

**livfun** SPRING 2012

# Generations

*Silently Working for a Fair World*

## Music Reviews

*Cash, Bennett and Bragg  
Cross the Line*

*Albums that span the  
generation gap*

## Touch Me

*The Sense that Grows  
More Acute With Age*

*Touch captures us at  
a level more profound  
than words*

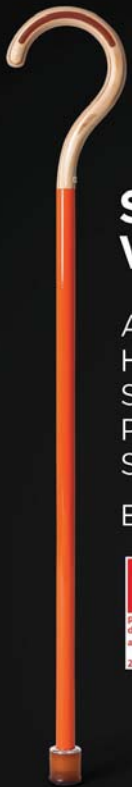
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### Generations

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## President's Note by Tana Gall



Tana Gall — President, Leisure Care

Please excuse me for being a month late on this, but Happy New Year! I really do get excited for each new year. It always brings the opportunity to reassess what is working well in my life, both personally and professionally, and provides the perfect chance to redefine my goals for the coming months. On a personal note, every year I vow to eat better, exercise more, and spend more time with family. I would say that I make progress in each of these areas, but they continue to be at the top of my list for this year.

Similarly, on the professional side, I find a great deal of consistency in my goals from year to year. Overall, I want to ensure that we continue to do everything we can to provide a great work environment for our employees. We have always believed in hiring great people with great hearts. By continuing to give them the tools and resources they need to be successful, we will ensure that you are surrounded by people who are caring and supportive of your wants and needs. Another goal that seems to find its way to the top of my professional list each year is better communication. Great companies are built on their ability to communicate well with employees, partners, vendors and, most importantly, the customers they serve. The magazine you are holding right now is part of our commitment to find new and exciting ways to communicate. With each issue of LIV FUN, we intend to provide articles and stories that communicate our core commitment to a lifestyle that is engaging, invigorating and fun.

Additionally, we are enhancing our calendar program to make sure that you receive monthly updates on the events and activities taking place at your community. The new format allows us to share community news and important updates more frequently. I hope you find these publications interesting and useful. And of course, receiving feedback is an important goal, and I want to make sure you know how much we appreciate yours. As you know, each year we conduct opinion surveys of all residents and employees. These surveys provide great feedback that is used to assist our general managers and home office teams in developing the year's business plans. I love receiving letters with your suggestions, concerns, ideas, and especially praise for the great work being done by our employees. Please continue to send those my way if you are inclined.

Finally, there is one last goal I would like to share. As you may know, at Leisure Care we challenge and encourage our employees to find a cause or community organization to support. We believe it is important to give back to your community whenever and however you can. Personally, I support a few local charities here in the Seattle area. It is extremely satisfying to know that I may have made someone's day a little better or a little easier. No matter how much I give, I always feel that I get more in return. I have met many great people, and the experiences we have shared are truly memorable. I am also extremely lucky that I am a part of a company that is supportive of so many philanthropic efforts. In the coming year, I plan to continue my support and do even more if I can. I encourage all Leisure Care employees and residents to continue to find ways to give back to our communities. I promise to do everything I can to support you in those efforts.

With that, I wish you a Happy New Year one more time. I am thrilled you have chosen a Leisure Care community as your home and look forward to seeing you the next time I am in your community. We take great pride in our communities and the services we provide. We take even greater pride in the people who live and work in our communities. Again, please feel free to share any comments, ideas or suggestions you may have at any time. After all, it is one of my goals. Here's to a great 2012!

Cheers,  
**Tana Gall**  
President, Leisure Care

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## Touch Me: The Sense that Grows More Acute With Age By Charla Hathaway

*“Touch captures us at the deepest level, more profound than words.”*

I may not remember what you told me, or even your name, but if you touched me, I'll remember that moment forever.

Touch captures us at the deepest level, more profound than words. Remember when someone touched your shoulder while asking you, “How’s it going?” Or, a time when someone placed their warm hand over yours — even for a few seconds — when they thanked you? Casual, non-sexual touch is a powerful connector ... and we’ve lost the art of it. With our busy lives, important jobs and endless stuff, we all live touch-starved.

Touch is our most treasured, yet least utilized sense. Loneliness is rampant, and most of us feel isolation and shame in our bodies. We know babies need constant touch; without it they fail to thrive. Have we forgotten we are just grown-up babies? Do we think we outgrow our need for touch? Somewhere after childhood touch gets confused with sex (and shamed) and we stop casual touch within families and between friends. We don’t learn how to offer and receive non-sexual, mature touch. We forget how to make casual touch feel safe, comfortable and consensual.

Our skin is our body’s largest organ. Of the five senses, touch is the only one that grows more acute and heightened as we age. We may not see, hear or smell as well, but our skin — thinned, transparent and translucent — drinks in more sensation than ever. We can actually feel more than when we were younger because we are willing to slow down, notice more, and naturally have more gratitude and appreciation for life.

### Introducing casual touch into family visits

Since a touch is worth a thousand words, why not include more of it in visits with family and friends? Your visits will feel more empowering and endearing. Start small if touching is not a habit in your family. Use good eye contact, focus your attention and smile. When you compliment someone, reach out and place a hand, for a few seconds, on their upper arm or shoulder. Feel how your hand is an extension of your heart, and see how your touch opens both hearts.

You may want to tell an aging parent (or spouse!) that you are experimenting with touch and would like to hold his or her hand for a few minutes while you talk about your day. Ask if it’s okay beforehand, getting permission and giving a time frame makes it feel safer. Notice also how this simple gesture affects what you say and how you say it. Or, ask if you may gently rest your hand on their knee while they tell you a story

— such as about a time they felt loved. Treasure the warmth of that knee under your hand as you quiet yourself and feel the fragility of life pass between you.

Make your hello and goodbye hug more ‘user friendly’ — not a quick habitual gesture. Move into the hug more slowly and refrain from patting them on the back. Instead, hold still... notice your breath — notice the other person’s breath — notice your ‘inspiration’ moving between you. Allow your body to be aware of their presence without trying to change anything. Hold the hug loosely for several breaths; if they pull away that’s fine, but refrain from doing it first, and slowly your hugs will grow.

### Your touch will linger past your words

We are touched with love so rarely that small gestures take on gigantic proportions. Routine medical touch does not count. We all need heartfelt touch that’s volunteered by loved ones. Here are some ideas for simple touch you may try on your next visit: brushing hair, massaging feet (even with socks on), putting lotion on their hands, rubbing back, shoulders or neck, or giving a face caress (just grazing the skin with light touch, exploring their uniqueness). Ask for permission first, make a time frame of a couple of minutes, and only offer what you can give with a full 100% heart. And be ready to receive some touch too!

If someone doesn’t want to be touched, remember, we are creatures of habit and all quite shy really. We are breaking a mold here and need to go slowly. Being vulnerable about your own insecurity may help. You could say, “I’m on new ground here, but I know I want more touch in my life and hoped I may practice with you.”

At the end of life, our sense of touch becomes the most poignant of all. My girlfriend actually crawled in bed with her dying mother. It must have felt very much like the beginning of life — when we ate, slept and breathed within the heartbeat of others, bathed in touch, instead of isolated and alone. Touched. ■



**Charla Hathaway** helps people enjoy better relationships by showing them new ways to touch, talk and play. She authored two books on relationships and is a speaker, presenter and relationship and intimacy coach.



# Generations

*Silently Working for a Fair World*

By Max Wells

© Photographer Olex Wittinger / Age Foto Stock

*“(The ‘60s) felt like the world had tripped on something and was plunging headlong down the stairwell; Vietnam protests, urban riots, substance abuse, eroticism and the ideological passion of the young aimed angrily at their elders, like the water cannons pointed back at them.”*

I was an impressionable nine-year-old when I attended the New York World's Fair in 1964. It was like seeing a glimpse of the future: cars hovered, kitchens gleamed, garbage didn't smell, and deserts were transformed into gardens. Standing atop the steps to the USA pavilion, I felt confident that if I fell, the stairs were so well designed that I couldn't possibly hurt myself. They'd thought of everything.

That fair, and the impression it made on me, reflected the generation then in power. Born between 1901 and 1924, the GI Generation of WWII had returned two decades earlier as conquering heroes. Now in their mid lives, their still unstoppable energy was characterized by their comic book hero Superman. They were unafraid to take on Communism, Nazism and the eradication of poverty. They built model cities, and invented, perfected and stockpiled the nuclear bomb. A generation “willing to bear any burden, pay any price,” and purposefully dedicated to “sending a man to the moon by the end of the decade.”

It was these Promethean heroes on whom I elevated my childish

gaze. My teachers, men in their 30s, also idolized them, sought to emulate them, and impressed on me the need to do the same. Success, they intoned, was simply a matter of studying hard, staying within the lines, and respecting our elders.

Against this backdrop, the ensuing decade felt like the world had tripped on something and was plunging headlong down the stairwell; Vietnam protests, urban riots, substance abuse, eroticism and the ideological passion of the young aimed angrily at their elders, like the water cannons pointed back at them. The wheels began to fall off the GI bandwagon; from Nixon in the White House, to the Chicago Democratic convention, to the Kent State shootings, to mass produced cars that were deemed “Unsafe at Any Speed.” GI men came under attack from their juniors and from women. Suddenly the statues had feet of clay.

The generation that came after the GIs, ignominiously labeled the “Silent Generation,” was born between 1925 and 1942 and were rising adults during this period of upheaval. As young children, many had experienced, or were affected by the Great



Visitors ride in a newly unveiled Ford Mustang at the Ford Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, May 1964.

Photo by Bill Pevord/Times & Life Pictures/Getty Images

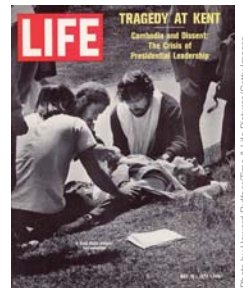
Depression of the 1930s. As the nation girded for threats from outside, they grew up being reminded that older generations were making sacrifices for them. As college freshmen they watched as the thirty something GIs got the pick of marriageable women. Later, more interested in the system than individual enterprise, only 2% wished to be self-employed, the majority wanting the security of working for a large corporation.

Mostly, it wasn't the Silents who fomented the disturbance of the late '60s. “Mostly,” because, though it was the Boomers (born between 1943 and 1960) who added passion and a willingness to go outside the lines in their protests, it was the Silents who were pathbreakers. From music (Elvis b. 1930, Dylan b. 1941) to Vietnam resistance (Abby Hoffman b. 1936), the Silents produced almost all the major figures in the Civil Rights Movement (MLK b. 1929, Cesar Chavez b. 1927). It was they who reached out to all cultures, races, ages and handicaps, trying to make the world a more equitable place. Sixteen percent of Harvard's class of '64 joined the Peace Corps, the top postgraduate destination for that year, whereas the class of '65 began criticizing that institution, a harbinger of the Boomer's anti-establishment rebellion. And it was the Silents who produced the greatest generation of psychiatrists, songwriters and comedians. They were the communicators who prevented the

nation from being torn between the overbearing GIs and the outraged Boomers. Despite all this, they produced no presidents. When it should have been their turn, it was an aging GI (Bush Sr. b. 1924) who defeated the Silent candidate (Dukakis b. 1933) in the 1988 election, silently mocking him for trying to play with the big boys' toys.

