



Inner Peace

In 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1

Back Off, Bub!

Speaking volumes without saying a word

CREATING the

SPACE

TO PLAY

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Cover Photo © Imagezoo

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Jason Childers
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Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
Max Wells
mwells@wisepublishinggroup.com

Managing/Copy Editor
Carol Pearson
carol@wisepublishinggroup.com

Art Director
Mike Inks, MLI Design
www.mlidesign.co
mike.inks@wisepublishinggroup.com

Ad Sales
ads@wisepublishinggroup.com

Contributing Authors

Anita Fissel
Nancy Gertz
Robert Horton
Beverly Ingle
Evan Kimble
Ginny Mahar
Pam Mandel
Skye Moody
John Pearson
Sue Peterson
Joe Rodriguez
Sandy Sabersky
Stephan J. Smith, DC
Misha Stone
Michael Sturm
Jeff Wozer
Rabbi Elana Zaiman

Proofreaders
Cheryl Knight, Diane Smith

President's Note

Space to Grow & Flourish
by Tana Gall



Tana Gall — President, Leisure Care

Greetings from Seattle! We are well into spring, and here in the beautiful Pacific Northwest that means the flowers are blooming, the sun is starting to shine, and the fresh scent of rain is in the air. Summer is right around the corner, my favorite time of the year. Maybe it's because we only get so many sunny days a year here in Seattle, but this time of year people tend to walk with an added bounce in their step and bigger smiles on their faces.

"Space" is the theme we examine in this issue of LIV FUN. Space is an interesting word with a variety of different meanings. To me, the strongest, most personal meaning relates to the challenge of allowing people the space they need to grow, both personally and professionally.

As you know, I have two wonderful sons. To me they will always be my little boys, but in fact they are quickly growing into strong young men. As a mother, my inclination is to wrap my arms around them and protect them from all of the "dangers" that life can bring. Yet I know that it is important to let them grow and give them the space they need to make their own decisions. Along the way they will undoubtedly experience successes and failures, joy and heartbreak, laughter and tears. And it is all of these experiences that will shape them into the men they are meant to become. They know that mistakes are okay, as long as they learn from them.

The same is true in my professional life. As the president of Leisure Care, I have the joy of watching people grow and flourish in their professional roles every day. At Leisure Care, we encourage all employees to be innovative and feel comfortable and confident bringing new ideas to the table. When people are given the space they need to be creative and innovative, great things happen. I can't wait to see what the rest of 2013 brings.

Thank you for choosing to join the Leisure Care family. We take our responsibility to serve you extremely seriously. As always, I welcome your letters and emails. Hearing from you is what makes my job truly enjoyable.

Cheers,

Tana Gall
President, Leisure Care



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BACK OFF!



Some
Lighthearted
Fashion Advice
for Combating
Space Invaders.

It's Mardi Gras in New Orleans, booze flowing, screaming bead babes, and reveling crowds bunched together like plantains in a fry pan, when a mere acquaintance invades my personal space, so close that I detect the odor of her dental caries. She virtually glues onto my chest, her killer breath streaming through parted lips close enough to kiss mine. Only it's not mine she wants to kiss:

"I want to alert you," she shouts, her tartar breath nearly knocking me out, "that if you really do divorce your husband, I'm going after him."

I reel backwards. "Mouthwash!" I silently scream. "Take the man, but if you must invade my personal space, kindly get some mouthwash." I flee her bad breath and aggressive trespass. Even in crowds, I covet my private space.

I consider personal space sacred. The area approximately an outstretched arm's distance surrounding me is my comfort zone, which when invaded without permission upsets my equilibrium, repels or disgusts me, and induces vertigo, unless, of course, it's an intimate pal who enjoys automatic access. But total strangers and mere acquaintances ought to honor my aura.

Rare exceptions are tolerated; for instance, the gorgeous stranger in St. Petersburg, Russia, who without warning walked up to me, embraced me like I was his cheap Ninotchka, planted a passionate vodka-laced kiss on my lips, and walked off without further disrupting my privacy. Boorishly breathtaking.

A sense of power, or conquest, must derive from violating another's personal space. You know the type; they belly up to you like you're the trough from which they are going to feed, mouth breathe and malingering, and if you try backing away, follow you like a dance partner, cling like static on nylon; their hovering suffocates.

Aside from crowded trains, airport lobbies, parades and protest demonstrations where folks seem to voluntarily congeal into one massive organism, most of us covet our comfort zone. Yet, as Internet relationships surge, in-person encounters dwindle and the attendant social skills corrode. Today, an uptick of socially clueless personal space invaders threaten the arm's-length rule.

Happily, fashion history bestows some shrewd tactics for deflecting the space invaders: Victorian era hoop skirts, broadbrimmed hats, expansive baskets full of cut flowers clutched

against the bosom, and, most excellently, the bustle all represent brilliant tactics that delay a perp's advance, at least long enough for the fashionista to decide if she wishes to avoid, or encourage, an invasion of her personal space. Bustles prove especially defensive against invaders approaching surreptitiously, unannounced, from the rear. Might the bustle enjoy a popular comeback? Paris runways were rife with bustles for fall 2013.

Extremely pointed shoes, stylish even today, offer excellent defenses, and now, the trendy addition of spike studdings on the backs and sides of both men and women's shoes guarantee that an invader can be repelled with one swift thrust of an outstretched foot.

The point is: "Back off, Bub. It's my arm's length until I invite you inside my privacy zone. Hug a tree, but not me. I don't need your spittle, and you don't need spikes in your shin."

On the other hand, if you wish to place an enchanted kiss on my lips, one that instantly transforms me into a Botticellian goddess, my space is your space; just, please, don't drool. ♦

"The gorgeous stranger embraced me like I was his cheap Ninotchka, planted a passionate vodka-laced kiss on my lips, and walked off without further disrupting my privacy."



ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

*"Many a trip continues long after movement
in time and space have ceased."*

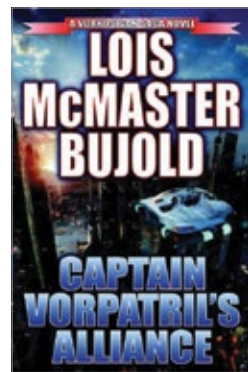
~ John Steinbeck

books | movies | music

BOOK REVIEWS

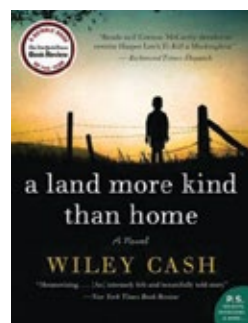
This issue, we explore stories set in spaces far away, hidden away and years ago.

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



Captain Vorpatril's Alliance by Lois McMaster Bujold (Baen, \$26.00)

You needn't have read the previous books in the long-running Vorkosigan saga, or even be a science fiction reader at all, to enjoy Bujold's latest space opera installment. Ivan Vorpatril is the kind of character any reader is bound to enjoy: affable, gallant, and smart enough to know that he doesn't have the intelligence of his cousin, Miles Vorkosigan, the real principal character in the series. Ivan is, however, a ladies' man with a penchant for getting himself into personal and political trouble. When his friend Byerly asks him to follow a young woman for her protection, Ivan winds up bound to a chair in her apartment. When thugs invade, Ivan learns that Tej, the woman he followed, and Rish, her strikingly blue-skinned companion, are fleeing for their lives. Ivan begins to seethe when he discovers just how little Byerly saw fit to share with him about his charge. If you enjoy a story full of swashbuckling adventure and a romance story reminiscent of Georgette Heyer, with endearing characters, snappy dialogue, and political and social intrigue, give Bujold a try.



A Land More Kind Than Home by Wiley Cash (William Morrow, \$14.99)

Adelaide Lyle witnessed her pastor, Carson Chambliss, hand 79-year-old parishioner Miss Molly Jameson a copperhead snake, saw it bite her, and stood by as the congregation watched her die in the name of her sins and God's will. Adelaide stood up to pastor Chambliss after Molly's death, demanding to take the community's children out of the church during services; and she succeeds, until a tragic event 10 years later. Cash's debut takes the reader into the inner reaches of a religious cult and the small North Carolina community grudges and politics that allow its lawless reach to flourish. If you enjoyed Tom Franklin's *Crooked Letter*, *Crooked Letter* or miss the Southern gothic atmosphere of Flannery O'Connor's stories of betrayal and redemption, then you should enjoy this tense novel of literary suspense.



