

Chanting Into Halawa

Gaining access to this heaven on earth requires more than good intentions

A Walk in the Park

It's human nature to change your life's metaphor

Permission to Give... or Not

The new inheritance paradigm



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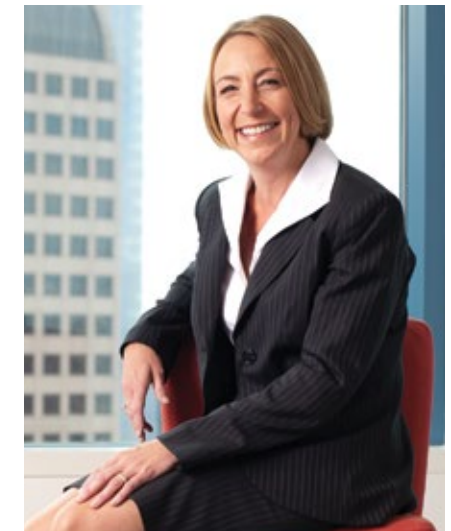
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President's Note

Permission to Thrive in 2013!

by Tana Gall



Tana Gall — President, Leisure Care

Hello and Happy New Year! I can't believe the holidays are over and we are already well into 2013. The New Year always brings hope, excitement, and a sense of renewal. It's a time of year I find particularly inspiring in our communities, here in our office, and definitely at home. For some, it's a time to make resolutions. For others, it's more about setting goals and planning for the future. For me personally, it's a little bit of both.

I have been thinking a lot over the last few weeks about my goals for 2013, both personally and professionally. As a mother, I want to continue to set a good example for my two boys and provide an environment in which they can thrive. Professionally, my goal is to ensure all Leisure Care employees have the support and guidance they need to continue to grow and excel in their jobs. These goals really haven't changed over the last few years. However, that doesn't mean they've gotten any easier.

As you continue reading through this issue of LIV FUN, you'll discover the theme is "Permission." Very fitting, as permission is a concept I feel will be relevant in helping me realize my goals this year. For instance, I need to give myself permission to make time for me this year. As a working mother, I have a tendency to try to do too much for others. I often find myself becoming a slave to lists of tasks that fill every waking minute, as well as minutes I probably shouldn't be awake. Don't get me wrong; I love taking care of people. It's definitely part of the reason I found this industry so appealing. It's just who I am. However, I realize that by doing too much, I could be depriving those I am trying to help from opportunities for growth. Additionally, I could probably use a little more time to relax and recharge – although I will never admit it!

So, this year, I resolve to let my "little boys" be the strong, capable "young men" I know they really are. I will let them take on more responsibility. At work, I vow to be better at delegating and helping those around me find opportunities for growth. Will I be successful? I hope so. I also will give myself permission to make mistakes every once in a while, as long as I continue to learn and grow from them. I would challenge you to find areas in your life to give yourself permission: permission to enjoy life, permission to spend more time with friends and family, permission to simply have fun.

As always, I am thrilled you have chosen a Leisure Care community to call home. We take our responsibility to serve you extremely seriously. Thank you again for being part of our family.

Here's to a great year!

Tana Gall
President, Leisure Care



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Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self



Go Ahead:
EXPRESS
Your True Self!

Whip out the fancy hats and the flashy cars;
this is your time!

by **Skye Moody**

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

Still hiding your True Self beneath that porkpie hat, those slip-on sloppy loafers, and that milquetoast mustard golf cardigan? Still marching to the communal drummer, mumbling agreement in conversations, when in your heart of hearts you hold an entirely different opinion and yet stifle it? Still driving the old Lexus while secretly dreaming of putting pedal to the metal at the wheel of a new model Mustang V8?

Are you still doing the old girls' coffee klatch thing when you'd rather be studying botany or playing jazz trombone?

Wearing ho hum Not Your Daughter's Jeans that remind you of your son's old school uniform pants? Still having those ladylike coral manicures when you're drooling over OPI's 007 Skyfall colors, like Moonraker Blue, which expresses your inner self more truly than anything even vaguely pink?

Maybe it's time to pull one of those slick "express yourself" makeovers so neatly executed by adolescents and then abandoned for acceptance into the social "norm," clumsily reprised as "middle-age angst," only to be again abandoned

"Always be a first-rate version of yourself, instead of a second-rate version of somebody else."

—Judy Garland

to the boring old "norm." If today's social norm no longer fits like the debutante's kid glove, it's time to just be yourself, and to heck with those who are too skittish to read their poetry aloud, or say — politely — what they really think, or walk, talk, create and even dress, as if they had permission to be themselves.

Could be you've always fancied wearing those sumptuous Victorian style bow ties, velvet smoking jackets, or (on the feminine side, natch) purple cigarette pants tight as Saran Wrap. Maybe it's time to quit disguising your True Self and start expressing yourself through music, art, athletics, writing, poetry, clothing, or snazzy asymmetric haircuts and fancy manicures, just a few of many expressive forms that permit us to be more comfortable in our

skin and to tell the world who we are inside via truthful outward expressions.

If you're hungry for "age appropriate" dare devilry, artistic, musical, or fashion trends, cool and creative forms of self-expression, these and much more may be found on the Internet at numerous Websites, including Trendhunter.com.

Trendhunter.com includes a "Seniors" section offering a Pandora's Box (beware!) of ideas to stimulate the young at heart and set fire to your world. You might even be nominated to Irwin Olaf's "Mature Models" list. One thing is certain: If you aren't now expressing your True Self, one visit to Trendhunter.com will smoke your heels with the latest, greatest elder-invented trends. More than Web surfing, though, perhaps it's time to take

personal inventory of what's important to your life, and what can, or should, be culled or created.

As George Bernard Shaw said, "Life isn't about finding yourself. Life is about creating yourself." It's never too late to become who you really are and express the True You to the world. While you're at it, you might even want to change your name from Gertrude to Petal, or Frank to Brad. Just remember that "Brittany" and "Jason" are already passé. As you begin recognizing the True You, you may be surprised how much in your life's closet is just as dated. Show us the results! Please send me photos and brief bios of the former "You in Disguise" and the "True You" to skye@skymood.com. ♦



ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

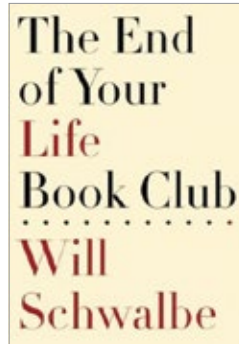
“Throw your dreams into space like a kite, and you do not know what it will bring back, a new life, a new friend, a new love, a new country.” — Anaïs Nin

books | movies | music

BOOK REVIEWS

Whether we realize it or not, many life decisions hinge on permission — from ourselves or others. Two novels and a memoir explore the power of permission in our daily lives and in decisions large and small.

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



The End of Your Life Book Club by Will Schwalbe (Knopf, \$25)

Will Schwalbe, a book editor, was already aware of the power of books and stories in people's lives. Through his conversations with his mother, Mary Anne, over the course of her two years of treatment for pancreatic cancer, he learns the true potential of literature to illuminate and celebrate life. While spending hours at the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, Will and Mary Anne begin an inadvertent book group of two, reading in tandem an impressive array of fiction, nonfiction and poetry from classics like Herman Wouk's *Marjorie Morningstar* to *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*. At first Will wonders if a book group can only consist of two, writing, "Mom started the book club unwittingly, and I joined it grudgingly," and yet their discussions unfold organically. The conversations they share provide insight on their relationship and their views of the world. Mary Anne's remarkable voice and spirit shine through the work she tirelessly pursues on behalf of refugees and

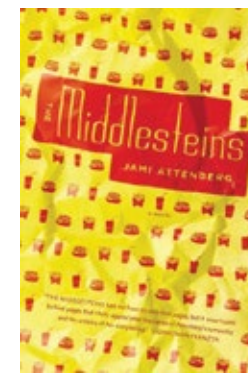
in building a library in Afghanistan as she faces her own personal struggles, making this memoir all of the more powerful. Schwalbe has penned a nuanced, touching homage to an extraordinary woman and the love of books and reading that they wove between them.



Major Pettigrew's Last Stand by Helen Simonson (Random House, \$15)

Sometimes love comes when you aren't looking for it. When Major Pettigrew finds Mrs. Ali on his doorstep one morning, the two widowers begin talking about their lives and slowly become more than mere acquaintances. Major Pettigrew, a retired military man, lives a quiet life after his wife's death, with a distant, cosmopolitan son focused on career mobility. But when his younger brother dies, a set of guns passed down in their family opens a simmering feud into the Major's otherwise staid world. Meanwhile, Jasmina Ali is a Pakistani woman who works at the grocery shop in their small English village and has lived in England all of her life, yet she has never been fully accepted. When the Major and Mrs. Ali begin bonding over books and sharing stories about their late spouses, they discover common ground through the easy pleasure of the other's company. But Mrs. Ali's

outsider status becomes increasingly clear as the Edgcombe St. Mary community suspects the blossoming friendship between the Major and Mrs. Ali may be headed for something more serious. Love meets impediments even in our modern, more open-minded world. Simonson's debut is a comedy-of-manners about small-town community life, romance later in life, and the bravery it takes to recognize and run after second chances.



The Middlesteins by Jami Attenberg (Grand Central Publishing, \$24.99)

Richard and Edie Middlestein created the picturesque Jewish family in the Chicago suburbs. Their son Benny grew up to marry a trim, organized Jewish girl, and Richard and Edie dote on their twin grandchildren. Their daughter Robin, while troubled, is an independent-minded schoolteacher. But when Richard leaves Edie after 30 years of marriage, the cracks in the heart of their family life become increasingly apparent. Edie has a problem with food, a problem pushing her weight well over 300 pounds. Her overeating is sending her closer to death's door, a fact that is increasingly clear to her loved ones. The crisis raises the question: What authority do grown children have in their parents' lives? How do we save the ones we love? The novel delves into one family's strains and contradictions while disclosing the complex terrain of familial expectations and connections. At 60, Richard explores the dating scene again, eager to give physical and emotional love a try again after years of marital neglect. In a narrative that shows glimpses of the future within the present, Attenberg creates a loving albeit unflinching look into a dysfunctional family that is nonetheless a funny, sympathetic portrait of human foibles and dreams.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

Asked, given, denied, overlooked ... there are so many ways permission plays out in cinema. Presenting, for your enjoyment and with your permission, three picks for your next movie night.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for KUOW-FM



The 400 Blows (1959)

The theme of seeking — or being denied — permission is a common one in films about childhood. Until a certain age, children are at the mercy of a parent or teacher's permission, and the wayward adolescent hero of this film has had enough of all that. Antoine Doinel, played by Jean-Pierre L aud, is the alter ego of director Francois Truffaut; in fact, the character and actor would appear in four subsequent Truffaut films. The fact that Truffaut was revisiting his own troubled past in *The 400 Blows* (1959) must account for how empathetic and clear-eyed this film is — the identification with a youthful point of view is passionate and complete, making this one of the cinema's greatest films about childhood. Truffaut understood that the permission one seeks in youth is the permission to be one's own self, a yearning that puzzles grown-ups when they forget the realities of being young.



The Color Purple (1985)

The 1985 film adaptation of Alice Walker's much-loved novel is many things, but on one level it's about a woman gaining permission to speak, and to smile. That woman is the much-abused Celie (played as an adult by Whoopi Goldberg), who's been told all her life how ugly she is — thus her reluctance to break out in a smile. Celie's passage is all about enduring a procession of hardships in order to finally be allowed to be herself. Goldberg's uncanny presence (she's almost in a silent-movie mode of performing) brings Celie to heartbreaking life, and there's also strong work from Danny Glover, Margaret Avery and Oprah Winfrey. Watch the way director Steven Spielberg arranges this emotional subject matter around a series of formal elements: the writing of letters, the framing of people before windows and doorways, the redemptive power of song. Then just look at the opening and closing shots, rhyming images that trace an entire life's journey in purely visual ways — another instance of *The Color Purple* conjuring the power of silent cinema.

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated

CHANTING INTO HALAWA

by Pam Mandel
Freelance travel writer and photographer

Gaining access into this heaven on earth
requires more than good intentions.

We were stopped in the middle of a narrow, winding road by a vehicle coming the other way. The big guy behind the wheel rolled down his window. "Are you Pam?" he asked. "I have to drop my cousin off at school; I'll be back as soon as I can. Head down to the end of the road, OK? The beach is there. Hang out. I'll be along soon."

West Moloka'i. Calling it West Moloka'i makes it sound like I'd traveled some distance, but I'd been in the car for only half an hour. Maybe longer, because I'd stopped frequently to take pictures and once to buy some snacks. The guy driving the pickup truck on the uphill side of the road was Lawrence Kalainia Kamani Aki. Not long after we'd crossed paths

on the road, he returned to the sandy parking lot.

