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# GIVING

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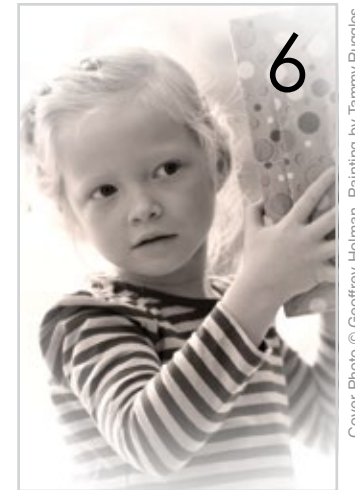
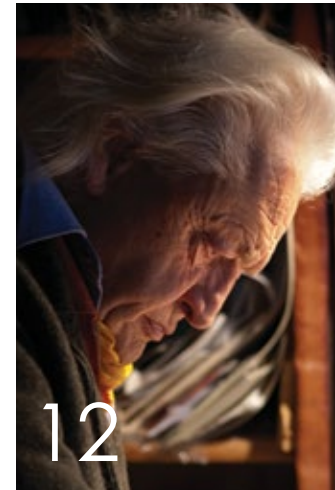
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Cover Photo © Geoffrey Holman. Painting by Tammy Ruggles.

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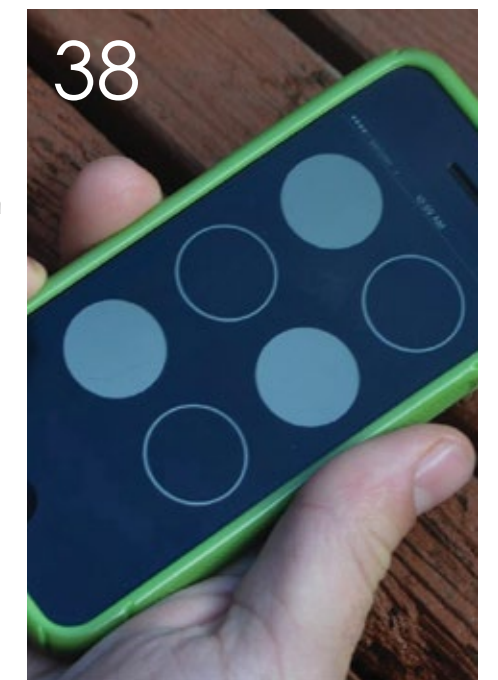
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# Letter From the Chairman & CEO

## Our Three-Thirds Lifestyle by Dan Madsen

At One Eighty and Leisure Care, we encourage employees to live what we call a Three-Thirds Lifestyle: putting family first, giving back to the community second, and meaningfully contributing to the company third. Philanthropy is at the core of who we are as a company and as people. So I could talk about this issue's theme, "Giving," for hours, but instead I'll let a few of the passionate One Eighty and Leisure Care employees share their stories. They are but a few of many. And I'd like to thank everyone for both the small and the large actions you take to positively impact lives in your own communities; they truly make a difference.

Regards,

**Dan Madsen**  
 Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care



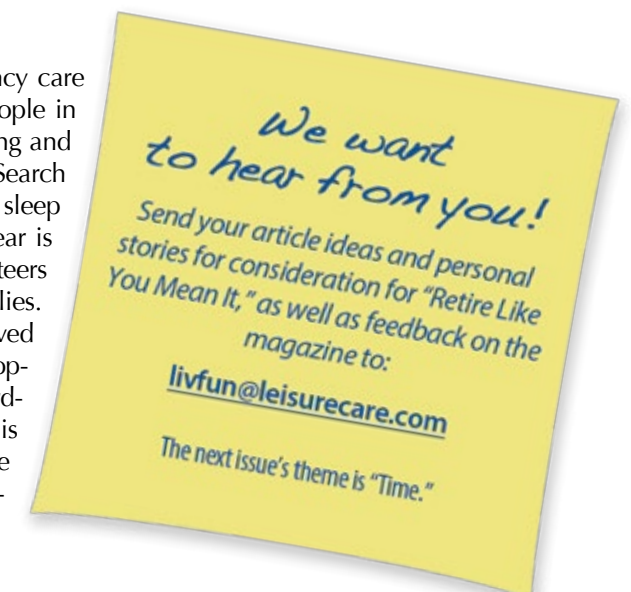
Dan Madsen, Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care

**From Brett Robinson and Ken Robertson, YouthCare**

Each night in Seattle nearly 1,000 young people have no safe place to sleep. That's thousands of homeless youth every year stuck in survival mode. At an age when acquiring the experience of working with others is most important, these young adults are learning to trust no one. Recognizing this, in 1974, a group of concerned citizens started a three-bed shelter for homeless and runaway youth, the first in the Western United States. Since then, YouthCare has grown to become a community-based agency with six sites serving the greater Seattle area. From our headquarters in downtown Seattle, we saw the faces of homeless youth every day and realized that the missions of YouthCare and One Eighty/Leisure Care – making a positive impact on lives – are remarkably similar. So for the past couple of years we've been working with the organization in a number of ways. Our main impact comes from serving free lunches to homeless kids — for many their only meal of the day. All food is donated by our friends at Sysco, and One Eighty and Leisure Care employees do everything from prep to cooking to cleanup. In 2013 we also collected prom dresses, tuxedos, jewelry and accessories to give the youth who graduated from the GED program the prom they deserved. We've provided training in writing cover letters and resumes and job interviewing, collected school supplies, and hosted seminars on improving life skills. For more information on YouthCare, visit [www.youthcare.org](http://www.youthcare.org).

**From Ryan Rasar and Roy Jensen, Union Gospel Mission**

Seattle's Union Gospel Mission (SUGM) provides emergency care and long-term recovery services to hurting and homeless people in the greater Seattle area. They are dedicated to serving, rescuing and transforming lives. One of the many ways is through their Search and Rescue program. Each night hundreds of men and women sleep on the streets. Summers here are fleeting and most of the year is wet and cold. The Search and Rescue program relies on volunteers to reach these people and provide them with food and supplies. About three years ago a group of us from Leisure Care served lunch at SUGM and upon learning of the Search and Rescue opportunity joined our first rescue mission. It was truly a rewarding experience, and for the past three years we have made this a regular part of Leisure Care's philanthropic mission. We've served food and collected and given out warm blankets, jackets, socks, gloves, and other necessities. For more information on Seattle's Union Gospel Mission, visit [www.ugm.org](http://www.ugm.org).



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# The Underpants



by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

## The most unlikely of presents at age 6

I'm turning six, soon graduating from kindergarten. There's this boy from my kindergarten class who has a crush on me. We often nap side-by-side on our woven-rag floor mats. During playtime, Johnny insists that we play "house," that he be my husband. He won't allow any other kids to enter the playhouse in the corner of the classroom. Just Johnny and me ... and baby doll makes three.

At first when we set up housekeeping, Johnny Hardman tries bossing me around, for about two minutes before discovering that I'm untamable. At my real home, they call me "Little Mayhem," and other apt names. But Johnny lives two blocks from me, and except for school, his mother doesn't allow him to come on our block. So on Day One of kindergarten, he's had no explicit warning about my innate mutineer when he judges me for my looks alone. How could he not read the stubborn conviction in my flashing green eyes when he orders me to do the dishes?

Furthermore, I am a five-year-old shiksa, and a Catholic. Who can fault Mrs. Hardman for kvetching at her son to avoid me, for steering his innocent blue eyes toward a pretty, four- or five-year-old Jewish girl? We live in this exclusive neighborhood of mostly Catholics and Jews. In those days, anyone who wished to purchase a home on Magnolia Bluff had to sign an agreement explicitly promising to not resell their property to "persons of color." Neither Johnny nor I knew of this adult covenant, and I only discovered it after my parents were deceased. I don't know if Johnny ever knew about that aspect of our neighborhood. As for the adults, I don't pass judgment on the whole adult population of Magnolia Bluff. Back in those times many real estate companies controlled their territories with their personal redlining tactics. Most adults probably didn't even

read the entire sales agreements; the "persons of color" clause appeared in small print amidst such tedious clauses as sewer line inspections, noise ordinances and lawn maintenance. That said, abundant though they were on Magnolia Bluff, I don't recall any Jewish girls in our kindergarten class.

Briarcliff is the only kindergarten on the Bluff, walking distance from home. Had a Catholic kindergarten existed in our neighborhood, you can bet that's where they'd put me. It's a public school, but confined to the parameters of Magnolia Bluff. Protestants also live on the Bluff, and my best friend,

*"How could he not read  
the stubborn conviction  
in my flashing green eyes  
when he orders me  
to do the dishes?"*

Annie Templeton, is one. Norwegian Lutheran, I believe. Annie's in kindergarten class with Johnny and me. She lives two doors down, and we play cowboys and Indians along with Tina Galer, who lives in the biggest house and is olive-skinned, and therefore always plays the Indian. Johnny Hardman doesn't participate in afterschool games because his mom has him studying the Torah. That's about all we know of Johnny's afterschool activities. He's two blocks distant, after all, and between the Hardmans and us live about 16 kids, so why bother to visit Johnny? Anyway, he can never come out to play. We encounter Johnny only in kindergarten class, where Annie's smart enough to avoid the playhouse

corner where Johnny traps me in the domestic scene, demanding I cook him dinner and change the baby's diapers. I soon rebel and desert Johnny and the baby doll, but because I like him and feel sorry about destroying our domestic scene, I continue napping at his side on our mats on the floor.

Kindergarten is the last class I'll share with Johnny Hardman and Annie Templeton. Next fall Annie enters first grade at Briarcliff. Johnny ... I don't recall if he joins Annie at Briarcliff or gets sent off to a private school. I go with my sister and brother across town to the nearest Catholic school, where the nuns of the era try to convince us that kids like Johnny and Annie will end up in perpetual Limbo. Me, I've got a shot at Heaven or Hell, most likely the latter. I don't buy the claptrap, and then later the Church goes, "Oops. We erred." Why did Annie and Johnny and I know that all along?

The April before graduating kindergarten, my family organized a party for my sixth birthday. My mother sent out invitations to all the neighborhood kids, including, of course, Annie Templeton. She also sent an invitation to Johnny Hardman.