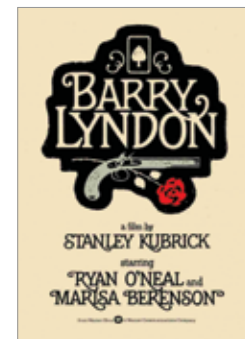
The Last Night at the Ritz by Elizabeth Savage (AmazonEncore, \$14.95)

"My friend and I are very grand these days. We meet at the Ritz." The unnamed narrator of this 1973 reprint, from Nancy Pearl's Book Lust Rediscoveries series, meets dear friends and lovers at the Ritz for a carousing lunch. The heady 1960s college days that they shared filter back through her memory over the course of the meal. But Gay and Len (her old roommate and her husband) are worried about their oldest son, Charley, who has fled to Canada to dodge the war draft. As the story unfolds, it is clear that the narrator holds back intimate knowledge about their son that might explain so much. At the heart of this sparkling story is a tale of friendship, love, betrayal, and the hope and grief that undergirds every life. *The Last Night at the Ritz* presents a complex friendship between two women and the subtle dance of what is revealed and what is withheld in any friendship.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Make some space on the couch and settle in for this issue's movie picks.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for KUOW-FM



Barry Lyndon (1975)

Here's a Stanley Kubrick film that explores space — but no, we're not talking about *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Our theme this issue is "space," a flexible word that finds a remarkable expression in Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon* (1975), the director's adaptation of a sarcastic Thackeray novel. In this majestic film, space is what defines our plucky but foolish protagonist (played by a never-better Ryan O'Neal): how he tries to impose himself in the spaces of the story and how he is overwhelmed by them. This is rendered by Kubrick in a series of beautifully composed shots that show poor Barry as a mostly ineffectual figure in a much larger landscape, whether he is lost in the regimented lines of an army or in the lavish mansions where he pointedly does not belong. Kubrick's eye may betray a dubious attitude about these human activities, but he finds a wry philosophical acceptance in the film's final title card, a knowing jest from the graveyard: "It was in the reign of King George III that the aforesaid personages lived and quarreled; good or bad, handsome or ugly, rich or poor, they are all equal now."



Lebanon (2009)

Director Samuel Maoz served in the Israeli military during the 1982 Lebanon war. He used his experiences to create this uncanny 2009 film, which (save for the opening and closing shots) takes place entirely within an Israeli tank as it rolls into combat. This is not merely an aesthetic stunt: By keeping his camera confined within this cramped space, Maoz contracts our field of vision, and thus forces our experience of the war to conform to that of the panicked, uncertain soldiers inside the vehicle. Our view of the world outside is confined to the aperture of the tank's gunsight, through which everything is a potential target — confining us in this small space conjures the fog of war and makes us realize that we cannot understand the bigger picture (literally as well as figuratively, in this case). Mistakes get made and people get hurt when we are kept to a limited perspective.

Entertain Your Brain: Continued on page 40

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated

“There was a man on the couch, quietly minding his own business while I was trying to get things done.

I could not be expected to work under these conditions!”

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

For many years, my husband and I lived apart. We were not separated in the legal sense. No, it was geography. I married a man from another country, and we simply could not agree upon where to live. We loved each other very much — we still do — but he hails from a tiny homogenous village in the Austrian Alps, and I am a city dweller set on multiculturalism and all that comes with it: ethnic diversity, great restaurants, and weirdos on the bus.

We compromised on this by spending part of our time in Austria, part of our time in the U.S., and part of our time apart. We did this for 10 years, three of which after we were married. While there were some difficulties, of course — the plane tickets, the phone bills, the instability — this arrangement had some very distinctive upsides, not the least of which was that I always had plenty of space. As a traveler, a writer, and an artist, space in which to do my own work is a critical component to my happiness.

Our living situation drove some of our friends and families slightly crazy. “When are you going to settle down?” they’d ask, unwilling to accept the fact that 10 years of living this way carries with it a degree of settled-ness that not all marriages have.

Others resented the apparent success of our long distance solution, while they struggled to reconcile the idea in their own lives. I still remember the outrage, raw personal outrage, expressed by a friend who was involved with a man who did not live in close enough proximity.

“You can figure out how to make it work if you want to,” I said, trying to be encouraging.

“But it’s not a real relationship!” she replied, exasperated with her own situation while I seemed stubbornly unaware of her “problem.” In a rare moment of restraint, I did not tell her that my relationship was, indeed, very real. Geography be damned.

When the husband and I finally decided that we should live in the same country for more than a three-to-five-month stint, we moved into my apartment. And we promptly hit an

unexpected speed bump. I owned about 600 square feet of living space — the top floor of a subdivided early 19th century house. I worked at home. My mate *also* worked at home. Space constraints were such that my desk was tucked into a corner of the living room, while my husband sat on the couch to do his work. Under high pressure deadlines, I would crack.

“Don’t you have something to do somewhere?!” I would snap. There was a man on the couch, quietly minding his own business while I was trying to get things done. I could not be expected to work under these conditions!

We moved. Funnily enough, it was the work space that precipitated the move. Not the fact that when we had guests, they bunked on the foldout couch in the living room. Not the fact that we had no off-street parking or that the laundry room was down four flights of rickety, narrow stairs. It was not the ancient electrical wiring, the rattling windows, or the exorbitant heating bills in winter. I could share my living space, no problem, but to work, I needed a room of my own.

We gained an obscene amount of living space with our move. We have an abundance of dry storage, a garage, and a room with a door that closes in which to sequester our never-ending stream of house guests. We have a garden where I grow peas, and sometimes, if the weather cooperates, tomatoes. There is a workshop for projects, a laundry room right inside the building, and a second bathroom — oh, the luxury. Most importantly, I have an office with a door that closes.

Our home is a mostly orderly place, but my office is a terrible mess. This drives my husband crazy. Sometimes when I’m working, from the corner of my eye, I see him standing in the door of my office eyeing the sprawl with Teutonic disapproval. I am okay with that. I will turn away from writing and smile at him. He knows, as do I, that even though we share the house — not just between the two of us, but between everyone who comes to visit — this room is my space. ♦

A Room of My Own

A married traveler and artist finds that four walls to call one’s own are mandatory for creative bliss



An Ode to Open Spaces

by Ginny Mahar

They unhinge us, they make us feel small ... and in the process open us up to ourselves.

© Steven J. Epstein

The first time I saw Wyoming I hated it. I was 18 years old, driving cross-country from my home in the deciduous mitten of Michigan, across the northern plains to the mountain-rimmed valley of Missoula, Montana. My discomfort with Wyoming may have stemmed from severing the safety and comfort of my family or the isolation of being alone in the car for three days. Too many sunflower seeds, cigarettes, and cups of caffeine. Whatever the reason, Wyoming evoked feelings in me of bleak hopelessness and desperate loneliness.

All the way to the horizon, I saw nothing but sagebrush, fence posts, and the occasional herd of distant pronghorn. An unpainted clapboard house stood companionless atop a treeless mound, casting a long dreary shadow in the late August sun. I eyed the gas gauge, passing sign after sign announcing NO SERVICES, ar-

rows pointing toward unseen towns with names like Recluse, Spotted Horse, Savageton and Bill. The winding ribbon of pavement dipped and rose, dipped and rose, changing color from the usual charcoal gray to a peculiar dusty pink. Michigan always held me in the palm of its hand; Wyoming only wanted to buck me off its back.

Why would anyone want to live *here*, I wondered, turning up the music in an attempt to overwhelm the visual silence on the other side of the windshield. My Teton fantasies of snowcapped mountain peaks and whitewater rivers went unmet in this northeastern corner of Wyoming.

In a few hours time, near the town of Buffalo, the Big Horn Mountains rose from the west and put an end to my unease. As the scenery changed, so did my feeling of discomfort. Anticipation grew to reach my new

home in the Rockies. Wyoming, regardless, had made its first unforgettable impression.

At the time I wouldn't have believed that I would eventually love Wyoming. Or that my love would stem from the same qualities of the landscape that made me feel so forlorn in the first place. Looking back, I wonder at the mystique of Open Space. What does it do to us, and why?