He was a tough-looking guy in board shorts and a T-shirt, but he had a big, easy smile. "I've heard about you ..." I started, and he told me, yeah, he's *that* guy. He's the one who scowls at trespassers, the one who gives grief to visitors who ignore the "*kapu*" signs that dot the inland side of the road.

He explains it a bit further. It's not so much that they don't want to share this beautiful place, it's that if someone gets lost or injured on the rocky trail, they're responsible. It's easier for everyone to keep it private and to guide guests; that way there's no drama and everyone treats the place with respect.

"Well, thanks for having me. I'm happy to be here," I say. Everything changes in his face in that moment, and he smiles, big.

Halawa is a private place, not a city park. It's *kalo* (taro) patches farmed by Native Hawaiians for generations. It's a little watercourse that runs from the waterfall. It's stones with stories. To gain access, Julie-Anne Bicoy, head of the island's tiny tourism department, formally introduces us to Lawrence. Lawrence then leads us up the trail, past all the no

trespassing signs, where we meet Anakala Pilipo Solatorio, the elder of this land.

We're just a little group, five total: Julie; a plumber and his wife from Queens via Poland; a sad-eyed man from California; and me. We fall into an easy camaraderie, but before we take one step across the property line into the Halawa Valley, we must perform protocol. We must ask for permission to cross onto this sacred land. We stop our fellow travelers' chatter and focus on our local hosts as they tell us what is about to happen.

It's complicated. First, Lawrence blows a conch shell; the sound fills the heavy air and sends the message, "Hey, we're here! We want you to know that we're here!" There's a response, and the chants begin. If I had a chant, I would sing out my history. I would tell the keepers of this river valley about where I'm from; I want to see the falls and learn their story. Then, the response — in Hawaiian: "Yes, welcome; we are here, and you may visit us. You are welcome!" The words change for every place, but the meaning is essentially the same.

Out and About: *Continued on page 41*





*“You can’t
take it with you
when you
go.”*

© Getty Images

Possessed

BY THE **THINGS** WE POSSESS

by Laura Leist

There is freedom in letting go,
once you give yourself permission to begin.

“You can’t take it with you when you go.”

My mom lived by those nine words and repeated them often; I didn’t understand their full meaning until September 23, 1984.

My parents divorced when I was five, and my brother Scott and I lived with my mother until I was 14 and she could no longer care for us. Mom had always taught piano lessons from our home, and no matter where she was in the house, her purse was always by her side: at the piano, by her bed, next to the stool she sat on in the kitchen, or next to the recliner in the living room.

On the morning of her passing, my dad drove Scott and me to her home to meet with our grandparents. As I wandered aimlessly through my childhood home, my Grandma said to me, “Take anything you want ... it’s all yours.” Walking past the recliner where my mom last laid, I saw her purse and suddenly understood the meaning of her favorite saying. At that moment, there wasn’t any “thing” I wanted; what I wanted, and could never have again, was my mom.

So it was, at the tender age of 16, I got a crash course in downsizing a home as we held an estate sale. There were so many questions to be answered and even more decisions to be made. How do you decide what to keep? How do you let go of the rest without feeling guilty? Simple questions but, as I found out, very hard to an-

swer. Making decisions about the “stuff” in your life is mentally and emotionally exhausting. I was grateful I didn’t have to do it alone. Little did I know that this process (and it is a process) would lead me later in life to start a company to help people downsize their treasures, and do so with compassion and understanding.

My clients don’t necessarily know my story when our work begins, but many come to know it as we begin to peel back the layers of years and memories that surround their own possessions.

Take, for example, the spouse who lost her husband unexpectedly while raising young children. Or the mother, whose child was taken in her teens, entering the daughter’s bedroom for the first time, with me, three years later. Consider the husband who was married for more than 60 years and, with the loss of his wife, has to deal with decades of loving memories that are an integral part of the cargo they’d collected on their life voyage together. Each family has endured a loss, but how they choose to deal with the “stuff” can be drastically different.

However, I find that the same fundamental questions are asked by most of my clients:

1. How do I know what to part with, and when the time is right? Losing a loved one could happen at any age; how long should I keep their belongings?

2. How do I decide which items have the most meaning to other family members? And, how do I ensure that the “stuff” I give away doesn’t become an unwanted gift? Am I burdening my children by unburdening myself?
3. How do I let go of items that may stir up feelings of guilt in the giving away; for example, a gift from my mother-in-law that never suited my style, but I’ve kept out of a sense of duty.

I help by guiding them through the process, a critical piece of which is giving yourself permission to part with some of your belongings.

What to Part With and When

As with most life events, there is no one right answer, as each person deals with loss, grief and change differently. What I do know from years of client experience is that you must be emotionally ready to make these decisions before you can gracefully let go. Some people are able to decide immediately, because they believe it’s just “stuff.” Others may take years before they have reached a point where they feel OK about parting with particular things.

If you or a loved one is not yet able to make the needed decisions, I suggest packing up similar items into boxes, labeling them clearly, and setting a date to go through them.

You will likely find that decisions come more easily about items like clothing versus things that carry more emotion, such as photos, letters, keepsakes, etc. Being able to easily access a group of similar items will make subsequent decisions easier.

Bear in mind that sometimes your family or friends will not want the articles that you consider irreplaceable treasures. I remember when my Grandpa passed; each of us grandchildren was given the opportunity by my aunt to select an item of Grandpa’s. The problem for me was that his “stuff” had no meaning to me because I had never seen it displayed or used. They’d remained packed away in boxes for all of the years I visited their home.

My aunt was surprised when I told her I already had everything I needed; my photos of many fun times with Grandpa and the memories they evoked. Thinking of my best interests, she advised me that some of the items were worth a lot of money; but again, that wasn’t important to me (especially given my line of work!). If you feel similarly, it’s perfectly OK to decline these gifts. If you do want to accept these treasures, I would suggest they don’t belong in a box in the garage, but in a location in your home where they can be used and cherished.

“Wealth consists not in having great possessions, but in having few wants.”

— Greek philosopher Epictetus

Downsizing and Right-Sizing

If you or a family member have recently downsized to a smaller living space, you may be facing an overwhelming amount of “stuff” — things you need, love and can’t live without, and probably many more that no longer serve a purpose in this chapter of your life. The suggestions below may help eliminate the stress you feel and help you regain control over your environment to create a beautifully functional home.

- Identify the vision and goals for your new living space. What will you do in that space, and how will you use it? What do you need to do that? What is in your way now?
- Communicate your household vision and goals to your family and friends, and ask for their buy-in and help; don’t try to take this on alone.
- Set a realistic time frame to accomplish your project. The decision-making process always takes longer than you think. Each item will evoke memories, and stories to go with those memories, and you may find it takes a long time for your decisions to stick.
- Ensure that the items you donate are in good, usable condition. If you wouldn’t give them to a friend, think twice before donating to a charity.
- As you decide what to donate, consider all the people you could potentially be helping when the donations are made; this can make the “right-sizing” process much easier to bear.
- Remember, you can’t fit 2,500 square feet of stuff into 600 square feet, no matter how organized you are. Be realistic.

Maybe you know someone who lives in the same community. See if you can visit their home to see how they made the best use of their space. Sometimes it’s nice to see actual living environments, instead of looking at floor plans or a furnished model.

- Furniture may need to be downsized in terms of size and serve dual purposes — for example, an ottoman that doubles as a coffee table and storage.
- Recognize that this is a difficult and stressful time. Get help if necessary to put less strain on relationships during these times. Adult children tend to pressure parents to downsize, but then don’t plan enough time for the process and the stress it causes.
- If at all possible, make the decision to right-size your belongings now, before an injury or illness forces an immediate decision.
- If items are being given to family members or friends, don’t urge them to take stuff you suspect they won’t use or treasure. Make sure items taken will be appreciated.
- Give each family member different colored stickers and have them walk through the house and mark what they’d like to take.

Enlist in the services of outside help if the work is too much for you. Professional organizers, senior move managers and estate sales professionals specialize in this line of work and can help you speed up the process and reduce the stress. They also know what will be realistic to sell, consign, donate, recycle or toss.

The process of downsizing decades of treasures doesn’t need to be stressful if you follow some of these recommendations. Be sure to allow yourself enough time so you can enjoy sharing stories with loved ones one last time before you make a decision to part with these items.

Finally, remember this important advice from me and my mom: The meaning is the memory, not the memorabilia, and you truly can’t take it with you when you go. ♦

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

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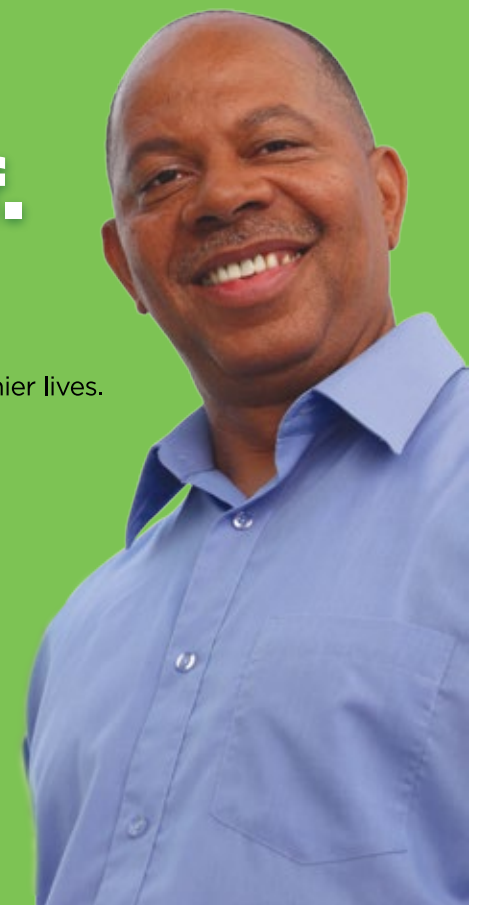
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The three Senior Corps programs – RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through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

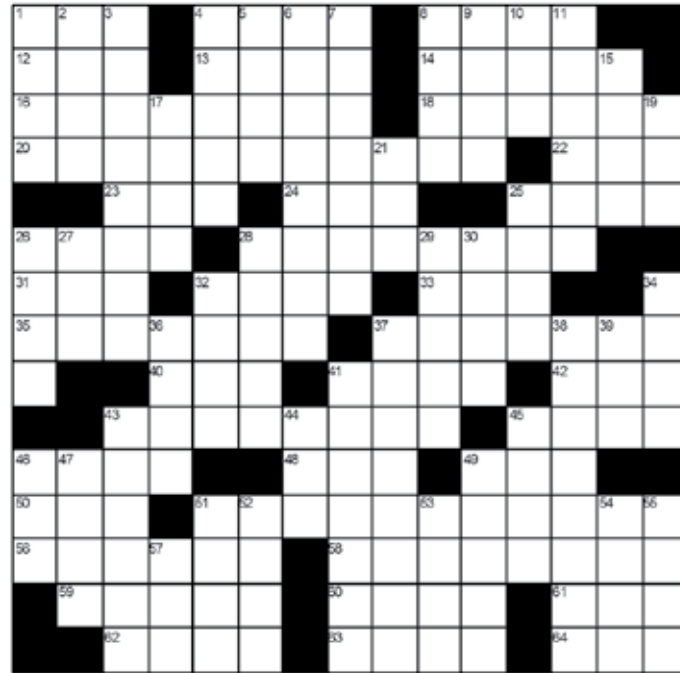


Liv Fun BRAIN-GAMES

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

Oh No You Don't!



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ACROSS

- 1 Energy
- 4 Part of a closure
- 8 City structure (abbr)
- 12 Environmental watchdog
- 13 Aware of
- 14 Prevaricators
- 16 Sailing events
- 18 Reach
- 20 PERMIT
- 22 Direction
- 23 No particular one
- 24 Chicago ballplayer
- 25 Seethe
- 26 Vintner product
- 28 Bible lessons
- 31 Legislation
- 32 NY team
- 33 Music genre
- 35 Feared government agency, once
- 37 Type of pickaxe
- 40 Feared government agency
- 41 Location
- 42 Land of the free (abbr)

DOWN

- 43 Those who know
- 45 Lawyer (abbr)
- 46 Looney
- 48 Part of ENT
- 49 Help
- 50 Clay's current name
- 51 PERMISSION to skip school or work
- 56 Loaded
- 58 Enemies of the state
- 59 Like some hats at Disney World
- 60 Temporarily give
- 61 Tear
- 62 Thanksgiving dish
- 63 Rim
- 64 Type of sauce

Sudoku

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

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

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DIFFICULTY: ★☆☆☆☆

DOWN

- 1 Saucy
- 2 Foil
- 3 Beauty e.g. et al
- 4 How some issues are contested
- 5 Not for
- 6 Musical direction
- 7 Imposters
- 8 Cape San _____
- 9 Diet food label adjective
- 10 File extension
- 11 PERMITS
- 15 Trigonometry function
- 17 Green Gable gal
- 19 From a sealed box
- 21 A pro ball league
- 25 Fall mo.
- 26 It may be fair
- 27 Rocks
- 28 A cola
- 29 German sausages, commonly
- 30 Recently deceased
- 32 A candy company
- 34 Give PERMISSION
- 36 Alter color
- 37 Changed left for right
- 38 It can be great
- 39 Chicago summer time (abbr)
- 41 West Coast city
- 43 Politely ask PERMISSION
- 44 Yule mo.
- 45 Contraction with a bad reputation
- 46 Small amount
- 47 Lotion ingredient
- 49 Stage direction
- 51 Pronounce it so
- 52 Numbers not evenly divisible by 2
- 53 What the phone did
- 54 Common musical group
- 55 Pick out
- 57 Arm (fr)

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42



Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond

The Fountain of Youth Exists ... and it's on Your Plate!

