

livfun SUMMER 2012

SEVEN!

One woman stakes her claim
on the continents

Choosing Grace

Embracing, with gratitude,
this gift of aging

CELEBRATE

What's been lived, learned, lost and loved

Served With Love

A family rooted in the traditions
of celebration

My Sibling, My Friend

Celebrating the connection between
biological and chosen family



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President's Note

So many reasons to celebrate

by Tana Gall



Tana Gall — President, Leisure Care

Happy spring! I don't know about the rest of you, but I couldn't have been more excited to say goodbye to winter and welcome the new season. I love to see the flowers blooming, the sun shining, and the days lasting longer and longer. With summer just around the corner, there is even more reason to celebrate. Speaking of celebrations, this just happens to be the theme of this issue of LIV FUN, and it couldn't be more appropriate. We certainly have a lot to celebrate this time of year.

First, I'd like to extend a very heartfelt welcome to the residents and staff at Leisure Care's newest community, The Renaissance on Peachtree in Atlanta, Georgia. Leisure Care acquired The Renaissance in April, and already we are seeing the positive impact our company and our Five-Star Fun culture are making on this community. I am so excited for what the future holds and the opportunity we have to make a positive impact on even more lives.

In June, we will have another reason to celebrate as we welcome all community general managers to Seattle for the annual Leadership Conference. Over the course of the conference, we will celebrate the many achievements from the previous year, recognizing those managers who excelled in bringing Leisure Care's philosophy of respect, caring and having fun to every aspect of their communities. This is one of my favorite events of the year, and to have everyone back in Seattle makes it even more special. I can't wait to celebrate with you all.

The last, but certainly not the least, topic I want to celebrate in this issue of LIV FUN is you, our residents. As much as I enjoy celebrating the achievements of our managers and staff for making Leisure Care communities the best in the industry, it is you, our residents, who truly make our communities the special places that they are. Your stories, and the impact you have made on society, are an inspiration, and they should be shared. So, as you peruse this issue of LIV FUN, you will notice a new section titled "Retire Like You Mean It." You may have come across this phrase while visiting Leisure Care's website, or this may be the first time you're hearing it. Regardless, we hope you embrace this motto and apply it to your own life.

At Leisure Care we want everyone who lives with us to continue to thrive and follow their passions. "Grab retirement by the horns and show it who's boss," so to speak. It is in this new section of the magazine that we will highlight Leisure Care residents, communities and groups that are doing just that — people who haven't stopped living because they are retired but instead are just getting started. Our first profile is on resident Sheldon Shanack in Thousand Oaks, California. His story is inspirational, and he is truly retiring like he means it.

If you know of an individual or group of individuals who deserve to be profiled in a future issue of LIV FUN, please share their story with us. Our best ideas come from you, after all. To share a story idea, you can email us at livfun@leisurecare.com, or talk to your general manager and he or she will pass the story idea along. And, as always, I welcome your letters. Hearing from you is what makes my job truly enjoyable.

Cheers,
Tana Gall
President, Leisure Care



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Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self



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Throw Myself a Surprise **PARTY?** Are you *NUTS*?

by **Skye Moody**

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

Take time to celebrate the achievements you hold most sacred, not just the milestones of years gone by.

OMG! You just made a hole-in-one, and nobody's around to marvel with you. You call friends and they congratulate you, but in the end, what do they always celebrate about you?

Your age, of course.

How about the day you completed your first 5K? The time you lost 25 pounds and kept it off for, oh, a couple of months. The day you gave birth to triplets, and they get the presents every year.

The problem with other folks celebrating you is this: Quite often they don't understand which moments you hold as the most significant in your life.

"Oh, sweetie, you made it to 70! Here's to you, old duck."

As if you've accomplished nothing more in your life than accumulating years. As if your parents just stood by while you had all the birthday contractions.

"The problem with other folks celebrating you is this: Quite often they don't understand which moments you hold as the most significant in your life."

Birthday celebrations, I've always believed, should be organized for those Noble Two who tangoed through the start-to-finish labor. Granted, part of the work might've involved sparky fun. The point is, it's the atypical infant who contributes more than a few head butts, kicks and a yowl to that celebratory day.

You deserve to celebrate what you wish to honor.

Then, too, lots of us are alone. We live alone; sometimes we don't see another soul for days at a time. Our friends may be delighted to hang with us, and even throw a birthday party at us. Still, that's different than celebrating our life's most prized achievements.

Once a year, decide what moment in your life you'd like to honor, and then plan

your one-guest party. Forget the kith and kin here; this is all about you (and they don't get any).

Plan ahead. Pick a date; preferably mark out 36–48 hours, because this is going to be one heck of a splendid event (dare I say "bash"?). Decide how you want to celebrate within your limited budget (if your budget is unlimited, you don't get to celebrate), and then start plotting out the details.

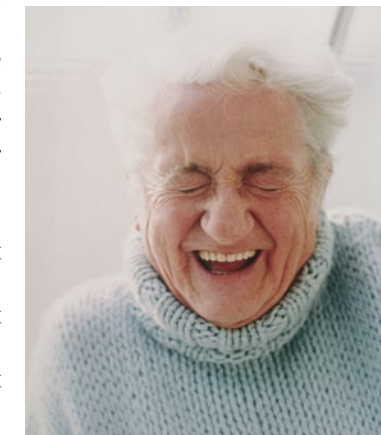
It's your day, or two, of honoring a personal achievement, so treat the guest of honor to the very best you can afford. It's a known fact that if you talk about an idea too much, the execution loses some critical energy. Keep it a secret, at least until it's over. Relish the sacred or profane preparations. Decide what you'll

wear, what you'll imbibe, ingest, impart, jettison (the party may involve purging old flames, or a child who turned into a lemon), and select party favors. No fair selecting a playmate, unh-unh. It's all about you, babe.

For the rebel who forged a different path through life, who perhaps hangs onto secret moments of pleasure or triumph; for the staunchly independent

spirit who eschews instructions, directions, advice, commands, and other forms of "guidance"; and especially for the timid, self-abnegating mice among us who have never, ever, given ourselves the gift of center stage, it's time to get inventive. Start planning a celebration of the most eccentrically interesting, fabulously fascinating person in your life: you.

You are probably asking, if I plan my own celebration how can it be a surprise?



© Corbis Cusp / Alamy

Wait and see. ♦



ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

Relax, entertain yourself and celebrate some summer downtime with our book, movie and music suggestions, chosen specifically for Leisure Care community residents. Why not get together with your neighbors for a movie night or a book club? Enjoy!

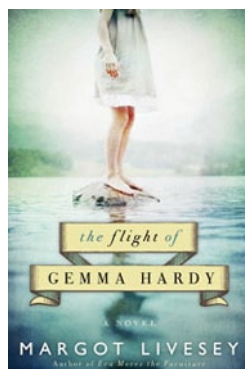
books | movies | music

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BOOK REVIEWS

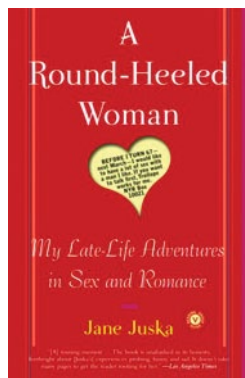
This summer we look at celebration in its many aspects with a novel based on a classic, a candid memoir, and a whimsical collection of essays.

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



The Flight of Gemma Hardy by Margot Livesey

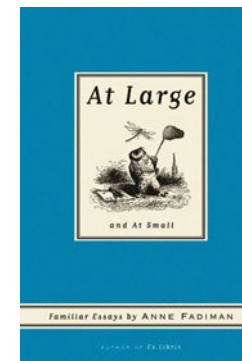
Livesey's new novel is homage to Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* and provides many of the same pleasures of that classic story of struggle and self-discovery. While Livesey celebrates *Jane Eyre* in this retelling, Gemma Hardy is her own winning heroine. Orphaned when her parents died in an accident, Gemma was taken in by a kindly uncle and his wife. When her uncle dies, the aunt's cruelty and inexplicable jealousy force her into a boarding school where she becomes servant as much as student. Quick-witted, sharp-tongued, and determined to survive with her integrity intact, Gemma lands a post as a governess for a wild girl at Blackbird Hall on the Orkney Islands. There she catches the eye of the manor's owner and her charge's uncle, Mr. Sinclair, and a friendship between them develops into something more. When Mr. Sinclair's past threatens Gemma's understanding of the man with whom she has fallen in love, she flees the Orkneys for a journey that takes her to Iceland and to the secret heart of her own tragic past. Gemma's story feels timeless while it embraces more modernity of purpose for its female protagonist than Bronte's time allowed. Best of all, Gemma's story entrances and her strength of character makes the reader root for her as she navigates life's challenges and possibilities.



A Round-Heeled Woman by Jane Juska

Juska's life changed when she submitted this personal ad in *The New York Times Review of Books*: "Before I turn 67 — next March — I would like to have a lot of sex with a man I like. If you want to talk first, Trollope works for me." While this memoir is not for those who shy from the subject of sex or get easily embarrassed, Juska's memoir is about one woman's search for pleasure and for an integrated sense of herself as a mature woman with sexual needs. Equally surprising in Juska's bold exploration is what her particular journey uncovers about female sexuality in general and the ways in which women often subjugate their true emotional needs to have their physical needs met. Juska's memories of her childhood, her parents and her broken marriage also reveal the ways in which our upbringing, and the time and places in which we grew up, shape our ability to integrate our sexual and emotional selves. Juska is unapologetic about her "adventures," her hopes and mis-

steps. While she shares stories about her correspondents and lovers, she also shares stories of her career as a teacher, her years as a single mother, her years in therapy, and how she arrived at a point in her life where she felt brave enough to put herself out in the world in newsprint. Juska's memoir explores the ways in which sexuality, so much a part of all of our lives, is challenging and intriguing, limiting and freeing, so hard to talk about, and so terribly important that we do. You might also want to read her follow-up book, *Unaccompanied Women: Late-Life Adventures in Love, Sex, and Real Estate*.



At Large and At Small: Familiar Essays by Anne Fadiman

Fadiman, most well-known for her riveting book *The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down*, is a masterful essayist who celebrates the details of life in every piece in this revival of the "familiar essay." Clifton Fadiman, a renowned literary critic and the author's father, had lamented the loss of the familiar essay in his lifetime, and Anne takes up the charge. Her collection of writings includes a melding of the critical and the personal, with equal parts brain and heart. Spanning subjects such as butterfly collecting, finding the perfect ice cream, coffee consumption, the pleasures of paper mail, and insomnia, each essay radiates intellectual curiosity and the author's warm, delightful view of the world. In one essay, Fadiman confesses a "monumental crush" on Charles Lamb, a contemporary of Coleridge, and goes into detail about his family and his loyalty to his sister, Mary, who killed their mother; she concludes that if she could inspire a Charles Lamb revival she would "forswear my spectacles, play at put, mend pens, kill fleas, stand on one leg, or shell peas." Read

these imminently pleasurable and fetching familiar essays, and see if you don't also develop some of Fadiman's interests and obsessions. Also try Fadiman's *Ex Libris: Confessions of a Common Reader*, wonderful essays about books and reading.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Celebrate summer with a trio of movies that amuse, inspire and welcome us home.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for KUOW-FM in Seattle



Hail the Conquering Hero

Between 1940 and 1944, Preston Sturges became famous as the most exhilarating creator of movie comedies since the silent era, as anyone who has ever adored *The Lady Eve* or *Sullivan's Travels* can attest. His 1944 film *Hail the Conquering Hero* is a little different. Oh, it's funny, all right: Sturges' stock company of daffy character actors and his ear for zingy one-liners are securely in place. Yet this is also a picture with eye-daubing heart. Woodrow Lafayette Pershing Truesmith (played by Eddie Bracken), the son of a sainted martyr of the Great War, is himself a Marine Corps washout thanks to chronic hay fever. He's written letters to his mother pretending to be in the service, and he reluctantly (at the prodding of blustery Sgt. Heffelfinger, played by the splendid

William Demarest) plays the role of war hero, returning to his hometown for a grand celebration. Eventually the truth must come out, and along the way Sturges balances satire with affection, while Woodrow learns a few important things about himself and his home. What is really worth celebrating, the movie asks: patriotism that makes us feel good, or a truth that leads to something deeper?



