

Been Unfaithful?

What you lose by
cheating yourself

The Sky Is Falling

Why the media uses terror to sell
toothpaste (and why we buy it)

Your Doctor Could Be Killing You

When it comes to healing, trust
is as important as training

TRUST



Too Much, Too Little, Earned or Lost



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TRUST:
Too Much, Too Little, Earned or Lost

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 Traci Kuster
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Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
 Max Wells
 mwells@wisepublishinggroup.com

Managing/Copy Editor
 Carol Pearson
 carol@wisepublishinggroup.com

Art Director
 Mike Inks, MLI Design
 www.mlidesign.co
 mike.inks@wisepublishinggroup.com

Ad Sales
 ads@wisepublishinggroup.com

Contributing Authors

Nancy Gertz
 Deborah Grassman
 Robert Horton
 Dave Jackson
 Brad Jensen
 Evan Kimble
 Traci Kuster
 Adam Lewis
 Pam Mandel
 Skye Moody
 John Pearson
 Joe Rodriguez
 Stephan J. Smith, DC
 Misha Stone
 Jeff Wozer
 Rabbi Elana Zaiman

Proofreaders

Cheryl Knight
 Diane Smith

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Dan Madsen
 Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care

Letter From the Chairman & CEO

Keep Reaching for Those Stars by Dan Madsen

Hello and Happy New Year! I can't believe the holidays are over and we are already well into 2016. It seems like just yesterday I was penning this letter for 2015.

As I reflect back on the year, I can't help but smile. The Leisure Care team worked harder than ever. We welcomed new communities and new people to the family. We said goodbye to others. We reached for the stars, and while it wasn't always easy, we never lost sight of our ultimate goal — to have a positive impact on the lives of everyone we come into contact with each and every day. I'm so proud of all of you — whether a resident, family member, employee or friend — and your dedication to inspiring those around you. You have my heartfelt thanks for all that you do and for your continued trust in me and this company.

Now it's time to look forward to the year ahead. This is a time of year I find particularly inspiring. Resolutions are being made (and occasionally broken), and there's a general sense of hope and renewal. People are focused on being the best they can be and helping others do the same. At Leisure Care we're proud to provide the platforms in which to make those goals a reality.

One of those platforms is the One Eighty Foundation and the means to support your local communities through philanthropy. Here in Seattle we work with some wonderful organizations, including Treehouse and YouthCare, in an effort to improve the lives of children and families in need. And I know each local community has aligned with their own organizations with these same goals in mind. At Leisure Care we like to make supporting these local organizations as fun as possible.

If you lived with or worked for us this time last year you'll remember the February Fitness Frenzy. As a company we focused on being more active while raising an impressive \$32,000 for the One Eighty Foundation and our local communities. This year we are back for round two, and it's going to be even bigger and better. I hope you'll join us for this fun company-wide event and the opportunity to help those in need while making a positive impact in your own life.

We are also looking forward to new travel opportunities in 2016, through our signature program Travel by Leisure Care. Powered by Twist Travel, another One Eighty company, Travel by Leisure Care will be taking residents on a cruise to Alaska, a weekend in Branson, Missouri, and an exciting visit to our hometown of Seattle.

So here's to what's sure to be another great year. As always I thank you for putting your trust in Leisure Care. We take our responsibility to serve you extremely seriously. Thank you again for being a part of our family.

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 "Purpose."

Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self



by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

*“Let your inner candle shine,
and, babe, whenever you pass a mirror,
send it love.”*

Once upon a time, a beautiful young woman named Fiona belly-ached about her mirror. From my perspective as her friend, Fiona, in her late 20s, represented all that is gorgeous about the Irish. I don't even know if she's Irish, but her name is, and even while she's lamenting she's a knockout.

Fiona says to me, “I don't trust my mirror.”

I reply, “Snow White's evil queen has a mirror like that.”

“I'm serious,” insists Fiona. “My mirror is lying to me.”

“Full length or head shot?” I inquire, inwardly amused yet aware that she truly believes her mirror is lying to her.

“Oh, it's the whole image.”

“And just exactly what don't you trust about the image in the mirror?”

Fiona clams up. Changes subjects. Whatever her mirror lied about is too terrifying to discuss, even with a sympathetic friend.

Soon after this curious lament, our paths diverge, and I won't see Fiona again for decades. However, from time to time when I peer into a mirror, I recall her complaint. I habitually ask myself, “Can I trust this mirror?” and think of Fiona.

Being a professional photographer with experience in eyeballing my subjects, I know that lighting is one of the most critical factors when viewing a subject. Light can lie.

Light is untrustworthy, plays nefarious tricks on the eye. Light also draws beauty from seemingly innocuous subjects. Before Photoshop, portrait photographers were tasked with determining the most complementary light in which to portray a subject. Special lens filters help, but, most of all, the lighting has to be perfect. I often wonder if my old friend's lament was due to lighting. Maybe her mirror's surface was distorted, like a funhouse mirror, or was placed in a poorly lit room, or was lit by incandescent light, lacking any natural light reflection. Or, Fiona might have installed a full-spectrum light for the first time and said, “Whoa!” when she suddenly viewed herself in the truest light of all: full daylight. What did this lighting reflect in the mirror that caused Fiona to not trust what she saw?

Few of us take our mirrors outdoors and inspect ourselves in full daylight. Age and other unwelcome properties depending, the effect of seeing yourself for the first time in full daylight can devastate the uninitiated. Gad, are humans really this ugly? Performing this task — personal daylight mirror-viewing — can lead to a serious inferiority complex. Or, we could lie to ourselves and, like Fiona, decide that the mirror is lying.

Decades later, recently, I encounter Fiona again, not in person, but via news media; photographs of Fiona show up in the local newspa-

per's real estate section. Today she's a big-time real estate agent and appears even more beautiful than ever. But maybe that's the photographer's skills, or maybe her picture is Photoshopped. She's still a knockout.

I wonder if she's still blaming her mirror for her inner torments, for the unattractiveness everyone but Donald Trump sees inside when we look long and despairingly into the mirror of our soul, that which is reflected onto our outer appearance, which distorts our self-image like a funhouse mirror.

The photographer in me might suggest a few superficial solutions. Move the mirror, change the lighting, apply make-up, and you'll look better. In the worst case, smash the mirror and buy a new one.

The philosopher in me says candlelight is forgiving. If the flame of life burns hot enough, maybe it will burn off the hurtful memories and self-loathing. Inner light can physically transform outward appearances.

Today, perhaps Fiona feels better about herself and/or her mirror. Any day now, living in the same city, we might cross paths again. When that happens, I'll tell Fiona what I should've said 30 years ago. “To hell with lying mirrors. Let your inner candle shine, and, babe, whenever you pass a mirror, send it love.” As Snow White's evil queen learned, what you see in a mirror bounces back to bless you or curse you. ♦

Entertain Your Brain

Books | Movies | Music



*Secrets and scandals,
true loves and losses ...
enjoy these picks from
our trusted reviewers
and critics.*

BOOK REVIEWS

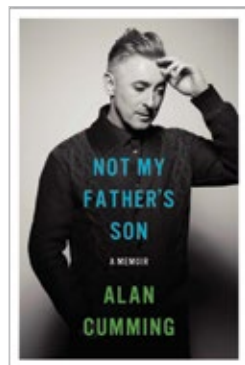
by Misha Stone / Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

“One must be fond of people and trust them if one is not to make a mess of life.”
— E. M. Forster



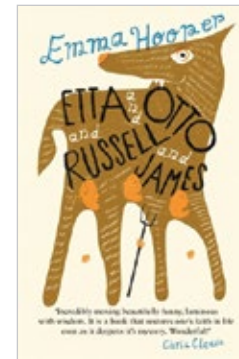
Fates and Furies by Lauren Groff (Riverhead Books, \$27.95)

In any marriage, there are shared memories, rituals, secrets and omissions, but there are also assumptions and perspectives that don't always get challenged or even uncovered. Lotto and Mathilde meet in their last year of college and fall quickly, deeply in love. They weather the lean years until Lotto's career as a playwright and Mathilde's unwavering support of him finally takes off. Told from both of their perspectives, the onion of their relationship is peeled layer by layer with exquisite delicacy. When the twists emerge there is a sense of wonder and surprise and even delight in the discoveries. Groff adamantly pointed out that this is not your typical literary marriage story — there is no infidelity, no divorce — but a stunning and masterful look at a long-term relationship in which subterfuge is as much a part of the love story as intimacy.



Not My Father's Son by Alan Cumming (Dey Street Books, \$15.99)

The Scottish actor currently most well-known to American audiences as Eli Gold in CBS' *The Good Wife*, Cumming has been a star of screen and stage for decades. When he is asked to take part in the popular UK genealogy show (which has an American counterpart by the same name), *Who Do You Think You Are?*, he is swept into examining his childhood and family life as the secret of his maternal grandfather's mysterious death is uncovered. Cumming grew up with an abusive father and lived under constant threat of physical and verbal abuse. After years of scant communication with his father in his adult life, he learns that his father may not have been his father at all. These revelations never made it into the show, but Cumming shares the stress and relief he experienced behind the scenes as his work brought him closer to understanding himself, his past and his family tree. A page-turning memoir about survival and the ties that bind.