Understanding the scientific link between what you eat and how you live.

by Stephan J. Smith
Doctor of Chiropractic

We've all seen the commercials; everyone has an elixir, a potion or a pill that will ease your pain, make you feel and look younger, increase your libido, and make your life generally more fabulous. The truth is, you don't need any of those advertised products, or medical intervention, to accomplish these goals. (McTaggart, 1996) You simply need to change the way you eat. Want a better sex life? One delicious vegetable can help. Tired of feeling so achy after a long day? You'll be surprised how good this one little diet addition can make you feel. You are what you eat, and your energy levels, sex drive, immune response, and overall good health and vibrant looks depend on the nutrients you give your body.

The best way to understand what we should and shouldn't be eating is to look at what our ancestors ate. We know that they weren't eating at McDonalds or Olive Garden. Processed sugars and simple carbohydrates were not on their menus. They ate what they hunted, picked and gathered. They drank water from clean streams. Coke, Starbucks and

caffeine were unknown to them. So were heart disease, cancer, diabetes and obesity.

The food our ancestors ate was pure. It contained the nutrients we, as humans, require — not fillers, artificial flavors and sweeteners, processed grains, sugars, and trans fats. Eating these pure foods helps your body to function optimally. These foods keep joints lubricated, skin hydrated, and your cardio-pulmonary, circulatory and digestive systems functioning normally, in essence slowing down and even reversing the aging process.

Asparagus — The Love Vegetable

Vitamin B, a critical nutrient, is found in many veggies, especially the darker colored ones. Asparagus is especially high in B; adding this to your diet actually enhances the libido and causes an increased histamine production, which helps testosterone be more effective in the body. And as most red-blooded males know, effective testosterone is key to having a spicy love life. Vitamin B also boosts your over-

all energy levels, so you'll feel more like doing something with that revved up libido!

Feeling Achy? Chomp on These

Most of our pain is caused by inflammation; this is why many doctors recommend an anti-inflammatory pain killer for treating the symptoms of arthritis, backache, and all those other lovely aches and pains we feel as we age. Instead of popping the pills, chomp on an apple or other brightly colored fruit. They have the same anti-inflammatory properties as the over-the-counter pain killers. Double up on the health benefit with tart cherries; the antioxidants contained in these tiny nutrient powerhouses are also analgesic and known to reduce pain. Plus they pack a punch of other nutrients.

Drink Up!

Drink plenty of filtered water. Use a filter jug at home, and avoid bottled water, which may contain toxins. As you probably know, at least 64 ounces a day of pure water can help you feel better, lubricate your joints, and even give your skin a nicer glow. (And contrary to what you may have been raised to believe, it's best to avoid drinking just before or with your meal as this dilutes and interferes with digestion and nutrient absorption.)

Go Lightly on Grains

In general, avoid grains to a large extent. While the current Food Pyramid touted by the government bases a "healthy" diet on a large foundation of grains, this is not a great way for most of us to eat. Due to the way they are processed, bleached and otherwise stripped of their purity (especially white and even most "whole wheat" flours), most baked goods and pastas are devoid of beneficial nutrients and only add calories and contribute to weight gain, insulin resistance and Type 2 diabetes. (New York Times, 2003)

Food that is high in refined sugar and carbohydrates creates an acidic atmosphere in your body. This acidity causes a perfect breeding ground for inflammation, many types of cancer, joint pain and even higher blood pressure. So skip the second helping of bread and have some more veggies. Not only will your doctor approve, but you'll feel better and most likely live longer.

More energy, less pain, better sex drive and vibrant looks ... all from a few simple changes to your diet. Be sure to talk to your doctor if you have any questions about your diet and how it relates to good health. ♦

"Let food be thy medicine and medicine be thy food." — Hippocrates

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A painting depicting several hands of different colors (brown, tan, purple) reaching down from the top of the frame towards a small figure at the bottom. The figure is wearing a purple shirt and a green bag, and is holding a stack of money. The background is a mix of green, blue, and yellow, suggesting an outdoor setting. The overall style is expressive and somewhat abstract.

Mother May I ... In Reverse

"It seems that when you get to a certain age you almost give yourself permission to misbehave and say what you think. People allow it, with very old people."

— Julie Walters

Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice

Having a conversation with your kids can help you go about spending "their inheritance," without the guilt.

by Sue Peterson, CFA

Managing Director, Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

Permission. Authorization. Consent. Each of these words implies that, before taking action or making a decision, a higher power of some sort is involved and needs to be sought out and consulted. Even as fully-grown adults, we often find ourselves seeking approval and the unspoken permission that comes with it, whether consciously or not. Dr. Henry Cloud, a noted clinical psychologist, makes it clear, however, that "becoming an adult is the process of moving out of a 'one up/one down' relationship and into a peer relationship to other adults. Becoming an adult is assuming the authority position of life. Adults have the power or right to give commands, enforce obedience, take action or make final decisions." (Cloud, 1992)

As an adult then, with some level of financial wealth, the spending decisions you make do not require anyone else's permission, approval or even acceptance. I find this to be heady stuff for many seniors, especially when children are asking nosy questions about the cost of your lovely apartment or wondering whether you could (read: "should") have taken a less expensive trip or given "so much" to charity. As an adult, you can shamelessly slap the bumper sticker "We're spending our children's inheritance" on your RV and head south!

If this raises your kids' eyebrows, and it very well might, it wouldn't take you long to catalog the inheritance you've already passed along to them. As noted by John H. Langbein, Sterling Professor of Law and Legal History at Yale University, this infamous bumper sticker bespeaks jocularly, not resentment or hostility toward inheritance. It is a sign of the times, as ordinary people have come to sense that the patterns of inheritance are in flux. (Langbein)

If the bumper sticker was rewritten to articulate the true state of mind of the cars' owners, it might read:

"We have already transferred to our children during our lifetimes most of what would formerly have been their inheritance from us upon our deaths, and we are presently enjoying spending some of what's left."

A bit unwieldy, to be sure, and not nearly as amusing.

Langbein points out that wealth transfer now includes investment in human capital such as education. As a result, wealth is now more commonly transferred during a child's growing-up years and not just at the parent's passing. What this means for Mom and Dad, assuming the math works in terms of your net worth and your earnings, is that you get to spend it, stuff it in a mattress, live in a nice home, make large donations to charity, travel to exotic destinations, take up expensive hobbies at any age, and know that you've done well by your children along the way.

Easier said than done? Consider these recommendations when you get the hint from your loved ones that your lifestyle, actions or decisions somehow need your children's "permission":

Invite your children to a meeting with your financial advisor. I encourage my older clients to include their kids in an annual meeting because, just as nature abhors a vacuum, heirs will make wild guesses when they don't know the financial facts. This meeting can provide context for your financial capacity to continue your current lifestyle and serve as an opportunity to talk about the choices you made to defer spending in your earlier years so you can enjoy your retirement now.

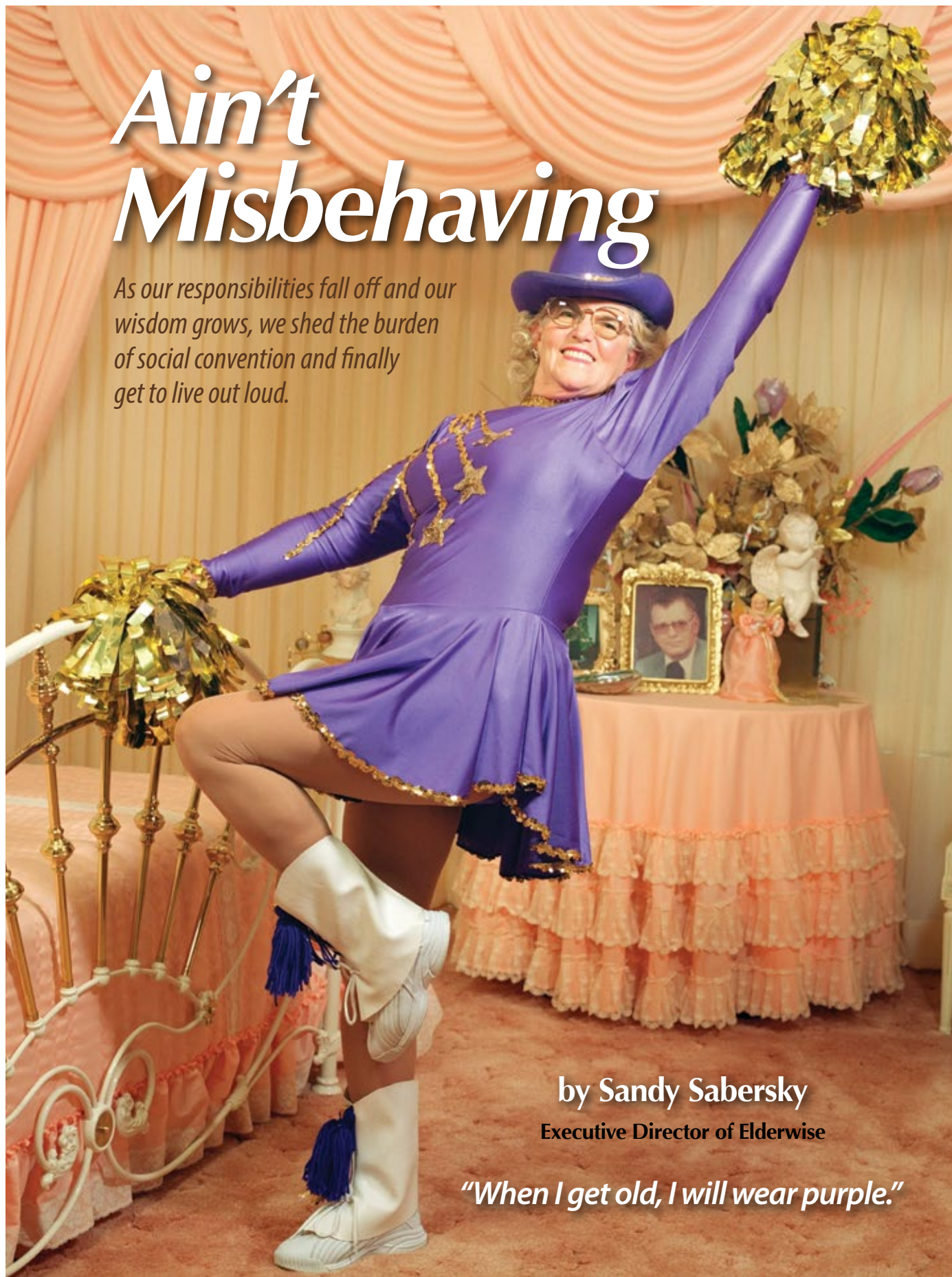
Money Matters: Continued on page 41

Ain't Misbehaving

As our responsibilities fall off and our wisdom grows, we shed the burden of social convention and finally get to live out loud.

by Sandy Sabersky
Executive Director of Elderwise

"When I get old, I will wear purple."



© Troy Aosey

Savvy Sage

On Being an Elder

I still like to read my paper copy of the newspaper. One of my "must reads" is the column called "Dear Amy." Recently, there was a question from a 25-year-old. She and her husband wanted to quit their good-paying, demanding jobs and go traveling for a year. Feeling burnt out and trapped, she desperately wanted to break away from what she felt was expected of her (to continue working and have children) and live her life her own way. She wrote to "Dear Amy," asking how she could get the approval of her parents — who she knew would disapprove. Even as adults, there is a tension between living our own lives independently and receiving the blessing or approval of those with whom we are close.

I have three 20-some-year-old chil-

dren, and it is a time of shifting responsibilities from the parents to the children for living their own lives. Even though they certainly do not need my permission anymore, they certainly appreciate getting it, so long as it isn't acquired by somehow sacrificing or diminishing what they truly need to be happy. Ultimately, we have the responsibility of living our life in the best way we can, to follow one's own authentic path.

There is a ratio of independence/responsibility to permission. With increasing age, the amount of independence/responsibility goes up while the amount of permission needed goes down.