Fanny and Alexander

It's not common to characterize the legendary Swedish filmmaker Ingmar Bergman as a celebratory director, but *Fanny and Alexander*, his 1982 magnum opus, is a wondrous testament to art and life. Its long, long opening segment is literally a celebration: a detailing of the craft and color that goes into a lavish Christmas party, circa 1907. Bergman brings a life's worth of wisdom to chronicling both the newness of childhood and the earned glories of age, as the film shifts from soothing to harrowing and finally into a realm of acceptance. It's also a movie about art, and the way that art transforms and gives resonance to life. (Two versions of this film exist on DVD: the 188-minute cut released to the U.S., and a full 312-minute original made for Swedish TV; if you've got the time, the latter is a transporting experience.)

Entertain Your Brain: Continued on page 40

My Sibling, My Friend



by **Skye Moody**

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

*As genetic bonds loosen,
and chosen bonds
grow in strength,
we learn to celebrate
the connection between
biological family and
chosen family.*

© Corbis Bridge / Alamy

I wear a silver band on my wrist, engraved with the words: “Sisters: Forever Friends, Close at Heart, Make You Smile, Make Life Better, Share Hopes, Fears, LOVE, and Tears, Confidante, Soul Mate,” and “Are Fun.”

My younger sister bestowed it on me last Christmas after I wrote a letter to her and my older sister, lamenting over what I perceived as a corrosion of our siblinghood.

I’m the middle child, with two brothers, two sisters. Our childhood modeled the typical spoiled American brat pack. We five bonded over heaps of privileges our parents piled on us, and by circling our little wagons against their strict discipline. Beneath our family roots ran a deep current of such kinship complexity that we never gave it voice, yet often acted it out.

Although we never really fought, we squabbled. While quickly dismissing our sandbox standoffs, when a sibling hurt my feelings, the memory furrowed deep into my vulnerable brain.

Eighty-five percent of the brain’s development occurs before age eight. Parent and siblings’ interactions during these years lay down the neural framework that permanently informs our behavior, creating knee-jerk reactions in later years. We can modify our behavior by laying down new neural pathways that expand our psyche’s options, but the basic framework is permanent. This is how powerfully our parents and siblings affect our entire lives.

We siblings exchanged pranks. I recall: my older brother age 5, me 4; he’s offering me a bite of his maple bar. Yum. I bite down on a bar of Fels-Naphtha soap.

Siblings: The First Tribe

We fiercely defend one another: After school one day I chance upon my older brother pinned down by a hulky eighth grade classmate because my brother, not he, won a soccer award.

Being very small, when I approach, I don’t present an obvious threat; so the bully keeps bashing my brother, who’s fighting a boy twice his physical size.

I sink my teeth into the bully’s leg, piercing his trousers, then his skin, holding fast like a rabid dog until my brother rises to his feet. The bully slinks off. My brother and I walk home together in silence.

We never speak about the incident. If we did, I’m guessing our narratives would differ.

We loyal five conspire against the power structure that denies us individual voices: Our parents often seem overly authoritative. Perhaps we mistake protectiveness for brandishing implicit power.

We can depend on our older sister to defend the rebel fort, while our “baby” sister, whom we all agree enjoys special “spoiled rotten” status, notoriously sides with the

current benefactor of ice cream cones. We five never — ever — snitch on one another.

We bond tighter: We invent a secret language and speak it at the dinner table. “Leaf” decodes as “Gene Autry.”

When at age 7 my younger brother is diagnosed with a genius IQ, I ask our mother what she and our father plan to do about the prodigy. My mother replies crisply, “Nothing. He’ll be raised like a normal child.”

I point out that by age 4 he played the piano by ear. He’s reading our older brother’s physics books, hiding them under his bed. My mother scoffs.

I assume our parents told my brother what the doctors told them. He meets the shore of madness. I don’t know how to help him when the tumultuous seas that can snare a child genius toss him onto the alien shoals of a normal world whose language he can’t speak.

My brother first learns of his intelligence quotient in his mid-30s, when I mention it offhandedly. His eyes reflect terrible surprise, then flicker like a fast-forwarded film of all the years he’s struggled with what made him “different” and set into motion the puzzling chaos that he courageously conquered.

At this moment, for the first time in my life, I feel I have betrayed one of my siblings. Why hadn’t I told him when we were children?

Over five decades our little wagons have taken different paths. We no longer circle them, nor share the same day-to-day routines, family rituals, even celebrations, except rarely. From separate experiences we’ve generated different philosophical outlooks. We’ve produced, or not, our own genetic offspring — new families.

From Birth Tribe to the Bigger World

The passing of the last parent marks a watershed in how we five relate to one another. Our last common denominator suddenly dissolves, or so it seems to me.

The fabric of our specific family grows neglected and frayed. Contact declines. We emotionally disperse. Today, we seldom visit one another.

Not all families experience disintegration of the center. Many siblings remain closely connected. These families seem to celebrate their bond every day of their lives. Why not us?

For the first time since childhood, we five siblings live within a few hundred miles of one another. I long to gather us together, celebrate our sibling-ness, whatever it amounts to today. Laudably, our “spoiled rotten” sister this past Christmas presented my older sister and me with the precious silver bands. There is hope.

But I wonder: If I throw a party for just the five of us, will anyone come?



© INSADCO Photography / Alamy

Enter the new “chosen family.” Tribes of friends we gather as adults become surrogate family, perhaps improving the model. What I learned from my original family affects my choice of spouse(s) and also informs my selection of close friends. Whether identical to my original siblings or parents, or exact opposites, when I select new family my brain shouts advice from that toddler’s neural foundation.

Global nomads like me are content to bump into our selected siblings at the occasional caravan-serai, picking up naturally where we left off, our bonds as strong as ever, as if only a day had passed since we last met. The beauty of nomadic families is that we savor every moment of our meetings, wasting no time on petty drama or profound animosity. Often we long for one another, yet we dare not settle down together.

Most chosen families reside within a few hundred miles of one another. Nomads or neighbors, it’s the old circling our little wagons with a new twist. Ejected from the original nest, we sculpt and shape our new families to fit what we need in order to survive.

Selected families nurture with camaraderie, shared meals, loopy adventures, close calls, gifts of time and tenderness, empathy, loyalty, bonding, and genuine sibling love. They are damaged by re-

enacted sibling rivalry, petty squabbles, jealousies, and ugly gossip.

Signs of unhealthy family circles include rule by narcissism, manipulation by drama kings and queens — the “it’s all about me” tyrants — mean-spirited gossip, rivalry, and poisoned family politics. If this sounds a lot like the original family, there’s a good explanation.

Like genetic families, selected siblings and parental figures form a pecking order: authority figures, nurturers, sisters and brothers, at least one prankster, and sometimes, the shunned, who may cling to false threads of hope that the shunners will deem them forgiven, worthy of welcome back into the fold.

When a selected family develops animosities worse than original sibling rivalry, toxicity develops. When, say, a drama queen perceives her survival threatened, she’ll slam her wagon up against perceived rivals, declaring them shunned. Faced with a similar fate, chosen siblings either freeze or self-confidently circle their wagons against the queen’s injustice.

Tension reduces the tribe’s survival odds. As stormy relations intensify, disgusted siblings break off, seeking out new arks whose smoother sails enfold friendlier breezes, raising the personal odds of survival.

“There ought to be a Match.com for choosing siblings and parents.”

Beyond Emotions: The Real Reason for Our Chosen Family

While biologist E.O. Wilson conjectures on the need for “altruistic communities” among species of ants and avian, we humans ingeniously and constantly modify our chosen families in an ever-evolving process of family patterning that nourishes and sustains its connections, emotionally and even spiritually. Selecting siblings, Wilson would argue, is about individual and group survival.

Personal survival often trumps group survival to the detriment of the family. We select friends we believe ensure our survival.

We are a social species; we find hermits unsettling. Most of us need the safety net of a family circle, whether close at hand or scattered across the globe; nothing hurts more than being expelled from the group.

There ought to be a “Match.com” for choosing siblings and parents.

The upside of chosen families holds so much power that even an earthquake could not render it asunder. Our survival DNA is programmed to altruism, with notable

exceptions, and we are such a desperately compassionate species that we tolerate, often indulge, one another’s weaknesses. And here’s the Achilles heel of altruism, fooling us into thinking what we just offered our sister is a bite of our maple bar when in fact it’s a mouthful of potentially fatal Stoddard solvent.

Within our family we feed our hungry and tend our sick. At times we collectively reach out to perform acts of love toward total strangers, the ensuing benefit an intoxicating elixir that nurtures our bond.

Like the circles of the Olympic Games, chosen family circles fuse until an endless chain loosely unites to produce the uncanny six degrees of separation.

The key to successful survival of a family circle is simple: human kindness.

Thus we bond, our connection stronger than Gorilla Glue, fierce loyalty ensuring our mutual survival. Thus we learn by action the true meaning of love, why giving feels better than receiving. What better achievement could we hope to celebrate? ♦

Senior Corps Week is May 7-11, 2012

Be Good To Yourself.
Volunteer.

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

GetInvolved.gov

Facebook.com/SeniorCorps



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



Served With LOVE



Dusk mingles with candlelight to create an inviting glow (at left), the perfect backdrop for the celebrations hosted by Chris and Alice Canlis and their family (above).

This
restaurant family
remains rooted in the
traditions of the
art of celebration.

by Julie Gunter
Writer, editor, teacher and Seattle native



It's a conversation that begins and ends with two simple, significant gestures: a mother's hug and a father's last-minute thought to press a pulled-pork sandwich, napkin-wrapped, unexpectedly into my hand. Though neither family member nor employee, I am welcomed as such, and fed. For Chris and Alice Canlis, second-generation owners of Seattle's iconic Canlis restaurant, the art of entertaining and celebrating others is, at its essence, an investment in the formation, development and strengthening of relationships over time.

As their sons Mark and Brian, now co-owners, glide about overseeing operations, and a team of chefs, intently

bent over the day's tasks, sends a dinner of reflections along the gleaming copper broiler that marks the threshold between dining room and kitchen, the hours mount, like purpose brewing. An office door's sweep leaks telephone rings and brisk conversations; the unlit dining room's elegant contours suggest a hushed, cozying-in anticipation.

Not long after Alice's initial greeting, Chris appears for the interview with a quick meal of Raisin Bran still to finish, spooned from a cup. His trim presence, marked by the wonderful habit of lis-

tening attentively before offering precise, thoughtful responses, is both subtle and assuring; so at ease serving others, he begins by stating that his wife will lead the answers because she is the "chief celebrant in our family." Later, their son Mark will confirm this assessment, adding that his parents' celebratory response to life has always been "relationally driven," a way of being and doing that flows from their desire to "enjoy and appreciate the goodness in others."

Alice sets her glasses on the table, readies her typed responses into a neat stack, and leans forward expectantly. Sitting beside her is to realize how disarmingly present she is, and emotionally attuned to a conversation's ebb

and flow. "This restaurant is a place of beauty, a gift we were given," Alice explains. "With each year, we see this gift more significantly than ever before."

