

livfun WINTER 2015

Love Never Dies
10 ways to communicate
beyond the grave

Open
Passports
Open Minds
Let the journey
change you

In Stark
Contrast

You don't always need
your eyes to see brilliantly

PERSPECTIVE

to see ourselves as others do



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livfun WINTER 2015

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See Ourselves as Others Do

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Dan Madsen
Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care

Letter From the Chairman & CEO

One Simple Shift by Dan Madsen

"It's not what happens to us that determines our happiness, but how we perceive and react to the events in our lives."

Many people swear by the Pareto principle, which essentially says that a majority of the outcomes in our lives – whether in business, health, or personal pursuits – comes from 20% of the effort. As I pondered the *Perspective* theme for this issue of the magazine, I kept returning to this idea and how it applies to the way we perceive our own lives.

If we apply the Pareto principle to our own happiness and peace of mind, we can think of the 20% being all that we've lived through – all of those monumental moments that create our lives – times with our best friend from childhood, our first love, children, travel, religion, tragedy, health. The other 80% is our reaction to and perception of those experiences.

In other words, it's not so much what happens to us that determines our happiness but how we perceive and react to it.

Owning our own happiness in this way is a challenging prospect. It's so easy to be weighed down by our hardships and home in on what has made our lives difficult or sad, or on what we don't have. I believe that we could all benefit by spending a little less time thinking about what is lacking and putting more emphasis on reflection, appreciation and thankfulness.

With the holiday season just around the corner, we're reminded at every turn to be thankful, be generous, and help those in need. It's a time filled with joy, but can also be a challenging time of the year for many of us. Perhaps all it takes is a shift in perception to get through the holidays with a little more peace. The simple act of giving can start that shift.

That's why I'm so excited about our Foundation's initiatives for giving back this holiday season. The One Eighty Foundation is passionately committed to improving the lives of children and families—to give when there are needs, to mentor when guidance is sought, and to create opportunities for better lives. Our ongoing partnership with Treehouse will allow us to touch the lives of foster children through our annual pajama drive, and our continued work with organizations such as YouthCare and Union Gospel Mission will have a profound impact on the homeless populations they serve. This commitment to giving back is profoundly humbling and reminds us how fortunate we truly are. And through our Leisure Care family across the nation, this impact is being felt country-wide.

I challenge each and every one of us to work on shifting our perspective just a little bit this season. When something happens – good or bad – fully embrace it and remember that the majority of that event will take form in how it's perceived and remembered.

Wishing you happiness and peace this holiday season.

Dan Madsen
Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care

We want to hear from you!

Send your article ideas and personal stories for consideration for "Retire Like You Mean It," as well as feedback on the magazine to:

livfun@leisurecare.com

The next issue's theme is "Identity."

Vanity

Thou Art a Poodle

“The beauty of a woman must be seen from in her eyes, because that is the doorway to her heart, the place where love resides.”

— Audrey Hepburn

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

© Digital Vision

Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self

The life we've led etches itself on us; and that's what makes us lovely.

In my high school years, on weekends, I walked rich ladies' poodles while their owners were being coiffed by the city's most renowned hairdresser, Mr. Alain. His daughter Vicki* was my best friend, and we shared the poodle walking chores and got paid for taking abuse from the most vain and stuck-up ladies on the West Coast. Their hairstyles meant their reputations, and if Mr. Alain's genius didn't take 30 years off their looks, they'd lash out at us girls. Even when, as was usually the case, their hair turned out beautifully, these snobs of social import rankled, say, if their monogrammed robe wasn't at the ready as soon as they arrived at Mr. Alain's salon. Famous actresses often visited the salon and were usually the kindest clients. And didn't bring their poodles. It was often the old money ladies who possessed the worst hair and cruelest mouths.

Mr. Alain's wife — Vicki's mother, Irene — was an internationally renowned print model before (and even after) marrying Mr. Alain. Irene was famous for her great beauty, especially her spectacular blond hair (think Grace Kelly). I know Mr. Alain fell in love with Irene's inner grace and beauty, but I suspect he also couldn't resist such a phenomenal head of hair. No one should have it all, but Irene did, in spades, and daughter Vicki had inherited all of her mother's best traits.

Vicki and I lost track of each other when she left university to marry and I moved to the Deep South to work in the civil rights movement. From then on, our lives and lifestyles differed greatly. Four decades later, most probably via the Internet although I don't recall, we found each other and made plans to meet for lunch. Vicki's mother, Irene, in her late 70s by now, would join us, and I was thrilled to have an opportunity to reunite with both of them.

Our reunion came with preconceived visions, as most reunions must. I pictured both women having aged somewhat, but retaining their inner grace and beauty. Of course, while mother Irene's physical beauty would have faded with passing decades, daughter Vicki would have now become the mother's middle-aged doppelganger.

They were already seated at a table in the luxurious old hotel lobby where we met for lunch. Vicki sprang out of her chair, grabbing me in a hug so fast that I didn't really see her. But over Vicki's shoulder, I beheld Irene and was startled to realize that the elderly woman actually looked physically more beautiful than ever, including her star factor blond hair, as lustrous and thick as decades earlier.

My preconceived expectations were put to shame. How could a woman in her late 70s actually have become more gorgeous than her younger, gorgeous self?

Now seated beside the lovely Irene and across from her daughter, I got a good look at my old friend Vicki for the first time in 40 years. I wasn't prepared for the shock: While Vicki retained her youthful figure, her facial features had aged so radically that she looked many years older than her true age. Worse, she was nearly bald, her hair thin and prickly, too little of it to rally any style. My heart sank.

Maybe cancer, I said to myself. Catching up on the news, though, I learned it wasn't cancer in Vicki that had caused her hair to fall out and never grow back. It was cancer all right, but in one of her sons. He was born with a genetic disorder that precipitated the cancer. Over 20-some years, from childhood on, he had endured almost one cancer surgery a year. Vicki was never without worry and grief

about her son's condition, never knowing when she might lose him. Grief had struck her a despicable blow.

She didn't lose him. Her son grew to adulthood, still enduring surgeries, got an education and a great job. And he married, still enduring surgeries. Today his wife is pregnant with their first child, and we all hold our collective breaths that the child is born free of the genetic flaw.

Irene passed away shortly after our reunion. And while Vicki's life has mellowed out, her lifetime of worry has permanently scored her features and her hair — that lovely hair — will never grow back. Even if Mr. Alain could return from the grave, the great master could do nothing short of styling a wig to fix his daughter's malady.

Admittedly, the first few times I saw the older Vicki, I had great difficulty looking her in the face, fearing my own sadness would show. Then one day I realized that Vicki now is more beautiful than before her lifelong tragedy. Her handsome husband must agree; I happen to know that these septuagenarians enjoy an active sex life together.

Vicki jokes about her “few hairs” and how they are like little antennae. Yet she never chooses to wear a wig. Her self-regard is fully intact, as it should be, her changed outer aspect gladly traded for the knowledge that she did everything possible to save her son, that he has survived this long thanks to her dedication and love and, yes, constant worry. That's why I cherish Vicki more now than back in high school days when she possessed the city's most bountiful, lustrous head of hair, excepting, of course, for her mother Irene's. ♦

*The story is true; the names are pseudonyms.

Entertain Your Brain

Books | Movies | Music

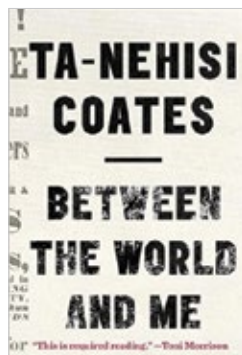
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BOOK REVIEWS

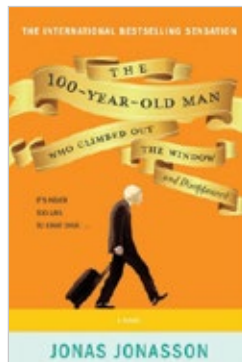
by Misha Stone / Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

"Is someone different at age 18 or 60? I believe one stays the same."
— Hayao Miyazaki



Between the World and Me by Ta-Nehisi Coates (Spiegel & Grau, \$24.00)

Inspired by James Baldwin's seminal work on race in America, *The Fire Next Time*, Coates' searing letter to his teenage son about what it means to be African American in an age of enduring institutionalized racism has already been hailed by author Toni Morrison as "required reading." With spare, poetic prose, Coates unpacks his own youth, his family's legacy, and the Mecca he found at Howard University, where people of color could be themselves and discover their true history. America is currently at a crossroads with the possibility of taking a good, hard look at its past in order to truly forge a more perfect union. Books like Coates' soul-bearing memoir are necessary reading for those who want to understand why that hard look is needed and how much there is to gain from the endeavor. Coates provides the insight and the hope that will help many achieve a new perspective on America's past, present and future.



The 100-Year-Old Man Who Climbed Out the Window and Disappeared

by Jonas Jonasson (Hachette Books, \$16.00)

This international bestseller, translated from the Swedish, starts with a bang and just keeps going. On the morning of his 100th birthday, Allan Karlsson climbs out the window of his care facility and flees to the nearest bus depot where he inadvertently steals a suitcase from a young man who left it to use the restroom. Once Allan opens the suitcase and discovers its valuable contents, he is on one of the biggest adventures of his explosively interesting life. This madcap romp includes a thief, a gang of thugs and an elephant as a flight for survival becomes a gathering of unlikely kindred spirits. Allan's energy and pluck show that exciting things can happen at any age if you are willing to take a leap and climb out the proverbial window.



