

livfun AUTUMN 2014

Natural Disasters

The long road back to normal

Gone Missing With Mom

Sometimes it's the children,
not the parent, who need to change

RECOVERY

Reclaiming our True North in the aftermath of life's setbacks

Before The Storm

Practical advice on preparing for
widowhood



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Letter From the Chairman & CEO

It Just Keeps Getting Better

by Dan Madsen



Interior lobby shot at Treeo in Orem, Utah

Welcome to the fall issue of LIV FUN. I can't believe we are already more than halfway through what has proven to be one of the best years of my tenure with Leisure Care. Earlier this year I got to see one of my personal dreams come to fruition with the opening of Treeo, our newest brand of independent living communities, in Orem, Utah.

Treeo is really something new for us; aside from being a good value, it's got a fresh and hip decor and a great modern vibe. Residents even get an iPad when they move in, loaded with the Treeo app so they can immediately get connected to their new community.

But Orem was just the beginning. We have broken ground on our second Treeo community in South Ogden, Utah, and in early 2015 we will begin construction on two more, in North Carolina and Kansas.

Then this past June one of my favorite events of the year took place — our annual management conference and awards gala. General Managers from around the country and beyond gathered in Seattle to celebrate our amazing successes in 2013. Typically, at this celebration we honor one CEO of the Year from each of our senior housing product lines, but this year we decided to twist things up a bit. We focused on what it means to be “executive” — both personally and professionally.

I'm pleased to announce that 13 stellar individuals were recognized as Executives of the Year for their leadership, innovation and commitment to not only the company but their local communities in 2013. They embody the *Three-Thirds Lifestyle* and provide an outstanding experience to their customers — residents, family members and employees — each and every day.

We also recognized **Woody DeWeese**, General Manager of The Renaissance on Peachtree in Atlanta, Georgia, as Rookie of the Year. While his time with the company has been short, the impact he's made is immeasurable. I can't wait to see his name, and many others, on the Executive of the Year list next year. To all of our managers and leaders, I'm sure I can speak on behalf of your residents, family members, employees and friends when I say that it is because of you that their lives are enhanced and improved each and every day.

As always, thank you to everyone who has chosen to live with us, work with us, and call Leisure Care home. Here's to a great finish to an amazing year!

Regards,
Dan Madsen, Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care



Back row L to R: Angie Erickson (MacKenzie Place – Colorado Springs), Holli Korb (Fairwinds – Spokane), Rebecca Clark (Fairwinds – Brittany Park), Dan Madsen (President & CEO of Leisure Care), Meg Davidson (Russellville Park), Kelly Martin (Fairwinds – Sand Creek), Jim Ausmus (Fairwinds – River's Edge), Kate Harrison (The Bellettini), Jessica Sommer (Fairwinds – Ivey Ranch)

Front row L to R: Bill Hess (Van Mall), Bill Rankin (Tapestry at Arbutus Walk), Clint Fowler (Fairwinds – Woodward Park)



Left to Right: Woody DeWeese, Rookie of the Year, and Michael Sturm, Operations Director.

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Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self

Wine & Vinegar

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

*More and more, he behaves like a child, she's thinking.
Or is he employing a baby's tactics to garner her attention?*

It's a dine *al fresco* day. Susan and Jeff are enjoying lunch on the terrace at Caffè Torino. As often is the case in large-city bistros, Caffè Torino's terrace meets the street. Pedestrians can view your food, overhear your conversation, sniff your perfume.

"Susan, why are people staring at me?"

"Your good looks; why otherwise?"

"Mmm."

Jeff orders the portobello; Susan orders the salmon. They both sip Prosecco, and another bottle of wine will come with lunch.

"Susan?"

"Mmm?"

"I'm telling you, every person walking past is staring at me. I see jaws drop."

Susan leans across the patio table and pats Jeff's worried open palm. "Relax, darling. Maybe they're staring at me."

"That's certainly a possibility, I mean, you are still ... attractive."

"Mmm." Susan sips, her thoughts neither here nor there. Maybe her brain is on break.

The server brings the wine, an impeccable rosé; Susan and Jeff, being oenophiles of some local renown, always practice pristine wine habits. Jeff tastes and approves the rosé. Susan likewise tastes and approves. The server pours, sets the bottle on the table, and goes away.

"They're still staring," says Jeff. "Two young ladies actually paused with their mouths hanging open."

Susan's hand fluffs the air. "It's our *je ne sais quoi*, darling."

"Hiding behind a *bon mot* is beneath you, dear."

Susan smirks at Jeff. He's become so picky in his older years. Words being his profession, Jeff's always been a stickler for clichéd metaphoricals and clumsy attributions. Lately, though, he seems to pick on the most minor linguistic infraction.

"All right, then," says Susan. "They are staring at us because of our smartness."

"They can x-ray vision our brains?" Susan slumps into a sigh and waves her free hand dismissively.

"Smartness in appearance. Honestly,

Jeff, you get so blitheringly picky about words, and now this paranoia. I know what it is."

"You know why everyone's staring?" Susan nods, her lips curve a grin around the wineglass.

Jeff looks askance, his eyeballs rolling like planets seeking a galaxy.

"Ok then, Miss Shrewd Pants. Dish."

The server materializes with their lunch. Susan and Jeff are hungry. Conversation lapses. The server freshens their wine, floats away.

Jeff wipes his mouth with a cloth napkin. Between bites, he says, "It's still going on."

"What?"

"The pedestrian stare. I've counted since the food arrived. Forty passersby, and of those, 32 stared in our direction. You'd think I was the King of England. It's me they are staring at, Susan. Not you. People don't stare at you like they used to, in your prime. Did I say that? Jeez, I apologize honey. I just mean that if you pay attention it's evident people find me intriguing."

*"Old age
is no place for sissies."*

— Bette Davis

"And, of course, you are." *More and more, he behaves like a child, Susan's thinking. Or, is he employing a baby's tactics to garner her attention?* She panders to him. Whatever. Often he counter-panders. Is as does.

Jeff's palms strike the table. The flatware tinkles. Susan catches the wine bottle before it capsizes.

"That's it. I've had enough gawking." Jeff stands up, slaps his napkin on the table, and swaggers onto the sidewalk. If his experiment succeeds, as final proof, passersby will redirect their stares from the terrace to him, out here, standing among them.

From the terrace, Susan watches with amusement. Men often mature more elegantly than women, Susan reflects, but they sacrifice that advantage with self-neglect, like Jeff's slovenly belly flap, the sagging carapace of age that he ignores but

she can't without averting her eyes. Women take measures. Men's egos generally discount "measures." The image a person presents to the public should reflect his interior self. If you want recognition on any level, Susan concludes, present yourself as a gift. A gift attracts appreciation, one giant step toward the recipient looking into your eyes, understanding who you are. Wake up, Jeff. Tuck it in. Your outside's battling your inside.

On the sidewalk, nobody bothers to notice Jeff, other than his blocking the path. After a while, he returns to the terrace, arms flailing.

"Maybe I am getting paranoid in my old age. We're getting old, Susan. We're pushing 70. We're screwed."

Susan says, "Make you a deal, Jeff. You embrace aging for both of us. I'll just keep on kicking up my heels."

The server appears, sets a silver tip salver with no check on it between Susan and Jeff. "As an apology for any embarrassment you might have suffered, your drinks and lunch are on the house."

Susan cocks her head up, an inquisitive expression rearranging her features.

Jeff shrugs manlike, puts away his credit card, and fumbles for a cash tip. "Aw, what the hell," he says dismissively, "I get it all the time. The stares. It's my *savoir-faire*. Can't hide it."

The server coughs lightly. "What I mean, sir, is the embarrassment caused by your proximity to the, erm, ongoing spectacle one table over." The server jerks his head to indicate which direction.

A couple, in this instance male and female, are engaging in fervid sexual foreplay, their meal ignored, their hands too busy with each other's body parts.

"They've been at it for over an hour," says the waiter apologetically. "We would, you know, approach them, request that they lighten up, but you know what a PC town this is. Besides, they could drop dead any minute. Who knew octogenarians could still pump blood that hot?"

"Disgusting," opines Jeff. "Really, people ought to act their age." ♦



ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

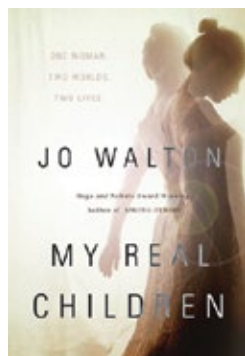
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BOOK REVIEWS

Recovery comes in many forms in these books — the recovery of memory, the discovery of a lost diary, and coming to terms with loss.

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



My Real Children by Jo Walton (Tor, \$25.99)

Like Kate Atkinson's *Life After Life*, Hugo and Nebula award-winning author Jo Walton looks at how one decision can alter the course of our lives with resonating poignancy. Patsy Cowan, born in the 1920s, is now in a nursing home where she often wakes confused. Does she have four children or three? Did she marry Mark or did she live her life with a female partner, Bee? It is initially unclear if her memory is faulty or if there is more to her parsing of the past. Patsy, who becomes alternately known as Tricia or Pat, recounts these parallel lives with warm, engaging detail; each half of her world feels dynamically real and true. The very fabric of our lives is woven of the people with whom we spend it and the choices large and small that by their very nature open and close possibility. With an assured literary voice, Walton invites us into the dual world of Tricia/Pat's lived experience and the historical and personal events that mark the way, creating a sense of deep investment in the outcome. *My Real Children* is a moving rumination on family, connection, memory and love.



A Tale for the Time Being by Ruth Ozeki (Penguin Books, \$16.00)

When Ruth finds a Hello Kitty lunchbox washed up on the shores of her Canadian island beach, she has no idea that it will change her life. Ruth discovers that the box contains the diary and personal effects of Nao, a 16-year-old Tokyo teen. Nao's voice resonates from the pages of her diary, and Ruth finds herself swept into this young girl's life with an alarming absorption. Ruth stops her own writing to learn about Nao's thoughts and experiences on life, bullying, and the contemplation of suicide. This origami box of a novel unfolds fascinating details about nature, art and the power of the written word in our lives. Ruth feels an increasing responsibility toward Nao and wonders if she has received Nao's cry for help in time. Shortlisted for the Man Booker Prize, Ozeki explores the interplay between reader and writer, concepts of Zen Buddhism, and how the most unlikely connections can help us rediscover and reconnect with ourselves even as they connect us with others.