There is an emotive relationship between atmosphere, body and soul. Places of open space seem able to tear deeper into us, into our subliminal minds, our subconscious minds, the part of us that is so often denied exposure. But it *is* a desolate land you might say, if you'd driven that stretch of I-90. And I wouldn't argue that point. But I've grown to see something more there, qualities that make the land incomparably beautiful and of immeasurable value to our own sense

of humanness. Through time and further experience, I have developed an ear for that visual silence.

One year, one exact rotation of seasons from that day on the Interstate, I fell in love with a boy from Wyoming. His name was Noah, and he grew up on a cattle ranch in a town named Banner — population: 42. I made many trips to Wyoming for him, and with him, and with each trip I found myself growing more comfortable with open space. Eventually, I looked forward to being there, alone in the car, with nothing but space surrounding me. Open space, head space, heart space.

Though my opinions about the landscape changed gradually, the effect was, in fact, drastic. I see ghostly things now on those monotonous, monochrome hills, things that aren't there but used to be. I see thick herds of buffalo kicking up dust and wagon trains, teepees and packs of wolves. I feel the ground shake with the



© Steven J. Epstein



© Steven J. Epstein

*“Michigan always held me in the palm of its hand;
Wyoming only wanted to buck me off its back.”*

six-ton footfalls of Triceratops, as they graze through a grove of palm trees. And Pleistocene man hunting mastodon, on the same patch of earth where Crow, Arapahoe, Sioux and Shoshone would later stalk buffalo in much the same way. I see Crazy Horse coming over the rise, in maize-colored buckskin, feathers and bone beads. I see native grasses and dust storms, lightning bolts and prairie fires. This open space, I came to realize, ignites in me a sense of our place on the geologic timescale.

I can't explain the chronology of my transformation, because I don't entirely understand it. It happened without me really trying. What I do understand is that, like any transformation, it took a fateful combination of circumstance, time, openness and humility.

In Wyoming my attention was granted passage beyond the shallow foreground. My perception expanded from what was within reach to earth, sky and periphery.

I have fallen in love with Wyoming, because it fulfills a primal need I did not know I had; a need for open space, both around and within me.

There is nowhere to hide on these barren façades. In her collection of essays, *The Solace of Open Spaces*, the poet and writer Gretel Ehrlich shows us what a place like Wyoming can give to a writer, to someone who makes it their business to see.

“The truest art I would strive for in any work,” she says, “would be to give the page the same qualities as earth: weather would land upon it harshly; light would elucidate the most difficult truths; wind would sweep away obtuse padding.”

What I hear her saying is that writing, which possesses the qualities of open space, does to the reader what my first impression of Wyoming did to me. It breaks us open.

There is wisdom in open spaces, waiting to be plucked by anyone willing to

truly see and feel it. It reminds us that earth becomes flesh becomes earth. It is our keyhole glimpse into the great mystery. Big spaces translate into big ideas, ideas that elude language and, therefore, definition. My ruminations, however passionate, inevitably fall short. Open space, in any form, is where we can transcend, imagine and dream. It is where the struggle can momentarily end, and we stop trying to reach the next step, the next pinnacle, the next rung of the ladder. You do not need to be famous or perfect, it says. Forget yourself, your outfit, your bank account, your flab. There are no goals to reach here. Stop trying to know, and simply step into the mystery. To do this we must wait, through the

discomfort, through our own resistance to it, through taking the first steps. I believe what we are doing when we allow ourselves to fall into these spaces is the terrifying trapeze act of letting go.

Open spaces, I believe, illuminate truths we do not always like seeing. We do not like to be reminded that our survival depends on grace and the kindness of others. We do not like to be reminded that we will eventually be gone and the earth will evolve with indifference to our having been here. But there is comfort to be mined from sensing our own insignificance; for it is in being reminded that we are small, that we may, for a moment, lose the need to be big. ♦

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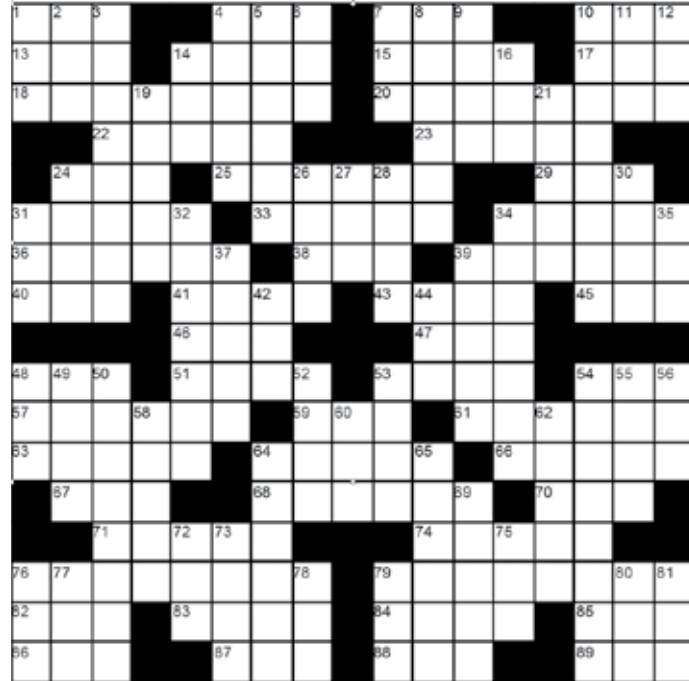
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The three Senior Corps programs – RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through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



Crossword Puzzle
Spread Out!



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- ACROSS**
- 1 Opp. of Syn.
 - 4 Place to unwind
 - 7 Navy bigwig (abbr)
 - 10 Replacements for cassettes
 - 13 Golf evaluation
 - 14 Type of SPACE
 - 15 Evidence of abuse
 - 17 Desert necessity
 - 18 Heroin type (slang)
 - 20 Light bulb moment
 - 22 TV Land offering
 - 23 Type of SPACE
 - 24 Depression Pres.
 - 25 Type of SPACE
 - 29 Space _____
 - 31 Plains on the moon
 - 33 Contaminate
 - 34 "You're welcome!" (Ital.)
 - 36 Type of SPACE
 - 38 Dallas summer time
 - 39 Moon _____ (arcade game)
 - 40 Space
 - 41 Lunar souvenir
 - 43 Walkie-talkie word
 - 45 Compass direction
 - 46 Agency not to be toyed with
 - 47 Provoke
 - 48 Wise guy?
 - 51 Legal counsel (abbr)
 - 53 Type of hut
 - 54 Type of shirt
 - 57 Type of SPACE
 - 59 Abduction vehicle?
 - 61 Responses to harebrained schemes
 - 63 Future homes?
 - 64 Demoted solar system member
 - 66 Hugh or Lou
 - 67 Company name acronym
 - 68 How a document may be attached
 - 70 What makes you, you
 - 71 What humans are prone to
 - 74 London subways
 - 76 Type of SPACE
 - 79 Eye condition
 - 82 Feller or weapon
 - 83 Ultimatum word
 - 84 Pitcher
 - 85 One who is busy in March and April (abbr)
 - 86 Inc. in the UK
 - 87 Are we there _____?
 - 88 Paddle relative
 - 89 Recipe amt.