The Story of the Lost Child by Elena Ferrante, translated by Ann Goldstein (Europa Editions, \$18.00)

Elena Ferrante is a reclusive author whose real name and identity is not known, but the runaway popularity of her internationally bestselling Neapolitan novels has caused a media sensation. The fourth book in the quartet of novels about two women, Elena Greco and her friend and rival Lila Cerullo, concludes as it reflects back on 60 years of their lives. Elena shares the intimate details of her life: her choices and regrets, her triumphs and disappointments in a way that shows how we become the accumulation of so many moments over a lifetime. Ferrante's skill at revealing the inner workings of her main characters, with their strengths and flaws, is what makes this series so rich. (You will want to start with the first book, *My Brilliant Friend*, to get the full unfolding glory of the story arc between these two women who are tested and rise above but stay mired within their small, Naples hometown). These books are as much about family and place as they are about women's lives on the cusp of a new modern era.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*

"The beautiful things don't ask for attention."
— from *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*



Rear Window (1954)

On the surface, this Alfred Hitchcock classic is a deft exercise in suspense: An injured photographer (James Stewart), confined to his New York apartment with a broken leg, becomes convinced that a neighbor across the courtyard has committed murder. But look at it another way — there's always another way with Hitchcock — and *Rear Window* is an incisive study of the nature of perspective. Stewart can only observe through his own limited viewpoint (the lens of his camera and the proscenium of his apartment), which might be bending the truth and also allowing him to miss the drama unfolding in his own life, notably the needs of his marriage-minded girlfriend (Grace Kelly). He underestimates her until she proves herself during extremely dangerous circumstances — apparently the only way to jolt him out of his narrow point of view. (Available streaming on Google Play, Amazon Video, VUDU, M-GO; on DVD via Netflix.)



Enough Said (2013)

In a rare (and sparkling) big-screen turn, Julia Louis-Dreyfus plays single mom Eva, who strikes up a new romance with nice but somewhat clumsy guy's-guy Albert (James Gandolfini). Then one of her massage clients (Catherine Keener) turns out to be Albert's ex-wife. Eva should really say something, especially when the ex begins sharing details of what Albert is really like, but hey, this is useful background, and at some point it's too late to reveal all. Although this secret-keeping sounds like a sitcom set-up, *Enough Said* deals with some intriguing ideas about how we view others when we have special information about them — and how one person's perspective might be skewed in a way that won't be accurate. Writer-director Nicole Holofcener (*Lovely and Amazing*) is a veteran of this kind of sharply observant comedy and, as usual, has a wonderfully witty cast. The wild card is Gandolfini, who rarely got thought of for this kind of part. It was one of his last roles, and he couldn't be sweeter in it. (Available streaming on Google Play, Amazon Video, VUDU, iTunes; on DVD via Netflix.)

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated



The author gets fitted for a khangas in a Tanzanian village.

Open Passports, Open Minds

Travel can help you realize that everyone on earth wants pretty much the same things out of life.

by Sally Macdonald

Journalist, travel writer and houseboat dweller

You have to stand on the khaki-colored beaches of France's northern coast to fully appreciate what happened there a lifetime ago. Decades after the D-Day battle that marked the beginning of the end of World War II, my heart fluttered a little and I experienced a glimmer of the fear and dread that permeates the Normandy sand to this day.

We weren't at Normandy long, my husband John and I. Just time enough to gain a new appreciation for the grit it took 150,000 Allied forces to jump out of amphibious landing craft onto the beaches, dodge a storm of bullets from above, and climb that sheer wall to face an enemy entrenched in concrete bunkers at the top.

Travel can do that for you; make the heart change course in recognition of the courage some people must conjure up to continue on through their day.

It can make you pay attention to news that doesn't directly affect you, even years after you've gone home. It can deepen your understanding of the web of politics that complicates our world and remind you that things aren't always as they seem.

And it can help you realize that everyone on earth wants pretty much the same things out of life.

Our perspective on what happened in Normandy 71 years ago took another turn a few days later and a few miles east of the battlefield beaches, at the coastal town of Arromanches.

There we saw for ourselves the ruins of a miracle.

Only three days after the invasion began, military engineers started to assemble an instant harbor, an artificial port that had been constructed in England to be put together on the French beach. In the 10 months after D-Day, the port was used to land more than 2.5 million men, 500,000 vehicles and four million tons of supplies to reinforce the invasion.

What seemed an impossible task was simply ... done.

You don't get the enormity of the accomplishment from YouTube or a history book. You only gain a true comprehension from being right there, on the beaches.

*"To travel
is to take a journey into yourself."*

— Danny Kaye

Normandy isn't the only tourist destination that has shaken our personal perceptions of the world.

A few years ago, we traveled to Israel, mostly to see the ancient religious sites that help form the spiritual lives of Jews, Christians and Muslims.

We stayed a week on a kibbutz run by Orthodox Jews near Tiberius. There we met a woman who invited us to Sabbath dinner in her apartment in the Old City of Jerusalem, overlooking the Western Wall.

It was during Ramadan and both the Muslim side of the wall and the Jewish side were throbbing with activity as the sun set and night descended.

On the Muslim side, people poured out of the Dome of the Rock, the controversial mosque that has sat for 1,400 years on the site. The Muslims built the mosque believing Mohammed journeyed to heaven from that spot; the Jews believe their most holy temples were there long before that.

On the Jewish side that evening, uniformed soldiers milled about, smoking cigarettes and talking quietly.

Suddenly there was the pop, pop, pop of gunfire as the Muslims began to shoot rifle rounds into the air to celebrate the end of the day and the break of their Ramadan fast. On their side of the wall, the soldiers drew to unruffled attention as the air became hazy with gun smoke.

There was no violence that night. The Muslims were just celebrating, our Jewish hosts calmly

Open Passports/Minds: *Continued on page 41*



Stark-white crosses underscore the enormity of the sacrifice of troops who landed at Normandy on D-Day.

In Stark Contrast

Sometimes we don't need to use our eyes
to see something brilliantly.

by Tammy Ruggles

Freelance writer and legally-blind artist and photographer



Fence Line

© Tammy Ruggles

Becoming a fine art photographer was something, even from a young age, I'd always wanted to do. I have a photo of myself at age 5 with a camera hanging around my neck. To me, a photo can be as artistic and expressive as a painting. But my lifelong visual impairment, retinitis pigmentosa, or RP, stood in the way. I couldn't read the settings on a camera nor see

in a darkroom, so I never pursued it in the traditional way. RP forced me to give up certain pursuits like driving, reading physical books and sketching portraits. And I resigned myself to abandoning my dream of photography, like I'd resigned myself to my other losses.

But then point-and-shoot digital cameras with auto settings came along, and in 2013, I dared to reconsider

the dream I'd packed away and denied myself for years.

I'd had some success as a professional artist through my finger painting, so I decided to see if a simple camera set on auto could help unleash the photographer hiding inside.

I ordered a nice camera, but when it arrived, I was afraid to open the box.

The thought of being a legally blind photographer

sounded ridiculous, even to me. My visual world is a constant blur. Could I even take interesting or pretty pictures? Would people laugh at the thought? Would my remaining vision be enough to enter the world of fine art photography?

It seems I always have something to prove to myself, and that in doing so I end up helping others. I told myself that if I

could become a professional photographer, it would show other visually impaired people interested in photography that they could do it too. But the fear still persisted. Finally, I became so frustrated by that camera sitting there untouched on my kitchen counter that I opened it and asked my son to help me set it up.

That done, I put it back on the counter and waited

a few more days, wondering what I would take pictures of, how they would turn out, and if I should continue to pursue this passion at all.

Then my son picked the camera up and stepped out on our back deck. He zoomed in on something toward the trees, snapped the shutter, and said, "This will be easy. It's a good camera and will take great pictures. Try it."



White Cow Drinking



White Out

"No, every picture wasn't perfect, and I deleted more than I kept, but I learned that photos don't have to be perfect to be interesting or pretty."

Beyond the Fence



Photos © Tammy Ruggles

That's when the realization came to me and I had a shift in perspective. I didn't have to see to take good pictures. I didn't have to use my eyes very much. The camera would do the seeing. All I had to do was aim and click. And if I had to, I would walk up closer for a better look.

I took the camera from my son and started walking around the backyard, over

the hill, down by the woods, and around by the pond, snapping away.

Then I took my camera inside and uploaded my captures onto my computer to view them on my 47-inch monitor, where a fallen leaf could appear 2 feet tall.

To my surprise, a patch of wild pumpkins grew at the edge of the woods. There were purple berry-

type things on a bush. A stream ran along the bottom of our hill. All of these things had been missed by my eyes but had been seen by my camera.

Heaven!

That's when I fell in love with my camera and realized that it was more than just a way to pursue fine art photography. It was a way to see the world I'd been

missing for most of my life. It was a way to hold on to the visual world around me as my vision deteriorated.

This perspective was my new lease on fine art photography.

No, not every picture was perfect, and I deleted more than I kept, but I learned that photos don't have to be perfect to be interesting or pretty.

Autumn has always been my favorite season. It brings rich, vibrant color, but it was hard to see the colored photos (I see better in the high contrast of black and white). Yet I knew others would appreciate them, so I kept at it.