Let's Take the Long Way Home: A Memoir of Friendship

by Gail Caldwell (Random House, \$15.00)

"It's an old, old story: I had a friend and we shared everything, and then she died and so we shared that, too." When Gail met Caroline Knapp, she knew they shared a love of dogs and a love of the bottle. Recovering alcoholics, Gail and Caroline forged a friendship that became a life raft for them both. Caroline, who wrote *Drinking: A Love Story*, her own memoir about her fraught relationship with alcohol, found in Gail a kindred spirit with whom she could reveal her true self. As writers, they bonded over books, old boyfriends, bad decisions and artistic ambitions. They were so enmeshed in one another's lives that they became not just friends, but family. When Caroline died from lung cancer, Gail was left to grieve what had become the most important relationship of her life. Told with bracing honesty and raw emotion, as well as the poetry of deep reflection, this memoir simmers with love, loss and recovery of all kinds.

MOVIE REVIEWS

It's a process we all go through in one form or another; these stories of recovery will sweep you way.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*



The Quiet Man (1952)

After a professional tragedy ends his boxing career, American prizefighter Sean Thornton returns to his childhood homeland in search of healing. The place is called Innisfree (any associations with Yeats are entirely intentional), and the greener-than-green backdrop could only be the Ireland of director John Ford's imagination. John Wayne is in gentle-tough form here as Thornton, who seeks to reclaim a bit of ancestral land and becomes bewitched by feisty local colleen Mary Kate Danagher (Maureen O'Hara). The 1952 film's action is writ large, and there's no question the Irish folk are vivid stereotypes — but this is a fantasy, a comedy of behavior filtered through Ford's unfailingly poetic gaze. In Ford's eye, the soul is in land and community, two things his hero badly needs. Bonus: Barry Fitzgerald executing one of the all-time great reaction shots as he looks upon a happily broken marital bed.



Born on the Fourth of July (1989)

The real-life memoir of Ron Kovic is a harrowing one, and Oliver Stone's 1989 film adaptation is suitably unflinching. Having gone to Vietnam as a gung-ho youth, Kovic (played by a completely committed Tom Cruise) is paralyzed in battle and haunted by guilt over his own actions; he returns to the States looking for purpose. A role in the anti-war movement awaits, but not before experiencing hellishness that seems to go beyond even the nightmare of combat. Stone's touch is not subtle, but as a Vietnam vet himself his fury is certainly earned. As we watch Kovic's difficult passage, we might glimpse the metaphor for any journey back from serious damage and disillusionment. The life story is specific to a time and place, but the resonance is universal.

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated



Like Old Friends

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

I was very much an *auslander* during my years as an expat in Austria. Literally translated, I was an “outlander.” I had fine in-laws who were kind and generous, but I did not have friends, and I spent huge amounts of time alone. During those seasons, I covered sections of the Enns Valley, a broad glacier cut river bed surrounded by meadows and imposing granite peaks, on foot. Repeatedly.

Outlander is a funny word for someone who developed such a personal relationship with the surface of the land.

I gave up trying to make my home in small town Austria, and we settled on living in the U.S. For a while I stubbornly refused to visit for any extended period of time, dreading the return of that loneliness I’d felt while living there full time. But I had forgotten the land.

On my last trip over, a trip to visit those same kind in-laws, it was spring, almost summer, and the meadows were so green. They were speckled with yellow and white flowers, and purple clover, and nearly sparkled under a sky that turned to rain almost every afternoon. We drove past the

rolling hills that I used to cover on foot — either in practical walking shoes or on cross country skis in winter time. Watching the movie of these places roll by in the car window reminded me that while I did not love living in Austria, I was mad for the landscape.

The hay sheds were still off kilter. If they’d had names I’d have called out to them from the car, so familiar was each one. I saw the hill where I took my first fall on skis, and it was so small without snow. We passed the little uphill driveway into the Knodl Alm, a traditional restaurant that serves bread dumplings and sauerkraut. “Are you sure it’s not the Esel Alm?” asked my husband. He grew up here; he had lived in this region his entire life.

“No, I am absolutely certain that’s the Knodl Alm. I know it.”

Back at the turn-off is the awkward parking lot, and then you must go under the little railway bridge. From there, you can continue out to the round Odensee, a tiny blue-black lake. There is a *gasthaus* (a little restaurant), and in the back

An *auslander* returns to the scene of her loneliness and finds an unexpected sense of belonging.

“I didn’t know the people here at all. But the land, I could draw you a map of it entirely from memory.”

are the restrooms. You can walk through the restaurant in your boots or go around to the side door. It doesn’t matter — the owners are used to skiers and hikers taking a quick break there; they’ll come back to eat at some point.

There’s a little fishing hut on the edge of the lake, and when you race through the trees on skis the light slices on and off like a strobe. Out on the highway is a market where I stopped for drinks and snacks to fuel my wanderings.

A mile or so from the highway the hills turn up, just a little, and the trees are closer together. Just over that rise the meadow is flat as a mirror with not even the slightest tilt. Around that bend is a little bridge and an old-fashioned outhouse that is always so clean. A little further along is a place completely protected from the wind so that even on a bitter cold day you can stand and warm yourself, as long as the sun is shining.

There is the train station. A trail goes down and back up again where it crosses the creek on a little wooden bridge. There is a little cluster of farmhouses and a block of vaca-

tion rental units in a triangular apartment building. There’s a playground, another wide-open meadow, and a brook that’s lined with birch trees on both sides.

I didn’t know the people here at all. But the land, I could draw you a map of it entirely from memory, and it would show you where that icy spot is and where you should walk out onto the fishing dock. And just up this hill there’s a bench that backs up against a tractor barn, and that’s the place we should stop to eat our sandwiches.

Thirty kilometers of gently rolling hills, of flat meadows, of black and white forest. The only thing I really felt I knew here was this stretch of land. I was so happy to see it again.

An outlander? No. I was very much an outsider, but not to the land. We would stop the car and go for a very long walk, and the land and I, we’d be friends again, picking up right where we left off.

This time, when I left that green, beautiful land behind, I was sorry to go. ♦

AFTER THE DISASTER

The Long Road to Recovery

Track of
Hurricane Gilbert,
Sept. 1988



by Jessica McCurdy Crooks
Freelance writer, editor and Jamaica native

No one who survives a natural disaster remains untouched by it; the emotional toll runs long and deep.

"My mother tells a story of her baby brother being stashed in a suitcase to ride out Hurricane Charlie in 1951."

Hurricane track courtesy of the NOAA Historical Hurricane Tracks site (<http://hsc.noaa.gov/hurricanes>).

As a young girl growing up in Jamaica, I experienced firsthand the destruction of Hurricane Gilbert, a massively powerful storm that ravaged much of the Caribbean in 1988. Now, 25 years later, the announcement of an approaching hurricane still fills me with dread.

Like most of the young people of that tiny island in the Caribbean, I was initially excited at the prospect of experiencing a hurricane. The whole idea seemed like a grand adventure waiting to happen.

If I had known what was to come, I would have been content just to hear once more the story my mother tells of her baby brother being placed in a suitcase during Hurricane Charlie in 1951. Stashing the babe in the suitcase was the only way that my grandparents could keep him safe from the elements as their home was battered by high winds.

For me, there was no suitcase.

Hurricane Gilbert produced a staggering 19-foot storm surge on the coast and brought up to 32 inches of rain in the mountainous inland areas of Jamaica. The resulting flooding and mudslides killed 49 people on my island and left behind billions of dollars in devastation.

The Incidence of Natural Disasters

Natural disasters are a fact of life, and every region comes with its own potential risks. Earthquake, fire, flood or windstorm, natural disasters occur somewhere in the world at the startling rate of almost one per day, and trends show this is on the increase (EM-DAT, 2001).

Killer tornadoes in the Southern U.S. last summer, the Tohoku earthquake in Japan in March 2011, the devastation of Hurricane Katrina in August 2005, or Super Storm Sandy in October 2012 focus public awareness temporarily. Yet it is after the initial search and rescue efforts are halted and the rebuilding starts that the life-long work of recovery begins, often in private, away from the news crews and the politicians.

The Impacts of Natural Disasters

For people who have lived through a natural disaster, the effect can be traumatic and long lasting. The economic and psychological toll, combined with the loss of life and community, leave us feeling as if the world as we know it has ceased to exist.

According to Dr. Susanne Babel, it's not just the people who have had direct experience that may suffer from trauma.

"Victims do not need to have experienced the disaster firsthand in order to be psychologically affected," Babel writes. "For example, someone living in San Francisco with relatives in Haiti at the time of the recent earthquake could have been subjected to countless hours of television coverage, coupled with an inability to get information about their own family. This type of situation can take an emotional impact on someone even from afar." (Babel, 2010).

This psychological impact — for both direct victims and observers — can be mild to severe, even rising to the level of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD).

Survivors frequently feel stunned, disoriented, or unable to integrate distressing information. Once these initial reactions subside, people can experience a variety of thoughts and behaviors, including intense or unpredictable feelings; changes in behavior; strained interpersonal relationships; sensitivity to environmental triggers like sirens, smoke or loud noises; and stress-related physical symptoms (American Psychological Association, 2014).

According to a United Nations report, since 2000, natural disasters have cost the global economy \$2.5 trillion (Maskrey, 2013). In Jamaica alone, the total damage from Hurricane Gilbert was in excess of US\$4 billion. The island's agricultural sector felt the brunt of the storm's destructive forces, and almost all of the island's hospitals and medical facilities were damaged or destroyed.

Stories of Recovery

Roger Busbice rode out the ravages of Hurricane Andrew in Bayou Vista, Louisiana. Like anyone who lives in a



Hurricane Gilbert left a legacy of destruction and changed lives in its wake 25 years ago.

hurricane-prone area, Busbice knew what preparations to take. And yet, like so many, he did not start his preparations far enough in advance of the approaching storm.

