the efforts of the 250,000 people who marched in the hot blistering sun?

Out of their fire was born the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965, though sadly the Voting Rights Act was a temporary fix.

Again, on another blisteringly hot August 28, this time the year, 2020, we are at the Lincoln Memorial. We recognize the lies of freedom, full citizenship and reparations still denied. We are still having the "convos" about being Black and being MURDERED. Only this time, instead of a rope around our necks, it's a knee in the neck for 8 minutes and 46 seconds. Even though there is a crowd with cameras, it's still done with a sense of entitlement under a cloak of White and Blue.

So here we are again back at the table begging for something that is inherently ours, you know: Life and Liberty. My prayer is that there will NEVER be another year where the way we are treated necessitates our return to the Memorial to ask for our Constitutional rights that claims ALL men are created equal and in turn are free.

We should be so completely satiated when we get up from the table this time that we would never have a need to return. Demonstration without legislation will not lead to change. At the March on Washington in 1963, the late great Gospel singer Mahalia Jackson delivered a song of hope "How I Got Over". In 2020, Rev. Marvin L. Winans has blessed us with a new song, "Black Lives Matter." The question for me is how far have we really come in 57 years? It seems the more things change...you know the deal.



DIABETES

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON



Back in late 1981, finding myself besieged by sebaceous cyst after sebaceous cyst I checked in with my then primary care physician. When she examined me, it made her gasp. She questioned me about my diet to which I confessed most of my wayward ways. I owned up to all the food I ate, all of it.

At work I drank four 16oz Pepsi's daily, at home I would continue by drinking a two-liter Pepsi and a huge bottle of lemonade and whatever else I could find. Along with my increased thirst came more frequent urination which at night limited the amount of sleep I got so I was exhausted every morning. The doctor did blood work then sat me down and gave me "the" talk. "I want you to give up the soda for two weeks. Then come back and we will figure out what the story is."

Upon my return she gave me the frightening diagnosis of diabetes. I was truly happy that my blood sugar had decreased, but I knew that I was still in trouble because of my family's history with diabetes.

What is diabetes and what can be its impact on your life? Well, Type 2 Diabetes, which is what I have, is usually found in people who are over forty-five and overweight. It is a disease which occurs when your blood sugar is too high and your body does not have enough insulin to process it.

Down the road another endocrinologist warned me saying "Diabetes is a mean, heinous disease; it kills in pieces."

Meaning that if I did not change my evil ways I might be subjected to neuropathy, blindness, heart disease, amputation, kidney disease, stroke and an ultimately: untimely death. I have three of these five and a couple unmentioned.

Here are a few things that you can do to help yourself avoid this cavern: pay closer attention to your diet, you can't eat like you did at twenty, exercise regularly, partner with your PCP (Primary Care Physician), and love yourself which will help you make wiser choices.



MY SLANT: COVID 19, THE VACCINE

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON



The year 2020 found most of us somewhat trapped by a mysterious airborne disease. The Corona virus also known as COVID19, put a significant strain on our lives world-wide. We were shut down, locked down. We lost family and friends and others who we never knew. Like many others, I hid out in my house, I was determined that I was not going to get this thing. Well in the beginning we talked about hope, thinking that it would all be over by summer. It did not happen, however, there was now fevered talk about a vaccine, at last a cure.

It was now fall and still no vaccine.

At the end of October my friend came by and saw that I could stand a break, so off we went. We walked down the steps, he went to get the car; I fell and broke my tibia. The ambulance got me to the hospital and four days later, I get stuck in a nursing home for three and a half months.



Like everything else, the nursing homes were on lockdown because of the virus. After all the stories about all the seniors dying in nursing home, I was terrified and prayed for the vaccine on a regular basis. Finally, my prayer was answered. The nursing home administrator asked the patients who would want to sign up to be vaccinated. I think that I was first.