It's a spring afternoon, the cherry blossoms suspended like pink clouds over the parking strip, the tulips budding, and hyacinths scenting the air. The guests arrive, wearing little suits and party dresses, each bearing a birthday gift. After the cake and ice cream, in the living room, I open my gifts. I'm guessing it was Mrs. Hardman — not Johnny — who put so much thought into selecting the gift Johnny presents to me. I honestly don't believe — especially after I destroyed our domestic bliss — that Johnny feels like giving me a set of seven multi-colored, frilly, nylon underpants, each with a day of the week embroidered on the seat. Does he know I've moved on and have a crush on his older brother Buzz? ♦



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# ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

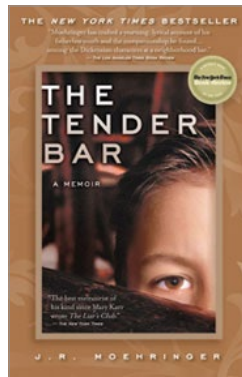
Wrap these stories around yourself, and give yourself time to relax and enjoy.

books | movies | music

## BOOK REVIEWS

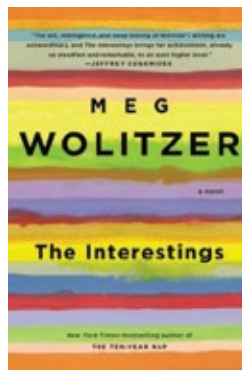
You may see your own life reflected in these stories of friendship, family and connection.

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



### **The Tender Bar: A Memoir** by J. R. Moehringer (Hyperion, \$15.99)

"An only child, abandoned by my father, I needed a family, a home, and men." Moehringer begins his emotional memoir in the most unexpected way, by admitting what his young self needs — role models, father figures, and the kind of mirroring he lacked raised in a home with his mother, grandmother, and five female cousins. At the Publicans, a Manhasset, Long Island, watering hole, the young Moehringer found himself buoyed by the men who gathered there to drink and converse their days away. The bar became a magic portal, a repository for his most poignant moments in life. And, like any bolster and ballast in life, Moehringer had to learn to let go and make it on his own. This memoir rings with heartfelt intimacy, wrenching loss, and, ultimately, the triumph of independence made possible by the warmth and support of others.



### **The Interestings** by Meg Wolitzer (Riverhead, \$27.95)

Some friendships are foundational; this proves true for a small group who meet at an elite New York summer camp, Spirit-in-the-Woods, in 1974. Years later, we find how their lives have changed while their connections remain. Julie Jacobson, at camp on a scholarship after her father dies, finds herself in the midst of the kind of wealthy, self-assured New Yorkers she never thought would include her. There's perfectly put-together Ash Woolf and her charming, hunky brother, Goodman; aspiring comic artist Ethan Figman; the dancing student with an overdeveloped figure, Cathy Kiplinger; and the son of a once-famous folksinger, Jonah Bay. Among them, Julie becomes another person and is even given another name: Jules. Fast forward and we see these characters navigate college, marriage, parenting, success and disappointment. Wolitzer has written a big-hearted book rich in character — a great American novel that deserves the same attention and accolades as Franzen's *The Corrections* and Eugenides' *The Marriage Plot*.



### **Making Toast: A Family Story** by Roger Rosenblatt (Ecco, \$12.99)

Parenting is watching your heart walk around outside of your body. Some parents learn this with more clarity than others. Roger Rosenblatt and his wife, Ginny, had settled into a leisurely life when their 38-year-old daughter Amy dies suddenly of a heart attack. A successful pediatrician, Amy left a husband and three young children behind. Roger and Ginny vacate their five-bedroom house on Long Island to live with their bereft son-in-law in Maryland, where they weave themselves into the lives of their motherless grandchildren. They get them up in the morning, make breakfast, get them ready for school, all the while trying to help them move forward out of grief. And yet this spare, emotional memoir is not as depressing as it might sound. Rosenblatt, a NYC playwright and journalist, imbues this story of grief and loss with sweetness and hope; it reads as homage to a talented, intelligent woman who died too soon and the small daily moments that make life beautiful.

## MOVIE REVIEWS

There's nothing like a good movie on a chilly winter evening. Snuggle in!

by Robert Horton / Film critic for KUOW-FM



### **Mr. Deeds Goes to Town** (1936)

When Longfellow Deeds learns he has inherited \$20 million from a distant relative, he responds with his usual small-town straightforwardness: He'll give the money away. Who needs the trouble, anyway? This news is received with shock and horror by the people around him, a situation that leads to some glorious scenes in director Frank Capra's Oscar-winning 1936 comedy. Deeds, played by Gary Cooper, is a poet by nature; he's not prepared for his adventures in the big city, nor for the wisecracking newspaper reporter (Jean Arthur, at her best) he falls for. Deeds has a cracker-barrel philosophy ("I say the fellas who can make the hill on high should stop once in a while and help those who can't.") that rings especially true for a Depression-era film. Capra's movie combines sweetness with rowdiness in satisfying measures.



### **About a Boy** (2002)

Self-centered man-child Will (Hugh Grant) would like nothing more than to skate through bachelor life in his expertly superficial way. This is why the insistent presence of a friend's nerdy son Marcus (Nicholas Hoult) is so annoying: The boy's at loose ends, with a likable but unstable single mom (Toni Collette), and his drive for a father figure is so acute he's grateful for attention even from the disreputable Will. It's easy to guess where this 2002 adaptation of Nick Hornby's novel is going, but the spectacle of watching Will stumble his way to an appreciation of giving for its own sake is hugely entertaining to witness. It's a splendid role for Hugh Grant, whose goatish manner keeps everything from getting too sappy, and directors Paul and Chris Weitz have a firm grasp on the embarrassments of childhood — you'll be squirming right along with Will at some of Marcus' social gaffes. But that's where a big brother — official or otherwise — comes in.

Entertain Your Brain: Continued on page 40



# Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated

## Outside Ourselves, Out in the World

by Pam Mandel  
Freelance travel writer and photographer

Travel requires something of us,  
yet returns more than we could ever ask.

**In** 2008, I sobbed my way across Cambodia. I've been to plenty of places in the world where life is difficult and history so atrocious (Europe with the fingerprints of the 1940s all over it), but something about Cambodia got under my skin. Perhaps restless ghosts, victims of the Khmer Rouge's awful reign, whispered their stories while I toured the sights. At every single memorial marking the slaughter of nearly 2 million Cambodians between the years of 1975 and 1979, I fell apart.

While I loved the temples of Angkor (I had always wanted to see them), the sharpest memory I have from my time in Cambodia is the way I felt upon entering the courtyard of Toul Sleng, the Khmer Rouge detention center in the middle of Phnom Pehn. I lasted all of three minutes before I collapsed on a bench in the courtyard, weeping, broken and utterly distraught. "I can't," I said. "This place is full of ghosts." My husband, ever a patient man, sat next to me, held my hand, and when I seemed together enough to walk, he led me across the street to a beautiful garden café and bought me a cup of tea.

The year before my travels to Southeast Asia, I'd helped found a nonprofit that made it possible for travelers to create change in the world. Upon my return to the U.S., I needed to do something, anything, to appease the ghosts that haunted me. Late in 2009, I received photos from a ribbon cutting at a school in rural Cambodia funded by that nonprofit, and that school I helped build is still in session in Preah Vihear. They educate 400 kids annually; the program through which "my" school was funded has constructed nearly 500 new schools in Cambodia. I have a school in Cambodia, and the ghosts, who are not gone, are quieter now.

Travel requests that we accept the gifts of strangers. Like that time I took the wrong train and the

Dutch woman shared her family's food with me. That time the Greek man led me and my travel companion to his guest room and handed us a few boiled eggs, some bread and some fruit, after seeing there was no chance we'd hitch a ride that night and knowing there was nowhere in his tiny town to get a room. The Spanish farmers who helped me push my car out of a ditch, laughing. A can of beer from some big, friendly Hawaiians hanging out at the beach fishing. Grilled salmon eggs from the elder at the powwow. And smaller gifts, with such high value — stories, best of all, that stay with us for the duration of our memory.

Travel also requests that we give. Not everyone has to start a nonprofit and build a school, and not everyone will be driven to give by tears and the weight of history. As the recipient of so much kindness during the course of my adventures — from help getting un-lost to the unbounded hospitality of not quite strangers — the least I can do when I step out into places unknown is to be kind and open and honest.

Two years ago I was fortunate to visit Zanzibar, the island nation off the coast of Tanzania. I'd been told that it could be a difficult place for Western women, that I should be hyper aware, that I would be pestered by touts and harassed by men. Nothing could have been further from the truth. Something strange happened to me in Zanzibar, a place where people I had never seen before greeted me like a lost cousin on the open plazas and crowded markets of Stone Town, a place where I felt safer than I've felt in many American cities. In Zanzibar, I was a minority in almost every way, yet I felt almost immediately at home.

This is the gift of travel. It challenges us to be our best selves in the world and for that, we receive everything. ♦

*"It challenges us to be our best selves in the world  
and for that, we receive everything."*





# THE LASTING GIFT

living  
testament  
to your core values  
and beliefs  
becomes  
the one bequeath  
only you  
could make.

by **Elana Zaiman**  
Rabbi, chaplain and writer

---

**W**hat's the best gift you ever received? Was it the steering wheel attached to a slab of wood your grandfather built for you when you were 4? Or was it the pearl necklace your great aunt draped around your neck at 16? Was it the weekend in Paris your wife surprised you with when you retired? Or was it the birthday party your family threw in honor of your 80th?

I've received many wonderful gifts over the years: toys, stuffed animals, bicycles, jewelry, clothing, kitchen appliances, money, travel and books. I've received gifts of words, hugs, compassion, love and presence (the complete present-ness of another). However, the gift to which I return over and over again is the letter I received from my father when I was 14. Actually, it's a letter my father wrote to all his children: me, my sister, Sarina, and my brothers, Ari and Rafi.

This letter was no ordinary, everyday kind of letter. This was not a letter to say "hi," a letter to say "I miss you" or "I love you." This was not a newsy letter to fill us in on his daily doings. This letter was my father's ethical will.

An ethical will is a letter we write to the people we love (the people we will leave behind when we die) in which we pass on our most cherished nonmaterial possessions: our values, guidance, wisdom, hopes and love.

What prompted my father to write his ethical will at the still young and healthy age of 38? No terminal illness, no pending catastrophe inspired this act. He was a healthy man in his prime, enjoying a full life as a congregational rabbi, as husband to the woman he loved since he was a teenager and as father to four children between the ages of 9 and 14. He was simply following an ancient Jewish tradition dating back to Medieval times in which fathers (and later, mothers) wrote their children letters to impart their prescriptions for living meaningful Jewish lives by following the values, rituals and traditions they deemed important.

---



“For my father there was no escaping the page,  
where his words and his very being sat in bold relief.”

