Sue's News

Oct 2021



Fall Harvest Christi Belcourt

Hello everyone,

Happy Fall! Or Happy Autumn for the Brits out there! Either way it's been a brilliant one for color.

Roaming around Twitter on my eternal quest for jokes I came across Dr Kate Fox. She's a Yorkshire poet, stand up comic and activist with a lovely Northern English accent.

Her Ph.D. is "Stand Up and Be (En)Countered: Resistance in solo stand-up performance by Northern English women, marginalised on the basis of gender, class and regional identity". Which I am reading. Why? Because part of her thesis explores the use of humour as a tool to make serious points. There was no word to describe this concept so she created one. **Humitas** - a combination of Humour and Gravitas. Check out her website <u>HERE</u>

"But good stand-up comedians are capable of achieving what social scientists often crave: getting an audience to critically engage with a subject." - An Education in Irony: why academics need to be funny. Full article_<u>HERE</u> Do I see Stand Up Journal Clubs in our future??

@DGlaucomflecken ophthalmologist and comedian makes very funny TikToks about medicine.His latest is "Change the Culture" and plunges into the world of Humitas. <u>HERE</u>

I strongly believe that humor is a powerful tool for connection and engagement. Which is why my clown Iris once took over part of a Wellness talk for the Dept of Ob/Gyn. In spite of that performance I'm speaking at Ob/Gyn Resident Research Day next year. I can only speculate on who will show up to replace the irreplaceable Iris and help me out on Friday 13th May!



Vigilant Owl Kenojuak Ashevak

What's an underemployed anesthesiologist to do? Thank you to Mingxi-Tsu, Tatum, Boots & Buster and their humans who've been offering Outdoor Dog Therapy around am/pm shift change at the GNH. Also thanks to Rosie the Bassett who Wasn't Sure At First! Hoping to keep this going.









"My therapy is quite simple: I wag my tail and lick your face until you feel good about yourself again."



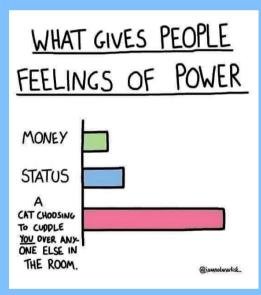


Bunsen and BEAKER ♥ @bunsenbernerbmd

EVERY-TIME A HUMAN CRIES, A DOG HEARS IT. WE CANT ALWAYS GET TO YOU THO. THATS WHY A RANDOM DOG IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS WILL WANT TO SEE YOU. TO CHECK IF YOU OK. IF YOU GO TO A PARK, TONS OF US WILL CHECK UP ON YOU. PROMISE.



Meanwhile, inside the box, Schrodinger's cat plans its revenge. En ve case due due dy Fine Could u 10=105 it tinues udu = Tild Q=LAS =17105 1412u/)=11LOS = TLAS ($\frac{1-G_{12}u}{2} = \overline{\pi}Las$ = 12 451 hin 2 70 715 The me e Las je in u Casudu J. d.q 2. . . I. - 1. Shucyu TA The 2-1-42-10 silas q = file







Simultaneously all three went for the ball, and the coconut-like sound of their heads hitting secretly delighted the bird.

DEAR ALGEBRA, PLEASE STOP ASKING US TO FIND YOUR X. SHE'S NEVERCOMING BACK AND DON'T ASK Y.

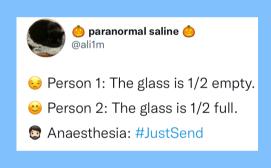




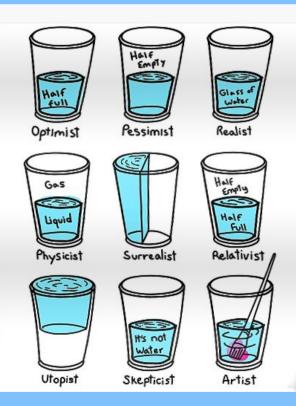
There are, it has been said, two types of people in the world. There are those who, when presented with a glass that is exactly half full, say: this glass is half full. And then there are those who say: this glass is half empty. The world belongs, however, to those who can look at the glass and say: What's up with this glass? Excuse me? Excuse me? This is my glass? I don't think so. My glass was full! And it was a bigger glass! Who's been pinching my beer?

And at the other end of the bar the world is full of the other type of person, who has a broken glass, or a glass that has been carelessly knocked over (usually by one of the people calling for a larger glass) or who had no glass at all, because he was at the back of the crowd and had failed to catch the barman's eye.

Terry Pratchett, The Truth









My wife just said, "You weren't even listening were you?" I thought, "That's a pretty weird way to start a conversation."











WHEN I AM AMONG THE TREES

When I am among the trees, especially the willows and the honey locust equally the beech, the oaks and the pines, they give off such hints of gladness. I would almost say that they save me, and daily.

I am so distant from the hope of myself, in which I have goodness, and discernment, and never hurry through the world but walk slowly, and bow often.

Around me the trees stir in their leaves and call out, "Stay awhile." The light flows from their branches.

And they call again, "It's simple," they say, "and you too have come into the world to do this, to go easy, to be filled with light, and to shine."

Mary Oliver



From my sister's garden, the last roses of an English summer.



Thanks so much for reading, All good things and much love from Sue and @Mingxi-Tsu! PS I LOVE this costume!