Sudoku

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

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

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DIFFICULTY: ★★☆☆

- DOWN**
- 1 Liturgical robe
 - 2 Nothing
 - 3 Sign of sadness or joy
 - 4 What to do with new software
 - 5 Carver's focus
 - 6 Loan stat.
 - 7 Response to a display of genius
 - 8 Show
 - 9 Primary
 - 10 What electronic gadgets need
 - 11 Rather or Quayle
 - 12 Pigpen
 - 14 Danish curr.
 - 16 Heath care worker (abbr.)
 - 19 The largest asteroid in our solar system
 - 21 Critical organ or rock band
 - 24 FDR pet
 - 26 Type of SPACE
 - 27 Jar top
 - 28 Common preposition
 - 30 Causes of conflict in Hollywood
 - 31 Very small dosage amt.
 - 32 TV shows with continuing plots
 - 34 Type of SPACE
 - 35 Spanish cheer
 - 37 Rich cake
 - 39 Employee benefits (slang)
 - 42 Chicago winter time
 - 44 Roman 7
 - 48 Kind of couple
 - 49 Arnie's alternative to iron
 - 50 Moved heavily and awkwardly
 - 52 Tide or log
 - 53 Carryall
 - 54 Do business
 - 55 Sicilian volcano
 - 56 Guess (abbr.)
 - 58 What Ursa Major and Minor represent
 - 60 What PETA hates on humans
 - 62 What to do at Wendy's
 - 64 Not a complete sentence
 - 65 Capital named for an Indian tribe
 - 69 Type of SPACE
 - 72 '60s pop musician Tommy
 - 73 Sole or alone
 - 75 Space or sushi follower
 - 76 Bud
 - 77 Tel. num. add-on
 - 78 Allow
 - 79 Head honcho
 - 80 Child welfare agcy.
 - 81 Genre of dance

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42



Healthy U
Good Health 101 and Beyond

The Only Way to Coast Is Downhill

It takes a little effort, but you can reverse the slide.

by Stephan J. Smith
Doctor of Chiropractic

**Where did the time go? How did I get here?
Why do I feel this way?**

We ask ourselves these questions sometimes when we take a moment to reflect on our lives and what brought us to our current state of being. For many, this reflection is uplifting and exciting. For others, it brings sadness and depression as we realize that the strength and vitality we once enjoyed has slipped away. Our health isn't what it once was; our stamina has waned. For some, chronic illness has crept in and robbed us of our mobility or our independence.

Research shows that many of these problems are the result of years of inactivity or poor diet. We just never really knew the impact that a life of leisure could have. Technology allowed us to let machines do more and more of the mundane chores that kept our parents and grandparents moving and active well into their elder years. The illnesses that took them from us were different than those that ravage us now. According to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), more than 75% of deaths in the U.S. are now due to "Diseases of Civilization," i.e., heart disease, cancer, stroke, COPD and Type 2 diabetes. These diseases are almost completely lifestyle related.

Still, There Is Hope. And Movement Is the Key.

Studies show remarkable healing comes with movement. Joints can come back from an immobile state.¹ Spinal range of motion can increase while pain ebbs. The strength and

stability you thought was a thing of the past can return. Not from some pill or potion or surgery; those things are pipe dreams.

Regaining strength and mobility comes from doing things that keep you strong and mobile. Sitting, riding in the car, and laying down most of the time weaken your body and lead to reduced brain function.² It's true that the only way to coast is downhill. So it is with our strength, mobility and overall health. Improvement takes effort, sweat and a little soreness, but the reward is well worth the investment!

Start by joining a fitness group or exercise class. Talk to a personal trainer who knows what body movements are correct and beneficial and which ones can hurt you. Work within your limitations, and then stretch those limitations — literally — until you're walking better, bending better, and doing those things you thought you'd lost the ability to do forever. ♦

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Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice



The Freedom of Boundaries

by Sue Peterson, CFA

Managing Director, Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

Boundlessness. Room. Liberty. Space can be defined as freedom to do what a person wishes to, for his or her own personal development. Jessica Lange spoke specifically of the opportunity for growth that comes with aging: *“Your children are grown, and your career has slowed down — all the stuff that took up so much attention is gone, and you’re left with expansive time and space. You have to reimagine who you are and what life is about.”*

When it comes to your retirement years, reimaging who you are and what life is about may mean changing your viewpoint on money. It has been my experience as a financial advisor that after the constant striving to grow the bottom line during your working years, there is time as a retiree to reconsider what it’s all for. I recognize that this reassessment can be scary. After all, it’s been your relationship with money that got you where you are today. But sometimes a fresh perspective can help you

Understanding of your outer limits
can give you the courage to explore even further.

embrace what you’ve accomplished and change the decades-long tug-of-war into a dance.

A couple I serve have worked very hard for 50 years to accumulate a large nest egg. As is often the case, they didn’t get rich by spending money unnecessarily. This became clear to me when the wife proudly told me about this great deal she’d found for flying coach to Hawaii. To tease her, I told her that at the rate she was saving money on economy seats, her kids would inherit enough money to fly first class. It was as if I’d hit a pause button. Suddenly there was space for her to reconsider a half-century relationship with money. Now I get called every time she travels to Hawaii — first class!

Gaining freedom with your finances often involves understanding your boundaries. Recently, the tall fences that surrounded the play area of a nearby middle school were taken down in preparation for replacement the following week. Typically, the kids would play right out to the fence line, but after the fence was taken down, the children stayed in the central part of the play area and would not venture within 20 feet of the old boundary.

Twelve years ago, I began working with a recent widow who was a lot like those kids, scared because there was no “fence” to help her know how much she could spend or give. She wanted to leave a legacy in her community, but was only brave enough to write \$25 donations to a few charities. She lacked the proper context to understand where the boundaries were in which she could safely provide not

only for herself and her heirs, but also for charitable organizations. Once those boundaries were established the impact was immediate; she began cheerfully writing significantly larger checks that made a real impact to the organizations she cared most about. When it comes to money matters, it is not uncommon that a recent widow, divorcee or retiree can be like this widow, playing it safe because they lack the context to know their true limits.

*“Sometimes
all it takes is a
fresh perspective
to change the
decades-long dance
with your
finances.”*

Good news! With the tool of knowledge — of your investment net worth and spending needs — you can understand the boundaries of your own personal money playground and know where the fence needs to be to keep you from financial danger.

The math is a simple rule of thumb. If you are 65 or older, take your investment net worth and multiply by 3%. The result is how much you can sustainably withdraw from your portfolio each year for the rest of your life. Social Security, annuity payments and pensions can be added on top to solve for a sustainable lifestyle.

The reverse also works. Take your annual spending needs, net of Social Security, pensions and the like, and divide that by 3% to solve for how much your investment net worth must be to allow you to comfortably maintain your lifestyle until your passing.

Knowing this can help you mindfully, and not fearfully, enjoy the new places and experiences that your money permits you to explore.

What is out there for you — flying first class or leaving a philanthropic legacy? ♦

Savvy Sage
On Being an Elder

The Clearing Time

Is your emotional and physical clutter
callously pushing out the things that truly matter?

by Sandy Sabersky
Executive Director of Elderwise

*“When we cease our daily labor,
other things can be born in the space created by our rest.”*
~ Wayne Muller



Creating space to age well is the tagline for the organization where I work with elders. What does this really mean to me? Maybe it's creating a physical space that invites me to relax and open up; maybe it's a space where I feel acceptance and common bonds. Perhaps it's a spiritual space where I let go of old angers and resentments; a space where there is room in my heart for something more.

There is a powerful relationship between one's physical space and one's mental space. Architect and author Sarah Susanka agrees. Her book, *The Not So Big Life: Making Room for What Really Matters*, suggests that we feel more comfortable when we live in spaces that reflect who we are. We can all think about spaces where we feel particularly well and wonder what it is about this space that makes us feel so well. Is it quiet, orderly, a little cluttered? Is it well lit with big windows?

Changing one's physical space can be transformative. A friend of mine recently got rid of her husband's things. He had been gone for 15 years, and she was finally ready to let go, keeping only a few items as memories. In removing the

bulk of his clothing and books, she made more room for herself. She said she felt ready to "move into another era, an era of being older," or an era where she could come into her own.

Creating space for ourselves involves the physical space, but it also involves the mental space. Many people in our Western culture keep a pretty fast pace. Taking time to quiet the mind allows for our own truths to rise up. It allows for us to know our deeper thoughts and continue learning about who we are. In his book *Sabbath*, Wayne Muller states, "When we cease our daily labor, other things — love, friendship, prayer, touch, singing, rest — can be born in the space created by our rest." We have to stop moving, take a break, allow a little space for our own thoughts to bubble up so we can know what is important to us, and create the possibility that something could evolve or develop.

In addition to the physical and emotional space, I like to think of the spiritual space as making room in our hearts for love. To make room in our hearts for love and friendship, we

have to have an open heart, be able to consider what currently resides in our heart, and figure out how it is we clear a space to make room for what we want to be in our heart.

We might also need to loosen any protective armor that has been around our hearts from prior experiences — soften the edges, increase the porousness and increase the warmth.