In Hebrew these letters are known as *tze-vah-oat*, or commandments. It is believed by the scholar Judah Goldin that the term “ethical will” might indeed have originated with Israel Abrahams, who in 1926 compiled and edited a book of these early letters, titled *Hebrew Ethical Wills – Ethical*, because these letters imparted ethical and moral values, and *Wills*, because of the import of these letters. These letters were meant to live on after the deaths of their authors, to be a stand-in for them when they were no longer living.

Some fathers wrote their ethical wills when they felt they were nearing the end of their lives. Others began the process in their earlier years and amended their ethical wills over time. Still others wrote their ethical wills during times of travel or extended separation from their families when they feared for their safe return.

So, what did my father impart to us, his children, in his ethical will?

He wrote these kinds of things:  
... that he expected us to take care of our mother, because by so doing we would be honoring him and honoring her for giving us life.

... that we must respect and care for each other always, even if love wasn't always possible.

... that we strive to grow in our tradition.

... that he appreciated our different points of view, even when we disagreed with him, and even when he tried to intimidate us.

... that we must take care not to judge others because who knows how we would act in their shoes.

And he wrote of his love for us. When I first read my father's ethical will, I cried. To this day when I read it, it often brings me to tears. Here was my father being himself to the core, more himself than I had ever known him to be. Here was my father admitting his faults, his failures and his weaknesses. Here was my father being human.

Let me be clear. Had my father never written an ethical will, I would have known who he was and what he stood for. I would have known his values, as he lived and continues to live his values. But I would not have known how he understood himself, his strengths and his weaknesses, his virtues and his shortcomings. And I would not have known which values were most important to him.

You see, my father understood that in order to fully impart all that he wanted to say he had to put himself on the page. For him there was no escaping the page, where his words and his very self sat in bold relief. He understood that once he committed his words to the page, we, his descendants, could read his words over and over again whenever we wanted to hear his voice and feel his presence.

My father handed me his ethical will in 1978. To this day, I continue to read it. Yes, we communicate by email and we talk on the phone, though our day-to-day emails and phone calls don't carry the same depth of emotion, nor are they meant to. (My father hates the phone. His usual greeting when any of his children calls is, “Hi. I'll get your mother.” If he

stays on the phone for any length of time, we assume it's because our mother's not home.)

So, when I want to hear my father's voice in a deep and personal way, I read his ethical will. It connects me to him when I need that connection. When I'm angry with him. When I'm in awe of him. Or, when I simply miss him because he lives in Baltimore and I live in Seattle. It helps me better understand him, myself and our relationship. It also takes me back to the time before my youngest brother, Rafi, died of Ewing's Sarcoma at the age of 11. My father's ethical will serves as a memorial to my family of origin — once six, now five, and still very much a family.

It was to my father's ethical will that I returned before I wrote an ethical will to my son, Gabriel, when I was 44 and Gabriel just shy of seven. Somehow hearing my father's voice, his values, and his admissions of imperfection, gave me the strength to write to Gabriel, to tell him about my own values, to acknowledge his strengths and weaknesses (some of which we share), and to ask for his forgiveness for the times I didn't get it quite right.

While ethical wills have their roots in the Jewish tradition, one doesn't have to be Jewish to engage in this tradition. People of all faiths, and people who do not align with any faith tradition, are choosing this approach to impart their values, wisdom, guidance, hopes, expectations and love to the people they love.

It's an awesome task.

“So, when I want to hear my father's voice  
in a deep and personal way, I read his ethical will.”

Think about it. What would you write to your children or grandchildren, your nieces or nephews, your husband or wife, your brothers or sisters, or your close friends? What stories would you tell to highlight your values, or to acknowledge the values that your loved ones are already living? What would you tell them about you, about them? Is there something for which you need to ask their forgiveness? Something you

need to forgive? How would you impart your love?

I encourage you to try this. Sit down before a blank piece of paper, or open a new file on your computer. Write “Dear... .” Continue writing. Let your heart speak what you may, or may never, have voiced out loud.

After it's done, you have a choice. You can pass on your words while you're still alive, or you can leave them to be found

after you die. I lean toward passing on our ethical legacies while we're still alive so that we can continue to work on our relationships. But either way, understand this: You will be changed by the very act of writing your ethical will, and you will have left a gift to which your loved ones can return again and again to hear your voice and to feel your presence. A gift your loved ones could have received from no one else but you. ♦

#### Sources:

Some sections of this work are excerpted from Elana Zaiman's upcoming book, currently titled *Letters to the Living*.

Abrahams, Israel (1926, reprinted in 2006). *Hebrew Ethical Wills: Volumes I & II*. Jewish Publication Society.

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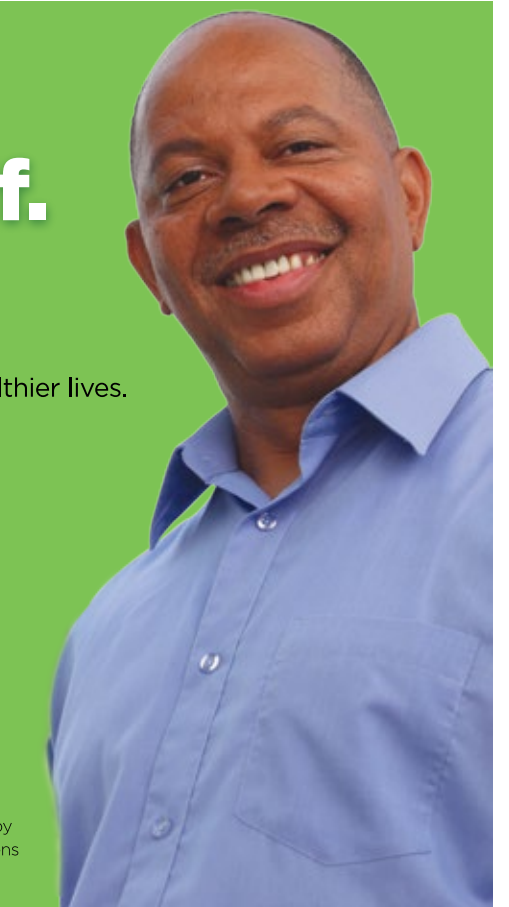
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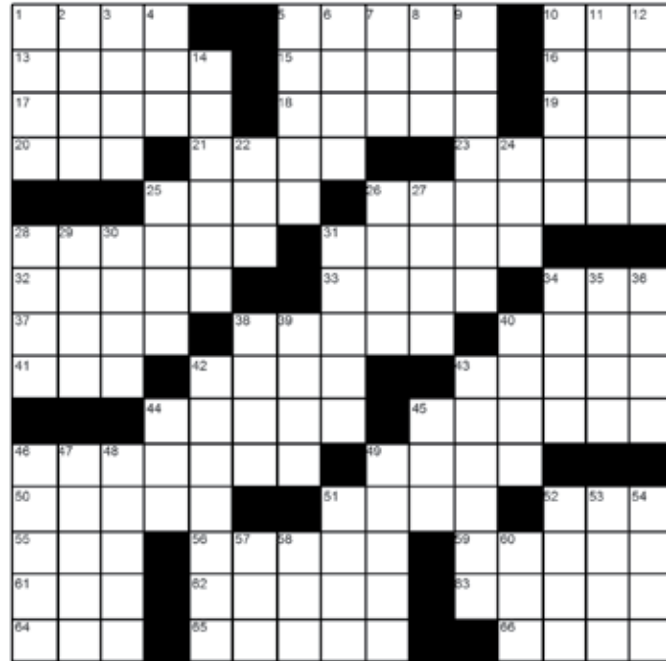
The three Senior Corps programs – RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through service and volunteering.





## Crossword Puzzle

### Tis Better to Give...



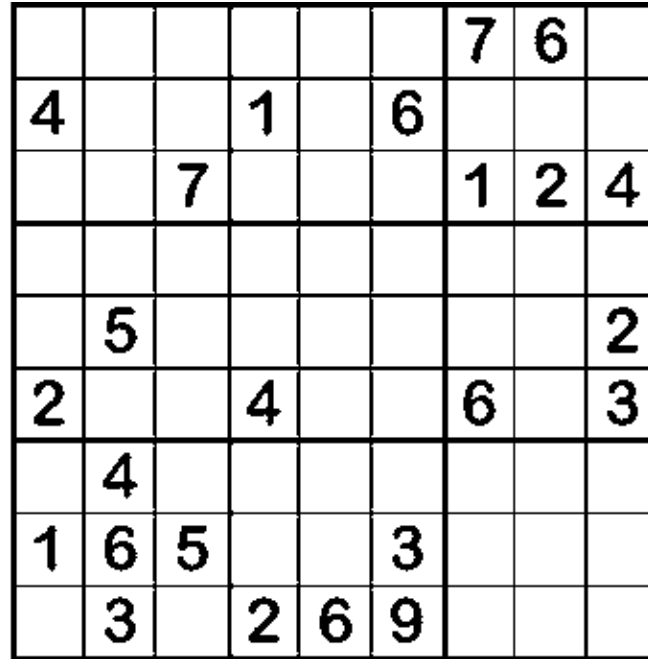
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#### ACROSS

- 1 Something to GIVE
- 5 Important vessel
- 10 Guy's pal
- 13 Dostoevsky novel with "The"
- 15 Old French unit
- 16 It could be bruised
- 17 Forgetful one
- 18 Some GIVE this to the church
- 19 Something to GIVE
- 20 Something your mom might GIVE
- 21 How long it's been since Hector was a pup
- 23 Something to GIVE a listen to
- 25 Always
- 26 GIVES away
- 28 A doctor may GIVE you one
- 31 Special plant leaf usually near a flower
- 32 Pastoral poem
- 33 Actress Veronica
- 34 He's good
- 37 After first or coffee
- 38 Kids and strikes may have them
- 40 Dry as a bone
- 41 Flowery before
- 42 Part of USNA (abbr)
- 43 Something to GIVE
- 44 A grammar teacher knows this
- 45 What the devil does
- 46 The GIVING of aid
- 49 Choir member
- 50 GIVING the once-over
- 51 GIVE a hoot
- 52 Sec equivalent
- 55 Band or sleep segment
- 56 Something to GIVE an absent classmate
- 59 Baton action
- 61 Compass direction
- 62 Dwelling
- 63 Formerly "Navigator Islands"
- 64 Eeyore's demeanor
- 65 Things to form
- 66 American, in slang