I became excited when winter brought brilliant white snow. From an artist's perspective, I knew

my camera would capture beautiful black and white images that I could no longer see unaided. From a visually impaired perspective, I knew I could see winter in a way that I hadn't since I was a child.

Sometimes a shift in perspective is all it takes to have a dream come true and to give life meaning. ♦



Side of Mountain



Winter Night

Tammy Ruggles

Light Landscape

“That’s when the realization came to me and I had a shift in perspective. I didn’t have to see to take good pictures.”

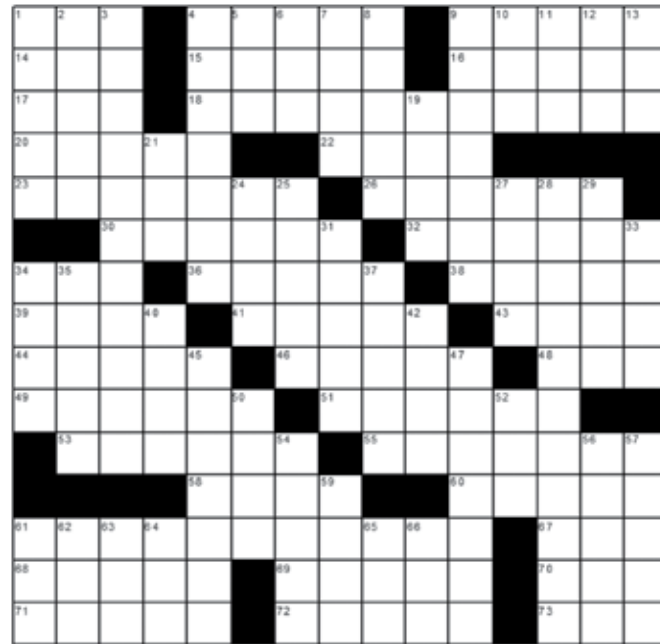
LivFun Brain Games

Crossword & Sudoku

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

Funny How That Works!



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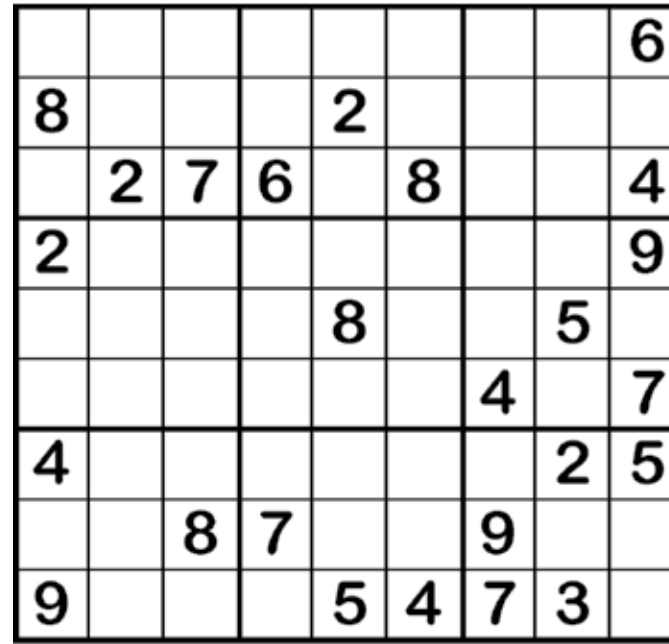
ACROSS

- 1 Pressure unit
- 4 Type of hunt or bird
- 9 Skilled
- 14 Rustic lodging
- 15 Or so
- 16 Panorama
- 17 Make lace
- 18 1st part of a Durang quote
- 20 Part of an heraldic display
- 22 Noticed
- 23 Dramatic acts
- 26 Prescribed procedure
- 30 Warns
- 32 Lane separator
- 34 Gridiron conf.
- 36 Track need
- 38 Tightly packed
- 39 Patsy Cline's range
- 41 2nd part of quote
- 43 3rd part of quote

- 44 Surprise attacks
- 46 Expensive
- 48 Time zone, abbr.
- 49 Turns
- 51 One of the Iroquois tribes
- 53 Not get the first time
- 55 Have trouble recovering
- 58 Some Ivy Leaguers
- 60 Actress Sue et al.
- 61 Last part of quote
- 67 Parcel
- 68 A Kansas player
- 69 Unstated but understood
- 70 Anger
- 71 Foe
- 72 Sites
- 73 Call (as a bet)

Sudoku

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



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DIFFICULTY: ★★☆☆

DOWN

- 1 Spiel
- 2 Capture
- 3 Allowing mutual influence
- 4 More vulgar
- 5 Hoops org.
- 6 Debt doc.
- 7 Some dogs
- 8 Outmoded anesthetic
- 9 Exacted retribution
- 10 DOS command
- 11 Keyboard key
- 12 School group
- 13 Basker's goal
- 19 Flourish
- 21 A day on Mars
- 24 Grouch
- 25 Wakens
- 27 Notion
- 28 One of a set of twins?
- 29 Lets up

- 31 Narrow openings
- 33 Small amphibian
- 34 Seasoned citizens' org.
- 35 Elan
- 37 Villian's response, maybe
- 40 Reputation
- 42 Unit of heredity
- 45 At a precipitous rate
- 47 Some ammunition
- 50 Customer come-on
- 52 Small, low island
- 54 Judicial opinions
- 56 Sleep noisily
- 57 First name in cosmetics
- 59 Take top billing
- 61 Opposite of post-
- 62 Long, long time
- 63 Some whiskey
- 64 'Bewitched' nickname
- 65 One form of H2O
- 66 By means of

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond

I Can See Clearly Now...

by Stephan J. Smith
Doctor of Chiropractic



Perspective changes as we age. Not only do our thoughts and opinions change, our vision quite literally changes as well.

The need to wear reading glasses is an obvious change that for most of us began in our late 40s and generally isn't a cause for concern. Other changes in vision could signal more serious diseases of the eye and should be monitored carefully.

Many people over 60 experience chronic dry eye, which can cause abrasions and ulcers on the cornea. Another common problem is the clouding and discoloring of the lens that comes with cataracts. These issues, though irritating, are easily dealt with using drops and lens replacement surgery, respectively. More serious vision loss can occur with Diabetic Retinopathy, Retinal Detachment, and Age-Related Macular Degeneration (or AMD). Diabetic Retinopathy occurs when abnormal blood sugar levels cause damage or leakage in the tiny blood vessels in the eye. The actual damage occurs in the light-sensitive retina at the back of the eye where vision takes place. Sometimes blood leaks into the vitreous gel in the center of the eyeball

where it causes spots that interfere with vision. Also, blockages in these retinal blood vessels can not only restrict blood flow to the retina, but cause the retina to grow new blood vessels that are abnormal and fragile. This can compound the blood leakage problem. Surgery or injections can help, but these treatments are more complicated than cataract surgery and often have a longer recovery time.

Retinal Detachment, when the retina tears and/or separates from the back of the eye, can be caused by head trauma, eye inflammation, or as another vision complication of diabetes. Symptoms include specks or "floaters" in your field of vision or a curtain effect where part of the field of vision is dark. Symptoms may occur gradually or suddenly, but immediate treatment is necessary to avoid permanent and total vision loss in the affected eye.

AMD causes the center of your vision to begin to blur and possibly darken. AMD usually doesn't cause complete blindness, but rather interferes with daily activities because you can't clearly see what you're looking directly at. This eventually prevents many people from driving, reading,

writing, cooking and other everyday tasks. According to Dr. Luc Joncas, O.D., "Early stage AMD is often asymptomatic, so early detection relies on comprehensive eye exams, which may include dilation, a visual acuity test or optical coherence tomography.

Lifestyle may have a large impact on both your risk for developing and your success in treating AMD, with smoking, high blood pressure, high cholesterol and sedentary lifestyle affecting risks and outcomes negatively," Dr. Joncas continues. "Treatments include improvements to the risky lifestyles, as well as improvements to diet and certain nutrient intake. Specific research has shown that vitamin C, vitamin E, zinc, copper and beta carotene may help slow progression of AMD. Late-stage AMD requires more intervention, which may include injections into the eye," he notes.

We can't stop time, but we can help to slow the effects of time when it comes to our ocular health. With a healthy lifestyle that includes antioxidant-rich green leafy foods, as well as regular optical exams, we can detect, treat and even help prevent age-related diseases of the eye. ♦

Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice

Kids these days

by Beth Cone Kramer

Los Angeles-based writer and contributor to
The Huffington Post

*There may be some valid reasons
why your grandchildren won't
follow your financial advice.*



Ah, the good old days. When a college degree meant a steady job with a decent paycheck and regular promotions. You never paid more than a third of your salary on housing nor spent more than you earned, and always put away regular savings for a rainy day, a family vacation or a car.

Decades later, you're enjoying your retirement.

Your Millennial grandchildren are still living at home with their parents, working as baristas, struggling in debt, and taking an Uber instead of owning a car.

Millennials, born between the 1980s and the early 2000s, will overtake the Baby Boomers in population this year and are poised to surpass Baby Boomers and the Silent Generation, born between 1925-1945, in level of education, according to a March 2015 Pew Research Center report.

So, why aren't your Millennial grandchildren earning hefty paychecks, settling down, and following the rules that worked so well for you?