Once we have the quiet and the softness, we can examine what's in our hearts. What are we holding there? Is it cluttered with resentments, anger? Is it cluttered with projects that won't happen or social obligations that no longer have meaning for us?

An ancient fable I once heard offers us a metaphor for how we can let love into our hearts little by little.

A man was crossing the desert with his camel. On a cold and windy night, the man set up his tent and settled in out of the cold. The camel, seeking shelter, stuck his nose into the warm tent, asking if he could warm his nose. The kindly man agreed. The camel then requested to put his eyes in the tent and then his ears. Bit by bit, the camel came to take up

the whole tent, leaving no room for the man.

Like that kindly man, we can piece by piece let the camel of love into our hearts, and it will begin to push out the clutter of anger, resentments and jealousies that take up precious space.

As we let love into our hearts, our big egos begin to quiet down and we experience more joy. By approaching the clearing of space from the physical angle, the mental angle and the spiritual angle, we can make room in our hearts for love and live a happier life. ♦

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TRAVELING TO INNER SPACE IN 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... 1

by Beverly Ingle

THE SECRET
TO SURVIVING
A CLOSE-
QUARTERED LIFE?

...

FIND THAT VAST
EMPTY STILLNESS
INSIDE

"Fences make good neighbors;
thin walls and space capsules,
not so much."



Astronauts Edward H. White II (left) and James A. McDivitt inside the Gemini IV spacecraft wait for liftoff.

Perhaps your nest is newly empty, or your progeny took flight decades ago. You may have retired, lost a spouse or simply realized that life is too short to dust any more square footage than absolutely essential. Regardless of the impetus, you've forgone the massive "McMansions" of your younger years and opted for smaller, more compact living arrangements. Unfortunately, not only have you downsized your physical living space but also the volume of your surrounding "bubble," that buffer zone between you and your neighbors. That half an acre or more between your home and the next is now a shared wall. Fences make good neighbors; thin walls not so much.

Studies on astronauts have found that close proximity and lack of privacy on board spacecraft can have marked ill effects on temperament, leading to anxiety and even depression.

"Living in such close quarters magnifies the effects of incompatibility, annoying habits, irritating mannerisms, and other sources of interpersonal friction." Sound familiar?

Energy From Space

In tight-knit communities, finding your own quiet place in which to recharge your batteries can be a real challenge. Fortunately, while we may be restricted physically, we can create infinite room mentally, and in that vastness find the peace and energy that will renew your soul.

Several traditional Eastern practices, including yoga, tai chi and meditation, offer opportunities through which we can assume a feeling of mental and emotional abundance in the tiniest of physical spaces.

TAI CHI



The Way of the Yogi

Yoga, in various forms, is practiced by cultures across the globe. The only requirement is a space about the size of an average closet.

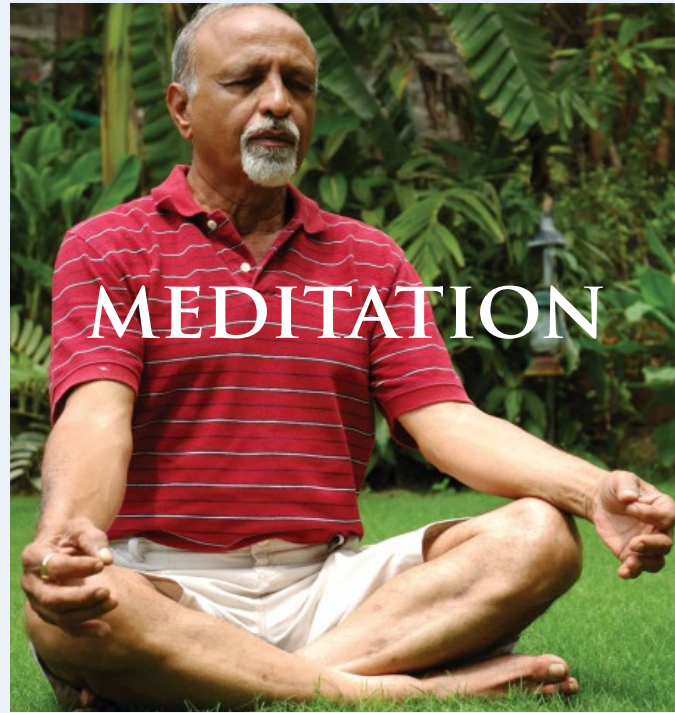
"Yoga is an amazing way for people of any age not only to maintain physical flexibility and range of motion, but also to remain centered and enjoy a clear, peaceful mind," says Melinda Alexander, a yogi and instructor based in Makawao, Hawaii.

One of the tangible health benefits of yoga, especially the classic hatha yoga style, is the way it gently increases fitness and develops a stronger mind-body connection. Hatha yoga focuses on slow stretching, basic yoga poses and breathing techniques, often punctuated with some seated meditation. Its gentleness makes it ideal for someone who has not exercised much or has physical limitations of any sort.

Vinyasa, sometimes referred to as "flow yoga," offers a faster pace than hatha, with poses connected more fluidly by dance-like movements. Breathing is a significant focus in this tradition, as moving from one pose to another is synchronized with one's breath, creating a gentle dance between the inner and outer bodies.

Stress Reduction in Motion

Tai chi originated as a means of self-defense, but as the Mayo Clinic describes "has evolved into a graceful form of exercise that's now used for stress reduction and a variety of other health conditions. Often described as meditation in motion, tai chi promotes serenity through gentle, flowing movements."



In its essence, tai chi is a series of movements that flow from one to another in a slow, rhythmic manner. As with vinyasa yoga, tai chi often looks like a slow dance, and practitioners have described the rhythmic movements as not only calming, but also refreshing, with a side effect of improved balance and increased flexibility.

It's All in Your Head

To expand your sense of self far beyond the limits of your physical environment and derive a state of calm without any measurable degree of movement, meditation is an ancient and ever-popular choice. The many methods of meditation share an emphasis on posture, breathing, quiet reflection and a point of mental focus. Various techniques will guide the practitioner through a heightened level of awareness, focusing on emotions, thoughts or physical sensations with the individual encouraged to simply observe the emotion/thought/sensation without judgment. Defined as a mind-body practice, meditation is considered a complementary component to traditional medicine, and therefore many people suffering from acute and chronic illness successfully incorporate it into their care plan.

Mindfulness meditation has come into favor during recent years, particularly in western countries. The central concept of mindfulness is to nurture a moment-by-moment sense of the present, paying attention to such details as the way food tastes or the sounds around you. Yet rather than hold onto those observations, the practitioner acknowledges the details in a non-judgmental way and then releases the thoughts. Jeanette Honermann, a certified iRest instructor in San Antonio, Texas, works with clients using the practice to increase awareness and an overall sense of well-being.

"Meditation offers aging adults a counter effect to aging and close quarters through focused activity and deep relaxation, which promotes longevity and happiness," says Honermann. As one of her students explained, by practicing mindfulness meditation, she is far less likely to be annoyed by "the little things."

Together, With an Out-Clause

Although living with neighbors in close proximity offers wonderful opportunities for connecting, sharing and collaborating, they also highlight the need of every individual to occasionally disconnect and enjoy some alone time. Meditation in particular has proven so effective for alleviating stress, that the U.S. military has incorporated the practice into their training programs.

Likely your stress level doesn't approach that of Marines in combat conditions, but certainly there are times when it seems to be. Consider this: In a 2008 study conducted among Marine reservists, 31 were taught breathing exercises and yoga poses, how to focus their attention, and how to prevent their minds from wandering. Researchers found that all 31 of them reported improved moods and greater attentiveness — and that the individuals who spent additional time meditating on their own saw the biggest improvements.²

Even when physical space is in short supply, mental and emotional vastness are in abundance and easily accessed through traditional practices born of Eastern traditions. Whichever practice you find appealing, you'll likely be able to find a variety of classes in your community where you can get started. ♦

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BEGINNING TO MEDITATE: 5 STEPS TO YOUR BLISS³

When it comes down to it, all you need is the small area in which you are sitting now to follow these five simple steps for calming your mind and enjoying a little extra "space."