Finally January 27th was here. That was my date for the first dose, February 10 the second. Others were afraid, I was more afraid of the virus than the shot. When the day came, I got dressed and bravely went to see the vaccine folk. I sat there in my wheelchair, the nurse came over and before I knew anything, it was done and over. No pain, no temperature, none of the things that I had been warned about. I'm good. I was scheduled to go home on February 13 my second shot, February 10. When done, like my former experience, SUCCESS! Do not be afraid.



Lorraine Gamble-Lofton



DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO?

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE LOFTON

*Do you know where you're going to?
Do you like the things that life is showin' you?
Where are you goin' to?
Do you know?*

Diana Ross, lyrics to *Do You Know Where You're Going to*
(Theme from "Mahogany")

These words have rung hauntingly in my head from time to time. I knew that I didn't want to be what (yes what, not who) I was. I could hold my own in any conversation but when anyone would ask 'Where did you go to school?' from this Diana Ross song I would automatically say, "Lane", omitting that I dropped out and went to Jersey City Job Corps Center for Women where I received my General Equivalency Diploma.

Well just because I was stuck does not mean that life was. Life continues and if you do not keep up you might find yourself unable to catch up. One day one of my co-workers suggested (in a snide fashion) that I needed to handle that school thang. "Give me the number" I said. She did (212) 925-6625, that number changed my life.

I made the first step and made an appointment with a counselor, Judy Hilkey. When I walked out of her office, I was registered for two classes. I found myself walking very tall and feeling equally as proud.

However, then that feeling of absolute terror kicked in and the voices started making their pathway through my mind: "You know that you're not good enough." Now here is where the change starts to come.

Ignore what makes you afraid. The end of the first semester found me with two A's. Oh, My BeJesus! But it was true. I saw it in writing 4.0 Me. Me 4.0 Yup! Rosa Parks leaves this for us to absorb: "I have learned over the years that when one's mind is made up, this diminishes fear; knowing what must be done does away with fear."

Most of us are bound by our fears of doing right or wrong, I know that I was. I let go of my fear and soared. And so, can you.

September is National Self Improvement Month. What's your self-improvement story?



NOTHING TASTES LIKE TOGETHER

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON

There is a current commercial seen frequently on television. In an Irish cottage we find a family sort of scurrying around. Finally, the daughters go to bed and we can see that the parents are cooking. Upstairs the girls quickly set the clock for 2:00 a.m... Well the daughters and a little brother come downstairs and help to finish setting the table. They sit in anticipation of a guest. Shortly thereafter enters a young man in a white waiter's jacket looking whipped. But as he turns around, the look on his face turns to one of mild surprise "You waited for me?" he says. The mother looks up and says "Happy first day." And he looks as if he feels loved.

Up until about seven years ago my mom and I hosted the Thanksgiving Dinner. No matter how tiring or expensive it was, I looked forward to this annual gathering of family and friends. No one brought anything with them except Uncle Rollie. White Horse is what he drank, hence he brought a quart with him and the turkey leg belonged solely to him.

None of the invited guests even offered to wash a dish or a pot and everyone grabbed foil and Ziplock bags and some made it their business to bring a pickle jar so that they could swipe a little eggnog, Mommy's was the best in the land.

I was deliciously exhausted when it was over. Mommy and I ate our turkey neck and left most of the dishes until morning and talked about how we were going to make sure that they washed the dishes. Lies, garbage and trash that's what that was. We were so happy to see each other that we didn't know what to do.

I didn't know how deep the feeling was until I became so lonely that I used to take codfish cakes and bakes with me to share with my therapist. That at least gave me some one to share a meal with once a week.

Nothing tastes like together.

October is Eat Better, Eat Together Month



POTATO SALAD IS GOOD FOR YOU

BY LORRAINE GAMBLE-LOFTON

So, in 2007, I discovered that my cousin, Ernesto, never had a birthday party. I didn't have anything more important to do, so what the heck, I was going to throw a surprise party for my big cousin's 60th birthday.

Now I have been known to be notoriously late in and for everything. But I was also known to be one of the queens of Potato Salad so they would wait for me. However, I was going to trick them all, this time. This time I was going to be on time. But to do that, I needed to get busy very early.