## Sudoku

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



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DIFFICULTY: ★★☆☆

#### DOWN

- 1 What the lily may have been
- 2 It may be golden
- 3 Royal treasury
- 4 Part of a boot
- 5 Before glow or noon
- 6 Raw materials
- 7 What the dish and spoon did
- 8 Cable channel
- 9 Something to GIVE me
- 10 What the cat would like to do to the fish
- 11 Nimble
- 12 What a wolf does, sometimes
- 14 Possible retirement goal
- 22 Opposite of GIVE
- 24 GIVE tit for \_\_\_\_\_
- 25 Fashion magazine
- 26 Dull
- 27 Some trees
- 28 Something to GIVE
- 29 Month on a Jewish calendar
- 30 Computer information unit
- 31 Part of a knife
- 34 Gun on a stage
- 35 Wildly amusing
- 36 Something a bookie GIVES
- 38 A vocal style
- 39 Sly
- 40 Something to GIVE
- 42 Something to GIVE
- 43 Attacks from all sides
- 44 Vase
- 45 Smoker's bane
- 46 Largest asteroid
- 47 This may be spotted or laughing
- 48 Got in one's sights
- 49 Some diamonds have four
- 51 GIVE up
- 52 Two \_\_\_\_\_
- 53 It may be cast
- 54 A type of jacket
- 57 Sash
- 58 Unit of weight
- 60 Something to GIVE

**BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42**

## Healthy U

### Good Health 101 and Beyond



© Kondorosz Ava Katalin

## On Gratitude

### The Emotions of a Healthy Heart

by Stephan J. Smith  
Doctor of Chiropractic

We give for many reasons. Sometimes it's to get rid of things we no longer want, and I suppose there's no wrong in that. Although it's more of a convenience in that case, rather than a true gift. A true gift is one that is from the heart, because you really want to give something. Because you care and want to help or benefit someone else.

The interesting thing here is that when you give for no other reason than to give, you receive a tremendous benefit for your own health. Why? Because giving a true gift makes you feel like a good person, and that sense of selflessness has psychological and physical benefits. One study posits that giving creates a sense of well-being because it causes a person to feel gratitude in his or her own life.

Counting your blessings and offering up gratitude is a tenet of many religions and spiritual paths. There is abundant scientific proof that the act of being thankful promotes good health and improved happiness. In *Thanks! How the New Science of Gratitude Can Make You Happier*, author Robert Emmons summarizes groundbreaking research on gratitude. (Emmons, 2007)

#### Among the findings:

- People who regularly give thanks and acknowledge the good in their lives were more optimistic.
- They also reported fewer health problems.
- They tended to fall asleep faster, get more sleep, and wake feeling better in the morning.
- In heart attack patients, those who viewed the event as having a "silver lining" of any kind, i.e., they appreciate life more or are more aware of their blessings, were less likely to have a second attack.

The research also challenges the notion that our happiness is dependent on predetermined factors like our personality or our situation. Indeed, subjects in several studies reported becoming happier, more at peace, and more content from keeping a simple journal of things they are thankful for.

So count those blessings and keep giving thanks. You'll be giving your health a boost while you enrich the world around you. ♦

#### Sources:

*Clinical Psychology Review* 30 (2010). pp. 890-905.

Emmons, Robert (2007). *Thanks! How the New Science of Gratitude Can Make You Happier*. Houghton Mifflin.



# Time, Talent & Treasure



**A generous life can be expressed in so many ways beyond cash.**

by Sue Peterson, CFA

Managing Director,  
Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

© Michael Svoboda

*"We make a living by what we get. We make a life by what we give."*

– Winston Churchill

**W**hat picture springs to mind when you hear the word "giving"?

Is giving a verb or an adjective? Do you think of a person you admire or an act of goodwill? Can you give without being a giver?

To me, giving is a measure of the heart, not the ability to write a check. A true giver pours out more than monetary wealth on their family and community. I like to think of the phrase "time, talent and treasure" to broaden the scope and approachability of the concept of giving.

When I was growing up, my mother often said, "You either have money or time, but rarely simultaneously." I don't want to argue with my mother, but we all know that time is money. Thus, donating time to family, friends in need, or our favorite local charity is a great way to express your generosity. We live in a world where it seems 99% of the time people are only thinking of themselves. You can make that 1% more effective by writing a get-well card and dropping it in the mail, working at a food bank, visiting a friend in the hospital or care facility, or any other act of kindness that expands your universe of one.

In a similar fashion, each of us has built up talents over a lifetime of experiences. Write down the practical skills you've gained that could benefit others and then start looking for ways to share those skills with your family, friends or community.

Are you a natural encourager? Send notes regularly to someone you know is going through a hard time. Do you love to serve? Offer to help out at a community event. Great organizer? Plan a clothing drive at your place of worship or in your neighborhood. Awesome host? Invite a recent widow(er) or new neighbor to your next family gathering.

It's often easy to discount the gifts we can make of our personal talent, because to us it's easy and fun and therefore not "work." When in truth, these are the best talents to share because you receive joy in return! As George Saunders said in his recent commencement address to Syracuse University, "What I regret most in my life are failures of kindness." Donating of our time and talents are often the ultimate kindnesses we can bestow.

Now treasure is the rub. How do you give this in a way that is meaningful and makes

a real impact? I suggest you think of your financial giving as a pie, with slices designated to different causes or specific organizations. Your own pie may have three slices or 10, but either way, it's a finite size with predetermined pieces. My own pie has a slice called "TBD" for To Be Determined. This helps tremendously when trying to decide how to respond to the unexpected invitation to a charity auction or luncheon fundraiser for a cause that is dear to a friend or co-worker. I already know my maximum contribution for this category and that contributing more takes away from other slices.

Over time, I've whittled down the number of slices so that each makes a bigger impact in the areas that mean the most to me. I find it much more meaningful to write five significant checks each year rather than responding to every charity that asks for \$50 — and then inundates you with requests for years to come!

When planning your gifts, it's important to consider the most effective way to give of your treasure. Do you own low basis stock? Donating it to charity could help you avoid paying capital gains tax while receiving a charitable deduction for the market value of the gift. In addition, the charity will not owe income tax on the sale and will receive 100% of your gift. A win-win ... and there is absolutely nothing wrong in giving intelligently to avoid penalizing yourself!

An IRA or annuity that is not critical to continuing your lifestyle or those of your heirs can be another avenue for financials gifts. By naming one or more charities as the beneficiaries of that investment, they will receive 100% of the proceeds income-tax free. On the other hand, naming an individual as the beneficiary is considered taxable income, so net after-tax, he or she may only receive between 60% and 85% of the intended gift.

Finally, consider naming one or more charities in your will to receive an outright bequest. This ensures that you have the resources you need during your lifetime while allowing you to leave a legacy for the community after you pass.

As Winston Churchill reminds us, "We make a living by what we get. We make a life by what we give." With careful consideration of how to give of your own time, talent and treasure, your life will have impact far into the future. ♦



## The Generosity of Presence



Engaging from the heart adds balance to our material world.

by Sandy Sabersky

Founding Director of Elderwise

**T**he gifts we give and receive differ depending on the stage of life we are in. As toddlers we fall, stand and fall again ... too preoccupied with learning to move through the world to partake in gift exchanges.

As we get a little older, our sense of balance allows us to reach out and give to others with our

arms, hands and heart. We can receive those same gifts with more consciousness. We develop an understanding about giving and receiving. Some things we enjoy giving and receiving; others we don't. Sometimes there seems to be a hidden agenda or an obligation in gift giving; sometimes the reciprocity of giving and receiving doesn't seem reasonable or fair.

*“When we are seen by the heart,  
we are seen for who we are.”*

As we continue to age, however, our sense of physical balance becomes more about an inner spiritual balance. Perhaps there is a decrease in the feeling of ownership over things. Instead, a deep calm seems to develop where one naturally thinks more of others than oneself.

From this place of calm, we don't have too many needs. I have a dear friend who describes himself as a conveyor belt.

“People give me things,” he says, “and I give them to others.”

He doesn't really have a need for these gifts, but he accepts them graciously, and when the opportunity arises, he passes them along.

So often I hear from the elders around the table that they don't need anything. The material world doesn't really have anything to offer them anymore. Earlier this year, I gave a gift of a beautiful, small container to a friend of mine who was dying. She said, “Sandy, I can't take this with me where I'm going!” Sheepishly, I said, “I know. I just thought it was so pretty.” She had no need for it, but accepted it graciously — recognizing, perhaps, my need to give something.

Even though the elders may not need physical items (beyond having their basic needs met), the need to give and receive still exists — it's just not so much on the material level anymore. From

the place of balance and centeredness, from the place of calm, we can see others in front of us, love them, and share with them. We can give the gift of time, encouragement and listening. Especially if someone is lonely, the acts of really seeing a person and of noticing sadness are meaningful gifts.

Author, teacher, and integrative medicine pioneer Rachael Naomi Remen prefaces her own story as a young girl with the words, “When we are seen by the heart, we are seen for who we are.” She describes how she felt truly seen by her godfather who, moments before his death, gently reached his old hand toward her. With his whole self he whispered her name, “Rachel,” as he “met” her deeply for the first time. Even as a very young child of three, she recalls that experience of being seen from the heart. There is no greater gift than to be seen in this way.

We are all seeking connectedness, community and love. It doesn't take much to give a smile to a lonely person, to share a laugh in the checkout line, or to show care to those you love.

With age, we have the best gifts to give — the ones we have spent a lifetime perfecting. We can offer our calmness and centeredness, our time and attention, and our true thoughts of others. ♦

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Glas, Norbert, M.D. (1970). *The Fulfillment of Old Age*. Anthroposophic Press, Hudson, New York.



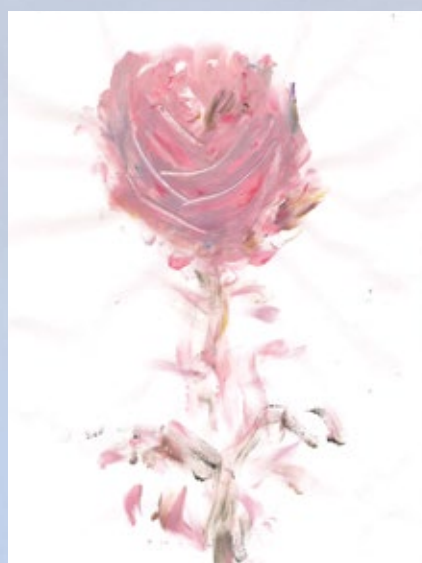
# THIRD WIND

While robbing a woman of her sight, a chronic disease brings unexpected gifts.