As elders, we are finally of an age when we don't need to ask permission, but most often find ourselves choosing to "behave" for some other inner rea-

sons — often, with the understanding that we've earned the right to be a little eccentric or non-conformist.

With age, and the dropping off of responsibilities, we have a little more freedom to play with the non-conformist ideas. There is a scene I love in the movie *Mary Poppins* as it portrays the eccentric, silly humor of people as they age. In the movie, Uncle Albert sings a song that goes, "I love to laugh (ha, ha, ha, ha), long and loud and clear ... I love to laugh (ha, ha, ha, ha), it's getting worse every year." And it is so fun to laugh. As long as we don't need permission, we can broaden our definition of what kind of behavior is acceptable.

We have a neighborhood character. He is widely known. I have never really met him or spoken to him, but he

*"I love to laugh (ha, ha, ha, ha), long and loud and clear ...
I love to laugh (ha, ha, ha, ha), it's getting worse every year."*

— Uncle Albert in *Mary Poppins*

is an integral part of my community. I call him Scarf Man. He wears a colorful, wispy, flowing rainbow-colored skirt and has an abundance of colorful scarves. He can be found at music festivals dancing and handing out scarves to children who dance with the scarves. His non-conformity adds to the charm of my neighborhood.

This question of our freedom to be a little different from the norm is addressed well in philosophy professor Dr. Drew Leder's book. (Leder, 1997) In the chapter titled "The Freedom of the Fool: An Old Woman in Purple," we are invited to think about the possibilities increased age and increased freedom can bring. The reference to wearing purple comes from a poem called *Warning* by Jenny Joseph, whose most famous line is, "When I get old, I will wear purple." (Joseph, 1974) It goes on to describe many non-conformist behaviors one can do (just in case we can't think of them ourselves), when one has earned the permission of age to do them — such as sit on the sidewalk and rest if one is tired or eat three pounds of sausage at

one time. It ends with the suggestion that one might start practicing a bit early so one's friends are not too surprised at the change in behavior. Rather than having our behavior become more limited and conformist with age, Leder opens the idea that we can expand and grow into a freer way of being.

So, what regulates our behavior when we don't have to do what others want? How do we find what's right for us? How do we negotiate that path?

This is what personally guides me. It is my understanding that we all have an effect on each other. Our subtlest feelings and attitudes affect others, so whichever way we choose to actualize ourselves in this world, we need to walk through the world with care.

The other day I was angry. I was on the way to a discussion group, thinking about what we could discuss, and I thought, I know, we'll talk about anger. My body language showed my state of mind as I stalked along in my anger. Out of the blue, someone said "hi" to me. It was someone I didn't know, and much younger. Immediately, I was brought

out of my anger reverie and, poof, I was happy and connected with the world again. I barely had time to respond to this person with a return greeting, and he likely has no idea of the effect he had on me and my day. What regulates my behavior is compassion for myself and others as we go through each day. It is all the small joys of connection that we have with one another that I use as a guide to finding my way in the world.

There are many ways to behave in the world. Though often younger adults feel constrained, needing to ask other's permission and to follow the unspoken norms of society, I think it is fun, as we age, to have a broader range of possibilities for behaving in this world, following our own inner guide to find our way. All of us are needed for all the small parts we play.

Maybe we are never truly free ... until we allow ourselves to be. ♦

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LIFE

= A WALK IN THE PARK

Understanding the metaphors of one's life
gives us incredible power to change.

by **Skye Moody**

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

Is life really just a walk in the park? When such a metaphor is chosen, whether consciously or unconsciously, to describe one's life, it can wield amazing power over how that life evolves and whether or not our dreams are fulfilled. Mental health professionals frequently counsel clients to become aware of the unconscious metaphors guiding their lives; for example, "My life's a three-ring circus," "My life is one battle after another," or "My life's a roller coaster" are just a few examples of how people tend to think of their lives.

When they adopt this rigid metaphor, they act as if this one specific formula must be played out over and over, without experimentation or variation. Parents and friends often unintentionally suggest metaphors that, for better or worse, stick, and without willing it so, we tend to adopt them and act out our lives as if those metaphors were accurate and/or exclusive. Today, in the spirit of Henry David Thoreau, I'm granting myself permission to examine the metaphor(s) that guide my life, beginning with, "Life is just a walk in the park." Care to join me?

If I set out on a walk in the park, will my legs grant me strength enough to conquer the steepest path, will my courage sustain me through dark, lonely thickets, will my heart insist on blazing a new trail, and will my soul seek in my journey what I most desire? Some innate raw screeching, like the summons of an aboriginal crow, beckons me to the quest. I step into strange, unfamiliar woodlands, not knowing what lies ahead.

This afternoon in the crisp fall air, as my feet meet the trailhead, the park feels virginal, its verdant depths unconquered. Yet thousands of years ago Coastal Salish tribes hunted and fished in this thickly forested woodland that spans hundreds of acres. It's so anomalous to their urban surroundings; the trailhead is directly across the street from a slipshod shopping mall. At the information kiosk a sign advises me the park's precipitous trail approximately borders Piper's Creek through a forested canyon dipping steeply down to the shores of Puget Sound on the rim of the Salish Sea, and that Piper's Creek salmon runs have recently been restored.

Alternatively, the kiosk's sign informs me that I can opt to step off the main trail onto any number of smaller paths, each suggesting mysteries of its own. I grab a brochure from the kiosk and set out, hiking downhill on a spiraling, hairpin, sodden footpath that leads into the woods. Below the tree canopy, daylight fades to dark, and I am utterly alone on the path.

Descending Into the Void

Forming the upper tree canopy, ancient red bark cedars tower overhead, the same trees once stripped of seasonal bark by the Salish who fashioned everything from canoes to clothing, shoes, baskets, cradles, utensils and huts from the bark of these spiritually revered cedars they never chopped down. The silence is palpable as I round a bend and, in the deepening shadows, cross a decrepit wood bridge. I

slow down, move cautiously. A snake of foreboding shivers along my spine, a sense that something grotesque looms around the next bend. I push on, defying Nature's taunting, too proud to turn back.

Suddenly, the tree canopy breaks apart, revealing a sapphire blue sky whose billowing, luminous white clouds form poodles, fat bunnies, and old men with hooked noses that float across the heavens. In bright daylight, I am standing on the edge of an ancient orchard, its time-gnarled fruit trees clawing out like contorted monsters casting long shadows in my path. I gasp at the surprise of light, at the old fruit trees themselves, and without willing it so, stumble into their time-warped world.

It's harvest time; the gnarled boughs laden with apples, pears and chestnuts. Park caretakers have hung signs on each tree identifying the species and date of origin. I'm alone here except for a couple of gray squirrels that observe me from underbrush at the orchard's edge. I move from tree to tree, reading their labels, inspecting their fruit.

The newest fruit species is the *Hawkeye* apple from Iowa circa 1880. There's the *Twenty Ounce (Alexander)*, New York, 1840; the *Red Astrachan*, originating in Russia circa 1835; the *Duchess of Oldenburg*, 1835, Russia. Other apples include the *Dutch Mignone*, introduced from Holland to America circa 1800; the *Northern Spy* dessert apple, New York, 1800; a 1790 European *Gravenstein*; and the *Rhode Island Greening* apple, circa 1650. I locate two

pears, an 1807 *Bosc* from Belgium, and a *Tyson* pear, 1794, Pennsylvania. As near as I can tell, the oldest species in the orchard is the *Roxbury Russet* apple from Massachusetts, created in 1649, the oldest apple species known to have originated in America. I wonder if Johnny Appleseed carried any of these specimens in his seed bag.

From the brochure I learn that Minna Piper, who with her husband owned a candy manufacturing plant that burnt in the Great Seattle Fire, created this old orchard around 1899. The Piper family migrated north of the devastated downtown, settling in this wilderness, and here, Minna Piper made her orchard. From her orchard came the fruits and nuts used in the family's new pastry business. For more than 100 years, although the pastry business closed long ago, Minna's orchard has faithfully produced bounty.

I straddle a broad outcropping bough on the 1649 *Roxbury Russet*, and as the afternoon sun ripens, I munch on a few specimens, the fruit tinier than today's hybrids, and more delicious. As overhead the billowing old men, bunnies and poodles — my only company — soar across their electric blue canvas, I ponder Minna Piper's lifestyle.

A Metaphor of Growth

By what aphorism or metaphor did Minna Piper live her life? Was hers an arduous journey toward inevitable doom, her life's burdens unrelenting and without reward? I doubt it, because a pessimist could never have collected and



planted the tiny seeds that produced this noble orchard, especially not after the family's business was burned down and destroyed. What metaphor might Minna Piper have called upon when she hitched up her skirts, bent over, and set those seeds into the boggy soil? Certainly she wasn't living a doomsayer's existence; optimists plant seeds.

I scan the old orchard from my natural wood hobby-horse. My only earthbound companions, squirrels industriously popping the spiky shells of chestnuts, seem to have warmed to my presence. Later, ambling through the orchard, I discover many fine tree hollows, and inside, homes where squirrels are storing up tidy larders of choice apples and nuts, preparing for winter's onset. I wonder: If squirrels lived by a metaphor, what would it be? Certainly, like Mrs. Piper, one of optimism in the face of the unknown, and a determination to survive.

From the orchard I re-enter the dark trail leading downward toward the sea. Crossing several more old bridges, I observe the gurgling, streaming waters of Piper's Creek rushing over stones toward the Sound. I am reminded of the comment made by the late Irish writer Josephine Hart, Lady Saatchi (1942–2011), who wrote, "There is geography of the soul. Those of us who are lucky enough to find it ease like water over stone and are home." The freshwater of Piper's Creek rushes in its quest to comingle with the saltwater sea.

The Journey Continues

The cobbled beach is stark and deserted, and to reach it I have to cross railroad tracks that wind sharply around blind curves. I cross on the overhead iron bridge high above the tracks. From the near distance the rumbling of a train grows louder as it winds around the graceful shoreline's curves. The iron overpass shudders as the train approaches. I hurry across and down to the beach where no one is waiting, not even a harbor seal. The train blasts its horn as it passes, and I wave at the engineer, or computer, driving it.

Car after car after car of containers thunder past and disappear around a bend. Once again, silence prevails but for the gentle lapping of a soothing incoming tide. Being more at ease in water than on ground, I wade into the frigid saltwater shallows and find peace in my soul. In the distance, over snowcapped mountains, a long black cloud drops a sheet of rain. Moments later, the sky between the mountains and the beach is spanned by an arcing rainbow. Riding its brilliant colors, a second rainbow emerges from the sun-filled mist.

On the steep hike back up to the trailhead, I pass the orchard, knowing I'll straddle that old *Roxbury Russet* again someday. Tracing burbling Piper's Creek, hypnotized by its relentless music, its endless journey to the sea, I'm startled by a sound so alien to an urbanite's ears that I flinch. Alien,

yet instinctively recognizable: Plop. Splash. Plop.

It's a salmon journeying against all odds upstream from the great Pacific Ocean, through the Salish Sea, up into Piper's Creek, and upward further scenting out the precise spot where it was spawned and hatched, somewhere upstream near the trailhead, across the street from a shopping mall where Starbucks hosts throngs of a different species. If a salmon lives by a metaphor, I wonder, what would it be?

Not one, but two salmon are now struggling against the water's flow toward their shared birthplace. The female is bright red and fat with eggs; her challenge to leap over obstacles and continue homeward made the more difficult by her bulging sides. Yet, because of her burden she must absolutely complete her journey, for the sake of her species, and give her life in the process. Behind her in the icy creek, a male salmon treads water and waits his turn at scaling the rocks and ridges standing between him and his home. His journey is as crucial as the female's, and while they separately struggle to overcome obstacles, they journey together, the male by patience demonstrating his devotion to the female's cause; she, likewise, by her flashing red color signals recognition of his presence. She knows he's got her back.

At the trailhead, I realize gratitude to the native tribes who did not chop down the red bark cedars, only stripped them of their seasonal bark, and to the late Minna Piper for seeding the orchard with yet-bountiful trees, and to the beach where the ocean tides rule my soul and nourish those salmon who miraculously navigate its primordial depths and flawlessly find their birthplace and never abandon the struggle to complete their destiny. Walking home from the park, navigating rush-hour traffic, I catch another rainbow arcing over the congested street, dividing the shopping mall from the primitive Eden.

The thing is — every park is different, possessing its own scenic vistas, unique paths, its treacheries and pleasantries, its histories, treasures and pratfalls. Like a walk through a park, living a successful life must engage all the senses, and a willingness to fully participate in the adventure, remembering to never trip over a metaphor, for if my life's metaphor doesn't click with my dreams, I grant myself permission to change paths — even change parks — while holding fast to my dreams.