Founded by Chris' father, Peter Canlis, in 1950, the family's restaurant has long been associated with luxury, sophistication, refinement. Housed in a mid-century marvel designed by now-famous architect Roland Terry that reveals wrap-around grey-blue Northwest views of mountains, water and city, the interior spaces flow from one gentle level to the next, revealing a family's innumerable personal touches. Every meticulously designed detail, from the earth-toned stone and old-growth cedar beams to the fine fabrics and art collection, was deliberately chosen and has a story to tell. Always considered an extension of

home, guests are invited to celebrate in a way that is collectively inspired but individually created, as happens when friends and family gather in a spacious dining room to eat, drink and be merry.

It's an invitation to connect that, ironically, has less to do with the world of fine dining and more to do with a family's legacy and life lessons that can be traced back to a rural Southern country home and a hardworking man of modest means who once wrapped himself up with refrigerator-box ribbon as a surprise Christmas Eve gift to his six children. That simple gesture of a father's love, remembered by Alice decades later, is indicative of how her parents lived. Mark explains, "My mom's parents were, and are, key to all of this. They taught us what it was to be at the table, what the table meant.

Though they didn't have an abundance of material resources, they had an infinite amount to give."

Alice's anticipation of tucking small, sweet clementines into stockings on Christmas Eve is best understood, then, after listening to her describe scenes from her childhood, when such rare treats were a symbol of extravagance, a wintertime fruit tasting of summer. In contrast, Chris doesn't tend to elaborate on his past — a childhood and adolescence largely spent at boarding schools where he often felt "displaced ... unable to feel rooted in one place." His boyhood recollections are as vague and slender as Alice's recollections are specific, vivid and overflowing. Yet, over time, that "longing for beauty, or-

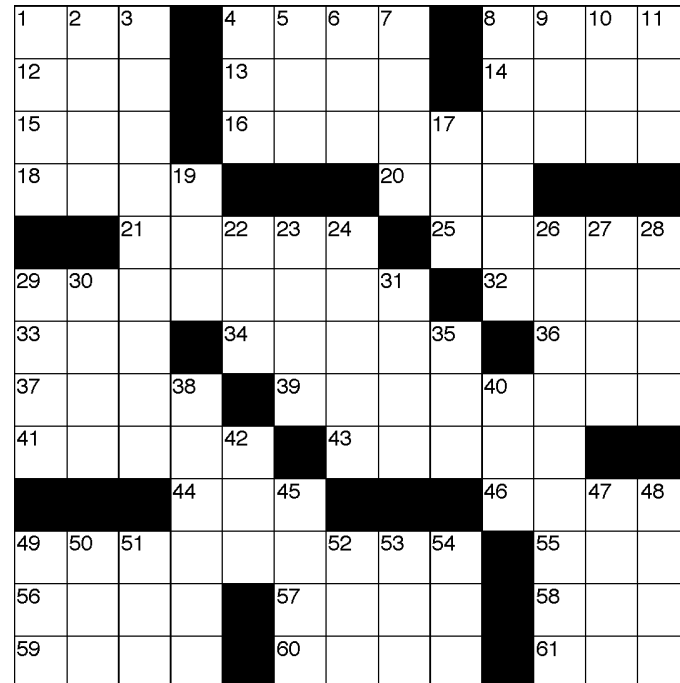
Served With Love: *Continued on page 39*

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LivFun BRAIN-GAMES

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle



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A3

ACROSS

- 1 Israelite tribe
- 4 Biblical giants
- 8 Universe (pref.)
- 12 Stitchbird
- 13 Synthetic rubber
- 14 Table scraps
- 15 E.g., god of pleasure
- 16 Tallow (2 words)
- 18 Madame Bovary
- 20 Commotion
- 21 Padded jacket under armor
- 25 Son of Zeus
- 29 Dish (2 words)
- 32 Ganda dialect
- 33 Agent (abbr.)
- 34 Indian sacred fig
- 36 "Blue Eagle"

DOWN

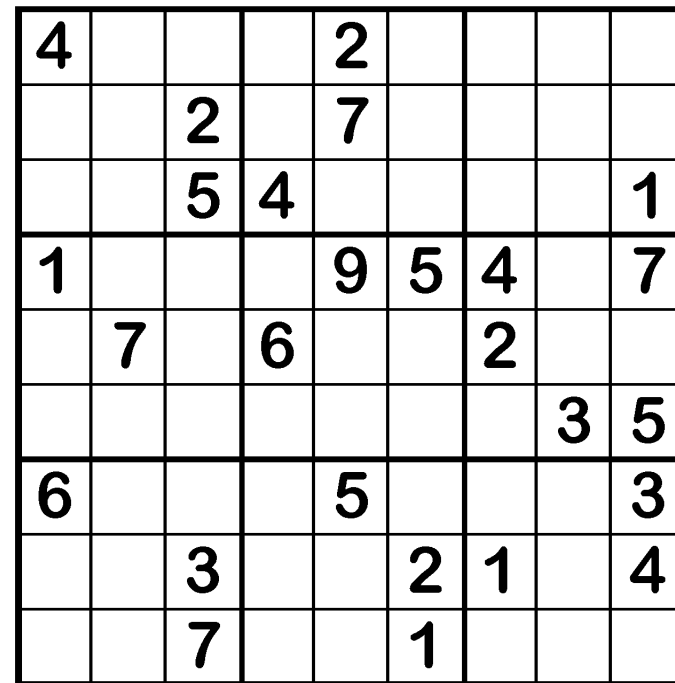
- 37 Ravine
- 39 Immense
- 41 Swelling
- 43 State (Ger.)
- 44 Medieval shield
- 46 Before (Lat.)
- 49 Culm (2 words)
- 55 Fiddler crab genus
- 56 Snake (pref.)
- 57 Unfledged bird
- 58 Centers for Disease Control (abbr.)
- 59 Love (Lat.)
- 60 Tooth (Lat.)
- 61 Exclamation

DOWN

- 1 Deride
- 2 Attention-getting sound

Sudoku

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



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DIFFICULTY: ★★☆☆

DOWN

- 3 Raze
- 4 Amer. Bar Assn. (abbr.)
- 5 Pigeon
- 6 Black cuckoo
- 7 Hindu god of love
- 8 Banner
- 9 Yellow ide
- 10 As written in music
- 11 Mountain standard time (abbr.)
- 17 Amer. Dental Assn (abbr.)
- 19 Pointed (pref.)
- 22 End
- 23 Auricular
- 24 Rom. historian
- 26 Build
- 27 Irish sweetheart
- 28 Hall (Ger.)

DOWN

- 29 Created
- 30 Old-fashioned oath
- 31 Beer ingredient
- 35 Afr. worm
- 38 Vomiting
- 40 Drain
- 42 Amer. Cancer Society (abbr.)
- 45 Habituated
- 47 Alternating current/direct current (abbr.)
- 48 Apiece
- 49 Tibetan gazelle
- 50 Revolutions per minute (abbr.)
- 51 Exclamation
- 52 Nautical chain
- 53 Belonging to (suf.)
- 54 Manuscripts (abbr.)

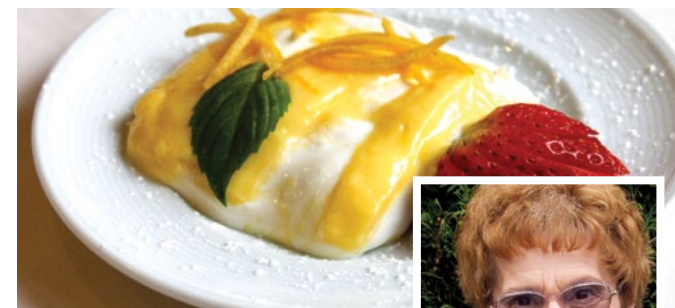


QUICK Delicious NUTRITIOUS

Recipes from the Leisure Care *Five-Star Yum Cookbook*

Lemon Lush

By: Norma Gunning
Community: Fairwinds — Brighton Court
Serves: 10-12



Norma Gunning

Ingredients:

- 1 stick butter, room temperature
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 8 ounces cream cheese, softened
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 (9-ounce) tubs Cool Whip, plus 1 cup more for topping
- 2 (3-ounce) packages instant lemon pudding
- 3 cups milk
- 1 lemon

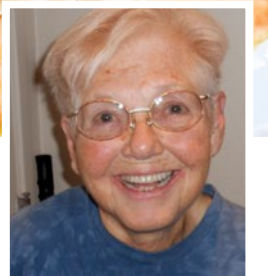
Directions:

Layer 1: Blend butter and flour. Pat into 9x13-inch pan and bake at 325 degrees for 15 minutes. Layer 2: Mix cream cheese, powdered sugar and Cool Whip. Spread onto cooled crust. Layer 3: Mix lemon pudding and 3 cups milk (not 4, as typically directed in the pudding instructions). Pour onto second layer. Spread remaining Cool Whip on top. Pare thin strips of lemon and place on top for decorative

Lemon Lush: Continued on page 42

Chicken Rosé

By: Dorothy Swerdlove
Community: Broadway Proper
Serves: 4-6



Dorothy Swerdlove

Ingredients:

- 6 chicken breast halves, boneless and skinless
- 1 clove sliced garlic
- 1 teaspoon powdered ginger
- 1/4 teaspoon dried oregano
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons water
- 3/4 cup rosé wine
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 1/8 cup olive oil
- 1 cup rice, uncooked
- Sliced almonds
- Sliced mushrooms

Directions:

Mix dry ingredients in a bowl. Add water, wine, soy sauce and olive oil. Pour mix over chicken in a casserole dish. Cover and bake at 375 degrees for 1 1/2 hours or until tender. Add rice, almonds and mushrooms for last 1/2 hour.

Chicken Rosé: Continued on page 42

BRAIN GAME ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: I'm 60 years old and feeling left behind. I've always taken "the road less traveled," and have seen and done many wonderful things. Yet, I see friends reaping the benefits of their long-term stability — their steady lives and their corporate jobs with retirement plans. I can't help but compare myself to them and feel inadequate at times. How do I make peace with this?

A: It is human nature to compare ourselves with others. Sometimes we are looking for approval or how we fit in with our peers. Other times, we are checking that we aren't overlooking some important factor to our safety or survival. Comparisons can boost our ego, reassure us, or make us gulp. Especially at the "significant numbers," such as turning 40, 50 or 60 years old, we tend to see how we measure up. If your life has been unconventional, this comparison can feel alarming. Your inner critic will try to compare apples to oranges. The more divergent your life has been from the norm, the more judgmental your inner voice may be. When you start to get lost in comparisons, instead try the following:

First, discern your true needs. You are taking stock of your life. Stability and security are more important to you now. Take this data and act on it, but leave your self-criticism at the door. The comparisons only drain your energy. It is never too late to reinvent yourself. You have many productive years ahead. One or two sessions with a career counselor might help you find the best way to apply your skills and experiences to a situation that addresses your current needs.

Second, celebrate yourself. The gifts and lessons you have learned along your "road less traveled" have made you who you are. You likely have a wide perspective, tolerance for differences, flexibility and ingenuity. Maybe you have brought back crazy wisdom from far away places, and you blow your friends' minds with it. You have been true to yourself, and that is worthy of celebration. Write a list of your strengths and qualities, and read it back to yourself.

You don't have to "judge your insides by other people's outsides." Celebrate your friends' successes if you can, and respect yourself too. Breathe deeply in the truth of all that you are. Give your nervous system a rest before the next exciting chapter of your life.

Q: I recently broke up with the man I've been seeing. We had great physical chemistry, but the relationship itself was a mess. Now he is dating someone else. That makes me feel crazy and desperate. What should I do?

A: Here is your road map. Use it to journey from pain to peace, from your emotional addiction to this man and this relationship, and toward the freedom of new horizons.

The first step is to accept and allow your jealousy. View it as a biological urge, but don't take it personally. Sex generates the release of a pleasurable hormone called oxytocin. (The same chemical is generated by birth and breastfeeding; it helps us bond and feel love.) Now you are in withdrawal from that heady opiate. Avoid reckless action. Instead, let the waves of craving pass through you, like "clouds in a mirror," as the Zen monks say.