*“I was blissfully unaware that I was slowly going blind.”*



Yellow Flower



Peach Rose



Tree on Green Wood



Cat Tails



Yellow Landscape

by Tammy Ruggles

Freelance writer, artist, and retired social worker

I was born with Retinitis Pigmentosa (RP), an eye disease that has been ever so slowly robbing me of my vision as the rods and cones in my eyes gradually die off.

I got my first pair of glasses at the age of two, so I grew up knowing my vision was below average. Sometimes I felt self-conscious and embarrassed, like when I had to sit next to the teacher’s desk so I could see the blackboard.

As a child, I never realized how bad my eyesight would eventually become, and my family didn’t make a big deal of it. I largely enjoyed my youth

without the weight of RP’s full meaning.

As I grew into adulthood, my glasses became thicker, and it became more and more challenging to read regular-size print. I also learned more about the incurability of the disease and what lay ahead. I tried not to think about the future, which seemed too dark and uncertain. It was easier living in denial.

I attended college with the financial assistance of Office for the Blind and majored in social work, with electives in art and writing — both hobbies from my early years that I loved.

After college my childhood sweetheart and I had a son. Ten years later my little boy’s dad died in an auto accident.

Overnight I became a single mom, in a world that was literally and figuratively getting darker. Fortunately, mothering came easy to me, and I cherished every minute of it, which helped me keep a positive attitude.

**20/200**

But that positive attitude sometimes put me in a Pollyanna-style bubble — part denial, part naïveté, part unrelenting optimism. So it was a shock-

ing blow when, at the age of 40, my eye doctor told me my vision had deteriorated to the point of legal blindness.

*He has to be wrong, I thought. My vision is bad, yes, but **this** bad?*

Reality hit me full force as I lost my driver’s license and my cherished social work position.

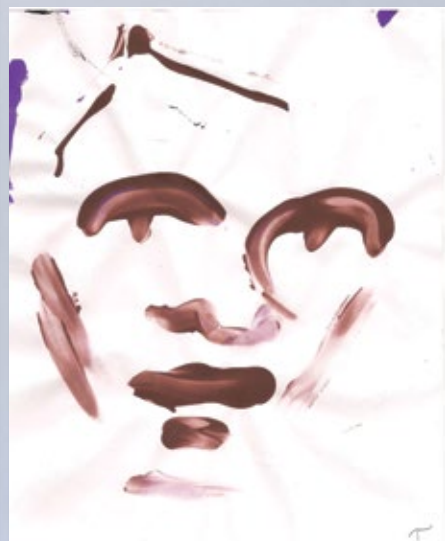
My world was cracking beneath my feet like thin ice. My loss of vision was secondary to the loss of my independence, my job and my identity.

I wasn’t sure what to do, but my then 14-year-old son still needed a mom and a breadwinner. I grieved





Big Red Rose



Brown Face



America



Red Barn 2



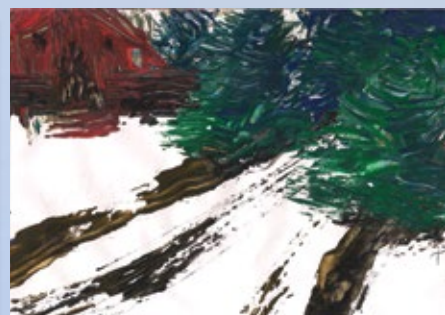
Fall Wind



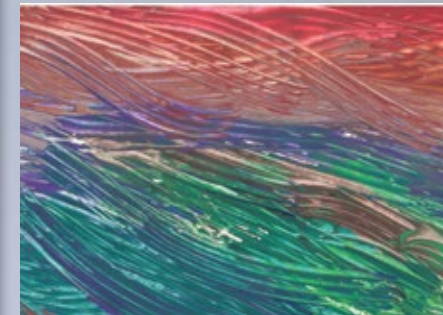
Spring Bouquets



Red Shack by Water



Red Cabin in the Snow



Lost at Sea



Summer Flowers

the losses, then buckled down and set about getting my second wind.

I wondered if I could make a second career of writing. With absolutely nothing to lose, I wrote a few parenting articles in large font and sent them to my local newspaper. The editor liked my work, and I was given my own column, "TR's Topics," which launched a freelance writing career.

Meanwhile, my vision continued to deteriorate. My son set me up with a 47-inch TV that doubled as my computer monitor. Miraculously, the enlarged images made it possible to see enough to draw again, something I hadn't been able to see well enough to do since college.

I started with celebrity sketches, which I could view on the monitor

and recreate on paper. I had to use a black Sharpie, because I saw best in high contrast and pencil or charcoal were invisible to me. It created a new graphic-novel style that I liked.

I found myself sketching like a fiend, not knowing how long I would see well enough to do it. That uncertainty made it seem all the more precious.

#### 20/400

My vision held at 20/200 for two or three years, and then people began telling me that my portraits weren't as good as they used to be. I knew they were right, and I suspected why. But the news from the doctor was worse than I had thought.

My vision was now 20/400.

Losing the ability to see and draw

detail made it impossible to continue sketching. I tried to accept the loss with as much grace as I could.

"It was good while it lasted," I remarked on Facebook.

I would miss art, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. I had taken it as far as I could.

Or so I thought.

It was a Facebook friend named

Sonja who suggested I try finger painting, explaining it was something I could do intuitively.

Doubt hung heavy, but art meant so much to me; I had to try. I bought some bottles of acrylic paint and a pad of art paper, and I took them home.

How could I do this? I could barely tell the colors apart. Brown looked like purple. Blue blended with green.

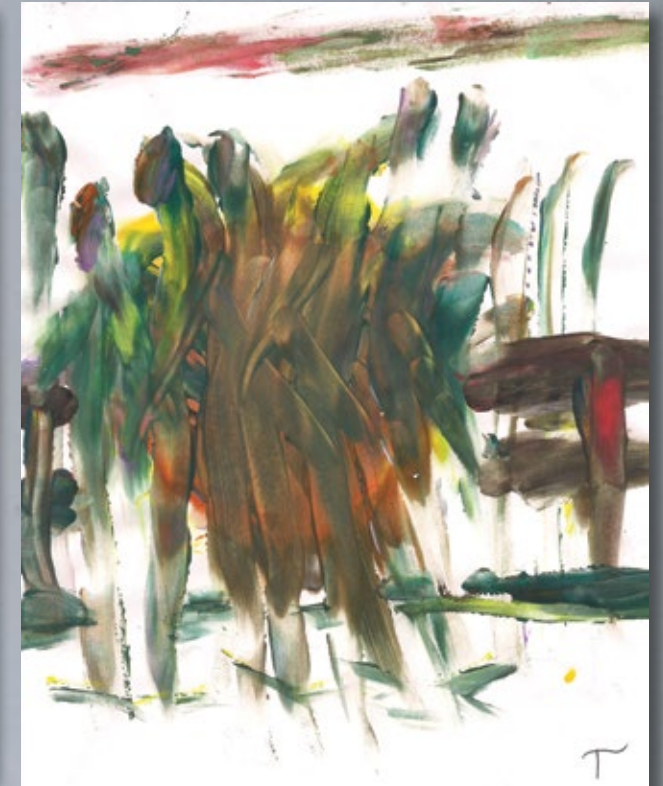




People at a Ball Game



People at an Art Gallery



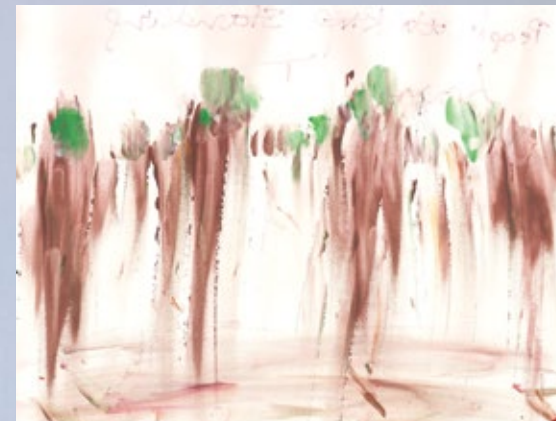
People Sightseeing



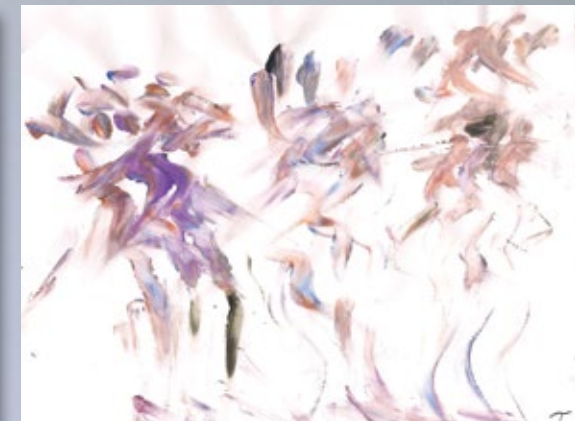
People Working in a Field



Sail Boats



People Standing Around



People Dancing



Tammy Ruggles

Red sometimes looked orange.

I devised a system where I put colors in a certain order so I could remember which was which. I worked up the nerve to show my first attempts to some close friends. Reactions varied from "I'm not sure what that is" to "Keep doing it!"

The process of learning this new art form forced me to look at my abilities,

and the very nature of art itself, in a new way.

I had been hung up on visual art being the domain of sighted artists, with the visually impaired being constrained to art that was sculpted or tactile.

I had also been hung up on the idea that my pictures had to be perfect. But art doesn't have to be perfect to be effective. Once I accepted that, I also,

reluctantly, recognized that RP, once again, had opened me up to a new artistic style.

**Third Wind**

With growing confidence I began showing my pictures to local artists and gallery owners, which led to a few of my paintings being included in exhibits. I even sold a couple of large

canvas paintings at a sidewalk sale.

And then, after I taught finger painting to a group of children in a community outreach program, I was invited to speak to a group of local art teachers on ways to teach art to blind and visually impaired students.

Bad eyesight puns aside, I did not see this coming. I had thought my art was for myself, created for almost

selfish, personal reasons, strictly for self-fulfillment.

What I see now is that my artistic journey has given me a way to help others. My loss of sight has given me insight into the very nature of being human, with all its joys and losses. I have been given the gift of my artwork, a gift I can share with the world. ♦



# Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

**Q:** My husband and I have finally retired. It seems to me like a perfect time to establish new ways of doing things around the house. I have done the bulk of the household duties for many long years now. Most of all, I'd like him to share in the cooking, which I am a bit sick of doing. While he says he is eager to put energy into the yard, he argues that he is "handicapped" in cooking. Honestly, I'm not sure he can do more than scramble eggs at this point, but he can relearn, can't he? He used to cook a thing or two long ago. I feel like I've been giving more than my fair share long enough.

