

**WANAT — A Botched
Afghan Battle**

A mother's search for peace

The Savvy Sage

Helping our elders to forgive

forgiveness



Relationship Confidential

Sweet surrender: losing to win

Money Matters

*The high price of a debt held
too long*

Anger and resentment
handcuff us to our pain.

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that liberates the giver.



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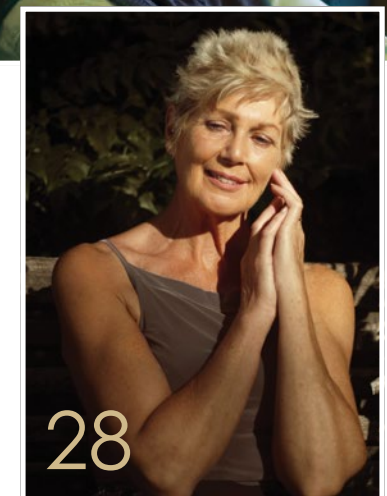
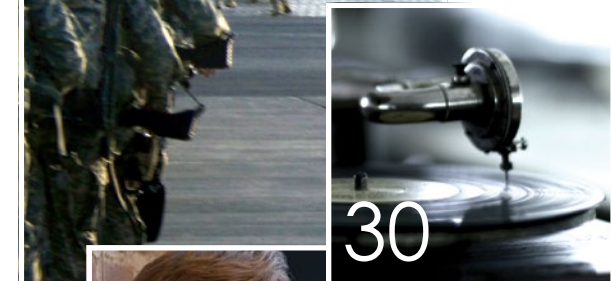
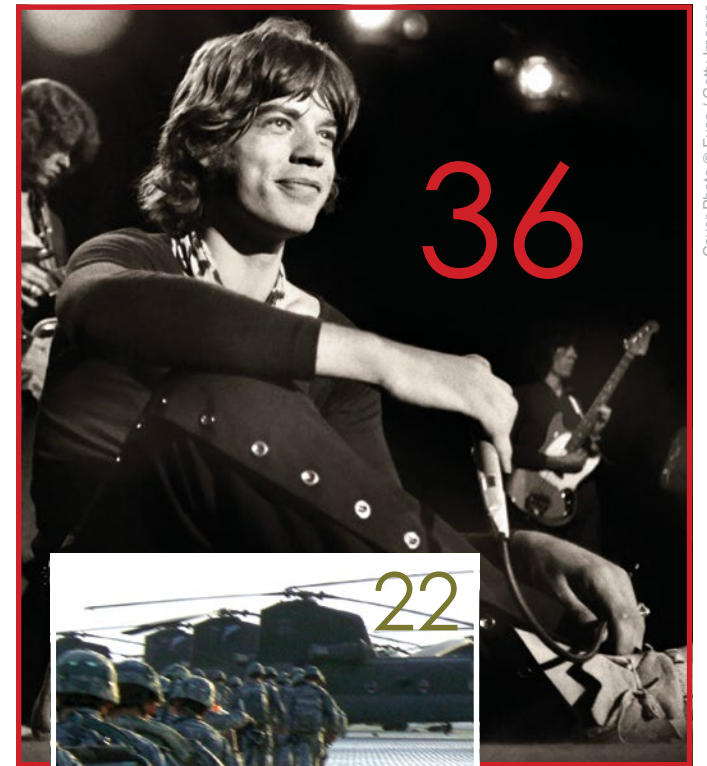
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Cover Photo © Fuse / Getty Images

A Publication of



www.leisurecare.com
1601 5th Ave #1900
Seattle, WA 98101

Leisure Care
Jason Childers
Partner & Senior Vice President

Published four times per year
for distribution to our residents
and their families.

Created by Wise Publishing Group
www.wisepublishinggroup.com

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Production: MLI Design / www.mlidesign.co • **Printing:** Journal Graphics / www.journalgraphics.com

President's Note

Looking Back to Move Forward

by Tana Gall



Tana Gall — President, Leisure Care

It's fall already? The summers always go too quickly. Here in Seattle, summer is really the only season when we can rely on seeing a little sun and enjoying warm weather. So, we take advantage of it. The days are really long during the summer here, and we fill every minute of them. I will definitely miss the warmth of the sun, but, I must admit, I am a little excited for the fall.

Fall always brings plenty of newness. I love watching my boys as the summer winds down and the reality of a new school year starts to set in. There is a mix of excitement and anxiety, with just a touch of fear, as they begin to mentally prepare for the new challenges that lie ahead of them. Both of my boys will be at the same middle school this year. I grew up in a very small town and was part of a class of only 13 kids, so seeing them in a school with more than 1,200 children is a little stressful. I am so happy they have each other to help navigate the wilds of the middle school halls.

Fall brings a similar mix of emotions here at our office. The summer flies by so quickly, and many of my colleagues here in Seattle are travelling to visit communities or vacationing with their families. It seems like September is the first time the office is full again and we can get back to really looking at new challenges as a team. It is always nice to have everyone back in the office, and I really enjoy watching the collaboration and innovative thinking that comes out of this team as they work on ideas for your communities and our future communities.

This is also the time of year that I forgive the Seattle Mariners for getting my hopes up and then breaking my heart. This is great timing, because our fall issue of LIV FUN focuses on the theme of forgiveness. The topic profoundly encompasses so many aspects of our lives. At work and home, with friends and with family, the ability to admit one's mistakes and forgive those that are made is such a vital part of strong relationships. As a parent, as an employer, and as a friend, I make my share of mistakes. However, I strive to resolve those mistakes with honesty and integrity, and I appreciate the forgiveness that is graciously given to me at these times.

Forgiveness isn't always easy. Holding grudges or harboring resentment weighs heavy on the soul. I hope you will find this topic interesting and take time to reflect on the role forgiveness has played in your life.

As always, we invite you to submit ideas for future issues of LIV FUN to livfun@leisurecare.com or by sharing your ideas with your general manager. With each issue we highlight great stories about great people in our communities, so share those ideas with us. We do appreciate your feedback, as it is critical to creating an engaging, informative, and thought-provoking publication.

Again, thank you for being a part of the Leisure Care family. We are thrilled to have you live with us, work with us, or be a friend of the company.

Cheers,

Tana Gall
President, Leisure Care



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No Regrets, No WISDOM

“Living next door to this paragon of virtue threatens to break my spirit.

But how can that be?”

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Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self

by **Skye Moody**

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

They say what we see in others is what we need to realize about ourselves ...
maybe especially so if we can't stand the view.

She's a new neighbor with a chatter habit. Suddenly, the picket fence isn't high enough. Mabel is yakking my ear off, spinning her life story in a nutshell the size of New Jersey. She pauses to pontificate, "I regret nothing."

I've got plenty of regrets, and keep them to myself, but my brain starts ticking them off, the latest being my regret at coming out to greet the new neighbor over the back fence. Mabel's on a smug, self-satisfied roll that has the effect of dredging up my long-suppressed regrets, not so much for, say, passing on a scholarship to law school as for my personal peccadillos, the actions or inactions that negatively affected others.

As she natters up another sanctimonious "no-regrets" scenario, Mabel's lilywhite life story dredges up more guilt-infested memories, until my thoughts drift back decades and every regrettable act I've committed from the age of reason until now resurrects in the halo of Mabel.

Fifth grade, in Miss Peacock's class: When she opens the window to yell at some truants outside, a classmate whispers, "Push her out!" and I try. (In truth, my brother pushed her, not me.) Mabel wouldn't have done that. Then there's college in Mexico City, when I dabbled in peyote. Mabel was probably drug-free and a virgin until marriage, at least in her sanitized self-depiction.

Inadvertently, Mabel has kicked up the dust devils of a lifetime of sins that live in my heart and haunt my spirit. I recall how those first innocent misdemeanors mutated to more reproachful behavior as I navigated the swells and cyclones of an adult world.

Leaning hard against the picket fence, I glance down to check if my feet have developed into cloven hooves. I brush my hand across my shirt, feeling for the scarlet letter. My impromptu sinventory smacks of Satan's shopping list. Meanwhile, Mabel's pristine trumpeting tempts me to commit another sin; I'm thinking how to run her out of the neighborhood. Living next door to this paragon of virtue threatens to break my spirit. But how can that be?

Sure, I've behaved badly at times. A wise person once

suggested that the victim/s of my wrongdoing/s have likely forgotten what I did to them, or failed to do; even without my apologies, they've likely moved on in their lives, perhaps in their hearts even forgiving me. Chances are they've actually forgotten me. Yet the shame engendered from wrongdoings clings like body odor on a white linen shirt, stains I created but apparently can never expunge.

Taking responsibility for breaking society's moral standards is paramount in eliminating guilt; shame is far more difficult to expunge. The act of trying to set things right, of paying one's dues, might settle the social debt. Contrition might level the playing field. Still, festering shame can mangle and sap the spirit, serving no good purpose. Shame can bore into the very core of self-esteem, gnaw like a parasite, and consume the spirit. Take my word for it: More than innocence is lost.

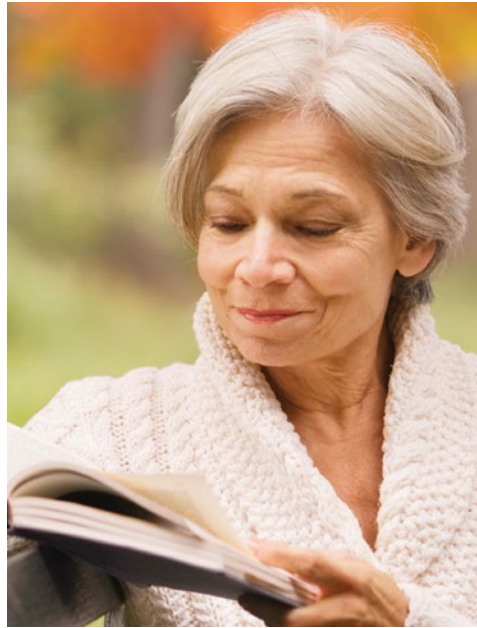
No one ever punishes me harder than I punish myself. Everyone in Heaven and on Earth can forgive me, but if I can't forgive myself, I'm robbing myself and society of the best I have to offer. That's the real shame.

As death row inmates often realize, it's never too late to ask for forgiveness, and as important, to forgive themselves. The rest of us can do the same, with the added benefit of re-entering society more powerful than ever. The Buddha said, "You yourself, as much as anybody in the entire Universe, deserve your love and affection."

Like Mabel, some folks apparently foster no regrets. They are never haunted by guilt, let alone shame, abhorring nothing they've done along their boring life-sucking path to backyard bragging. Only those who take risks in life will stumble over the temptations of an adventurous path.

The aforementioned wise person also quoted to me Rabbi Hillel the Elder (circa 110 BCE–10 CE): "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? And when I am for myself, what am I?" And, "If not now, when?" ♦

Note: Many qualified experts offer guidance on forgiving oneself. A thoughtful Web browsing might help locate the guide best suited to your personal journey.



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ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

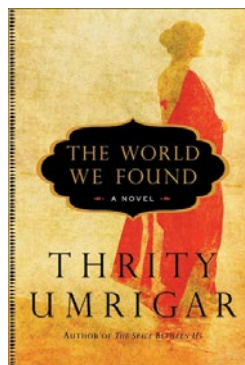
The human drama is rife with stories of forgetfulness, forgiveness, and the power of release. We've put together a thoughtful collection to challenge your ideas and touch your heart.

books | movies | music

BOOK REVIEWS

Love takes many forms — between family, lovers, friends — and the common denominators connect us all. Enjoy these three thought-provoking reads.

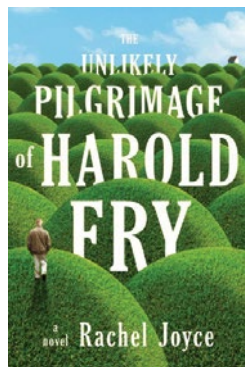
by Misha Stone / Readers' advisory librarian & *Booklist Magazine* blogger



The World We Found by Thrity Umrigar (Harper Collins, \$25.99)

Some bonds can survive years of change and neglect; some friendships are so fundamental that they follow us for the rest of our lives. Armaiti, Laleh, Kavita and Nishta met in the 1970s while in college in Bombay. These four women met during a time of political unrest in their native India, and they bonded around common ideals and activism. Thirty years later, they have largely lost contact, until they learn that Armaiti, who moved to the United States, has been diagnosed with terminal brain cancer. The past comes flooding back as they all reflect on their idealistic young selves and the people they have become. Laleh still harbors a fierce attachment to her idealism, while she and her husband enjoy a prosperous, charmed life. Kavita, who has hidden her lesbian relationship from those closest to her, and Nishta, whose fundamentalist husband has slowly limited her freedoms, discover challenges in the possibility of reunion. Can they surmount the years between them and their own life choices to come together to see Armaiti in her final days? Umrigar's compulsively readable novel about friendship and the passage of time presents fully dimensional characters that resonate with life and hope.

Umrigar's compulsively readable novel about friendship and the passage of time presents fully dimensional characters that resonate with life and hope.



The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry by Rachel Joyce (Random House, \$25.00)

"The letter that would change everything arrived on a Tuesday." When Harold Fry opens said letter from Queenie Hennessy, he finds himself doing something entirely out of character — he writes a reply, but instead of simply posting it from his English village, he elects to hand-deliver his letter. Harold decides that walking 600 miles to Queenie, who he learns is dying, might just keep her alive. The tension and distance in his marriage is put into sharp relief when Harold sets off without telling Maureen, his wife of 45 years. Harold's resolve only strengthens, and as he walks, he recounts his life, his childhood, his son David's childhood, and all of the mistakes and moments of inaction that haunt him. Harold's improbable journey by foot catches the media's eye, and soon he is a local celebrity. Why does Harold feel he must walk to Queenie? Can a weak man find strength in an impossible quest, and will it cost him any more than he has already lost? Joyce's debut tells a story of deep empathy and emotion without teetering into sentimentality. Already being compared

to another recent and beloved novel, Helen Simonson's *Major Pettigrew's Last Stand*, Harold Fry is sure to be another character that readers take to heart and whose late-life journey of transformation is worth cheering for.