Etta and Otto and Russell and James by Emma Hooper (Simon & Schuster, \$15.99)

Etta is 82 when she wakes up one morning determined to walk toward the sea from her home in rural Saskatchewan. She leaves husband Otto behind with a note and a stack of recipe cards to use while she is away. In a debut that shares the lyrical and character sense of Anthony Doerr's *All the Light You Cannot See*, this novel slowly introduces you to its characters while also exploring the themes of war and its aftermath. Otto cooks his wife's recipes dutifully, making a paper sculpture menagerie for his lost love who has lost her mind to dementia. Meanwhile, their long-time friend and neighbor Russell sets out to find her. Etta's journey, where she makes her way with her boots, a rifle and dwindling supplies, is a journey into the heart of memory and into the heartbreak of dementia. When a photographer snaps her picture and shares her story in a local paper, Etta unwittingly becomes a celebrity as she passes from town to town. Hooper penned a heroic quest that gets to the heart of love, loss and the courage it takes to move forward into the unknown.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*

“You can't trust water. Even a straight stick turns crooked in it.”
— W. C. Fields



Notorious (1946)

A U.S. spy named Devlin (Cary Grant) recruits party girl Alicia Huberman (Ingrid Bergman) into post-WWII espionage. They fall in love — of course they do, they're played by Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman! But wait — when they arrive for the South American assignment, they learn that her job is to become intimate with a Nazi escapee (Claude Rains). Alicia resents Devlin for betraying her; Devlin resents Alicia for carrying out the task. As usual in the world of Alfred Hitchcock, there's more going on than just terrific suspense. This is one of Hitchcock's best, a beautifully rendered spy movie in which the exciting climax of the story is also the moment the characters fulfill their emotional possibilities at last. Even the villain becomes oddly sympathetic. His trust is on the line too, a predicament that humanizes even a monster. (Available on DVD; streaming on YouTube.)



Living Out Loud (1998)

After getting dumped by her philandering husband, Judith (Holly Hunter) finds herself moping about her Upper East Side apartment and hesitantly looking for ways to connect with people. Quite unexpectedly, two other searching souls enter her orbit: the working-class gambler (Danny DeVito) who operates the elevator in her building and a singer (Queen Latifah) who belts out jazz tunes at the nightclub where Judith likes to drown her sorrows. This curious alignment of characters — who would probably never have met but for the rupture in Judith's life — is the basis for a wonderfully humane film by writer-director Richard LaGravenese. The movie is all about how to build a new life and let new people in. Refreshingly, LaGravenese (loosely adapting a couple of Chekov short stories) does not offer convenient answers to these challenges. At every turn, our expectations are not so much denied as gently side-stepped. That spirit goes right through to the end: People move on to the next whatever-it-is, rather than a happy ending. But it'll probably make you happy anyway. (Available on DVD; streaming on iTunes, Google Play, Amazon, Vudu and YouTube.)

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated



© Elia Hanioti

AS NATURAL AS DAYLIGHT

Out of nowhere he appeared, held up a finger and beckoned “follow me.”

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

We were going to sleep on the sidewalk, if we were going to sleep at all. It was that or the freeway median, and that seemed an equally bad choice. I did not want to sleep on the sidewalk or the freeway median, but there were no hotels, there were no campgrounds, there was ... nothing. The town was little more than a crossroads, a few streets lined with white

stucco houses. We had been dropped there hours — or was it days, it felt like days — before and could not catch a lift out.

And now, the sun was going down. Sunset ends a hitchhiker’s day. Drivers want to see the goods. They want to see the battered cardboard sign — ours said PATRAS — and the backpacks with the unraveling seams. Drivers want to see your face.

Once you’ve turned into a cut-out shadow, the day is over. There would be no rides and, to the dismay of my increasingly noisy stomach, no dinner.

We shouldered our packs and wandered off the arterial onto a quiet side street. There were no cars; there were no people. Every now and then we’d hear the whoosh of a truck flying past on the highway, and in between there was silence. No noise came from behind the high courtyard walls, no cars rolled past, no locals slowed down to eye the skinny backpackers seated on their bags on the sidewalk.

The promise of a night sleeping rough is nothing; I have done my share of pretending to sleep on airport floors and rattling pickup truck beds on overnight drives. Once I slept in a hedge outside a Tel Aviv apartment building. It was not a good night’s sleep, but the worst I suffered was mosquito bites and fatigue. Now, the worst that would happen would be a night on the sidewalk, with no dinner, no sleep, no breakfast, until we got a lift out of this unnamed village.

We took turns walking in one direction, then another. One of us sat with the packs, the other would look for a corner store, a hotel, a commercial business of any kind. A park, a field that had not been mowed, any place with just a little bit of shelter. Everything was hidden behind high white walls, and it was so quiet. A Sunday kind of quiet where even the birds are still.

This story is small. There is no drama or danger in it. Two hitchhikers get stuck in a small Greek village, and they are saved from a minor inconvenience by a stranger. There’s little to it, but it has stayed with me in the way that there is still a glass snowflake paperweight from my high school boyfriend on my desk; in the way that there is a beach stone too. And on the bookshelf, a boat that fits in the palm of my hand, sent from Alaska as payment for a ferry ticket that I was not going to use and refused to take money for. This story is a souvenir from the time when I hitchhiked to Greece to board a ship to Haifa, Israel, where bigger, more dramatic things happened. But this handheld object remains, still valuable.

The man appeared on the sidewalk and beckoned that we should follow him. This communication took some time; we had no common language. He led us through a gate and showed us the little bedroom in a space that was perhaps a

stable once, or a shed. It was neat, and there were calendar pictures decorating the white-plastered walls. There was a four-poster bed with a lumpy horsehair mattress and some fabric quilts. Everything was tired, but clean. Across the courtyard, under some stairs, was a little water closet with a toilet, flushed with a red bucket that hung on the wall. We tried to give him money; he refused. He asked us to wait, in that universal gesture of raising an index finger, and he returned a few minutes later with a brown paper bag holding some hard boiled eggs, some bread, some olives and fruit. A bottle of water. And then, he disappeared, out the gate again, leaving us to the silence of the courtyard, the bedroom, the darkening sky.

At the time, I thought nothing of this hospitality, but the years have made it more mysterious. I have tried to imagine myself in this man’s position, feeding and housing completely random strangers who have washed up on the sidewalk outside my house. Maybe he was a priest, or maybe he was an angel, or maybe he could read us. The backpacks, the cardboard sign; he had seen this before, and this is what he did. He collected and fed strays for just a night. It could never be more than one night; there was no other reason for strangers to be there.

I could not find this town on a map. I could not retrace the route we traveled. I have no photographs of the place we stayed. I’m angry with the me that lives in the shoebox of my memory for not realizing at the time how generous and trusting this stranger was to open the gates, to give us a bed and a perfect traveler’s meal. All I have by way of gratitude is this little story, some words about being in a Greek village, feeling safe and cared for and as though good fortune came to me as natural as daylight.

Very early in the morning, we shut the gate behind us, headed back out to the highway, and caught a ride almost immediately. Probably with yet another truck driver, smiling, talkative in the way of those who think a language barrier is no obstacle, *bouzouki* music blazing at full volume. We probably shared cigarettes and tried to answer questions in sign language, and eventually, we reached our destination, forgetting that reaching it had ever been in doubt. ♦

“Everything was hidden behind high white walls, and it was so quiet. A Sunday kind of quiet where even the birds are still.”



Unfaithful

by Deborah Grassman
Founder and CEO of Opus Peace

Have you cheated yourself out of the real experience of growing older?

“Oh, wow!”

According to his sister, and reported in the *New York Times*, those were the words Steve Jobs exclaimed just before he died.

Is it possible to discover that “Wow!” earlier in life? Could aging connect to that “Wow!”, offering something we need? Have we gotten too arrogant or controlling to realize that aging has something to teach us? Why do we fail to trust the aging process or fail to trust ourselves to navigate aging?

“It takes a lot of courage to grow old,” my 90-year-old mother often said the last few decades of her life. Rather than cultivating courage, however, most of us *resist* aging, cheating ourselves of the opportunity to learn from experience.

“We’re all going to die,” we say without allowing that truth to plumb the depths of our souls where its mysteries are revealed.

I have been fortunate. As a nurse practitioner, I’ve cared for more than 10,000 dying people over my 30-year hospice career. These patients have been my teachers. They have taught me things I could learn nowhere else. They have taught me the secrets of “dying healed,” a concept that seems oxymoronic in an “anti-aging” culture.

When given a terminal diagnosis, a person’s perspective shifts dramatically. Some people wilt with fear and dread. Others use terminal illness as an opportunity to grow. “Cancer was the best thing that ever happened,” some have said. “It woke me up. Now I know what’s important and what’s not.”