**A:** Without hearing your husband's side of the story, your request sounds fair, as does your husband's reluctance. As a mildly impaired cook myself, I feel his pain. You get more with sugar than vinegar, as the old saying goes, so to get things rolling, let's give your husband training wheels and level ground.

While holding firm about your expectations of shared-kitchen-duties, make sure you lovingly check in with him about anything he'd like from you, now that you are both more available. There may be areas where he wants more balance too. Maybe he's sick to death of handling the checkbook and would like your help paying bills. Being recently retired, perhaps you both are behind on nurturing the relationship? Connect through long talks and long walks. Sex and relaxation are great ways to set a renewed tone for retired life. You may inspire him to be more cooperative, affectionate, and willing to please.

**Back to the kitchen then! Let's look at some suggestions for getting hubby up-and-running there.**

1. Let him be your prep-cook. Pretend you are the big TV chef, and he has to say "Yes, chef!" to you when you tell him what to do. Role play and have a laugh while he lightens the load and keeps you company.
2. Pick one night a week that he makes dinner.
3. Have him pick one meal (at first) that he'd like to master. Something straightforward. Find out if he wants you to "teach him" how to make it, and lead him through it once. Second time, he does it on his own, and no blame or shame if it doesn't turn out right.
4. Sign him up for a cooking class. There are professional kitchens (sometimes connected with upscale grocery stores) that run a single class and teach a particular meal. Very hands-on and reassuring.
5. Discuss possible menus you'd both like — ones you can cook for him, and ones he might like to cook for you.
6. Add in a second night of cooking, and encourage him to develop a second and then a third meal.
7. Share and hand over other meals — lunches, breakfasts? (He scrambles eggs, after all.)
8. Talk about menus before shopping for groceries. Get him thinking about ingredients ahead of time so he's got what he needs on cooking nights.
9. Send him to the grocery store, if he doesn't shop already. Sometimes the colors and displays of fresh food can re-awaken an interest in cooking.

Good luck, and Bon Appétit! ♦

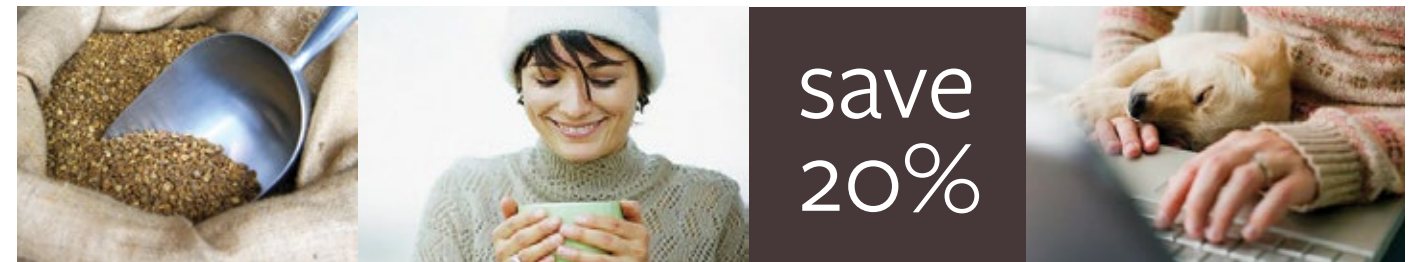
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Kamber, Mary-Lane, (2008). *The "I Don't Know How to Cook" Book: 300 Great Recipes You Can't Mess Up!* Adams Media.

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# The Nature of THE GIFT

A look at the cultural significance of humans and their gifting

by Jessica Palmatier

Quirky, caffeinated and out to change the world

**G**ift giving is not a modern phenomenon — although with the overwhelming focus this time of year you might think so. According to *The New York Times*, the offering of resources with no expected return is an ancient practice that may have actually helped early humans survive, making “giving” part of our evolutionary psychology.

In ancient times, women who were the most generous with food, animal pelts or other resources had a better chance of helping their children survive and thrive through mutual help from the community. Men who shared their resources were more likely to attract a partner and thereby pass on their genes, sustaining the human race for another generation.

For modern humans, is gift giving still socially valid or is it simply a manifestation of our consumer society?

While some economists suggest that modern gift giving is ineffectual and economically wasteful (Waldfoegel, 2009), Harvard psychologist Ellen J. Langer argues that banning gift giving among family and friends to save money is a big mistake.

“That doesn’t do service to the relationship,” Langer explains in *The New York Times*. “If I don’t let you give me a gift, then I’m not encouraging you to think about me and the things I like. I am preventing you from experiencing the joy of engaging in all those activities.”

Studies show that “human generosity, far from being a thin veneer of cultural conditioning atop a Machiavellian core, may turn out to be a bedrock feature of human nature.” (Delton et al., 2011) We are born givers, for better or worse.

So what makes the best gift? I asked some of my friends about the greatest gift they’ve ever received. Here are their stories:

Karan, a graphic designer and former Olympic hopeful from Springfield, MA, recalls: “The best gift I ever received was three track and field disks, the same Christmas that I got a calligraphy set. Both shaped the person I am today.”

Christina from Hoopston, IL, says her favorite gift was the dreaded “one phone call” from her brother. His court hearing had not gone well, and he was being sent to jail. Yet, he used his one phone call not to ask for help, but to wish her a happy birthday.

“With all that was going on in his life at that exact moment, he made me his priority. I’ll love him forever for that.”

Richard from Chappaqua, NY, recalls recovering from pneumonia while in basic training for the Army. On his birthday, a man he barely knew brought him a box of cookies — he still remembers that small gesture today.

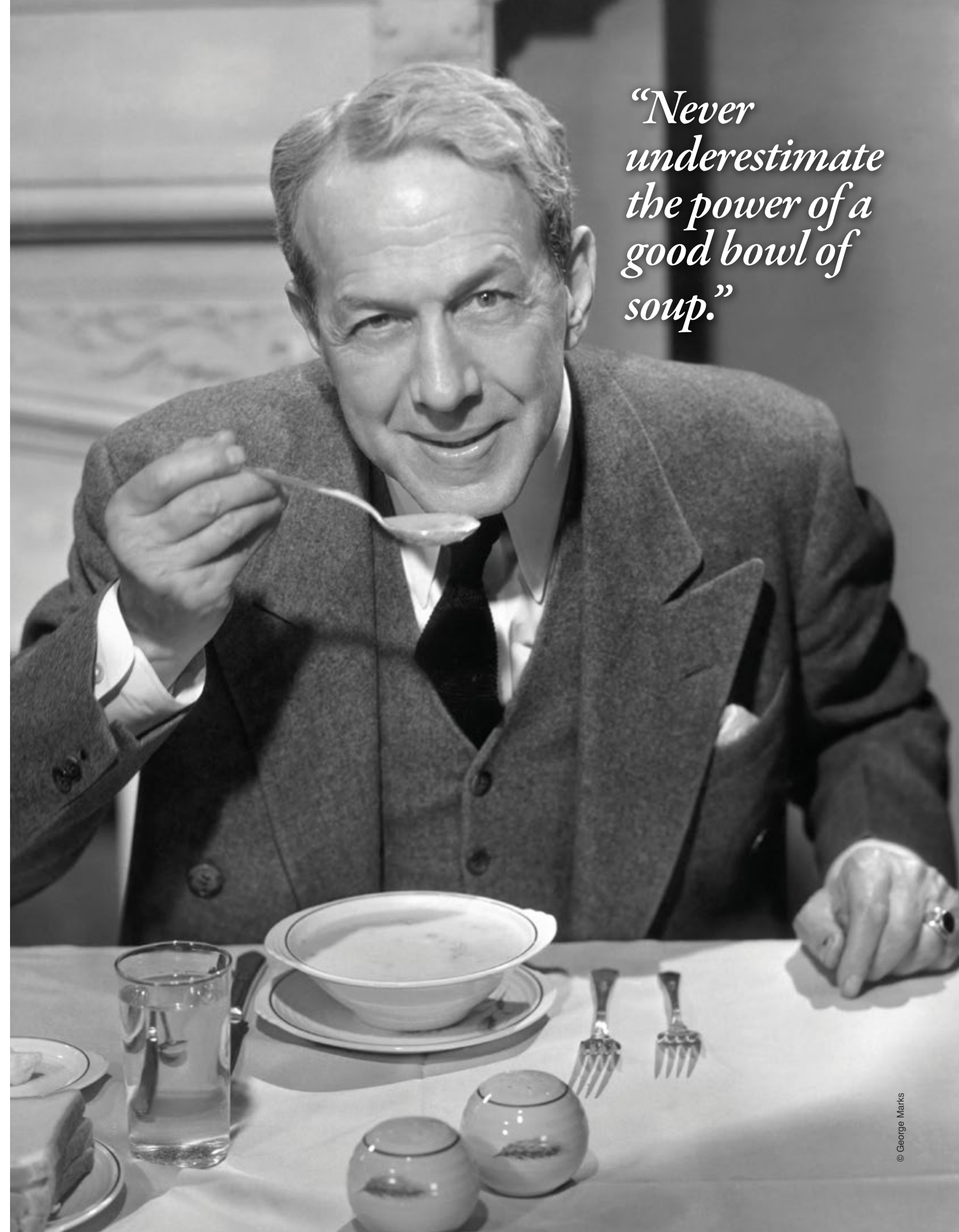
Ann from Syracuse, NY, remembers her first serious boyfriend giving her a gift that showed how well he knew her: a miniature Swiss pocket knife. The combined “cuteness” and utility of it was exactly right for her; and she remembers clearly the twinkle in his eyes that showed the joy he felt in giving her this perfect gift.

Beverly from San Antonio, TX, recounts a gift of immeasurable value during the last weeks of her mom’s life — free time.

“My clients, my family, my friends, my husband and my kids all took a backseat to what was, without a doubt, the

**The Gift:** Continued on page 41

“Never underestimate the power of a good bowl of soup.”





## Retire Like You Mean It

Your Life, Your Rules

Highlighting the *Leisure Care* community, out there grabbing life by the horns, getting things done their way.



© ThinkStock

### Introducing Our Three Features This Issue



**Phyllis Rothrock**

**WISH:** To visit the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory



**Shera Delain**

**WISH:** To learn to swim



**Georgetta Suggs & Ginger Robinson**

**WISH:** To pilot an airplane

# WHEN YOU WISH UPON A STAR

by Traci Kuster

Marketing Director, Leisure Care

Stars have their place when it comes to wishes. After all, who's going to argue with Walt Disney and Jiminy Cricket? They perfected the art of wishing upon a star in 1940, and it's been the star's claim to fame ever since. But this year Leisure Care decided to muscle in on the star's territory and fulfill a few wishes

of our own. Through our Wish Makers program, Leisure Care communities across the continent set out to give our residents the opportunity to have their long-time dreams fulfilled, no matter how simple or extravagant. Below are a few of the many highlights from the program.

### Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One



© LAWRENCE MILDPALE

Laser fusion technicians at work at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in California.

**Wish: "To visit the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory"**

When Wish Makers was presented to the residents of Heritage Estates in Livermore, California, 93-year-old Phyllis Rothrock saw her chance to make a long-time dream come true. A graduate of Purdue University in 1947 with a degree in chemistry, and a master's degree in education from the University of Southern California in 1967, Phyllis had always wanted to tour the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory (LLNL) and "see the atom splitter and the Lab that makes the new elements." (A new element, Livermorium, was recently discovered by the team at LLNL.)

Now, this may seem like a pretty simple wish to fulfill — Heritage

Estates is located in Livermore, just miles from the Laboratory — but the Lab is a high-security facility established during the Cold War to work on nuclear weapons, so it requires background checks and security clearances. But that wasn't going to stop the team at Heritage Estates. A quick phone call to Tour Program Manager Carrie Martin at LLNL was all it took. The paperwork was fast tracked and on July 11, Phyllis and fellow resident and friend Rhoda Jackson, along with Heritage Estates team member Corey Bauer, were invited into LLNL for an historical overview, a tour, and a chance to get up close and personal with the lab and participate in an actual science experiment.

And it didn't end there.

Phyllis and the group visited the National Ignition Facility (NIF), which houses the world's largest laser, and were met by Jeff Wisoff, astronaut and director of NIF, who personally gave the tour. The last stop on this dream-fulfilling adventure was the Center for Accelerator Mass Spectrometry (CAMS). CAMS performs more than 25,000 Accelerator Mass Spectrometry (AMS) measurements per year for purposes as diverse as measuring the age of the earth and monitoring nuclear accidents. Needless to say, this day in Phyllis' own words was "beyond awesome." The teams at Heritage Estates and LLNL worked hard to grant Phyllis her one wish, and she now has memories that will last a lifetime.



## Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Two



Shera Delain (center) with Danielle McQueen (left) and fellow Dolphin Jan Van Helm.

### Wish: "To learn to swim"

Swimming is an ability most of us learned at a young age and take for granted as adults. But not Shera Delain, resident of Tapestry at Wesbrook Village UBC in Vancouver, British Columbia. Born in Saskatchewan during the 1930s depression, Shera revealed that "swimming pools were not a priority for my family, and I never learned to swim. When I grew older I lived near a swimming pool, but the chlorine would burn my eyes. At the age of 15, I was diagnosed with polio and still suffer from leg pain and blindness."

For Shera, life went on and her desire to learn to swim eventually faded into the background as life's priorities took over. Fast forward to 2013. Shera is living happily at Tapestry, but her long-time wish of learning to swim still burned inside of her. When program supervisor Danielle McQueen joined the Tapestry team, she learned of

Shera's dream. As a former lifeguard and swimming instructor, she knew she could help. And when a number of other Tapestry residents expressed interest in getting back into the water, Danielle made arrangements with the local pool for the resident-named Tapestry Dolphins to spend time each week in the pool, doing free swim, lane swim, or joining the senior aquafit class.

Through the dedication of the Tapestry staff, and with the support of her fellow Dolphins, Shera learned to swim. Now she and the other Tapestry Dolphins enjoy their weekly visits to the pool. "If I could describe the importance of this in one sentence," said Shera, "I would say it doesn't matter what burdens I bring to the pool; I am present in the water, and I have a shift in consciousness and a shift in my physical body. In a word, swimming is fantastic."

*"Through the dedication of the Tapestry staff, and with the support of her fellow Dolphins, Shera learned to swim."*



## Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Three



Ginger Robinson at the controls.



Georgetta Suggs and flight instructor Devlin.

### Wish "To pilot an airplane"

You're probably thinking that this wish was from a war veteran or former pilot with dreams of getting back in the air one more time. Not even close. The request came from two vibrant and energetic female residents of Fairwinds – River's Edge in St. Charles, Missouri, neither of whom had ever piloted a plane but who are always looking for an adventure, even in their upper-80s. To Georgetta Suggs and Ginger Robinson, adventure is indeed the spice of life, so when they were presented with the opportunity to fulfill their shared wish of piloting a plane, their excitement was infectious.

"When I heard about their wish, I knew, hands down, that this was a wish I could fulfill," said Sally Gantner, program supervisor. "As soon as they left my office, I was off and researching." Knowing this type of experience was right up Groupon's alley, this was her first stop. After a few days of look-

ing, she finally got a hit.

A local company was offering an introductory lesson — 30 minutes of training and 30 minutes in the air. It was perfect. Georgetta, Ginger and Sally set out on a beautiful Friday morning, arriving about 30 minutes early just to be safe (and because they were just too excited to wait!). The women were giggling like schoolgirls, still not believing they were about to actually fly an airplane. The group was eventually met by Devlin, the flight instructor, who let them know that they were the oldest, but spunkiest, clients he'd ever served. Ginger flew first, followed by Georgetta. While they didn't take off or land, they learned to turn the plane right and left, as well as keep it straight and level. Both women exited the plane with ear-to-ear grins. "It was the coolest thing I've ever experienced and would do it again in a heartbeat," said Ginger. "It was awesome," concurred Georgetta.

### Some other dreams that were fulfilled through the Wish Makers program include:

- Drive a NASCAR car on a race track — Lee Nun, Fairwinds – River's Edge
- Go for a hot air balloon ride — Pauline Livingston, Fairwinds – River's Edge
- Sell my artwork — Pat Dugan, Fairwinds – Redmond
- See a Broadway play — Vivian Labonte, Fairwinds – Redmond
- Visit the USS Potomac, FDR's Floating White House — Art and Ellen Gully, Heritage Estates
- Teach a lecture series on Asian culture — Yul Kwon, Tapestry at Wesbrook Village UBC
- Make a CD of my life story for my family — Henry Karplus, The Carillon at Boulder Creek

And there were many, many more fulfilled wishes — too many to list in this article. But all were life-changing for the residents whose dreams came true. We're excited to see what wishes are presented next year and in years to come! ♦



# An Algae Bloom of Gift-Giving Realization

What a box of bacteria and lumps of bird suet teach us about the perfect gift.

by **Jeff Wozer**

Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver

**I've** always struggled with giving. For my parents' 25th anniversary, I wanted to paint their car silver. For my niece's First Communion, I considered giving her scratch-off lottery tickets.

Lately, I have been giving gift cards — society's biggest gift copout. Sold everywhere, gift cards are more commonplace than Three Musketeer bars. Instead of gifts they come across like indulgences, begging forgiveness for thinking of you but not enough to spend time looking for a tangible gift.

*“Having never received the gift of bacteria, it caught me off guard, summoning strange visions of us, on the most romantic evening of the year, exchanging coy glances over candlelight and algae with the breaths of snapping turtles.”*

For my neighbor's 50th birthday party, I gave her a \$50 Shell gas gift card. At the time I thought I was being clever: one gallon for each year. But it was only after the fact, when I saw the other gifts — a glass sculpture, gourmet cooking classes, a wine basket — that I questioned the sincerity of giving someone the gift of fossil fuel. I was essentially telling her to go ahead and run some errands, it's on me, and maybe, along the way, treat yourself to something nice like windshield wiper fluid or a timing belt.

But my idea of giving changed last Valentine's Day. I had recently reconnected with Christine, my junior prom date. We had gone 35 years in between kisses, giving us more than three decades to decide on the ideal Valentine's gift. She surprised me with a case of FedEx-delivered, frozen E-3 blue-green algae. Having never received the gift of bacteria, it caught me off guard, summoning strange visions of us, on the most romantic evening of the year, exchanging coy glances over candlelight and algae with the breaths of snapping turtles.

**Algae Bloom:** *Continued on page 41*





# ONE MORE TIME

by Max Wells

Publisher, Wise Publishing Group

*"There are several examples of pioneering work by Richard ... an app that teaches people Braille using a smartphone's vibrating interface."*

(The letter "O" in Braille on a smartphone, seen above)

Encore careers are a way to give back to younger generations, which will turn the avalanche of aging into a positive.

It was late afternoon when I interviewed Marc Freedman over the telephone. He was living in a tiny house in California with three children under age 5, so he had risen early that morning to write because of the peace and quiet, but also because, "It's the time I'm the sharpest, and so I apologize for any rambling answers."

I wanted to find out more about "Encore.org," the organization of which he's the CEO and that helps people who are searching for a calling in the second half of life, particularly those who want an "encore" career dedicated to something beyond themselves. I'd heard that the organization gives out actual cash money, as prizes, for yearlong fellowships that allow people to make the transition to "purpose, passion and a paycheck in your second act."

So the obvious first question was the source of the funding. Far from being a well-intentioned trust fund kid, Marc is the product of a working class family from Philadelphia. The main source of the moolah is the Atlantic Philanthropies, a foundation created by Chuck Feeney, (Conor, 2007) who made his money with the Duty Free Shoppers Group — you've probably contributed to that fortune buying duty-free booze on your way to some foreign vacation. Apparently, the guy has given away over \$6.2 B — which is a lot of mojitos.

The long answer to my second question — Why Encore? — is in Marc's recent book *The Big Shift: Navigating the New Stage Beyond Midlife*. (Freedman, 2011) The shorter answer, in Marc's own words: "As you get closer to your own death, you recognize that human beings are a species that live on from generation to generation. And yet, we've systematically sent older people off to age in segregated playgrounds where they get to imagine that they were in a second childhood, instead of fanning the generative impulse and enabling it and helping people come to the natural conclusion that the best way to spend this phase of life is through investing in younger generations."

"Investing, as in giving young people money?" I asked.

"No, not money. We've got 10,000 people a day turning 65. Many people are concerned that we're about to be overrun by a lot of greedy geezers. But there's another way to frame it. This group went to higher education institutions at a greater level than any preceding generation. We've invested hundreds of billions, maybe trillions, of

dollars in them, and they're in many ways at the top of their game. To write them off prematurely would be a vast waste; and not just of the experience or human capital. They may be part of a new creative class. There's a lot of evidence to suggest that experimental genius in the arts, for example, blooms late. We tend to think of innovation and entrepreneurship and creativity as the exclusive province of young people, but this may in fact be just as rich a pool, but also of a different type. So we may gain a new force of innovation."