Cures for Hunger A Memoir by Deni Y. Béchard (Milkweed Editions, \$24.00)

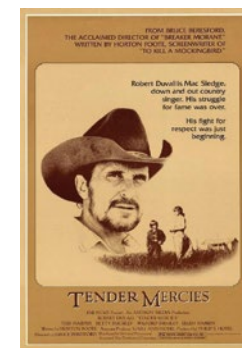
"Where did such longings reside in us, passed on through blood or stories? It seemed to me then, hearing his words, that a father's life is a boy's first story." All children learn from what is said and unsaid, and they struggle to make sense of the world from the people who raise them. But what if one parent is a mystery, even a dangerously exciting one? Béchard grew up poor in Canada with a father whose wild ways force his mother to escape with his two siblings to Virginia. Later he discovers that his father is all that Deni thought and more — his father, it turns out, was a bank robber. His father's crimes and fistfight-with-the-world approach to life mark Deni as he struggles in his own coming-of-age and discovering what makes him a man, even as he pursues a world of literature that his father disdains. Seeringly clear and honestly told, Béchard's hardscrabble life and sense of his father and himself tell of the kind of quests he sought out in the books that he read. In figuring out who he is in the shadow of a man who thrilled and frightened him, Béchard illustrates

the pain, loneliness and satisfaction in discovering your own path. This memoir also accompanies the American publication of Béchard's debut novel, *Vandal Love*, which won the Commonwealth Writer's prize in 2007.

MOVIE REVIEWS

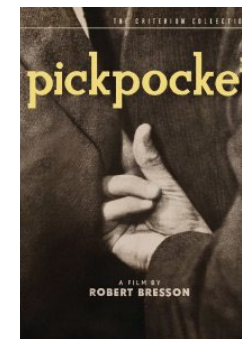
This issue we offer up three films that plumb the core of our frailties, and ultimately our strength and capacity to change.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for KUOW-FM in Seattle



Tender Mercies

People love to argue the Oscars — but surely no one has ever disputed the rightness of Robert Duvall's overdue Academy Award for his 1983 role as a broken-down country-and-western singer in *Tender Mercies*. Duvall's meticulous work in director Bruce Beresford's quiet gem of a movie brings to life Mac Sledge (what a classic C&W name!), a man who has lost everything he's ever had, including his family and his career. Waking up in a boozy haze in a motel room in Texas, he builds a new life by doing odd jobs around the place and relying on the kindness of the owner (Tess Harper) and her 10-year-old son. The screenplay, by distinguished playwright Horton Foote, is beautifully terse, allowing the viewer to read our own fable of redemption and regret instead of beating us over the head with one. And yes, if some of this sounds like *Crazy Heart*, the film that won Jeff Bridges his overdue Oscar, you're not far off. *Tender Mercies* did it first, and better.



Pickpocket

In the minimalist world of master filmmaker Robert Bresson, a downward glance or a closing door can mark enormous turning points in a life's trajectory. Bresson's *Pickpocket* (1959) presents a main character who, despite his self-centered nature, seeks to pass through the world as invisibly as he can. This suits his chosen profession: He needs to be as unobtrusive as possible in order to steal wallets from the unsuspecting, a process we watch unfold in almost clinical detail. Bresson typically cast nonprofessional actors, and Martin LaSalle, who plays the pickpocket Michel, is a blank presence despite what we hear about his theories for stealing. He needs money, yes, but he also craves being separate from others, as though his skill gives him identity, superiority. In the exceptional final sequences, Bresson leads us into the realm of faith and forgiveness, as the example of "good" enters Michel's life, shaping and humbling this locked-in character.

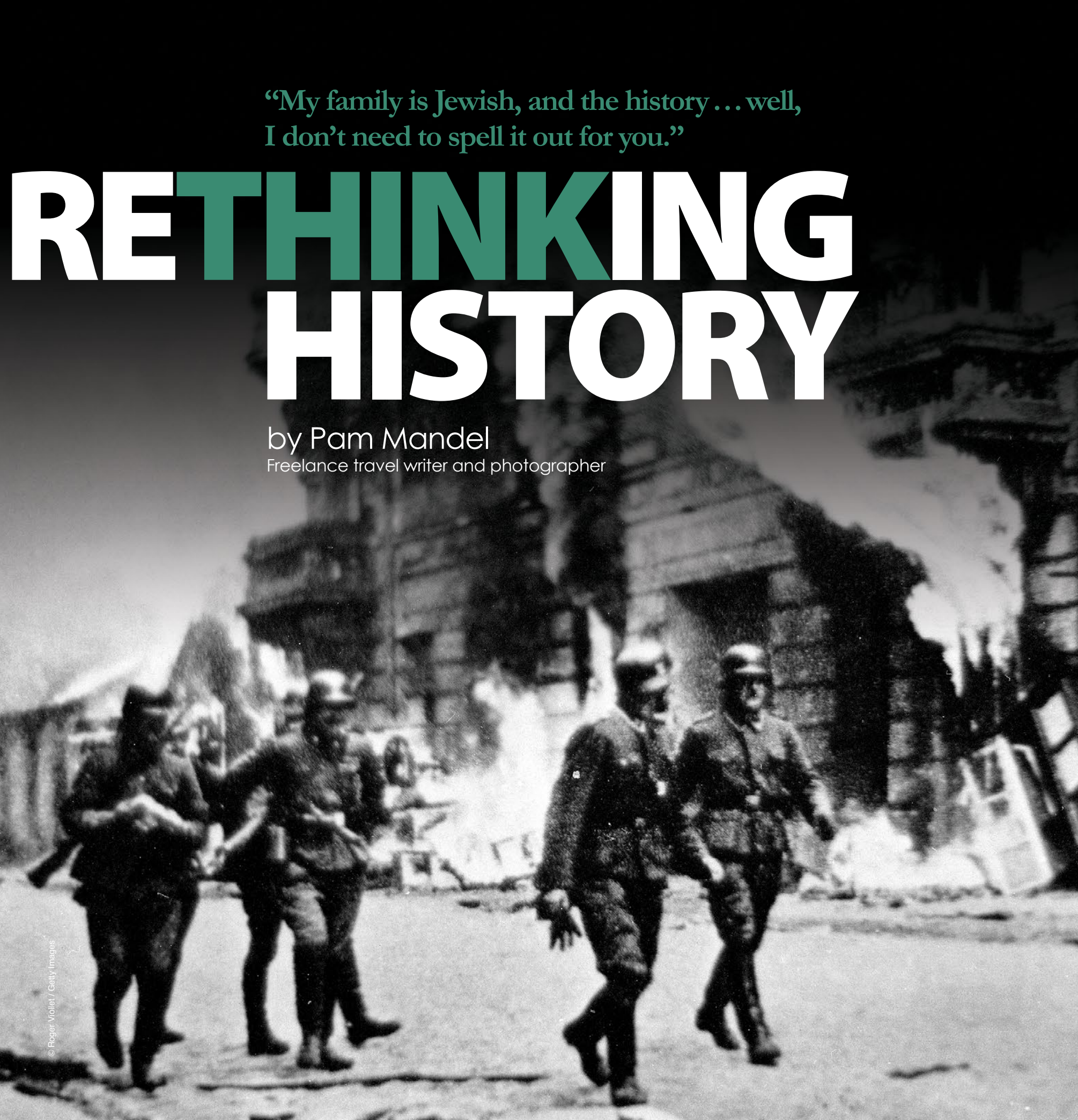
Entertain Your Brain: Continued on page 40

“My family is Jewish, and the history ... well, I don’t need to spell it out for you.”

RETHINKING HISTORY

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer



© Roger Violette / Getty Images

Out and About

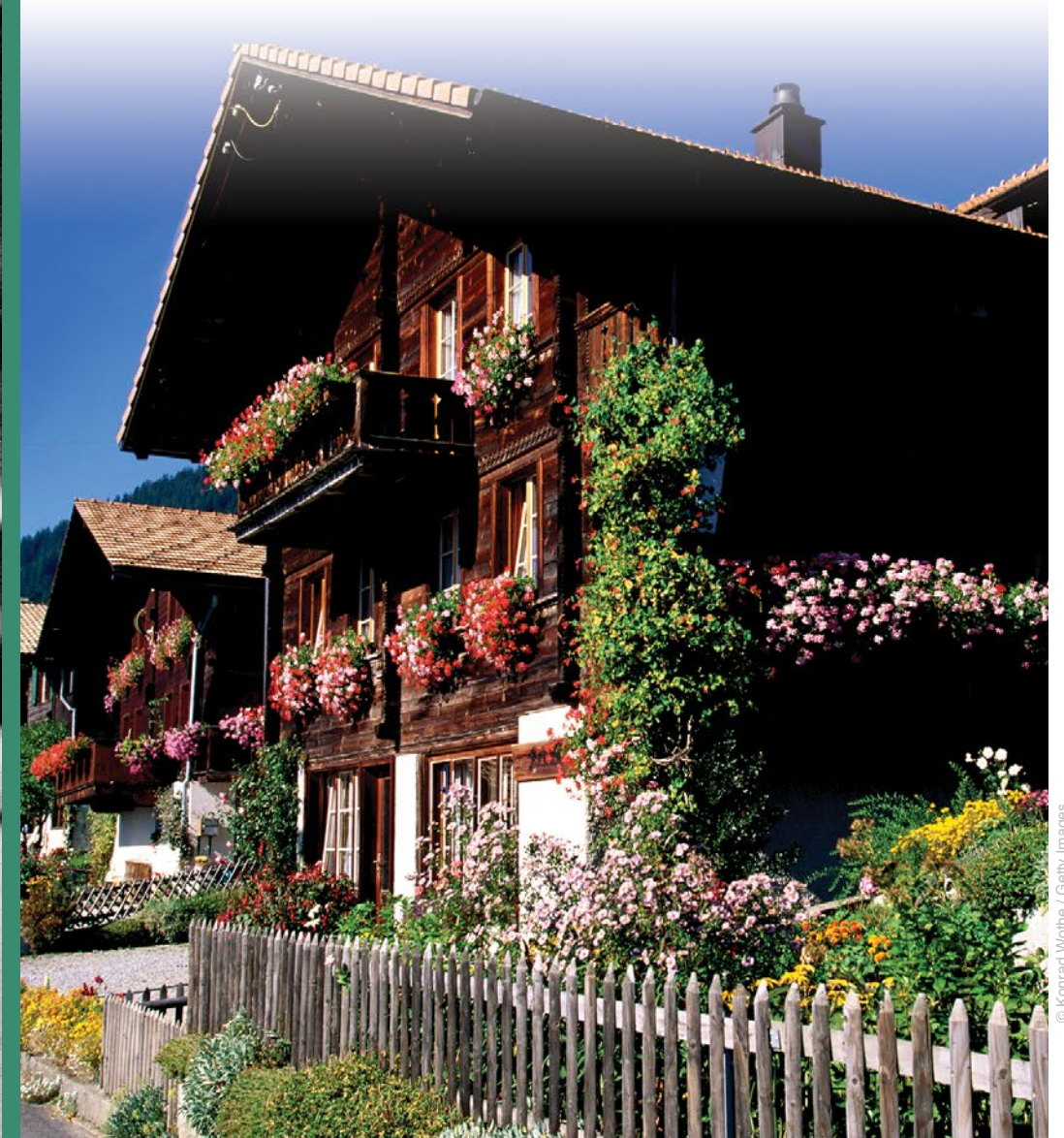
Journeys Completed or Contemplated

One family looks at the past with fresh and open eyes, seeing the world in a new way.

For many years, my parents insisted they would never visit Germany. My family is Jewish, and the history ... well, I don’t need to spell it out for you. For years they extended that ambivalence toward Austria, but since I married an Austrian, and they’ve grown pretty fond of him, they softened. After seeing our pictures and hearing about the beautiful place where my Austrian grew up, where we were living part-time, they moderated their views a little. Time passes, opinions change, and the draw to see Vienna is undeniable.

They booked a flight.

We booked a picturesque farmhouse apartment for their stay — chickens in the yard, tractors in the driveway — a little one-bedroom flat on the third floor of a multigenerational farmhouse. They would stay a short walk from our own somewhat spartan housing. It was a nice place, clean, pretty, and smack in the middle of a working farm. They swooned, exactly as we’d expected, about the landscape and the flower boxes and the appealing little valley that my husband called home.



© Konrad Wothe / Getty Images



Lake Zeller, Salzburg, Austria

“On day two we had coffee and cake with my mother-in-law and went for a lovely walk by the lake, leaving the weight of history behind us.”

I was jealous; I liked their temporary housing much more than I liked our more permanent situation adjacent to the local military base.

We hauled luggage up the three wide flights of stairs, and then we were all invited to join the farmhouse family for coffee. While we were sitting there, the old man came in. At 88, he was still farming, still driving, though he hadn't had a license for nearly 20 years since turning 70. He said he couldn't be bothered to renew it, and anyhow, mostly he just drives the tractor.

An New Side of an Old Story

When the old man found out we were Yankees, he lit right up. Through my husband's patient translations, he told us he'd been in the U.S. before. As a much younger man, he'd been a guest of the U.S. government. Well, not exactly a guest,

he admitted. He'd been a POW. He got picked up in Northern Africa and sat out almost all of the war in a fenced yard in Texas. He picked cotton as prison labor. He spent three years locked up. He said the isolation was a killer; he was lonely. He wasn't allowed to talk to the American guards, and he didn't have much to do.

“I spent the first year just lazing around,” he said. When he was finally released, he actually wanted to stay in the U.S., but they tossed him out. “Sure they did,” said the woman to his right. “They had to throw out all the Nazis!” She whacked him on the arm and laughed.

We told him it had been much safer for him to sit out the war in Texas, picking cotton. He agreed, and his son said, “Yes, safer and so much better than having to live with the memories of what happened during the war.” The old man,

who was still feeling pretty talky, said that during his brief time in uniform he sat in a bunker holding a rifle, but he never shot the thing. He never fired a single shot at anything or anyone. My stepfather reached over and patted him on the arm as a way of thanks.

Coming Back

Many years later, the old man did make a trip back to the U.S., and one of the places he went to see was the place he'd been confined as a POW. When he was finally released and transported back to Austria (in spite of his wishes to the contrary), the Red Cross shipped him a guitar that they'd given him while he was a prisoner. He says that even though they were very isolated, they were well fed and cared for. He still had his gui-

tar — he likes country music — and he promised to take it out and play it for us while my parents were visiting.