"Life will break you. Nobody can protect you from that, and living alone won't either, for solitude will also break you with its yearning. You have to love. You have to feel. It is the reason you are here on Earth. You are here to risk your heart. You are here to be swallowed up. And when it happens that you are broken, or betrayed, or left, or hurt, or death brushes near, let yourself sit by an apple tree and listen to the apples falling all around you in heaps, wasting their sweetness. Tell yourself you tasted as many as you could."

— Louise Erdrich (The Painted Drum LP) ♦

"Me thinks that the moment my legs begin to move, my thoughts flow."

— Henry David Thoreau

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: I am having sex again! He's 16 years younger than me, and we are having a lot of fun together. I feel young again. We haven't defined our relationship, and I really don't know where this is going. I am afraid I may end up liking him a lot, but I feel so alive again! My problem is that after I'm with him, when I'm alone, I feel ashamed of myself and a little ridiculous being with someone so much younger, even for having sex at all! What am I doing? I wonder why he would want me and where this is going. Will I end up getting hurt? How can I deal with these feelings? Should I break it off or just enjoy it while it lasts?

A: Congratulations ... you are "robbing the cradle," "walking him down the garden path," and all those other metaphors for seducing a younger partner. Seriously, though, it sounds like you are having a wonderful, life-affirming experience. Good sex can be so exciting and stir emotions, hormones and brain chemicals that are rare and thrilling. How fortunate you are having these peak experiences. Conversely, it must be a real whiplash to go from those joyful highs to the regret, shame and confusion you describe.

Society has lots of opinions and double standards about sex. I would guess a lot of your shame comes from those external messages that sex is bad outside of a committed relationship, that sex with a younger partner is wrong, that sex is unseemly after a certain age ... especially if you are a woman.

Start by learning to interact with your shame, and hopefully diminish or dissolve some of it. First, cultivate the ability to *observe* your shame without getting swept away by it. Practice the mindfulness technique of noticing and naming your shame when it arises. When you are alone and start to feel those bad feelings, rather than crumbling inside and letting the feeling define you ("I am ridiculous, I am bad"), instead say to yourself: "Oh, I am noticing shame happening. I am noticing self-judgment and self-criticism happening." This step helps you *dis-identify* from your feelings and judgments and stay centered and observant of your experience. Shame is a powerful emotion; I recognize this is easier said than done, but if you practice this type of observing, and combine it with deep breathing, you can accomplish a lot.

Advice for Journey 1: *Continued on page 42*

Q: My son was a sweet and good boy growing up. He never really had a teenage rebellion. We enjoyed activities together and shared interests. He was loving and sweet. My friends would talk about their difficulties with their teenage children, and I always thought how lucky I was, how good-natured my son was. Now he is 30 years old, and I find we're having lots of arguments. He draws me into political debates and then criticizes me for my views. He corrects me. He picks on me for the way I do things and the way I interact with his father. He travels a lot for work and with his wife (they've been together about four years), and we don't get to visit as much. I feel rejected. I feel he's avoiding me. It feels so strange. I haven't done anything wrong or different than before. I fear that he thinks I'm an ignorant old woman with nothing left to offer. What can I do?

A: Hang in there, keep showing your love, and be prepared to discuss the conflict with him. It sounds to me like your son is finally having that teenage rebellion. Or to use another word, he is finally, truly individuating.

Becoming an individual — learning to stand separate from our parents, think our own thoughts, establish our own values, and make our own choices — is a necessary developmental step. In order to figure out what they value, many teens actively reject their parents and their parent's values. Some people are able to find their truth without pushing back so hard on their parents, but usually there is some turbulence in the process. You have been lucky (and maybe skillful too) to navigate your son's growing up without experiencing this before. It has helped that the two of you have had shared interests. But if there are no external factors or changes creating this conflict, I would guess that this is a long-delayed process of individuation for your son.

So, like with a teenager, you have the opportunity to show him your love, to believe in him, to let him know you are still there for him, while also giving him the space to grow and taking his comments with a grain of salt. Additionally, because you are both adults, you are entitled to discuss with him how his behavior impacts you. You can ask him to explain where it is coming from, and let him

Advice for Journey 2: *Continued on page 42*



Finding Your Sexual Voice

by Charla Hathaway
Author, speaker and relationship coach

“Somehow, when it comes to asking for what we want, shame creeps in — that insidious, hidden hand that chokes our sexual voice and scolds us for wanting so much.”

Relationship Confidential

Redefining Intimacy

This simple three-minute exercise may help you voice your most passionate desires.

Why is it so easy to order what we want in a restaurant, yet we become tongue-tied in expressing our erotic preferences in bed? Confident in the living room, crumbling in the bedroom; the condition seems pervasive. Somehow, when it comes to asking for what we want, shame creeps in — that insidious, hidden hand that chokes our sexual voice and screams, “You greedy pig, you weirdo, you selfish hussy. Stop wanting so much; stop being so naughty.”

Yet we want our lovers to read our mind and give us exactly what we want without asking. We feel disappointed if she/he doesn’t “just know” what to do next. If you have the chemistry, you figure, that’s enough, right? Sex is supposed to be natural — just let it happen. No talk, no discussion, just mind-blowing, behind-the-barn sex — and then, we all live happily-ever-after, right?

Like most women, I spent a great many years *hoping* he’d get it right ... not *helping* him get it right. I was afraid I’d seem like I knew too much, had too much experience. So I didn’t say anything, but then, of course, still blamed him when things didn’t go right. I assumed my pleasure was his responsibility, not mine. Where did I learn, “Men are supposed to know, and women are supposed to shut up?” What a disaster. Let’s throw it out behind the barn! Good sex is a learned skill.

The Three-Minute Game

Becoming a sexologist was one of the best things I ever did. Being a “sexpert” is incredibly rewarding because most people, me included at the time, know so little, yet long for so much, in sex. As an erotic educator I was able to turn my own life around and teach many others new ways to touch, talk and play. The favorite game I teach takes only three minutes to play and teaches the incredible power of permission when it comes to touching.

The Three-Minute Game (learned at the Body Electric School) teaches intimacy skills by teaching trust-based touch, or touch based on permission — not mind reading! Each partner takes a turn being in charge of asking for what they want — for three minutes — and then spends three

minutes responding to their partner’s desires. Couples who play the game over and over open new sensual ways to touch and connect that create an exciting erotic landscape.

In the game, couples enjoy trading roles, being in charge and letting go, experiencing both “doing” and “being done to.” Things get hot when her active-yang is directing the show on his receptive-yin body. The practice helps partners learn to express their changing desires from moment to moment.

“May I trace how the light is falling on your cheek and eye lashes with my fingertips?” We learn to respond to a partner’s requests by checking in with whether our body is saying yes or no (since our rational minds cannot be trusted!).

Couples find a relaxed awareness that comes from either giving or receiving, but not trying to do both at once. The structure of the game and its time limit hones erotic attention and provides a safety net for players. And you always have permission to change your mind. As one man said, “I don’t have to guess anymore; if she said yes, then she wants me there. Now I can spend my energy on feeling my body instead of worrying.”

Learning to ask permission and speak desires lubricates bedroom play. An important part of the Three-Minute Game is separating or coming apart completely at the sound of the three-minute beeper. I often ask for couples to provide a two- or three-minute Share Back after playing a few rounds of the game. A Share Back is not a conversation; there is no back and forth dialog or adding comments — it’s simply a time to share what you noticed and be witnessed.

The vulnerability of asking for what you want, in the safety of small, doable and timed requests, will inspire focus and heartfelt attention and build integrity between lovers. The game leaves an indelible trail of subtle desire for more. If you’d like your own instructions for the Three-Minute Game, go to www.BodyJoy.org and look under Intimacy Coaching. The game reminds us what we learned in kindergarten — ask first, tell the truth, say yes and no with a full heart, and always take turns — though this game is varsity level and not at all like kindergarten! ♦

Your Life Well Lived
Wellness Advice for Mind, Body and Spirit

Hope ... Infinite Hope

It can be learned and has tremendous impact on biology ... if only we allow it in our lives.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

We all know those individuals who seem to hold on to hope as an invisible lifeline from day to day, like a tether to an always changing sky. When the storms roll in, and they always do, these bright-eyed individuals grasp ever more fiercely to the lifeline, knowing it will pull them to safe ground and clear skies.

We're baffled by their wide-eyed optimism, future-mindedness, and hope in the unseen. We wonder if their hope comes from spiritual connection, religious beliefs, personality, genetics, or even if it is authentic. It can seem unfathomable to the pragmatic among us to hear someone who is coping with illness, loss, family or financial challenges sound so hopeful.

Many of us struggle with a more draining sense of hopelessness, where opportunities for a better future, even a better day, seem elusive and riddled with fear that being hopeful will lead to more disap-

pointment and distress. We don't give ourselves permission to hope for fear of the backlash of a harsher reality. It may be surprising to learn that hope is a muscle we can strengthen, and more hope actually correlates with more resiliency.

In *The Anatomy of Hope*, Dr. Jerome Groopman distinguishes between thinking positively, or false hope, and what he calls true hope. He says, "Hope is the elevating feeling we experience when we see — in the mind's eye — a path to a better future. Hope acknowledges the significant obstacles and deep pitfalls along that path. True hope has no room for delusion."

For his patients, Groopman writes, true hope has proved as important as any medication or procedure he can provide. A rational scientist and surgeon, skeptical at first and disparaging of those whose wishful thinking models claimed a measurable

impact on health and disease, Groopman asserts the potent and palpable effects that hopefulness has on psychology and physiology. Hope is energizing, he asserts, with its own authentic biology.

Since Groopman published his book in 2004, he has become a hope-seeker in his patients. Research studies detail the biology of hope; we know that a shift in mindset has the power to alter neurochemistry. Belief and expectation can block physical pain by releasing pain-reducing and pleasure-inducing biochemicals, which mimic the effects of morphine. We've measured how hope can positively affect fundamental processes like respiration, circulation and motor function. Hope is the first domino in the long link of organic chain reactions where each improvement makes the next more likely.

Beyond being physically healthier, hopeful people tend to be more content, better able to cope with stress, trauma and disappointment. They are better endowed with social ties than their lower-hope counterparts. In short, hopeful people are happier.

Higher-hope caregivers show higher satisfaction with life and experience less of a sense of burden. Caregivers who score higher on measures of hope show fewer depressive symptoms, even if the people they care for are depressed.

The good news for those of

us who are less hopeful: There's hope! If you never thought you too could be more hopeful, here's proof that possibilities abound.

Here are some ways in which you can build up your hope muscle:

Take a moment to imagine a future in which you are bringing your best self forward and everything is happening as you wish. Visualize this in a way that is both pleasing and realistic. Then consider your personal strengths and how you will use them to make that image a reality.

List all the bad things that ever happened to you, and then find at least two positive memories for each bad one. If you can't do this in written form, do it orally.

When facing adversity, focus on how you overcame a similar adversity in the past.

Mentally rehearse your next anticipated challenge. Know what obstacles you might face and have a plan for how you will respond.

Document three past accomplishments in detail, and let them inspire your future.

Surround yourself with optimistic and future-minded friends and family, particularly when you face a setback. Avoid negative thinkers.

For the next challenging task, day, or experience, identify what would work best for you, thinking your way into the best possible action or way of thinking.

When negative thinking is

"Hope is the first domino in the long link of organic chain reactions where each improvement makes the next more likely."

rampant, become aware of it by saying to yourself, "I'm on a roll of negative thinking." Instead of focusing on the thoughts themselves, focus on the thinking itself. This can help shift the mind. Then ask yourself, "Are there more hopeful ways of thinking right now?" Be a scientist and explore the possibilities of alternative ways of thinking.

If you are dealing with a life-threatening illness and each day is filled with fear and uncertainty, take some time each morning to decide how today could go better than the one before. What one achievable thing would make it feel better?

Read inspiring books, listen to inspiring music/lyrics, and watch inspiring movies.