Practice "thought stopping." If you start to obsess, put your thoughts about him and his new partner on an imaginary television. Then turn down the volume, change the channel, or switch it off.

Embrace your narrow escape. The relationship was a mess; now that's one problem you don't have.

Tend your own garden: lovingly mind your own business. Do things that comfort you. You might make a special point of enjoying an activity that he didn't like, because now you are free. Cry when you need to. Aim for healthy distractions. Pleasure yourself as needed.

Get support from friends, family, mentors, counselors and pets. Be around loving people, and recognize that they care. If you are afraid of using them up on your heartache, you can turn to a journal, and write about it until the subject loses its power.

Get out of your own head. Our troubles look big when we are only looking at ourselves. When we look at the wider world, our difficulties appear proportionally smaller. If you give your attention to others (in healthy amounts) your pain will be less overwhelming and more manageable.

One of the hardest things about a break-up is feeling alone. Generate your inner guardian angel. It may take the

Advice for the Journey: Continued on page 42

Savvy Sage

On Being an Elder

Coming of Age

Being old does not relieve us of life challenges, but introduces us to new ones, and also to new rewards.

I was sitting around the table talking about aging with a group of mostly 70-somethings when one gentleman leaned forward and said, "Well, we didn't die young." We all laughed. Later, I realized that the statement really leads to a question. We didn't die young, so now what?

Human culture has long created rituals to mark the transition from childhood to maturity, such as bar or bat mitzvah for Jews, church confirmation, or graduation from high school. These rituals present a goal to strive for, time to prepare, and attendant rewards when the transition is complete. Likewise, if we want to have something to celebrate in our old age, we must set about the work of aging, a ritual of celebrating our elder status. The goal of this work is inner joy and peace; the real reward of the elder.

Inner Peace Is One of the Rewards of Age

This inner peace is not for a chosen few; I have seen it often. I have heard people say, "I am satisfied with my life; I did what I could," and "I am grateful for the opportunity to experience this life, to have worked, learned and cared for others." These are not idle platitudes; their serene countenance supports their claims.

It is my life search for this inner peace — for the reward of old age — that has me spending much of my time with elders, trying to understand how I can live my life to achieve this goal. Perhaps you have felt a little of what I am talking about? Just as sometimes I wake up in a grumpy mood for no particular reason, and other times I wake up with an inner swell, a fullness or happiness that I also don't fully understand but is, I think, a taste of this inner peace. I long to experience more of this.

Coming of Age: Continued on page 41

"Aging work ... is a process of forgiving and allowing old hurts to release their grip on us. I call this becoming familiar with the terrain of our past. It may be rocky, but rocks have their own gifts don't they?"

by Sandy Sabersky

Executive Director of Elderwise in Seattle

A woman in winter gear stands on a snowy mountain peak, looking back at her wildest achievement. The background shows a fjord filled with icebergs and a small boat in the distance. The sky is overcast.

Out and About
Journeys Completed or Contemplated

SEVEN

by Pam Mandel
Freelance travel writer and photographer

*One woman looks back at her wildest achievement
and the inherent loss in a dream now realized.*

I slumped back into my chair, overwhelmed. My seat at the window faced the stern. We were sliding past giant blue glaciers, their cracked faces a wall above the blue black mirror of the Lemaire Channel. I felt oddly sad all of a sudden, like I might cry, though sad isn't the right word at all. "What's the matter?" asked my breakfast companion. She must have seen the shift of emotion on my face, in my body.

"This is the last continent," I said. "I've been to all seven now."

Exploration in the Modern Age

"Charcot was an idiot," said the doctor, as we walked the icy slopes of Petermann Island.

French explorer Charcot anchored on the wrong side of the island. The prevailing winds blew ice into the cove, forcing him to winter over. The other side of the island, where the *Plancius* — "my" ship — was anchored while we were ashore, was free and clear. I looked south at Charcot's cove. A block of blue ice, vaguely reminiscent of a cowboy hat and the size of a modest house, was shifting, gradually, toward the shore. The weather was bad that day; it was raining, hard. The island was a worn-down slide of algae-covered snow and muddy penguin guano. Every now and then my boots would punch through the surface into a puddle of icy water. In two hours, I would be back on the ship. I would be wearing slippers and eating butternut squash soup. I would be uploading photos from my camera to my laptop. Charcot would probably have been listening to the ice crunch up against his ship (a sound I know now) and worrying. Charcot survived the winter — he died later in a shipwreck off the coast of Iceland, something I have no plans to do.

Lately I consider my travels in historical context. It's not that I am a great explorer; it's that I like to put the significance of my travels in the context of those brave humans, those madmen — and in some cases women — who went off the map so they could find out what was there. I like to be taken down a notch or 12 when I think I'm doing something special. I like to keep in mind the absolute privilege I have in being able to — can you believe this — take a ship to Antarctica to see penguins and seals and the wild

raw places where nature makes lunch out of all of us, should she be so inclined. Iced in with his crew, Charcot probably had hard tack and seal meat, while on the other side of the island I eat steamed rock cod with asparagus in a delicate mustard sauce followed by a baked fruit tart and coffee with milk and sugar.

I live in modern times, and for that I am grateful. Anyone who has the financial means can go to Antarctica; you need not be all that sturdy. Many travelers who go to Antarctica are retirees, gripping the handrails as they wander about the halls of the ship, moving carefully up and down the gangplanks. Not all travelers to Antarctica are wealthy, either. An Australian couple I met told me how they'd saved for years in order to take this adventure. This was their once in a lifetime experience. But once in a lifetime or not, a trip to Antarctica is achievable, for those with some means and the will to plan.



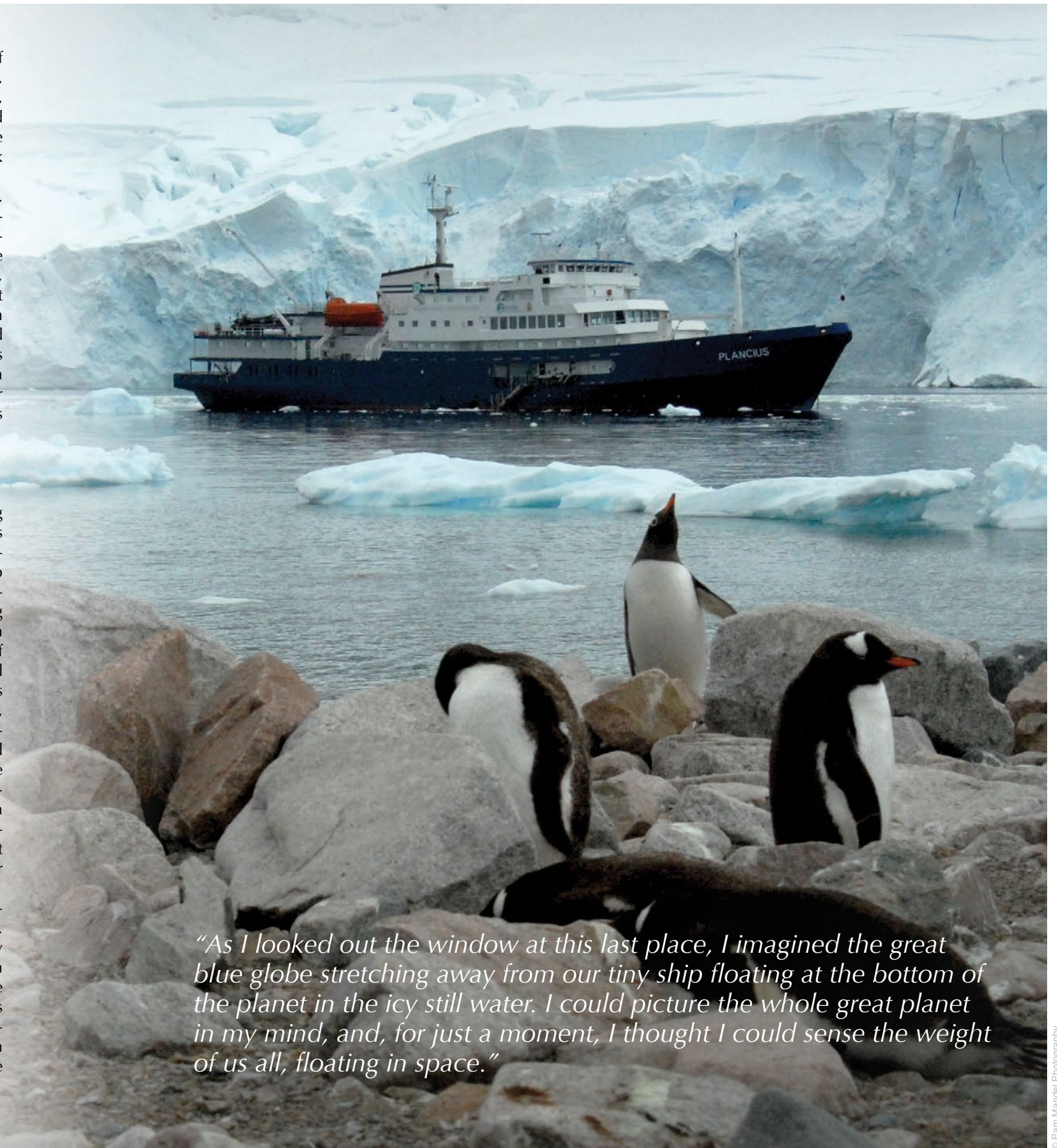
Where Have the Frontiers Gone?

If, instead of being born to modern times when a bookish, slightly odd female can step foot on all seven continents without raising an eyebrow, I'd been born in, say, the age of exploration, my world

would collapse upon me. To complete such travels I'd require a past life as the child of missionaries, diplomats, or a father involved in obscure botanical research for some institute, probably British, and later, back in London or Cambridge, there would be presentations in which I was not involved in anyway. I am much luckier to be born curious and to a somewhat open globe, to a time when the infrastructure exists in such a way that I can stand looking at Charcot's badly chosen anchorage and, a week or so later, sit on my couch in Seattle writing about it.

It was this sense of historical, geographical whiplash that had me gazing into the middle distance. In the collected lives of travelers, my existence, my adventures, are insignificant. I walked a mountain pass in the Himalayas. I rode a bicycle to see the Valley of the Kings in Egypt. I drove a car to Ayers Rock. I took a tour bus to see the temples of Angkor. I boarded a cruise ship to stand on the frozen ground of the seventh continent, Antarctica. I have

SEVEN: *Continued on page 41*



"As I looked out the window at this last place, I imagined the great blue globe stretching away from our tiny ship floating at the bottom of the planet in the icy still water. I could picture the whole great planet in my mind, and, for just a moment, I thought I could sense the weight of us all, floating in space."

Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice



Here are a few lessons learned over the course of my life from childhood to mother of a teenager:

1. When I was a child, my parents experienced severe financial difficulties. In the midst of this trial, we traveled to see friends in Canada and discovered that their teenage son had run away from home and was choosing to live on the streets. Money couldn't take away our friends' sorrow, whereas new jobs the following year restored my parents' fortune. The wisdom earned by my parents in this experience was this: There are problems and then there are tragedies. Problems can be solved by throwing money at them. Tragedies cannot be fixed no matter how much money you have.

I can't tell you the number of times these words of wisdom have been called to mind or shared with a friend or colleague when it was necessary to get correct perspective on a problem; they are a powerful reminder to be thankful that it's only a problem.

2. Before I started my first job after college, I spent three months unemployed during which time I spent two hours every day at the gym. After my first week of full-time employment, I complained to my father that now I didn't have time for exercise. I'm sure he was biting his tongue when he passed on this reality of life: Work really cuts into your day.