My family had an exhausting flight itinerary. They flew from Eugene to San Francisco to Denver to Frankfurt to Salzburg. It's another two-hour drive from the airport in Salzburg to my husband's home valley. They'd had an extremely long day, and then Austria decided to give them a whole new perspective on history. You know, as a welcome. *Willkommen, bienvenue, welcome.*

On day two we had coffee and cake with my mother-in-law and went for a lovely walk by the lake, leaving the weight of history behind us. The only past we talked about was what the family had been doing with their summer. That was all that mattered. ♦

Be Good To Yourself. Volunteer.

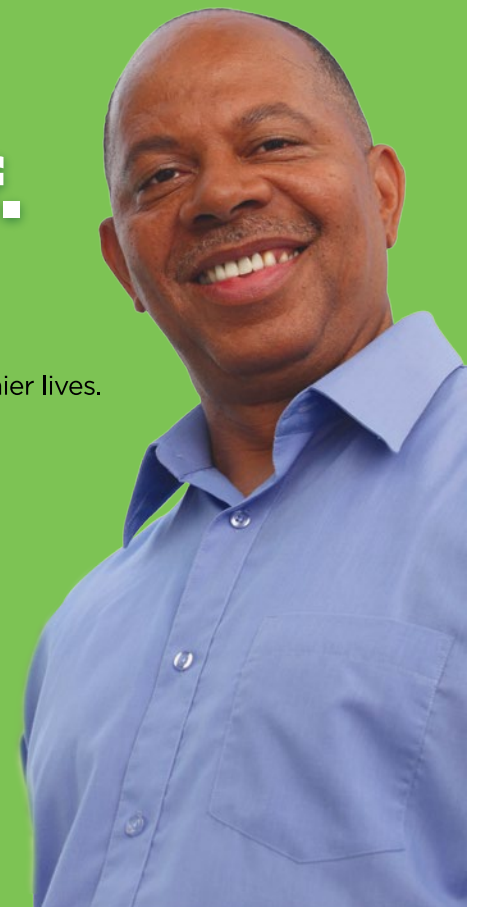
Research shows that people 55+ who volunteer lead stronger, healthier lives.

GetInvolved.gov

 Facebook.com/SeniorCorps



The three Senior Corps programs – RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through service and volunteering.



BUDDHA'S DREAM

Emotional armor, no matter how strong, can't protect us from ourselves.

by Thomas Orton
Seattle-based novelist and freelance writer

When a freelance job took me from my home in Seattle to San Francisco some time ago, I decided to stay on an extra day after the meetings and look up my old girlfriend, Jill. We hadn't seen each other since I'd unceremoniously broken things off 11 years earlier. In the intervening decade, I had lost both my parents, my father just six months earlier. I'd had some critical success with a novel, while Jill, I'd heard, had married and become a successful Bay Area attorney. I wanted to catch up and to see how she had changed. Beyond my surface reasons for getting together, I had a deeper motive.

When we first knew one another, Jill was a partner in a struggling, altruistic San Francisco law firm; I was a feast-or-famine book reviewer for an alternative Seattle tabloid. Neither of us had much money, and we saw each other whenever one of us could scrape together the airfare.

When the time came to start talking about a more permanent arrangement, I panicked. Something wasn't right. Jill and I didn't mesh. I felt like a fish out of water with her friends, and it terrified me that I would start to feel the same way with her. So, back home in Seattle, I simply stopped calling her.

I was old enough to know better than to end things in such an insulting way. Something told me a clean break was best, though deep down, I also knew there was no such thing when it came to love.

*“No disgruntled former lover
could let me have it with both barrels while I was wearing a prayer.”*

There was no fallout from Jill’s end; no rancorous letters, no hysterical midnight phone calls. I took her silence for tacit agreement: We were perfect guests in each other’s lives, and nothing more.

I had no regrets about my abrupt decision, though I knew it had hurt Jill terribly. The passing of time had not made me feel any better about that. In fact, I couldn’t seem to get it out of my mind, impossible both to forget and to forgive. I wanted to make things right, so I decided to take the opportunity of this San Francisco work trip to apologize.

“It’s Tom,” I said when I called her office from my hotel room. Jill had her own firm now where she mentored the same sort of principled young attorneys that she herself had once been. There was a pause at the other end. Then she said, “How are you, Tom?”

Her voice was still intimate and seductive, as smoky as a blues singer’s, yet I heard none of the welcome that I remembered. In fact, her tone was clipped and bone-dry. Nervously, I explained that I was in town for a freelance job, and then cleared my throat and took the plunge. “I was hoping we could meet for a drink and catch up,” I said.

She hesitated, obviously guarded. I remembered she was always this way, hyper-cautious, over-scrupulous, too often bleeding the spontaneity out of seemingly simple decisions.

“You’ve caught me at kind of a busy time,” Jill said. “Can I call you back?”

“Sure,” I said, certain I was being blown off. Well, I thought, I had that coming. I wasn’t surprised and had hoped that at least this small effort would help ease my guilty feelings. That guilt, however, was compromised: I was relieved not to have to face her — I could well have saved myself from a tongue lashing.

My meetings went well — the client, a wealthy, nearly illiterate software developer, loved my proposal.

By the time I got home there would be a hefty check waiting in my mailbox. Walking back to my hotel through Union Square that evening, my phone rang. It was Jill.

“How does 6 p.m. tomorrow night sound?” she asked.

Jill’s voice had the same unpleasant edge from our earlier call, a rumor of anger. Almost without thinking, after I’d agreed and hung up, I walked into Neiman Marcus. Though I hated to shop, I decided I needed something special to wear to meet Jill — looking my best might incline her to be kind. Luckily, I found the perfect thing, a shirt created by a young Asian designer. It was beautifully cut and carefully made, but what drew me to it was its deep, calming blue-green, the very color of serene meditation. The designer’s tag, in fact, called the shade “Buddha’s Dream.” No disgruntled former lover could let me have it with both barrels while I was wearing a prayer.

At Jake’s, a large, bustling North Beach restaurant, I scored a table in the bar and sat so that I could see the front door. Jill arrived at six exactly. She was as beautiful as ever. Her dark hair, still shoulder-length, was now shot dramatically with gray. Surprisingly, she glanced around the bar with a look of pleasant apprehension. That look, the last thing I expected, instantly sent me back to our time together. I felt I had done the right thing by arranging to meet. But it was more than that, much more than mere satisfaction — suddenly, here was an enormous flood of emotions and resurrected sensations that I couldn’t sort out or name.

When she saw me, she gave an unreserved smile, and those feelings welled up so powerfully that I thought I would weep. As she drew near, though, she seemed to falter and the smile faded. The abrupt change left me swamped, unable to think. And then she was in front of me, giving my cheek a quick kiss, looking away from our table and

settling into her seat.

“Pretty shirt,” she said.

Her petulance was all too recognizable — she used to pout like this when a decision had been made without her. Why on earth, at this late date, should she care what kind of shirt I wore? It annoyed me enough to play my old patience role.

“Is the shirt a mistake?”

She shook her head. “No, of course not. It’s beautiful.”

The waiter interrupted, taking our drink order. Since things had suddenly taken an awkward plunge, I decided to make my apology immediately and maybe salvage the evening. We passed some small talk about the weather, bridge traffic, my flight down. When the waiter brought our drinks and we’d given each other a cheerless toast, I cleared my throat and started in.

“I asked you to meet me because I want to tell you how wonderful you are and how sorry I am for treating you so badly. I knew wonderful things would happen for you, and I am delighted to see that they have, because you deserve the best.”

Halfway through, I sensed disaster looming, but pushed on. The last sentence seemed to go on forever. When I finished, I glanced up quickly. Jill was looking off into the crowd, her brow in a knot.

“You know something,” she said, “I really appreciate that. It’s very big of you.”

Quickly, in case I had more to say, she began telling me about her husband, Gerald, and all the traveling they had done. My attention wandered until I heard her pause. In a respectful tone, she said:

“I heard that your father passed away a few months ago. I’m so sorry.”

“Dad had a good life,” I said. “He used his time very well. I wish I could say the same thing.”

Jill looked puzzled. “I read your book, Tom. It seems to me you used

your time really well. Gerald loved it too. He wants to know if you’re working on another one.”

“Not really,” I said. “Freelance pays better.”

I was half joking, but Jill looked shocked. “You always said you loved writing novels, even when you couldn’t get anywhere with publishers. You used to say, ‘Writing is a cathedral; publishing is a single dust moat in that cathedral.’ I loved your priorities and your passion.”

“Priorities can’t buy you security,” I said, then added quickly, “Would you like another drink?” I wanted her to shut up.

Jill shook her head, that concerned look deepening.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Are you okay? Gerald thought you might be ill and visiting old friends for the last time.”

“Gerald this, Gerald that!” I snapped. “Can’t you just leave Gerald out of it?”

Jill looked horrified. I sighed heavily. “Look,” I said more calmly, “I’m sorry. I just came here to apologize. That’s it.”

“I don’t think you know why you’re here.” She paused. “When you started your apology speech, I thought, ‘This guy is making a play. He wants another chance.’”

“Someone’s got a high opinion of herself.”

“Tom, listen to yourself. You can’t stand hearing about my husband. And you bought a shirt the exact same color as the one I bought you years ago. How am I supposed to take *that*?” she demanded.

I blinked. She was obviously right about my attitude toward Gerald. She was also dead right about the shirt, the one she had given me. I had completely forgotten about it. She used to tell me the color, the cool, calming tones of a summer forest at dusk, made me beautiful, and yet she wore the shirt more than I did, mostly with nothing else on. Now, all I could think to do was repeat myself: “I’m sorry.”

“I should go,” I added after a long silence. When I stood, she stood with me, a troubled look on her face. She watched me drop money on the table for our drinks. I could see the cogs working. We left the restaurant together.

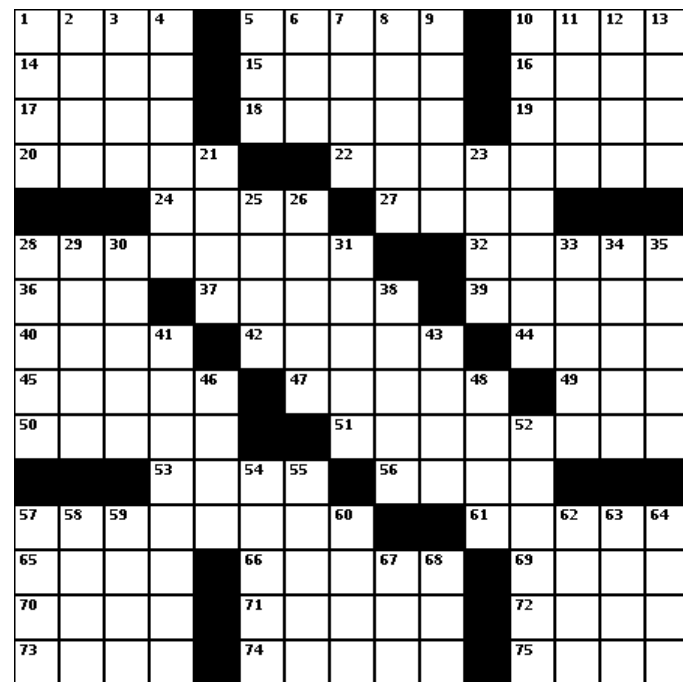
Out in the street, Jill said, “Why did you *really* want to get together?”

Buddha’s Dream: *Continued on page 39*

LivFun BRAIN-GAMES

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

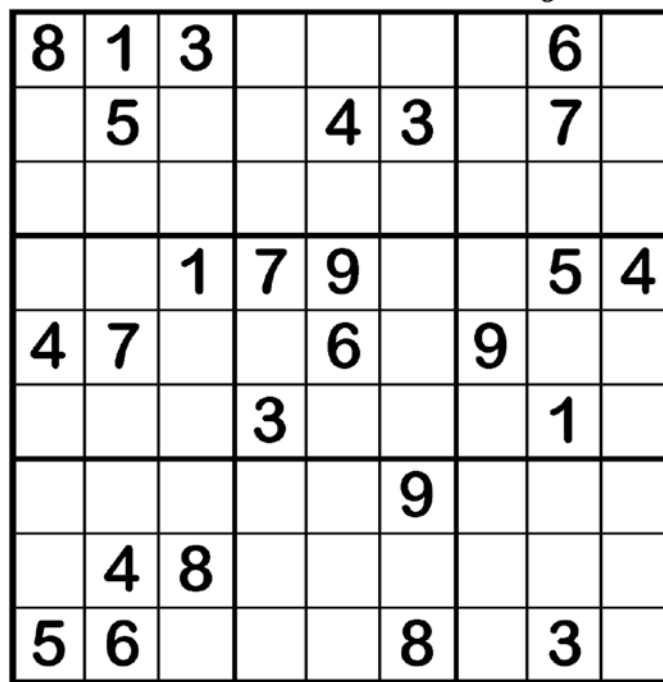


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A3

Sudoku

Fill in the grid so that every row, column and 3x3 box contains the numbers 1 through 9.