Additional Resources

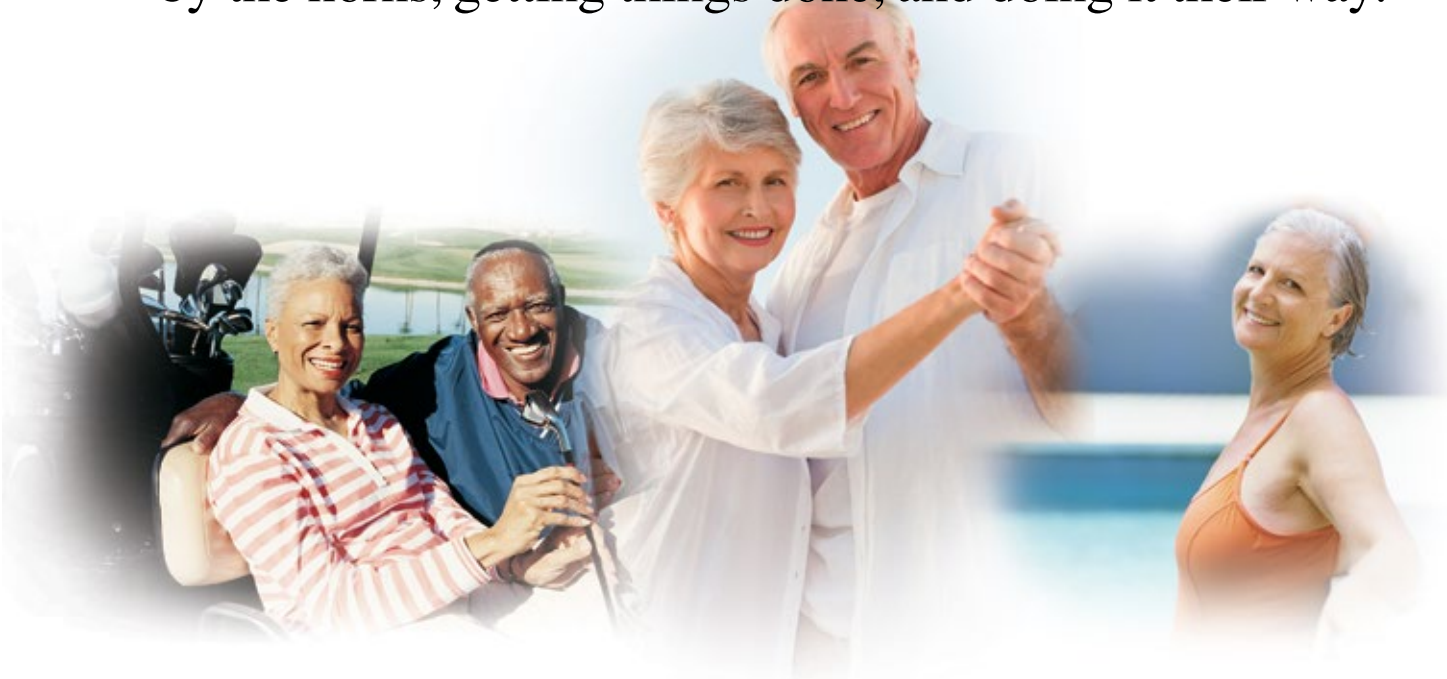
Mindfulness Meditation is another effective tool at calming the mind and becoming aware of negative thought cycles. Many resources are available on the Internet and in your local community. I like this introductory video with thought leader Jon Kabat-Zinn: <http://tiny.cc/Mindfulness>.

I've drawn from material provided by VIA Institute, Ryan Neimic, Tayyab Rashid, Dr. Jerome Groopman and Catherine Ryan (Hope Therapy). References available upon request. ♦

Retire Like You Mean It

Your Life, Your Rules

Highlighting *Leisure Care* residents out there grabbing life by the horns, getting things done, and doing it their way.



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Introducing Our Two Features This Issue



Fairwinds — Brighton Court Residents Got the Rhythm!



Van Mall Residents Brave “Big Eddy”

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One



FAIRWINDS — BRIGHTON COURT Residents Got the Rhythm!

by Andres Lorenz

PrimeFit Instructor of Fairwinds — Brighton Court

Recently, I was blessed with the opportunity to turn a longtime dream into reality: to share my passion for music, particularly drumming, with a broader and more diverse audience than I had ever experienced by starting the “Drumming for Wellness” program at Fairwinds — Brighton Court in Lynnwood, Washington. As the PrimeFit Instructor there, the residents’ physical and overall wellness has always been my top priority. To be able to blend my passion for music and drumming with my PrimeFit position at the community has truly been a dream come true, not only for me, but the residents whose lives I touched.

I was introduced to the magical force that is music and instrumentation at an early age, and it has been my passion ever since. Music is greater than almost any force in existence. You can’t see it, touch it, smell it, or taste it, but you can definitely feel it. Especially drumming. Drums are unique from other instruments in that they are the only instrument that you can beat up and be rewarded with beautiful sounds in return.

Further, there are few, if any, other instruments that bring people together to celebrate, rejoice and communicate as the Djembe Drum does. According to the Bamana people in Mali, the name of the djembe comes from the saying *anke djé, anke bé*, which translates to mean *everyone gather together in peace*. This certainly defines the drum’s form and function, as the djembe is most often played in groups.

Drumming further encompasses the seven platforms of wellness: social, physical, emotional, intellectual, vocational, environmental and spiritual. This complete spectrum of wellness is especially important for seniors, many of whom

may be hindered by a loss of hearing, sight or mobility or who have withdrawn socially for one reason or another. Because drumming together (often referred to as a rhythm circle) requires people to pay close attention to the movements and facial expressions of others, brain structure can actually grow and diversify in response. This *social* interaction often improves longevity and quality of life.

In a *physical* sense, rhythm circles provide enjoyable exercise for those who don’t attend regular fitness classes to maintain or improve whole-body conditioning. They promote motor coordination, good posture, muscle tone and deep breathing, while the uplifting *emotional* effects of participating in a rhythm circle often lead to new friendships and a sense of purpose as well.

Intellectually, since the brain never stops building new cells in response to stimuli, individuals can count on expanding their neuronal networks at any age through learning new rhythms. *Vocationally*, rhythm circle participants satisfy their need to make an important contribution by discovering they have a functional and important part to play in the group. *Environmentally*, the arrangement of chairs in a circle encourages the perception that every person in the rhythm session can be seen and participates equally.

Finally, researchers have noted that awareness of *spiritual* involvement is often linked to the experience of surprise discovery. When a participant eventually discovers a rhythmical expression, this strikes the individual as a sudden, intuitive understanding — an “aha!” moment, if you will. To sum it up, rhythm circles give older adults a vehicle for engaging in life across all dimensions of wellness.



The “Drumming for Wellness” program at Fairwinds — Brighton Court began with only three participants and has grown to nine active participants today. Aside from performing for the community on a regular basis, we’ve had the opportunity to get out into the community-at-large and share our music with others.

In April 2012 the group performed at the Seattle Rhythm Festival, a one-day bonanza of drumming, dancing and performing sponsored by the Seattle World Percussion Society. When we arrived, we found a spot outside of the Seattle Center where we could sit comfortably and play our drums. Within minutes of breaking into our first rhythm, a crowd of spectators encircled the group, in awe of what they were witnessing. I was approached by several people following the performance expressing great appreciation and a renewed sense that anything is possible.

“I guess you’re never too old to learn something new and fun,” exclaimed one onlooker. Another stated, “This is the most amazing thing I’ve seen in all the years I’ve attended the event!” Family and friends were also invited to attend, and one family said it was one of the most memorable moments they’ve shared with their mom in a long time. The residents that performed had a blast and enjoyed their time in the spotlight.

Another unique opportunity presented itself when I encountered a bookstore/coffee shop that hosts regular rhythm circles. I invited Marian Squibb, a member of the group, to join me for a session. The session was comprised of 15 drummers ranging in age from 15 to 86 (Marian). Understandably, Marian was a bit nervous at first, as she had never played in a circle with strangers before. I assured her that everything would be fine and to just go with the flow and enjoy herself.

After a few different rhythms, which were introduced by different experienced members of the circle, were played by the group, one member motioned to Marian and asked her if she would be interested in introducing a rhythm. Bashfully, Marian said that she was just a beginner and still learning, to which the man responded encouragingly, “We are ALL still learning.”

I encouraged Marian to give it a try and to play anything she felt comfortable with. So Marian began playing a rhythmic exercise called a paradiddle. (A paradiddle is a drum



rudiment that consists of two single strokes followed by a double stroke, i.e., RLRR or LRLR. When multiple paradiddles are played in succession, the first note always alternates between right and left.) The paradiddle is not the easiest of exercises in music, to say the least. But Marian beautifully translated this complex exercise into a moving rhythm that left the rest of the circle in awe.

I quickly joined in with Marian to amplify the rhythm, but it took the rest of the circle a few minutes to comprehend what was actually happening. Once they did, everyone joined in, and Marian turned this essential hand control exercise into a magical rhythm that left everyone in the circle energized and excited.

The following Sunday the circle was open to women only. Marian and her daughter-in-law Jonna, who happens to be an elementary school music teacher, went to join the circle. According to Marian, “It was one of the most incredible experiences I’ve participated in. The sense of community, bonding and meditative release with a group of strangers was amazing.”

The effect of drumming, particularly in a group setting, can best be summed up in a quote that Patrick, a member of the “Drumming for Wellness” group, expressed. “Drumming heals me; it’s musical medicine.”

For more information on the Fairwinds — Brighton Court “Drumming for Wellness” program or to learn how you can bring a similar program to your own community, contact Andres Lorenz at (425) 775-4440 or alorenz@leisurecare.com.

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Two

VAN MALL RESIDENTS Brave “Big Eddy”



by Meg Davidson

Guest Services Manager at Van Mall Retirement Community in Vancouver, WA

Last August, seven courageous residents from Van Mall Retirement Community in Vancouver, Washington, embraced the 2012 theme of “Rising to the Challenge” and set out to brave “Big Eddy,” a white water rapid in Central Oregon. The 1.9-mile rapid on the Deschutes River in Bend is considered a Class III rapid. According to the International Scale of River Difficulty, white water is classed in six categories, Class I being the easiest and safest and Class VI being the most difficult and dangerous. So “Big Eddy” was certainly a challenge for those who had never been white water rafting before.

The trip was scheduled by Destiny Wigner, activities coordinator at Van Mall, to fulfill the bucket list wish of resident Phil Roach.

“My job is to make the residents’ dreams come true, no matter how crazy they may sound,” said Destiny. The idea was certainly daring, but Destiny was excited to offer the excursion and even more excited when seven residents signed up to participate.

Bill Hess, general manager of Van Mall and an experienced white water rafter, joined Destiny and the residents on the outing. He thought he was taking

them on a mild rafting trip, but the residents had a more daring adventure in mind. Barbara Kox, former kindergarten teacher, saw the opportunity as a chance to take a risk and try something new.

“I had never been on a trip like that before. I got wet three times and loved every minute of it. I can’t wait to do it again!” she exclaimed about her adventure.

Della Wilen, an 84-year-old Van Mall resident, had a different motivation behind her desire to participate. Her grandson took the day off of work to accompany her on the trip. “I loved the special experience that I shared with him,” she said.

And Phil Roach, the man whose bucket list started it all, described his experience as “frighteningly exhilarating” and said, “I would never have dreamt about going white water rafting until I moved to Van Mall; you folks helped make my wish come true.”

Across the country, Leisure Care residents like those at Van Mall are living the mantra of *Retire Like You Mean It* every day. Whether fulfilling a long-time dream, checking something off of your bucket list, or simply taking a risk by trying something new, where will your next adventure take you? ♦



FASHIONABLY LATE

by **Jeff Wozer**

Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver

*"When you're cool,
it doesn't matter how
you're dressed."*

© Stockbyte

PERMITTING YOURSELF: Voodoo Logic or Sound Advice?

It's never too late to be what you might have been. George Eliot wrote that. He would know something about "might have been" since he was a she. Novelist Mary Ann Evans used the pen name George Eliot to get her work taken seriously during England's male-biased Victorian Age. Those who knew her thought she had a few screws loose (a term, by the way, that originated during her era in the 1800s, which, not surprisingly, predated the invention of the screwdriver by about 40 years). But her refusal to accept a life of "what if" allowed her to enjoy a successful literary career.

I point all of this out not to announce Jeff Wozer is a pen name and my real name is Doris Gunderson, but rather to applaud the ambition of her quote. It trills with hope. Verbal Prozac, if you will. And right now, I could use a double dosage of kick-in-the-butt.

Since crossing the 50-year-old mark, I've been obsessing over assessing my life goals. And quite frankly, I've fallen far shorter than a Donald Trump bid for political relevancy. There's no getting around it. I'm to goal-achieving as sequins are to grunge.

I thought by now I'd be rich and famous and be asked to judge karaoke singers on Fox TV. Until recently I shrugged off these shortcomings on fate, believing our lives were shaped by uncontrollable forces like luck, looks, timing, and getting bitten by a radioactive spider.

Now I realize it's because I never granted myself permission. Yes, permission. Look it up. The Internet is chock-full of give-yourself-permission tips to suck, to cry, to thrive, to receive, to shine, to exercise, to start over, to get angry, to goof off, to be imperfect, to lighten up, to not listen, to be okay, to make a change, to be who you are, to behave as you see fit, to say no to things you don't enjoy, to be the artist you truly are, and, my favorite, to go with the colors you love in the heart for your home.

In my younger days I would have scorned this Mother-May-I advice, dismissing it as voodoo logic, no more helpful than a Magic 8 Ball whose murky blue dye keeps surfacing the same "As I see it, yes" reply.