3. Don't tell me there is a problem; that's business. Tell me what you are doing to work the problem. This commandment was spoken to me

early in my career at Cornerstone by the former CEO of the Boeing Company, T.A. Wilson. This direct counsel helped me immensely to first recognize that problems weren't really problems; they were the entire reason why I had a job. And secondly, I learned not to call a client about a problem until I could follow up immediately with the solution I was going to provide.

4. Reality is always your friend. These words of wisdom come from Dr. Henry Cloud's fine book, *Integrity: The Courage to Meet the Demands of Reality*. They are equally powerful when you flip them around: Lack of reality is never your friend. This insight can be applied no matter if the challenge experienced is financial, relational or medical. One cannot solve a problem that has not been recognized and faced.

5. It's commendable to be optimistic and "expect a favorable outcome even when unfavorable outcomes are possible," but foolish to be so without a plan that works toward that end. That's why my long-time business partner, Bob Trenner, is fond of saying, "Hope is not a good business plan" (or marriage plan or financial plan). If there is anything I want to pass on to the upcoming generation, it is to not just "hope for the best" and do nothing else or believe "that it will all just work out" with no action or prayer. Hope must be combined with rolling up your sleeves and facing the reality of the situation.

Age with Grace

"Wisdom doesn't necessarily come with age. Sometimes age just shows up all by itself." — Tom Wilson

Seasons of life. Growth opportunities. Trials. Whatever one calls them, out of these experiences our character is formed. If we are so fortunate, we become acquainted with wisdom along the way. Since our world is desperately in need of wisdom, I want to encourage you to celebrate it — "to make it known publicly," according to the dictionary. Celebrate wisdom you have earned and learned, and share those guiding principles with others.

by Sue Peterson, CFA
Managing Director, Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

FINANCIALLY

I have found that, by and large, my friends wouldn't go back in time to their 20s for any amount of money because they so value the wisdom they've attained since that age."

Now that I've shared the wisdom I've earned and learned over the past 40 years of my life, I encourage you to pick up a pen and jot down guiding principles of your life. Take a time during your life, whether a phase of your schooling, career, parenting or marriage, and think about those "growth opportunities" that then led to a change in how you viewed the world, felt about yourself, or approached a problem. Include your spouse or a long-time friend or colleague in the process, and reminisce and laugh about how far you've come. I have found that, by and large, my friends wouldn't go back in time to their 20s for any amount of money because they so value the wisdom they've attained since that age. That's something to celebrate and memorialize for the next generation. Share what you've discovered. If you send your writings to me, I'll work with the publisher of LIV FUN to include some of these words of wisdom in the next quarterly publication, so we can celebrate the richness of shared experiences. ♦

Relationship Confidential

Redefining Intimacy

Rejoicing in the Magic of SEX AFTER 60

Does sex lose its luster as we age?

If we redefine what we mean by 'sex,' the best just may be yet to come.

by Charla Hathaway
Author, speaker and relationship coach

As an intimacy educator and author in my 60s, I'm asked, "Does sex get better or worse as you get older?" "Well," I reflect, "that depends ... and a lot of it depends on how you define 'sex' in the first place."

Students squirm at the question. Even with a professional sex coach this stuff is hard to talk about. I suggest, "If you define 'sex' as one organ plumbed into another for a wiggle, wiggle ... pop, then 'sex' as you age poses new challenges ... and new risks."

Body parts don't work the same as before. In addition, if you haven't already learned to talk candidly with your partner about sex, then probably the experience is going to be downhill from here.

On the other hand, if you define sex in broader terms, then it can mean much more than interacting with the plumbing. Consider how we use the word love—you love your mother, love your dog, love pizza, and love freedom. In a similar way, sex can be defined as the pleasure that comes when bodies

meet and tangle in a place of mutual safety, respect and vulnerability. With this expanded (and more truthful) definition, aging can open a new sexual landscape — one that is deeply textured with the precious recognition of mortality and divinity.

With Age Comes a New Acceptance

Maturity can bring an acceptance of our bodies, an appreciation for each other, and a grace for treasuring each moment we have together. In a larger definition, sex becomes an intricate web of attention and touch that expresses our innate longing to play, connect, belong, and experience our bodies as sacred. With this mature definition, sex definitely gets better with age. As the physical changes of our aging bodies manifest, we can choose to focus on and celebrate the mental aspects of lovemaking and bring an added depth and dimension to the experience.

"Mature lovers choose to throw away the old scripts; there is no right way — just this way, with this person, this time. They stop trying 'to do' or perform, and start noticing sensations."

An older client once confessed, "Finally, I get to enjoy being aroused." Not that he didn't enjoy sex in his younger years. What he means is that, with maturity, men slow down and genuinely seek more intimacy. They stop withholding their feelings, stop worrying so much about results and stop being goal oriented in the bedroom! Women change in their own ways, too. They stop apologizing for their brand of sexuality, and become more confident, listening to their own rhythm, learning to initiate and take responsibility for what they want and need. A new playing field emerges where men and women can enjoy a growing pleasure and connection.

Slow Down, But Don't Stop!

As elders, while we are happy to slow down, we also know there is no time to waste. Silly games of trying to read each other's mind are replaced with a new-found transparency. Forgiveness and a sense of humor trump the previous destination sex with its predictable beginning, middle and end (boring?), and replaces it with meandering sex, where attention, the food of love, reigns. We learn to be instead of to do. We're delighted with the unexpected — a wisp of hair on the cheek, a fingertip behind the knee, a lick on the ear, and laughter — at ourselves and our seriousness.

Sure, bodies change; whether we're 20 or 80, we're aging. For both men and women, tissues thin and dry, unused muscles decline, and the vascular system relaxes. To counter these physical changes, we can choose to enhance the mental aspects of love-making — heighten our focus and ability to take in and experience pleasure. We can learn to slow down, ask for what we want, and enjoy sensations through our skin — an organ that, mercifully, grows in sensitivity as we age.

While speaking to groups, I've asked rooms full of women, "Is size important?" "Yes," they respond, but it is the size of their partner's attention, his caring, his compassion that is the true measure, they explain. Mature lovers choose to throw away the old scripts; there is no right way — just this way, with this person, this time. They stop trying 'to do' or perform, and start noticing sensations. Beyond the thinking body lives the feeling body. Beyond the doing body is the being body. Why does it take us so long to discover this?

So, does sex get better or worse as we age? Depends, and we get to choose. And choosing is what makes us human.

My mother, at age 85, was sitting naked in a hot tub with me at a nudist resort — our first time! I asked her about her own experience of sex in her elder years. She smiled at her cutting-edge daughter's question. "Remember when I visited China in the '70s before President Nixon 'opened' China to the West?" she responded. I smiled at my globe-traveling mother, remembering the Mao jacket she had brought me back from her journey. "I was given a vibrator at a Chinese medical clinic for back pain and discovered putting it elsewhere felt great. I still have that vibrator, and I tell you those feelings are as strong now as they were in my 40s."

Shame that we don't raise our kids to understand that yes, sex can be exciting when you're young, but for really great sex, the kind that turns the universe inside-out, you're just going to have to wait — no way around it! ♦



Your Life Well Lived

Wellness Advice for Mind,
Body and Spirit

APPRECIATING LIFE

An illness or injury can dramatically alter the way we see the world. With this different lens, sometimes we discover a new type of mystery and magic.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

© Betsy Gertz Photography

MY sister, typically ebullient and charismatic, our unofficial stand-up comic, adrenaline-seeking emergency medicine nurse, and world-traveling art photographer, sat at a family meal in the budding month of April shivering with the onset of what we thought would be a passing “bug.” This bug turned out to be a monster beast: herpes encephalitis, a potentially fatal infection of the brain. Nobody could explain why my sister became one of approximately 200,000 cases to be diagnosed that year, with the best possible outcome being mild irreversible brain damage.

Beyond any patient’s struggle looms the collateral damage. I was selecting a bag of shrimp at Trader Joe’s when my cell phone rang with a too-calm voice asking if I was “next of kin.” Without warning (as if that would have helped!) I was hijacked, plucked directly from the frozen food bin straight to the frigid confines of the intensive care unit. Lives interrupted, never to be the same.

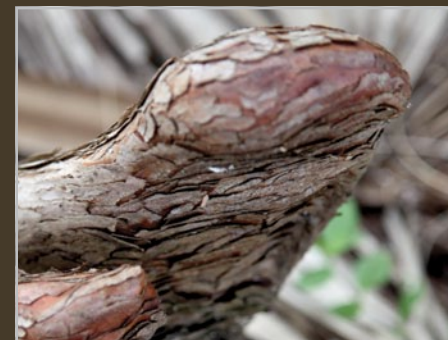
What followed was a brutal boot camp of life training, and I was a naïve recruit. After all, we never do expect life-as-we-know-it to change in a thin splice of moments, even

though we are reminded of this reality time after time. Loss of loved ones, job changes, financial crises, leaving our homes, and difficult diagnoses, like this one, are just the beginning of a long list of paths to inner frenzy. What can we do to protect and strengthen ourselves, knowing these events can unravel us?

Nine years after her last hospital stay, my sister and I are taking a walk in the woods on an unseasonably warm winter morning, blue skies above, crisp paths underfoot. The reservoir off to the right is a dark gray, and I am imagining the lily pads that will soon dance along its smooth surface. The sun is at a low angle, throwing shadows on my sister’s face as she mechanically lifts her feet to avoid tripping on thick roots. She is visiting me because her spirits are languishing. Since she no longer works, it has been hard to find her purpose in life. We are still in the aftermath, still seeking a new normal, still searching for ways to appreciate life through a different lens.

The camera bounces at her side as we navigate paths strewn with fallen branches, stones and rocks that have been dislocated by seasonal shifting. Winter has been mild,

Through a Different Lens



but everything is affected one way or another. I watch as she studies the ground, peers into emptied-out stumps, and gets personal with the emerald green moss growing on the barren tree trunk. She bends down slowly and deliberately, adjusts the focus on the lens, and zooms up close to the smallest of images.

Quietly I celebrate how differently we move through this shared experience. I come to the woods often as a way of being good to myself; here I build and replenish my internal stores. Stepping onto the path, the details of my life are lifted away as my attention is drawn to the expansiveness of nature. In my mind’s eye, I zoom out, and intentionally I expand my curiosity about everything I see, hear, feel and smell. Under the trees I am part of a larger whole, and like all things around me I feel strong, adaptive and resilient. I make a conscious effort to inhale the beauty so I can keep it with me, pass it along to others. Leaving these woods, I am more hopeful, graced by a higher power, physically enliv-

ened, and more capable of addressing what seem like smaller personal challenges, even when they are big monster beasts.

While my mind’s eye is zooming out, my sister’s is zooming in. She chooses to adjust her lens to something much smaller; she squints to see micro images that only she knows are there. After a series of shots, we press our shoulders together to shadow the screen, and in the silence of the sleepy woods we review her cache. I can’t believe what I see: two trunks merged in an unintended embrace, a decaying stump that mirrors a fish with gills, the bark that is crumbling but still begging to hold onto its source. My sister has captured the majesty in the smallness of things; she narrows her lens to see a bigger world. Inside, a quiet prayer rises in me that she is on her own path, getting closer to appreciating her life through her own new lens, however narrowed or expansive it is.

Appreciating Life: *Continued on page 42*

© Betsy Gertz Photography

Retire Like You Mean It

Your Life, Your Rules

TEACHING For a Lifetime

Retire like you mean it. At Leisure Care, that's our motto, and we hope that every single resident who lives at a Leisure Care-managed retirement community does just that. Want to write a book? Great. Go skydiving? Sure. Travel the world? No problem. At Leisure Care, retirement doesn't mean you stop living; it means you are just getting started. Our residents continue to thrive and follow their passions, and at The Reserve at Thousand Oaks in Thousand Oaks, California, we found someone who fits this motto to a "T."