Whether someone wilts or awakens, the realization is the same: “My life matters.” That’s the paradoxical truth that death bears, and the earlier we realize that, the sooner we can “live healed.”

As we age, the threat of death grows stronger. We can use that threat to awaken an interior “I matter” vitality, accessing eternal wisdoms not found in the material world. The transformation begins with opening up to the reality of death. As one patient told me: “Now, while I’m dying, is no time to be lying to myself.” And in the space of just a few days, he mounted the courage to open up to the peace that waited beyond his fears. His wife said she had never seen him so “happy and peaceful.”

Another patient jubilantly told me, “I’m packed up, prayed up and ready to go!” He died a week later, and I could only marvel at his wisdom, letting it inspire me to do my own inner work so one day I, too, could be jubilantly “ready to go.”

In a society that is afraid of loss, aging and death seem like a poison we are forced to drink.

Is it possible for it to be a *healing* poison? For that to be true, we have to stop asking superficial questions that keep us clinging to who we used to be — questions like:

Which facelift procedure should I use?

How can I maintain my power and authority?

What love-object do I need to find?

How can I stay fixated on who I used to be?

Carl Jung challenges us to not “content ourselves with inadequate or wrong answers to the questions of life.” Yet, we do just that — we allow modern advertising to dictate who we are rather than allowing our own imprinted destiny to unfold with grace and dignity.

Viktor Frankl also provides insight: “Today’s society is characterized by achievement orientation, and consequently it adores people who are successful and happy, and, in particular, it adores the young.”

We allow money and temporary materialism to take us away from the eternity in our soul. “Buy our product so you don’t have to be you” is the prevailing message. We incorporate this into our self-image, which is an archetypal form of prostitution: We sell our current-aged self and buy a younger version of ourselves, losing our self in the process.

If we can stop being unfaithful to ourselves, then we begin to trust the part of ourselves that already knows how to age without fear and trepidation. To do that, we have to be willing to discover and embrace our interior elder. (See sidebar for my personal encounter with her.)

Aging humbles us. Humility helps us ask tough questions that can only be answered beyond our ego-self, questions like:

Why am I ashamed of the age I am, realizing that it is part of who I am?

Why have I let commercials brainwash and control how I feel about myself?

Am I willing to discover my NOW life (which includes the age I am NOW)?

How might grieving my losses help me let go of who I was so I can embrace who I am?

How might acknowledging my fear of death grow me into my larger self?

Each of us is beckoned to redeem the destiny we were born to fulfill. Initially, we *protest* that destiny; then we *resist* it. We start trying to *control* it. At some point, however, most people come to *accept* it. The truly wise even learn how to *consent* to it. But some are even more than wise — they are liberated in that “Wow!” moment. Their secret? They actually *trust* their destiny.

“Now, while I’m dying, is no time to be lying to myself.”



© Photick/Eric Audras

Unfaithful: Continued on page 16

Choosing to Honor Your Soul's Elder



I have made it a point to meet my Interior Elder so that I am less afraid of her. I have even grown to trust her. Here's a letter my internal Elder wrote me a few years ago when I retired from one career and was starting a new non-profit organization that addresses "soul injury"®. I needed guidance, and I knew she could help. Here's what she said:

Dear Deborah,

I first met you 61 years ago. I was so far away that you could barely see me, yet I was in every beat of that tiny little heart that so bravely decided to come into this world to meet me.

You are no longer so far away. As I have called your name with the lub-dub of each heartbeat, you have drawn closer. You sit at my knees now. I long to gaze fully into your eyes, but sometimes you turn your gaze away from my loving arms that await your return to my bosom — a buxom bosom that yearns to hold you and nourish you with breasts filled with the milk of life.

Each day, you are looking more and more like me. You don't like that do you? You are ashamed of me. You didn't think I knew that did you? Well, I do, and it hurts each time you hide me or curse me when you look in the mirror or groan with the ache in your bones.

Deborah, I am the destiny you were born to fulfill. Do not be afraid of me. Do not be ashamed of me. Every time you say you are "lucky" that you don't have gray hair, you are turning me away. Whether you know it or not, you need me, and when I come to the hairs of your very head, I hope you won't cover me up or color me away, but that you will REJOICE and wear me proudly. If you will do that, I can hold you even more tenderly than I already am. Yes, you do have wrinkles. This should be no surprise to you. Yet, you act surprised to see them each and every day. When you pull the loose skin up from the sides of your face to erase the grooves I've so lovingly placed there, you make me feel very sad. Not for me, but for you. You see, Deborah, you lose your power when you do that. Yes. You are running away from the very thing that gives you your strength and wisdom.

Deborah, it was I who carried you through treacherous days. It was I who cradled you during the night and gave you dreams to guide your way back home. Deborah, it was I who stood strong by your heart to assure that it would not become crusted over with bitterness.

Deborah, you have launched an organization to respond to the Soul Injuries that haunt our broken world. Deborah, I have a secret to tell you about that. You are not its CEO ... I AM! So, call on me when you are scared, weary or faint of heart.

Welcome home! It's about time that you finally acknowledged me as your roommate.

With love,
Your Soul's Crone ♦

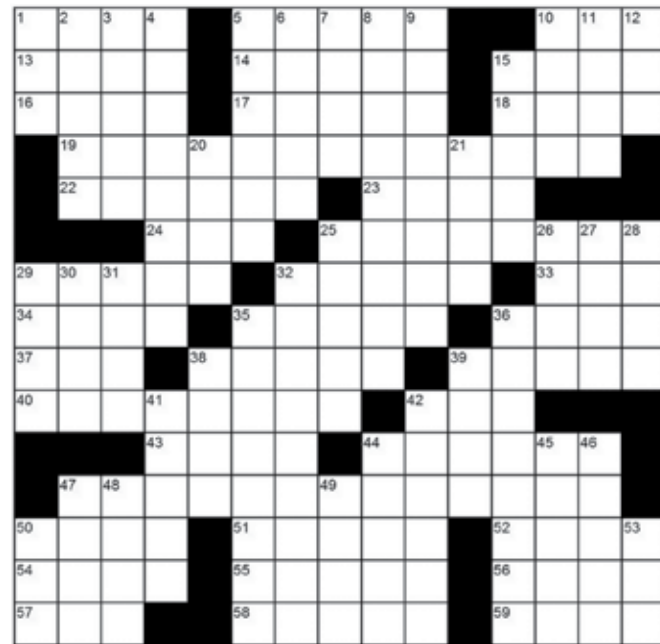
LivFun Brain Games

Crossword & Sudoku

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

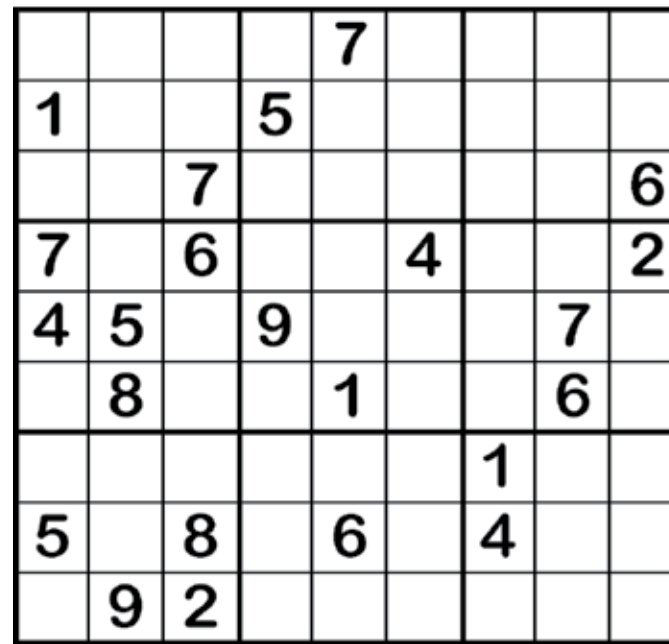
Have I Got A Deal For You!