A “cultural generation,” like the GI, Silent or Boom, is composed of people whose common location in history lends them a collective persona. Historians William Strauss and Neil Howe have offered an explanation of how cultural generations arise, how long they last, and how they change personality.<sup>21</sup>

According to the authors, we have four phases of life, each with distinctive roles in society. These are: (Continued next page.)



Wounded student John Cleary after members of the National Guard opened fire on protesters at Kent State University, May 15, 1970.

Photo by Howard Rubin/Times & Life Pictures/Getty Images

Table 1: American cultural generations

Generation	DoB	Age
G.I.	1901–1924	88+
Silent	1925–1942	70–87
Baby Boom	1943–1960 <sup>(1)</sup>	52–69
Generation X	1961–1981	31–51
Generation Y	1982–2000	12–30
Generation Z	2001–	11–

- Elder (66-87) — Role of stewardship: mentoring, channeling endowments, passing on values
- Mid-Life (44-65) — Role of leadership: parenting, teaching, directing institutions, using values. This phase yields the most power.
- Rising Adult (22-43) — Role of activity: starting families and livelihoods, serving institutions, testing values
- Youth (0-21) — Role of dependence: growing, learning, accepting nurture, acquiring values

Depending on the phase of life, a war or other "Social Moment" affects an individual's personality differently. During a time of conflict, for example, Youths will be protected, Rising Adults will arm to meet the threat, Mid Lifers will take a leadership role, and Elders will establish the purpose of the war.

Differences between cohorts (phases of life) that existed before the war will be amplified and reinforced by inter-cohort interaction. For example, Youths will mirror each other's anxiety, while Rising Adults will encourage each other's valor and sense of duty. The groups will form four distinct peer personalities.

After the Social Moment, the four distinct peer personalities still exist into the next life phase, taking with them their acquired traits. This is shown in the first two columns of Table 2 after Social Moment 1. Generation "C" enters the powerful Mid-Life phase as conquering heroes. "E" enters Rising Adulthood as a sensitive and eloquent generation (the UK's "air raid generation" or the "Silent Generation" in the U.S.).

Post-war generations have very different experiences. "F" goes through youth with the war heroes "D" in power, and achieves Rising Adulthood with the less confident leaders "E" in power. Likewise, "G" grows up with E in power, never having experienced the accomplishments or leadership of "D." Consequently, "E" and "G" experience different nurturing and leadership styles, resulting in different peer personalities.

Even absent the influence of an outside event like a war, the relinquishing of roles when "D" goes into Elderhood and "E" assumes Mid-Life power occurs suddenly through another social moment, shown as Social Moment 2 in Table 2. This Social

Moment is triggered by the tension between new and old roles for "D" and "E," and by pressure as "F" and "G" push to acquire their own roles.

According to Strauss and Howe, there is a generational "Turning" every 20 or so years, a "Social Moment" every 40 or so years, and a complete cycle, in which the cohort personality types repeat themselves every 80-90 years.

The effects of cultural generations have been noticed by writers for millennia. Homer's "Iliad" is, in part, a story of Odysseus' return from war a victorious hero, his subsequent hubristic exercise of power and his diffident and less confident son Telemachus learning to adapt.

In the early 1900s it became apparent that cultural generations played a role in the economic, political and cultural life, and people began to recognize and label them. However, the concept wasn't popular and vigorous debates in France just before the First World War pitted those who sought to explain a "mass mentality" in the newly emerging field of sociology against opponents who thought that the very concept distracted from the proper way to educate youth, namely in Latin and Greek and learning the French classics. In a case of the messenger being blamed for the message, the new thinkers were accused of corrupting France's youth.<sup>(1)</sup>

The test of time has favored the early proponents of "mass mentality." Certainly,

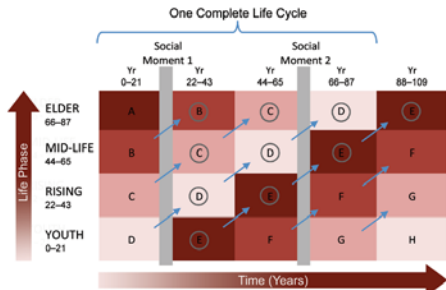
cultural generations are part of the popular vernacular, and marketers use them as a way of segmenting the market and honing their message. The downside, as with any label, is that it leads to stereotyping.

The test of a theory of this type is how well it can predict the future. Some critics have panned the work as being so woolly as to be "unfalsifiable." Others have been more generous. I find the explanation of the how and why of generations, shown in Table 2, to be the best (the only) one I've seen. Back in 1991, Strauss and Howe predicted a "Social Moment" sometime between 2004-2025. I'll leave it to you to decide if we're in one, or waiting for one. And I welcome your comments. ■

**Max Wells** is the publisher of the *Wise Publishing Group*, which specializes in the stories we create as we move through life. Max's vision is to distribute lifestyle, travel and self-exploratory content that helps readers embrace all that is good, joyous and sublime in the journey.

(1) I use the years defined by Strauss and Howe, rather than the population boom (1946-1964) defined by demographers.  
 (2) Unless specified, the source used was "Generations: The History of America's Future from 1584 to 2069." William Strauss and Neil Howe. Harper Perennial, 1991.  
 (3) "The Generation of 1914." Robert Wohl. Harvard University Press, 1979.

**Table 2: How the generations change over time. Circles mark the cohort groups in or entering that phase of life during Social Moment 1.**



**Q: My husband and I recently found out that our 40-year-old son is a daily pot smoker. Should we be concerned?**

**A:** Yes, concern is appropriate. Almost all marijuana varieties found these days are powerful hybrids that easily outgun the killer weed of the past. The Small Sack of Shitty Shake has truly been replaced by the Big Bag of Bodacious Buds. Also, marijuana is, in fact, addictive.

Some people are able to use marijuana on an occasional basis without obvious detriment. And there are people who use daily and still manage lives and jobs with great responsibility. However, daily use is likely to have significant consequences on health and motivation. Weed suppresses immune function, making a person more likely to catch common illnesses and stay sick longer. I've heard a naturopath say that marijuana strips the myelin sheath from around nerve cells, slowing the nerve's bandwidth. Whether this is true or just poetry, fuzzy "lows" follow highs.

More significantly, chronic marijuana use affects motivation. My colleagues in chemical dependency counseling see many clients who incrementally give up on activities, friendships and ambitions for a progressively smaller life. This diminishing world can be deeply painful. Underneath a mellow, easy-going exterior, chronic use hides the real person and their pain over lost dreams and diminished achievements.

Pot use frequently coincides with other problems. Anxiety disorders, trauma and other untreated issues often precede becoming a serious pot-head. Depression can drive use or develop because of it.

If you want to help your son, I suggest you start with an open-minded discussion with him about his use; try and get him to talk about both the pros and the cons of weed, so he can articulate for himself what he likes and what he doesn't like. If the disadvantages are significant enough, maybe he'll be open to talking to a counselor about his use and addressing whatever issues led to the habit. If he decides to make changes, there are groups, including Marijuana Anonymous, who will take him seriously and can support his journey.

**Q: My father passed away a little over two years ago. My 80-year-old mother recently started dating a nice-enough man 20 years her junior. I'm having issues. Your thoughts?**

**A:** My condolences for your loss; two years is barely any time at all when it comes to losing a parent. It's likely your mother is also still adapting to the end of her partnership with your father. I hope she has had ample opportunity to grieve and reminisce.

I also hope you can come to accept (if not celebrate) your mother's enjoyment. There is precious little in life that duplicates the sweet intoxicating cocktail of new romance. Also, embarrassingly, recently widowed individuals often have intense sexual feelings. It's been argued to be an evolutionary impulse—your mate dies and your hormones/genes tell you to reproduce and preserve the species, even when you are way past menopause.

It sounds like this fellow is nice enough, but if you are worried about gold diggers and this thing moves towards marriage, it is okay to be matter-of-fact with mom about preups.

If your issues are more about feeling sidelined, you have my sympathies. Whenever we feel left out and want to be closer to someone, a good exercise is to practice letting go. Let go of your expectations of your mom and your judgments about her choices. Try to view her as the person you happen to know and would like to know better. Hold her in your mind's eye and (try to) delight in who she has been and who she is now. If you can convey this warmth when you see her in person, she'll feel it and want to include you in her happiness. ■

**Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC) Evan Kimble** brings together different elements: science and spirituality, passion and grace, East and West, laid-back and intense. You can reach him at [advice@wisepublishinggroup.com](mailto:advice@wisepublishinggroup.com) or via his website at [www.safepassagetherapy.com](http://www.safepassagetherapy.com)

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# In My FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

By Elana Zaiman

*"I've heard stories from wives and husbands, fathers and mothers...all of whom found themselves living those roles they recalled someone else inhabiting."*

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It was my first week on the job. There I stood, a 31-year-old newly ordained rabbi, in the front office of Manhattan's Park Avenue Synagogue. I was dressed in a skirt and blouse, hose and heels, and engrossed in conversation with a congregant. As we spoke, I rested my elbow on the box of brochures that had just been delivered from the copy center.

"*Rabbi Zaiman, can you please move your arm?*" Violet, a secretary in her late 50s, asked.

I paid no attention to her request and continued my conversation.

A few moments later, Violet asked again. "*Rabbi Zaiman, can you please move your arm?*"

Again, I paid her no heed and continued my conversation.

A few minutes later, Violet asked yet again, "*Rabbi Zaiman, can you please move your arm?*"

Once again, I did not respond.

Shortly thereafter, I felt a gentle touch on my shoulder. I turned toward the touch. It was Violet. "*Rabbi Zaiman,*" she said. "*Can you please move your arm so I can open the box of brochures that you're leaning on? I need to proof them.*"

"*Sure!*" I said. Then I laughed. "*I didn't realize you were talking to me.*"

Violet glanced at me, a confused look on her face. Her expression seemed to say, "*Of course I meant you. Who else could I have meant? You are Rabbi Zaiman, aren't you?*"

Clearly, I had some explaining to do.

Exactly what I said, I don't recall, but it was something like, "*I thought you meant my father.*"

Violet continued to look confused. I could imagine her thinking, "*How could I have been talking to your father? Your father is not here.*"

"*You see,*" I continued, "*my father is Rabbi Zaiman.*"

Still, no comprehension dawned on Violet's face. I had to explain myself somehow.

"*My father is Rabbi Zaiman,*" I said, stressing the word 'father.' "*Rabbi Zaiman is not yet me.*"

Violet's confusion softened into a knowing smile.

That night I called my father to tell him the story. He laughed, then told me of a similar experience he had when he first became a rabbi. He, too, looked around for his father when

someone addressed him as "*Rabbi Zaiman.*"

The rabbinic lineage in our family extends back to at least my great-grandfather, and our suspicion is that it goes back even further. I wonder if my grandfather, and possibly my great-grandfather, had similar experiences when they were first ordained; if they, too, felt that the title "*rabbi*" referred not to them, but to their fathers, in whose footsteps they were following.

I asked my father how long it took him to grow into his title, how long it took him to feel like a rabbi in his own right.

It happened imperceptibly over time, my father said, and he assured me that one day I, too, would grow into the title of rabbi without even realizing that I had.