- 5 Set a stopwatch to help keep track of the time. Begin with three minutes, and work up to five.
- 4 Find a comfortable, seated position (feel free to sit in a chair if you're not comfortable on the floor).
- 3 Sit up tall, rest your hands in your lap and close your eyes. Your palms can face up or down. Simply choose the one that feels the best.
- 2 Take a few moments to relax and settle in. If any part of your body feels uncomfortable, mindfully shift to a new position.

- 1 Once you feel relatively comfortable, redirect your mind to your breathing and begin counting your exhalations. Set an initial goal of counting a total of 21 and build up to 108 with practice. When your mind wanders, re-focus by drawing awareness back to your breath, and begin the count again.

For best effect, practice this meditation for three to five minutes each morning, noon, and night to counteract the effects of stressful situations throughout your day.

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: My wife and I are moving into a much smaller house, and I have to store and/or get rid of a lot of stuff. I'm very sentimental, so this is hard for me. Any suggestions where to begin?

A: Letting go of our stuff can be very challenging. As you indicate, our possessions have sentimental value and remind us of our past: trips, interests, people and places. At the same time, there can be great relief and soothing simplicity that comes from clearing out.

Imagine you are going on a month-long trip. You will want to pack a decent assortment of clothes, but not too many. Then think about what items to bring along for your own pleasure and entertainment. When I travel, I cherish that I can focus on one book, and have time for a hobby or two — learning some new guitar chords, practicing photography, or catching up on some journaling. The “packing for a trip” approach may help you highlight what you are most interested in *right now* from the things you own. With this focus, you may find you get more pleasure from fewer things.

If you are planning a purge, give yourself time. Opening those boxes can result in a flood of memories and overwhelm. Limit your work to a few hours per day at most; after that, you'll likely just end up organizing without actually getting rid of anything.

Q: Sometimes my life feels really dark to me, like everything I've done has been a failure. I keep thinking about bad times, and I get really down on myself. Where is the light?

A: Life can be very hard, but most of us also have had many positive experiences. When you get too lost in an “empty cup,” it is important to fill it back up by recalling peak moments. Get a piece of paper and a pencil, and make a list in response to these prompts:

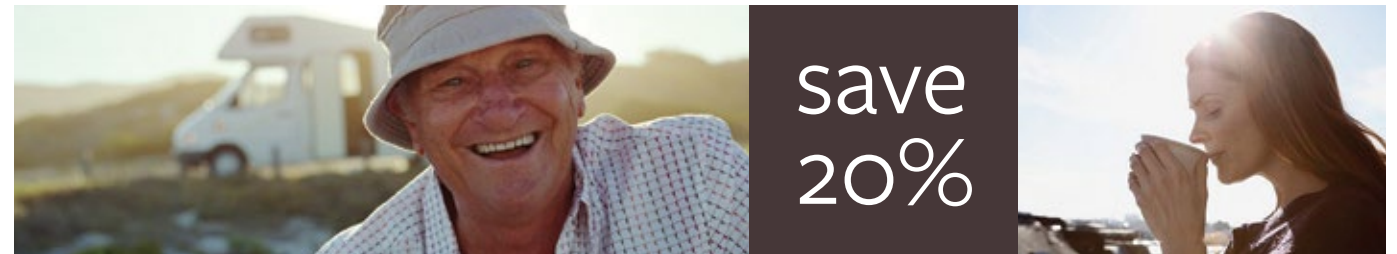
- Recall a memory when you handled a difficult situation with another person. Find the “snapshot image” that somehow captures this memory. Recall how you felt during the experience and at the end. Breathe deeply, soak it in.
- Recall a time when you got through a physically challenging event. Maybe it was a long hike, or moving that sleeper sofa to your third floor flat. Focus on how you felt when it was accomplished. Consider the strength that ran through your muscles, perhaps the happy, worn-out feeling of completed exertion. Enjoy any pleasant sensations you notice in your body and affirm your feelings with a simple affirmation like “I did it!”
- List other peak moments from your life: a college acceptance, a graduation, getting hired for that job, a memory of childhood games, a concert, a road trip. How about your first kiss?

Once per day, for the next few days, read through this list. Add to it as more pleasant memories come to mind. Enjoy the memories, and reflect on what they say about you: capable, confident, connected, daring, alive?

We can get tunnel vision filled with tough memories. This exercise removes the blinders and widens our view on the beautiful content of our lives.

“There can be great relief and soothing simplicity that comes from clearing out the clutter in our lives.”

“When you get too lost in an ‘empty cup,’ it is important to fill it back up by recalling peak moments.”



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Three Good Things

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

A surprisingly powerful way to create a happier life.

Most of us think too much about what goes wrong and not enough about what's right in our lives. We humans are marvelously skilled at scanning the world for the negative. Think back to junior high, and search those memory banks for a comment someone made that made you feel good. Then try to remember an insult that stung. Odds are you'll recall the negative memory more easily, and it will come with a far stronger punch. Positive emotions are like Teflon — they don't stick. Negative experiences and the emotions they evoke — as much as we may yearn to move past them — stick like Velcro. They resonate

more deeply, and they are therefore easier to recall. This annoying trait may have its roots in our primeval history when survival depended on how well we scanned for and responded to threats in our environment. You couldn't have a discussion with a saber-tooth tiger when it was poised to attack. And if you spent time appreciating the beauty of the landscape back then, you probably wouldn't have been prepared for disaster. Our ancestors depended on readiness and quick stress responses that led to fight, flight or freeze. These days we live with irritating stressors that take different forms than their leonine predecessor: frenzy, overwhelm,

“Positive emotions are like Teflon — they don't stick. Negative experiences — as much as we may yearn to move past them — stick like Velcro.”

confusion, relationship difficulties, relocations, financial worries, our own health challenges and caregiving roles, global economic uncertainty, and more. Most of us are in a constant state of stress, and our old responses of fight, flight and freeze are woefully inadequate. This focus on the negative sets us up for anxiety, depression, and other stress-related conditions.

Some negative thinking makes sense. We can sort through bad events, learn from them, and try to avoid them in the future. And when we do feel joy, it is that much more precious because we've known sadness. The goal is not to eliminate negative emotions, but rather to generate and savor more of the positive in our lives. We have to work diligently on this, to overcome our natural tilt toward avoiding.

Fortunately, it is possible to retrain our brains and make it more receptive to the positive, by asking, “What's going well?” When you sip a cup of tea, when you walk the path, when you wash the dishes, even when you feel stuck in the negative vortex, take a moment to look for the positive. Instead of the automatic, “How are you?” ask friends and family, “What's good?” Listen attentively and openly share in the pleasant feelings generated by this positive focus. Notice how good it feels to be immersed in thoughts of something good; what a relief from the all-that-is-wrong conversations. We've all had far too many conversations about ailing body parts over dinner with friends! It's time to push the negative aside and make some room for good.

The What-Went-Well Exercise: Three Good Things

Train your brain to focus on the positive with this nightly exercise.

Every night for a week take 10 minutes to write down three things that went well that day or made you feel good. You can write in a journal, on your computer, or in a simple notebook. Next to each note, answer the question, “Why or how did this happen?”

POSITIVE NOTE	WHY OR HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
I enjoyed having lunch with my friend today. I had been missing her.	I was missing her and realized last week that if I didn't call and schedule the lunch then my busyness would continue to prevent me from being with her. I'm glad that I took the initiative to call instead of waiting for her to call me.
I made it to the airport in enough time that I didn't feel overly stressed.	I made a deal with myself to pack everything the day before and have it all at the door ready to roll. It took perseverance because I kept getting distracted.
I woke up with less pain.	I thought long and hard about how to spend the evening before, and I came up with a creative solution that enabled me to have fun and still get the rest I need so I wouldn't have so much pain in the morning.

As you start moving through your days looking for the next good thing, gratitude will blossom, you'll feel happier, and you'll be smelling lots more roses. Chances are that six months from now you will feel better and you'll still be writing every night. ♦

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.



Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One



© Steve Mason

Introducing Our Two Features This Issue



© Steve Mason

Leisure Care
Just Keep Moving



Russellville Park
Active Resident Lives an Expanded Life

Just Keep Moving

by Michael Sturm

Senior Director – Resident Services at Leisure Care

Last winter I went snow skiing in the Cascade Mountains, the first time in more than 10 years. I consider myself to be in pretty good shape at 41 years old; I exercise several days a week, doing a variety of activities, and try, with the exception of a pretty serious sweet tooth, to eat right. Still, nothing can prepare your muscles for what will be asked of them on the slopes. I was more than a bit sore the next day.