My mission started on Friday night. I turned the television on to some boring program so as not to be distracted and got started. So now it's about 4:00 in the morning, I'm fading fast, but I can't quit now, I have only about 6hrs to go! The television is going "Wah, wah, wah, Adult Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder."

As quiet as the house was, I could not help but hear what the announcer had to say. The more he talked, the more I listened and the more I listened the more I saw myself in every word he said.

He gave my life a legitimacy it had never had. I wasn't just bad or lazy, there was a reason why. I cried. I had here to fore thought of A.D.H.D. (Attention-Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder) as something that was a part of the lives of those "bad" little boys. But according to the announcer, that was not the case. It can happen to little boys, little girls, it has happened to me and it may have happened to you.

The minimal information that I got from that infomercial made me hungry for more. That Monday I went out seeking more information and eventually found systems to help me more successfully address my disorder. See, I knew that Potato salad was good for you.

October is A.D.H.D. Awareness Month. For more information go to: adhd.org





REMEMBERING LORRAINE PATRICE GAMBLE- LOFTON



LORRAINE WAS ONE OF MY OLDEST FRIENDS. WE GREW UP TOGETHER ON PUTNAM AVE.
WE WERE FRIENDS FOR MORE THAN 60 YEARS.

WE OFTEN TALKED ABOUT WHAT IT MEANT TO BE AN ONLY CHILD AND IN LATER YEARS TO
CARE FOR AN AILING MOM.

I ADMIRE LORRAINE'S STYLE AND ZEST FOR LIFE. I MISS THE WAY SHE'D TURN A PHRASE
AND THE COMFORT I HAD KNOWING SHE WAS MY DEAR FRIEND.

EVERYDAY, WHEN I LOOK ACROSS THE STREET AT HER HOUSE, I WISH SHE WAS STILL HERE.

JULY 14 – HAPPY HEAVENLY BIRTHDAY LORRAINE!

DONNA WILLIAMS

IN REMEMBERING LORRAINE , I
HAVE DISCOVERED THAT YOU
DON'T REALLY KNOW SOME
PEOPLE UNTIL THEY ARE GONE.
THIS WAS LORRAINE WHEN I
LISTEN TO THOSE WHO REALLY
KNEW HER EULOGIZE HER AT HER
HOMEGOING SERVICE. I THOUGHT OF A
QUOTE BY MAYA ANGELOU.

"MY MISSION IN LIFE IS NOT
MERELY TO SURVIVE, BUT TO
THRIVE AND DO SO WITH SOME
PASSION, SOME COMPASSION,
SOME HUMOR, AND SOME STYLE."

YES LORRAINE THAT WAS YOU !
REST WELL !

SHEILA COX

I HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF MEETING
LORRAINE IN 1990 AT BRIDGE STREET
AWME CHURCH. SHE LATER JOINED
BROOKLYN COMMUNITY CHURCH.

LORRAINE WAS BLESSED WITH MANY
GIFTS AND TALENTS AND A BEAUTIFUL
SMILE.

OVER THE YEARS, I'VE WITNESSED
LORRAINE'S LOVE AND FAITHFUL
DEDICATION TO GOD, HER FAMILY AND
FRIENDS, BROOKLYN COMMUNITY
CHURCH, AND HER COMMUNITY. MAY
SHE FOREVER REST IN THE ARMS OF
GOD.

WARMEST REMEMBRANCE

JACQUELINE WILLIAMS





REMEMBERING LORRAINE PATRICE GAMBLE-LOFTON



LOVE, LORRAINE.

MY FIRST MEMORY OF LORRAINE WAS THROUGH THE LENS OF HER CAMERA. A CAMERA SHE USED TO DOCUMENT LIFE IN BEDFORD STUYVESANT.

SHE PHOTOGRAPHED COMMUNITY AND FAITH-BASED EVENTS THAT ENRICHED THE QUALITY OF OUR LIVES. SHE WAS THE ARTIST AND WE WERE HER MUSE.