They aren't just stubborn or slacking. Turns out there may be some real reasons why the grandkids' financial future might look a lot different from your own.

Student Debt

Westcott Capital founder Gregg Schoenberg says, "The cost of college has risen 500% in one generation; two-thirds of students graduate with at least \$28,000 in debt.

Millennials are the first generation to graduate with this level of loans.

Lots of people went to grad school during the downturn when they were not able to find jobs."

Despite a staggering national student loan figure of \$1.2 trillion, according to Experian, the U.S. Labor Department notes

that college grads experience a lower unemployment rate and higher weekly income than those with a high school degree. Still, the Experian study shows an average monthly loan payment of \$279, while 49% of 2013-2014 grads consider themselves underemployed in jobs that don't require a degree per a survey conducted by management consulting company Accenture.

*"Why aren't your
millennial grandchildren
earning hefty paychecks,
settling down, and
following the rules that
worked so well for you?"*

The Uber Economy

According to the Government Accountability Office, 40.4% of the labor force is currently either self-employed, working part time, in a temporary position or freelancing. Millennials who are part of this so-called "gig economy" monetize their time and knowledge, which may mean driving for Uber, delivering for Postmates, and tutoring Spanish instead of punching a time clock.

Westcott's Schoenberg explains that the employer trend to use contractors impacts the finances of the Millennials who are part of the gig economy. Freelancers don't receive benefits or a 401(k); they also have less job stability.

"Employers have become labor brokers and workers, micro-entrepreneurs. Independent or contract workers have increased expenses and a median income of \$44.9K, which is 10.2% lower than employees," he shares.

The High Cost of Housing

Despite conventional advice to spend no more than 30% of your salary or income on monthly rent, in many large cities the average renter is handing over half of his or her paycheck to the landlord. Add in health

insurance, food and student loan debt and your Millennial grandchildren start the month under water, which answers the question: "Why are the grandkids still living at home?"

For the Millennial without a steady paycheck, one option may be to return to roost with their parents. According to U.S. Census Bureau Data (2009-2013), the percentage of 18-to-34-year-olds living at home peaked at 30.3% compared to 20.3% in 2000. For those who have moved out, 70% of Millennials receive financial assistance from their parents for rent and other expenses.

When I Was Your Age ...

During the 1960s, the average couple was married at 21, starting a family, saving for a down payment, and then securing a fixed mortgage at 3% interest. Fifty years later, the median age for marriage has risen to 27 for women and 29 for men. According to the Pew Research Center, Millennials are waiting to marry until they are financially stable, focused on paying down student loan debt or finding steady employment.

Is There Still Hope for the American Dream?

If you work hard, can you purchase a home of your own? Many Millennials rent out of necessity. Without the wiggle room to save for a down payment, the right debt-to-income ratio to qualify for a mortgage, and a suggested 20% down payment cushion, buying a home may be a challenge. However, according to Fannie Mae, 70% of Millennials hope to own a home one day. Home ownership has been a path to wealth or at least financial stability for many Americans, a path that is becoming increasingly difficult for Millennials.

Why aren't the grandchildren following your financial advice? It's likely not out of a lack of respect for you and what you've achieved. They probably appreciate your wisdom. Understand that the economic and lifestyle choices of Millennials are influenced by challenges not faced by previous generations that make the choices of yesterday a tough reach for today. ♦



Where love never dies

No, you're not
hallucinating,
crazy or in denial;
you're just creating
a new relationship
with your deceased
loved one.

by Leah Dobkins

Freelance writer and founder
of Legacy Letters

My 19-year-old daughter Hannah Rose suddenly died on March 6, 2012. After about a week, the wilted flowers that were scattered throughout my home bent their heads, mimicking my sorrow.

I had trouble throwing them away, letting go of what they were. I triaged the flowers every day. For some, I cut the bottom of their stems under warm water to try to revive them. The rest I reluctantly tossed in the kitchen garbage.

Eventually, there were no more flowers in my home. There was no more Hannah Rose.

As a gerontologist, I was well aware of the stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance. Still, I knew in my heart that I would never let go of my daughter. I did not progress neatly through those five sequential stages of grief. In fact, there were times when I felt all these stages at the same time, quite a common experience when we lose a loved one.

After a year of bereavement, I felt subtle pressure from well-meaning family and friends to “get on” with my life. I started to judge myself and question my sorrow. Do I have overly-complicated grief? Why do I continue to have no energy, no concentration, no sex drive? My husband never cried in my presence, and I saw my son cry only once, but I still wept, often.

My husband told me it was okay to cry, but could I please do it more quietly. I felt like my tears annoyed the men in my household, and I realized just how alone one can feel when your loved ones stop grieving with you.

In reality, grief is like a fingerprint; it’s unique to each person. But people don’t always understand this. So like a snake growing new skin, I grew the necessary armor to show what a highly functioning person I was. I was moving on. The façade was exhausting.

It was at a Compassionate Friends conference (an organization that supports parents and families who have lost children) that I began to

understand that there are millions of bereaved people lugging around this heavy armor to better fit into our culture — all feeling pressure to move on. Some cultures, such as the Aborigines and Japanese, nurture communication with the deceased. They have rituals that facilitate this relationship. Our society does not.

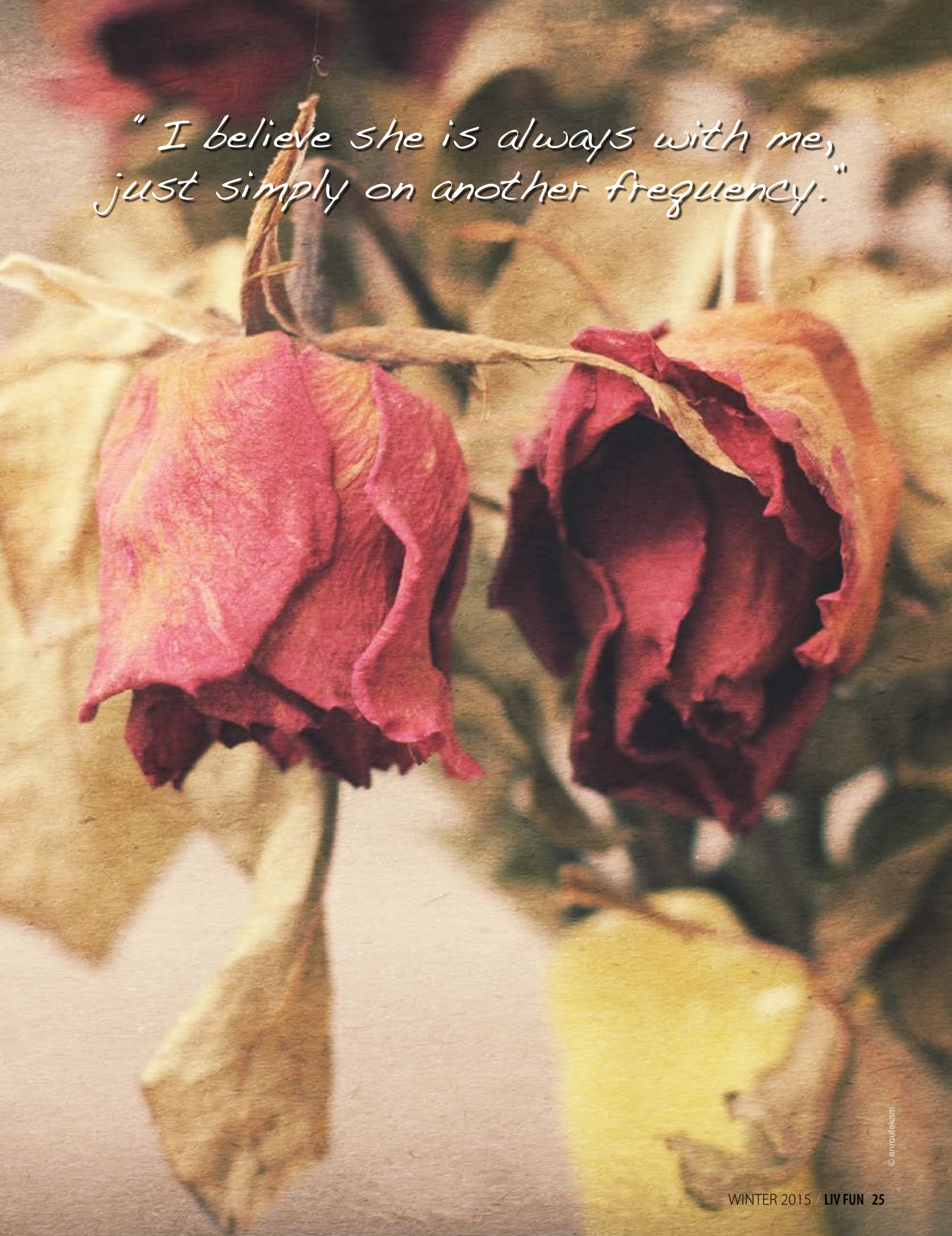
Freud said that the function of mourning is to detach the survivor’s hopes and memories from the dead. There are psychologists today who believe that the bereaved cannot complete the mourning process unless they were willing to relinquish their emotional connection to the deceased.

I would argue that the opposite is true. A healthier task for the bereaved is to discover ways to continue a relationship with loved ones who have died and incorporate that relationship into a new chapter. Thank goodness more mental health professionals also believe this to be true (Wortman, 2011).