It was a beautiful day, which lured skiers from their winter lairs, and the lines were a little long. While queuing up, I noticed a family of skiers directly in front of me. It was not the typical 40-something parents with teenage children family, but a senior couple and their adult children. I overheard them say they were going on a ski

trip to Switzerland for an upcoming birthday, and before I could stop myself I said out loud, "Now that's a birthday present." The older gentleman turned to me and said, "You only turn 80 once." I was amazed and asked him what his secret was. He said, "Just keep moving."

My mom is going to be 73 this year. She used to play tennis but gave it up for golfing to spend more time with my dad. She would love to get back on the courts, and gets a little jealous of her friends in their 70s who still play multiple times a week. What keeps her off the courts she loves so much? She's afraid she might fall if she started up again. I try to tell her that is not the case; research tells us that exercise makes us stronger and improves our balance. Still, I understand her fear.



“You don’t have to be an Olympic athlete or participate in athletic events to benefit from regular physical activity.”

Every other year, 300,000 seniors who have overcome this fear chase gold at the National Senior Olympics. In 2009, 100-year-old tennis champion Roger Gentilhomme competed in his last Olympic games. He joined an 86-year-old pole vaulter and several swimmers in their 90s. Some of these athletes did not start exercising until they were well past retirement age.

According to a MacArthur Foundation study, regular activity cuts your risk of dying. The study followed 40,000 postmenopausal women over a seven-year period and found that regular exercise reduces the death rate by 20%. The “use it or lose it” mentality of these women has proven to have significant impact on their lifespan — and not only on their lifespan, but on their quality of life.

To reap the full benefits of regular activity, aim to burn an extra 150 calories a day or 1,000 per week. The good news is that even those who have never exercised can still benefit. Just be sure to get your doctor’s permission before starting any exercise regimen. In general, the goal should be to exercise regularly at least several days a week.

You don’t have to be an Olympic athlete or participate in athletic events to benefit from regular physical activity. Light to moderate activity will suffice. In fact, to be sustainable, physical activity should be fun. Take garden tours or join a walking group. Even a meditation class has physical benefits. The point is, do something! Anything! Just keep moving. And have fun doing it. ♦

Active Resident Lives an Expanded Life



by Anita Fissel

Activities Coordinator at Russellville Park, Portland, OR

When Jack Jones chose to make Russellville Park his home, he did so with a smile. Since his move here, Jack has not only made himself at home but has joined in the community’s active and friendly lifestyle, and finds himself living a life full of new challenges and achievements.

Jack is a gentle and friendly soul who definitely knows what he wants out of life. When asked what he most values about retirement, he replies, “choosing what you are going to do instead of someone else directing what you are going to do.” He believes that when one makes their own choice about how and where they will retire, “it helps the transition be a happier one later on.” Jack draws from his experience with his father, who also took retirement by the horns and made the choice to retire at a senior living community. Jack says it was the kindest thing his father could have done for his adult children, and Jack wanted to pass that gift along to his own children.

Jack’s transition to his rich, fulfilled life didn’t happen overnight, but it didn’t take long. One evening over dinner, the leader of the community’s performing vocal group, “Blended Voices,” reached out to Jack and encouraged him to try something new — singing! Jack had some experience with music during his high school days when he played the trumpet in orchestra. In his junior year he decided he wouldn’t be the next

“Harry James” and moved on to other interests. Still, he had enjoyed his musical experience, so he accepted the invitation and went on to sing his heart out at the holiday presentation last December.

Beyond singing, Jack is also a member of the Sharing Lives program, a monthly gathering in which members are encouraged to share their life story. Braving the idea of public speaking for the first time, Jack shared his story to a packed room, and he did a great job.

Jack long ago became the de-facto historian for his own family, and this, combined with the supportive atmosphere of the Sharing Lives program, helped spur him on to write his memoirs, *One Man’s Journey Through Life*.

Upon discovering this accomplishment, another resident invited Jack to share his experience and lessons learned with his fellow neighbors at a Tell Your Story event in March of this year. He did, and is now enjoying his new role as a mentor to other residents who are interested in penning their own life stories.

Jack made the choice to live life to the fullest both within and outside our community, enjoying travels and activities with friends and family. Singing, writing, mentoring, exercising and putting himself out there trying new things. He’s a shining example of someone who has chosen to Retire Like You Mean It! ♦

Dwindling Interludes and Intermissions

A would-be isolationist succumbs to the lure of high-tech ... and is hooked.

"I used to enjoy using my free time to stare off into the distance and ponder deep thoughts like how come the lady behind the deli counter can be so precise with slicing cold cuts yet so imprecise with measuring a pound?"



© Getty Images

Last January I finally buckled. I gave in to societal pressures and purchased a smartphone. Defiant, I waited three weeks to open it, deriving boundless gratification from looking at the dormant phone in its Apple packaging and saying, "Not so smart while in that box are we?"

I felt like detective Clarice Starling in *Silence of the Lambs* talking with Hannibal Lecter in his cell, keenly aware that if this iPhone ever got out it would have consummate control over me.

After three weeks I became complacent and removed the phone from its box, thinking no harm in turning it on and examining its features. And just like Hannibal Lecter in the movie, it recognized an opening and pounced. Turning on the iPhone automatically deactivated my flip-up cell phone, leaving me without mobile phone connection and without choice. I was forced to activate the iPhone. The monster had escaped.

Conscious of the iPhone's power to dominate attention, I limited its use to calls, vowing not to become one of those people wedded to their hand-screens. Then last week, while cross-country skiing deep in Colorado's

backcountry, I grabbed the phone out of my blue fleece jacket's pocket to check emails, violating the sanctity of my intent to "get away from it all." I was hooked. The phone had me. "Hello, Clarice," it seemed to whisper with its robotic tone.

The shock of my own capitulation made me wonder if there's no reprieve anymore. Our days are now so crowded by cyber-society that trying to find any downtime is as difficult as it is trying to find a Taco Bell parking spot in downtown Denver since Colorado legalized marijuana.

Up until the last decade or so, our silver and golden years were rewarded with commotion leeway. Distractions were manageable: feigning interest at grandkid soccer games; taking your annual haul of you're-getting-old gag birthday gifts to Goodwill; complying with your college graduate kid's demand to knock first before entering the basement. Manageable and escapable. Rejuvenating downtime just a hike or plane ticket away.

But today our well-deserved space has been compromised by technology. We're tethered to mobile phones 24/7, robbing us of needed intermissions for thinking and daydreaming.

by Jeff Wozer
Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver

Dwindling Interludes: *Continued on page 41*

Building Your Own Playground

by Elana Zaiman
Rabbi, chaplain and writer

Oh, to be a child again,
creating your world of fun and games
wherever life finds you.

Recently, on a 10-hour flight back home from Amsterdam, I befriended a 4-year-old with olive skin, dark brown eyes, and short black hair that hung in bangs on his forehead. When he walked toward me on his way to the bathroom, I looked up from writing and I smiled. I asked him questions, like how he was enjoying the plane ride and if it was hard for him to sit for such a long time. His mother, a tall, slender woman with long black hair, stood behind him and watched us bond. After a few minutes, they made their way to the bathroom, and I went back to writing.

On their return, this boy stopped in front of my seat and he smiled. He then walked on to his seat a few rows ahead, and though I returned to writing, out of the corner of my eye I saw him approach. I looked up. He stood about six feet away, and he dangled the small courtesy plane pillow in front of his face. All smiles, he peeked out from behind. I lifted the page I was writing on, held it in front of my face, and mimicked his play.

I love engaging with children. At the playground, at the supermarket, on airplanes, at basketball games ... anywhere. Seeing children sparks an unconscious reaction within me that says, "Connect."