Our family story is not unusual. I've heard similar stories from children of doctors, lawyers, ministers, chiropractors, accountants and others, all who have chosen to follow in their parents' footsteps. I've also heard stories from men who did not follow in their fathers' professional footsteps, but who as adults were called by their surname, the name by which their fathers had always been known. I've heard stories from wives and husbands, fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, all of whom found themselves living those roles they recalled someone else inhabiting.

The truth is that differentiating ourselves from others, and figuring out how to be in the world in a way that is uniquely our own, is a process of growth for all of us. If we spend our lives trying to be someone other than who we are, or to live the life someone else wants us to live, we have missed the point of what it means to be alive. Rabbi Zusya of Hanipol, an 18th-century Hassidic Master, got it right when he said, "*In the coming world, they will not ask me: 'Why were you not Moses?' They will ask me: 'Why were you not Zusya?'"* The point of living, really living, is to live into ourselves. This is our holy mission on this earth. In truth, we need not wait until the coming world to be asked this question. We can ask ourselves this question now. If we take great care in responding, perhaps we can live more deeply into the selves we are on the road to becoming. ■



**Elana Zaiman** is a rabbi, chaplain and writer living in Seattle.

“Nothing so dates a man as to decry the younger generation.”

— Adlai E. Stevenson

Money. Every generation needs it, earns it, and spends it. But try to have an intergenerational discussion of financial management and it's quickly evident that the key economic, political and social events of each age group have a strong impact on how they want to earn, spend and invest their money. In spite of these differences, helping your children and grandchildren to manage their finances may be easier than you think — if you can discover common ground.

Traditionalists, the generation born between 1927 and 1945, were shaped by coming of age in the Great Depression and World War II. They became successful by working for and remaining loyal to one company for their entire career. They are a generation of savers that expected to wait for rewards. “Waste not, want not” is their guiding principle.

Meanwhile, Millennials, the generation born between 1977 and 1998, grew up during the War on Terror, in a period

marked by market booms and the Great Recession. Today's young people were raised as consumers with an emphasis on instant gratification — paid for by credit. The overnight wealth that start-ups have created, combined with reality television shows where “real people” become wealthy celebrities, also created a false sense of what it takes to become successful.

Adam Lewis, an associate financial advisor at Cornerstone Advisors, and a Millennial himself, has witnessed this attitude among his professional peers. “Books like the ‘4-Hour Workweek’ by Timothy Ferris have become centerpieces of discussions for young business people — the premise being that you can achieve significant wealth without having to work for it.”

The Great Recession was a game changer, however, and has forced a reset of this outlook for working-age Millennials. Does this mean a return to the era of an entire career

# Money Matter\$

By Sue Peterson

with one company? Not according to Mark Wilkerson, a young financial analyst at Cornerstone. “Our generation has more options in how we earn money and live because of the freedoms that the Traditionalists provided us,” said Wilkerson. “Due to their efforts, we grew up in the world's largest and most dynamic economy, without a major war or another depression, during an amazing period of technological innovation. These factors and many others combined to give our generation a plethora of career and life opportunities.”

Interestingly, the Great Recession has led the two generations to a shared perception of greater global uncertainty, with similar feelings about investing in stocks. Frank Murtha, a psychologist and managing director of the consulting firm MarketPsych, indicates in *Money Magazine* that this is not an

unexpected outcome. “We're a product of our early market experiences, which shape our personality and identity as investors.”

The impact of the 2000s with negative annualized return for the S&P 500 has drastically influenced the way that Millennials choose to invest. Their aversion to investing in equities is illustrated by an MFS Investment Management study that found young investors are more gun-shy about stocks than any other age group. Thirty-five percent of those surveyed agreed with the statement, “After what's happened in the markets the past few years, I'll never feel comfortable investing in the stock market.”

For those who have studied Traditionalists, these attitudes are all too familiar — and they know that the current bias against stocks could be long lasting. A

May 2010 study by Ulrike Malmendier and Stefan Nagel examined the effects of major economic events on financial risk-taking. It found that people who grew up in the 1930s are nearly three times less likely to invest in stocks than those who reached adulthood in better times. And when they did invest, they put a smaller fraction of their money into the market. That held true well into their 40s, 20 to 30 years after the Depression had ended.

Taking into account similar experiences of uncertainty can help different generations discover their common ground in financial discussions. Grandparents can share their wisdom and experience and combine forces with their grandchildren's knowledge and energy to positively impact not only the individual relationship, but the success of the next generation.



## Here are four actions to consider:

1. Bill Sperling, VP of Foundation Affairs for the Seattle Foundation, suggests talking to your grandchildren about their definition of “rich” and their plans for getting rich. This will give you the opportunity to talk about important concepts like spending less than you make, the power of compounding, staying out of debt, and deferring self-gratification.
2. Talk about what makes you happy. Millennials have been raised in a society that equates happiness and accomplishment with having stuff. Share stories of what has made you proud and what you regret. Your values will be revealed without needing to preach a sermon. Information is easy to find nowadays on the Internet but life lessons are not.
3. Find a mutually compelling cause and give to it together. Ask your grandchild to do the online research and

pledge an amount of their giving that you will match dollar for dollar. According to a 2011 Millennial Donor survey (conducted by Achieve and Johnson, Grossnickle and Associates), 42 percent of Millennials gave in 2010 because of a nudge from a family member, and 71 percent said they would give if they could see their impact increased through matched gifts.

4. Teach the power of saving with the Bank of Grandma and Grandpa. If your grandchild is putting money away for a house or saving in a 401(k) or IRA, make a pledge to pay them a guaranteed rate of interest on that amount, like 5 percent. With interest rates on savings accounts so low, this could provide a real incentive.

Author Irene Peter writes, “Just because everything is different doesn't mean anything has changed.” Hang onto these words as you begin to dialogue with Millennials. Learn to see

perceived differences as an opportunity to dialogue with the “next gen” and discover and promote your shared core values. ■



**Susan E. Peterson, CFA**, is managing director of Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, Washington, one of the top 20 wealth management firms in the country. Peterson brings more than 20 years' financial industry experience to her work with women who find themselves suddenly single as a result of divorce or the death of their spouse, as well as retirees and technology wealth. [suep@buildbeyond.com](mailto:suep@buildbeyond.com)



## BOOK REVIEW

### by Misha Stone

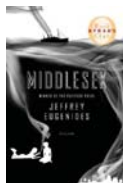
This month we present three novels that explore the generational realities in families past and present.



Mariner Books,  
List Price: \$14.95

#### The Hand That First Held Mine – Maggie O'Farrell

Love leaves traces behind, and those traces can haunt our present day loves. This book tells of two such loves. In post-war rural England, Lexie Sinclair is eager to begin her life in bohemian London and flees there for love and independence. O'Farrell draws a vivid character in Lexie, with her impetuous disavowal of the conventions of her time and in her vibrant embrace of life. She dives into an affair and into a journalism career with scintillating vigor. Meanwhile, in present-day London, Ted and Elina's lives have been upended by the traumatic arrival of their newborn son. Elina is engulfed by her newborn's needs and the initially myopic role of motherhood. For Ted, something about his son's arrival has rent his emotional fabric, and he is nagged by a renewed sense of loss and longing that causes him to retreat from his wife and son. Slowly, as the pieces of his past fall into place, Ted finds himself confronting a monumental question: Do we know who we are when the truth is withheld from us? These two parallel stories introduce memorable characters whose stories meet for a powerful conclusion about what is passed down unwittingly from parent to child. O'Farrell establishes an elegant literary voice in this emotionally stirring novel in which the past haunts the present.



Picador,  
List Price: \$15.00

#### Middlesex – Jeffrey Eugenides

How could the choices or even the genetic code of our ancestors affect our lives? This Pulitzer Prize-winning novel spans three generations of a Greek-American family while chronicling Detroit's history through the story of Calliope Stephanides. A hermaphrodite raised as a girl in the 1960s, Cal narrates the story of the Stephanides family, a tale that begins with Cal's grandparents Desdemona and Lefty — cousins, then lovers — whose tumultuous departure from Asia Minor to America sets the stage for a family story with a unique yet universal cast of characters. Told in an intimate, wry authorial voice that carries the reader along a most memorable and unconventional journey, Cal's story makes the "rollercoaster ride of a single gene through time" truly enthralling. From the beginning, Cal recounts being born once as a girl in 1960 and again as a boy in 1974, prompting the question in readers' minds: "Did Calliope have to die in order to make room for Cal?" In this richly layered story about family, community, gender and identity, Cal uncovers the myths passed down in families and the stories that become central to our understanding of ourselves.



Reagan Arthur /  
Back Bay Books,  
List Price: \$14.99

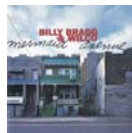
#### The Arrivals – Meg Mitchell Moore

You can never go home again — that is, until you do. Ginny and William Owens' three adult children return to their Vermont home over the span of one summer. It starts when their eldest daughter Lillian arrives with her newborn son and 3-year-old daughter, without revealing that she has left her husband. Next, their son Stephen and his pregnant wife Jane are waylaid on a weekend visit when Jane's pregnancy becomes high risk. Finally their youngest daughter, Rachel, overwhelmed by the expense of life in New York City and a recent breakup, completes the cast. The Owens spend most of the summer tending to their children's needs before they realize they have been neglecting their own. Ginny, who views her children as her life's work, takes their problems personally and wonders what she could have done differently in the past to ensure their happiness. How, as parents, do you learn to help your children take responsibility for their own lives while maintaining love and support? Moore's debut offers a refreshingly loving family where dysfunction is of the mild variety, and family roles and assumptions play out in comic yet poignant ways.

## MUSIC REVIEW

### by Joe Rodriguez

In this issue we discover new lyrics from a folk god, are invited to a pop icon's 85th birthday, and say our final goodbye to a man who has gifted many generations with his music.



Elektra  
1998

#### Billy Bragg & Wilco – Mermaid Avenue

Woody Guthrie's influence can be found in so much of American folk music, from the likes of Dylan, Baez and Donovan to rock acts like REM and U2. So it's no surprise that many of these artists would love to record his songs. However, it was a bit of a surprise that Guthrie's daughter chose an '80s punk folk troubadour from England to take on the task in 1995. She had one rule for Billy Bragg: don't record a tribute. Given access to 2,500 song lyrics, Bragg recruited Wilco, a Chicago-based rock band, to play backup and treat the project as a collaboration with the folk god. Together, they deliver an amazing collection of songs of protest, full of life yet with a contemporary twist that transcends the years for which they were originally written.



Sony  
Music Entertainment  
2011

#### Tony Bennett – Duets II

When contemplating one's 85th birthday, most people envision celebrating with friends and family. In a delightful way, that is exactly what Mr. Bennett decided to do, in a recording studio filled to the brim with stars of the latest generation of music. Bennett tried this once before, for his 80th birthday, but took minimal risks in choosing his songs and fellow artists and received mixed reviews. From the first note of this latest offering you can tell that he is taking bold risks and creative leaps in choosing his partners. He and Lady Gaga start us off with a whimsical rendition of "The Lady Is a Tramp," and it gets better from there. The late Amy Winehouse sounds like a fresher Shirley Bassey on "Body and Soul," in what is now her last recording. Pop standards take on new life with the likes of Norah Jones, Michael Buble, Faith Hill and many others while still keeping the essence and voice of Tony Bennett. While a few of the duets seem forced at times, "Duets II" really does sound like a bunch of good friends celebrating music for the ultimate birthday party.