“Theoretically, I was prepared, but I didn’t start collecting water in the bathtub and getting supplies like canned food, drinking water, batteries and bourbon until the hurricane was very close,” Busbice said during our telephone conversation.

Busbice’s roof and windows were damaged by Andrew’s wild winds. His car was immersed in the flood waters, and a tree limb inflicted further damage to the vehicle when it fell on top of it. His family was left without basic amenities like water and electricity for two weeks.

Not surprisingly, Busbice said that the worst of it was not having running water for such a long period. After all this time, he vividly remembers his first cup of coffee in three days, provided by Oklahoma Baptist Church relief volunteers.

Busbice noted that the lasting effect of having lived through Hurricane Andrew is twofold. One aspect is the “abundance of stories I now have to tell the grandchildren and anyone else who will listen.” Secondly, his wife has insisted that in the future, he is not allowed to stay and “guard the property” as he did in 1992.

A Life Shaken to the Core

John Jaksich’s experiences of disaster were vastly different. His own home was not damaged in the Loma Prieta earthquake of 1989, but like others who have witnessed a natural disaster, it prompted a change in the way he and his family view their lives.

“The Bay Bridge was supposed to be able to withstand such a quake, but was shown to be unsafe,” he said. “After the quake, whenever we needed to go into the city, we would joke about not coming back as we drove across the repaired Bay Bridge. I suppose it made us more aware of our own mortality.”

Jaksich’s reaction was to move away from the area, and, unlike Busbice who often repeats the stories of his experience, he tries not to think about the events too often.

Coping After a Disaster

As my own community began the long road to recovery, I watched my dad and the other men work at deepening the small canal that ran parallel to the houses in our neighborhood. They also planted trees at the edge of the canal to help contain the soil and provide a break against rising floodwaters.

I wonder if they knew that this work, this physical effort to regain a sense of control over their environment, was an important step in the recovery process for our whole community. Helping yourself and others to reclaim a bit of their lives — whether by manual labor, donating to charity, or simply offering comfort and a cup of coffee can help survivors realize they have the strength and skills needed to get through the challenges ahead (Smith and Segal, 2014).

Apart from the physical recovery, Smith and Segal note there is also emotional work to be done.

“Sadness, grief, anger and fear are normal reactions to the loss of safety and security (as well as life, limb and property) that comes in the wake of a disaster. Accepting these feelings as part of the grieving process, and allowing yourself to feel what you feel, is necessary for healing.”

They suggest being patient with the pace of your emotional recovery and of those around you; not everyone grieves at the same pace, and not ev-

eryone feels things the same way. Allow yourself to feel what you are feeling, with no judgment, and talk about your feelings in a way that feels safe.

Build in time to rest and relax to combat the stress in the aftermath of a disaster, and be sure to reconnect with your loved ones and friends in any way you can, giving and taking support from your shared experience.

Disasters are around us all the time, and with the 24-hour news cycle it is easy to get in too deep as witnesses to the mayhem. A healthy interest in what happened is fine, but it can easily

turn to obsession, which in turn can cause additional anxiety and trauma. Limit your media exposure, turn off the TV or online news, and be especially mindful of this exposure around children, who don’t have the capacity to understand what they are seeing (Smith and Segal, 2014).

Disasters are a part of life, and no one is immune to these natural forces. When life changes forever, we begin to recover when we realize we can take steps to regain our sense of power and control in a world in which things have gone mad. ♦

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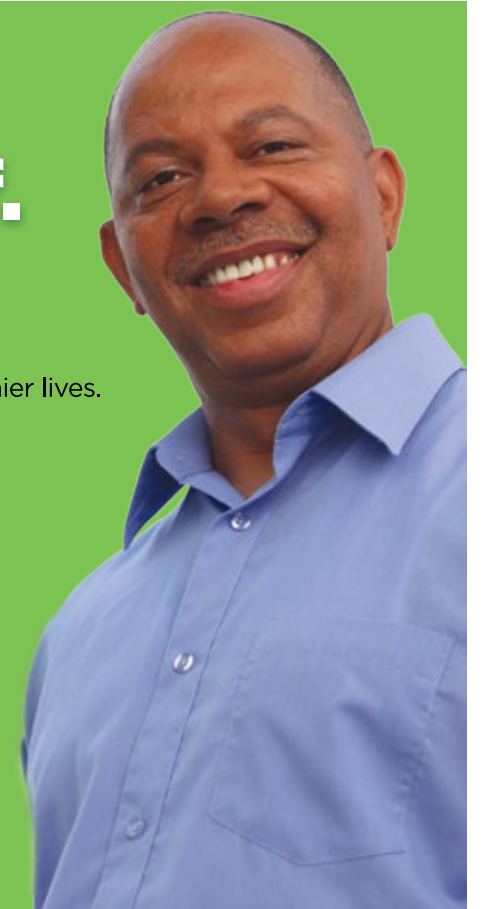
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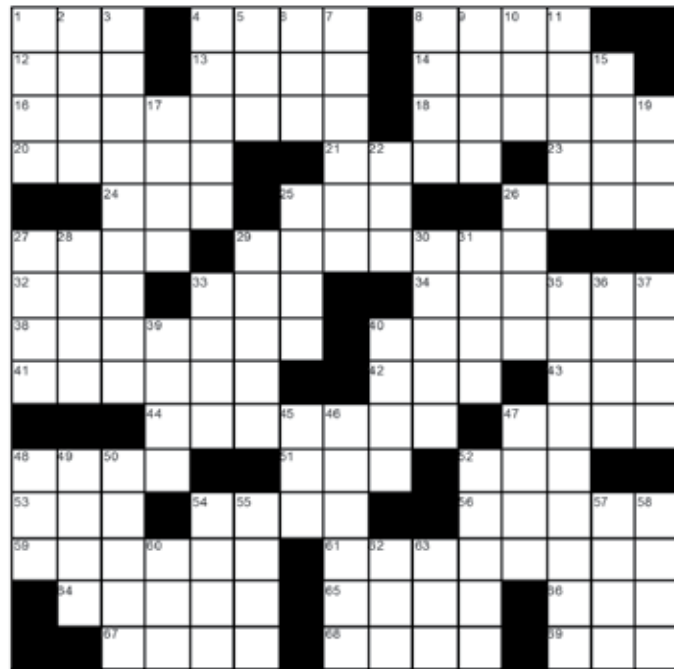


The three Senior Corps programs – RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through service and volunteering.



Crossword Puzzle

I'm OK, You're OK



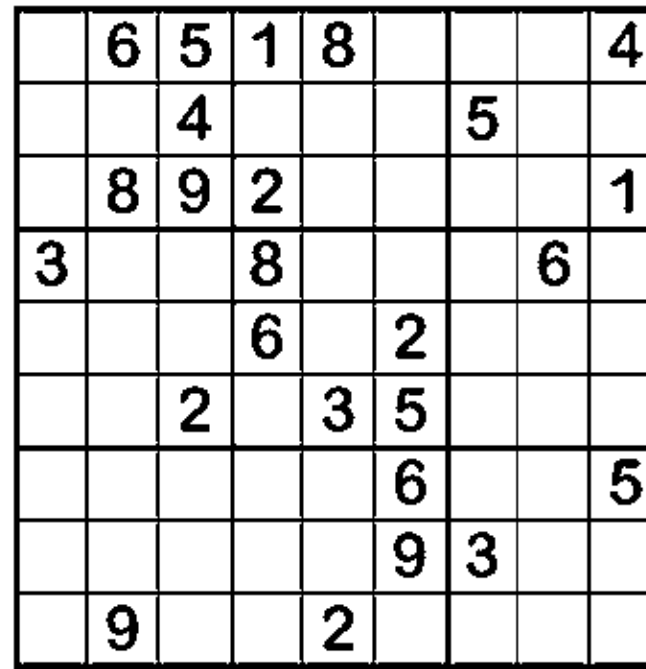
©2014 Created for LIV FUN by SkyDogCreations

ACROSS

- 1 Bald alternative
- 4 Wife of Zeus
- 8 Menageries
- 12 Garden tool
- 13 Muscat's location
- 14 Gives off
- 16 Recovery essential (with 61 across)
- 18 Symptom of recovery
- 20 After round or coffee
- 21 Subatomic particle
- 23 Where the prof. might work
- 24 Building addition
- 25 Cacophony
- 26 Hero's place
- 27 Yoga accessories
- 29 Cheese used in desserts
- 32 Play segment
- 33 Federal Govt. Dept.
- 34 Destroyer
- 38 Cigar type
- 40 Hairy
- 41 Legalese adverb
- 42 2003 Will Ferrell vehicle
- 43 Pt. of a wk.
- 44 Store of weapons
- 47 Public electrical network
- 48 Small wooded valley
- 51 Guy's pal
- 52 Hawaiian staple
- 53 Monkey's uncle?
- 54 Octagonal sign's message
- 56 Alternatives to trucks
- 59 End state of recovery
- 61 Recovery essential (with 16 across)
- 64 First name in fragrance
- 65 Poet's black
- 66 Anthem contraction
- 67 Father of Art Deco
- 68 BBQ joint choice
- 69 Vane direction

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 One of the 5 Ws
- 2 Small amount
- 3 Family's plea to patient
- 4 Overnight stay choice
- 5 Bird from down under
- 6 Teen's praise, maybe
- 7 In need of iron supplements
- 8 Dylan's "Love Minus ____ / No Limit"
- 9 Portent
- 10 Something to change
- 11 Fence crosser
- 15 Envelope security device
- 17 Woes
- 19 Agency under the Dept. of Justice
- 22 Card game
- 25 Routine intake
- 26 Speaker's position
- 27 Number indicating speed
- 28 Result of overdoing
- 29 Coverings
- 30 Musical ornament
- 31 Grass
- 33 Way out
- 35 For recovery, it must be proper
- 36 Needle case
- 37 Orchestra member
- 39 Before estate or after camino
- 40 Cure
- 45 Self
- 46 Cat in the sun?
- 47 Painful toe ailment
- 48 Morse unit
- 49 Fencing tool
- 50 Apartment document
- 52 These may be great
- 54 "Leave it" - Ed.
- 55 Old you
- 57 Kitchen appliance
- 58 Dry
- 60 Env. enclosure
- 62 Eastern sash
- 63 Weep audibly

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond

Your Body's Remarkable Ability to Heal

by Stephan J. Smith

Doctor of Chiropractic

We inhabit incredible living machines.