Your Own Playground: *Continued on page 42*



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Solaris (1972)

And now to outer space — yet a penetrating look at inner space too. The great Russian filmmaker Andrei Tarkovsky made this intimate 1972 epic about a space voyager who investigates strange occurrences near a planet where, it appears, events from one's past may be taking realistic present-day form. Tarkovsky was not a storyteller but a spiritual explorer, so don't expect a straight-ahead piece of science fiction. However, if you let his slowed-down rhythms and occasionally trippy visuals do their work, you may find yourself falling into the mesmerized, if somewhat bewildered, position of the cosmonaut. Here we see that travel to outer space is merely another way to journey inside the psyche, to boldly go into the cosmos of self. (*Solaris* was remade by Steven Soderbergh and George Clooney in 2002, an interesting variation on the original's theme.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

The range of songs related to this idea of space is huge and crosses many genres and generations; let's focus on a time when space in all its permutations was a mainstay of our culture and of our collective dreams.

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer



"Space Oddity" (Single) — David Bowie, from the album Space Oddity, 1969

In the summer of 1969, David Bowie released his first hit single only weeks before the Apollo 11 moon landing and a year after Stanley Kubrick's Sci-Fi film *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Clearly, the world was going through a thrilling time of space exploration, and this fascination carried over into Bowie's song. "Space Oddity" tells the story of Major Tom, an astronaut getting ready to launch into space. The psychedelic folk tone of the song, along with the isolationist lyrics, helps the listener recognize how vast and lonely space is and how the Major knows not what he will experience. Was Bowie perhaps unwittingly making a prediction of what would happen to

Apollo 13 when he leaves the Major hopeless after a technical malfunction?



"There's a Space Between Us" (Single) — Carole King, from the album Thoroughbred, 1976

Carole King had already had a mind-blowing songwriting career with her husband, Gerry Goffin, in the early '60s, writing hits for the Shirelles, Aretha Franklin, Herman's Hermits, the Monkees, and many other musical household names. Afraid of the stage, it took much convincing to finally push her to perform her songs in her own voice. We are thankful that she did. Carole's album "Thoroughbred" is not her best, yet one song stands out. "There's a Space Between Us" speaks of

breaking down the walls that one puts up as their world changes. Maybe King was writing autobiographically about her ex, as they divorced in 1968 but continued to work together for years. Perhaps the early signs of Goffin's manic depression caused him to build those impenetrable walls that caused so much distance. With the help of James Taylor's soothing and peaceful backing vocals, King's lyrics make a repeated plea to her embittered friend to "reach out and make the space between us go away."



"Telstar" (Single) — The Tornados, from the album The Tornados Play Telstar & Other Great Hits, 2003

The Tornados, house band for English composer Joe Meeks and the conduit of his instrumental visions, recorded the space-themed instrumental "Telstar" in 1962, inspired by the fascination of the time with all things space. The song was named as a tribute to the Telstar communication satellite that was launched into orbit earlier that year. Using distortion, echo, strangely generated beeping noises, and a unique instrument called a Clavioline (a two-octave keyboard powered by a battery), we hear Meek's trippy ode to space exploration come to life. The mixture of noises and textures

helped make "Telstar" a number one hit for The Tornados. Unfortunately, legal challenges of plagiarism meant that Meeks and The Tornados would never be able to capitalize on their fleeting fame, and they disappeared into the dark space of obscurity. ♦



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Dwindling Interludes: Continued from page 37

I used to enjoy using my free time to stare off into the distance and ponder deep thoughts like how come the lady behind the deli counter can be so precise with slicing cold cuts yet so imprecise with measuring a pound? Or, how come spiders can walk on ceilings and walls but not escape bathtubs?

Now when I have free time the only thing I ponder is how come my Facebook post only generated two likes.

And sadly, technology's grip keeps getting tighter. The more you use, the more you want, further compromising our space. There's no escape. I know, because I tried.

Several years ago I fled downtown Denver for a cabin at the end of a dirt road, 8,524 feet up along the north face slope of a pine-packed forest.

I had been pondering the move for several years, desperate to get off the grid and live a more three-dimensional life. I was feeling hemmed in by life in general, compounded by technology's intrusiveness.

The tipping point came when some rube spray painted "Wash Me" in neon orange letters on the back of my Subaru station wagon.

And so, like a modern day Henry David Thoreau, I left.

The cabin's remoteness provided a needed buffer. Limited to Internet and a landline phone that did not snap photos, take videos, send and receive texts, play music, provide constant Kim Kardashian updates, or offer video games, I felt like I got my life back. I had more mind-space for reading, writing, hiking, and watching spiders try to escape the bathtub.

But then, last fall, Verizon improved its coverage in my area. My cell phone suddenly became functional from home. The few neighbors on my road immediately upgraded to smartphones and urged me to do the same, culminating in last week's "Hello Clarice moment."

Since then I have not allowed the iPhone to infringe on my space. But only because one day after, I invested in an iPad. ♦

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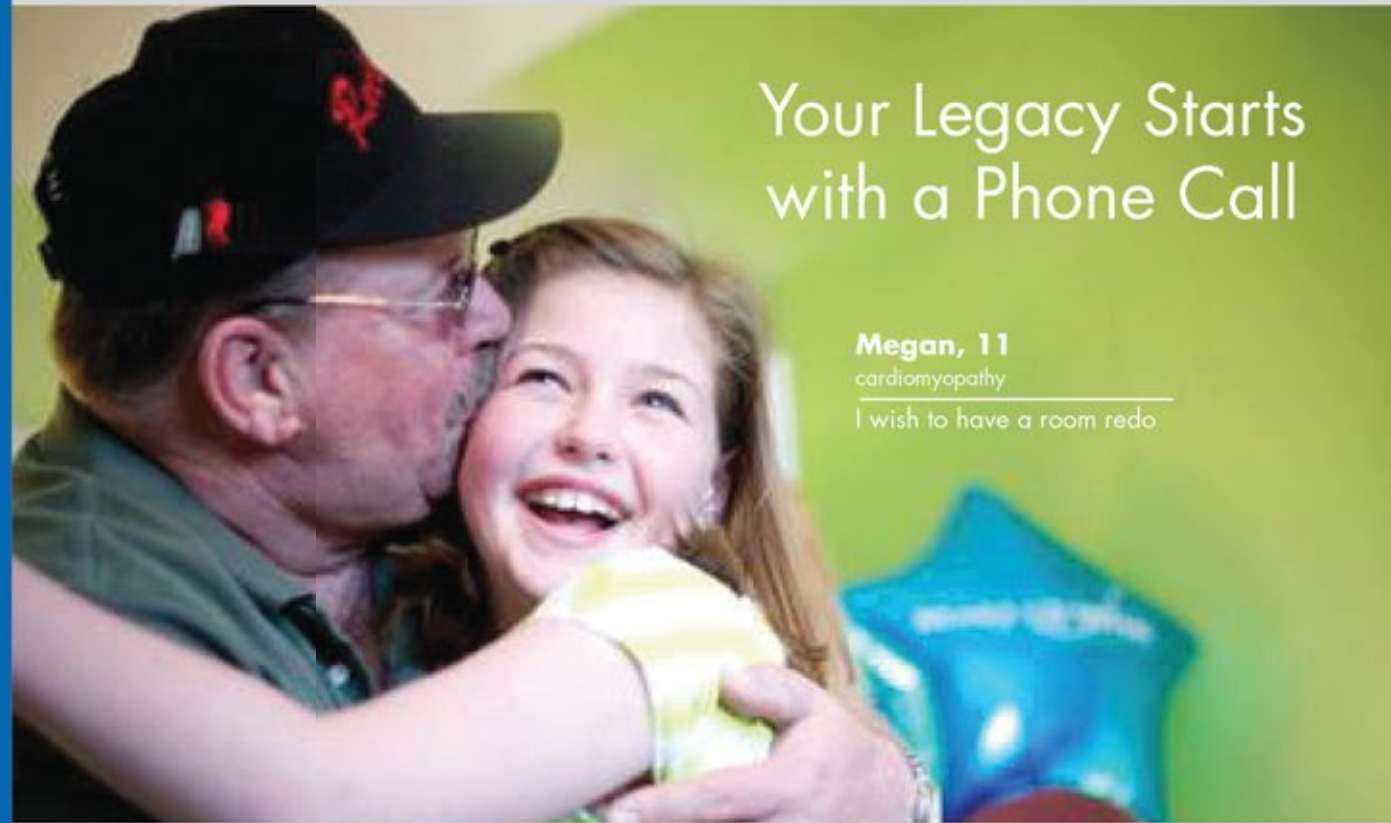
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