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DIFFICULTY: ★★★★★

ACROSS

- 1- Strike breaker
- 5- Transfer
- 10- Little devils
- 14- Exhort
- 15- Military chaplain
- 16- What's the big ____?
- 17- Sullen
- 18- Dole out
- 19- Writer Sarah ____ Jewett
- 20- Chucked weapon
- 22- Registered
- 24- Garment of ancient Rome
- 27- Group of individual facts
- 28- Illegitimate
- 32- Furry swimmer
- 36- The Greatest
- 37- Having auricular protuberances
- 39- So spooky as to be frightening
- 40- Prescribed amount
- 42- Reasoning

DOWN

- 44- Uncouth
- 45- Potala Palace site
- 47- Chinese martial arts
- 49- Animation unit
- 50- Seaport in the Crimea
- 51- Disperses
- 53- Dies ____
- 56- Lead
- 57- Primordial
- 61- Hurried
- 65- Atmosphere
- 66- Brightly colored lizard
- 69- Final Four org.
- 70- Civil disturbance
- 71- Not once
- 72- Singer Vikki
- 73- Actress Heche
- 74- Rare delight
- 75- Paradise lost
- 1- Lather

2- Harvest

- 3- Malaria symptom
- 4- Rebuke
- 5- Hot tub
- 6- Actor Linden
- 7- Not working
- 8- Large divided leaf
- 9- Aquarium fish
- 10- Worshiper of Baal, Ha-
thor, or Jupiter
- 11- Blackbird
- 12- Window piece
- 13- Dog-powered snow
vehicle
- 21- Cloak
- 23- Siouan speaker
- 25- Score
- 26- Shaft shot from a bow
- 28- In an inadequate manner
- 29- Hawaiian greeting
- 30- Agave fiber

31- Old Ethiopian emperor

- 33- Armistice
- 34- Duck with soft down
- 35- Staggers
- 38- Flat circular plates
- 41- Guess
- 43- Converse
- 46- River in central Switzerland
- 48- Four Corners state
- 52- Daze
- 54- ____-garde
- 55- ____ beaver
- 57- Graph prefix
- 58- Undoing
- 59- Tiger's choice
- 60- Wash
- 62- Great quantity
- 63- Shipping deduction
- 64- Aggregate of fibers
- 67- Give ____ break!
- 68- Singer Garfunkel



QUICK Delicious NUTRITIOUS

Recipes from the Leisure Care *Five-Star Yum Cookbook*

Brisket of Beef a La Bercy

By: Clair Sanders

Community: Newport Beach Plaza

Serves: 8



Clair Sanders

Ingredients:

- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 cup chili sauce
- 1 1/2 cups white wine vinegar
- 2 teaspoons seasoning salt
- 5 pounds brisket of beef
- 1 cup celery leaves, chopped
- 2 white onions, thinly sliced

Directions:

Mix salt, brown sugar, chili sauce, vinegar, and seasoning salt together. Pour over meat and let stand overnight in refrigerator. Allow 1 hour per pound for roasting. (Does not usually take that long; test every hour.) Place meat in the roaster. Pour marinade over the meat to moisten. Cover with celery leaves and onions. Roast in a 325° F oven, basting often with marinade (I baste every 1/2 hour). Usually takes only about 3 1/2 hours. If meat becomes too brown, cover. Should be prepared in advance. When ready

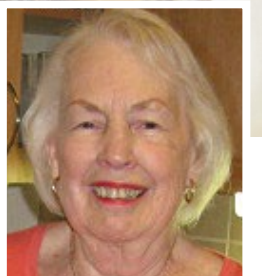
Brisket of Beef: Continued on page 42

Butter Crunch

By: Betty Honodel

Community: The Belletini

Serves: 20



Betty Honodel

Ingredients:

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 9 ounces slivered almonds
- Chocolate chips
- Walnuts

Directions:

In a 2-quart saucepan, add the first three ingredients (butter, sugar and slivered almonds). Cook over medium heat stirring constantly, until tan in color. Remove from heat, and pour on buttered cookie sheet, spreading mixture out. Sprinkle chocolate chips on hot mixture; spread when melted. Sprinkle chopped walnuts over chocolate. Cool in the refrigerator until the chocolate hardens (3-4 hours or overnight), then break into pieces.

"I received this recipe from one of my sorority sisters about 1970. For years we made this candy and sold it for our ways and means project at Beta Sigma Phi Sorority conventions and conclaves. Just before

Butter Crunch: Continued on page 42

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: I hope you can help me, because I feel so sad so much of the time. I'm 74 years old, widowed, and I feel forgotten and useless. I used to be a doer. I raised children, managed the house, volunteered in PTA, and contributed to life in so many ways. Now I sit around feeling useless. My body hurts in so many places, and I don't have much energy. I know I should be grateful for my home and for the calls from the kids, but I'm struggling. The only bright spot in my day is when my care-worker visits for an hour or two to help with my chores. She is very friendly, but I worry I'm burdening her with my complaints. Some days it feels like I just can't cope.

A: Thank you for sharing your challenges and sorrows so honestly. You bravely voice the indignities of aging, the isolation, and the serious existential crises caused by the loss of roles as spouse, parent, homemaker and community member. I won't sugarcoat your situation; it sounds like you are suffering from profound sadness or depression. The good news is that you can create some changes, starting today. First of all, activate your support system. Even though you are reluctant to burden anyone with your complaints, I would guess that there are people who would want to know about your difficulties and help you if they can. Reach out to friends, family or acquaintances, and let them know how you are feeling; be honest and let them know how bad it is. Seek out a counselor or therapist, and add this blessing into your life — someone trained and able to provide you with focused attention and practical support. It is their job, so you won't have to feel guilty about talking about yourself and your difficulties!

Depression is quite common in the elder population. Before you let the idea scare you, let's look at four fundamental things you can begin doing right now that can help.

1) Exercise. Even a mild amount of fresh air, movement, or senior swimming class can lift mood. Start right now by taking a short walk, taking in deep breaths as you go. Savor the air and notice the colors in everything you see.

2) Have some fun. Force yourself to engage in pleasant activities or hobbies, even if you don't feel much like it. If you can act as if it's fun, the enjoyment often follows. Look

Advice for Journey 1: Continued on page 42

Q: I immigrated to the United States about 15 years ago, and while I can't afford to retire, I make enough money to live simply. I enjoy a few hobbies, and I have a nice car. I save up to take a trip once every other year. My daughter lives in the Middle East and doesn't have much money. I've always had a difficult relationship with her. My former husband was both a right bastard and a real charmer. He was a gambler, a drinker, and sometimes violent and abusive to me. However, he was always a sugar daddy to our daughter. He's passed away now. I think she still blames me for our divorce, even though he cheated on me many times. Here's the difficulty: I miss her and my grandkids, and I want to be close with them. We speak on the phone and we Skype, but she's always asking for stuff; she thinks I'm so rich in America. If I don't send money and gifts to her and the kids, I'm afraid she will cut me off. There were times after the divorce when she wouldn't talk to me, so it has happened before. I like to be generous, but I don't have much extra. I don't like to feel obligated, and sometimes she doesn't even say thank you when I send parcels. Any advice?

A: Your actions may require a finely orchestrated dance. On the one hand, you have a generous heart, and you enjoy enriching your child's and grandkids' world. On the other, you feel coerced and a little resentful. Maybe your daughter is capable of dialogue. If you think she can handle some honesty, I would suggest you carefully share some. Start with the smaller hurts, and work up to the bigger ones.

Consider using the nonviolent communication style of "When _____, I feel _____. I need/would like _____." For example, you could say, "Daughter, I need to share my thoughts about something that might be difficult for you to hear. Is now a good time for that?" If she says "yes" (and you believe her), you could continue with, "When you don't say 'thank you' for the parcels I send, I feel hurt. I would like it if you said thanks more reliably."

If she can handle this without overreacting, then you could take it a step further in the next conversation: "When we talk and you ask me for stuff, I feel worried that I have to give it or you'll stop talking to me again. I need some reassurance that

Advice for Journey 2: Continued on page 42

Savvy Sage

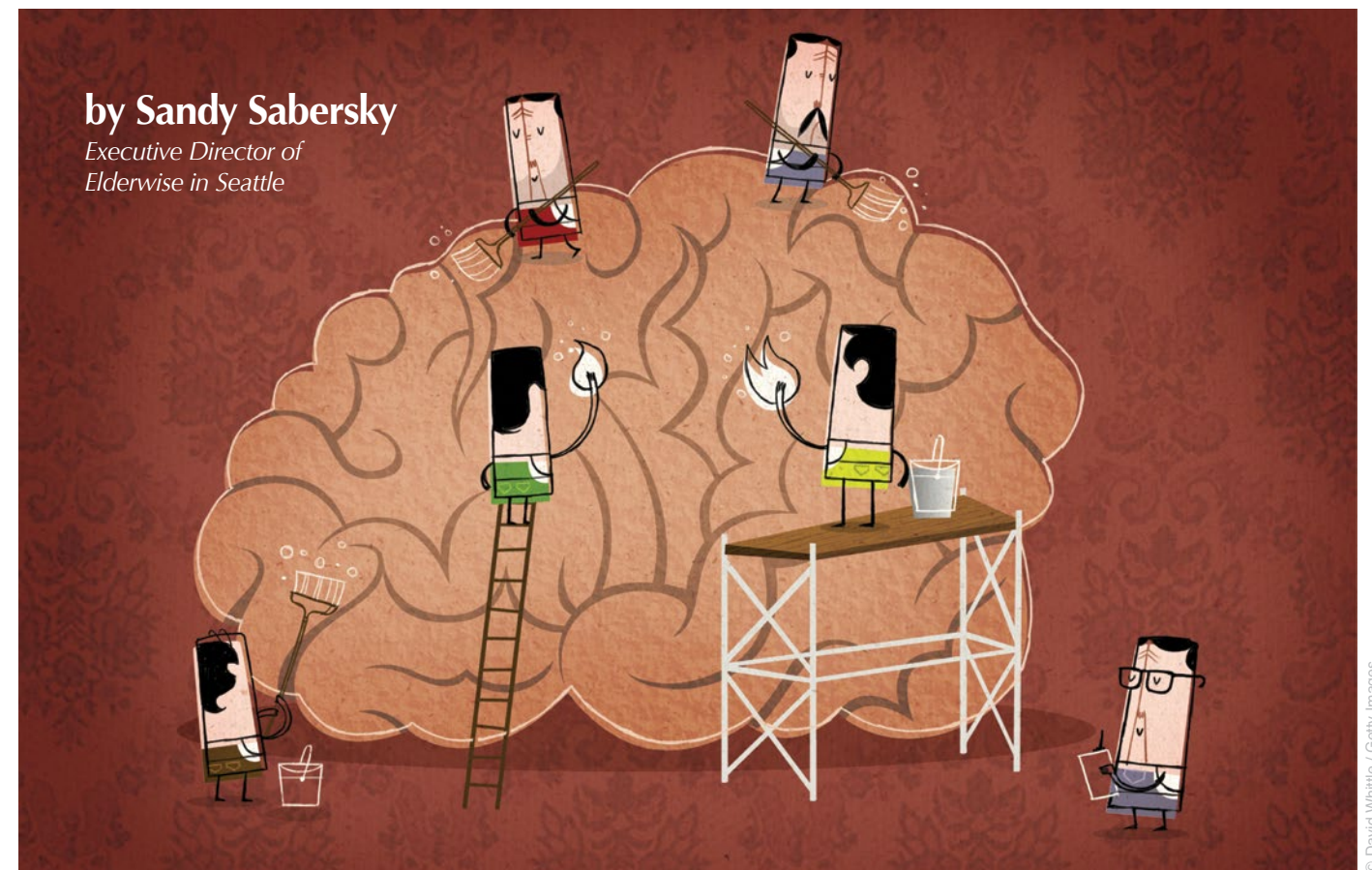
On Being an Elder

Guiding Others to Reclaim Happiness

When someone holds a grudge, they unwittingly surrender their own happiness to the perceived offender. Can we help our loved ones to reclaim their lost power and remember to forgive?

by Sandy Sabersky

Executive Director of
Elderwise in Seattle



“Rabbi Zalman Schachter Shalomi, a visionary in the aging field, talks about mental housekeeping as one method of managing ones anger so it doesn't build up.”

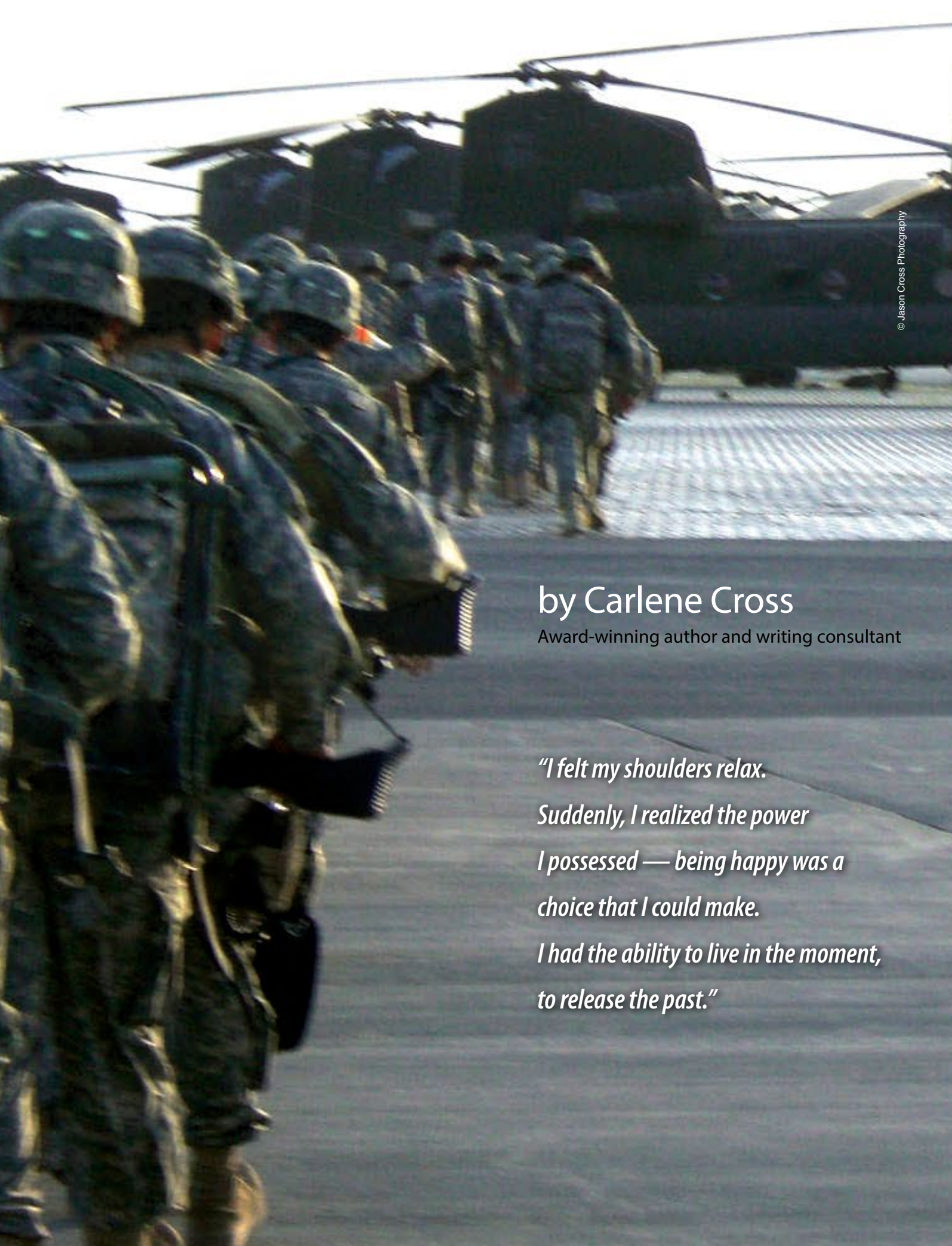
We've all done it — held a grudge, nursed the idea of revenge, and stayed full of anger at someone who hurt us. We seem to get some measure of satisfaction from our anger and are often unwilling to let it go. Eventually, we realize that it doesn't feel good to be angry, and it turns out it isn't healthy either. Not physically healthy, where our breathing is short and tight and our blood pressure is high; not emotionally healthy, when our thoughts are wrapped up in anxiety and obsessive thinking; and not spiritually healthy, when we are not able to be quiet and calm inside.