Lost Highway  
2010

#### Johnny Cash – American VI – Ain't No Grave

Back in the late '90s, Johnny Cash went into his studio with the goal of recording songs from artists he loved. With producer Rick Rubin at the helm, we were given a collection of albums that showcased Cash's rare skill of reinventing a song and making it his own. On "Ain't No Grave," the final installment of this series, we experience the frailty of a man as he comes to grips with grief, loss, and the mystery of what is to come. This 10-song mix of gospel, country, traditionals, and his last penned song ever are gritty, raw and real. It is fitting that "The Man in Black" would say his final goodbye with a Hawaiian traditional "Aloha Oe," which is about leaving in hopes of meeting again.

## MOVIE REVIEW

### by Robert Horton

Three stories, rich in plot and character, all wrapped up around the theme of Generations.



#### How Green Was My Valley

A Welsh mining town in the Victorian era is brought to shimmering life in this 1941 adaptation of Richard Llewellyn's best-selling book. The father, Gwilym Morgan (Donald Crisp), is a proud miner, set in his ways, who must deal with the changing ideas of his grown children. His youngest son Huw, still a boy (precocious Roddy McDowall), narrates the film from an adult perspective, lending the story the burnished quality of memory: "There is no fence or hedge around time that has gone." Director John Ford won an Oscar for his lyrical treatment of the material, which is rooted in the marvelously detailed small-town set, built not in Wales (the coming of war scrubbed plans to shoot on location) but on a hillside in Santa Monica! You'd never guess the California location, as the evocation of a specific way of life — and the inexorable sense that the way of life is changing — is superb. Adding more melancholy is the star-crossed attraction between the local reverend (Walter Pidgeon) and Morgan's daughter (Maureen O'Hara). "How Green Was My Valley" won the Oscar for Best Picture over "Citizen Kane," a fact that has caused some retrospective commentators to suggest a great Oscar outrage. Those who love this movie may respectfully disagree.



#### Moonstruck

It must be the full moon: what else could explain the suddenly pixilated life of Loretta Castorini (Cher), who agrees to marry respectable Johnny Cammerari (Danny Aiello) only to be immediately swept off her feet by Johnny's tortured, wolflike, one-handed brother Ronny (Nicolas Cage)? And then Loretta learns that her father (Vincent Gardenia) has been having an affair, which leads his wife (peerless Olympia Dukakis) to begin a string of one-liners that never seems to end, even when she's not on screen. (This movie is endlessly quotable. Ronny: "I love you." Loretta: "Snap out of it!") Cher and Dukakis took home 1987 Oscars for their performances, and John Patrick Shanley won for his screenplay — the hilarity of which never eclipses the warm and wise sense that all of these crazy people are trying, in their own ways, to flounder toward some kind of human negotiation with each other, flaws and all. "Moonstruck" conjures up a lot of laughs, but what remains in its wake is an unmistakable glow.



#### Tokyo Story

An elderly couple travel to the big city to visit their children and grandchildren, and some time later the voyage is reversed. For the great Japanese filmmaker Yasujiro Ozu, this is enough structure to create one of the cinema's finest emotional journeys, a movie in which some of life's most grown-up lessons arrive not with devastating thunderclaps but with the delicacy of falling cherry blossoms. Death is a significant occurrence, but so is a young woman's premature realization that "Life is disappointing, isn't it?" Many of Ozu's films deal with generational issues — how to adapt to the modern ways of young people, how to respect the traditions of elders — but this 1953 masterpiece might be the pinnacle of his career.

## RECIPES

#### Asparagus Tastes

By: Marguerite Gedrose  
Community: Markham House  
Serves: 4



#### Ingredients:

- 8–10 asparagus spears
- 1/2 cup salad oil
- 1/2 cup red wine vinegar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Pepper to taste
- Fresh chives, chopped
- Fresh tarragon, chopped (optional)

#### Directions:

Cut off the root end of the asparagus spears and discard. Boil asparagus until tender. Combine remaining ingredients to create the dipping sauce and divide into individual serving cups. Place 2–3 spears and a small cup of the dipping sauce on each plate. Garnish as desired.

"This recipe was given to me by my mother, Clotilde, a French girl who married my father, an American soldier in World War II. After they married and he was discharged from the Army, they returned to America. Cooking was my mother's great love. For years at the dinner table we enjoyed her Asparagus Tastes."

— Marguerite Gedrose



Marguerite Gedrose

#### Helen Miles' Pineapple Meringue Pie

By: Bob Miles  
Community: Hawthorne Court  
Serves: 8–10



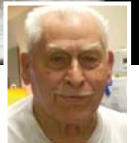
#### Ingredients:

- Pineapple Filling:
  - 2 1/4 cups crushed pineapple with juice
  - 1/2 cup granulated sugar
  - 2 tablespoons cornstarch
  - 2 egg yolks
  - Dash of salt
  - 1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
- Meringue Topping:
  - 1 pre-baked 10" pie shell
  - 2 egg whites
  - 1/4 cup granulated sugar
  - 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
  - 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

#### Directions:

Preheat oven to 400°F. Drain crushed pineapple, reserving the juice. Filling: Combine 1/4 cup sugar, salt, cornstarch, and half the pineapple juice in a saucepan. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture becomes thick. Remove from heat and whisk in egg yolks. Add the remaining sugar, pineapple juice and lemon juice.

**Pineapple Meringue Pie:** *Continued on page 33*



Bob Miles



# TRAVEL

*by Leisure Care*

*For the Perfect Travel Experience*  
By Chris Peterson

**TRAVEL BY LEISURE CARE**  
FOR SENIORS, IT'S A TRIP!



© iStock Photo Images

**“Ready to travel? Contact your community’s travel coordinator and let the adventure begin!”**

Resort-style living — why would you ever want to leave home? Well, even in paradise, a person sometimes needs a change of scenery. Maybe you’d like to visit family in Tulsa, Toledo or Toulouse, or take a gander at Geneva, Galveston or Galway. Pack your bags because travel is now a whole lot easier. Leisure Care has its own full-service travel agency designed specifically for senior travel. Travel by Leisure Care (TLC) offers our residents stress-free travel anywhere their hearts desire. Powered by Twist Travel, a One Eighty Hospitality Company, TLC will book flights, hotels, cruises and tours for any Leisure Care resident at any Leisure Care community.

Get ready to join the jet set, because now is definitely the time to get out and explore the world. Through its partnerships, TLC offers the same kinds of package discounts and unique opportunities that you would find at the best boutique travel agencies. Skip the stress of shopping for travel options online or visiting the travel agent; TLC offers a customer-oriented, full-service experience with your specific needs in mind.

Coordinating flights, hotel rooms and rental cars can be a maddening endeavor. TLC makes it easy by putting Leisure Care’s specially trained staff on the job. How does it work? Pick a destination and then contact your community’s travel coordinator. Working with Debbie Horton, Leisure Care’s certified and dedicated travel agent, Leisure Care’s travel coordinators make sure that every detail is smoothed out weeks before the trip.

According to Debbie, “Other (non-Leisure Care) communities may have day trips set up by their activities people, but if they offer longer trips they are probably

arranging them through an outside travel agency. Basically we are an ‘in-house agency.’”

Just like any other full-service travel agency, TLC scours available flights, hotel rates and car rental agencies to secure Leisure Care residents the lowest fares and most sensible schedules. Unlike online travel sites or discount travel agencies, TLC understands the needs of Leisure Care residents and can easily work a traveler’s preferences into bookings. And TLC is flexible.

Want to stay an extra night in Cabo or take a day trip to Bruges from Amsterdam? Not a problem. TLC will work with residents to customize their itineraries to suit their needs.

Maybe you’ve got the urge to travel, but you’re not sure where you want to go. Before you start spinning your desk globe, talk to your community’s travel coordinator. He or she can brief you on all the upcoming package opportunities that TLC coordinates, or help you plan a unique trip designed specifically for you.

Feeling social and adventurous? Join like-minded residents on an adventure off the beaten path. Travel can be a lot more than relaxing on an exotic beach. Tours can educate, enthrall and engage. Debbie and her team coordinate senior group tours with culture, adventure and excitement in mind, visiting locations as varied as Portugal, New Zealand and Panama City. No matter what the excursion, TLC tours are always unique and, because they’re part of Leisure Care’s spectrum of services, you know they’re going to be fun.

TLC recognizes that every trip requires special thought.

“One of the most memorable trips I planned was to the Panama Canal,” says Debbie. “It was a journey one of our residents always dreamed of doing with

her husband. He had since passed and she still wanted to fulfill their dream. We made it possible.

“Another great memory was our group excursion to San Francisco. We didn’t know the Blue Angels were going to be in town, and they did a flyover as we were cruising the Bay. One resident’s husband had been in a similar group of pilots back in the ‘40s and ‘50s. He had also since passed and she said it gave her goose bumps because she felt he was with her at that moment.”

Of course, if a tour doesn’t float your boat, maybe you need a bigger boat. Debbie will put you on a cruise that’s as relaxing or as adventurous as you make it. Ready to sip a tropical drink from your deck chair? Indulge. Want to visit village markets, take a cooking class, get a massage, tour art galleries or shoot hoops? The choice is yours.

“Cruises are easier for residents because they unpack only once, instead of in every city on a tour,” Debbie explains. “And they can get off the ship in port or choose to relax on board. Traveling is easier, with assistance available at baggage claim at the airport all the way to boarding the ship.”

These days, cruises are a lot more than white blazers and shuffleboard, offering activities and entertainment options as varied as the people who go on them. Debbie explains, “Travel by Leisure Care matches the traveler with the appropriate ship based on their age and what they wish to do.”

Visit the Hawaiian Islands, the California coast, the Caribbean or the wilds of Alaska. Cruises are a great way to get the adventure, the scenery and the culture of a foreign trip without the difficulty and hassle of planning your own itinerary. “Plus, there’s always something delicious to eat and endless entertainment. Most of the time, all of this is included in one price so

you don’t have to take a lot of cash with you,” adds Debbie.

And don’t worry about medical care. “There are always trained medical staff on board the ship in case of an emergency,” says Debbie.

TLC’s focus on senior travelers means an affordable trip that is also comfortable. TLC knows that issues like mobility or dietary concerns are more than a check box on a website. Travel by Leisure Care will help seniors find travel options that match their health needs, while catering to a wide variety of interests and activity levels. Working with TLC, travelers can coordinate services with their community for their trip. Details like the ride to and from the airport and watering the plants while you are away can be arranged by your travel coordinator.

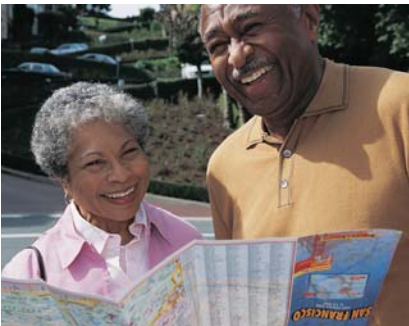
“We arrange for wheelchair assistance and meet and greet if necessary,” says Debbie. “And because sometimes memory issues are a concern, we make sure everything is in writing so our travelers can refer to it before and while traveling. We will call you the day before a trip to go over any last-minute questions. We also try to touch base with your family to cover any concerns they may have.”