WHEN SHE JOINED THE AGE FRIENDLY MOVEMENT AND ASSUMED A LEADERSHIP ROLE ON THE THIRD CHAPTER LIVING EDITORIAL BOARD, I WAS ECSTATIC. IT WAS THERE AMONG OTHER ELEGANT, DEDICATED, AND SASSY SENIORS THAT SHE WROTE HER ULTIMATE LOVE LETTER BY DOCUMENTING LIFE FROM A SENIOR PERSPECTIVE. HER WORK AND THE MEMORIES SHE LEFT US WILL ENDURE.
WE LOVE, LORRAINE.

ASSEMBLYMEMBER STEFANI ZINERMAN

"I TOO MET LORRAINE AT BRIDGE STREET AWME CHURCH WHEN I JOINED BACK IN 1986. WE SHARED TIME TOGETHER DURING THE MANY WOMEN'S GATHERINGS AND SPIRITUAL RETREATS. WE WOULD OCCASIONALLY SEE ONE ANOTHER. SO WHEN LORRAINE JOINED AFCBI AND BECAME PART OF THE EDITORIAL BOARD, IT RENEWED OUR FRIENDSHIP AND OUR TIMES OF LAUGHTER! THIS ISSUE IS IN TRIBUTE TO YOU, LORRAINE, AND THE TIMES WE SHARED TOGETHER AS THE EDITORIAL BOARD.

SELMA JACKSON

I KNEW LORRAINE FOR A SHORT PERIOD OF TIME AND SHE WAS SUCH A NICE PERSON. SHE SHARED HER KINDNESS AND KNOWLEDGE. I WILL TRULY MISS HER. MY CONDOLENCES TO HER FAMILY.

GLENDIA PATTERSON





LORRAINE PATRICE GAMBLE-LOFTON

In Loving Memory

SUNRISE: JULY 14, 1954

SUNSET: DECEMBER 15, 2021



THE BEGINNING

It was hotter than the 4th of July on July 14, 1954, when God blew the breath of life into Lorraine Patrice Gamble-Lofton and an unusually warm December 15, 2021 when she breathed her last breath on this earth.

Lorraine was the only child born to Julius Gamble Jr. and Linda Munroe in the heart of her beloved Bed Stuy. Miss Munroe (Mommy) and Lorraine (Peaches) had a relationship that you were automatically pulled into just by virtue of the way they loved each other. "Rainey", as she was affectionately called by most, may have been an only child, but she was rarely lonely because she was surrounded by many loving cousins. As most of you know, cousins can be your first friends and that was the case with Rainey and many of her cousins.

Rainey's trip through the NYC public school system was not without its bumps and bruises and she ended up obtaining her GED through her time in Job Corps. Rainey would return in her adult life to that same NYC public school system, on the college level, to obtain her bachelors degree as well as graduate magna cum laude with her master's degree. In addition, she was a member of the National Honor Society. When she put her mind to something, she put her whole heart in it.

When Rainey accepted Christ in her life, she continued her walk of faith for the rest of her life. She never was wanting to shy away from her faith and you would often hear her say, "Let me tell you about my God."



Rainey really enjoyed being part of Bed Stuy's annual block parties and her presence will greatly be missed on the Putnam Ave block where she celebrated every year. She also had a love affair with all kinds of music, but especially old-school music. On any given Saturday morning, you could find her listening to Felix Hernandez on Rhythm Review. Rainey had a partner in her love for music who would go on to become a partner in her love of everything, music, food, entertainment and then most significantly her faith. Bruce Braithwaite held a very special place in Rainey's heart for over 35 years.

Just as Lorraine had a deep love for God and her neighborhood, she extended that love to all areas affecting the larger community in which she and those she cared about lived.