Michael J. Farrell from the National Catholic Reporter Online writes on forgiveness. In a comprehensive and enlightening article on the topic, he states that “people who refuse to forgive remain in the power of whoever injured them in

the first place.” In other words, if we refuse to forgive, we are trapped by the very person with whom we are angry. If I am angry at someone, I am thinking over and over about what they did to me and how I am justified in my anger. I continually re-experience the hurt. Until I forgive him/her, this act by the other person will continue to have a hold on me. I am the one suffering. My inability to forgive is limiting me, keeping me confined in my own anger. It prevents me from feeling well, thinking clearly and growing spiritually.

The ability to forgive is essential to our own personal freedom and to our ability of living a full and enriching life. Remaining angry and resentful obstructs our good feelings

Savvy Sage: Continued on page 41



© Jason Cross Photography

A MOTHER'S STORY

One woman discovers the power of forgiveness during her journey through grief.

by Carlene Cross

Award-winning author and writing consultant

"I felt my shoulders relax.

Suddenly, I realized the power

I possessed — being happy was a

choice that I could make.

I had the ability to live in the moment,

to release the past."

It has been more than three years since the death of my son. I have recovered from the shock, the months when disbelief muddled reality, when nightmares of his voice calling "Mom" drew me out of sweat-drenched sheets. I have crossed back over a border of sorts, returning from some distant place. I can feel true happiness again, an emotion I was sure would forever elude me. And even on the rare days when I hear the resonance of his laughter and smell the air of his childhood over my shoulder, panic no longer seizes my stomach.

My return was not an automatic process. For me, the journey to health and forgiveness was a choice.

For many months, I felt my anger was justified and wrapped it around my shoulders for comfort like a Shetland blanket. I believed that the United States Army had squandered my son's bravery and his life. Jason had been part of the small elite paratrooper platoon **Chosen Company**. On July 9, 2008, they were sent into the remote village of Wanat in the harsh Waygal Valley of Afghanistan over the protests of Intelligence officers warning that hundreds of Taliban were waiting in ambush. They arrived with inadequate supplies, no air support and no cover. On the third morning, at 4:20 a.m., the Taliban attacked.



© Jason Cross Photography

Jason and eight of his comrades were stationed in the Observation Post above the main defensive position. They fought like heroes to hold this strategic site, preventing the main base from being overrun and saving the lives of the rest of the platoon. Jason died jumping from the bunker to kill a sniper who was picking them off from a mosque above. A Taliban bullet entered his neck and traveled down his chest. When air support arrived an hour later, nine of the 49 soldiers were dead and 27 wounded. Eight had died defending the Observation Post.

The battle of Wanat has subsequently become one of the most intensely scrutinized engagements in the Afghan war. The initial investigation, reviewed and approved by General Petraeus, found that higher-level officers were “derelict in their duty” to provide proper resources. After those senior officers appealed, another senior Army General reversed the decision, fearing that letters of reprimand would have a chilling effect on future battlefield commanders.

After Jason’s death, and during the months when the investigation rumbled on, I remained in a zombie-like state. Everything was in slow motion, my thinking clouded, as if in a heavy mist. But the fog couldn’t protect me from certain words or sights reminding me that my son was gone forever, that he no longer existed, would never come home. My throat would tighten. An uncontrollable trembling would begin around my mouth and sweat would

trickle down my spine. Blinking tears from my eyes, I would stagger away from work and rush home. Convinced I was not well, I would crawl away somewhere and hide. The grief and the anger seemed impossible to extricate, like a tumor lodged too close to the brain for surgery.

My anguish was overcome only by my guilt. My survival seemed shallow, vulgar and unjust. Letting my child advance to the grave before me meant I had failed at my highest calling. My job had been to see him safely through childhood, to guide him into adulthood, to adore his children, and go before him in death. He should have been the one to bury me while he was gray haired but still strong.

Increasing the dosage of my anti-anxiety medication simply amplified my sadness. I began to question the ethos of human existence; the smoke of Dachau seemed to obscure Goethe and Beethoven.

It was in the frozen numbing winter after Jason’s death that I started returning to life. A small but persistent force began swirling inside my chest, a location the Hindus call the anahata or the heart chakra. It stirred slowly at first, almost indistinguishable amidst the sadness, but then more palpable like a warm vortex of energy. I began to yearn to be joyful as I once was, as I had raised Jason to be, and as he would have expected me to be again. I started to release my grief, not to suppress the mourning but to let it change, let the oppressive weight melt like springtime



Carlene Cross with her son Jason.



runoff and flow through me like a river. I began to live each moment, in each moment, and release the past. I started to point my mind forward, not to look back to the picture of a living son with a full life ahead of him, not to turn in the direction of history.

I found a great therapist, pulled out my jogging shoes, and began to run the Burke Gilman trail again. I hauled topsoil and planted perennials until fatigue overcame my limbs. I practiced yoga in the 103-degree sweat house of a hot studio. With perspiration dripping from my inverted body, I could feel the physical sadness lodged in my chest start to loosen. I reached out to the other family members whose sons died at Wanat. I found every excuse I could to kiss and spoil my new grandchild.

I began to teach a writing class for the University of Washington. Thirty minutes into my first class, I knew I would have to wean myself from the Ativan that made me feel like cotton clotted my brain and ashes filled my mouth. I could never challenge this eager-faced group of talented writers without the full faculty of my senses. It was time I learned to live without the comfort of benzo sedation that kept me slow-minded and reclusive.

I started to see my friends again and have dinner parties.

And, in the most difficult decision of all, I chose to make peace with fate and peace with my anger toward the Army. The military had not asked for forgiveness, in fact they were engaged in a full-throttle campaign to keep the events of the battle secret; however, it was not their healing I sought, but my own. Anger and resentment handcuff us to our pain. They shackle us to the object of our enmity. We’ve all heard the adage: Our rage toward another person is like drinking poison and expecting them to die. Forgiveness is an offering that liberates the giver.

Intellectual assent to this concept was not enough for me. I needed to physically cleanse myself of resentment. One day, I pulled out a pad of paper and wrote why I was angry at the Army; 1) recklessly sending Jason and his comrades into Wanat; 2) the whitewash that followed; and 3) not exhibiting the same honor and loyalty to their men that they had taught to, and received from, my son.

I grabbed a box of matches from the kitchen drawer. I went into the garden and lit the coals in the BBQ. I imagined my anger becoming part of the paper, transferring my bitterness into the fibers and chemical pulp. I placed the paper on the grill. Red flames curled it into black broken edges, then charcoal. Grey flecks floated up through the leaves of

the Japanese maple. I imagined it catching a stronger breeze that crossed continents of geography and oceans of time.

I felt my shoulders relax. Suddenly, I realized the power I possessed — *being happy was a choice that I could make*. I had the ability to live in the moment, to release the past.

I know there will be days I will be tempted to reclaim my bitterness, when I notice a handsome young father carrying his newborn son or teaching his daughter to kick a soccer ball, things I’d wished for Jason. I might have to rewrite the list and burn it again, but in that moment of forgiveness I was free.

In the spring of this year, as the wisteria vines twist and turn like brown serpents across my patio and fatten with purple buds, I am at peace. I will always miss Jason, his teasing, the sound of his laughter, but I am no longer paralyzed by his death. And, on the rare days when his loss is suddenly present, I quiet myself and let it pass.

Several weeks ago, while rummaging through the closet, I caught sight of an old video taken in the 1980s of Jason and his older sisters growing up. A year ago I would have panicked at such a gust of memory. I sat down and played the tape.

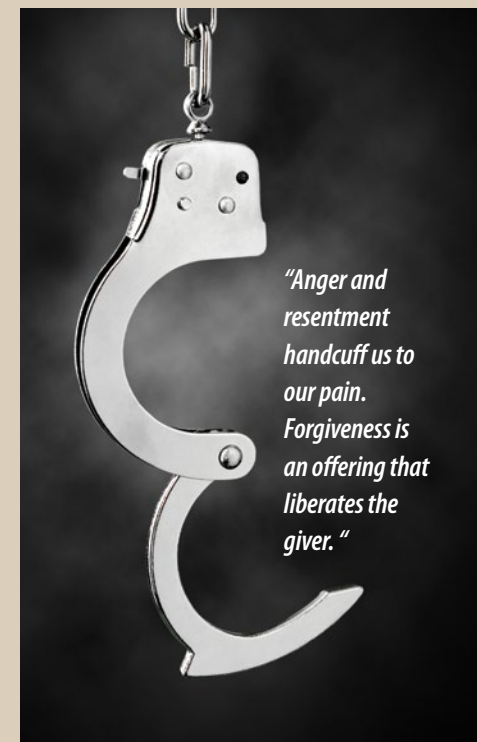
Images of my children lit up the darkened room. Love rose in my chest, infinite love, wonder without end. As they danced across the screen, I could once again feel the texture of their silken hair, smell the sweetness of their child’s skin, details etched inside a mother’s core. As I watched Jason at 2, 5, and 8, grief was replaced with joy for the 25 years his boundless spirit filled my life. As he stuck his wide-eyed, grinning face into the camera, a phrase, like a mantra, entered my head: “Energy can neither be created

nor destroyed.” I felt a strange new acuity. Suddenly, I realized my son had not ceased to exist; his essence had simply slipped into another dimension. Someday I would see him again, where he now lives, just beyond my fingertips.

As we grow older we must face loss, as it drifts in around us, around our parents, our family, and our friends. It is the dance of life. We must hold things tenderly but loosely, whether money, love or work. One day we will have to release them back into the universe. ♦

Editor’s Note: Find more information about the **Battle of Wanat** at: CBS News - <http://tiny.cc/wise-wanat>

A self-proclaimed conservative’s view: <http://tiny.cc/wise-captain>



“Anger and resentment handcuff us to our pain. Forgiveness is an offering that liberates the giver.”

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Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice



Sweet Release

Understanding the high price of a debt held too long

by Sue Peterson, CFA

Managing Director, Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

"You always." "You never." These two phrases come smothered in such hot sauce that they create a zing in the recipient. Contrast this with "I forgive you" — three little words that quench like a refreshing drink when you are truly parched. Such is the nature of words. They can evoke such a visceral response, and one that seems to live outside the normal space-time continuum.

I've been a financial advisor for 25 years, and in the course of my career, I've heard a lot of "you always" and

"you never." These are often aimed at a spouse and are attached to accusations around investment decisions where things didn't turn out as hoped and it was so obvious (in retrospect) how it was all going to turn out.

I also hear this from siblings after their parents pass away, during meetings to discuss the probate process. "Mom always gave you more," or "she never bought me a car," "gave me money for college," "paid for my braces," etc.

Quite often these unfortunate investment decisions or the

amount of money paid for braces is inconsequential in the grand scheme of either party's financial lives, yet this isn't the point. Rather, it's about missed expectations, hurt feelings, or that niggling fear that we carry to our grave that our parents really did love our sibling more.

If you're still reading this, you're probably thinking that I'm more than self-confident (possibly even self-delusional) that in the course of one article I might change lives and create a new world filled with forgiveness. But I'm going to try; and I promise no group hugs or rounds of "Kumbaya."

I believe much of the resistance to forgiving another lies in the following common misconceptions around this noble act:

"Forgiveness is a funny thing. It warms the heart and cools the sting."

— William Arthur Ward

That forgiveness is bilateral. Often it is unilateral, and the other person may never know. (They may even be dead.) In fact, the reason it's typically unilateral is that the other person likely has no idea you are carrying this grudge around in the first place. You are the only one harmed at this point by that other person's actions. Lewis B. Smedes said it well: *"To forgive is to set a prisoner free and discover that the prisoner was you."*

It requires you to say that what the other person did was "okay." False! If it was okay, why do we need to forgive them? If they simply drive you nuts, that requires forbearance, not forgiveness. If someone has truly harmed you, you don't need to somehow trick your brain and emotions into believing it was okay. Instead, work on defining the specific wrongdoing, because you can't forgive how something made you feel; you can only forgive the specific action that created that consequence. For example, if your spouse lost money in an investment that you had recommended against in the first place, you may need to forgive their decision not to respect your opinion or their prideful attitude.

It involves forgetting. Despite the pithy saying "forgive and forget," our brains are not computers that can be re-booted. If your sibling never paid back the loan you made to her, that's part of your collective history. She like-

ly hasn't forgotten it either. In my work I always recommend that a personal loan either be treated as such, with clear documentation, collateral and payments auto-deposited monthly to the bank, or just make it a gift and call it that up front. Consider the financial and tax consequences of making past delinquent loans a gift by forgiving the outstanding balance. You may clear up more than just some accounting issues with that family member or friend!

It demands reconciliation. Forgiveness does not require renewing a relationship. If someone truly harmed you, reconciliation may in fact be toxic. So focus instead on yourself, and recognize that forgiveness releases the debt that person owes you. In this process, the power they hold over you is also released.

Money and the need to forgive often seem to go hand in hand as we travel through life. If we separate the two, relationships can be irretrievably broken. Not only is a relationship ended between you and another, but (especially within families) it can spread to the greater family, so that cousins don't know one another or grandchildren don't see their grandparents. You can choose to end a negative outcome and repair the family ties of the next generation through three simple words: "I forgive you."

Don't wait. ♦

Relationship Confidential

Redefining Intimacy

Sweet Surrender

How giving up can be the best thing to ever happen to you.

by Charla Hathaway

Author, speaker and relationship coach

The most important thing I teach people as a sex and intimacy coach is how to surrender. Surrendering is the cornerstone to good sex, indeed to good relationships, and most of us are afraid to do it. We feel so much more secure in giving and doing, than receiving, being done to, or surrendering to the moment and the muse. It's the missing skill required for great sex and intimate bonding. Surrender is the juice — the deepest part of lovemaking and connection. Letting go is the transparent, elusive moment of ecstasy when the veil between the worlds lifts and we glimpse our immortality.