We're able to bounce back from most insults, be they chemical, physical or emotional. It's a good thing too; if we didn't recover from these things, we'd never make it past infancy. Our body's ability to repair itself is a testament to its resilience, and it's a reason to hope.

Chemical Injury

Accidental or intentional exposure to damaging substances can cause chemical injury to our systems. We ingest toxins from the environment and through our food and water supplies. We use or abuse alcohol and illicit drugs; even prescription medications can be toxic when not used appropriately. These toxins can lead to cancer or other malfunctions in our bodies if left unchecked.

Fortunately, these amazing machines can often cleanse these toxins quite readily. You can help by choosing fresh, organic fruits and vegetables and cutting out the chemical additives in processed foods. Plenty of pure, filtered water is vital. A carefully monitored cleanse or detoxification through diet and nutritional supplementation may be of immense help in overcoming chemical toxicity.

Physical Injury

After a physical injury (including surgery) our bodies go through a complex procedure for repairing damage that includes inflammation, cleaning up damaged tissue, then laying down new tissue. This can be fairly quick or can take quite a long time, depending on the type of tissue involved and the amount of damage done. You can help by eating wholesome foods that are low in empty calories and high in nutrients.

Add Vitamin C to help repair old tissues and build new ones, and take B5 (pantothenic acid) to boost energy and help produce new red blood cells. Mild to moderate exercise (being careful not to reinjure the injured areas) can actually speed healing by increasing blood flow. Be sure to ask your doctor what's appropriate for your own body.

Emotional Injury

The human mind has its own method of scarring, and the techniques for removing and overcoming those injuries often require time and professional help. Our physical or chemical injuries can even cause emotional wounds too, which often remain long after our bodies have recovered.

Healing the mind involves analyzing the events causing the

injury, learning to accept or forgive, and making the decision to move onward. This process differs for each person's particular experiences and circumstances, but history is full of examples of people overcoming severe pasts and seemingly insurmountable challenges to achieve great successes. Again, remarkably, we heal.

Whatever your personal injuries have been, be assured that your body has lots of practice healing. Think of all the things that have happened to you in your life up to this point. If your body was unable to heal from even the smallest of the insults you've experienced, you'd have perished long ago. Stay positive, rally the support of your friends and family, seek professional help when it's needed, and keep moving forward.

When Good Medicine Goes Wrong

Prescription drug abuse among the elderly is a real and growing problem in the United States. According to medical researchers at John Hopkins, nearly 3 million older Americans are expected to suffer from this problem by the year 2020 (John Hopkins, 2014).

It's often unintentional and insidious, unlike abuse of alcohol or illicit drugs.

Symptoms of a possible problem might include steadily increasing usage of painkillers, a change in normal behaviors or personality, withdrawing from social interactions, defensiveness about prescription drug use, and unexplained blackouts or forgetfulness (MedicineNet.com, 2003).

If you are concerned that you or a loved one might be suffering from an addiction or dependence on prescription drugs, find help. Talk to your doctor, and ask for a counseling referral from someone who specializes in senior care. Most importantly, don't be ashamed. Hiding the problem will not make it go away.

Give your body a fighting chance to heal. ♦

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BEFORE THE STORM

by Sue Peterson

Managing Director, Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

*“A woman is like a tea bag —
you can’t tell how strong she is
until you put her in hot water.”*

— Eleanor Roosevelt



DO THE HARD WORK NOW TO HELP SMOOTH OVER THE FINANCIAL SHOCKS OF WIDOWHOOD.

None likes to think about the possibility of her husband passing away. Yet statistics tell us most women will end up single at the end of their lives. In fact, women are four times more likely than men to be widowed, and widows typically survive their husbands by 14 years. Taking the time to get your affairs in order while both spouses are alive and well will go a long way toward creating security

and confidence for the entire family. Like starting a new exercise program or making a decision to eat healthier, changing your financial habits can be a challenge. Start with some of the small steps suggested here instead of trying to tackle everything at once. Doing too much at once can be exhausting and make you feel like giving up.

First and foremost, wives need to be fully informed about the family’s financial situation. Finding this

uninteresting or unpleasant is not an excuse! Our biannual trips to the dentist or primary care physician are not particularly pleasant, but they are preventive measures that help us be fully informed about our health and give us the opportunity to address any emergent problems in a timely fashion. The same is true of financial awareness and planning.

I have seen new widows come to my office completely overwhelmed and fearful because they were not

involved in their family’s finances, and as a result are not familiar with their joint assets, liabilities and cash flows. Avoid this by communicating early and often with your spouse about your finances. We highly recommend both spouses complete a checklist to ensure both parties know about all bank accounts, pensions, loans, location of the safe deposit box, contacts for key advisors, and other relevant information. (We’ve included a link at the end of this

article to a good checklist.)

It’s also important to communicate login and passwords for all online accounts, which can save many hours of frustration down the road. Creating and sharing a password list is a good initial “small step” with a huge prospective benefit.

Several key documents must be in place to ensure the unexpected loss of a spouse doesn’t create unintended and unwanted outcomes. These documents include a will or

revocable trust, which provides tax planning and creditor protection for assets that pass to the survivor. If there are children of a previous marriage, this also ensures that the wishes of the spouse who died are carried out, increasing the potential for a positive relationship with stepchildren in future years. As a next small step, make an appointment with an estate planning attorney to draft estate documents or **Before the Storm:** *Continued on page 41*

Savvy Sage
On Being an Elder

Continuous Recovery,

Our ancestors looked for impending doom behind every tree. Do we still need to live this way?

by Sandy Sabersky
Founding Director of Elderwise

I save old calendars. I often need a phone number or want to check a date from the previous year, resulting in a pile of old calendars going back to 1986. When I look back through them I don't see much joy; rather, a series of deadlines, moves, surgeries or illnesses, doctor's appointments and meetings. Even when there is a birthday or summer gathering, I mostly see the effort required to prepare for those events. I don't see the moments of joy and happiness, the feelings of appreciation, gratitude or love reflected in the calendars.

We all have our own concerns, challenges and struggles, and we witness even more struggle and pain in our friends and in the world around us. I have come to see that the Buddha was right: Life is suffering. Recovering from your particular brand of suffering requires you to recover from life itself. Life's challenges don't go away; we overcome them when we take on recovery as a way of being.

The dictionary defines recovery as "... returning to a normal condition, or returning to a former or better condition" But can that really happen? Change happens, growth happens, and we can't go backwards to a previous condition; we can't ever step back into the same river.

For example, my son had a bad break in his leg. Now, three years later, he is recovered enough to go backpacking. He also has to wear special socks and shoe lifts, and his life is different in subtle and specific ways. He carries a sorrow that he is not that same athlete anymore. Yet he is appreciative that he can still do most things, and he has gained a certain maturity.

Whatever degree or intensity of suffering we undergo will change us, and we will grow. As we live life and recover from its many experiences, we become more skilled, more sophisticated at handling change, and we can learn to "recover" from life in a positive way. We can learn to enjoy the moments and begin to understand the meaning of life even as we suffer. In a constant recovery model of life, we can take our cues from positive psychology, religion and acceptance.

In the past decade the positive psychology movement has become quite popular. Martin Seligman is the founder of this field of study, which examines healthy states, such as happiness, strength of character and optimism, to help people improve the quality of their lives.

In his hugely popular TED talk, Seligman (2004) explains that we are evolutionarily programmed from ancient times to see danger and look

for problems. For our ancestors, this skill could save one's life. But this kind of "problem-seeking" behavior is far less useful in our relatively safe, modern lives; rather, it can lead to a person seeing only problems and creating unhappiness.

Using positive psychology, we can, with a bit of training, shift our thinking and change how we see the world. We can teach ourselves to be less miserable and more satisfied with our lives.

According to Seligman, we have the ability to seek a pleasant life, one that is full of pleasure and positive feelings. We can choose to experience a life of engagement, in which our attention is focused on the task at hand, such as work; raising children; or engaging in research, music or art. And, we can seek a meaningful life where one serves a higher ideal.

(Seligman outlines suggested actions, supported by research, to improve one's happiness and choose a more joyful life, on the Authentic Happiness website linked at the end of this article. The site includes a questionnaire designed to help you determine your own levels of happiness and well-being.)

In seeking meaning and satisfaction, others take a spiritual or religious approach, including prayer or meditation, to offer a new way of looking at and living in the world. Religion may help one live for a higher purpose that

Moving Toward Joy

offers meaning in the lives of the believers, even when those lives may be difficult. Repeated positive thinking physically changes our brain patterns so that this way of thinking comes more naturally.

A final key to finding joy in the midst of suffering comes with letting go of concerns that one can't do anything about. There is a small book called *Graceful Passages—A Companion for Living and Dying* that includes a conversation between the Jewish Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi and his God.

In this beautiful expression of letting go by an old man, he states, "I still have some concerns for people in the family, for the world, and for the planet. I put them in Your Blessed Hands" (Dass, et. al, 2006). In this letting go, the rabbi was able to gracefully accept that his work was no longer required, and he could go on in peace.

As we face the realities of the world, we will see pain and suffering. How then can we live a happy, meaningful and rewarding life while also looking beyond ourselves? With the help of positive psychology, religion or acceptance to help guide our thoughts, we can begin the process of recovering from life ... as a way of life. ♦

Sources:

Find articles and videos on Positive Psychology at the University of Pennsylvania Positive Psychology Center, <http://tinyurl.com/wise-positive>.

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"No man ever steps in the same river twice, for it's not the same river and he's not the same man."

— Heraclitus



Gone Missing With Mom

Memory loss can be a sweet gift,
wrapped in bitter paper for those of us
still burdened with life beyond “now.”

by Tammy Kennon

Writer, sailor, traveler, photographer and blogger

“N 37,” I call loudly.

“BINGO!” Arlene shouts, her eyes so alight with the thrill of victory that I barely notice the oxygen tube strung haphazardly across her face.