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Sudoku

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



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DIFFICULTY: ★★★★★

ACROSS

- 1 Resound
- 5 Lower
- 10 Young woman
- 13 Biblical pronoun
- 14 Idol singer Studdard
- 15 Withered
- 16 Slang negation
- 17 Sport shoe detail
- 18 Piece
- 19 Beginning of a Shakespearean quote
- 22 Submerges
- 23 Type of test
- 24 Ball holder
- 25 Rented
- 29 Not as nuts
- 32 Swipe
- 33 Clay, once
- 34 Imitated
- 35 One way to go
- 36 Eye
- 37 2nd part of quote
- 38 Fathers
- 39 Recesses
- 40 Removes
- 42 Time for Chicago?
- 43 Honolulu location
- 44 Winter vehicle
- 47 Last part of quote
- 50 Kitchen chore
- 51 Alley divisions
- 52 Standard
- 54 Always
- 55 “_ of Two Cities”
- 56 Mine: Fr.
- 57 Convert into leather
- 58 Put pieces of cloth together
- 59 Loaned

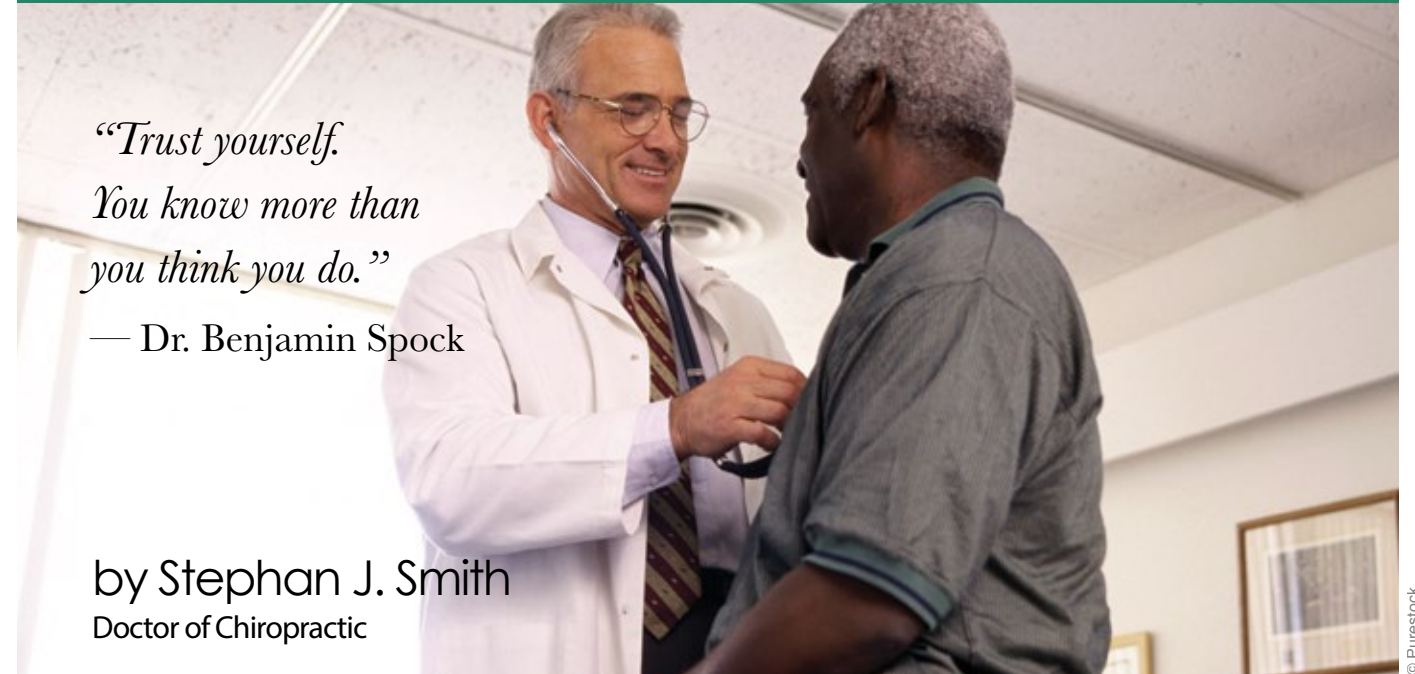
DOWN

- 1 Schedule abbreviation
- 2 Small fry
- 3 Esteem
- 4 Defeated by election
- 5 Mysterious
- 6 Steers
- 7 The third man
- 8 Safety devices
- 9 Establish securely
- 10 Fellow
- 11 Opera solo
- 12 Rent
- 15 Lazy one?
- 20 Washstand item
- 21 A Four Corners state
- 25 Loses interest
- 26 Labels
- 27 Glamour competition
- 28 Expires
- 29 Coffin
- 30 Peak
- 31 Salamander
- 32 Lucky
- 35 Last Russian Czar
- 36 Not required
- 38 French / German border region
- 39 Yemen port
- 41 Boater, sometimes
- 42 Ended
- 44 Inscribed stone
- 45 Dwarf
- 46 Wading bird
- 47 Aria performer
- 48 Reveal
- 49 Bite
- 50 Misty
- 53 Cambridge univ.

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond



*“Trust yourself.
You know more than
you think you do.”*
— Dr. Benjamin Spock

by Stephan J. Smith
Doctor of Chiropractic

It used to be that when your doctor gave you medical advice, you took it as gospel. My grandmother did exactly what her doctor told her to do, without question and with complete faith that his advice was in her best interest, because he knew best. She trusted him, plain and simple.

In the practice of medicine today, much has changed that’s eroded that trust. For every bit of advice your doctor gives you, you can find conflicting opinions from other sources. Who do you believe when everyone claims to be an authority?

What our parents and grandparents had that we seem to lack now is a close, more trusting relationship with our doctors. Back then, doctors knew their patients better. They were often the only doctor in town, or one of only a few. Their practices saw a little of everything on the health spectrum, and their patients were like their extended family. Many times, the town physician delivered several generations of babies in one family before they retired. That kind of longevity and personal interaction leads to a special type of bond that is sorely lacking in the current healthcare market.

Today’s doctors are much, much more pressed for time. In a world where every second is managed and every dollar is counted and analyzed, the focus on each individual patient becomes fuzzier. It used to be that a doctor’s patients were his neighbors named Susan, Bill or little Mikey, but now, they’re patient number 6489387 who has XYZ insurance with a \$30 co-pay and a \$1,500 deductible. This means that if the doctor spends longer than 10 minutes with you, plus the 15 to 20 minutes of paperwork, he’s late for the next patient. This sense of being rushed by your doctor may make you feel like the doctor isn’t listening to you or that he or she doesn’t care. That’s hardly the basis of a trusting relationship.

So what can be done to improve this trust? First, let your doctor know how you feel. Even though they’re busy, most doctors are more concerned with your health than the clock, and a gentle reminder that you need a little more time is all it takes to refocus them.

For example, you might say something like, “I know you’re busy, but I have some concerns about this problem and I’d like your advice.”

That should be enough for the doctor to take a few minutes and discuss the issue, opening the door to a better relationship.

Second, realize that no one person knows everything. A single doctor can’t possibly read every piece of new research or know every new test or technique that comes along. Thanks to the Internet, patients can find a plethora of information (some good, some bad) regarding their health issues. If you’ve found something relevant, make a copy and bring it with you to your next appointment. This is good information for the doctor and gives him or her a launch pad for further research. It also lets him or her know that you want to actively participate in your care. Believe me, doctors are much more willing to go the extra mile when they know you want to be involved in your own care and not just a bystander.

Communicate with your doctor and let him or her know that you expect more and are willing to participate in a more open and trusting relationship. Better relationships lead to deeper levels of trust, better decision making and better care, and isn’t that really what we want from our doctors? ♦

THE SKINNY on Revocable Trusts

Understanding the pros and cons of this financial strategy

*“Money
is better than poverty,
if only for financial
reasons.”*

— Woody Allen

Money Matters Common Sense and Professional Advice

by Adam Lewis & Dave Jackson

Financial planners and Managing Directors at Cornerstone Advisors, Bellevue, WA

The revocable or “living” trust is an estate planning concept that is often discussed but not always fully understood.

At its most basic, this tool is simply a document set up by a person during his or her life that lists what happens to the property in the trust upon death. A key provision of the trust is that the “ownership” of the property listed is transferred to the trust itself in a process called “retitling.” For example, instead of your car being titled directly to you, once it is put into the trust it is “owned” by the trust. You can move property in or out of the trust as you wish at any point during your lifetime.

This kind of trust is not right for every situation, as there is certainly no “one-size-fits-all” estate planning solution. While a revocable living trust can play a role in your estate plan, it is only one of many tools that are available to help you accomplish your goals.

Does the revocable living trust make sense for you to include in your estate plan?

Simplicity

One of the primary benefits of a revocable living trust is that it allows the assets held in trust at death to pass to the intended beneficiaries without having to go through probate, the sometimes lengthy, costly and complicated process in which the court validates your estate documents, including your will. Avoiding probate can greatly ease the administrative burden on your executor and beneficiaries and make the transfer of your assets to your heirs smoother and faster.

Probate varies from state to state; in the state of Washington, for example, the probate process is relatively streamlined and straightforward. California, on the other hand, can be much more challenging and time consuming, making a revocable living trust even more attractive there.

Privacy

In today’s day and age, privacy is top of mind for many of us. A major benefit of a revocable living trust is that it allows you to keep the list of your assets out of the court

system, unlike probate, which enters your assets and final wishes into the public record.

The trust allows for all assets listed in the trust to remain private and to pass directly to your intended beneficiaries without court scrutiny.

Geographic Considerations

In retirement, many of us move to warmer climates or closer to our children. Even if you are in an easy probate state now, your estate may be settled in a different state that may have a more stringent probate process.