In my work I preach surrender big time — and yet here I am in my own life, remaining unyielding, resisting and stubborn. Is the same type of surrender necessary in our family relationships, as we flounder between being right and staying connected? This insistence on being the victor, being in the right, can make the juices run dry and take the intimacy and safety out of a relationship. I wonder if surrendering my story, my “rightness,” will bring the same transformative benefits in my strained relationship with my sister?

Right now my sister is whopping mad at me: For the past three months she hasn't returned phone calls or emails; not even my letter of apology has budged her. It makes me feel sad and silly, like a couple of 60-year-olds acting like children. It's cumbersome too, especially since our aging parents need so much more attention and will soon be moving into a retirement home. I could use her help ... and her friendship. Our rift ripples through the family, and, embarrassingly enough, even Mom and Dad have heard. Shouldn't you get a break from sibling squabbles at age 90?

After our big fight, I gloated for several heady days over how wrong she was — and how right I was. I

fortified myself with all sorts of reasons why I had every right to do what I did. I dug out ammunition from her past injustices to glorify my position — she was not only this way with me, but the whole world. I was doing everyone a favor by setting her straight and “standing up” to a tyrant.

As brave as I sounded, I felt awful. Within a week or so, my Tower of Righteousness began to wobble, and I had fleeting moments where I realized what I did and said in a different light. Interspersed with my self-aggrandizing were moments in which I knew I had reacted in a rigid, knee-jerk way and caused unnecessary damage. Was I too fast in delivering an ultimatum, or an “ole tomato” as a boyfriend and I once joked? Could I have stood up for myself in another way ... and created better results for both her and me? Hmm.

These lucid moments made me feel as if I were standing on shifting, shaky ground. Was I losing myself and my resolve ... was I giving up? Giving up my story felt scary, felt like I had to give up me — and what would happen then? What would I say and how would I act with this new information?

Anais Nin once wrote, “And the day came when the risk to remain in the bud was more painful than the risk to blossom.”

That Day Had Come

“Being right” felt so lonely and was such hard work. We all spend so much time and energy promoting and preserving our high ground, and the more right we need to be the more exhausted we become. Mustering all my maturity, I was ready to own my part in the Dance of the Angry Sisters and face my fear of giving in, my fear of letting go (of my story) and my fear of surrender.

“I was ready to own my part in the Dance of the Angry Sisters and face my fear of giving in, my fear of letting go and my fear of surrender.”

It Was Time to Blossom

I write Sis a handwritten letter of apology, followed by a phone message and an email. I tell her I am sorry for my harsh actions, that I regret my behavior, and I deeply value our relationship. My body immediately breathes a sigh of relief. I know I did the real right thing. She did not warm to me as fast as I hoped; but perhaps the hand of time may still work its magic. In any case, I dropped my armor, stepped outside of my lonely box, forgave her and myself, and gave her the space to follow her own process of forgiveness and return. Truly, forgiveness is the lubricant of our relationships, intimate and otherwise, and defines our potential as loving human beings.

Good relationships, like good sex, take practice. Do the work, and you just may see some surprising results.

Forgiveness Exercise

Each night before you go to sleep, take a few minutes to review your day and your interactions with people. Is there someone you need to forgive? Picture that person, shrink them down to a size that will fit in your heart, and place them there. From this heart place, forgive them with a smile in one swift and sweet gesture. Are you remembering to forgive yourself? ♦

FORGIVER HEALTHYSELF

I replay these moments over and over, like a needle stuck on an old 45, and I can't get past the tiresome refrain.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

Please forgive me. I know I'm not perfect and I make mistakes, and sometimes I behave in ways that make me shudder. Worse, I replay these moments over and over, like a needle stuck on an old 45, and I can't get past the tiresome refrain. To find comfort, I describe my pain to a few friends, hoping that someone will say something that will lead to my absolution, some relief and a clear head.

On occasion this is helpful, but most of the time the only thing that works is going back to the person with whom I experienced the tangle, fess up to my imperfection (more shuddering), ask for forgiveness, and then determine what I can do to make things better. I do this because I value my well-being; I don't want to fall victim to my own slew of negative emotions.

Sometimes the challenge is just too daunting, and I fail miserably in my forgiveness pursuit. A canyon seems to divide me from my wiser self; as if I'm in a fog, I can't find the

bridge that will bring me to a more generous place. I stand apart, far away from the relief I seek, reaching wildly yet in all the wrong directions.

The Stories We Tell Ourselves

This is when things really get tough: I begin using award-winning creativity to construct a supportive story that convinces me that my feelings are justified ... and I am moved even further from the bridge to better decision-making. I come to believe my indignant self-indulging story as the Truth, when it is actually a glorified narrative of blame-the-other and why-I'm-right. "She had no right to treat me that way. She said terrible things about me to people I care about, and she should be ashamed of herself!"

My story fools me, masquerading as a balm, while it handcuffs me to a host of destructive and painful emotions, like anger, hostility and contempt. This petty narrow narra-

tive absolves me of responsibility and validates my slanted and small perspective, yet it is my Truth. Since there can be only one Truth, I am right and anything else is just plain wrong.

Sound familiar? Probably yes, because most of us are not very skilled in forgiveness, particularly when the hurt runs deep.

Research on character strengths in the field of Positive Psychology reveals that some people have more natural strength and capacity for forgiveness. There are those individuals we hold as heroes with legendary strengths in forgiveness, like Nelson Mandela, Martin Luther King and Mother Teresa. While these icons show us what is possible, forgiveness is not prevalent as a character strength among most people (compared to kindness, fairness, honesty, gratitude and others).

Our capacity to forgive, however, does increase as we age, and we can get better through intention and practice, and that's all good because it can be beneficial to our health.

The Science of the Heart

Scientific evidence is clear that increasing forgiveness lowers blood pressure, which reduces the risk of heart disease and heart attacks. It strengthens the immune system, so people who forgive are less likely to get sick, and the reverse is also true that those who are slow to forgive are more likely to become ill.

The landmark forgiveness intervention study (Psychology and Health, 2009, volume 24, no. 1, pp. 11-27), showed a statistically significant improvement in cardiac functioning for male cardiac patients who received forgiveness therapy compared to control-group participants who received a cardiac-health approach. This study showed a cause-and-effect relationship between learning to forgive and experiencing a statistically significant improvement in one of the body's most vital organs.

It's inside each of us,
our incredible capacity to release our hearts and our minds.

In other studies using functional MRI, researchers have identified positive changes in the brain related to forgiveness and compassion. The Cancer Treatment Centers of America provide Forgiveness Therapy to its patients to reduce chronic pain, improve relationships, and enhance immune function. From a mental health perspective, studies show that those who practice forgiveness score higher on nearly every psychological measure of well-being. With forgiveness, we are less depressed,

"A canyon seems to divide me from my wiser self; as if I'm in a fog, I can't find the bridge that will bring me to a more generous place. I stand apart, far away from the relief I seek, reaching wildly yet in all the wrong directions."

emotional challenge, be patient with yourself, and try multiple times until you feel some relief. Join me?

Dr. Luskin's 9 Steps to Forgiveness*

1. Know exactly how you feel about what happened and be able to articulate what about the situation is not OK. Then, tell a trusted couple of people about your experience.
2. Make a commitment to yourself to do what you have to do to feel better. Forgiveness is for you and not for anyone else.
3. Forgiveness does not necessarily mean reconciliation with the person that hurt you, or condoning of their action. What you are after is to find peace. Forgiveness can be defined as the "peace and understanding that come from blaming that which has hurt you less, taking the life experience less personally, and changing your grievance story."
4. Get the right perspective on what is happening. Recognize that your primary distress is coming from the hurt feelings, thoughts and physical upset you are suffering now, not what offended you or hurt you two minutes — or 10 years — ago. Forgiveness helps to heal those hurt feelings.
5. At the moment you feel upset, practice a simple stress management technique to soothe your body's flight or fight response.
6. Give up expecting things from other people, or your life, that they do not choose to give you. Recognize the "unenforceable rules" you have for your health or how you or other people must behave. Remind yourself that you can hope for health, love, peace and prosperity, and work hard to get them.
7. Put your energy into looking for another way to get your positive goals met than through the experience that has hurt you. Instead of mentally replaying your hurt, seek out new

more hopeful, less anxious, and we have fewer stress-related discomforts.

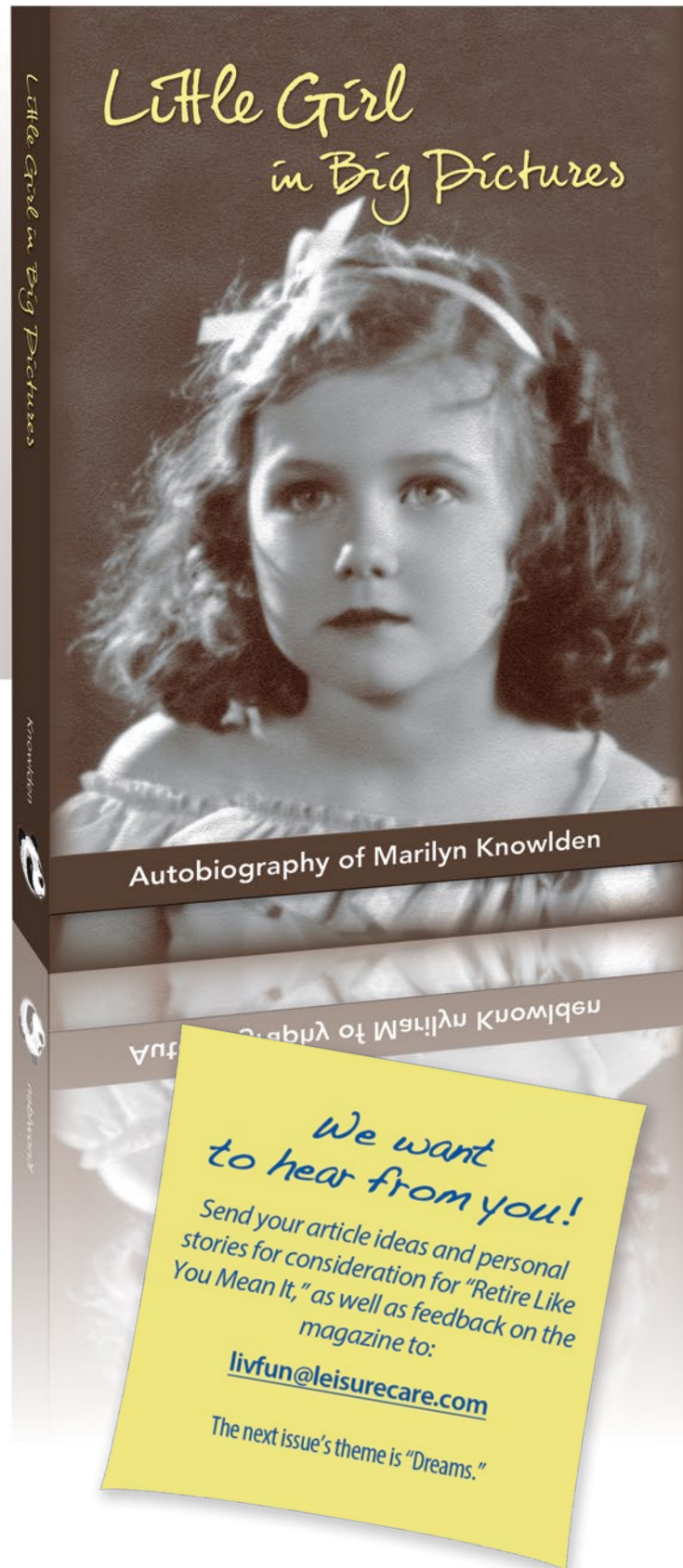
Dr. Fred Luskin, director and co-founder of the Stanford University Forgiveness Project, is a leading researcher, author and trainer in the burgeoning forgiveness field. His research has explored forgiveness in areas of war and conflict, terrorism, and gross human suffering. He has tested his methods in corporate, medical, legal and religious settings. Dr. Luskin's nine-step forgiveness method makes it possible to move through the fog, over the bridge, and across the canyon to a life of improved health and contentment.

I recommend you start with a small

Forgiver Continued on page 41

Retire Like You Mean It

Your Life, Your Rules



Newport Beach Resident Is Feted for Her Contributions to Hollywood's Golden Age.

by Traci Kuster
Brand manager at Leisure Care



Marilyn Knowlden

The 1930s, a decade marked by the Great Depression and the run-up into World War II, is also remembered as Hollywood's Golden Age, a period during which new genres were formed and the studio system rose to mammoth status. More than 7,500 feature films were released by the studios between 1930 and 1945, and more than 80 million fans took in at least one film per week at the height of cinema's popularity.

During this Golden Age, many new stars were born, among them a little girl from Oakland named Marilyn Knowlden. Marilyn was just four years old when she accompanied her father, a prominent San Francisco lawyer, on a business trip to Los Angeles. While there he contacted the various film studios and was somehow able to slip behind the velvet rope and secure her an interview. That led to a screen test, and within a week she was cast in a movie with Paramount Studios. The family packed up and relocated to Hollywood and the rest, as they say, is history.

Marilyn's first role was that of Janet, the darling daughter of Paul Lukas and Eleanor Boardman, in *Women Love Once*. At just four-and-a-half years



Having a heart-to-heart talk with her screen "mother," Eleanor Boardman.



Another chance to touch a piano. With Dickie and Charles Winninger.

"Write a book, or at least write down all of the memories you can remember, because your families will appreciate it and your story needs to be told."

old, she quickly caught the attention of studios and directors throughout the Hollywood scene. Over the next six months she landed feature parts in five movies, and in the next 10 years she would appear in such films as *Angels with Dirty Faces* and *Marie Antoinette*, as well as six films nominated by the Motion Picture Academy for Best Picture of the Year, including *Les Miserables* and *David Copperfield*.

"Being young, I didn't always understand what was going on, but I did know that it was so much fun!" says Marilyn of her time in Hollywood. Throughout her career she appeared in more than 50 movies, from classics to adventures, giving her the chance to work with an amazing array of actors and actresses, including Greta Garbo, Katherine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and Norma Shearer. One of her fondest memories and proudest achievements was being cast as Little Cosette in the original *Les Miserables*.