Our culture does not fully understand that relationships with the dead can last a lifetime. When I dropped my mother at the airport after Hannah Rose’s funeral, I met an 82-year-old woman whose son had died 60 years ago. Not a day goes by that she doesn’t think of him and talk to him. No matter the age or the years since the loss, we still yearn for that continued dialog.

This relationship can manifest in many ways, including feeling or seeing a loved one; having conversations with the deceased in your dreams; feeling watched over and protected; feeling their presence; or the movement of special objects believed to be a sign from the deceased.

For me, I felt I could better recover from grief if I allowed myself to discover grief, to immerse myself in it, and come out of it with a new and even better relationship with my daughter. I frequently do and say things now to make her laugh. And I’ve discovered I’m funnier now than I was when she was alive.



“I believe she is always with me, just simply on another frequency.”

One of the workshops at the Compassionate Friends conference, called “Signs from your children,” went on until 1 o’clock in the morning while each parent shared incredible stories of ways their deceased children communicate with them. Parents felt their child’s presence through messages on car license plates, specific types of butterflies or birds, through songs on the radio, and, surprisingly often, moved household items.

We chuckled in recognition when one person said, “No, I didn’t forget where I left my keys; my daughter moved them!”

Despite the comfort parents received from these communications, most shared that they would never tell these experiences to anyone other than the friends they made at the conference or other intimate confidants. They were afraid people would think they were hallucinating, crazy and desperately clinging to a relationship that is gone or even denying the reality of the loved one’s death. The truth is these types of communications are more frequent than most believe.

Researchers have found that 13 months after bereavement, 63% say loved ones were with them at all times after they died, 34% continue to converse regularly, and 33% say they have grown closer to their loved ones since their deaths. (Zisook & Shuchter, 1993).

This information provided me with comfort and validation about my own ongoing relationship with Hannah Rose. Indeed for any of us experiencing communication and signs from loved ones, it’s comforting to know we are sane, normal and going through a natural and lovely process.

It’s time for all of us who are bereaved to come out of the closet. The deceased will be with us when we do. Moving forward in our lives doesn’t mean leaving your deceased loved ones to their dust. Continuing to work on your relationship facilitates your griev-

ing process and adjustment to your new life. Your bonds of love transcend death. I’m not sure about the afterlife, but I believe she is always with me, just simply on another frequency.

My family always told me that a loved one who has passed will stay alive, as long as you remember them. I didn’t realize until recently that statement is backed by scientific evidence. As you remember and communicate with the deceased, you are actually creating new neuron connections in your brain (Colicos, 2001). In this real and tangible way, your thoughts and communication with them do help to build the physicality you sense. Your loved ones do, indeed, live on.

Sources:

For help coping with a loss in your own family, visit Compassionate Friends on the web at www.CompassionateFriend.org to find a chapter near you.

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Klass, Dennis, Silverman; Silverman, Phyllis R.; & Nickman, Steven. (1996). *Continuing Bonds: New Understandings of Grief*. Philadelphia: Taylor and Francis.

10 Ways to Stay Close

To continue your relationship with loved ones who have passed and to celebrate their lives, try any of these rituals:

1. Participate in the charities she or he cared about as a way of continuing that legacy and remembering the impact they had while they were alive.
2. Participate in activities you enjoyed together to help keep the emotional bond intact and meaningful after death.
3. Don’t be afraid to keep objects that symbolically link you to your loved one. A friend has a beautifully carved and painted wooden iguana that reminds her of her spouse prominently displayed in her apartment — she talks to it often.
4. Create simple ceremonies that help you to continue to remember your loved one.
5. Write the deceased a letter. It might include unspoken good-byes, unexpressed love and appreciation, unresolved issues, hurts, anger, regrets and forgiveness. No relationship is perfect, and expressing the good *and* bad in yours can help heal your pain and grief, and might open a channel to receive guidance from your loved one.
6. Write a legacy letter, by yourself or with other family and friends, which captures treasured stories, memories, and the unique qualities of your loved one. You can turn the letter into a book incorporating photographs, poetry, art and recipes you associate with the deceased.
7. Write a biography of your loved one’s life story.
8. Create a website or Facebook page that allows you to share memories, thoughts, photographs and comments about your loved one. My daughter’s friends continue to share dreams, music and videos they think she would like. They also take pictures of their new rose tattoos to honor Hannah Rose.
9. Ask for, nurture and pay attention to your dreams. Keep a pad and pen, tape recorder or cell phone at the side of your bed to help you record, remember and reflect on these dreams.
10. Create a sanctuary in your home where you can meditate and communicate with your loved one. I have a corner of my bedroom with my favorite photographs of my daughter and things she made or bought me. I also have a Buddhist’s brass bell and a candle I use in ceremonies to feel closer to her. ♦

Be Good To Yourself. Volunteer.

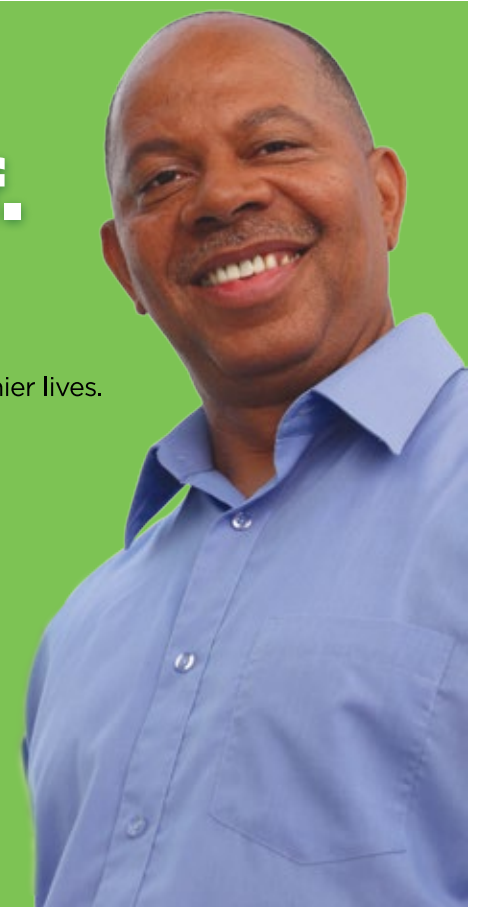
Research shows that people 55+ who volunteer lead stronger, healthier lives.

GetInvolved.gov

[Facebook.com/SeniorCorps](https://www.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.





Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by **Evan Kimble**

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: My ex-husband is remarrying. We've been divorced for 20 years, so I'm surprised that I care at all. But I'm actually extremely upset about it, which makes no sense. When we were married, he was a mixed bag — sometimes sweet, but mostly a bit of a jerk — selfish and self-absorbed. When he left, I knew that I should feel lucky to be free of him, but I wanted him back. I felt desperate and betrayed. My parents were dysfunctional people, so it was a big deal to allow anyone close to me. He convinced me I could trust him, but in the end he cheated on me and left me for another woman. That blew up too, and I don't envy whoever he is marrying now. Why do I feel so upset after all these years?

A: It's humbling and frightening how intensely we feel sometimes. You're right; it seems illogical that you would be so stirred up. You've had many years to work through your feelings about the divorce, to acknowledge his limitations, and rebuild your life. But his upcoming wedding is calling up a primal emotion — attachment.

Attachment describes the emotional bond between a child and a parent or

between two people in an adult relationship. Our need to attach is normal and healthy. In a "secure attachment," you know the other person is there for you, and you can come and go — like a toddler who feels safe to explore a new environment, knowing that Mom is nearby and she can check back in anytime and be embraced.

When the attachment is insecure, a child is either afraid to leave Mom's side or she might act like she doesn't need the parent, even though she does. Because your parents were dysfunctional, you developed this "avoidant" attachment style for your own emotional survival. When you got married, you made a huge leap of faith to allow another person deeply into your heart, probably the most significant act of trust you ever made.

If infants don't have someone to take care of them, they die. When your husband left you, the infant within felt like she was going to die too. The experience of abandonment is so intense it can shatter us. Healing can take many years. Author Susan Anderson describes the stages like this:

- 1) **Shattering** — shock, panic and despair.
- 2) **Withdrawal** — yearning or intense craving for the relationship, like a drug-withdrawal.

3) **Internalizing** — idealizing the lost partner, blaming yourself for the loss and feeling regrets.

4) **Rage** — a healthy anger where you stop taking all the blame for the failed relationship and fight back against the isolation.

5) **Lifting** — learning from the painful lessons, putting energy back into life and reconnecting with others.

Your ex-husband's new marriage is stirring up the old feelings of abandonment. Your adult mind knows he is irrelevant, but your inner infant once again fears disaster. Turn to your friends, loved ones and community. Turn to yourself — that strong woman who has never left you and is always there for you. Be your own best friend. Wave off any irrational self-criticism. Get busy with the people and activities that matter to you. The wound may ache for a time, but you will lift beyond it! ♦

For Further Reading:

Anderson, Susan. (2014). *The Journey From Abandonment to Healing: Revised and Updated: Surviving Through and Recovering From the Five Stages That Accompany the Loss of Love*. Berkley.



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Chris says she was never good at math. Matt says he'll never be an artist. I tell people I am not good at entertaining anymore. Juan reports that he never seems to be able to keep his notes organized and he stinks at making deadlines.