Also, be aware that if you own property in another state — a vacation home, for example — you may be subject to that state’s probate process, as well as your own. A revocable trust can help you avoid the additional work and cost of probate in more than one state.

The costs of setting up a revocable living trust and the burden of retitling assets to move them under the trust must be taken into account before you decide if this is right for you. A revocable living trust is usually set up as part of the creation of an overall estate plan, which would also include Wills, Powers of Attorney and Health Care Directives. A basic plan typically costs about \$1,500–\$2,500, depending on the attorney. You’ll want to work with your advisor to make sure that the benefits of setting up a trust justify the initial cost and ongoing maintenance.

Is this tool right for you? If you live in a state with a difficult or costly probate administration, or if you are concerned about keeping your estate matters private, the answer could be yes. Most states do have thresholds under which your assets are not subject to probate or are eligible to go through a probate “shortcut.”

All states differ, but generally it’s safe to say that anyone with an estate worth more than \$100,000 may benefit from avoiding probate through the use of a living trust.

Consult with your attorney or financial advisor to discuss whether a revocable living trust might be a good estate planning tool for your family. ♦



Breaking News

*The Sky Is **Falling!***

Why the media uses terror to sell toothpaste ... and why we buy it

by Brad Jensen

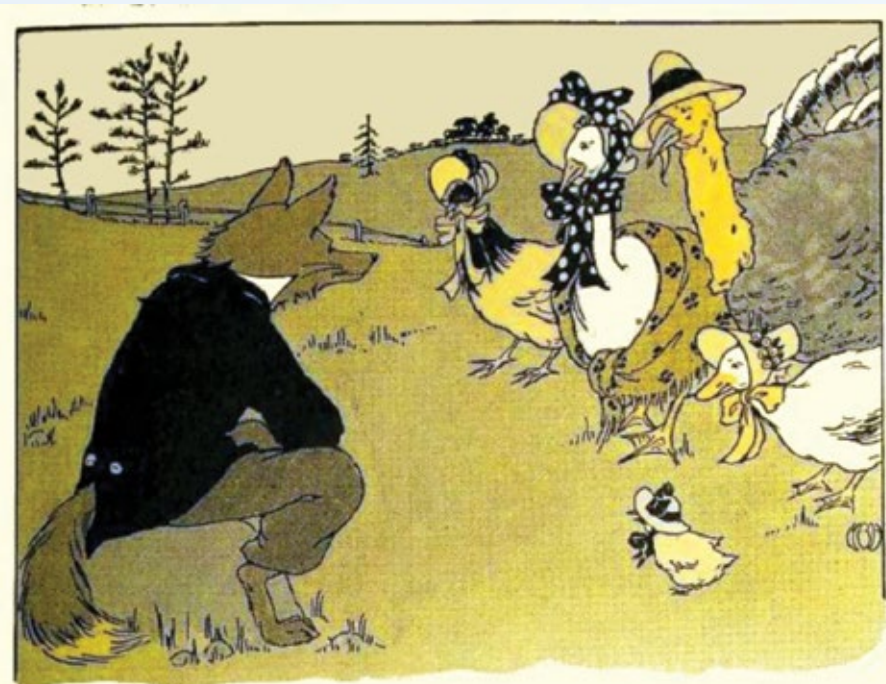
Freelance tech and education writer based in Utah



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“If people in the media cannot decide whether they are in the business of reporting news or manufacturing propaganda, it is all the more important that the public understand that difference and choose their news sources accordingly.” — Thomas Sowell

Do you remember the children’s story about Chicken Little and Foxy Loxy? The Brothers Grimm tale starts when an acorn inexplicably falls and hits Chicken Little on the head. Panicking and believing the “sky is falling,” she sets out to tell all her friends. We’re then led on a madcap tour as Chicken Little and her friends scurry around telling everyone near and far that the sky is falling. In the end, they bring their message of doom to Foxy Loxy’s house and are never heard from again.



The fable is generally interpreted as a warning not to believe everything you hear. That lesson is more relevant now than ever.

Today, we’re bombarded with information from all over the media and from every point on the ideological spectrum. Depending on the day, you might hear that the United States has been taken over by extreme terrorists, or we’re about to die from some deadly foreign plague, or that martial law has been declared in Texas, or our

electrical grid is being attacked and we’ll be left in the freezing darkness. Is it really as bad as all that, or is the media just trying to scare us out of our sneakers (and into new ones)?

Media researcher Courtney Seiter believes that marketers know exactly what they’re doing.

“A study published in the *Journal of Consumer Research* demonstrated that consumers who expe-

rienced fear while watching a film felt a greater affiliation with a present brand than those who watched films evoking other emotions, like happiness, sadness or excitement,” Seiter writes.

“The theory is that when we’re scared, we need to share the experience with others — and if no one else is around, even a nonhuman brand will do,” she continues. “Fear can stimulate people to report greater brand attachment.” (Seiter, 2014)

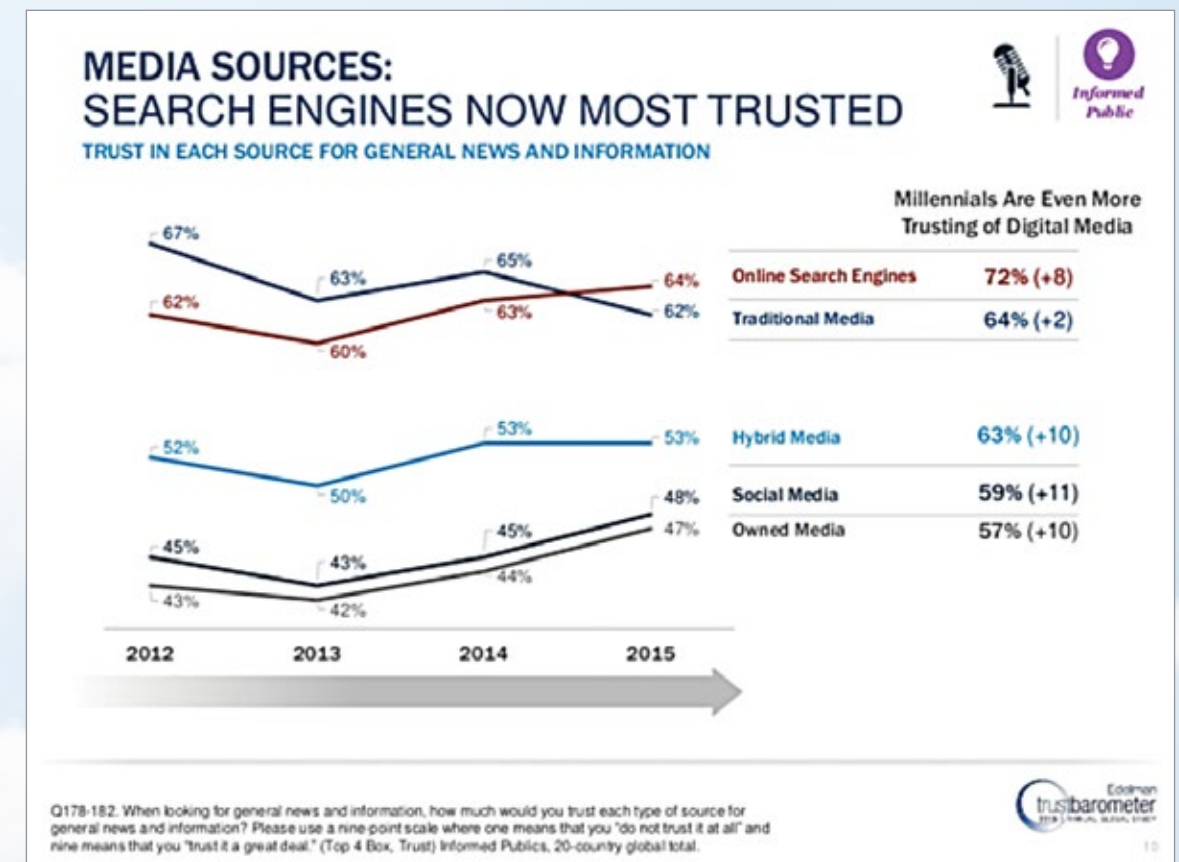
It’s entirely possible that marketers support this atmosphere of fear-based reporting as a way to enhance their marketing efforts.

In Media We Don’t Trust

According to a recent Gallup Poll, we don’t trust our media to get it right. In fact, trust in the media is at an all-time low, with recent poll results showing only 40% of those surveyed reported having trust in the media. That number has trended downward since 1997, the year Gallup started tracking these results. (Rifkin, 2015)

Why do our media have such a terrible reputation?

Gallup’s Rebecca Rifkin notes that the media has actively contributed to this atmosphere of distrust: “Some of the loss in trust may have



been self-inflicted. Major venerable news organizations have been caught making serious mistakes in the past several years, including, among others, the scandal involving former NBC Nightly News anchor Brian Williams in 2015 that some of his firsthand accounts of news events had been exaggerated or ‘misremembered.’” (Rifkin, 2015)

Journalistic integrity — including that sacrosanct division between editorial and advertising — is beholden to the agenda of the people publishing their version of the news.