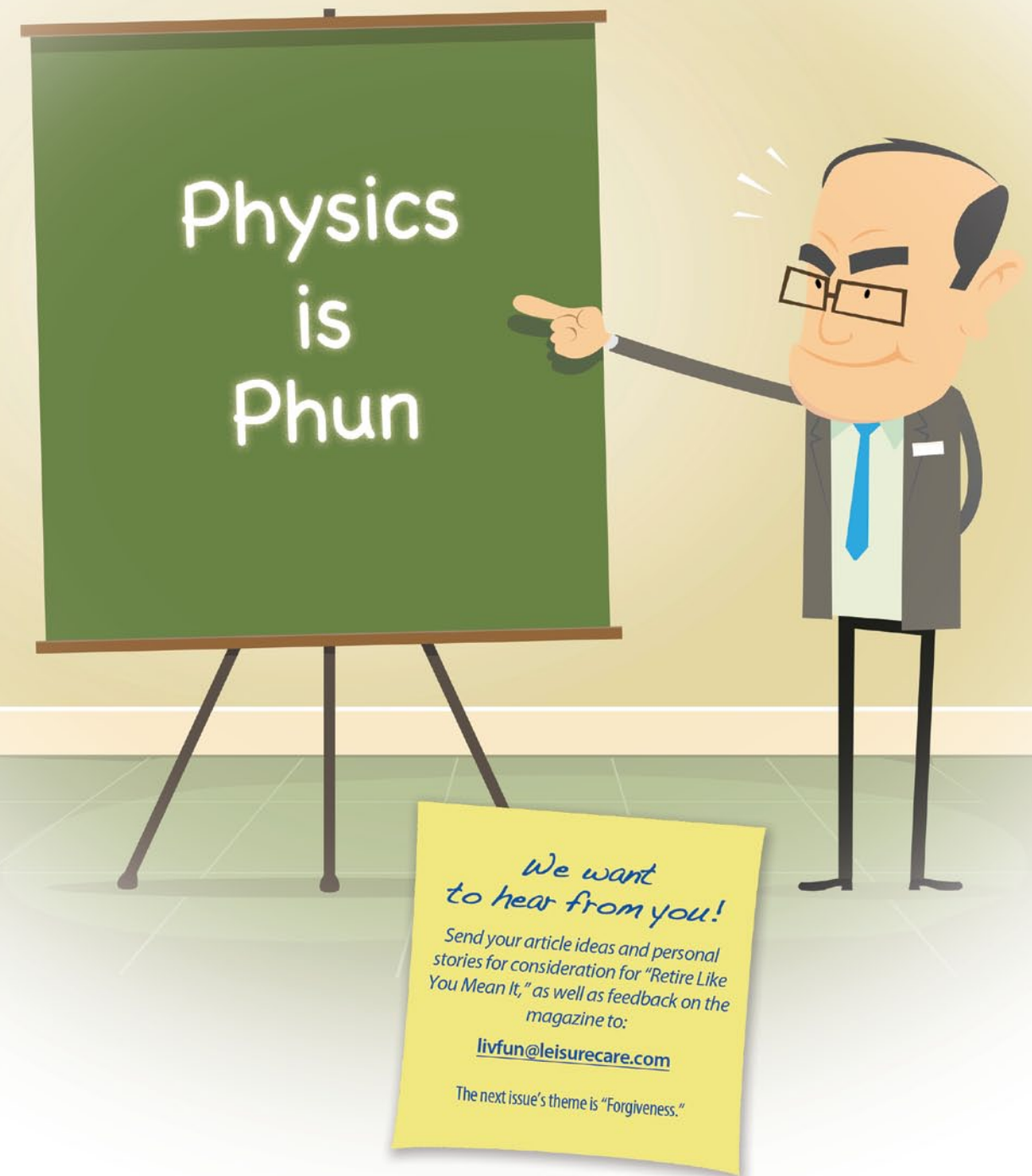
Sheldon Shanack has lived at The Reserve at Thousand Oaks since January 2011. A former teacher with a Ph.D. in physics from New York University, Sheldon has been retired for six years. Born and raised in New York City, Sheldon was always interested in academics; one of his favorite childhood memories is of winning the eighth grade spelling bee for the borough of Queens. Mathematics and physics were his particular passions — he liked the challenge and felt physics was an important field. Learning and applying his knowledge wasn't enough for him though; Sheldon wanted to teach and share the world of physics to those around him. After completing his undergraduate studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and earning a doctorate at New York University, Sheldon knew he wanted to remain in an academic environ-

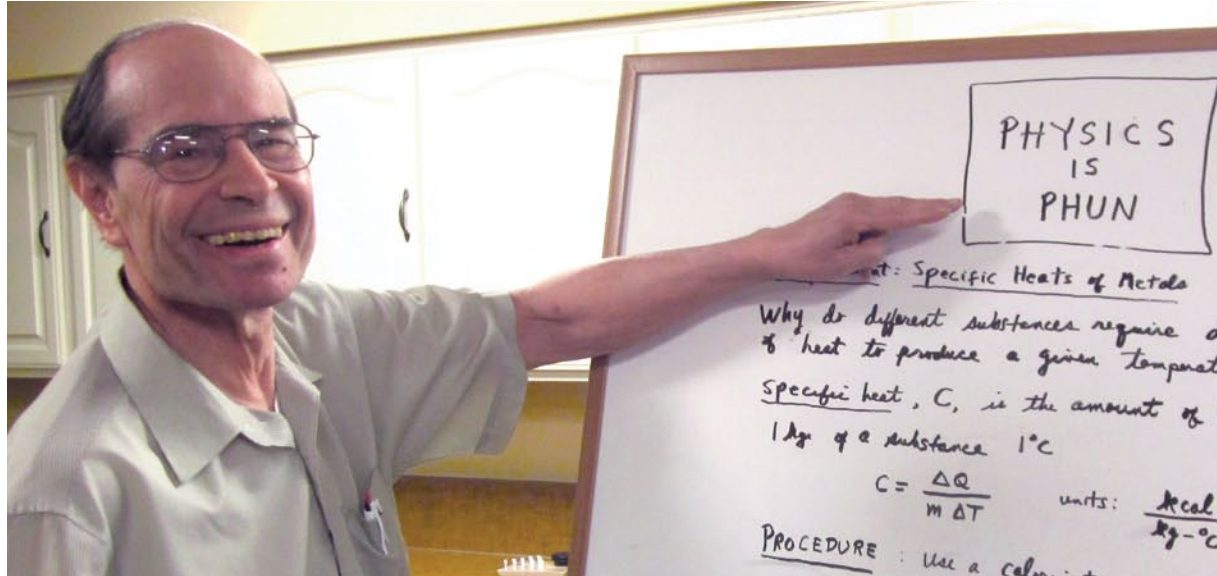
ment, and he felt his personal goals could best be met teaching at the college or university level.

As Sheldon set out on his journey, he soon realized that openings for physics professors were hard to come by. He expanded his search and happened upon an opening at Stuyvesant High School, a specialized science high school in New York City. While reviewing the position and curriculum, he soon realized that it was just what he was looking for. He found the students to be engaged, responsive, and truly interested in learning. Sheldon would spend the next 28 years teaching classical and quantum physics at Stuyvesant High School.

By the time Sheldon retired in 2006, all of his family had moved to California. With nothing holding him back, Sheldon packed his belongings and headed out west to the Golden State to start his next chapter. Soon after relocating Sheldon moved into The Reserve, where he quickly put his teaching skills to use. Strong on the computer, Sheldon found the Internet to be an excellent resource. Residents began to lean on him as "the answer man," looking to him when they had a question about any variety of topics. "Now they sit next to me in the computer room and ask a lot of questions. I love it!" explained Sheldon when asked how he applies his passion for teaching in his daily life at The Reserve.

For this California resident, retiring doesn't mean the end of his career, only a new chapter and a new way of learning.





Sheldon Shanack, resident and instructor at The Reserve at Thousand Oaks in Thousand Oaks, California.

“They ask great questions and relate the laboratory work with the lecture work with me, which makes it very interesting. In the lecture, they learn about physics; in the laboratory, they do physics!”

After arriving at The Reserve, Sheldon also began tutoring high school students who were taking Advanced Placement Physics. There was a great need for tutors in the field, particularly at the high school level, and tutoring began to fill the void that was left when he retired from teaching. Sheldon soon found himself wanting to be involved on a more regular basis. “I wanted to be involved with students and continue teaching. I felt I could be of assistance to students out here and was still able to teach, so I figured, why not?”

Knowing that a lot had changed since he first entered the profession, Sheldon took some computer classes to get back up to speed. Soon he was applying online to colleges in the area and thus began the second phase of his teaching career — as a part-time physics professor at Oxnard College in Ventura County, California.

In this role, Sheldon teaches a laboratory class and has found that the students are very interested in doing the work and are focused on learning via the experimental method. He has been able to bridge the “old-school” education he had with the new modern methods he’s learned and is able to reach students in different ways.

“They ask great questions and relate the laboratory work with the lecture work with me, which makes it very interesting. In the lecture, they learn about physics; in the laboratory, they do physics!” exclaimed Sheldon. “I mention to the students in the lab that it is important to collect data. I was able to quote a line from Sherlock Holmes when Sherlock is asked, ‘What does it all mean?’ and he answers, ‘I don’t know; I have no data!’ They think I’m pretty funny.”

When he’s not teaching, Sheldon can often be found on the computer enjoying a game of online chess, learning new things, and getting involved in community activities. He is a member of the community Ambassador Council, and his cheery disposition rubs off on everyone he meets. He’s inspiring those around him to retire like they mean it, too. Sheldon’s outlook on life can be summed up by one of his favorite quotes: “Life is a one-way street.” When asked what this means to him, Sheldon replied, “Once something has been done, you cannot go back. It cannot be undone. I could no longer continue teaching as I had in New York, so this transition is just a change of venue — I found another street to teach on.” ♦

Written by Traci Kuster, brand manager at Leisure Care, with contributions by Jodi Shuben, sales advisor at The Reserve at Thousand Oaks.

THE AGELESS JOY OF A VITAL LIFE



By Beth Ann Bassein
Resident at MacKenzie Place
Colorado Springs

As we get older, facing each day as if it were a new experience is a profound yet simple cause for celebration. We do this if we replace “I can’t” with “I can,” and continue to enjoy the things we have always done. We need not ask our children to do our income taxes for us or consult with us when we choose to sell our property or buy a new car.

They need not give their blessing for us to take a 2,000-mile trip. We love our children and grandchildren, and we want their lives to be full and, as long as possible, not complicated by our issues.

I like to read books that deal with the current world situation, politics, and life as it is lived by the average person. Personally, I am particularly interested in history, literature and classical music, and I like current movies (everyone should see *The Iron Lady*) and discussions about the environment, the development of the Western United States, and how science has brought us to where we are. I find writing poetry and prose very satisfying; my computer is my friend. I am blessed with reasonably good eyes and access to intelligent people, libraries, lectures, and informed discussion groups that delve into education, religion and controversial topics. I strive for variety in my life and particularly enjoy volunteering at our nature centers — something I have done since 1991.

There are manifold ways we can give back as we “grow older” and celebrate our new elder status.

The activities I have suggested keep every day fresh and varied. Don’t minimize the contentment and joy in creating a simple embroidery, keeping one’s apartment in order, or shopping at one of our tantalizing stores; the beauty of seeing great bins of sweet peppers — do you buy one of each color just for the fun of it? Do you, like me, indulge when pushing the cart down the long row of tasty breads? I like walks, too, in my neighborhood, especially when spring flowers are peeking through. I really don’t understand idle moments; my advice would be to void them.