We've all made declarations like these. They sound like truths; unchangeable facts that sentence us like prisoners to the thoughts we utter.

Proclamations like these are evidence that we've fallen into the trap of a fixed mindset. According to Carol Dweck, Ph.D., a Stanford psychologist and one of the world's leading researchers in motivation and education, people operate from either a fixed mindset or a growth mindset. These mindsets have a direct impact on how you approach change and handle setbacks. People with fixed mindsets believe that their traits are unchangeable. If you have a lot of smarts and talent, you're well off and lucky you. If you don't, then poor you, you never will. We all know people who have self-defeating attitudes like these.

Are intelligence and talent ordained at birth, and do they really define our destiny? Not according to Dweck and the research that describes the growth mindset, where qualities can be developed through dedication and effort. What we are born with is simply the starting point for all the possibility that can follow.

The Fallacy of Failure

Growth mindset research is founded on the belief that everyone is born with an intense drive to learn, not just in infancy and childhood, but throughout adulthood as well. In the fixed mindset, on the other hand, perfection is the holy grail, the only true "success." In reality though, perfection is incredibly rare and "not quite there yet" is the norm. To someone with a fixed mindset, failure – even in everyday things like forgetting where you put your keys or being late with a bill – means you're out of luck, out of potential, out of contention. And if we truly believe we can't learn when we fail, where do we go from there?

Good Enough: *Continued on page 41*

Why Perfect Isn't Good Enough

**In reality, perfection is rarely attainable.
It might be time to set a different goal. It might be time to reset your mind.**

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

*"It's not always the people who start out the smartest
who end up the smartest."*

— Alfred Binet, inventor of the IQ test

What's Your Next Travel Adventure?

by Chris Peterson
Project Manager for Leisure Care



Retire Like You Mean It Your Life, Your Rules

“... because everyone should have the opportunity and freedom to experience the world.”

Need a change of scenery? Winter brings on colder weather and gray days. For many of us, that means our thoughts turn to travel. Visiting your family? Day dreaming of California sun? Or maybe you're looking for a brand-new adventure? Just in time to cater to your wanderlust, Travel by Leisure Care (TLC) recently rolled out a newly enhanced program of travel services designed to keep Leisure Care residents comfortable, thrilled, adventurous and, above all, extremely happy.

Already a well-established Leisure Care program, TLC is our personalized, boutique travel service. Sure, they can book you an airline ticket, but TLC is also your secret to traveling like a star and saving some money to boot. A talented travel agent can grant you VIP perks: free room upgrades, hard-to-get restaurant reservations, skipping lines, access to otherwise closed stores and exhibits, private guides, and cheaper — often much cheaper — premium airfares. And TLC is the only travel agency with access to Leisure Care's network of guest suites, transportation and concierge services.

To make sure residents are getting everything they expect and more, TLC recently hired a new managing director. Carol Dennis brings 30 years of travel industry experience to her new position managing TLC and

enjoys helping people make their travel dreams a reality. Carol's passion for travel comes through when she says, “... everyone should have the opportunity and freedom to experience the world.” Carol would like to remind seniors that “... their traveling days aren't behind them simply because they have gotten older; after all, travel is a fountain of youth.”

In these days of online booking and Internet travel sites, some travelers may wonder why they should book their vacations through a service like TLC. Carol explains, “The bottom line is that ... we have access to benefits you can't get otherwise, and we can often beat any other prices available; yes, even online.”

The whole thing starts with a familiar face at your community. Each Leisure Care community has a designated travel coordinator — a guru of getting you from here to there and back again. Where does this travel acumen originate? The strength and speed of TLC start from the core of the company — the Leisure Care communities. Each community travel coordinator has quick access to a vast repository of knowledge regarding all the communities within the TLC network and the power of a full travel agency.

If you're not quite sure where you'd like to go, Travel by Leisure Care

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

can help you choose a travel package that's right for you and your budget. If you're looking to get away for a few days, the new TLC *Daycations* program bundles a choice destination, such as Yosemite National Park, with Leisure Care dining, transportation and accommodations at a fraction of the cost of staying in an equivalent hotel or resort.

Once your trip is arranged, TLC provides a comfortable ride to the airport, reliable, friendly transportation from the airport to the destination community, delicious dining and a friendly, knowledgeable chauffeur to guide you around the area. Special services, such as room service and the convenience of a concierge, are also available. Just need a place to stay? TLC will arrange a guest suite at a destination community for you or your family. You can also arrange other services through TLC *a la carte*, including dining and transportation.

Maybe a short trip isn't for you. Maybe you want to get out and explore the world with fellow residents from across the Leisure Care family of communities. You're in luck. The biggest new feature of TLC, *Destinations*, is the star of the new TLC program. Focusing on a few exciting trips per year, *Destinations* combines the hospitality provided by experienced Leisure Care professionals with travel destinations that appeal to a wide variety of residents. On the schedule for 2016 are both an entertaining seven-day excursion to music theater capitol Branson, Missouri, and a seven-day cruise to Alaska.

From the Ozarks to Alaska

Why Branson? Branson has been called Broadway in the Ozarks, but it's so much more. With over 100 shows and a huge variety of entertainment options, Branson has something for everyone who loves live performance. Leisure Care residents will enjoy a

thrilling dance revue, a charming dinner cruise, classic musical theater, Celtic harmonies, acrobatics and your favorite pop hits from the last 50 years. Branson is an amazing opportunity to watch some of the best performers in the world.

Maybe you're the kind of traveler who likes a little more adventure. Wild, mysterious and beautiful, Alaska beckons travelers in search of natural beauty. With seaplane rides, dogsledding adventures, wildlife watching, and whale photo safaris, the TLC cruise to Alaska's Southeast Coast promises to be anything but boring. Accompanied by fellow Leisure Care residents and employees, sip your favorite beverage and look out the window to see giant glaciers jut into the sky while whales play in the fjords below. If a little fishing sounds like just your thing or you dream of some of the best seafood in the world, the Alaska cruise is right up your alley.

To kick off the new enhancements to the TLC program, Clint Fowler, Director of Resident Services at Leisure Care, recently escorted a group of lucky residents through Seattle. The trip served as an example of the kind of interesting places and opportunities Leisure Care communities can provide as part of a bundled package. The group enjoyed the Space Needle, the Chihuly Garden & Glass Museum, and a unique, amphibious Ride-The-Ducks tour. The group then joined Leisure Care's corporate team for an exclusive celebratory happy hour toast at the Leisure Care corporate office.

With the power of the Leisure Care travel network, TLC has something for everybody. Whether you like to stick close to home or sally forth into your next big adventure, you'll find something that TLC can do for you. Carol and the rest of the TLC team will be announcing more exciting travel opportunities soon. Stay tuned for what happens in 2016. ♦

© Pauline Bukantz



Pauline Bukantz

Writer and artist Pauline Bukantz is a resident at Newport Beach Plaza and an enthusiastic participant in their many art and craft programs. Pauline moved to Newport Beach from out of state and, in so doing, learned that "Sometimes your only means of transportation is a giant leap of faith." She's had no regrets and reports her new home is "... warm, charming, a caring place to reside with the most dedicated staff I have ever met."

Untitled

By Pauline Bukantz
Resident at Newport Beach Plaza

An angel watches as I dream
My home, so peaceful and serene
I sense the Lord, His Presence near
No need to ever live with fear

I dream of painting a portrait
And just who will it be
Shall I etch in black and white?
Quite unseemly, you agree?

For turquoise intrigues me
As does raucous hot-pink
Azaleas and emeralds
Coat my pen and ink
Inspiration's magenta and cobalt blue
So the backdrop will be a rainbow's hue

Dabbing brights, becoming aware
Anticipation! Up in the air
All about us there's a glow
Yes! It's my angel! Now I know

With texture, dimension, spice, pepper, lace
This portrait's us all, in this special place
Our home is the people. We're here together
We each care and bond ... no matter, whatever

The palette's bright, all colors and light
We're laughing and tearful, an awesome sight!
Pulsing sensations charge the air!
Painting's about done. Now do I dare?

Be vital, fearless, brave, whole
Draw what I want, say what I know!
Yes I know who I am. Finally, I'm Free
Just simply myself. And here, it's okay to be me

I'm still home, fast asleep
And the portrait's complete
As light fills the skies ...
Soon I shall arise

All my neighbors and friends
When awake, we shall meet
Breakfast together
Home Sweet Home is so sweet!



You Weren't Raised During the Depression

Is it possible to suffer from perspective envy?

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comedian

I suffer from perspective envy. Not of everyone, just my parents. Through the perspective of being raised during the 1930s they can, and rightfully so, justify all behavioral quirks with, "You weren't raised during the Depression."

It's their personal Johnnie Cochran. Instead of, "If the glove doesn't fit, you must acquit," it's, "Raised during the Depression, do not question."

My dad, for instance, who is 92, still maintains an unremitting pack-rat mentality. Chances of him tossing something are about as likely as Senate Majority leader Mitch McConnell retiring from politics to write for *Tiger Beat*.

Replace a cracked light switch plate, and he'll keep it. Receive a package in the mail with Styrofoam packing, and he'll save the Styrofoam under the hypothetical belief he may need it someday. Buy a dozen eggs, and he'll use the empty container to store golf balls.