Travelers have a few steps they need to take before leaving on an international trip: having your flight, hotel, rental car and other arrangements booked is only part of the process. Travelers need to

make sure they can leave their country of origin, enter their destination country and return home without any customs hiccups. With recent changes to U.S. law, most American citizens now need a passport to travel from the United States to Mexico or Canada. TLC can help residents get a passport, renew an expired or expiring passport, and secure any necessary visas for travel abroad. Debbie has eight tips for senior travelers:

- 1) **Make sure your passport is up to date**
- 2) **Practice healthy eating and exercise prior to a long trip**
- 3) **Stay hydrated on long flights**
- 4) **Travel with your medical history and a list of medications**
- 5) **Purchase travel insurance**
- 6) **Pack light to make luggage easier to handle**
- 7) **Leave valuables at home**
- 8) **Leave an itinerary with someone at home in case of emergency**

The dream vacation is different for different people, but travel nightmares are the same for everyone. A cancelled flight or medical emergency can turn the carefully planned visit to heaven into a trip from hell. Booking your plans through an experienced travel agent will assure peace of mind by planning for the



worst. Often, domestic health insurance policies are vague on travel and don’t always offer full coverage internationally. Travel by Leisure Care will advise on the best trip and on the best travel health insurance. They will make sure the right people have the traveler’s emergency contact information, and TLC offers a 24-hour, toll-free, emergency help line for residents travelling to any part of the globe.

**Travel:** Continued on page 38

your  
**Life**  
well lived

By Nancy Gertz

Speak to me of love...



Photo: Getty Images

*“My grandmother’s eyes, as blue as her memories were rich, grew wet with her words, as she floated from one memory to another.”*

**My** grandmother, Tillie, lost her beloved, hard-working, strong-jawed, fluffly-haired husband when their marriage was still maturing and their love still on the vine. Her three sons were young men at the time of his sudden death, and, as the story goes, each one took on some of the “fathering” of the others, while none could replace the loss of her lover and partner in life. She never re-married; she relied on her apron to keep her warm. Her apple pies were made with love, a small handful of Special K, and a certain tart apple only grown in Rhode Island.

All of this happened well before I came along. I only learned of Tillie’s love stories when I was a young woman, on one of the many visits I made to her house, first as an excuse to drive the car by myself, and later as a pleasure I came to anticipate on Saturday afternoons.

I remember now how her hands, creased and often shadowy with flour, would move with a flourish when she said his name, usually preceded with a pregnant exhale. “Benny.” When she reached her hands to cover mine in a clasped caress, I knew a smile was about to emerge, and a memory would follow, like a friend invited into the room. My grandmother’s eyes, as blue as her memories were rich, grew wet with her words, as she floated from one memory to another. The pink tissue in her sleeve was within easy reach to wipe the overflow that dared to trickle down her thin-skinned cheeks. Nana loved these times we shared in her kitchen, the stories bringing back a flood of pleasure for her and a deepening of connection for me, not just with her, but also with my father, grandfather, and others whose lives were interwoven with mine.

What I enjoyed most about these tender exchanges in the cottage-blue kitchen, sitting on sticky plastic-covered seats, is how good we both felt, savoring the positive memories of the past. Through the doorway of love stories, we generated many more positive emotions; we were swept into an upward spiral of joy, gratitude, curiosity, hope and inspiration. Barbara Fredrickson, Ph.D., a leading scholar in the field of positive psychology, refers to this upward spiral as a key pathway to a healthier, more vibrant and flourishing life (Barbara Fredrickson, 2009).

As I write this, with a simple trigger of positive memories, I am changing my mindset and in synchrony, stimulating a change in my biochemistry. Emotional surges of love trigger a chain of biochemical reactions that lower blood pressure, heart rate, respiration, and adrenaline levels. Hormones and peptides are released to counteract the body’s irritable and inflammatory response to stress, and certain circuits in the brain are activated while others are calmed (Eva M. Selhub, 2009). Recent research has shed light on what my Nana and I already knew: love has the power to make us

feel much better, alleviate pain, and even heal what ails us.

The positive emotional and physical benefits we experience with love transcend all ages, yet as we get older, our stress outlets diminish while our stressors increase. Many face loneliness and/or isolation, displacement, loss of physical capacity, grief, impairment, serious diagnoses, and more. The older a body becomes, the less it is equipped to regulate and respond to stress. Yet studies show that health improvement and longevity are associated with being loving to oneself, family, friends, pets, and the larger world (altruistic acts) — all well within the reach of many older adults. By bringing our thoughts to positive memories, reaching a hand out to someone in need, petting an endearing animal, sharing a love story, or focusing intently on the love we feel for the special people in our lives, we offset the power of stress, and replace it with the enlivening antidote of love. This is only the beginning, as the upward spiral of more good feelings begins to spin, generating more positive feelings and experiences.

The young woman in me knows there is another 16-year-old searching for a treasure of memories for her future, the mother in me knows the value of the gift of listening attentively and lovingly to my own mother and children, and the future grandmother in me is inspired by the memories of Tillie.

What inspires you to remember and savor love and other positive memories? Is there somebody in your life with whom you’d like to share your stories? Who would be a good listener? Perhaps you don’t care to share, but you’d enjoy feeling better by quietly savoring your sweetest memories. The trick is to stay with the memories and bring them to as many of your senses as possible. What music was playing? Can you smell the pie in the oven? What were you wearing? Maybe you would prefer writing your story instead of reciting it aloud. I invite you to send it to me, and I promise to reply. Most important, find your own path and light your own way down love’s memory lane. When you do, you’ll be taking an important step towards feeling better and improving your health! ■



Besides enjoying writing about optimizing health and well-being, **Nancy Gertz** coaches and consults with folks who want to change their lives by making better health-related decisions, including those with difficult diagnoses. She lives in Boston with her two almost-adult sons and much-loved canine office-mate, Cosmo. Life is especially sweet when family fills the rooms, a busy oven warms the kitchen, and music fills the air. [ngertz@wellcoaches.com](mailto:ngertz@wellcoaches.com)

Barbara Fredrickson, P. (2009). “Positivity.” NY: Crown.  
Eva M. Selhub, M. (2009). “The Love Response.” NY: Ballantine.



# Hair

## The Bald Truth

By Skye Moody

*"Violet will be a good color for hair at just about the same time that brunette becomes a good color for flowers."*

— Fran Lebowitz

© iStock.com/Alamy

Let's grasp hair grooming at its roots: when the hairs on your back outnumber those on your pate, when your eyebrow hairs grow longer than a Lilliputian nap and even your best friend avoids glancing at your nostrils, what's an outgoing, friendly chap to do?

When your trusted hair stylist recommends you ditch perms, hot rollers and dye jobs — or at least one of these three — do you stare down your patrician nose and think to yourself, *I need to find a new old-fashioned hair stylist?*

Cut me a bob here, friends. The first bald truth is this: elder eyes can no longer focus in on that close-up hair. Tried shaving under your arms lately? If you can honestly say that you actually see those armpit hairs, maybe you're the exception. But if you've lately sensed the social scene thinning in your proximity, maybe it's time to ask yourself why nobody looks you in the face anymore.

We're talking hair here: recalcitrant, shape-shifting, unmanageable hair. We're talking bald is beautiful as long as the strays are mowed and the edges neatly trimmed. Suddenly that glorious, youthful mane is frizzy, untamable, or, it simply disappeared like the Dodo bird.

Bruce McLaughlin, of McLaughlin Hair Design in Seattle's toney Magnolia Village, dressed my mother's hair for 40 years before she gave up color/perms/rollers/hot dryers for her halo. Still styling hair on heads of all ages, Mr. McLaughlin sees hair rollers heading south along with perms, as new and improved styling products replace them.

"The single most difficult aspect of grooming older hair," says Bruce, "is over-processing. Some women, and men too, still insist on all the old style products that really damage hair." He adds, "Others wisely choose short hair styles. They look good, and the client can use coloring products or perms, because the damage gets cut off more often."

Grey or white hair is caused by a loss of pigment. Smoking increases the likelihood of hair turning grey. While salt-and-pepper hair often imparts a distinguished aura, a greying temple can add years to a face. Budget shampoos often magnify the yellowing tendency of grey hair.

"Because grey hair follicles are hollow," explains Bruce, "the hair is lighter in weight." He suggests filling grey hairs with protein/keratin fillers that not only add weight, but also impart shine.

"Fillers are the least costly way to improve the look and condition of hair," he adds. "Fillers can include color, plus have the benefit of conditioning. The older a scalp, the more conditioning its hair requires."

"Cutting," Bruce says, "is the best conditioner known to man."

Unlike many of their clients, barbers and stylists can detect hairs growing out of the client's ears, or on the full sail sweep of an eyebrow gone Einstein, whose owner mistakes as imparting a "distinguished" appearance. Stylists will trim these strays.

Hate shaving? Learn how to trim and groom a beard, a handlebar and/or goatee. Or, feel free to cling to your scruffy, food-catcher beard; just don't complain if you would-be beloved balks at caressing a briar patch stowing cookie crumbs and dust bunnies.

Today's personal care market offers palm-held shavers, starting under \$20, for grooming not-quite-Humpy Dumpty heads. These fit securely in the palm for steady control while running over the thin and thickets. Result? A professional-looking head shave.

Personal care catalogs offer long-handled razors for those having trouble leaning over to shave legs and LED-lit magnifying mirrors that illuminate those elusive chin hairs. Prop mirror on counter, stand against a dark background, and scrutinize the jawline. Wide grip tweezers, with rounded backs to hold in the palm, offer precise control as they home in on dastardly strays.

**The Bald Truth:** Continued on page 33

## Essential Products

**Personal Body Shavers:** Guys, it's all about the Mangroomer™. They offer several products including the Essential Private Body Shaver, at \$39.99, and the Essential Do-It-Yourself Electric Back Hair Shaver with extender for hard to reach areas, at \$34.99. [www.mangroomer.com](http://www.mangroomer.com)

**Individual Hair and Facial Hair Removal:** The R.E.M Spring is like running a miniature slinky across your face! Intended for use on fine but stubborn facial hairs, this product is not recommended for beard stubble and shouldn't be used in the under-eyebrow area as it might grab onto an eyelash. Ouch! R.E.M Spring: \$19.95. [www.rempring.com](http://www.rempring.com)

**Nose/Ear Hair Trimmers:** Most of the inexpensive, drugstore brands last only through a few sessions. At under \$20, the Mangroomer™ Nose Hair Trimmer has won lots of fans for its ease of use, close trim, and painless trimming. [www.mangroomer.com](http://www.mangroomer.com)

**Hair Fillers:** Best applied by a professional hair stylist, hair fillers can add volume, weight, condition and shine to limp, dull and/or greying hair. Ask your stylist to recommend a clear filler you can apply yourself in between salon visits.