Here’s the real question — how can we know the agenda of every media source that invades our space every day? How do we know the difference between actual fact and opinion? What possible agenda could there be for a news source to publish facts that are false or misleading? And how can we discern news from fear mongering, the kind that keeps us glued to the TV for hours?

Sifting Fact From Fiction

In today’s complicated media landscape, we have to understand that news organizations are profit-driven, just like any other business. The more viewers they can attract, the bigger their audience. The bigger their audience, the more they can charge advertisers.

News organizations are under increasing financial pressure and competition as media brands proliferate. Competitive pressure drives the prices those publishers can charge for that advertising downward, every year. As such, there are great pressures on news publishers to get and keep more viewers tuned in, giving their advertisers better exposure and, theoretically, a better return for their investment.

Add to the mix the fact that technology now allows anyone to publish their version of the “news.” The Wild West of Internet content doesn’t care about journalistic integrity, solid research, fact-finding, editorial oversight, or sensitivity to the audience. Today, if you have a keyboard, you’re a writer. And if you can garner eyeballs, you’re in business.

As viewership has shifted toward this kind of user-generated online content, so have advertising dollars. This leaves traditional sources of news and information scrambling for their piece of the ad pie, forcing them to find their viewers online, where they spend their time. Over the past decade or so, traditional news sources began looking like blogs, they began to use Twitter and Facebook, and they even began to recruit bloggers with large followings. The lines have become so blurred between fact and editorial or opinion content that they now all look the same. Many are blatantly partisan and use that partisanship to build large audiences of like-minded folks, a perfect boon for advertisers looking to reach that particular group of consumers.

According to Steve Rubel of global PR firm Edelman, “Essentially, we are all media. We act like the media, espousing opinions ... and in turn media has begun to act like us (blogging, tweeting, and becoming more opinionated vs. hard news oriented).” (Armano, 2010).

Becoming a Wiser News Consumer

So how do you find news and information you can trust? First, know your source. When consuming your news, ask yourself who is publishing the information. Then ask yourself why they are telling you this? What’s the purpose? In today’s 24-hour news cycle, media outlets compete for your attention nonstop. By its very nature, much of that time is filled with opinion and “expert analysis” rather than actual breaking news events.

Today’s media environment demands our discernment — keeping you tuned in is more important than giving you all the correct information. Learn to tell the difference between news events and the interpretation of those events in the media. My informal assessment seems to show about 80/20 slanted toward talk, opinion and interpretation. When they don’t have news to tell you, they talk about the news and what it might mean — and they get to show you more commercials if you’re glued to the screen, afraid to look away.

Know who owns the media sources you read and their agenda; it’s easier to learn this than you may think. If you’re reading news online, scroll to the bottom of their web page — the very bottom. In the page footer is the information you might expect to see in a newspaper masthead. You’ll see who the owner is, and most of the time, they’ll even publish a short “about us” page that will tell you who they are and why they are saying the things they are saying. Just a little wise research on your part will go a long way.

Look for multiple sources for the same information. Once you have a few sources, you’ll quickly see which ones are the outliers, more beholden to advertiser interests or non-news agendas than to giving you real information. As our media landscape devolves into a frenzied cry about “the sky is falling — stay tuned as we talk to three experts about what this means to you,” you need to understand that you can actually turn away without the world crumbling at your feet.

Finding your way to trusted information takes a little work, but it’s worth it. And really, you’re smart, you’re wise — and you’ve earned your wisdom. Put it to use as you seek out accurate news and information. And when Chicken Little comes knocking, saying the sky’s falling, you’ll know that it was only an acorn. ♦

TIPS for Becoming a Wiser News Consumer



© Alex Wong

- Ask yourself who is publishing the information and why.
- Learn to tell the difference between news events and the interpretation of those events.
- Know who owns the media sources you read and their agenda.
- Look for multiple sources for the same information.
- Get outside and look at the sky.

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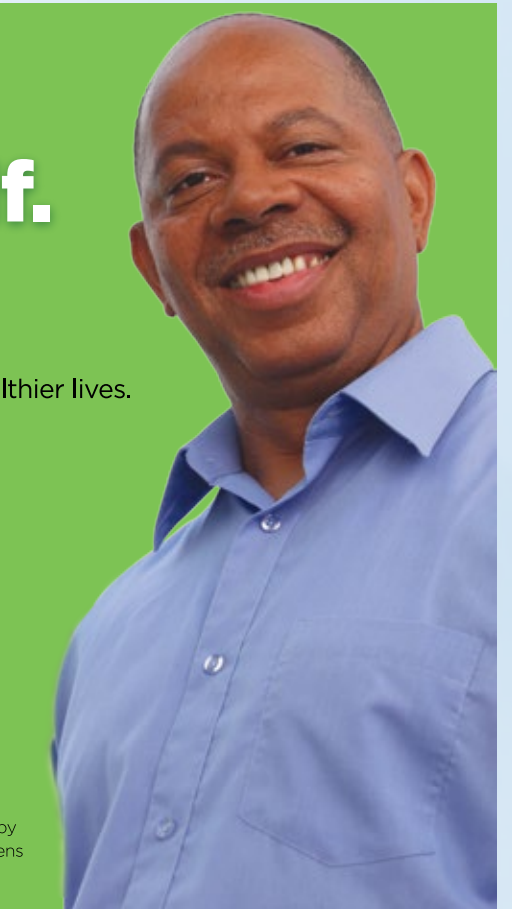
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The three Senior Corps programs – RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through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



Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



© razerbird

by **Evan Kimble**

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: My wife says I'm too hard on myself. She says I put myself down all the time lately: when we talk or when I try to accomplish small house repairs or manage the finances. Maybe it's true, because if I don't do a task perfectly, I feel like a failure. Then I get really discouraged and sit around watching TV for longer than I should. The days go by, I get nothing done, and I start to feel even worse. It's hard to admit, but I even yell at myself in my head. I call myself terrible names and use insults I'd never, ever say out loud to another person. It makes me feel like I'm crazy sometimes. I feel like the biggest screw-up in the world. I'm losing sleep, sometimes I have no appetite, and I can't seem to motivate myself. What's going on with me?

A: It sounds like you have symptoms of depression. But don't add that to your put-downs — accurately identifying the condition means we can treat it. Your most severe symptom is the intense, persistent self-criticism. Your "Inner Critic" has taken center stage in your thoughts, and he is hogging the spotlight.

The Inner Critic thinks he is right about everything and that you need him to point out your failings. But his perspective is distorted and exaggerated. He sees a complication as a failure. He can't tell the difference between a disappointment and the apocalypse. He's like the Wizard of Oz, loud and booming and scary. But really he's a scared little man hiding behind a curtain.

Treat your out-of-control self-criticism like this:

Step One: Notice when your Inner Critic is running your self-talk, that constant chatter of thoughts we all experience. Don't let these run on automatic pilot. Pay attention to what you are thinking, and notice when it takes the form of put-downs, criticisms or exaggerated, catastrophic thinking. That's your Inner Critic talking.

Step Two: Dis-identify from the voice of the Inner Critic. Remember, he is not you. Remember the motto, "Don't believe everything you think." When you start to notice the mean self-talk, don't buy the hype. Take a metaphorical step back from yourself, and be deliberate and thoughtful.

Step Three: Trust your more reasonable, helpful thoughts. If the critic declares, "You're a failure," think instead, "I had a set-back, not a failure." If the critic says, "You're a terrible person," say to yourself, "I may have some things to work on, but I am alright in many ways."

Develop an Inner Bouncer. This tough guy can firmly escort harmful thoughts off the stage of your mind. The bouncer uses three questions: Is it accurate? Is it helpful? Would I put this on another person? If you answer NO to these questions, then that thought gets the boot from the bouncer.

Depression is insidious — critical thoughts plus inaction add up to an impression that we are failures. We must fight depression in three ways (at least). First, use more accurate and helpful thoughts, like I've described above. Second, use action. Do fun activities, and set yourself to small tasks that lead to accomplishing bigger goals. This one-two-punch will get you out of the corner and back in the fight. Finally, talk to your doctor or mental health professional for more strategies and treatments. ♦



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Still Everything He Was Before

While we may
measure the rewards differently
at this time of life,
there are many still to reap.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

“It’s not what you’ve accomplished in a day, but how the day felt.”

Stopping in to visit my mother, I find her in the living room amidst her fellow residents at the assisted living community. They are aligning themselves in a circle with all their walking aids and apparatus, busily settling themselves in. There is a buzz in the air as they await the arrival of the man who will be their teacher for the next hour. Mom tells me this happens every Wednesday. She says the man who leads this talk on current events is “absolutely brilliant! I love listening to him,” while the others nod emphatically.