THE MIDDLE

Rainey worked for the City of New York for over 30 years where she held different positions within the city's finance department. It was in this job where she met and later "adopted" her son Almen who would go on to call her mom for over 25 years. She was very proud of the young man Almen became and they were mother and son in every sense of the relationship. Lorraine also thought she had found a life companion in Walter Lee Lofton, but it was not to be, and the marriage was dissolved.



She was well-known among the local politicians and would even go to places like Chicago or Washington, D.C. to assist with getting the vote out for national elections and protesting important issues.

In the 1980s, Rainey joined Bridge Street African Methodist Episcopal Church where her pastors were the Reverends Fred and Barbara Lucas. She also joined the New Day Singers Choir and was a committed and faithful member. Years later, she would become a member of Emmanuel Baptist Church where her pastor was Reverend Anthony Trufant. She would continue to serve at Emmanuel in the capacity of trustee on the finance committee.

Rainey was never one to just be a pew member. It was around this time that writing and photography became an integral part of her life. With her love of writing, Rainey also began writing obituaries for people because she had a way with words that would make your life sing on paper.

THE END

In the last 20+ years of her life, Rainey could always be seen with a camera around her neck. She had an eye for beauty, and she captured many, many beautiful memories that she willingly shared with others.



Rainey's last spiritual house would prove to be the place where her walk of faith would become a sprint. She was actively involved in all things BBC, which is Brooklyn Community Church. She began her adult faith journey with Reverend Dr. Fred Lucas as her pastor and ended with the same. As a founding member of BCC and their 1st church clerk, she was a member of the missionary board, finance committee, benevolence committee, the sisterhood ministry, on the trustee board, and a family ministry group leader.

In addition, she was an ordained deacon. Being ordained a deacon was a humbling experience for Lorraine and a responsibility that she took very seriously.

She served with love and joy! She even managed to participate in Bible study while recuperating in the nursing home. Rainey loved studying the Word!

Knowing that she had a gift for writing, when Rainey became a contributing editor and writer for a few magazines. She wrote articles and took pictures for her local union 1180 newspaper as well as for the CUNY alumni paper. She was a member of the Editorial Board of Age Friendly Central Brooklyn's publication, THIRD CHAPTER LIVING, where she served as a contributing writer and photographer.

Rainey's gifts made room for her when her photography was featured in her church's published book, "Voices from the Sisterhood: Spiritual Reflections. Vol. 1".

There will be a huge hole in the lives of the people Rainey touched and she touched many both old and young. Her smile was infectious and her love was genuine. To have her as a friend was to have a friend for life and if you were fortunate enough, she considered you her family. Family members like this included Roland (her bruvah) and Jamel (her sistah).

Rainey is preceded in death by her father, Julius Gamble, Jr., her stepfather Julius Gilmore (Skippy) and her mother, Linda Munroe.



She leaves, with broken hearts but encouraged spirits and cherished memories first cousins on her Munroe side:

Sylvia Munroe, Ernesto Munroe (D), George Irish and Evalina Spencer / Delores Munroe (D), Randall Munroe, Virginia Osborne, Eleanor Jean and Carlos Munroe / Elsa Marques (D) / Conrad Groves and Leslie Groves / Carol Hickok / Michelle Kadushin, Dionne Hayden and Marvin Peart/Harry Allen, Kemly, Glenn, John and Louis McGregor / her godbrother Tony Prendatt.

And first cousins on her Gamble side: Gregory S. Gamble, Pamela R. Green, Cynthia Logan, Raymond Gamble, Jr. and Corlyss Gamble.

As well she leaves a stepsister Debra Gilmore, two nieces Gayla Gilmore and Whitney O'Neal Williams, a special namesake goddaughter bring Brielle Lorraine (born on her birthday), a special friend who cared for her to the end, Michele White a.k.a. Sue, her partner and friend Bruce Braithwaite, a host of cousins and other relatives, her church family and some very, very special friends.

At 689 Putnam Ave. the front gate would creak, and Mommy would know that Rainey was home safe. Rainey would whistle and Mommy would whistle back. On December 15, 2021, a whistle could be heard from heaven as Rainey and Mommy were reunited forever.