**Other Hair Products:** Since 1777, the venerable British manufacturer Kent offers hair brushes and combs, often masterpieces of the craft, that provide royal treatment to what Vidal Sassoon calls "... Nature's biggest compliment." [www.kentbrushes.com](http://www.kentbrushes.com)

Men's scalp hair requires special treatment, starting with a quality shampoo, like JOE Grooming Shampoo, \$8. A line of all organic men's hair care products that includes a daily conditioner, \$4.75, JOE Grooming offers a whole universe of hair styling products, including volumizers and pomades. [www.joegrooming.com](http://www.joegrooming.com)

For at-home shampooing, conditioning and volumizing, Aveda, Pureology and Burt's Bees offer sulfate-free, quality hair products that will keep your tresses looking and feeling fresh and vibrant between salon visits. These products are available at salons and Burt's Bees products can be found in Whole Foods Stores and drugstores like Walgreens, Duane Reade and Bartells. For complete product lines, visit [www.aveda.com](http://www.aveda.com), [www.pureology.com](http://www.pureology.com), and [www.burtsbees.com](http://www.burtsbees.com).



# the Savvy Sage

By Sandy Sabersky

## The Lives Within

Each of us has our own full and rich life story, built up over the many decades we have lived. I like to think of this as the story of the generations within us, successive versions of ourselves that have lived, loved and learned. With this history, why is it so hard to communicate with people of other ages?

We act surprised that young people don't seem to understand older adults, but let's be honest: we don't always go out of our way to understand them either. How often have you caught yourself judging children or adolescents for what we once were? We talk of the independent-minded Generation X or the overly plugged-in Generation Y. We speak of these generations as if they are so different from us. We insist they aren't like we were at that age: we worked hard, we had values.

The thing is, if they live long enough, the GenXers and GenYers will get older. And the old were once young. So why do we have such a hard time understanding each other?

The key lies in taking advantage of our own experience of the generations within us. We can work at knowing ourselves better, to better understand other generations. As we accept and come to terms with who we are as an older person, we develop the elder within us and find new ways to enjoy relationships with people of all ages.

Coming to terms with our older selves certainly has its challenges. One woman in our discussion group admitted to preferring the company of people her own age because she was

jealous of younger people. "They can do things I can't do anymore," she says. Younger people may seem more beautiful, more agile, more clever than we are. We are no longer all those things that we used to identify ourselves with: the careers we once had, the parents we once were, the strong, youthful bodies, the athletes. Coming to terms with who we are, truly, is part of the work of becoming an elder and helps us to be loving and compassionate to all the generations within and around us.

There are books available that describe life as a series of opportunities for us to learn and grow. As such, we can learn and grow by reviewing our life experiences, recalling who we were and how we felt as they happened. I can re-experience my 30s and gain more understanding of them from my 56-year-old perspective. With this new understanding I can increase empathy and insights and heal old hurts.

It's kind of like fishing in the past. You come up with all sorts of thoughts and memories, and then have to place them in some kind of jigsaw puzzle that makes sense. As we age, the puzzle can take a more solid shape.

I like to think about all the parts of me. The girl from the first seven years of my life is very much with me; she is optimistic, eager, proud of tying her shoes and loves everyone. My older school-age girl remembers a more difficult experience. Relationships are more complicated, long division is hard, and

the people around me are different. I still have those lingering traces where I don't know why, but I don't quite fit in. Remembering this girl gives me an empathy toward others who may be feeling out of sorts in their own lives.

Over the years, the body changes; it declines in many ways, yet if we are learning, the mind/psyche grows. As the external appearance changes with age, we have a magic opportunity to become inwardly more beautiful.

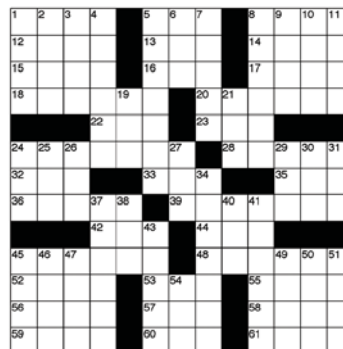
Try asking your friends if they would like to be 20 again. We might delight in having that young, fit body again, but not at the price of giving up what we now know. What we have learned during our lifetime seems far more important than what we've lost along the way.

If we have learned anything along the way, let's reach across the generations, whether they are the generations within our

**The Savvy Sage:** Continued on page 33

## BRAIN GAMES / Answers on Page 33

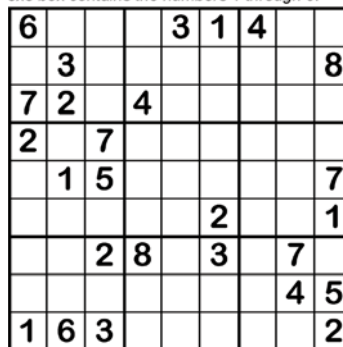
### Crossword Puzzle



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### Sudoku

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



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DIFFICULTY: ★★☆☆☆

#### ACROSS

- Lorna Doone" character
- Sinbad's bird
- Demolish (Brit.)
- Idea (Fr.)
- Alas
- Cheese
- Leg ends
- Burmese knife
- Taro
- Small S.A. rabbit
- Pilgrim
- Skin vesicle
- Veneration
- Beginning
- Blaubok
- Public vehicle
- 54 (Rom. numeral)
- Israeli tribe
- Ringed boa
- Reading desk
- Abdominal (abbr.)
- Have (Scot.)
- Female falcon
- Butterfly
- State (Fr.)
- Television channel
- Endearment
- Mine (Fr. 2 words)
- Rom. first day of the month
- Per. Poet
- Maid
- Compass direction
- Foreign (pref.)

#### DOWN

- Breach
- Design
- Profound
- Hate
- Fanatical
- Wood sorrel
- Rudderfish
- Flat molding
- "Cantique de Noel" composer
- Kemo \_\_\_\_\_
- Turk. title
- Jap. Fish
- Intimidate
- Amazon tributary
- Grab
- Kwa language
- "\_\_\_ Abner"
- "Fables in Slang" author
- Rhine tributary
- Television channel
- Car
- Insect
- Presidential nickname
- Helper
- Caddy (2 words)
- Male duck
- Loyal
- Hindu soul
- Celta
- Crippled
- Dayak people
- Aeronautical (abbr.)
- Low (Fr.)

“If you look deeply into the palm of your hand, you will see your parents and all generations of your ancestors. . . . You are the continuation of each of these people.”

— Thich Nhat Hanh

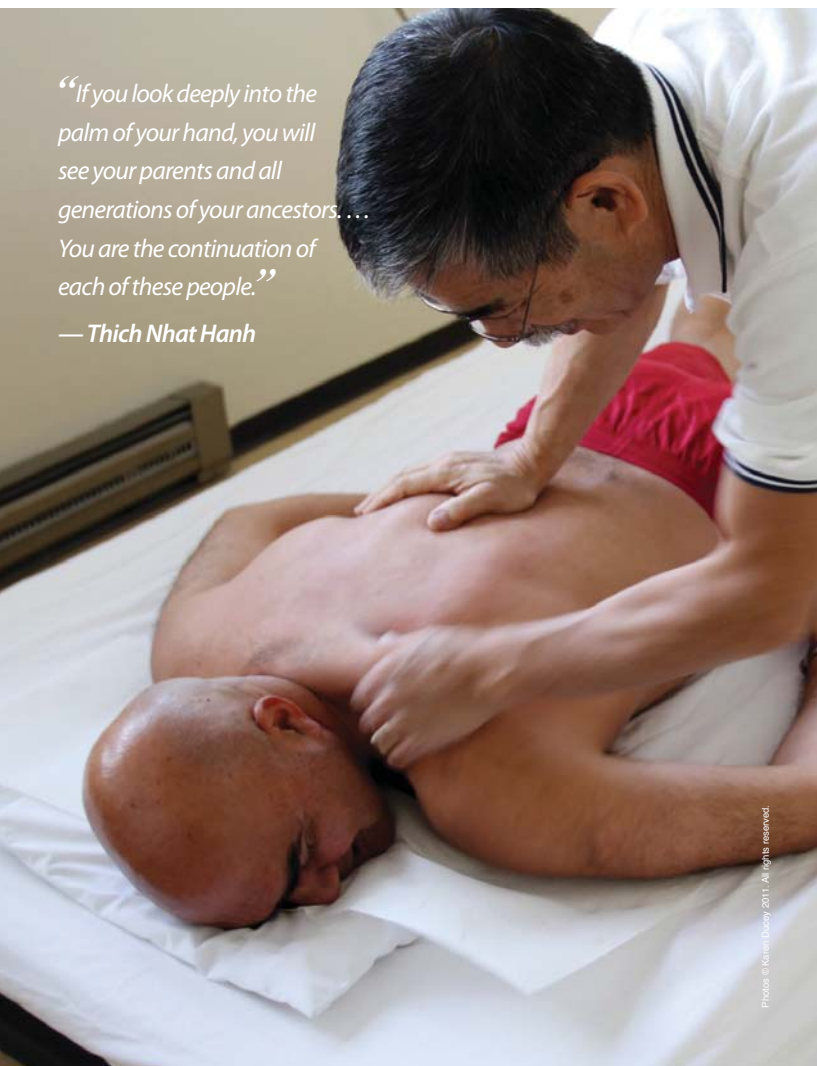


Photo © Karen Dreyer 2011. All rights reserved.

## My Portrait of a Sennin-So Shiatsu Master

By Elana Zaiman

Mike Kazunori Shimizu has been practicing shiatsu in Seattle for close to 40 years. He is his own boss and his only employee — his answering machine serves as his secretary. Dressed in his customary shorts and tennis shoes, it's easy to mistake this trim, gray-tinged sexagenarian as the community basketball coach rather than the renowned healer and philanthropist that he is. Affable and vigorous, this enigmatic man is both a pleasure to know and, at the same time, hard to understand.

I cannot remember which ailment first landed me in Mike's office; over the years he has helped me with hip and back pain, thyroid problems, carpal tunnel syndrome, and tennis elbow — just a few of the many illnesses he treats. In just 30 minutes it's possible to leave his office more aware of, and present in, your body and more connected to your limbs, yourself and the ground on which you stand.

Shiatsu (literally “shi,” finger and “atsu,” pressure) is a Japanese healing technique based on the philosophy of traditional Chinese medicine, which emphasizes the “qi” or the body's energy meridians, and uses finger pressure to calm the body's nervous system.

Mike practices Sennin-So, a unique form of shiatsu founded by the Shimizu family and handed down for 33 generations. According to Japanese records, the original practitioner of Sennin-So shiatsu was a 15th-century blind Buddhist monk who treated female members of the royal houses — chosen for this role because only the unsighted were allowed this privilege. According to family legend, this monk was Mike's direct ancestor, and though

the details of this Buddhist monk's life have been lost to the mists of time, the familial ancestry remains a vital part of Mike's family story and professional practice.

Mike was born to father Sengo and mother Haruko, both Japanese natives who had lived in the U.S. They met shortly before their arranged marriage in Japan in 1935, after which they returned to the U.S. and started a family in Salinas, California.

With the beginning of the war with Japan, Sengo, an involved community leader, was picked up by the FBI and confined to an internment camp in California. Haruko soon followed. By the time they were released from a second internment camp in Texas, the couple had four children.