But at 51, I realize I can no longer afford the drag of cynicism (notwithstanding, of course, my punch at *American Idol* several lines ago). My goal-achievement scorecard won't allow me. Out of the 98 goals I authored in 1991, I've crossed off 27. (It would have been 29, but counting "Buy a new watch battery" felt like I was padding my total. Plus, I penalized myself one goal for investing in Don Lapre's *Money Making Secrets* that promised I could make \$50,000 a week by placing tiny classified ads in newspapers.)

That's 1.2 goals per year. I'm the antithesis of former college football coach and current ESPN commentator Lou Holtz. In 1967, after getting fired from his first head coaching job, he, while still an unknown, made a list of 107 goals and has since accomplished 102. Many of them aren't the garden-variety type either. He's checked off getting invited for dinner at the White House, appearing on the *Tonight Show*, meeting the Pope, and landing a plane on an aircraft carrier. And many occurred after the age of 50.

Holtz's example gives me hope. As does the fact I'm not alone. Americans last year spent more than \$8 billion on self-improvement books, CDs and seminars. An impressive sum when one considers this doesn't even include the medical costs of the 21 people injured last July at a Tony Robbins seminar while walking across scorching coals.

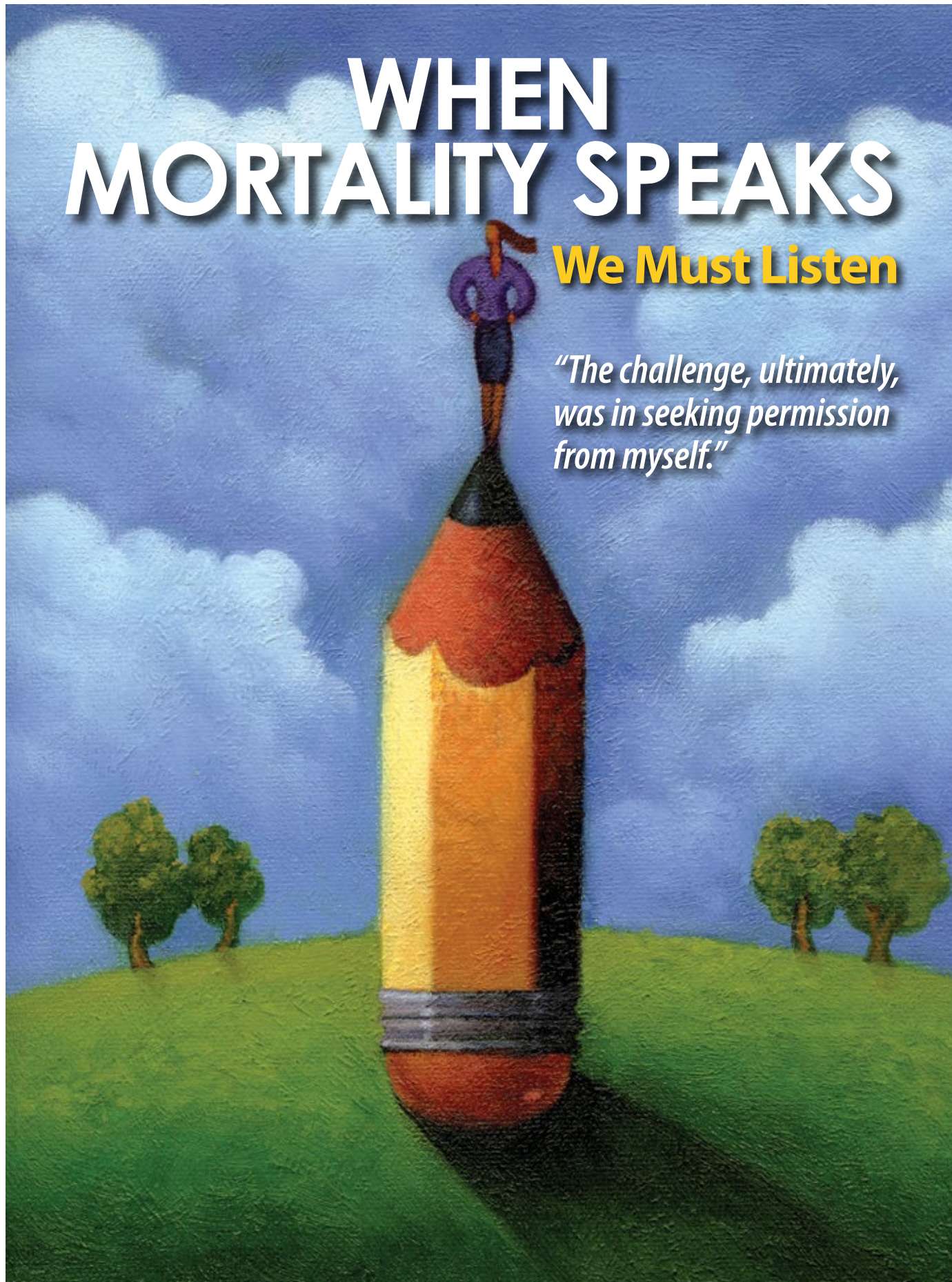
Emboldened, I've decided to add a new goal to my list: give myself permission to not care what others think (my admitting that I purchased Don Lapre's *Money Making Secrets* is proof of this). Not in a self-serving way, but in a way that opens the door to all other goals.

Fashionably Late: *Continued on page 42*

WHEN MORTALITY SPEAKS

We Must Listen

"The challenge, ultimately, was in seeking permission from myself."



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Ethics and Spirituality

Reflections and Contemplations on Life and Living

A writer faces down her fears as she dares to ask permission from others.

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer

I was 48, nearing 49, when I realized that if I was ever going to accomplish my big dream I had better get started. For years I had wanted to write a book, but I never had enough time. Between work, motherhood and keeping house I had plenty of excuses. As I stared at 50, I realized that I would soon be staring at 51, then 52, and the years would pass with me no closer to my goal.

I finally decided to give myself permission: permission to take a sabbatical from the nursing home and the retirement home where I serve as a chaplain. Permission to let go of a steady paycheck. Permission to honor my goals and make my goals known to others. Permission to give myself time.

Easier said than done! It took me a year to fully get there. For every two days that I gave myself permission, there were three to four days in which I withdrew the permission I had granted myself. I drove my husband crazy, not to mention myself.

Fear took over. What if I take off this time and I don't succeed? What if I don't write a book? What if I CAN'T write a book? What if, after I'm gone for a year, the powers that be decide to do away with my job?

I had other fears too. I was worried that the elders I worked with would be angry with me or think I was deserting them. I worried that they would not understand that this was something I had to do — that if I didn't, my very soul was at stake.

I clearly remember the day last fall when I announced my sabbatical to a group of elders at work. I ended my weekly study session by saying, "I have one more thing to say before we finish." Then I choked up. My tears found their way into my throat, and I couldn't speak. "I'm sorry," I said. "Give me a minute." Through tear-filled eyes, I noticed the worry in their faces that God forbid something was wrong with me, as in *really* wrong, so I managed to add, "There's no need to worry; I'm fine."

As I pulled myself together the thought struck me: Had I really given myself permission? I thought I had, but as I stood there in tears I wasn't so sure. "All is well," I said. "I just want to tell you that I will

be taking a sabbatical for a year. I want to write a book, and I need time to work on it. I won't be leaving right away. I'll be here through December. I'll be on sabbatical for 2012, and I'll be back in January 2013."

I looked out at the group. A slender woman in her '80s, a sculptor with whom I had many conversations about the need to create that lies deep within each of us, raised her right hand high in the air as if she were a cheerleader cheering on her team.

She wasn't alone. Others came up to me, wished me well, hugged me, kissed me, and said they would miss me. When the room emptied my sculptor friend reappeared. "You know our pact. You said you would write, and I said I would get back to my work. Now that you're writing, I have to get back to my sculpting."

Over the next few weeks many of the elders offered me their blessings either in person or in writing. They told me they believed in me. They encouraged me. They supported my decision.

These elders blessed me with the permission to take leave of them for a year, and their permission enabled me to give myself the final permission I needed to follow through with my goal. Their belief in me enabled me to believe in myself. They are wise elders.

As I write this I'm nearing the end of my year's sabbatical. I did write the book and am now re-writing and editing. I will eventually work to find a publisher. In the meantime, I'm looking forward to returning to my elders, to telling them that they were right, that I did what I set out to do, that I'm glad that I did, and that, through their belief in me, they helped make my goal possible. I also look forward to telling my elders that they were the ones who helped me to understand that my fear was unfounded, that the permission I sought from them already existed, and that it was permission from myself that I needed.

I wonder how many of us are stuck in this spot, longing to move forward yet unable to give ourselves the green light. Maybe it's time to give ourselves permission. ♦



Winter's Bone (2010)

It is, incredibly, the 21st century; although from an initial glimpse at the backwoods world of *Winter's Bone* (2010), you might be forgiven for assuming we are in a distant time. Seventeen-year-old Ree Dolly (Jennifer Lawrence), who lives with a couple of younger siblings in a shack in the Missouri Ozarks, searches for her missing father; she's about to lose the family farm if she can't find him. What she discovers is a world of deeply-ingrained codes that have existed — outside the law — for generations, a world in which her own death would be a minor event in the community's maintenance of those codes. Yet Ree plunges ahead anyway, breaking the rules and not asking for permission. Director Debra Granik told me Ree was like a truth-seeker from a traditional Western: "She's warned; she's told not to trespass or transgress, and she does so because she feels that it's worth it. We called her a Western hero in a girl's body." She might just be the defining heroine from the last few years of movies.

MUSIC REVIEWS

Truly groundbreaking musicians never ask for permission to create their music. There has always been a rebellious attitude in what these artists or bands record, epitomizing the "we don't give a ..." attitude toward the predominant trends of the day.

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer



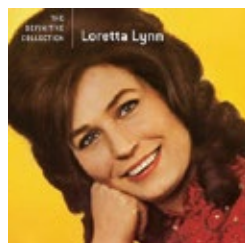
Pirate Radio (Album) — Various Artists, 2009

Pirate Radio is the real-life story of Radio Caroline, a boat anchored off the coast of Britain in the '60s with the mission of skirting the BBC's regulations and broadcast rock and roll to the masses. The soundtrack offers a heady collection of some of the best music from that era, artfully woven into the story. The 32 tracks of soul, classic rock, pop and R&B feature the likes of The Who, The Troggs, Otis Redding, The Supremes, Procol Harum and many more. The Turtles' "Elenore" and "Father and Son" by Cat Stevens are so significant within the film that one can't hear them without flashing back to those scenes over and over. Buy the soundtrack and the movie; the music and film work together in evoking the power of music during that provocative and rule-breaking time.



Bringing It All Back Home (Album) — Bob Dylan, 1965

Dylan established himself early on as one of the best acoustic folk music troubadours ever, so anything he produced was considered golden in the folk community ... until 1965. After being influenced by The Animals' rocked-out version of "House of the Rising Sun," Dylan was inspired to head into the studio and record with an actual rock band. The opening track, "Subterranean Homesick Blues," sang out that this was a new Dylan, rocking and electric, personal and edgy with his content. The mounting alienation of his folk fan base reached a crescendo a few months later at the Newport Folk Festival. There, a largely unimpressed folk community gave him and his band a cold reception. Dylan, thankfully, didn't need, or seek, anyone's permission to expand his musical horizons.



The Definitive Collection (Album) — Loretta Lynn, 2005

One of eight children in a family from the coal town of Butcher Holler, Kentucky, Loretta Lynn escaped that town by marrying young and then spent more than a decade raising four kids and learning to play the guitar. Lynn broke ranks with the male-dominated country/western industry of the '60s and '70s, penning heartfelt and empowering "take no crap" narratives that defiantly asked nobody for permission. Feminism was on the rise, and her music changed what women in country music sang for decades to come. Among the riskier hits are songs like "Don't Come Home a Drinkin' (With Lovin' on Your Mind)," about a wife unafraid to stand up to her drunk husband; and "Rated X," a look at divorced women and the stigma of being easy. The most radical song in this collection is "The Pill," about a wife celebrating having access to birth control. Banned by many radio stations, it still became a major hit for the coalminer's daughter. With this collection, Ms. Lynn grants us access to her personal life and the challenges that women of all walks of life face. A rebel in lipstick, and a true original. ♦

Provide clear expectations if you choose to transfer wealth during your lifetime. I had a client who wisely made annual exclusion gifts to her four children to lower her estate below the Federal taxable level. However, it became clear after a couple years that these gifts were creating a false sense that Mom was a replacement 401(k), as two of the four children were using the gifts to increase their current standard of living rather than saving the gifts for their own retirement years. We combatted this problem by providing a reasonable estimate of what each child would inherit in total. This gave them the necessary reality check that Mom wasn't going to replace the need to save.