I see him coming down the hall now, pushing his walker with determination, steadily, but oh so very slowly. Completely bent forward, almost from the waist, as if he is looking for something he dropped, his head hangs with his chin against his chest. The only things he can possibly see are his feet or the floor beneath him. Still he presses forward, on his own, confidently and, it seems, patiently. I watch him, convinced as he is that, in time, he will indeed get here. Maurice has a progressive muscular disease, and among other problems, he suffers from “dropped head syndrome.” It looks exactly like it sounds. He requires oxygen 24 hours each day. Yet Maurice, now in his late 80s, is uncomplaining and unstoppable. He has work to do, people to teach.

A retired professor and former provost of Brown University, Maurice Glicksman is accustomed to people sitting around and listening to his ideas. He spent his life in research and teaching (engineering and physics) and working in higher education, serving on corporate and nonprofit boards, and volunteering for community organiza-

tions. One of the products of his volunteer efforts 15 years ago was the founding of the assisted living home where he currently resides. When he and others were envisioning the place, he had no idea he would ever live here. But life has its curveballs, and his disease meant new plans had to be made. As Maurice says, “I knew the layout of the place, so when this particular apartment became available, I figured it was the right time to move in, even though in some ways it seemed a little premature.”

That was just 14 months ago, and good thing he acted on the opportunity. His condition is rapidly progressing, and living here is very helpful — a great privilege — according to Maurice. His wife, Yetta, is quick to agree.

Does moving into assisted living challenge one’s sense of who we are in the world? Isn’t part of feeling successful, of belief in one’s integrity, dependent on having autonomy?

I asked Maurice if making the decision to move into assisted living felt like an act of bravery, or did it feel more like resignation? He looked at me quizzically, as if neither question really made sense.

“It was just the right thing to do given the situation,” he said, recalling how doing the shopping would exhaust his wife. A practical man, Glicksman.

It turns out that the Wednesday current events lecture and discussion started 12 years ago, a decade before the Glicksmans moved in. Stories from the news were laced together with jokes from the Internet, funny stories told by a friend at a party the night before, quotes from authors he was reading, and anything else to spice things up. Now that Maurice and his wife reside

under the same roof up on the second floor, the commute is shorter but by no means simpler, I think to myself, watching him inch down the hall unable to see what is in front of him.

I’m inspired. Maurice is proof that one’s life can change dramatically with physical disability, retirement, and moving into institutional living. Still, the man is everything he was before. I’m remembering the lessons drawn from the famous Harvard Grant Study that tracked hundreds of men from youth to death to determine the predictors of well-being. George Vaillant, MD, the study’s director, is now in his 90s. He’s aged in concert with the subjects of the study and credits his own flourishing with learning from the subjects as the study progressed. (Vaillant, 2012) Some of the most important lessons he uncovered and has grown to trust are:

- Happiness is love, so let love in, forgive, and let go of feelings that thwart the sense of being loved and loving.
- Be with people, in community.
- Share your table with others.
- Be generous.
- Contribute to the world.
- Volunteer.
- Teach.

At the latest stages in life, according to Vaillant, “It’s not what you’ve accomplished in a day, but how the day felt.” While we may measure the rewards differently at this time of life, there are many still to reap. Maurice would agree, I’m sure. ♦

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Retire Like You Mean It

Your Life, Your Rules

Three Real-Life Fitness Heroes

At Leisure Care, we understand that fitness often takes a backseat to, well, lots of other things. But we also know that focusing on one's personal fitness can make a world of difference in one's overall wellness — not just physically, but mentally, emotionally and spiritually. Simply put, when your body feels good, the rest of you feels good too.

Enter PrimeFit, Leisure Care's signature program focusing on all aspects of wellness. Designed to help our residents live happy, healthy lives, PrimeFit consists of five fundamental programs: Group Training, Personal Training, Balance

Builders, Brain Fitness and Lifestyle Coaching. PrimeFit supports a wide range of fitness levels too. Whether you are recovering after a fall and relearning tasks, such as balance and walking, or you work out seven days a week to maintain your physical health, our PrimeFit program is a fun and supportive way to achieve your goals.

Among the many benefits of PrimeFit are the success stories we hear each and every day. Here are just a few of the many lives that have been positively impacted through participation in the PrimeFit program.

by Traci Kuster
Marketing Director, Leisure Care



© Fuse

Three-Thirds in Action

Family | Philanthropy | Work



© LeisureCare

Millie, Fairwinds – Brittany Park in Woodinville, Washington

Millie joined PrimeFit shortly after moving into the community in 2013 in an effort to gain strength and improve her walking following an above-the-knee amputation of her right leg. She had just received her new prosthetic and was anxious to try walking with a cane. With a lot of hard work and the support of her PrimeFit personal trainer, today Millie is moving better than she ever thought possible.

“My body isn't as stiff as it was. I have limbered up,” she says. “Since I started exercising, it is so much easier for me to get up and get going.”

Perhaps the biggest accomplishment since joining PrimeFit is her newfound ability to climb the stairs of the community bus. A task many of us take for granted, Millie was unable to attend appointments or go to the market with her fellow residents because she couldn't get on or off the bus. But that has all changed thanks to Millie's commitment, can-do attitude and PrimeFit. Each day she gets a little bit steadier and gains a bit more confidence. For Millie, PrimeFit is here to stay.

“I'm continuing with PrimeFit to maintain my strength,” she says. “I feel better each day.”



Three-Thirds in Action

Family | Philanthropy | Work



Gloria, MacKenzie Place in Fort Collins, Colorado

Gloria has been an active resident at MacKenzie Place for three years — a social butterfly befriending new residents and participating in nearly every activity, including PrimeFit. In October 2014, Gloria had a fall and was injured quite badly. She broke her femur and had hip replacement surgery. Her recovery was not easy, and Gloria was in the hospital and rehab for two months before returning to MacKenzie Place.

Upon her return, Gloria was tired and not her smiley self — but she was committed to looking at this as merely a setback and not her new way of life. She began therapy right away and after about four

weeks was able to return to the PrimeFit program. It was a difficult transition for this once-energetic and active resident, and she found herself having to sit through most of the classes. But she never gave up, and through her strong will she regained her strength, was discharged from therapy, and is once again the always-smiling, always-positive Gloria we knew before the fall.

It's been a long road to recovery, but just over one year after her fall she was able to stand up from her chair without using her hands — no small feat considering where she started. According to Gloria, "Everything we do in class has progressed me in my abilities!"



Three-Thirds in Action

Family | Philanthropy | Work



Jerry, Washington Oakes in Everett, Washington

Jerry is a 92-year-old resident living a happy and full life at Washington Oakes, thanks in large part to PrimeFit. Before moving to Washington Oakes, Jerry injured his back and was suffering from depression and inactivity. After settling into his new apartment, his emotional health improved but his physical health continued to diminish. He could no longer get up from a chair without help, and he struggled with walking, balance, getting in and out of cars, and climbing the stairs. Realizing that he was at risk of needing to move from his new home that had already made such a positive impact on his life, Jerry knew he needed to make a change.

He approached Ruth, the PrimeFit personal trainer, about Balance Builders. Jerry's health required more one-on-one attention than other residents, but because of his determination and Ruth's commitment to getting Jerry back on his feet, he was allowed to join the class. For three months Jerry attended every single class and gave 110%. It paid off. When reevaluated, he was able to complete all of his activities with ease and confidence.

After Balance Builders he began personal training sessions and is now able to climb the stairs, get in and out of vehicles with ease, and takes walks daily. Jerry is a shining example of how PrimeFit can not only improve one's physical health, but can change one's entire life.



Fitness Heroes: *Continued on page 41*

The Old Man and the Kindle

...

Because you wouldn't drink a 1995 Lafite-Rothschild from a sippy cup

by Jeff Wozer
Humorist and stand-up comedian

Never once has my reading experience been compromised by the thought that this would be infinitely more enjoyable if the pages glowed.

Never once have I finished a book and felt immediate emancipation from the mental anxiety caused by the unrelenting threat of paper cuts.