Life is too full of mystery to abandon meaningful learning experiences. I realize many people around me have mobility issues or are experiencing serious medical problems. However, I am sure they too appreciate the wealth of learning opportunities they can still have that raise their spirits and engage their brains. The realization that we can still experience joyful moments under trying circumstances makes life not only more enduring, but endlessly vital. A day never repeats itself; realizing this can teach us something new, even in trying circumstances. Of course, we cannot forget to go to the gym where the motto is always “keep flexible.” Staying active — physically, mentally and spiritually — is the best defense yet for “getting old.” ♦

Beth Ann Bassein taught British literature for 25 years at Southern Colorado State in Pueblo, Colorado. She grew up in Missouri and received her Ph.D. at the University of Missouri. She has traveled considerably to such places as Russia and India and appreciates the mountains of the West. Among her major concerns and passions is protecting the environment. Beth Ann currently resides at MacKenzie Place in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

ROLL OUT THE RED CARPET

We can laugh about it, or cry about it, but aging happens; a 50-something looks at the hysterical possibilities.

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver

I'M always leery when someone tells me I'm about to enter a new chapter in my life. It implies something painful has occurred — divorce, job loss, an embarrassing email sent to the wrong person.

Upon turning 50 this past year, friends and family volunteered “new chapter” advice in cards and e-mail, suggesting my life had taken an ugly turn for the worse.

Instead of reaching an age, I felt as if I had contracted a malady. I considered checking the Mayo Clinic's online list of diseases, half expecting to see Trachoma, Trench Mouth, Turning 50.

The consoling tone in the birthday messages shocked me. Never once in the weeks prior did I express dread or disbelief, or even an open disdain, for early-bird dinner specials. I was perfectly content, viewing 50 not as a lament, but as a proud achievement. Worthy, in fact, of a whoop-out-loud celebration.

To my sister, who embraces aging like Iran embraces nuclear inspectors, this was unacceptable. “That’s because you’re age-myopic, incapable of seeing the shortcomings of growing old,” she hissed over the phone.

“Untrue,” I replied. “I fretted turning two. I loved being one. No responsibilities. Constant attention. Every moment new and fresh. But when I hit two — wham! I couldn’t cope and spiraled into a full-blown mid-toddler crisis. Suddenly there were social pressures to walk and talk, hold a spoon, and understand the meaning of no. However, once I realized I could not turn back the clock and relive those glorious days of infancy, I was at peace, forever accepting aging not as a step, stage or chapter, but as a celebration of new perspectives and challenges.”

“You’re lying,” she grumbled.

She was probably right. So what? My point was to accept rather than deny. Choose to be Betty White rather than Joan Rivers.

Poet/novelist Jim Harrison once scribed, “Young people seem not to know that they are going to get old, but older people know that they are not going to become young again.”

The faster one acknowledges that there is no replay button, the faster one resolves to stop treating life like a random afterthought. Our time is now too scarce to spend it any other way than with life’s appreciation-pedal mashed to the floor without fear of consequence.

And, why not? At this juncture in life, we’ve earned the right to be blissfully oblivious to the potholes of public opinion that so often caused us to tentatively tiptoe through our younger days.

Aging is liberating. The quirks of our youth are now viewed as our badges of authenticity. Don’t hold back. Revel in who you are and where you are. Chase your folly. Pursue new experiences. Give yourself permission to feel amateurish and awkward and even weird.

Feeling guilty over handing out Burger King ketchup packets at Halloween? So what? High-five yourself for giving the neighbors a story.

Feel like hanging out around popular hiking trails while dressed as a wizard with the sole intent of bothering confused hikers trying to find themselves? Go for it. Enjoy the moment. Take satisfaction in knowing you’ve made someone’s day memorable.

Or, do what I recently stumbled upon and listen to three totally different CD books on shuffle. The other day, much to the chagrin of family, I did this with Beatrix Potter’s *The Tale of Peter Rabbit*, Dan Brown’s *The Da Vinci Code* and Mary Shelley’s *Frankenstein*. Wonderful. It made it sound like Peter Rabbit, after digging around in Mr. McGregor’s vegetable garden, discovered the Holy Grail, but then tragically perished in a windmill fire.

When I shared this insight with my sister, she was unimpressed. “But you’re still over the hill,” she countered with her usual optimism. “You’re old as dirt.”

New chapter. Over the hill. Old as dirt. Aging is thick with overused metaphors. If forced to choose one, I’d compare aging to being relocated from an area you enjoy — don’t look at what you’re going to lose, look at what you’re going to gain.

And, so far, I like what I’ve gained. With age I have better self-awareness, allowing focus on the important: family, friends, finding different CD books to play on shuffle.

Age has also given me greater appreciation for living in the now. No longer do I see a sunset; I marvel at a sunset. No longer do I eat a meal; I enjoy a meal. And no longer do I pretend to enjoy watching soccer; I instead lie to my nephew that I can’t come to his game due a scheduling conflict.

Yes, getting on in age comes with many reasons to celebrate. ♦

“At this juncture in life, we’ve earned the right to be blissfully oblivious to the potholes of public opinion that so often caused us to tentatively tiptoe through our younger days.”

Choosing Grace

Life relentlessly hands us change; how we choose to view it makes all the difference.

By Elana Zaiman / Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

Some years ago I was teaching a class on theology in the retirement community where I serve as a chaplain. A nearly blind woman in her 90s, whom I'll call Eleanor, spoke about her belief in God. When Eleanor finished speaking, a self-identified atheist seated a few rows behind her said incredulously, "How can she believe in God when she is almost blind?"

"Interesting question," I said to the woman. "Why don't you ask Eleanor?"

This woman turned toward Eleanor and repeated her question. "Eleanor, how can you believe in God when you're almost blind?"

It took Eleanor but a moment to respond. She turned to me and she said, "I can see you a little." She turned to the woman next to me and said, "I can see you a little." She turned to the woman seated two seats away from me and said, "And I can see you a little." After a brief pause she concluded, "And for being able to see even a little, I thank God."

The room fell silent.

Silent as we sat in awe of Eleanor, who refused to let her diminishing sight take her down, who refused to let her diminishing sight steal her spirit, and who refused to let her diminishing sight stop her from seeing.

We were in awe for yet another reason: We were in awe of Eleanor who was able to interpret her diminishing sight as cause for celebration.

I don't know about you, but when I think of celebration, I don't think of diminishment. I think of progress,

growth, and forward movement. I think of baby namings and birthdays, confirmations and graduations, weddings and anniversaries. I think of milestones: an infant turning over for the first time or a toddler taking that first step. I think of moments like securing a spot on the baseball team, being accepted into college, landing a job, completing a dissertation, sending in the final galleys of a book, setting an Olympic record, achieving a goal we set for ourselves, whatever that goal may be. I could go on. So could you. Many moments give us cause for celebration.

But how many of us think of our declining vision as cause for celebration? How many of us think of our failing memory as cause for celebration? How many of us think of celebrating how much longer it takes us to get ourselves moving in the morning or how much more tentative we have become as we move through this world?

I don't.

That is, until I remember Eleanor. And even then I fall short, unable to see as clearly as she did, even with my vision intact.

Let's be clear. Eleanor did not celebrate her loss of vision. Eleanor celebrated what sight continued to remain. She did so because she understood that as she aged her physical and mental capacities would continue to diminish, and she could choose how she wanted to understand and interpret this change. No, she would not complain. She would not choose bitterness or depression. She would choose to celebrate what little sight she had left.

What if we were to follow Eleanor's example?

What if instead of concentrating on our inability to access words as quickly as we once could, we were to celebrate our ability to use the words we are able to find? What if instead of concentrating on our failing memory, we were to celebrate our ability to remember the precious memories we are able to recall? What if instead of concentrating on the length of time it takes us to get ourselves moving in the morning, we were to celebrate our ability to awaken to a new day and face that day as we so choose? What if instead of concentrating on how much more tentative we have become as we move through this world, we were to concentrate on our ability to continue to move through this world, however tentative?

Why stop here? While we're at it, why not celebrate the gifts that come with age? Our ability to let the small things that used to weigh us down seem less weighty. Our wisdom to know when to offer advice, and when to remain silent. Our legacy: our children, our grandchildren, our friends and our accomplishments.

There is a prayer in the Jewish tradition that is recited upon awakening each morning. The words are simple, yet profound: "I am grateful to you God for returning my soul to me." To the ancients, sleep was a mini-death. Upon going to sleep there was no guarantee that one would wake up the next morning. There is still no guarantee. Just to wake up to a new day is cause for celebration. ♦

Served With Love: Continued from page 17

der and harmony" was answered through his marriage to Alice, her family's nurturing embrace, and the discovery of God's providential role in his life. Chris describes this transformative faith decision as the recognition "of the vibrant reality of God's word, imprinted on every page of my life's story."

Inheriting the restaurant in 1977, just before the birth of their third son, Chris and Alice carried the business forward with gravity, vision and a commitment to investing in others. Nightly, they helped coordinate and carry out celebrations of all shapes and sizes, from Deng Xiaoping and his small entourage who dined at Canlis in 1979, to revelers who feasted on a 10-course "Millennium Eve" dinner in 1999, to leading philanthropists who were celebrated at the restaurant's 60th birthday party when a nonprofit matching campaign was launched.

Here, it's not uncommon for a girl arriving for her first "dress-up" dining experience to be seated near a couple commemorating their 60th wedding anniversary, and regulars waiting for their favorite table to brush elbows with guests who saved all year to mark a special occasion. It's a setting that has marked tranquil evenings before babies' births, commemorated a last dinner between a terminally ill mother and her six daughters, and served as the backdrop for countless engagements, anniversaries, reunions, graduations and birthdays.

As Chris sees it: "In life, you enter into moments of time when you are faced by a choice; you can either settle for a flat existence or make the conscious decision to give back, not let events become mundane, forgotten. People today can be uncomfortable with intimate gatherings; with so much at their fingertips, they can forget to even lift their eyes up. Yet the need for celebration, and connection, has only increased over time." Alice adds, "Celebrating is about creating the space to mark something. Time and relationships are a person's most valuable possessions. It's a trust we honor."

And that's where the importance of making time for celebrations, even belatedly, comes in. Since so many holidays were also workdays in the Canlis household, Alice stressed to her sons that "it wasn't about the day, but the meaning of the day. It almost felt as though we were experiencing life twice." This focus on why celebrations occur, rather than insisting that events be celebrated on a particular day, made possible an environment of childlike anticipation. Mark remembers, "As kids, we were celebrated for who we were becoming. Time together was casual, simple,

without pomp or circumstance. We learned how joy is accomplished and sustained."

Along with keeping family activities creative and fun, repetition increases the likelihood that a tradition will continue. Over time, Chris and Alice have watched the family rituals they fostered stick, morph, or fade away. They are quick to point out, though, that this is how it's supposed to be. "Celebrations used to be centered at home or at our restaurant; now they are centered in other people's worlds, in our children's homes. Our kids do some things differently, and it isn't always what we would have done. Yet we're giving them a chance to create and discover. We have become an adjunct part, because we're no longer at the center."

In this spirit, Chris and Alice began the annual tradition of renting two A-frame cottages in the Scottish Highlands for the week after Christmas to spend quality time with their oldest son, Matt, a pastor based in Methlick, Scotland, and his wife and children. Dubbed "Iona's Birthday House" after one of their granddaughters whose birthday is celebrated the same week, this event has become one of the year's cherished gatherings. Activities include displaying well-loved, if squashed and tattered, props and decorations, serving Dr. Seuss-inspired "green eggs and ham," going for swims, taking walks in the snow, and blowing out candles on a mountain-shaped cake.

As Søren Kierkegaard once wrote, "We live forwards but we

understand backwards." It's a maxim Alice and Chris find particularly resonant at this stage of their lives, when the joys and challenges associated with life's transitions are more fully discerned in retrospect. As they reflect on a lifetime of celebrations, they treasure the many opportunities they've had to "lift others up and deepen bonds between people." Yet it's the future they find most exciting. "Finishing well," as they love to call it, "is taking what we've learned together and applying this knowledge to our lives and the shared celebrations still ahead."