One man's trash may be another man's treasure, but for my dad, one man's trash is another's organizational helper. Amber-colored prescription pharmacy vials resurrected from trash cans and recycle bins line the shelves of his workbench. Each one houses screws and nuts and bolts. This is Iron Man's medicine cabinet.

Helping him replace the back deck's railing last summer, pharmacy vials filled with nails overflowed from his tool bag.

"In using these nails," I asked, "should I worry about side effects like dry mouth, dizziness or constipation?"

He did not answer.

As the day progressed frustrations mounted. I could not adjust to my dad's filing system. Three-inch nails were labeled Coumadin. Roofing nails? Metoprolol. Finishing nails were Gabapentin. Any joy I felt in finding the correct nail type quickly vanished with the realization that I then had to contend with a child-proof safety cap.

The snapping point came when I opened a Coumadin vial and was greeted with a cotton ball.

"Really?" I asked. "You can't even toss out a cotton ball? Are you hoping to weave your own coffee filter?"

My dad, without hesitation, issued his usual matter-of-fact reply, "You weren't raised during the Depression."

He was right. I wasn't raised during the Depression. I was raised during the '60s, which, in the world of public opinion, carries about as much clout as a Costco membership card at a Sotheby's auction house.

Comparing our eras is like comparing work boots with clown shoes. His life-shaping era was based on hard work and integrity, mine on smoking banana peels and listening to albums backwards. In the marathon of life his perspective is better equipped to deal with the changes that come with aging on the lone basis of it being the perfect excuse for all behavioral quirks and oddities.

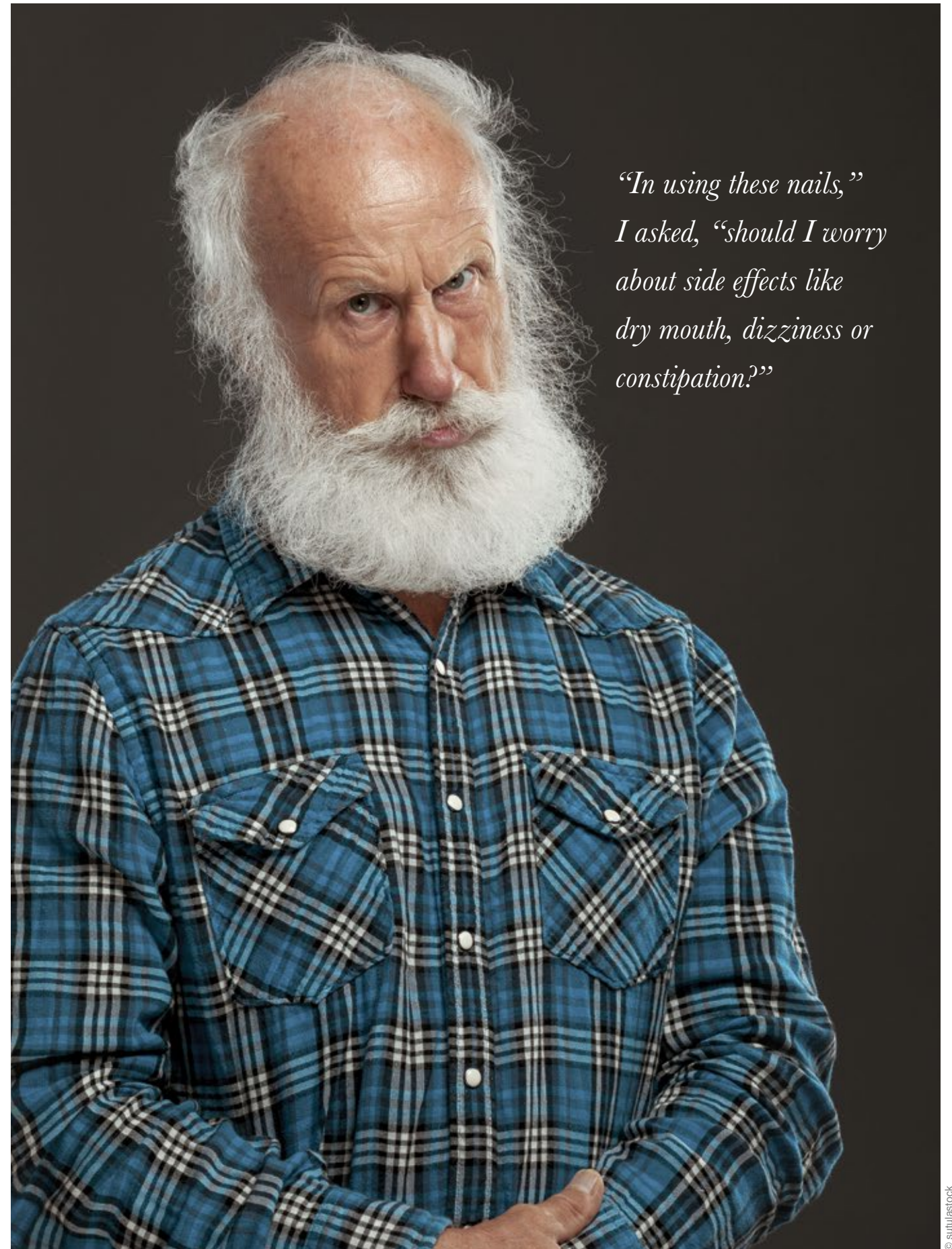
I'm convinced my dad could paint sideburns on the Mona Lisa in front of 59 witnesses and escape prosecution and world condemnation with his you-weren't-raised-during-the-Depression perspective.

It's his get of out jail free card. It's his diplomatic immunity. It's his ace up the sleeve.

Such behavioral leeway does not apply to my time-period perspective. If people questioned me about storing finishing nails in pharmacy prescription vials designated for high blood pressure pills, I could not justify with, "You weren't raised during the '60s." Instead of nods of acceptance like my dad would receive, they would whisper among themselves, "Banana peels, yes, he's crazed on banana peels."

Yes, I'm a bit envious of his position. His unique perspective makes him the object of a certain amount of sympathy, which in turns shields him from social ridicule and condemnation, giving him the confidence to be fully and unabashedly himself. What a gift.

Recognition of this has made me realize that to earn the universal amity that my dad enjoys, so vital to his acceptance of life's changing winds, I need to alter my perspective's elevator pitch to something that invokes tear-inducing sympathy. From this point forth when anyone questions one of my many quirks, I'm going to reply, "You weren't raised wearing bell bottoms." ♦



"In using these nails," I asked, "should I worry about side effects like dry mouth, dizziness or constipation?"

The Power of Positivity

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

Every day we have a choice: to keep moving forward and to enjoy life, or not.

In the summer of 1998, my mother-in-law invited her friends to their rented West Seattle home for a brunch to welcome me, her new daughter-in-law, to Seattle. The dining table was full of green salads, fruits, hummus, and other delicacies, and the dining room was full of people I imagined I would see again over the years.

A few weeks later, Linda, a brunch attendee, phoned to invite me to lunch. When I asked her how it came about that she decided to call me, she said, "When I met you, I knew I wanted you in my life."

For 15 years, we've been in each other's lives. We've spent hours walking around Green Lake, lunching in this or that restaurant, meeting up for coffee, talking on the phone. Our topics of conversation: work, family, marriage, children, health, emotional and spiritual well-being. For 15 years, Linda has been a loving guide and a supportive friend. Shortly after we met, she put me in touch with a writer friend who introduced me to the woman who would become my writing mentor. A few years later she orchestrated an afternoon facilitated by a consultant friend to help me figure out my next career move. A friend like Linda, one does not often find.

In January 2000, five months after my first and only child, Gabriel, was born, Linda was diagnosed with breast cancer, and a few weeks later had a double-mastectomy. Then there was chemo and radiation. While many of her friends were devastated, Linda maintained a positive and hopeful perspective, never giving into despair. When one drug didn't work, she tried another.

As time progressed she added alternative therapies to her conventional treatments. She saw a healer, naturopath, chiropractor and shiatsu master. She did whatever it took to stay alive and live as healthfully as possible. She told her doctor she wanted quality over quantity. In

Positivity: *Continued on page 42*

"A pessimist sees the difficulty in every opportunity; an optimist sees the opportunity in every difficulty."

— Winston Churchill



Force Majeure (2014)

A family skiing vacation turns into an emotional crisis, thanks to an act of nature and a moment of weakness. When an avalanche rolls frighteningly close to an outdoor restaurant, the husband (Johannes Bah Kuhnke) bolts the table, leaving his wife (Lisa Lovén Kongli) and two kids momentarily alone. For the rest of the vacation, the incident — and his refusal to acknowledge it — will have a sinister ripple effect. As the episode is recounted to others at the ski lodge, we get a sense of how rarely people really see the world (let alone each other) without prejudice. Swedish filmmaker Ruben Östlund creates an unnerving atmosphere (who is that person always looking down at the family in the hotel atrium?), yet *Force Majeure* is also wickedly, subversively funny. During the film’s unexpected final sequence, one wonders whether this disastrous holiday might actually renew this family’s life. Seeing things from a new angle can set us free. (Available streaming on Netflix, Google Play, Amazon Video, VUDU.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer

“Cherish the music that stirs in your heart ...” — James Allen



Man in the Mirror (Single) — Michael Jackson, Bad, 1987

One of the first hits recorded by Michael Jackson that he did not write himself, “Man in the Mirror,” begins with a simple angelic synthesizer and an overly electronic piano. A major superstar at the height of his career, the singer seems to have discovered a whole new perspective on life and the changes that he needs to make as he gazes introspectively into the mirror. As he begins to understand what he needs to do to, the song starts to take on an anthem-like feel. Just when you think you have it pegged, it takes you to church with the amazing backing vocals of true gospel royalty, the Winans, accompanied by the Andrae Crouch Gospel Choir. “Man in the Mirror” helps us understand that any kind of change, big or small, starts first within yourself. Amen.