“Great job, Arlene,” I say, genuinely sharing her joy. “But, let’s keep going. We’re playing blackout, so we want to cover the whole card, all the numbers.”

Ten of us sit around a large wooden dining table at the assisted living home where my mom lives now. At 81, Mom is one of the youngest of the 15 residents. She suffers from Lewy Body Dementia, a form of dementia with characteristics of both Alzheimer’s and Parkinson’s. At the time she was diagnosed, she was living alone, still driving herself to church and the grocery store. That was just over a year ago.

“I 22,” I call.

“BINGO!” Arlene claps her tissue paper hands, and the rest of us join in, celebrating her new Bingo.

Here, where the fire of dementia burns white hot, these women live fully in the present moment, deliriously happy with victory in any form. The flame consumes their newest, freshest memories first, like the memory of what was said one sentence ago, but leaves intact the oldest remembrances from childhood, like what the letter “I” looks like and the number “22,” and how, when they’re strung together in a line, they form a Bingo.

Last year, staying with Mom in her townhouse, I watched with an aching heart every morning as she got her own breakfast, relearning where everything was in her own kitchen. And then, because she couldn’t remember where they were in the first place, she put them away in different places, unintentionally giving me an object lesson in what it was like not knowing.

Mom watched the same channel all day every day, because she couldn’t remember how to use the remote.

I had tried back then to start chatty conversations with her about things that happened in my childhood, but, most often, she couldn’t remember them. Mom, the storybook of my life, had blank pages. It was a lonely realization that it was now up to me to remember how old I was when I took my first steps and why I was hospitalized at five years old.

Back then, when Mom was living alone, it was hard to find any sweetness to counterbalance the sad reality of memory loss. My sister and I worried constantly that Mom would try to cook and forget that the stove was on, that she would go for a walk and lose her way home, or fall and break her hip, which is exactly what happened two months ago, a fall that ultimately landed her here in assisted living where I am visiting for the first time.

“N 43,” I call.

“BINGO!” shouts Arlene.

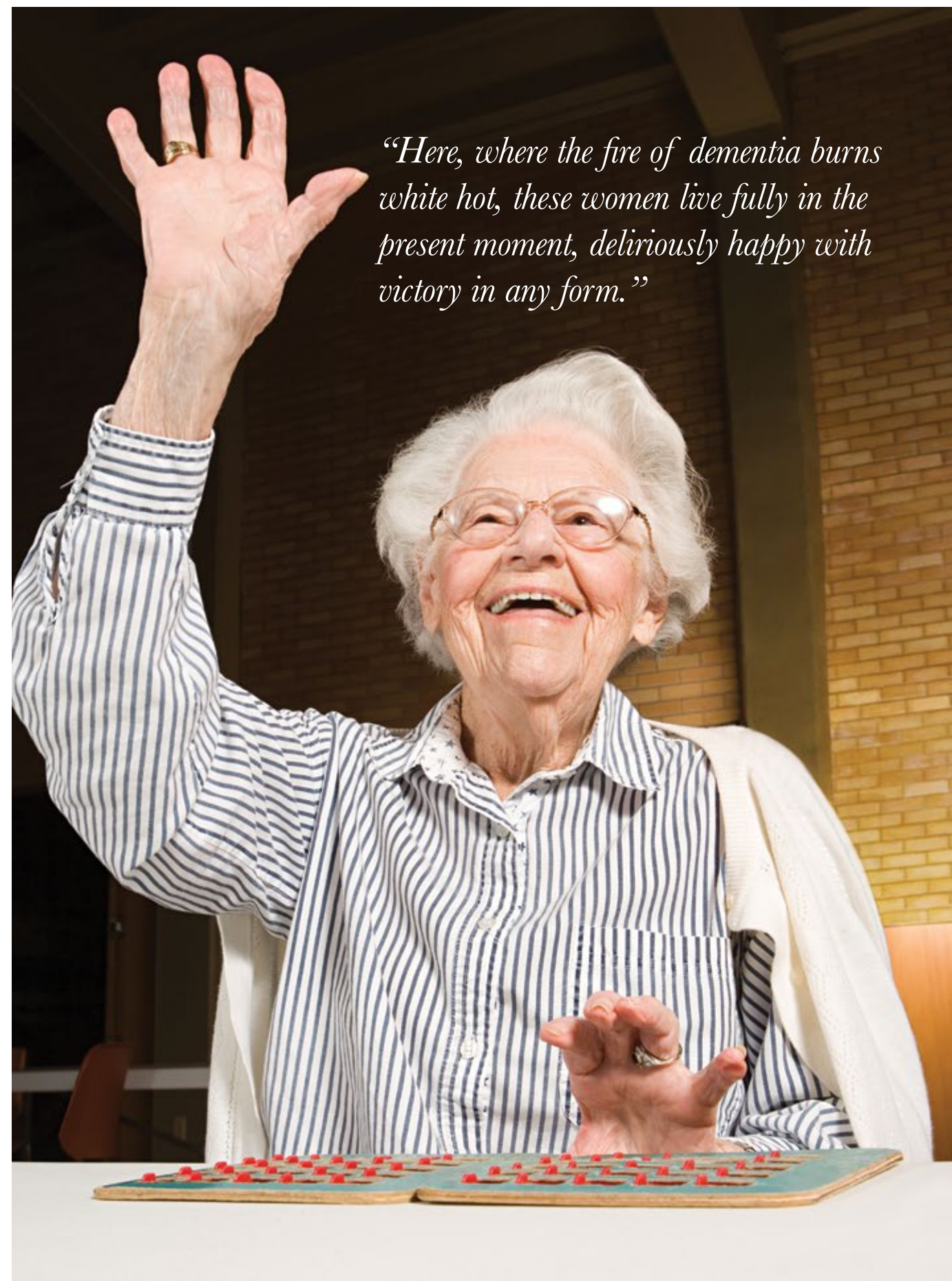
At lunch Arlene looked across the table at me helping Mom and said wistfully, “I have two children, but they never come to visit me.”

As I plummeted into the tragic sadness of this news, I remembered that Mom had told me just this morning that her sister had never visited her. On the contrary, I knew that my aunt had come by several times, yet Mom has no memory of her sister’s visits. For Mom, in this moment, the notion that her sister never visits is utter truth.

And for Arlene, even if the seat beside her is still warm from her daughter’s visit, this moment’s sad truth is that her children never come to visit.

“I’ll come visit you, Arlene,” I said, my voice faltering with emotion.

“I like you,” she said, smiling with the innocence of a 5-year-old and moving carefree into her next moment, taking childlike pleasure in a small bowl of Neapolitan ice cream, completely liberated of all that had gone before. I staggered into my next moment, dragging the weight of memory and the heavy burden of liking Arlene too.



“Here, where the fire of dementia burns white hot, these women live fully in the present moment, deliriously happy with victory in any form.”

“Mom, who used to fret about the past and worry about the future, now lives fully in the moment. Her disease, one I had always seen as tragic and debilitating, had freed her from her past and her future.”

Watching her savor her ice cream, I saw I was now alone, no longer liked by Arlene, her memory of me consumed by the fire.

After lunch, at the dining-room-turned-Bingo parlor, the youngest resident sits next to me. Nadine is tiny and spry, impeccably dressed, with an alert demeanor that made me think she was a visitor as she enthusiastically worked two Bingo cards and helped 97-year-old Gracie next to her.

“I never win at Bingo,” Nadine sighs, shaking her head despondently.

Without thinking, I blurt out, “But Nadine, you just won two games in a row!”

I am horrified at my own lack of discretion, sure that I’ve embarrassed her.

“Oh, really?” she says, shock and then joy filling her face. “Oh, good!”

With Mom safe here, with others to watch over her, to cook, do laundry and administer meds, I see dementia with new eyes. Mom, who used to fret about the past and worry about the future, now lives fully in the moment, the burdens of her past now gone, forgotten. She has no concern about a future that doesn’t exist, because she can’t remember to envision it and then to worry about it. Her disease, one I had always seen as tragic and debilitating, had freed her from her past and her future.

I turn the crank on the cranky metal cage, and Bingo balls drop, sometimes retained as they are supposed to be in the metal slide, sometimes flying across the table and onto the floor, sending me scrambling after them.

“B 6,” I call over a loud, persistent beeper alerting the staff that someone has pushed the alarm button that all the residents wear around their necks.

“BINGO!” Ginny calls out in pure delight, and we all clap.

“That’s so awesome, Ginny, but we’re playing blackout, so let’s keep going. Cover the whole card.”

I am living so completely in the moment, concentrating on the most fulfilling job I’ve ever had, so free of my sardonic self, that I have completely missed the tragic irony of playing blackout with eight women caught in the ultimate game of blackout.

“What was the last number?” Cora interrupts me in a gravelly, expressionless voice.

Our eyes meet. “I have no idea,” I say.

Cora is fine with that as she steps lightly into her fresh now.

Memory loss is a sweet gift, wrapped in bitter paper for those of us still burdened with life beyond “now.” We don’t know what the future holds for Mom or for us. I struggle to follow her lead, just let the future be, toss away the paper, and treasure the gift. I focus on Mom’s carefree face, turn the noisy crank, and call out another number.

“BINGO!” Ginny calls.

With a winner finally declared in the blackout round, there are only six balls left in my metal cage. I take them out and place them in the master Bingo tray to see if we are playing with a full set. As I feared, we are not. One ball is missing. G 50. G 50 has gone missing.

With much fanfare, all the extra-large, Easy-Read cards are cleared of their poker chips. Everyone who can remember reminds everyone who can’t to put a chip on the FREE spot in the middle of the cards. I scoop up all the balls but G 50 and put them back in the cage to start a new game.

“G 50,” I call out in a heartfelt effort to make up for all that has gone missing. ♦



*“G 50,”
I call out in a
heartfelt effort to
make up for all that
has gone missing.*

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

© D. Hurst / Alamy

Q: I belong to a charity organization; we do a number of fundraisers and other events. I get along with many of the other volunteers, but there is one person I can't stand. She's bossy and opinionated. She micromanages some of the other gals. I like to help people feel good about their efforts, and I try to be encouraging to the new volunteers. I think she's too critical and doesn't practice what she preaches — she talks a lot but doesn't even stick around to do the hard work or help with the clean-up after events. I tried to talk to her about it, but I got really upset and probably made the situation worse. Honestly, when I get stressed, I can say mean things. Sometimes I fly off the handle with my husband too. Can you teach me how to stay calmer?