When the war ended, and having lost everything they had built in the U.S., Sengo and Haruko returned with their children to Hiroshima. There Sengo began to practice Sennin-So shiatsu and utilize the techniques his father had taught him when he was a child. Two years later, Mike was born.

When Mike was 14, Sengo and Haruko decided to return to the U.S. with their five children, believing that their lives would be better here. They settled in Seattle — where Sengo set up his shiatsu practice in the International District and where, eventually, both Mike and his brother Roy apprenticed with their father.

It wasn't until 1972, after Mike had attended the University of Washington and served as an Army medic in Vietnam, that Sengo invited him to begin his shiatsu career. From then until Sengo's death at the age of 80, father and son worked side by side. To this day,

Mike continues to practice in the same space he shared with his father, and he keeps his father's nameplate next to his office door.

For Mike, his father's legacy is more than the name plate. Sengo still exists within him and has an impact on his work every day. Mike continues to rely on his father's and grandfather's wisdom, explaining it in simple terms: “Do you ever ask your father or grandfather for help? I do. I ask them for help when challenging patients walk through my door. I ask them what to do. Their answer comes through the energies in my hands and fingers. I'm constantly communicating with my ancestors.”

From the time Mike was a child, his father taught him to appreciate shiatsu. “It was subtle,” says Mike. “My dad rubbed my shoulders, and it felt good, so I began to ask for massages. As I got older, my dad taught me how to practice. I had my first patient in Japan when I was eight years old; I treated a man for tennis elbow.”

Mike learned the art of diagnosis from his father, which he practices to this day, often without his clients' awareness. He asks them questions about their lives and diet and watches how they sit and walk. He notes the color of their skin and eyes, the smell of their breath, and the sensitive spots in their bodies.

From his father, Mike learned to work the pressure points in the groin, the armpits and the eyebrow. He learned to flush the dormant blood (lactic acid) in the muscles and to stimulate blood circulation in areas of stagnation, reducing the tension and stiffness that result from circulatory congestion and then restoring the body to its normal functioning.



Also from his father, Mike learned that balance is not only what one needs in life, but also what one needs in one's own body. "Here in America," says Mike, "we eat too many sweets. We have too much stress. Sweets and stress create acid. We get ulcers, abdominal cancer, and colon cancer because our systems are too acidic."

The solution is simple, according to Mike: "Keep the body more alkaline." His recommendation? Take a quarter to a half teaspoon of baking soda three times a day to neutralize the body's pH balance.

You may doubt his techniques; they don't jibe with Western medicine, and there are no double blind studies to support their efficacy. Yet the anecdotal and historical evidence is there, passed down through generations of healers and their patients. And there is no way you will convince Mike's clients, thousands of them from all over the world, to stop seeing him. His mother Haruko, still spry at 96 and a celebrated practitioner of Mizuhiki, the ancient Japanese art of weaving colored paper cords, comes to his office for her monthly treatments.

Perhaps Haruko is biased.

So plant yourself in his waiting room and talk to his patients. You will hear comments like, "I just walk in, and he looks at me and knows what is wrong." Or, "He got me off medication for diabetes." Or simply, "He saved me." Even my father, a man who is beyond skeptical about alternative medicine, declared, "If Mike lived in Baltimore, I'd see him every week."

To my knowledge, Mike is not planning to retire anytime soon, for which I'm grateful. None of the four children he's had with wife Alex (a Caucasian Washingtonian) are interested in carrying on the Sennin-So shiatsu tradition.

Does this mean the end of the line for the 33 generations of Sennin-So masters? Mike is surprisingly relaxed about the answer. His father Sengo began practicing after farming for many years, and his brother Roy had a full career in engineering before deciding to practice Sennin-So shiatsu professionally. So perhaps there is still time for one of his



Mike Shimizu, his mother Haruko and father Sengo.

children to take up the practice. Mike doesn't pressure them. Like his father before him, his philosophy for his children is "Whatever you do, do it well."

Whatever happens to the future of the Sennin-So shiatsu tradition, I can say this: there is something significant about being tended to by a practitioner who is part of a long line of practitioners. When Mike works on me, I feel his ancestors in the room, and I feel the strength of a long tradition of support and healing.

Reverend Don Castro of the Seattle Buddhist Church, where Mike and his family have been members for years, explained the Buddhist idea of the importance of one's ancestors and of owing gratitude to them. He offered this quote by Shinran Shonin, founder of Jodo Shinshu Buddhism, who lived from 1173-1263:

*"I have gathered the true words so they may help others to practice the way to enlightenment. My wish is that those who have attained enlightenment will lead those who come after them, and those who aspire to enlightenment will follow their predecessors, thus following one after another endlessly and uninterruptedly until this boundless sea of birth and death is exhausted."*

Castro also spoke to the responsibility of the current generation to show gratitude to their ancestors by giving to peo-

ple they meet throughout their lives.

Mike repays his gratitude to his ancestors not only through his practice of shiatsu, but also by giving to those less fortunate than himself. In his office, he showcases four charities: Soles for Souls, Penny Harvest, Kids Without Borders, and The Wheelchair Foundation. Through his Rotary Club, and the Rotary 5030 Service Fund, Mike and Alex have established a fund to help The Wheelchair Foundation. Each year the couple organizes trips to countries like Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Uganda, Ethiopia and Vietnam to personally deliver wheelchairs, food and medical supplies. In the past 10 years, Mike and Alex have delivered 5,580 wheelchairs to adults and children in need.

At first, talking to Mike, I felt like one of those blind monks, groping around, unable to make his story fit into my sense of tradition. How to rationalize his loyalty and service to this country, despite how the U.S. treated his family? Or his strong cultural identification to Japan alongside his deep ties through marriage and family to the U.S.? And how to account for his strong connection to the roots of Sennin-So shiatsu and his apparent nonchalance about its continuation?

It wasn't until I recalled something he'd said that this healer came into focus. "If all anyone says about me after I'm gone is: 'I remember Mike; he helped me,' that will be enough. That will be how my life will continue to live on."

That would be a fine legacy for anyone. ■



Elana Zaiman is a rabbi, chaplain and writer living in Seattle.

### The Bald Truth: Continued from page 27

Do NOT use tweezers on nose hairs, nor yank at them; serious nerve damage can result from such ill-advised ministrations. Instead, invest in a John Deere-quality nose hair trimmer and the mowing will proceed safely.

For Sasquatch, there's the Mangroomer™, an over-the-shoulder device that reaches and shaves the hair off the back. Still with me, Bigfoot?

Along with stray hairs, aging skin sloughs off malodorous skin cells, causing what's unkindly termed "old people's smell." Skin buffer gloves, gently applied, will remove the skin-duff. Try running one over the pate for a cue ball finish.

Fixed income cramming your style? Stylist McLaughlin suggests foregoing weekly salon visits and keeping a short easy-care haircut. Finally, congratulate yourself if you aren't investing your retirement funds in today's hottest trend in the world of beauty salons. You guessed it: tattoo removal. ■

Novelist, photographer and essayist, **Skye Moody** has lived and worked in Africa, China, Russia, New York and New Orleans, recently returning to her native ground, Seattle.

### Pineapple Meringue Pie: Continued from page 19



Cook mixture over medium heat, stirring constantly, until filling is thick and well combined. Set aside to cool briefly. Meringue: Place egg whites in a mixer bowl and whip until soft peaks form. Add sugar, vanilla and cream of tartar. Continue whipping meringue until stiff peaks form and meringue is glossy. Pour filling into baked pie shell. Spread meringue over the filling. Place the pie in pre-heated oven and bake until meringue is golden brown, about 5-8 minutes. Remove the pie from the oven and let cool at room temperature, then refrigerate. Serve pie the same day.

"I have always had a great affinity for pineapple. One year, early in our marriage, my wife, Helen, set out to create a special dessert for my birthday. After much trial and error, she created something unique. Every year for 63 years, Helen prepared this very special dessert for me on my birthday." ■

— Bob Miles ■

### BRAIN GAME ANSWERS / From Page 29

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

R	I	D	D	R	O	C	R	A	S	E
I	D	E	E	A	C	H	E	D	A	M
F	E	E	T	D	A	O	G	A	B	I
T	A	P	E	T	I	P	A	L	M	E
S	A	C	A	W	E					
I	N	I	T	I	A	L	E	T	A	I
C	A	B	L	I	V	D	I	A	N	
A	B	O	M	A	L	E	C	T	E	R
A	B	D	H	A	E					
L	A	N	N	E	R	I	D	A	L	I
E	T	A	B	C	B	A	B	E		
A	M	O	T	K	A	L	O	M	A	R
L	A	S	E	E	X	E	I	N	O	

Answers to Sudoku

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

### The Savvy Sage: Continued from page 29

self, or those of our friends and family of other generations. Let's treat each other with the compassion and understanding that comes with the wisdom of understanding ourselves. Let's take an interest in the well-being of other generations within or around us. In doing this, we are doing our own growing work of accepting the losses and embracing the increased self-understandings that come from a life rich in experiences. In this, we start on our way to becoming a true elder. ■

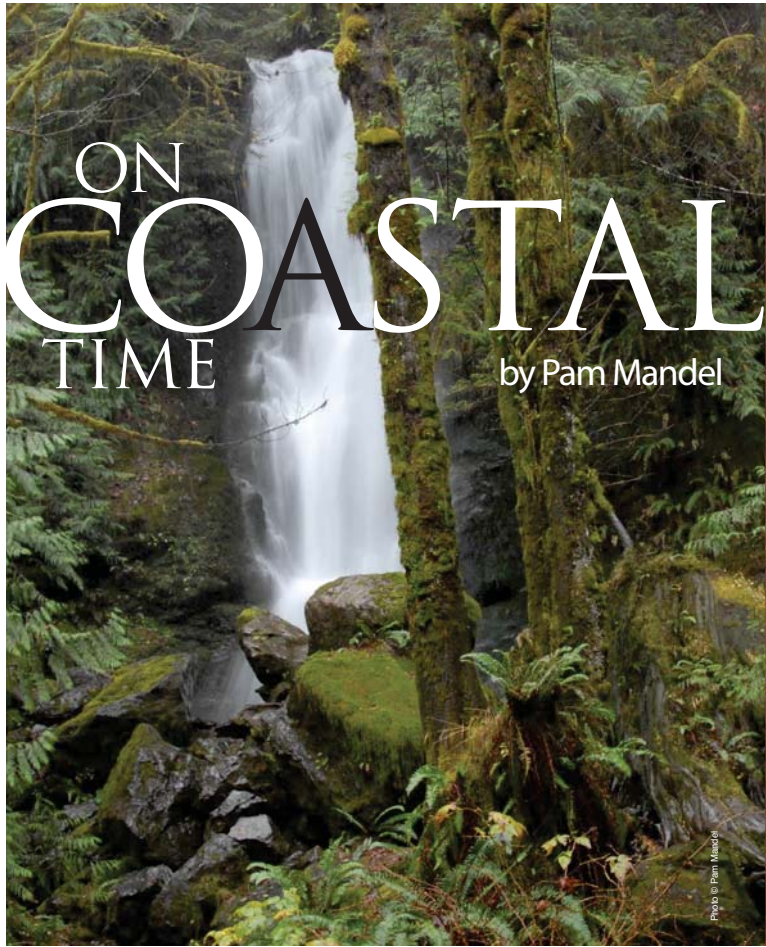


Sandy Sabersky has a deep interest in aging and the value of wholeness in all people. She is the executive director of Elderserve, a multifaceted enrichment program for older adults. A certified sage-ing® leader, Sandy serves on the Board of the Northwest Center for Creative Aging and is part of the conscious-aging movement.