One Day (Single) — Matisyahu, Light, 2009

Talk about a unique point of view: Matisyahu is a Hasidic Jew reggae artist and rapper who preaches a message of peace, faith and tolerance. “One Day” is his request for all of us to truly be thankful for what we have, but at the same time promote and demand change in the world. Amidst war and corruption, the message is about the hope of change and how one should never lose that hope. The song transports us to a heavenly place using an airy orchestral effect, and then uses that moment to open our eyes to a new perspective. An agent of hope and change, Matisyahu sings about the great blessings he has had, but also about what makes him cry, and questions the state of the world. He uses his music to exhort us to “treat people the same, stop with the violence” and “we will all be free.” His is a truly inspired soul.



It’s So Hard to Say Goodbye to Yesterday (Single) — G.C. Cameron,

Cooley High Original Soundtrack, 1975

When Boyz II Men covered this song in 1991, it was probably used as every high school senior class theme song until the late ’90s. What most of us don’t realize is that the song has its roots back in the ’70s, coming out of Hitsville U.S.A. (Motown). Originally recorded by G.C. Cameron, formerly of The Spinners, it became the closing track of the movie *Cooley High* — and Cameron’s one and only hit. Cameron’s original has an old-school gospel feel that’s sorely missing in the a-capella version recorded 15 years later. A dueling organ and piano intro has the listener sitting in the pews watching the choir sing a hymn just before the soloist gets up to blow your mind. The song is a reflection on the emotions we feel at times of change in our lives. Leaving home for college, getting married, having kids, moving away, and wrapping up our careers — sometimes we have to leave the past and move on which, as the song acknowledges, is a hard thing to do. It is a simple message sung with soul by Cameron, and should be considered a hidden gem in the pop music archives of anyone’s music collection. ♦

Open Passports/Minds:

Continued from page 11

explained. And the soldiers were only there in case things turned sour.

As we made our way back to our hotel later through the peaceful streets of the Old City, we talked about how anxious we had been when the gunshots started. We couldn’t tell celebration from conflict without an explanation from our hosts.

That night we learned two lessons of travel: Things are not always as they might appear. And, contrary to what news reports may lead you to believe, there’s a peaceful, everyday component in the complex relationship between Jewish Israelis and Israeli Arabs. (Ethnic Arab citizens prefer to call themselves “Palestinian citizens of Israel.”)

Another time, we went on safari in Africa, not planning to learn much about life or politics. We just wanted to observe some animals we’d seen only in zoos and circuses.

Good Enough:

Continued from page 31

With a growth mindset, you believe that your talents and intelligence are just your initial stock, and they can be invested in and cultivated. You embrace the ever-present possibility that you continue to learn, try, have setbacks and successes, and learn some more. The holy grail of the growth mindset is getting better, not being perfect or even being good. Most of us shuffle back and forth between these two mindsets based on old thinking patterns and behaviors.

Research like Dweck’s shows that greater success emerges from the growth mindset than from the fixed mindset. It’s those who keep trying who ultimately achieve their goals, hopes and dreams. To quote Alfred Binet, the inventor of the IQ Test, “It’s not always the people who start out the smartest who end up the smartest.” Instead, it’s purposeful engagement with our own capacities, with practice and persistence, which leads us to expertise and success.

Even there, things weren’t as they seemed.

Safari planners like to put a little spice in their tours. In this case, we were to spend one morning driving into the highlands of Tanzania to visit a village and talk to the residents about their business raising goats and honeybees.

As we lurched our way up the mountain, our brawny safari vehicle groaned with every pothole, and we groused the whole way up that the animals were doing their thing on the savannah below while we were being jostled to death.

When we arrived, the “village” turned out to be a couple of houses with a small corral out back and a shed out front where the residents sold honey and chunks of goat cheese. The village women showed us how to dance their way, thatch a roof and secure a khanga, the colorful rectangle of cotton that African women wear as a skirt or shawl or use as a baby pack.

Give Growth More Air Time

How do we shift to more of a growth mindset at this point in our lives? Start by paying attention to the messages you repeat to yourself. When the fixed mindset speaks with self-doubt and the inner critic has been unleashed, try choosing different words to describe what’s working and what isn’t. Instead of the self-defeating and negatively reinforcing statements you broadcast, try adding some verbal possibility for future improvement. Instead of, “I’ll never be a good storyteller,” make a shift to, “I’m learning to be a better storyteller.”

You have a choice about how you talk to and about yourself. Your brain hears everything you say; give your growth voice more air time! Each time you try, even if you fall short of the end goal, ask yourself, “What did I learn?” Adjusting your goal from mastery to simply getting better each time you try will do wonders for your eventual success and your happiness along the way.

In my coaching practice, I love seeing my clients do just this. Chris says that math has been challenging for her but she’s still going to keep trying. Matt says he’s sad that his past art projects haven’t

And then they told us the most surprising thing:

Their enterprise was supported by Heifer International, an Arkansas non-profit that works to eliminate poverty and hunger in more than 125 countries. Families are stocked with donated livestock to raise; and, in return, they share any offspring with their neighbors.

We had donated to Heifer International before, and now we were seeing a happy and prosperous result of just such a donation.

We aren’t experts in any of these countries, their trials or endeavors.

But our visits there came with bonuses: A deep appreciation for the men and women who give their all in war; the revelation that the everyday experience of Jews and Arabs who live in Israel proper or the Palestinian territories is more complicated than any news report can convey; and sweet memories of the smiles on the faces of the women of Tanzania as we followed their lead and fastened a khanga so it didn’t fall off. ♦

been satisfying, so he’s searching for a medium that better suits him. I tell people that instead of entertaining in ways that feel overwhelming, I’m simplifying my get-togethers so I can enjoy them more. Juan is frustrated with his organizational skills, so he’s open to coaching and learning new techniques.

Most of us already do this for our family and friends. Imagine the frustrated kindergartner who earnestly tries to play the piano but says, “I’m just no good at this.” As wise elders we reply, “It takes practice, time, some patience, and a positive attitude!” That’s your growth mindset talking. Turn up the volume on that voice that says you can still learn, grow and accomplish. Armed with a solid growth mindset, new and better results can and will emerge. ♦

For more information: Dweck, Carol S., Ph.D. (2006). *Mindset: The New Psychology of Success*. New York: Random House.

If you’d like to test your mindset to see how far you tilt to a fixed or growth mindset, go to Dweck’s website at www.mindsetonline.com and take the short free assessment.

Positivity:
Continued from page 39

2008, when the cancer made its way into her bones, she continued to maintain her positive and hopeful perspective. I never heard her curse God, get angry at God, or at any of the people in her life. If there was an underside, she never exposed it. This was sometimes hard for her family and friends, who wanted to emote with her; but that's not what Linda wanted. It's not that she didn't want to talk about the cancer, she did; she just chose not to get bogged down in emotions, including her own. She chose to focus on the positive and live her life.

On August 9, 2015, I received an email from Linda with the heading: Need to Talk.

When we spoke, she told me that the cancer had made its way into her brain, and she asked me, her rabbi friend, the question I knew she was going to ask: Would I officiate at her funeral?

Linda knows me. She knows I'm emotional. She knows it will take every fiber of my being to hold it together during the service. She knows I probably won't hold it together, and perhaps that's what she wants, someone who will be herself, someone whose voice will shake and whose eyes will fill with tears and who will have to pause numerous times to make it through, but who will make it through with the

help of everyone there, whose own eyes will be filled with tears and whose hearts will be full of grief.

A week after this conversation, I met with Linda, her husband, her sister, and her brother-in-law at her dining room table for a breakfast of blueberries, smoked salmon, her favorite bread from Macrina Bakery, a kugel, and a strawberry custard tart.

"I'm getting things in order," Linda said between bites of bread and sips of tea. "I'm having good discussions with the people I love, and I'm making sure everyone knows my wishes."

When I asked her how she maintained her positive perspective over the years, she had this to say: "It's worked for me. I think we have choices. My choice was to keep moving forward and enjoying life. I just put one foot in front of the other. I got to visit Turkey and China. I got to play. Did I get to do it all? No! But I got to see my daughter married to a wonderful man. I have two grandchildren who are the joy of my life. I have incredibly wonderful people around me. I'm loved, and I know it. And I love in return. I've always felt thankful and blessed for the people in my life. I have a sense of overriding gratitude."

When her sister expressed concern about the pain she might be in as she neared the end, Linda said, "I don't expect to be in pain. They sent me narcotics. Brain cancer isn't painful. Don't let your mind go there. I'm not letting my mind go there. The mind is a powerful thing. I expect it is going to be okay, and if I expect it is going to be okay, it will be okay."

This Linda is a strong and positive woman. If any of us are able to adopt even half of her strength and optimism, we will stand in good stead. ♦



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 18

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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



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