A: We tend to think that our emotions “just happen,” but there are many ways to manage our feelings of anger or irritation. The psychologist Rudolph Driekurs said, “We never lose our temper; we throw it away.” You’ve already taken the first step by sincerely choosing to change your emotional habits.

Emotions can happen so quickly, sometimes it feels like they come out of nowhere. But, almost always, the feeling is not the first thing to happen. First, there is an event or a situation. Next comes our thoughts about the situation, and then comes the emotion in response to our thoughts. The thoughts we have about a person or situation can strongly influence our feelings. For example, if your thought about your situation is “I can't stand this!” you are likely to feel aggravated. But if you stop and reflect, “I may not like this, but I can get through it,” your irritation may be a little less. It is the thought — your *interpretation* of the event — that influences the feeling.

If you want a calmer life, you need to become aware of your thoughts. There is a constant stream of commentary in our heads. Sometimes we notice it, and sometimes it is just underneath conscious awareness. Counselors often call this “self-talk.” When it comes to anger, there are three kinds of self-talk that are especially problematic, known as your “M.A.D.” thoughts (McKay & Maybell, 2004).

M is for *minimizing* your personal power with thoughts like, “I can't stand this. I can't handle it.”

A is for *awfulizing* your situation: “This is awful. This is a disaster. This is a catastrophe!”

D is for *demanding*: “This must change!” or “I won't stand for this unless she stops!”

The solution to M.A.D. thoughts are “Cool” thoughts. Instead of minimizing your power, *maximize* it with thoughts like, “I can handle this” or “I can get through this.” Be *realistic* rather than “awful-istic.” Use thoughts like, “This is annoying, and I may not like this, but it's just irritation; this is not a disaster.” Finally, instead of demanding, practice *accepting* the present moment and plan for the future with thoughts like, “Some people just don't do what I think is best. I guess I can't fix this right now, maybe later.”

Another thing that will help is to expand your awareness of your tension as it starts to build. Notice how anger feels in your body — do you clench your fists? Does your face get hot? Do you get a sour feeling in your stomach? Be on the lookout for clues that your body is getting angry — and intervene with yourself. Take a break, get some air, talk to someone who helps you laugh at the situation, drink some water, or start using some Cool thoughts.

Reflect on the way your colleague (or your partner) triggers you. If you can identify which habits particularly get under your skin, you may be able to use your Cool thoughts proactively and be more prepared the next time you experience these moments in real life. Also, I encourage you to explore solutions while you are calm. Talk to other organizers or whoever is in charge of volunteer coordination. Maybe with patience, diplomacy and clear communication, she can be influenced for the better. ♦

Additional Reading:

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Hanh, Thich Nhat. (2003). *Creating True Peace: Ending Violence in Yourself, Your Family, Your Community, and In the World*. Simon and Schuster.



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With Enough Ink

Wrapping words around your life experiences can be a powerful way to gain insights and understanding.

by Theo Pauline Nestor

Continuing Education Instructor at the University of Washington

I don't think I've ever felt as sorry for myself as I felt on that rainy October afternoon more than a decade ago. Sitting in a well-appointed waiting room in downtown Seattle's tallest building, I waited for my name to be called to see my attorney to draw up the parenting plan that would designate how my soon-to-be-ex-husband and I would divide our time with our two young daughters. I felt like misery was rolling off me in waves, and while I might have intellectually understood that other people on the planet also had struggles, it did not feel at that moment like anything existed other than my own sadness.

And then I saw her. On a sofa on the other side of the waiting room sat a woman I will never forget. She was perhaps 60 years old and weighed maybe 95 pounds. She was dressed in a pale, pink Chanel-style suit with white piping. The suit was loose on her, and my guess was that at one time it fit her perfectly. But now she sat perfectly straight in her too-loose suit, clenching a large box of papers on her lap. Although well coifed, her hair was so thin that I could easily see the outline of her scalp. I wondered if she was going through chemotherapy *and* a divorce, and in that instant of wondering, I

was jolted from my self-pity as if I'd touched an electric fence. I instantly became aware that my suffering was not uncommon, that I was now part of a group larger than myself, a group who lived with terrible losses they'd never signed up for.

And in that moment of realization, I pulled a notebook from my purse. In that notebook, I wrote a brief description of the woman with her thin hair and her heavy box of legal papers. That note was the first of many I took over the next few months. I had no goal in mind with these notes; I was motivated to take them because every time I jotted down an observation

More Resources for New Writers of Personal Narrative:

- Take a class at a community center, senior center, local university or writing center.
- Read empowering books for new writers, such as Julia Cameron's *The Right to Write*, Natalie Goldberg's *Writing Down the Bones*, Anne Lamott's *Bird by Bird*, or my book *Writing Is My Drink*.
- Join a writing group to connect with other writers looking to meet up on a regular basis.
- Work with a writing coach. Some coaches, such as Joanne Horn at *Second-Half Connections*, work specifically with an older population looking to record their life stories.

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"I wondered if she was going through chemotherapy and a divorce, and in that instant of wondering, I was jolted from my self-pity as if I'd touched an electric fence."



© Martin Koch

or an image related to my divorce, I couldn't help but notice that I felt just a little bit better, just a little less of a victim and a little more of a creator, a person who could assign meaning and order to absurd chaos. My suffering became less, not just because of the passing of time but because I was cataloguing my experience with language.

Eventually, my notes became the memoir *How to Sleep Alone in a King-Size Bed*, and I began teaching adult learners how to begin writing their own stories in my memoir class. Like me, many of my students have written their way through recovery from traumatic events and losses. And like

me, many of these new writers have come to understand their connection to the greater human story through writing the very specific story of their own individual losses.

Recognizing our grief as a common experience is just one of the many therapeutic aspects of writing. When we write down our experiences, we often feel immediately lighter, less burdened by grief's weight. Writing also gives us the opportunity to archive those special experiences we want to protect and memorialize. Skill or "talent," or even the ability to spell well,

Enough Ink: *Continued on page 41*

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.



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Introducing Our Two Features This Issue



Lee Nunn

Fairwinds – River's Edge, St. Charles, Missouri



Sherry & Larry Schnee

The Renaissance on Peachtree, Atlanta, GA

© Photos courtesy of Leisure Care

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One



Lee Nunn gives a big "thumbs up" after checking one important item off his bucket list.

© Photo courtesy of Leisure Care

A Life in Fast Motion

by Stacy Welker

Fairwinds – River's Edge, St. Charles, MO

A body in motion tends to stay in motion, and at Leisure Care we know that life is just getting started at retirement. At Fairwinds – River's Edge in St. Charles, Missouri, one Leisure Care resident embodies this idea, even in the face of daunting health challenges and devastating personal loss.

Lee Nunn was no stranger to adventure in his younger days. A paratrooper in the Army, he was part of a special ops unit working with locals to create havoc amongst enemy troops. He was also on the Kimpo air strip in South Korea when a MIG-15 Russian enemy fighter plane flown by a North Korean pilot defected to the South, a historic salvo in the opening rounds of the Cold War.

One of Lee's fondest Army memories is being chosen as one of Marilyn Monroe's bodyguards when she visited the troops in South Korea — cutting short her honeymoon with Joe DiMaggio in order to perform. She wasn't prepared for such a show: She had only one cocktail dress with her, which she wore for her performance, then quickly changed into warm Army fatigues for the bitter February temperatures outside, Lee recalls.

Back in civilian life, Lee built a career at Lincoln Engineering and a leisure life around the golf course. Lee and his wife Billie's last home before moving to Fairwinds – River's Edge was on a golf course. One of his guilty pleasures was playing golf every day except Mondays,

and that was only because the course was closed that day.

He doesn't like to brag, but he has racked up four holes-in-one, winning a Volkswagen GTI one year and a trip for two to Hilton Head the next. He claims he was the reason one organization closed down its hole-in-one prize giveaway! Billie used to say she had to take up golf so she could see him, and although she "couldn't play at all," they did have fun together.

Moving from their home on the course and into Fairwinds – River's Edge was a tough decision, driven by Billie's health and mobility issues. Still, it was Lee who wound up in the hospital not long after the move, with six life-threatening clogged arteries requiring open-heart surgery. Other health issues followed, then Billie became gravely ill. Lee moved into an apartment across the street from Billie's nursing facility to be close to his wife during the last months of her life. After her death, withdrawn and depressed after losing his long-time partner, he made the decision to move back to Fairwinds – River's Edge, a place they had both felt at home.

The couple had made many friends at Fairwinds – River's Edge. Once back and settled in (with newly adopted rescue pup Lilly), Lee asked one of his lady friends out on a date. Darlene gladly accepted ... and as a couple, they are still going strong. For their first date, they went to a used car lot looking for a sports car. Getting out of the

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One Continued



Lee Nunn and friend enjoy the hot rods.



Darlene and Lee before his track debut.



A photo from Lee's days in the service.

car, Darlene looked over to say something to Lee, but he was nowhere to be seen. He had tried stepping over an obstacle and, still getting used to his new orthotics, fell flat on his face. The paramedics came, and Darlene rode up front in the cab (wearing a leg brace on her own broken knee cap). The driver put her in charge of blowing the horn to help keep traffic cleared. Now that's a first date to remember!

A car fanatic, Lee bought a GTO, and on one of their road trips, he asked Darlene if she'd ever gone 100 mph. She said she hadn't, so he "lit it up."

"All I said was, 'Wheeee ...,'" Darlene notes, and they laughed. His next car was a flat black 2006 C5 Corvette, not the easiest thing to get in and out of, but he doesn't let that hold him back.

These hot rods led next to his "Richard Petty Experience," something that had been on his bucket list until the "Wish Come True" offer by Leisure Care made it a reality. He recounts, "I was driving around the track, and the escort kept telling me I needed to get over so the other cars could pass ... and all I wanted to do was speed up."