Marilyn acted for the next decade, then took an interest in education and focused on school. As an adult she turned to writing music, lyrics and scripts and penned three musical comedies, as well as contributing to many plays, primarily in the role of lyricist and musical composer. Marilyn's original works include *I'm Gonna Get You In the Movies!*, the story of a child actor trying to break into the world of acting in the '30s (drawn heavily from her own experience) and *The King's New Clothes*, an expansion of the classic fairytale *The Emperor's New Clothes*.

In fall 2010, Marilyn was delighted to receive the Film Career Achievement Award at the Cinecon Classic Film Festival in Hollywood. Cinecon (formally known as The Society for Cinephiles) has members around the nation and the globe who meet for five days while attendees view a variety of classic films and enjoy a chance to meet and mingle with the celebrity guests. Film star Marsha Hunt presented Marilyn at the 2010 Film Career Achievement Banquet; later in the year she filmed an hour-long interview with Turner Clas-

sic Movies, now archived at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as "Oral History."

2012 marked another great honor for Marilyn, when she was asked to present at UCLA Film & Television Archive's celebration of Universal Studio's 100th year at its spring festival. Marilyn presented two of the 36 films that were showcased over the seven-week period, both films she is proud to have been a part of — *Showboat* (1936), in which she played Allan Jones's daughter, and *Imitation of Life* (1934), where she played Claudette Colbert's daughter.

One of Marilyn's crowning achievements, after raising three children and mentoring four grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren, was the publication of her autobiography in April 2011. The project, which took a handful of years to complete, is chock full of striking photos and unforgettable stories straight from Hollywood's Golden Age.

"My viewpoint was unique, seeing it all through the eyes of a child. That's why I called my book *Little Girl in Big Pictures*," said Marilyn. The book magically captures Marilyn's career as a young actress and chronicles her life and achievements post-Hollywood.

Now 86, Marilyn calls Newport Beach Plaza Retirement Community in Newport Beach, California, home after moving there to be close to family. She enjoys being around the friendly people and loves the vast array of activities that are available. When asked what advice she would give to others on how to make the most of their retirement years and "retire like they mean it," Marilyn said, "Write a book, or at least write down all of the memories you can remember, because your families would appreciate it." Her favorite saying is, "When opportunity knocks, answer the door." We are all lucky that Marilyn answered that door in Hollywood many years ago to grace us with roles in some of the most beloved movie classics of all time. ♦

For more information on Marilyn's life and career or to purchase a copy of her book, visit www.marilynknowlden.com.



OneEightyFoundation

A New Direction in Giving



Board members Mark Fremmerlid, Tom Hawley (Secretary), Joanie Parsons, Denise Rouleau, Richard Corella (President), Dwight Proteau (Vice President), and Steve Potter pose with volunteers at the 1st Annual Rally the Alley Bowling Tournament.

During the hustle and bustle of a busy week full of work meetings, driving the kids or grandkids to and from soccer practice, walking the dog, and doing household chores, it is often difficult to find time for philanthropic endeavors. Still, it's so important that we make the time. Volunteering provides a powerful sense of accomplishment and the feel-good sensation you get by giving back to others. At One Eighty, the parent company of Leisure Care Retirement Communities, we believe this so strongly that we have built it into the foundation of our company culture.

Starting with our Senior Advisor Group, this core value of making a positive impact on others and giving back to the community is instilled in everyone in the Leisure Care family. From business partners to vendors, residents to their family members, our passion for philanthropy is shared, encouraged and celebrated. Over the years we have seen staff and residents embrace their own passion for giving back, and as a result, thousands of lives and wonderful organizations have been changed for the better nationwide.

A Larger View

One Eighty didn't stop there. With a desire to reach a larger audience, the One Eighty Foundation was launched in 2010. Led by a dynamic group of individuals who have

been friends and philanthropic partners for years, the One Eighty Foundation is passionately committed to improving the lives of children and families — to give where there are needs, to mentor when guidance is sought, and to create opportunities for better lives. The Foundation board consists of Richard Corella (president), Dwight Proteau (vice president), Dan Madsen (treasurer), Tom Hawley (secretary), and board members Joanie Parsons, Steve Potter, Denise Rouleau and Mark Fremmerlid.

Reaching Out to the Next Generation

The Foundation's inaugural event was the 14th annual KIRO 7 Kids Classic Golf Tournament and Auction in September 2010. (The members of the Foundation's board have been involved with the annual event since its inception; in 2010 the One Eighty Foundation became the official sponsor.) Held in Redmond, Washington, the event raises both money and awareness for the Foundation. In the past two and half years the One Eighty Foundation has hosted a number of other events, including the Contemporary Art Exhibit & Auction, the annual Treehouse Pajama Party, and Ralley the Alley Bowling Tournament, among others.

In 2011, the Foundation committed to raising a quarter of a million dollars over the next five years to assist Treehouse



Fairwinds – Brittany Park General Manager Rebecca Clark and Health and Wellness Director Roxanne Cabaniero Buenida showing off their new plaque after winning the "Community" category.



Silent auction items, from signed sports memorabilia to wine packages and get-away weekends, help raise money for the Foundation's work.

(a Seattle-based organization committed to improving the lives of area foster children) with its tutoring and mentorship program and their goal of tripling the graduation rate of foster children by 2016. Treehouse has been near and dear to the hearts of many in the One Eighty/Leisure Care organization for years, so it is only natural that it has become a primary beneficiary of the Foundation's efforts. It's an ambitious goal, but with hard work and determination we can do it. To help jumpstart

the goal, the proceeds generated from this year's annual KIRO 7 Kids Classic Golf Tournament and Auction, coming up on September 6, will go to Treehouse. Over the past two years, the Foundation has also given generously to a wide variety of other organizations, including Children's Home Society of Washington, Special Olympics, Seattle's Union Gospel Mission, and Youth Care's Orion Center.

Follow us on Facebook at www.facebook.com/oneeightyfoundation, or

visit us at www.oneeightyfoundation.org to see how we are making positive changes in lives today — and every day. If you are interested in participating in this year's Kids Classic Golf Tournament and Auction on September 6 either as a golfer or volunteer, contact Lisa Angeles Guise at lguisse@oneeightyfoundation.org. More information on the event can also be found at www.oneeightyfoundation.org. ♦



Guests peruse the silent auction at the 2011 KIRO 7 Kids Classic Golf Tournament and Auction.

"In 2011, the Foundation committed to raising a quarter of a million dollars over the next five years to assist Treehouse, an organization committed to improving the lives of foster children."



DELINQUENTLY DAMNED

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver

© William James Warren / Getty

A young
Jeff Wozer
adds something
to the communion
experience.

WE CERTAINLY ARE AN ANGRY LOT.

I just Googled “how to forgive” and received 81,100,000 results. To put this into perspective, a “Rolling Stones” search only produced 31,700,000 results.

I used the Rolling Stones for comparison, because I cannot forgive them for not performing a 50th anniversary tour this year. Jerks.

I’ll eventually warm back up to Mick and the gang. When it comes to others, I’m not the grudge-holding type, accepting author Norman Cousins’ observation that “life is an adventure in forgiveness.”

Maybe it was a subconscious gesture, payback for the nuns always whacking me across my spleen with yellow, wooden yardsticks while hissing in thick Slavic accents,

“Are you some kind of comedian? Go stand in the corner.”

This is not to imply, however, that I share the mental processes of a golden retriever, a species incapable of holding a grudge due to ADD — Anger Deficit Disorder. For instance, since 1989 I have not purchased a single gallon of gas from any service station bearing Exxon’s name due to the Valdez oil spill. Nor have I returned to Mount Rushmore after the crushing disappointment of learning it was man-made.

I do, though, have self-forgiveness issues, unable to unburden myself of unwise choices. My mind, for whatever reason, is locked in playback mode, constantly mulling things I said and did to hurt others, making me a walking monument to speaker Bob Mandel’s contention that “guilt is the mafia of the mind.”

Until recently I never gave much thought to my inability to forgive myself. I always attributed it to Catholic guilt, a resigned penance for terrorizing St. Amelia parishioners at communion in the mid-1970s. Back then altar boys accompanied the priests to the communion line, holding a paten, a gold-colored dish about the size of a saucer, underneath each parishioner’s chin as a safety measure against a dropped communion host. Realizing the paten was metal, I’d rub my feet on the carpeting to build static electricity. As unsuspecting parishioners opened their mouths to receive the Holy Eucharist,

the Catholic Church’s most hallowed sacrament, I’d brush the paten against their chins and zap them.

I don’t know why I did it. Maybe it was a subconscious gesture, payback for the nuns always whacking me across my spleen with yellow, wooden yardsticks while hissing in thick Slavic accents, “Are you some kind of comedian? Go stand in the corner.”

Regardless of my motives, I always felt bad for Monsignor McHugh. He never understood why people jerked their heads back from him when delivering communion, a Eucharistic whiplash of sorts. Or maybe he did. And maybe he used his “insider connections” to summon some type of celestial avengement, forever condemning me to a life of unyielding guilt.

How else to explain my inability to let go, especially in the face of a *Psychology Today* study that claims people tend to forgive more as they age? It’s called the gift of perspective. Older people realize that grievances, whether with themselves or with others, are mere pebbles in the great river of life.

Maybe so, but I’m not feeling it. Could it be that I’m not aging well?

For assistance, I returned to Google’s 81,100,000 results on “how to forgive.” There was a wealth of advice.

One site recommended repeating the following affirma-

tion: “I lovingly forgive myself and release the past.” After saying this four times, I stopped due to a sudden and uncomfortable urge to dress in lavender, listen to Stevie Nicks CDs, and shop for Thomas Kinkadee paintings on eBay.

Another site recommended keeping a journal. Chronicling feelings on paper, it claimed, serves as a good release for negative feelings and stress, promoting self-forgiveness. Being open-minded, I gave it a shot:

Dear Diary:

I strive daily to be green. I ride my bike for errands. I limit my showers to three minutes. I pull apart those plastic six-pack rings that seabirds favor wearing around their necks. To minimize the electricity I use watching TV, I’m taking a speed reading course so I can watch subtitled movies in fast-forward. Yet, despite it all, I feel like a cheap imposter when I realize that every Arbor Day I plant a tree and every Christmas I kill a tree. How dare I call myself a steward of the earth? I’m such a jerk.

I stopped after one entry. Not that I didn’t think it helped. No, I kept putting off writing a second entry because I was only adding to my self-loathing. Maybe, at 50, I’m still not old enough to use the gift of perspective to my advantage. I can wait. For as Mick Jagger once sagely sang, “Time is on my side.”

See, I’ve already forgiven the Stones. ♦

Ethics and Spirituality

Reflections and Contemplations on Forgiveness

**“Dear Paco, meet me in front of the newspaper office at noon. All is forgiven. I love you.
—Your father.”**



© Nick White / Getty Images

The seductive appeal of asking for forgiveness can distract us from the harder work of forgiving others.

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

At this time of year, we ready ourselves for *Rosh Hashanah* (The New Year) and *Yom Kippur* (The Day of Atonement). These High Holy Days bring many Jews to synagogue, many who are quite content to stay away for the rest of the year.

What is it about these High Holy Days that calls people to the synagogue? I believe it is the liturgy of forgiveness, for on these days we confess our sins to God and we ask God to forgive us.

Among the litany of wrongs we confess: heartlessness, selfishness, stubbornness. Misusing our minds, hardening our hearts, judging others, rejecting responsibility, and be-

traying trust. On and on we confess. We know we have done wrong, and we ask God for mercy, compassion and loving kindness. For pardon, for forgiveness.

What many of us forget is this: Showing up at synagogue only takes care of our wrongs against God. The rabbinic text *Mishnah Yoma* could not be clearer on this: For transgressions between human beings and God, Yom Kippur atones, but for transgressions between one human being and another, Yom Kippur does not make amends until the individuals put matters right between them. We have a responsibility to ask one another for forgiveness and a responsibility to forgive when asked.

Regardless of religious affiliation, the issue of forgiveness affects us all: Jew, Christian, Moslem, Buddhist, atheist and agnostic. Just walk into your local bookstore, and head to the psychology, philosophy, religion or self-help sections. The number of titles is dizzying. Clearly, forgiveness is part of the human condition, and we all labor with the task.

How do we go about asking others for forgiveness? And what if we are unaware that we have hurt someone? We often cover every possible wrong by saying to all we know something like: “If I have hurt you over the past year, please forgive me.” Yes, it is a blanket statement, but at least it’s something. Some of us go deeper in assessing our own failures, to offer more specific apologies. Others prefer instead to be collectors of injustices, too consumed recalling the wrongs others have committed against us to consider the wrongs we ourselves have committed.

How do we respond when others approach us and ask for forgiveness? Do we decide that some hurts are too recent or too big to forgive? If we do choose to forgive (and it is most decidedly a choice), do we do so completely and with an open heart, or do we hang on to some splinter of a past wrong? If we do choose to forgive, what is our reason? Do we forgive because we understand that carrying around our hurt and anger consumes us, and in order to live we must let our hurt and anger go? Do we do it out of fear that if we don’t forgive others then we might not be forgiven? Or do we seek to model God, the Master of Forgiveness, the One who year after year is willing to give us yet another chance?

I make it my practice each year to reach out to my imme-

diately family and ask for their forgiveness. With my parents and my siblings, this is usually done by phone as we are on opposite ends of the country. With my husband and son the request is in person, individually. Most of the time my requests are blanket requests ... because as far as I know, I have not hurt the people I love beyond the day-to-day hurts for which I have already made specific amends. For having been forgiven thus far, I am grateful. It is no small thing to be forgiven.

There is a story told in Spain of a father whose rebellious teenage son ran away from home. This father searched for his son all over Spain but could not find him. As a last resort, he placed an ad in the Madrid newspaper that read: “Dear Paco, meet me in front of the newspaper office at noon. All is forgiven. I love you. Your father.”

The next day, 800 Pacos showed up.

This story highlights the need we all have to be forgiven, by someone, for something.

There is a statement in the High Holy Day liturgy that says, “God extends God’s hand to those who have done wrong.” In other words, God is willing to make the first move. If God is willing to make the first move, than maybe we, who are made in God’s image, would be wise to follow God’s example.