Marc went on to describe how Encore.org gives away "Purpose Prizes" of \$100,000 to individuals who are combining their passion and experience for social good in areas such as education, health care and human services.

I'm a bit of rambler myself, and we touched on a variety of interesting, if tangential, topics (encore careers as practical idealism, the Electrical Workers Union's "Work Connection" that tried something similar decades ago, evidence that older people prune their social networks so they can focus on the people they care about most). The conversation left me so intrigued I jumped at the opportunity to meet one of the Purpose Prize winners closer to home.

Richard Ladner, a professor of computer science at the University of Washington, received his Purpose Prize in 2008, to cap a distinguished career in theoretical computing; there's a theorem named after him that has all sorts of practical implications, including how we create privacy in the digital world. (Ladner, 1975)

Born in 1943 to deaf parents, Richard early on became familiar with the limitations, solutions and attitudes associated with disabilities, and used this understanding in his choice of encore career.

We met at lunchtime in early spring at his on-campus office, from where we could see a bald eagle circling over the edge of Lake Washington, probably eyeing the fresh batch of fledgling blue herons. Tall and white-haired, Richard looked every bit the part of a professor, his reticence quickly giving way to an enthusiastic account of the work.

For the past decade, Richard has worked with other professors and scores of students on "Broadening Participation in Computing." The thrust of the work is to get more disabled students into computing, with the dual purpose of training

**One More Time:** *Continued on page 42*





### Of Gods and Men (2010)

How much more can a group of Trappist monks give to their vocation? In their outpost in Algeria in the early 1990s, they become aware of the imminent threat the country's civil war poses to their survival, and the issue is hotly debated within the monastery. Should they continue ministering to the local population or abandon their labor and go back to their home country, France? This conversation is thoughtfully drawn in Xavier Beauvois' 2010 film, a truly contemplative work about a potential hot-button subject based on a true story. Beauvois allows the beautifully weathered faces of his mostly elderly actors tell the story, and those lived-in visages speak volumes more than mere dialogue could. By the time we reach a wordless sequence involving a humble supper and the sharing of old wine, the movie has traveled into a special zone — beyond teaching a lesson and well into the realm of profound acceptance and sacrifice. It's one scene you'll likely never forget.

## MUSIC REVIEWS

No matter how we celebrate the holidays, these classic musical treasures remain a lasting gift for all.

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer



### A Christmas Gift for You from Phil Spector (Album) —Various Artists, 1963

Phil Spector was well-known for his Wall of Sound recording technique in the early '60s. Spector's signature sound can be found in hits by the Ronettes, the Crystals, John Lennon and many others. There is no way to dismiss his genius when it came to producing hit singles, yet, Spector had never lent his craft to full albums until he decided to release this Christmas album in 1963. Issued on the same day President Kennedy was assassinated, the album was lost in the chaos and never got the notice it deserved until Apple Records reissued it years later. This classic and must-own album includes such holiday hits as "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus" by the Ronettes, Darlene Love's version of "Winter Wonderland," and the original holiday classic "Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)." It really is one of the best representations of Phil Spector's genius and truly is a gift for any music lover.



### "Simple Gifts" (Single) — Yo-Yo Ma and Allison Kraus, Classic Yo-Yo, 2001

To many, "Simple Gifts" is considered a hymn or folk song sung in church or at school. It has many incarnations, the most famous being composer Aaron Copland's version as it appears in the ballet "Appalachian Spring." The origin of the song dates back to a small religious sect known as the Shakers. Written by Elder Joseph Brackett for the small Shaker community in Alfred, Maine, in 1848, its lyrics are true to the Shakers' values of simplicity and humility. This performance, by world-renowned cellist Yo-Yo Ma and the ever-so-talented Allison Krauss on vocals, honors the idea as the voice and cello operate together as a beautiful and meditative guide to the dance of life. It brings us back to the gifts in life that are grounded in truth, without all of the hoopla of personal possessions and technology — a true musical treasure.



### "Do They Know It's Christmas" (Single), Band Aid, 1984

Back in 1984, Bob Geldof, famous for his band The Boomtown Rats, teamed up with Midge Ure from Ultravox to bring together a super group of leading British and Irish popular musicians, called Band Aid. The group's main goal was to raise money from a hit single to help the people of Ethiopia, who were suffering from a horrendous famine. The group was a who's who of British pop rock and beyond and was the first of its kind to raise both money and public awareness for a social cause. Recorded in one astonishing day in a London studio, it is one of the best examples of recording artists banding together for a cause and giving their voice and time to better the world. "Do They Know It's Christmas" raised 8 million pounds for Ethiopian relief and remained the biggest-selling single in UK history until it was surpassed in 1997 by Elton John's tribute to Princess Diana.

hardest time of my life, and they did so with great compassion and understanding. I was able to spend all day and night with my mom, doing what I could to make her comfortable and happy, and greedily soaking up every last precious moment I could with her."

Dawn from Brighton, MI, recounts a gift not received, but given. She had gone to the family cottage for the weekend, and was on her way home to see her dad on his birthday. She was upset with herself for not having a gift for him, until she remembered that he loved the bean soup at a restaurant near the cottage. She stopped in and picked up the biggest

container of soup they had. Three hours later she watched her father grinning from ear to ear, savoring each spoonful as if it were the finest delicacy.

The best gifts are not the biggest or the most expensive; the best gifts are the ones that are the most thoughtful and meaningful. Whether it's a phone call, a box of cookies, a pocket knife, or a bowl of soup, a good gift is one that shows the giver truly cares about the recipient, which in turn brings untold joy to the giver. In other words, never underestimate the power of a good bowl of soup. ♦

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*"With shocking swiftness, the nieces' happy outing had transformed into an Alfred Hitchcock horror scene. All that was missing was Tippi Hedren taking cover inside a phone booth."*

It wasn't until I read the benefits — a single tablespoon of algae contains 500% of Vitamin B2 and 2030% of Vitamin B12 — that I realized she wasn't giving me algae, but health. She was giving me her expertise on nutrition and healthy living. She was giving me her knowledge, embodying Ralph Waldo Emerson's belief that: "The only gift is a portion of thyself."

The only confirmation I needed for this ace-high realization was to harken back to memories of my grandparents. I cannot remember a single gift they gave me, but recall in faultless detail the time they spent with me, imparting Old School wisdom on gardening, reading, and the importance of running like a crazed rat when caught fishing on private property.

With this realization came a tsunami of guilt. Other than obligatory family functions — Christmas, birthdays, liking my sister's drippy Facebook posts — I've been miserly with giving my time and wisdom. Not just with family and friends, but with society in general.

I once looked into volunteering with Habitat for Humanity, but lost interest when I learned I'd have to build things. I have health issues with electric power tools. Every time I handle a skill saw or nail gun, I immediately begin rehearsing my Darwin Award acceptance speech. No doubt in my mind I'd be lead foreman if there was something safer like Snow Forts for Humanity.

But no sense in beating myself up. As I recently learned from my nieces, Kennedy and Emily, the gift of ourselves, regardless of how limited, is a seed that may later blossom into a fond memory.

Last winter I spent an afternoon with them building a snowman. After rolling three large balls of snow, we sculpted the body. We then added charcoal briquettes for eyes, thick oak branches for arms, and a long carrot for a nose. The nieces were rightfully proud and named it Chilly.

I was proud for taking the time to help them experience the high-five rush of winter. Yet, for unexplained

reasons, I could not be content with the moment. Without explanation, I plucked out the charcoal briquette eyes and replaced them with two bird seed cakes. Within minutes, black-capped chickadees, nuthatches, and even a cardinal took turns landing on the snowman's carrot nose, pecking violently at its bird-seed eyes. It was awful. With shocking swiftness, the nieces' happy outing had transformed into an Alfred Hitchcock horror scene. All that was missing was Tippi Hedren taking cover inside a phone booth.

The nieces didn't know whether to scream or laugh. They watched in shocked silence. I felt like a king-jerk.

Yet now, less than one year later, Kennedy and Emily bring the snowman incident up, eagerly asking if we can do it again. More confirmation to the power of giving our time, our quirks, ourselves. All of which manifest into the greatest gift of all — memories, good or weird. ♦



**One More Time:** Continued from page 39

*"The best way to spend this phase of life is through investing in younger generations."*

those individuals for well-paid employment, as well as providing a cadre of people with the knowledge and motivation to create better accessibility solutions.

A third, though less-targeted, purpose is to spur innovations for a broader audience. As Richard puts it, "Working at the extremes of accessibility — on technology for those with disabilities — is like working on technology to fly to the moon. How much good stuff came out of that? There's a byproduct effect: speech recognition, speech synthesis for example. Even the telephone itself came out of Alexander Graham Bell trying to build an assisted device for deaf children."

There are several examples of pioneering work by Richard, his students and collaborators, including:

- A smartphone app to help blind people find bus stops and know what to expect when they get there
- A Web-based screen reader to allow blind people to use the Internet anywhere
- A more efficient process for translating textbook graphics into a tactile form
- An app that teaches people Braille using their smartphone's vibrating interface
- A talking calculator and carpenter's level

The fruits of these efforts were described in a recent *New York Times* (9/23/13) article about blind people using apps on their smart phones to, among other things, take photographs and read the denomination of bills. Some believe the devices are the biggest assistive aid since Braille. And just as importantly, they're inclusive, in that they don't have the stigma associated with specialized devices.

Each year, Richard runs a summer academy to continue the work that brings together deaf or blind students to learn programming and computer animation. He laughed when I asked him about his plans to retire. "I have partially retired. I'm no longer teaching. Of course, I'm not paid as much, but I really like working with students on projects. And I'm on various boards and doing different things for different organizations."

"Do you want to retire?" I asked.

"Only from things I don't want to do. It seems like every year something interesting comes up, and I just pursue it."

"It's almost as if you're built for the encore career."

"Exactly," he said. "It's not that hard to have an encore career if you're a professor." ♦

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**BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 16**

**Answers to Crossword Puzzle**

GIFT		AORTA		GAL
IDIOT		FRANC		EGO
LOSER		TENTH		TIP
TLC	AGES		ATALE	
	EVER	DONATES		
TABLET		BRACT		
IDYLL		LAKE		PRO
MATE	SCABS		ARID	
ERE	ACAD		BLOOD	
	USAGE		TEMPTS	
CHARITY		BASS		
EYING		CARE		JIF
REM	NOTES		TWIRL	
ENE	ABODE		SAMOA	
SAD	LINES		YANK	

**Answers to Sudoku**

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

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