He said he "only" got to a top

speed of 98. Only?! The worst part of this experience, Lee recalled, was climbing through the side window to get in and out of the car. "I'm not as spry as I used to be," he laughs.

Lee hasn't let his losses, his diabetes, heart surgery or back issues dictate his life. He continues to enjoy his kids and grandkids, travel with Darlene, play golf, and go on outings with friends to Cardinals games, Pere Marquette State Park, and other great local destinations.

And he's got his eyes peeled for his next adventure rod: a vintage yellow truck he'll gladly race all over town. ♦

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Two



Sherry and Larry Schnee spend some quality time with the healthcare students they mentor.

Closing the Gap With a Unique University Partnership

The program helps healthcare students better understand the realities of aging and senior care.

by Jodi Firestone

The Renaissance on Peachtree, Atlanta, GA

Sherry and Larry Schnee are like many senior couples. They've shared a life together, nearly 60 years in all, but they have very different health issues and very different ways of approaching life. As Larry put it, "When we go drive around the block, I typically think one way might be the best route, and Sherry may have another idea. Both ways get us to our destination."

From Bronx, New York, Sherry and Larry have known each other since they were 7 years old. They raised two

children and have five grandchildren. Today, they call The Renaissance on Peachtree, a Leisure Care Premier Community in Atlanta, Georgia, home.

Their different health needs and personalities make them perfect participants in a unique partnership between The Renaissance on Peachtree and Emory University. Sherry and Larry are helping emerging medical professionals understand the differences and challenges of senior patients through the university's Senior Mentorship Program.

Closing the Gap: *Continued on page 42*

How to Be Irrelevant

Forget forever young; I just want to be myself.



by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comedian

© Jami Garrison

“Like it or not I had become some kind of angry old guy. I felt as irrelevant as a 20-items-or-less checkout line in Costco.”

All of us, at some point in our lives, vow to remain forever young. It’s that white hot moment of recognition when we realize people in T-shirts and jeans seemingly enjoy a wider grin level than people in pressed Dockers slacks and collared knit shirts.

For me the recognition came early. In high school, when asked what we wanted to be when we grew up, my classmates would parrot “a lawyer, a doctor, an astronaut.” Preferring genuine over clichéd, I’d earnestly answer, “To be relevant.”

The nuns would then accuse me of being “some kind of comedian” and whack me across the spine with a yellow yardstick. I’d then be told to stand in the corner where I’d stare at the wall wondering why nuns, or most people of authority, always used the modifier “some kind of” as a way of derision. It was always “some kind of comedian” or “some kind of wise guy.” Straight A students were never asked, “Are you some kind of genius?” They were directly told, “You’re smart.”

Regardless, I equated remaining forever young as a sound and honest pursuit. Not in a superficial Joan Rivers type way (whose facial skin looks so taut it can shun bullets), but as a way of remaining relevant and apt. For as I saw it, irrelevancy incites bitterness, which ultimately leads to life’s foulest fate: angry old person.

Proof of this is everywhere. Irritable gray-haired golf starters. Bored retirees turned scowling crossing guards. My uncle Larry after two Old Fashioneds.

No, not me, I vowed. I’m too aware of irrelevancy’s underhandedness to fall prey. And besides, this only happens to others. The key, I believed, was to embrace change, remain

vigilantly curious, and avoid the when-I-was-your-age comparisons with the younger generation.

So I did. Societal relevancy followed me through life’s first half. I knew 4/20 from ABC’s 20/20, Mother Jones from Mother Teresa, Richard Bach from Sebastian Bach, PJ. O’Rourke from Robert Bork, Cher’s Bono from U2’s Bono, Twiggy from Ziggy, Sting from Bing, and Belushi from sushi.

Then it happened. As I neared 45, the first gray hair of societal irrelevancy appeared. For the first time in my life I began walking past newspaper boxes holding alternative weeklies. These free newspapers had always been a must-read, favored for their youthful hubris. But, suddenly, I could no longer relate. It seemed as if the articles and ads catered exclusively to a strange, new demographic: people with pierced-face accessories.

Then another gray hair appeared. Instead of paging through the Sunday newspaper for concert listings and movie reviews, I was more interested in checking the Home Depot insert for discounts on garden hoses and lighting fixtures.

My slow free fall from relevancy turned into a full-out plummet. Rousing discourse about books and politics was displaced by mopey tales of lower back pain, cholesterol and dry skin.

Old concert T-shirts lost their coolness factor. The words “Grateful Dead” became another spelling for AARP.

My prized record collection of more than 700 albums no longer elicited admiration, only derision. Like the rings of an oak tree, people saw it as a reflection of age, reducing my record collection to the home décor version of a receding hairline.

Inevitably, by the time I turned 50 the first stages of angry old person began to manifest. I referred to *People* magazine as *People I Don’t Know* magazine, *Us Weekly* as *Them Weekly*, and *Rolling Stone* as *Rolling Rubbish*.

Like it or not I had become some kind of angry old guy. I felt as irrelevant as a 20-items-or-less checkout line in Costco.

Rather than continue with hiss and lament, I embraced the self-recognition. Resisting, I realized, would only deepen the resentment rut. The question was how to ease back into society’s flow.

How indeed?

I didn’t want to try to behave young. After all, there are double standards in life that are stacked against the over-something crowd. Drunk at 22 makes you the life of the party. Drunk at 54 makes you the source of a family intervention.

I could become more engaged on Facebook, suddenly liking everyone’s posted cat photos. But that would come across as phony; the cyber version of a comb-over.

No, the answer I decided was to simply accept. Don’t try to be someone you’re not. So what if your tastes are dated? The Smithsonian is just as popular as the Museum of Modern Art.

The key, as we age, is not to strive for relevancy, but for authenticity. To comprehend this we must understand that we don’t become authentic by being relevant. We become relevant by being authentic. Look at master bluesman John Lee Hooker for towering proof. He wasn’t some kind of guitar player or some kind of musician. He was himself. ♦



© Lisa Sveta

THE MISSING PIECE

The time of recuperation can be a lovely and gentle gift that allows us to slow down and be present to the million things we rush right by.

by Elana Zaiman
Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

The recuperation began with crutches, ice, rest, meds, resistance-less bike peddling, and non-weight-bearing exercises. At my two-week follow-up appointment after Femoroacetabular Impingement (FAI) surgery, my surgeon told me to wean myself from crutches.

“It might take you a few days,” she said. “Start by going from two crutches to one crutch.”

I followed her advice. Inside my home I walked without crutches in four days, but for my walks outside it took me two weeks to say goodbye to my last crutch. You see, without crutches I hobbled along like a drunkard — slow, tentative and unbalanced. I was afraid of falling, tripping over uneven sidewalks, or being knocked over by a well-meaning child or an enthusiastic dog.

Roberta, my PT, guided me week after week with new strengthening exercises and phrases like: “Bend to your left to even yourself out. Lean forward as you walk, like you’re walking into the wind.” On occasion she even pretended she was a metronome to inspire me to walk in even steps.

Learning how to walk again wasn’t easy, especially since my gait had been compromised for so long. I’ll admit it: I was frustrated with my turtle-like pace, but as I came to understand the benefits of walking slowly, I began to see the gift behind the challenge.

Walking slowly I was able to be more present to my surroundings: the brisk March air, the gray low-hanging clouds, the cool drops of rain on my cheeks, the scurrying squirrels, the pink petals of the cherry blossoms scattered like confetti on the pavement, and the different colored and textured tree barks: the gray ridged bark of the maple, the smooth peeling cinnamon-colored bark of the madrona, and the dark grey eyes on the off-white bark of the birch.

I was also able to be more present to my neighbors. One morning, as I hobbled down the street on two crutches, I stopped to admire Bonnie’s garden with its orange poppies and yellow daffodils. Years ago our sons had attended the same Montessori pre-school. These days our sons attend different middle schools, and we hardly see each other. Seizing the moment, I invited her to join me on a walk around the block. She lay down her gardening tools, removed her gardening gloves, and around the block we walked, filling

each other in on our children and on our lives.

One afternoon, as I hobbled along on one crutch, a woman walked toward me leaning on her walker. I had not seen this woman before.

“How are you?” I asked as we passed one another. “I’m trying to be hopeful,” she said.

“That’s good,” I responded. “I’m trying too.”

We smiled, and onward we moved, she in her direction, and me in mine.

One early evening, as I hobbled along crutchless, I found Joan on her knees tending to her roses. She complimented me on my progress and asked how I was. I could have said, “Fine. I’m doing better,” and walked on, but I had just learned that I would have to spend the next four or five days re-inputting edits to a document I had worked on in sections because the sections would

not transfer back into the original, and I was sad. So I decided to tell her. She listened with love and offered words of comfort.

As I think about these slow walks down my street and around my block, I’m reminded of Shel Silverstein’s children’s story *The Missing Piece* about a circle that “was missing a piece,” (imagine a pie with one slice eaten). And it was not happy. So it set off in search of its missing piece. And as it rolled it sang this song — “Oh I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece ...”

This circle sang as it journeyed up mountains, over oceans and through jungles. On occasion it would stop to talk to a worm, smell a flower, play with a beetle, or have adventures, and it would stop to insert any triangular shapes it found along the way, but none of these shapes fit quite right — until one day it found just the right piece to make it whole.

In celebration of its newfound wholeness, this circle rolled so fast it had no time to talk to worms, to smell flowers, to play with beetles, to appreciate adventures, or even to sing. So what did this circle do? It set down its piece and it began to sing, “Oh I’m lookin’ for my missin’ piece ...”