Though no longer actively immersed in restaurant operations, Chris and Alice maintain a dynamic, vibrant lifestyle. In addition to mentoring relationships locally, they've accepted requests to oversee celebrations with the Canlis touch at other locations across the country. Though these venues, like the Art House in Nashville, don't necessarily resemble Canlis' spacious dining room, "we get to do something our lives trained us to do, personally and professionally." Ultimately, celebrations of life's richest gifts, our time and our relationships, have that capacity — to be enjoyed, built upon, honored, remembered, and passed on to future generations. ♦



The Canlis children are veterans at celebrating special occasions.



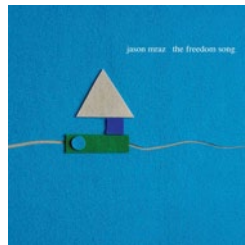
A Prairie Home Companion

For the length of a single broadcast of Garrison Keillor's famed radio show — the final broadcast in the movie's fictional universe — onstage shenanigans vie with backstage drama to create a lively, wry portrait of a community. Being the last broadcast, an elegiac air hangs over the event; indeed, Death itself (or herself, as the case may be) is literally waiting in the wings. This warm and lovely 2006 film turned out to be the final work by the radically talented director Robert Altman, whose sardonic edge keeps the movie from becoming simple, and whose work with actors unleashes a marvelous cast (Keillor is but one of a large ensemble that includes Meryl Streep, Lily Tomlin, Tommy Lee Jones, and Kevin Kline as the radio detective Guy Noir). In the end, the party is not just a celebration of showbiz or a particular radio show, but of life itself.

MUSIC REVIEWS

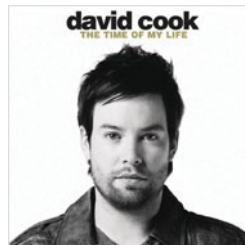
In our summer issue, it's only fitting that we honor a few choice selections that celebrate the irresistible call of happiness, the unique joy of living in the moment and loving it, the gift of love everlasting, and embracing whatever comes your way.

by Beverly Ingle / San Antonio-based freelance writer



The Freedom Song (single) — Jason Mraz, 2012

Without a doubt, Jason Mraz can be counted on for delivering feel-good melodies and lyrics, and he doesn't fail with his cover of "The Freedom Song," a popular standard in his live sets but never before recorded by Mraz himself. Arguably a bit "poppy" and upbeat, it could be a little too cheery for some who might not have yet fully embraced how good life is no matter where you are. "The Freedom Song" was the first of three tracks released exclusively on iTunes before Mraz's latest full album, *Love Is a Four Letter Word*, was released in April 2012.



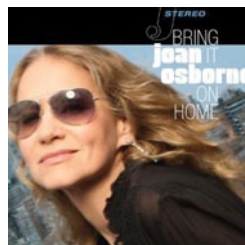
The Time of My Life (single) — David Cook, 2008

If you missed David Cook the first time around when he won the seventh season of popular reality show *American Idol*, get thee to iTunes or Amazon right away and download this anthem to making the best of every opportunity and celebrating whatever comes your way. "The Time of My Life" was Cook's closing performance following his win on the reality show, as well as his first single to be released post-*Idol*. If you're the kind of person who wants to "live every moment out loud," then this could very well be your theme song.



A Thousand Years (single) — Christina Perri, 2011

Who among us doesn't dream of the gift of everlasting love — to be told that you've been loved for a thousand years and will be loved for a thousand more? This irresistible love song appears on the soundtrack for the movie *The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn Part 1*, but don't let that color your perception. Christina Perri's performance is appealing to anyone with a romantic side, and while falling in love with a vampire may be camp, the passion in these lyrics is anything but.



Bring It On Home (album) — Joan Osborne, 2012

The brash blonde with the smoky, irrepressible vocals handpicked this selection of vintage blues and soul numbers for her seventh album, which perfectly showcases her talent and style. Long-time fans and newbies alike will revel in her cover performances of such blues favorites as "I Want To Be Loved" and "I Don't Need No Doctor." Of particular note is Osborne's upbeat, enthusiastic cover of "Shake Your Hips," which is apparently the chance result of an impromptu in-studio jam session among Osborne, collaborator Jack Petruzzelli, and other studio musicians ... and a wonderful example of embracing what comes your way, planned or not. ♦



© Pam Mandel Photography

SEVEN: Continued from page 24

accomplished so little — probably you know many people who have done exactly what I've done. But now, I hold this unique honor of having visited all seven continents. What times we live in that someone like me, with weak upper body strength and perpetually cold hands, can stand on all seven continents!

I travel in the footsteps of all the great explorers. Sitting on the ship,

while my coffee went cold, I again imagined the long blue lines of the planet between where I sat and my home back in Seattle. I wrapped the lines the horizontal way, too, around the belt of the planet to Honolulu, Alice Springs, Saigon, Delhi. (There are yet many places in the world I have not been — I would like to see the churches of Ethiopia. I would like to see elephants in the wild.) As I looked out the window at this last place, I

imagined the great blue globe stretching away from our tiny ship floating at the bottom of the planet in the icy still water. I could picture the whole great planet in my mind, and, for just a moment, I thought I could sense the weight of us all, floating in space.

I pushed my toast away; I wasn't hungry anymore. "I've been to all seven continents." I said. I looked out the window and tried not to cry. ♦

Coming of Age: Continued from page 21

The Work of Aging Includes Noticing What Brings Joy

So what is the work of aging that points us in the direction of finding our inner peace? What might you do to encourage this process? One thing is stunning in its simplicity: to notice what brings you joy and inner peace, and do more of those things! When you do feel that inner joy or happiness, stop a minute and stay with that feeling. Spend a little more time there. Be grateful for it, and experience it fully.

Another activity I find useful is thinking of the things that support this feeling in me. It is not the external; not movies or intellectual debate, interesting travel or fine food. Rather, it comes from within: thinking lovingly of others, singing or being with uplifting company. Other activities might include helping your neighbors, contemplating the higher truths, and reading uplifting literature or poetry. It is different for each of us, and we know our bliss when we feel it.

An excellent book that describes the work of aging is *From Age-ing to Sage-ing* by Zalman Schachter Shalomi. It explains how we can free ourselves from encumbrances, such as unnecessary hurt and anger from the past and fears of the future, that may hinder our desire to be free, live fully in the present, and be with our inner joy.

Aging work includes the process of coming to terms with our past — our younger life, how we grew up, and the choices we made along the way. It is a process of forgiving and allowing old hurts to release their grip on us. I call this becoming familiar with the terrain of our past. It may be rocky, but rocks have their own gifts don't they? Rocks can be sharp, difficult to climb over, and are generally hard. These hard experiences we have in our lives are

described in the book as "severe teachers." Among the gifts we receive after digesting our lessons from these teachers are empathy and compassion for ourselves and others, new understanding and wisdom. When the lesson includes loss, it may involve grieving and being aware of where our sadness comes from as part of the gift.

This is the process of facing our future, including our own death. We are so attached to our bodies and things of the material world, but they will not go with us. So what will our death be like, and what are our fears around death and dying? This is not a morbid thing to think about, really, but a vital and necessary preparation for our transition to becoming an elder.

Elders Can Leave a Legacy of Joy

Finally, the work of aging involves becoming an elder: being an example of kindness, thoughtfulness and joy for the younger generation to emulate. By this alone, we mentor and leave a wonderful legacy. Doing the work of aging and becoming an elder is a process of shedding what we don't need anymore, including the old hurts and anger, accepting with understanding and grace the situation whatever it is, and living with joy. Just as we may have twinges of envy for the young with their vigor and agility of body, they may envy and strive for our hard-won inner joy and peace.

Being old does not relieve us of life challenges; they come without concern for our age and may be even more challenging with the physical decline. Yet, since we have completed the tasks of raising our families, progressing our careers and so on, we now have time to dive into the work of aging and reap the rewards of old age. Let us grow and expand our inner peace and joy and be a blessing to all.

This is truly something to celebrate. ♦

QUICK, Delicious, NUTRITIOUS

Lemon Lush: Continued from page 19

finish. Place in refrigerator to set for at least 2 hours.
 “From an early age my daughter, Sydney Rosen, liked all things lemon. This carried over to adulthood. So for her engagement party I made Lemon Lush (her favorite dessert), lemon cookies, lemonade, and lemon drops in candy dishes. Her wedding cake was lemon flavored with lemon frosting. The color yellow carried over with light yellow tapers and a touch of yellow in her wedding dress. To this day, Lemon Lush is a favorite dessert at family gatherings and social events.” —Norma Gunning

Chicken Rosé: Continued from page 19

“This dish was my favorite company recipe, especially after a day at work. It was given to me long ago by one of my oldest friends. We still keep in touch with one another after over 60 years. The dish is easy to prepare, tastes delicious and looks elegant, and allows the hostess time to chat with guests while it’s cooking.” —Dorothy Swerdlove

Recipes shown here originally appeared in *Five-Star Yum Cookbook: A Collection of Award-Winning Recipes from Leisure Care Residents Across North America*, published by Leisure Care and available on Amazon.com for \$15.
 —Dorothy Swerdlove ♦

Advice for the Journey: Continued from page 20

form of a wise grandmother. It could be based on a real grandparent, on a beloved pet, a supportive teacher, even Oprah if you like — whatever or whomever speaks to you. Picture her/him/it being with you, holding you, comforting you. Let yourself feel caressed and cared for.

Make new dreams. Allow possibility. Imagine what you want your next relationship to look like so that you will recognize it when it arrives. Envision what kind of person you will be in that relationship, and strive to become that.

Of course, give it time. In the future, you will be able to cherish what was good about this relationship, feel gratitude for any lessons learned, and be at peace. In the meantime, be gentle with yourself. ♦



Appreciating Life: Continued from page 31

Sometimes, in order to find strength and revive our resilience during trying times, it helps to zoom out and look at the full scope of our lives. At other times we can choose to zoom in and focus on the smallest of images, thoughts or memories. With an adjusted lens, we can find perspective in a mere dimple in the cheek of someone we love.

Resources

For more pictures by Betsy Gertz, go to <http://web.me.com/betsygertz>. Her e-mail is betsygertz@comcast.net.

Two videos that I love, for examples of the power of expanding and narrowing our lenses, to appreciate nature’s beauty, practice gratitude and celebrate life are at your fingertips. Go to http://www.ted.com/talks/louie_schwartzberg_the_hidden_beauty_of_pollination.html and http://www.ted.com/talks/lang/en/louie_schwartzberg_nature_beauty_gratitude.html.

For more ideas on simple brain-training practices you can do to protect against stress, lift your mood, and find greater emotional resilience, I recommend *Just One Thing* by Rick Hanson, Ph.D., neuropsychologist at University of CA, Berkeley. See also [wisebrain.org](http://www.wisebrain.org).

If you’d like to learn more about training your brain to feel more organized and effective, read *Organize Your Mind, Organize Your Life*, by Paul Hammerness, MD, and my coaching colleague, Margaret Moore. Both books can be found easily in your local bookstores and online.

I invite your comments. ♦

BRAIN GAME ANSWERS / From Page 18

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

GAD	ANAK	COSM
IHI	BUNA	ORTS
BES	ANIMAL	FAT
EMMA	ADO	
ACTON	ARCAS	
MENUITEM	SOGA	
AGT	PIPAL	NRA
DALE	COLOSSAL	
EDEMA	STAAT	
ECU	PRAE	
GRASS	STEM	UCA
OPHI	EYAS	CDC
AMAS	DENS	TCH

Answers to Sudoku

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



● ●

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