Since I am not getting any younger, I think it is time to dig deep within, to dust off some of the hurts I have tabled over the years because I was not yet ready to forgive them, and to face them head on. What about you? ♦

Buddha’s Dream: Continued from page 17

“Why did you say yes?” I asked impatiently. “On the phone, you sounded negative. Let me guess,” I said. “Gerald talked you into it.”

“He said it would be good for me. The jury is still out on that one. What are you doing here, Tom?”

“Oh give it up, for God sake.”

“It’s as if you’ve come back here to try to pick up the threads of an old life, one you understand and are comfortable with. You’re putting moves on your old girlfriend that you don’t acknowledge. Your parents have stranded you with your own mortality. Worst of all, you’ve given up on writing — *real* writing ...”

“I’m leaving in the morning. You’ll never see me again.”

“You’re lost,” Jill said, almost in a whisper.

I felt my jaw tighten. ““Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing,” I said.

“You’re lost,” she repeated. “You’re trying to find something familiar, only it’s not yours anymore.”

“You’re talking like this to get even with me for the way I broke up with you,” I said.

Her face opened up with surprise, then relaxed. “You’re

right,” she said. “That’s exactly what I’m doing. When you left me, I never got to say my piece — you took that from me. I never got to say how great it all was and to tell you goodbye. Thank you for giving me the chance now, Tom.”

And before I could react, she put her arms around me and hugged me uncomfortably hard for a long time. At the moment when it became so intolerable that I wanted to squirm out of her grasp, she finally pulled away, her face streaming tears. Without another word, she turned, walked away, and disappeared in the dark.

I disappeared as well, or that’s what life felt like for a time, back in Seattle — hiding in plain sight while I figured things out. Eventually, I realized how foolish it was to apologize when what I really needed was a way to forgive myself for trying to abandon my life.

I haven’t seen or talked to Jill since our drink at Jake’s. And I’ve never worn the blue-green shirt again. When I brought it home from California I hung it in the back of my closet and forgot about it. Not long ago, when I discovered it there and realized that its soft, dense Buddha tones had turned from a dream into a gift, I packed it up in a shopping bag with some other old clothes and took it to Goodwill, sending it on its way with a prayer. ♦



Margaret

Forget anything you may have heard about this movie's tangled post-production problems (its release took six years, and the edit released to theaters in 2011 was not the director's final cut). Kenneth Lonergan's *Margaret* is some kind of rich, strange, remarkable movie, and a bittersweet reminder that forgiveness begins with the complicated issue of forgiving oneself. Our central character is Lisa Cohen (a ferocious performance by Anna Paquin), an abrasive Manhattan teen whose life is altered after her involvement in a terrible street accident. Through a series of awkward incidents and a gallery of characters, Lisa navigates toward understanding, acceptance, and — oh, a host of other issues that might sound dry, except that they come to life with unpredictable, spiky energy. Lonergan, who made the terrific *You Can Count on Me*, has a way of finding the human in all of us — which means the good, the bad, the everything in between. (The DVD release of *Margaret* offers both the 150-minute theatrical release and a three-hour version preferred by the director.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

There's something about fall, with the earth easing into repose and crispness in the air. It signals a time to reflect on what the year has delivered so far, acknowledge what didn't work out perhaps in the way that I had hoped, and find peace in letting go of any disappointment. From that perspective, the following music selections may make the perfect soundtrack for my — and your — fall of forgiveness.

by Beverly Ingle / San Antonio-based freelance writer



Sweet Forgiveness (album) — Bonnie Raitt, 1977 (remastered in 2001)

Ms. Raitt's voice is simply intoxicating, and when it's laced with emotion as it is in *Sweet Forgiveness*, it is downright irresistible. Originally released more than three decades ago, the title song is timeless, an homage to bumbling love but with a determination to keep trying, wrapped up in a bluesy twinge that to this listener is classic Raitt. In a way, the song makes forgiveness a bit sexy. The whole of the album is bittersweet, with cuts such as "My Opening Farewell" and "Takin' My Time" channeling the universal ache and yearning inherent in all relationships to create nearly 40 minutes of life's soundtrack.



Forgiven, Not Forgotten (single) — The Corrs, 1995

Remember the Corrs, the impossibly attractive quartet of Irish siblings who broke onto the music scene in the mid-'90s? Hailing from Dundalk, Ireland, and with an impressive string of pop hits and success in Australia, Ireland and the United Kingdom — with only a brief flirtation with fame in America — the Corrs blend delicious harmonies with a touch of Irish folk traditional melodies and some powerful vocals to create quite moving music. "Forgiven, Not Forgotten" resonates with anyone who has accomplished the sometimes arduous task of forgiveness, but who will never quite reach the nirvana of forgetting the transgression that was forgiven. Have a box of tissues handy; you may need it.



Ghosts That We Knew (single) — Mumford & Sons, 2012

If you have yet to discover Mumford & Sons, an English folk/rock band that began its rise to prominence in the U.S. in 2010, a year culminating in two Grammy award nominations, grab the iPod of the nearest teenager and take a listen. I'll bet you £20 you'll find a few of their songs. A distinct blend of lightly accented vocals, the tinny sound of a banjo,

and raw lyrics is the hallmark of Mumford & Sons. "Ghosts That We Knew," reported to be a cut that will be included in the band's second studio album due out in September 2012, first debuted during a live appearance on Radio 104.5 in Philadelphia. The response from fans was huge, and the song became regularly requested at Mumford & Sons' live shows. Thankfully, the refrain "I will hold as long as you like, just promise me we'll be alright" will be soon recorded for perpetuity. ♦

"People who refuse to forgive remain in the power of whoever injured them in the first place."

of compassion and tolerance; it quite effectively obstructs our own happiness. Forgiveness provides freedom from negative thoughts and therefore the ability to live life more fully in the present.

A few years ago, my son broke his leg while playing Ultimate, a soccer-like sport played with a Frisbee. It was a light-hearted tournament where the teams dressed up in goofy costumes and the competition was real, but not intense. His team was well ahead, and my son was just landing from a jump with the disc in his hand when someone from the other team crashed into his leg and he ended up with a bad break. At his side in the hospital, I saw that he was so angry at the situation and at the person who did this. I talked to him recently and asked how it is for him now, three years later and only recently being able to play sports again, though not at the same level. He said, "It happens and it's over; you need to move on. To get over it you have to forge a new path; you have to let the past go in order to forge a new future." He is no longer holding onto his anger, and for that I'm grateful and happy.

It's not always so easy to move on. A few years back I facilitated a forgiveness workshop where we took the time to think about who in our lives we needed to forgive. In some cases it was a sibling, parent, an old boss, or business partner that we needed to forgive. One woman hadn't really recognized before that she was holding resentment

against her sister. This woman did some journaling, some imagining, and some releasing of the anger she had with her sibling and found herself happier.

Part of the work of being an elder is letting go of old hurts, with the goal of freeing ourselves of the burden of carrying around these old weights. Part of the work of caring for our elders is to help them along this path. Maybe you are taking care of someone who is still hanging onto a past hurt. How can we help our loved ones to release that anger and pain and begin to realize the hard edge they've been adding to their lives?

Rabbi Zalman Schachter Shalomi, a visionary in the aging field, talks about mental housekeeping as one method of managing ones anger so it doesn't build up. This kind of housekeeping is intended to keep our minds clean of everyday irritations. Perhaps our children haven't called in a while, or someone has arrived late for dinner; or perhaps someone talks too loud or too much. A daily forgiveness practice where we notice what bothered us that day and perhaps do some deep breathing and letting go can help us to be more light hearted and bring more joy into our lives. You might try this with someone you care for. Set the example for forgiveness, and be open about your own struggles. By acknowledging that these feelings exist, they become easier to face, and cleaning out the cobwebs can be a huge relief.

Maybe this is what Dr. Robert En-

right, a professor of educational psychology at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and a leader in the field of forgiveness research, is talking about when he speaks about a "forgiveness consciousness." With so much stress and anger in the world, he encourages us to develop our awareness in this area. I believe this awareness includes a mature understanding of human behavior, including our own, and encourages us to develop compassion and insight. We can develop our own powers of forgiveness so that they are more readily available when we need them.

Forgiveness does not generally happen all at once. It is a process of letting go a little at a time.

The results are well worth it for ourselves, for others, and for the world.

References

Schachter-Shalomi, Zalman; Miller, Ronald, *From Age-ing to Sage-ing; A Profound New Vision of Growing Older*, Warner Books, New York, NY © 1995.

Dr. Robert Enright is a professor of educational psychology at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, a leader in the field of forgiveness research, and cofounder of the International Forgiveness Institute: <http://www.internationalforgiveness.com/about-us-team/>.

Farrell, Michael J., "They Say You Can Do Yourself a Favor Forgiving Others," National Catholic Reporter Online, May 30, 1997. ♦

Forgiver: Continued from page 31

- ways to get what you want.
- 8. Remember that a life well lived is your best revenge. Instead of focusing on your wounded feelings, and thereby giving the person who caused you pain power over you, learn to look for the love, beauty and kindness around you. Forgiveness is about personal power.
- 9. Amend your grievance story to remind you of the heroic choice to forgive. ♦

*Excerpted from www.learningtoforgive.com

Resources:

Dr. Fred Luskin's book, *Forgive for Good*, offers inspiring success stories, tools and techniques. You can find this book and others, video and audio resources, as well as scientific articles, online at www.learningtoforgive.com.

For more information about character strengths, check out www.VIAcharacter.org (free strengths analysis on the site), <http://www.strengthsfinder.com>, and www.strengths2020.com.

I invite your comments and forgiveness stories.

QUICK, Delicious, NUTRITIOUS

Brisket of Beef: Continued from page 19

to serve, slice very thin and reheat in strained pan drippings from which fat has been removed.

"This recipe has been in the family for over 20 years. It has been made for many family gatherings and parties. It's the one dish that is requested by loved ones and friends alike. Now a new generation of the family is carrying on the tradition. My grandson married a girl from France, and she makes it for their friends over in her home country. I have family living in Spain who makes this dish. I guess you can say it's a 'uniting dish' that brings people from all different countries together." —Clair Sanders

Butter Crunch: Continued from page 19

a convention or conclave, we would have a work day and make and package about 100 pounds of Butter Crunch and peanut brittle to sell. Other chapters in Beta Sigma Phi have asked us if we would give them our recipes when we get tired of making the candies. We've made a lot of money for cancer research, etc." —Betty Honodel

Advice for Journey 1: Continued from page 20

to your local community for the next card game, shopping excursion, or other planned activity, and sign up.

3) Monitor your "self-talk" and notice if you are judging yourself harshly. Catch yourself when you criticize yourself (like "I'm so dumb," or "I'm worthless") and then replace those put-downs with more accurate, realistic or hopeful assessments ("I might be slow, but I'm steady," or "I don't have much energy, but I can still do a thing or two"). I imagine you have many strengths, accomplishments and qualities. How much time in the day do you allow yourself to contemplate them? This shift in thinking can be quite hard to do alone. It's a good project with a counselor or other skilled listener, especially if you are habitually down on yourself.

4) Set and accomplish meaningful goals. Depression usually doesn't exist in a vacuum; it is a signal that we need changes in our life. Select a few small goals and gather the support you need to achieve them. Each one could be as simple as an outing, a chore, completing a project, organizing a drawer. As you are ready, think about the big picture, and structure your goals so that they build toward something you value. Maybe the ultimate goal would be finding a volunteer activity that fits within your energy level and allows you to once again participate and contribute. You could mentor at a library, assist at a community center, or volunteer with a cause you believe in. Break down the big goal into small steps, such as researching volunteer opportunities, setting up visits, and arranging the help you need to make it happen. When our world becomes small, our problems can look big. If you can make your world bigger once more, your personal difficulties may seem smaller by comparison and feel more manageable.

In the end, we must attempt to be kind to ourselves. Please forgive yourself for your limitations, honor your need to

grieve your losses, and celebrate the blessings of life, large or small. "Doing" is wonderful, but you are worthy of kindness, love and self-respect, just by being.

Advice for Journey 2: Continued from page 20

you would understand if I don't always have the money."

On a larger scale, it sounds like you and your daughter could use some clarification. Clarification is often needed after divorces and is also helpful for families that have experienced violence or abuse. Perhaps she has an idealized view of her father, and it could be difficult for her to see him as a whole person — warts and all. I would offer her the opportunities to ask questions first: "Why did you and dad split up?" and do your best to answer. Then share your questions: "Do you blame me for the divorce? What was hardest for you?" Sometimes people choose to write their questions down and share them in advance, giving the other person time to really think about their answers before talking.

Finally, whether she is open to dialog or not, you may have to set your own boundaries to avoid resentment and blowing your budget. You may have to tell her that you love being part of their lives, and you love giving to them, but that you just can't afford as much as she thinks you can — the cost of living in America is high, and you have to think about supporting yourself into old age. Learning to say "no" to her is not just about setting limits. It is also about saying "yes" to yourself. ♦

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 18

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

1	S	C	A	B	5	S	H	I	F	9	M	P	S		
14	U	R	G	E	15	P	A	D	R	E	16	D	E	A	L
17	D	O	U	R	18	A	L	L	O	T	19	O	R	N	E
20	S	P	E	A	R	21	E	N	R	22	O	L	L	E	D
23	T	O	24	G	A	25	D	A	T	A					
26	B	A	S	E	B	O	R	N	31	O	T	T	E	R	
32	A	L	I	E	A	R	E	D	33	E	R	I	E		
34	D	O	S	E	L	O	G	I	C	43	R	U	D	E	
44	L	H	A	S	A	45	W	U	S	H	U	C	E	L	
46	Y	A	L	T	A	51	S	C	A	T	52	T	E	R	S
53	I	R	A	54	E	55	S	T	A	R					
57	P	R	I	M	E	V	A	L	60	H	A	61	S	62	Y
63	A	U	R	A	64	G	A	M	65	N	C	A	A		
66	R	I	O	T	71	N	E	V	E	R	72	C	A	R	R
73	A	N	N	E	74	T	R	E	A	T	75	E	D	E	N

Answers to Sudoku

8	1	3	9	7	5	4	6	2
9	5	6	2	4	3	1	7	8
7	2	4	8	1	6	3	9	5
3	8	1	7	9	2	6	5	4
4	7	2	5	6	1	9	8	3
6	9	5	3	8	4	2	1	7
2	3	7	1	5	9	8	4	6
1	4	8	6	3	7	5	2	9
5	6	9	4	2	8	7	3	1



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