Give each child a copy of your Will and explain the thought process you

went through in its drafting. I strongly believe that some of the snarky remarks made by heirs about their parents' financial decisions are due to unresolved feelings of unfairness or entitlement. By providing the Will before your death, you can help settle up some of these perceived wrongs (Jimmy was the baby and got so much more than me as the oldest!) and explain your decisions in depth. This makes for a powerful opportunity for this conversation during your lifetime rather than at the funeral.

If you are the child in this scenario, consider asking your parents for this information if you are hearing murmurings among your siblings (and even if you aren't). Let your folks know that you think it would be good if they filled

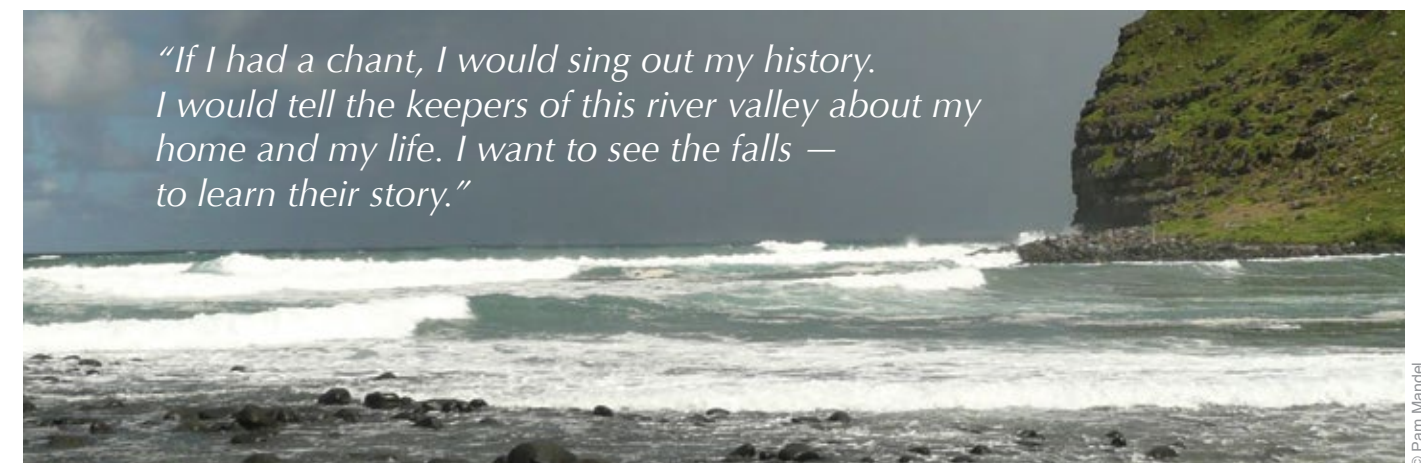
the vacuum with fact to replace fiction.

Bottom line, permission has already been granted by the simple fact that you are an adult. Conversation with your heirs that provides some context around your money decisions can help to clarify any misconceptions they might have, as well as yield non-financial dividends. ♦

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Julie hands me a big green coconut, and I pass it along to Anakala, the elder. It's *really* the thought that counts because coconuts are, of course, as plentiful as, well, coconuts here. It's the act of presenting a gift that matters. "I brought you this gift in thanks for your permission to visit your place." Anakala takes the coconut and places it on a little trailside altar with the desiccated leaves of leis and fading flowers offered by other visitors.

Then, I stand toe to toe with the storyteller, the teacher, the elder, and he presses his forehead to mine, the bridge of his nose to mine. We take a deep breath, eyes wide open. It feels like a long time. Everything collapses into the moment, and I think about what I am doing here. What are my intentions in this place? What do I carry with me? What will I take away?

It is almost too personal, this greeting, and I close my eyes to regain my composure. When I open them again, the moment has passed. The rest of our group greets Anakala the same way, and then, we're on our way, hiking up the dusty trail,

picking our way through the lava rocks, learning the names of the vines and trees and waters that come from up high.

At the end of the day I return to the little parking lot at the end of the road. The beach here is a scoop of black sand lined with velvet green cliffs. Julie and I are the only ones left. I carry my shoes and pick my way down to the surf. Julie laughs at me. "You've gone local!" she says and snaps my picture.

Sometimes I imagine coming back to Halawa, of asking to visit again in my own language, in my own way. "I don't expect you to remember my visit," I would sing up the trail. "But this place seems to be a part of me now. I have brought you coffee, or ti leaves, or this coconut that is shiny and green. And if you will allow it, I would like to once again stand in the waterfall and feel the cool air of this beautiful place."

I have forgotten the names of the trees, and I only vaguely remember the story about the mythical lizard of the waterfall. But I remember exactly what to do in order to visit again. I must ask. ♦

Advice for Journey 1: Continued from page 27

Next, *question* the judgments that go along with the feelings: "Who says I am shameful or bad? On what grounds? Are all people who do this bad, or is it only myself I hold in contempt?" When you pause and confront the judgmental thoughts and feelings, they just may falter under the light of day. If instead you find that you actually have a genuine personal objection to your behaviors, you can then explore those and determine if you need to make different choices. It's important to do so from a place of calm self-respect, not from a place of self-condemnation and fear.

Keep the lines of communication open with your partner. Consider getting intimate with your insecurities and longings, as well as with your bodies, and let him reassure you and express his own thoughts. Finally, you might choose a motto to support you in this time such as, "I allow myself to enjoy what life brings me," "I am able to make healthy choices," or, simply, "I do my best, and I am good enough." Above all, keep your own personal health and safety in mind at all times. ♦

Advice for Journey 2: Continued from page 27

know you would appreciate a little more gentleness in his interactions with you. You might also ask him what all the debates are about. For some people, these kinds of discussions can be a form of connection or even intimacy. It may be that his current way of "being close to you" includes this mode, annoying as that may be to you.

This is also a good opportunity to reflect on your own fears of being an "ignorant old woman." That sounds like a pretty harsh self-assessment, and maybe has little to do with his opinions. I suggest you generate a list of things you would like to change about yourself, and also (and more importantly) make a list of things you like about yourself. Appreciate your strengths and qualities, while looking deeper into ways you would like to grow, change, or stay vital.

I am hopeful that your son is "going through a phase." Like most adult children, he will eventually come out of his rejecting/individuating phase. He will probably then grow into the adult-child stance of loving and appreciating you and accepting your "limitations," in addition to holding whatever criticisms children invariably do about their parents. ♦

Fashionably Late: Continued from page 37

Too often we're tethered by fear of public opinion, holding ourselves back from doing the unexpected.

Think of what you'd accomplish if you gave yourself permission to tune out social judgment. Dance in a public fountain? Try out for community theatre? Pen a book? Start a band? Write your actual weight on your driver's license renewal card?

Roger, a friend, once recounted how he motorcycled across country to visit his parents. Minutes after arriving home, his dad, a retired accountant who favored bowties, roared off on his motorcycle, without asking. Incensed, Roger confronted his dad when he returned, shocked that

he would have the gall to not only take off on his bike, but to do so while dressed only in boxers, bathrobe and slippers. After hearing him out, his dad calmly replied, "When you're cool, it doesn't matter how you're dressed."

More proof it's never too late to be what you might have been. And he didn't even need to change his name. Only inner permission. ♦



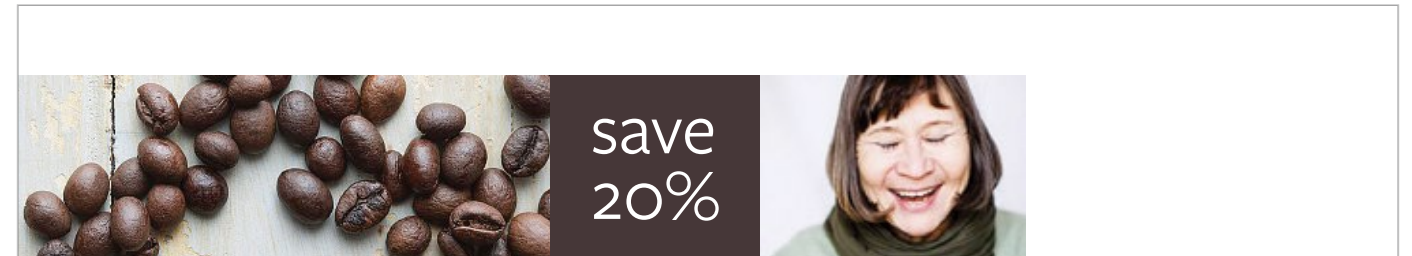
BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 16

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

PEP	HASP	BLDG					
EPA	ONTO	LIARS					
REGATTAS	ATTAIN						
TEENLICENSE	NNE						
ANY	CUB	STEW					
WINE	PARABLES						
ACT	METS	RAP	O				
GESTAPO	MATTOCK						
E	IRS	SITE	USA				
	INSIDERS	ATTY					
DAFT	EAR	AID					
ALI	DOCTORS	NOTE					
BOMBED	TRAITORS						
EARED	LEND	RIP					
YAMS	EDGE	SOY					

Answers to Sudoku

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



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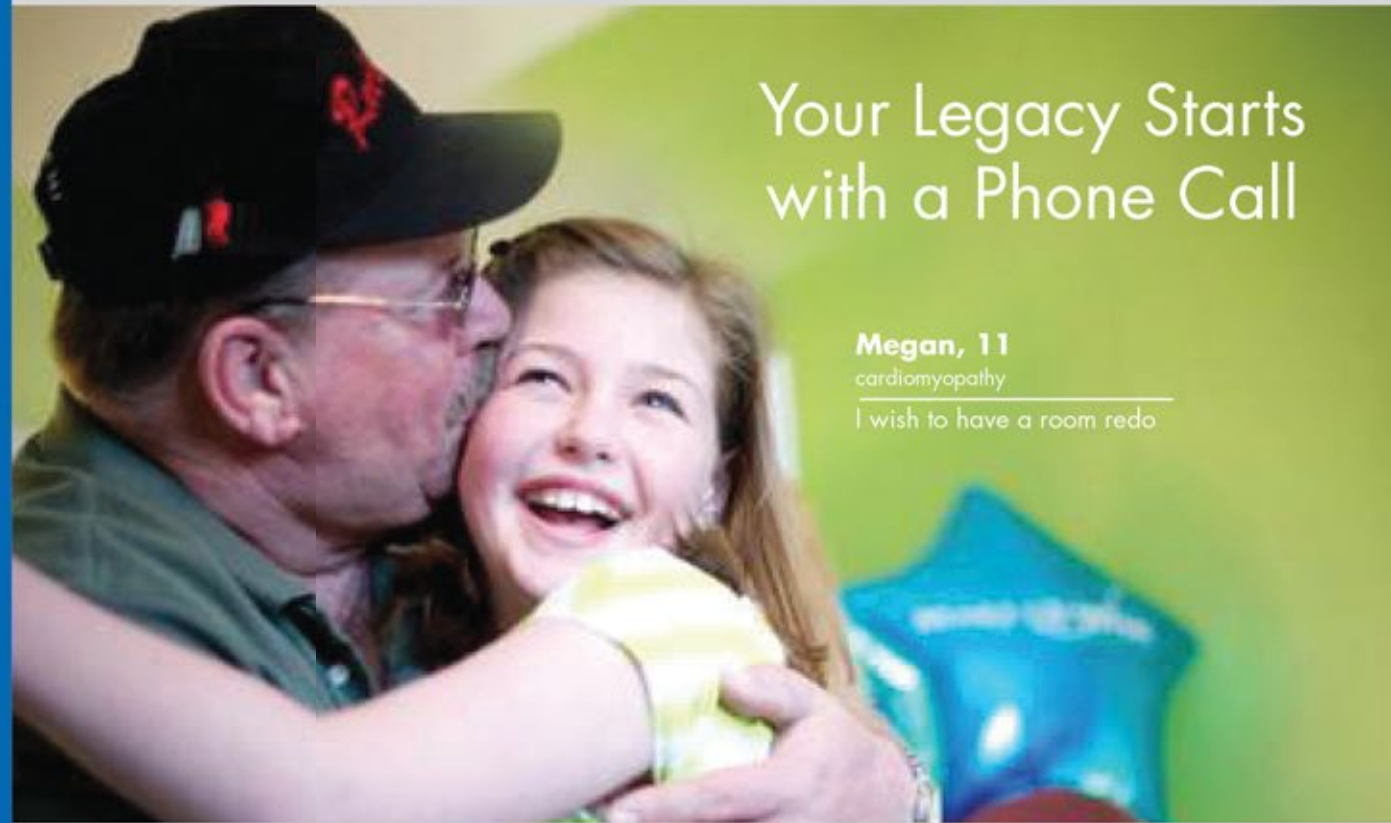
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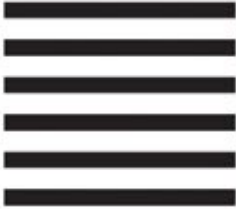
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