This circle understood that it was somehow more whole when it was moving slowly than it was when it raced along. I found the same to be true for me. My early weeks of recuperation were a reminder. A reminder that moving slowly is a gift I don’t give myself often enough. Do any of us? ♦

“Oh
I’m lookin’ for my
missin’ piece ...”
— Shel Silverstein
from *The Missing Piece*



Blue (1993)

A woman loses her family in a car accident; her recovery goes not at all according to plan. She tries to shed the associations of her former existence by moving to a new neighborhood in Paris and starting over — but she can't truly get away from her life. Her late husband's unfinished business (he was a composer) is still hanging over her, and his other baggage returns in all-too-physical form. Much of this character's struggle to find herself plays out across the calm, meditative face of Juliette Binoche, who has perhaps never been better. This is a film of silence and reflection, and director Krzysztof Kieslowski is not interested in spelling out every single meaning here (this 1993 film is part of the filmmaker's slightly-connected trilogy called *Three Colors*; the other segments are *Red* and *White*). As somber as the film is, Roger Ebert might have been onto something in calling *Blue* an "anti-tragedy." We look into Binoche's contemplative face and are free to project our own feelings and thoughts there: sorrow, hope, disillusionment, renewal. That's a bold place for a movie to go, but it makes us into active, not passive, viewers — and perhaps it's an honest suggestion that recovery is never really achieved but an ongoing human process.

MUSIC REVIEWS

In music, you can find an outlet for almost any emotion. Heartbreak (check), addiction (check), depression (check), resurrection (check). This playlist's got it covered.

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer



"I Can See Clearly Now" (Single) — Johnny Nash, *I Can See Clearly Now*, 1972

Texas pop star/songwriter/producer Johnny Nash had already spent three years in Jamaica when he wrote this uplifting song. At the time, Nash was producing some of the first Bob Marley and the Wailers recordings. And, during one of these sessions, he laid down this track. We don't know what was happening in Nash's life that led him to pen the lyrics, but they seem to tell a story of a person struggling with the darkness of depression or addiction. When Nash sings about the sun finally coming out, bringing light and clarity, we share in the beautiful possibilities of what's next for him and for us.



"That's Why I'm Here" (Single) — Kenny Chesney, *I Will Stand*, 1997

Country music is filled with stories of hard drinking and tough luck, but they don't often touch on the theme of recovery and renewal. In this song, we hear from an alcoholic who has finally decided to take control and head down to the local AA meeting. There he discovers he is not alone in his recovery. Chesney's warm and reflective delivery of the lyrics lends believability to an old, familiar story. He offers us a stark glimpse of two very different pathways this life could take, and unlike many songs about addiction and alcoholism, this story has an ending of hope. For so many, addiction is a daily struggle. This song gives listeners hope and encouragement that it can be beaten with help from friends or even, as in this case, a roomful of complete strangers.



"Higher Ground Hurricane Relief Benefit Concert" (Album) — Various Artists, 2005

Hurricane Katrina made landfall in August 2005, bringing so much devastation and destruction that many didn't think New Orleans would survive. In the weeks following, news reports detailed the horror suffered by trapped survivors, and our collective heart wept. Of the many benefit concerts and performances to help in the aid and recovery, one truly captured the soul of New Orleans and paid tribute to the great traditions of jazz, zydeco and gospel that come from this great city. Higher Ground was the brainchild of Wynton Marsalis, a New Orleans native who owes much of his career to his upbringing there. "This Joy," a soulful and energetic celebration of gospel music by Shirley Caesar, sings of hope, recovery and healing. The haunting saxophone in New Orleans native Terence Blanchard's "Over There" is a poignant and truly reflective instrumental. The great Diana Krall sings a sultry rendition of "Basin Street Blues," and we are even given some amazing zydeco courtesy of the great Buckwheat Zydeco with "I'm Gonna Love You Anyway." There really is not a bad track on this album, and all proceeds continue to help in the recovery of the city of New Orleans, still ongoing almost a decade later.

update an existing plan if it's more than five to 10 years old.

For business owners, it is critical to have a succession plan so that this asset, which may provide for future living expenses, continues to be viable. This may include key man insurance so that the business can buy out the deceased's interest and a shareholder's agreement and/or buy/sell agreement that outlines the terms of the buy-out. Consider establishing a home equity line of credit to use for cash reserves. If the transition of the business takes an extended time, this is an inexpensive way to resolve this potential problem.

New widows may have limited access to funds until probate is open. Having an existing checking account in your own name or one titled as Joint Tenants with Right of Survivorship (JTWRoS) can greatly limit this financial stress. The balance should be in line with expected living expenses for one to two months. Add this to your "to-do" list after you have recorded your spouse's login and password information and updated your estate plan.

Many women worry about replacing their husband's income were he to pass away prior to retirement. For many, making sure their spouse has sufficient life insurance can eliminate this risk and concern. For example, if a couple spends a husband's \$100,000 after-tax salary every year as part of their lifestyle, and he is 55 years old with an expected retirement age of 65, they might consider obtaining a \$1 million term policy on his life

(\$100,000/year x 10 years) that they hold until he retires. If there are minor children, this amount could be increased as necessary to account for the future cost of college expenses. If you don't have a life insurance agent already, ask two or three friends who they use and make an appointment with at least one of those individuals within the next three months.

Married couples should also ensure that the beneficiary designations for company retirement plans, annuities, deferred compensation and life insurance name the surviving spouse as the primary beneficiary and not the estate. Particularly with a 401(k) or Individual Retirement Account (IRA), this ensures the surviving spouse will have the opportunity to complete a spousal rollover of those accounts into an IRA of his or her own, which can be used most tax-effectively for retirement. Your spouse will have to update his or her own company plan beneficiary form, but you can do your own through your HR department or directly with the 401(k) provider or IRA custodian.

Adjusting to widowhood is a difficult transition even under the best of circumstances. Tackling each of these recommendations over the next three to six months, one step at a time, can help make sure that financial issues don't add to the burden of a challenging time. ♦

Source: Download Cornerstone Advisors "Checklist for Life" to help you begin the process at tinyurl.com/wise-checklist.

are not required to employ writing as a strategy in the healing process. Writing our way through recovery is available to all of us — no prior writing experience necessary.

Here are some ideas to get you started writing about your own experiences:

Make a timeline of your life. Take a piece of paper and turn it horizontally. Divide the page into decades and draw onto the page a timeline of your life that includes dots marking important events and turning points. Pick one of these turning points and set the timer for 10 minutes, then write without stopping or editing.

Write about times you've trusted yourself and when you doubted yourself. Take another piece of paper and divide it vertically this time. At the top of the left-hand column, write the words "Trusted." And at the top of the right-hand column, write the words "Doubted." Next, brain-

storm a list of events and decisions for each column. Then pick one and write about it for 10 minutes.

Make a list of personal and professional risks you have taken over your lifetime. Again, pick one idea from the list and write about it. The stories of our risks are often very interesting and inspirational and can help us to appreciate our strengths.

In memoir, our narrator becomes the hero of our own journey, and we can't help but appreciate the obstacles we've overcome and the skills we've gained in facing various life challenges.

Don't Get Tripped Up on These Common Stumbling Blocks:

Don't focus on the quality of the writing. Who cares if the writing is "good enough"? Focus on your own pleasure of writing forgotten memories and the relief of writing down thoughts you've been carrying in your head for too long.

Just focus on your own version of events. Some writers get blocked thinking about how others might take offense at their opinions or may possess a different understanding of shared events. Remember that you have a right to your version — just as they have a right to theirs.

Ignore that voice in your head that says, "Who cares?" and "So what?" Recording your perceptions and stories helps you relieve grief and gain perspective on your experiences. The answer to the question, "Who cares?" is "I do!"

The beauty of writing as a means of recovering from life's losses is that it's always available to us — no appointments necessary. Sometimes, simply jotting down a note on a piece of scratch paper is enough to make us feel just a little bit better. ♦



Sherry and Larry Schnee.

The number of seniors across America is at a record high, and every day 10,000 more people turn 65. As a result of this fast-growing demographic, healthcare providers are working with an increasing number of older adults in their selected disciplines.

The Senior Mentorship Program pairs first-year medical, nursing, physician assistant, and physical therapy graduate students with senior mentors for one academic year to help promote a positive attitude toward older adults and enhance the psychosocial aspects of geriatric care. The program allows students to get to know these seniors as people, not just as patients.

The goal is to build more empathy and understanding by creating personal connections for these young medical professionals. The students are enlightened to the everyday challenges of seniors, such as what it might take to get to a doctor's office or how aging can impact social well-being.

The program seeks active, healthy aging community members to partner with the students. They meet monthly to discuss a variety of provided topics, ranging from "bucket lists" to values.

Sherry and Larry have been meeting with their mentees, Lucy (an MD student) and Abbey (a physician's assistant student), for a couple of hours each month over the past six months.

"We discuss a special topic each meeting and then spend a lot of time talking about what it means to live into your 80s, 90s and beyond. Sherry and I have very different health issues and have very different ways of dealing with situations. These differences help Lucy and Abbey understand the huge range of senior health issues and our ability to live with them. We enjoy being with these young, capable people and are happy that they care to be with and learn from us," said Larry.

The partnership between Emory University and The Renaissance on Peachtree began in 2013 and has proved to be a beneficial relationship for both the school and the retirement community. In addition to the mentorship program, The Renaissance on Peachtree also hosts Emory's Lifelong Learning Institute — continuing education classes

for people over 50. It is a great resource for the university and allows The Renaissance to showcase its cutting-edge community and innovative approach to retirement. Class topics are suggested by seniors and have ranged from the Civil War to ballroom dancing to improvisational acting.

Larry and Sherry go to classes at Emory University two days a week and are also members of the Emory Patient Family Advisory Council, which improves healthcare relationships between patients and their doctors and the hospital. ♦



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 16

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

WIG	HERA	ZOOS			
HOE	OMAN	EMITS			
ATTITUDE	RELIEF				
TABLE	MUON	LAB			
ELL	DIN	DELI			
MATS	RICOTTA				
ACT	DOE	RUINER			
CHEROOT	HIRSUTE				
HEREOF	ELF	TUE			
	ARSENAL	GRID			
DELL	GAL	POI			
APE	STOP	AUTOS			
HEALTH	POSITIVE				
ESTEE	EBON	OER			
ERTE	RIBS	NNE			

Answers to Sudoku

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

"I'M FIT AS A FIDDLE."

And this fiddle has some nice biceps, too.



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Take a look at a few of the things available at many of our communities: a PrimeFit Gym, Balance Builders, walking programs, recreational sports, aquatic exercise, holistic offerings, and low-impact exercise.

Contact the PrimeFit staff at your local Leisure Care community to learn more. You might even want to ask them where the saying "fit as a fiddle" comes from. Because we have no idea.

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