Footnote: To learn more about the phases of our lives, consider these two great books on the subject.

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

Sheehy, Gail. "New Passages: Mapping Your Life Across Time." Random House Publishing Group, New York ©1995.



# ON COASTAL TIME

by Pam Mandel

Photo © Pam Mandel

I made my first visit to the Olympic Peninsula alone. My divorce papers came through that winter, and I had just turned 30. During that visit, I pitched my backpacker's tent under the skyscraper trees and vanished into a rain storm. Holed up with a copy of Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi" and just enough of a buzz to turn the noise of the rain on the tent fly into a soundtrack, I found solitude, a place where edges blur, a sense of timelessness. I woke up to a blue sky and the feeling that all the painful changes of the previous year no longer mattered.

It was 1995, my first summer in Seattle. Dennis, the floor manager at the art supply store where I fielded calls from angry, and high maintenance customers, told me about the national park: "You drive past fields of stumps and clear cuts and then, just past the sign that marks the entrance to the park, the trees change. It's like there are giant green velvet theater curtains hanging from the sky."

That's where the Olympic rainforest begins, at those velvet curtains. Once inside, trees scrape the clouds with green-black needles or lightning-charred spikes. In the forest, everything becomes dense with life, the spongy ground, the fallen snags. A square inch of reddish bark supports a microcosm of the entire ecosystem — moss and mushrooms and the tiniest of white bell-shaped flowers and feathery little seedlings of future cedar giants. In pouring rain, the forest drips only the water that sneaks through the dense canopy overhead. In bright sunshine, the sun squeezes in only through places where time and weather have opened a window. A soft light comes from the ground, radiating upwards, daylight absorbed and then released back into the sky.

I try to get to the Olympic Peninsula once a year, at least; I always make more effort if I have friends visiting from far away. A friend from Germany was so enchanted with Maple Glade, a moss-covered patch of forest on the

north side of Lake Quinault, she declared that landscapes like the Olympic Peninsula are the reason people believe in fairies. On that same trip, we went to the beach, parked on the sand, and disappeared into a dense fog. People materialized in front of us with no notice, parents with small children, beachcombers walking their dogs. When we turned around to face inland, we could not see the car. We were lost in heaven, a place with no edges.

When I fell in love again, I borrowed a car and drove my new husband out to the Olympic Peninsula to show him what home looked like to me: a wild ocean, a forest of complete excess, all opposites of his neatly fenced homeland in rural Austria. On this western frontier, the gray-brown edge of the land meets the gray-green edge of the water meets the gray-blue edge of the sky. The trees reach up to unimaginable heights; the Pacific stretches west until it drops over the curve of the planet. Here, fences are a mere suggestion, an absurd effort at containment in a place where nothing is held in.

One spring, on a solo hike up the Hoh River, I rounded a corner and came face to face with a herd of Roosevelt

elk. I could have touched the nearest one on the nose, she was so close. My heart beat in my throat; I was dizzy with fear. The elk were enormous; I stood barely tall enough to reach a brown shoulder. I waited, motionless, trying not to bolt and startle them. A minute went by, or maybe it was an hour; I could not tell. Finally, those closest to me shuffled and blinked. I stepped back; they turned their tan backsides to me and wandered uphill.

Later, on that same hike, I came out of a brush-covered section of trail to find two women, sticks raised above their heads to fend me off. "The ranger said to watch out for cougars," one said. "Didn't you see the alert notice?" It was too early in the day; the station was closed when I'd set off. The wildlife was as big as the landscape, wildcats and brown-eyed elk and even well-meaning people on the trails could easily get the better of me.

On a recent trip to the peninsula, the weather got too big and trapped us, the husband and me, just before Thanksgiving. An Arctic storm wandered south and dropped unusual amounts of snow on both ends of the road, pen-

**Coastal Time:** *Continued on page 38*

*"We were lost in heaven, a place with no edges."*



Photo © Pam Mandel

# Generational Miff

By Jeff Wozer



*“I don't have a complaint with Generation X (1964–1981). Only sympathy. Any generation that had to endure **disco**, the music world's version of Type 2 diabetes during its formative years, deserves a pass from criticism.”*



© iStock Photo

Ye Gods, what happens to us as we age? Thirty years ago I wanted to change the world. Now, I just want to change the light switch plates in my kitchen.

How do we go from writing “How true!” along the margins of Jack Kerouac novels to cutting out lemon bar recipes from *Better Homes & Gardens*?

Or from not having a care in the world to complaining to hotel management about the free breakfast bar's danish selection?

The more I ponder this the more I embrace Kurt Vonnegut's line: “Maturity is a bitter disappointment for which no remedy exists.” And what's even more disappointing is the subsequent pettiness that this disappointment brings in the form of generational resentment.

In our minds we're forever young and forever hip, the eternal pacesetters for cultural cool. It's the other

generations who refute this, serving as the pins that pop our delusional bubbles. And rather than accept the reality that we've gone from heedlessly leaping over the passenger doors of friends' convertibles to now patiently waiting for the automatic sliding doors on Chevy minivans, we fault the younger generations for tethering us to our midlife realities.

Yet, ironically, it wasn't the young but the old who ignited my generational ire. It began when that meddlesome Tom Brokaw used his celebrity to re-name the G.I. Generation the “Greatest Generation.” As much as it was a high-five to my parent's era, it was a backhanded punch at my generation, the Baby Boomers.

The mere mention of the Greatest Generation conveys lofty images of ticker-tape parades, brass bands on every street corner, and apple pies, with perfect crust, in every open window. Conversely, Baby

Boomer sounds like the name of an infant laxative.

Admittedly, the alleged Greatest Generation does have a leg up on Baby Boomers when it comes to generational high-water marks. Liberating Europe under the leadership of General Patton sounds far more momentous than converting an upstate New York cornfield into a concert venue under the guidance of Wavy Gravy. Beyond that, I think Brokaw owes us Baby Boomers an apology. Or better yet a book, extolling our virtues and accomplishments. He could title it, “Not Quite the Greatest Generation, But Surprisingly Better Than the Latest Two Generations.”

I don't have a complaint with Generation X (1964–1981). Only sympathy. Any generation that had to endure disco, the music world's version of Type 2 diabetes, during its formative years deserves a pass from criticism. Not so, however, with Generation Y (1982–2000) and Generation @ (2000–?).

These two generations are society's version of acne: not necessarily bad, but extremely annoying. Their sense of entitlement has no bounds. When I turned 16 I was grateful for a restaurant dishwashing job. When they turn 16 they expect restaurant ownership.

And what basis will these two generations have when they reach middle age for using the obligatory “We-had-it-so-tough-when-I-was-your-age” line on their kids?

What possibly can they say? When I was your age McDonald's had only one drive-thru order lane? Or when I was your age we ate watermelons with seeds? Or even when I was your age we wore shirts that wrinkled?

Whenever the first stages of grumpy-old-man syndrome get too loud, I take solace in knowing I'm not alone. Generational differences have existed

through history. According to William Strauss and Neil Howe's book, "Generations," the grouping and naming of generations goes back to the 13th century, starting with the Arthurian Generation. Dating from 1433 to 1460, it gave the world Leonardo da Vinci and Christopher Columbus. This was then followed by the Humanist Generation, which ran from 1461 to 1482 and produced Michelangelo and Copernicus.

I'm sure even then generational differences existed. Teenage girls from the Arthurian Generation, who once busied themselves writing "Mrs. Da Vinci" in the sand with sticks surrounded by big hearts, probably repeatedly mocked their daughters with icy comments like, "I don't see what you find so dreamy about this Copernicus boy." Leonardo da Vinci devotees probably dismissed Michelangelo's ceiling paintings as the work of a misguided youth crazed on nutmeg.

Regardless, none of this answers why we blame other generations for our tendency to become fading echoes of our former selves.

Maybe the inevitable generation gap between eras isn't so much born from differences but from blind jealousies. We resent the younger generations for reminding us what we once were.

How else to explain our haughty dismissal of this generation's long-running "Survivor" TV show as mindless drivel, while, in the same breath, championing the brilliance of "Gilligan's Island"? ■



*Jeff's humor articles have appeared in more than 30 publications including The Explorers Journal, Dining Out Miami and Outside Bozeman. When not writing, he spends his time sitting on his cabin deck dressed in tattered shorts and a thick Patagonia fleece jacket brooding about nothing in particular. www.jeffvozer.com*

#### Travel by Leisure Care: Continued from page 23

Because TLC is a part of the Leisure Care package of services, everybody gets in on the act. Debbie recently arranged for Chef Darin Leonardson from Leisure Care's corporate office to give cooking demonstrations and private cooking lessons aboard a Holland America cruise to the Caribbean. As a featured chef, Darin had a chance to bring the Leisure Care experience to the high seas, cooking for residents and non-residents alike. Darin shared his insights into fast, fresh cooking and friendly, accessible instruction. Darin's spring rolls went over like gangbusters, but it was his humor that gave him top billing. Beginning his first demonstration with balloon animals, Darin interspersed his cooking with juggling coconuts and telling jokes. At the time of writing, Darin is slated to repeat his appearance in the first quarter of 2012.



If you're ready to travel, contact your community's travel coordinator and let the adventure begin! ■

#### Coastal Time: Continued from page 35

ning us into a 75-mile stretch of coast where the sun was brilliant and the high temperatures hovered just below freezing.

We walked and found a dead seal on the beach, her ribs exposed by decay. She was pinned under the bones of beach logs, and in a few weeks she would be indistinguishable from the driftwood that lined the sand. Time and change would take her as they were taking me. A fine funeral it would be, dissolving into this landscape, becoming gray and white, salt and sand. A generation of my own life had passed since I first stepped on to this beach. I could feel the weight of those years, but all around me it seemed as though nothing had changed.

Time is different on the peninsula. You can mark hours by your watch or months by the calendar, or you can let nature mark it for you. Follow the tide, for starters, as it deposits tiny pieces of polished glass and now, plastic, along with a line of sea foam, and then, hours later, takes them all away again. Stand at the base of a fallen giant, now the host for future generations of towering trees. The elk are still here, grazing in a low meadow, stopping to look up and then turning away when I cross into their territory. Moss greens the trailer homes, and the old sawmills rust into blade-sharp edges.

The years go by and I keep returning. I recognize the tree growing like the back of a chair from the seat of a spruce stump. The boardwalk in the swamp is slick with ice or maybe rain. The skunk cabbage is pungent and leafy. The moss hangs from the trees in shredded gauzy swaths. The eagles sit high in the snags and watch the beach as it is reshaped twice daily by the tide. I go back because it is the same every time: big, continually changing, continually the same. When I stand where the edge of the forest meets the Pacific and the sky, I fill my eyes with green, my lungs with the smell of the ocean. Everything is moving, everything is alive, and time does not matter.

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