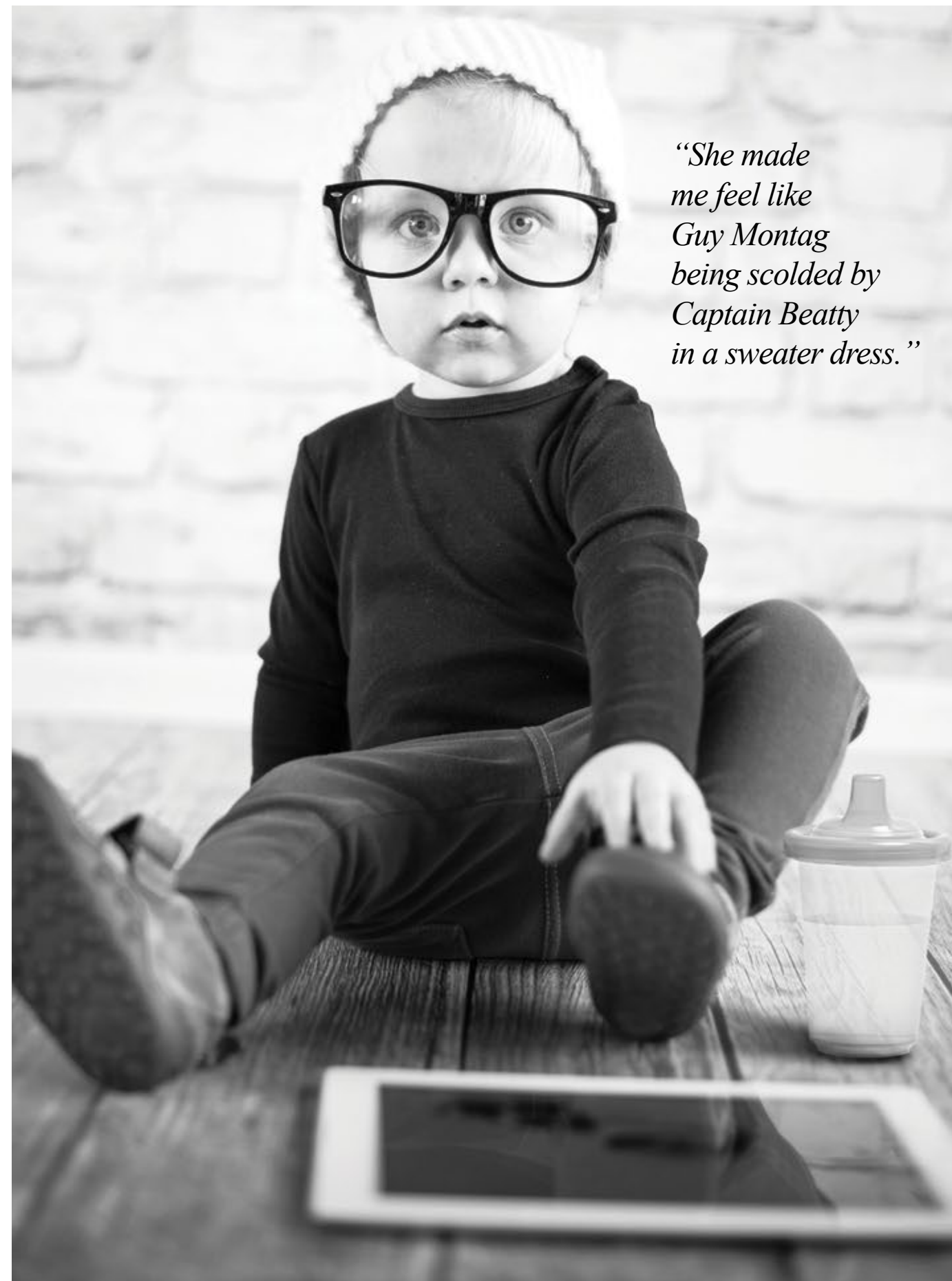
Never once have I wished a book came with Internet access so as to prevent getting so engrossed in the story that I wouldn't have the option to break away from it and play Minesweepers.

And never once have I wished there was some type of button to turn the page and spare me the physical exhaus-

tion of having to use my index finger and thumb to physically lift and turn a 2-gram page. Over the course of, say, a 300-page book, that equates into 1.3 pounds of page lifting. Over a lifetime that creates a lot of unnecessary wear and tear on the index finger, potentially jeopardizing the ability to point. Without the ability to point, one would not be able to properly train a dog when yelling, "Did you do this?" Or be of any use when asked for directions.

So when my sister said, "Trust me, you will love reading with Kindle," I declined. The expected castigations of being "out of touch" and "stubborn" were immediate.

Old Man: *Continued on page 41*



"She made me feel like Guy Montag being scolded by Captain Beatty in a sweater dress."

Taking it on Faith

Trusting ourselves, our doctors and a higher power
... is this the key to healing?

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

**Do you trust your doctors?
Do you believe in your body's
ability to heal?
Does prayer play a part in your
healing process?**

Dr. Larry Dossey, internationally known in the field of spirituality and medicine, has been gathering research in these areas for years, and he has discovered that an affirmative answer to these questions is essential to the healing process. He is not alone.

Trusting Our Doctors

In his book *Healing Words* (Dossey, 1993), Dr. Dossey writes that we must choose our doctors with care. He suggests that we find doctors whose belief structure is similar to our own. By this, he does not mean that we must choose doctors whose religion matches ours. Rather, he means that we must choose doctors who are on the same wavelength as us in regard to the healing process so we can trust them to help us. Yes, credentials matter, but credentials should not trump trust.

As an example of a wrong fit in belief structure between doctor and patient, Dr. Dossey cites a letter he received from a woman living with AIDS who wrote, "I began to realize my doctor doesn't believe I'm going to live ... It takes me two weeks to recover from a visit to him. He leaves me depressed and feeling sick ... Why do I feel like my own physician is *killing* me?"

Clearly, this match between doctor and

patient was far from ideal. Worse, it was destructive. Unfortunately, this kind of mismatch happens every day when patients feel their beliefs are at odds with their physicians or other medical providers.

Trusting Ourselves

Trusting our doctors is important, but it's not enough. Our thoughts and beliefs about our body's ability to heal also affect our healing in powerful ways. In his book *Be Careful What You Pray For ...* (Dossey, 1997), Dr. Dossey illustrates the power of mind over body in citing a study about retinal detachment. He relates how eye surgeon Dr. Graham Clark discovered a 400% difference in healing time after surgery between his most and his least successful healers. Why the difference?

After assessing the data, Dr. Clark felt the answer was more psychological than medical. He noted that those who healed quickly: 1) confronted their situation directly; 2) trusted their surgeon; 3) were optimistic about their results; 4) were confident about coping during and after the surgery; and 5) were able to accept the bad with the good.

On the contrary, those who healed slowly tended to feel: 1) trapped; 2) suspicious of others; 3) pessimistic; 4) unable to cope; 5) entitled; 6) angry about being dependent on others; and 7) helpless. This study and others Dossey cites confirm what many have been saying for years: Our mindset is crucial to the healing process.

*"Given the evidence,
it's worth making trust
a cornerstone in your
healing process."*

Faith: Continued on page 42



Short Term 12 (2013)

For this intimate indie drama, writer-director Destin Daniel Cretton drew on some of his own experiences working at a short-term care facility for at-risk teenagers. That might explain the strong detail so richly on display here, as we follow veteran caregiver Grace (the excellent, no-nonsense Brie Larson, from *Room*) as she juggles the needs of her charges with her own anxiety-producing domestic drama. Whether it's a new arrival (Kaitlyn Dever) with a compulsion to hurt herself or an unstable teen (Keith Stanfield) who can only stay for another week before he ages out of the residence, the facility is a study in how people can gain faith in each other. In a place like this, giving trust is at least as important as earning it. The movie isn't perfect (why all the shaky-camera, anyway?), but by the time it reaches its liberating ending, *Short Term 12* has taken us through an exultant journey of risks and rewards. (Available on DVD; streaming on Netflix, Amazon Video, iTunes and Google Play.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer

“Music doesn't lie.” — Jimi Hendrix



Trust in Me (Single) — Mildred Bailey, Mrs. Swing Mildred Bailey, 2003

Trust in Me (Single) — Etta James, At Last!, 1961

Most people know this song from the version recorded by the soulful Etta James. What many don't know is that this song was originally a hit for Mildred Bailey, a swing-era songstress from Seattle, back in 1937. Known as Mrs. Swing, she recorded with her third husband, Red Norvo, aka Mr. Swing. A mellow, smooth, slow-swinging love song, Bailey serenades her mate with a lovely nod to his faith and trust in her and how that is all she needs to be able to love him forever.

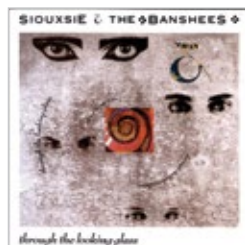


Etta's version, on the other hand, is more a plea to her man to have faith in her. Instead of a sweet serenade like Bailey's, this is an ultimatum of sorts, starting with her bombastic vocals and accompanied by a 4/4 beat, blues piano and a steady drum beat. We hear the yearning in every word of James' gritty and sultry vocals, and when she changes the pitch and inflection it is almost as if she is on her knees begging her man. Both renditions are timeless and deserve to be a part of any music fan's collection.



Broken Trust (Single) — Brenda Lee, Take Me Back, 1980

After being a rock and country superstar in the '50s and '60s, many thought she was a washed-up artist. Little Miss Dynamite, as she was nicknamed, was having none of it and went back to her original roots, reestablishing herself as a country music artist in the late 1970s. This collaboration with the Oak Ridge Boys starts with a fiddle intro that leads into a duet between the deep baritones of the Oak Ridge Boys and Lee's unmistakable and reverent voice. The listener is immediately taken back to a time when country music was about heartbreak and pain and not trucks and beer. A song about love and jealousy, it serves fair warning to all new couples that once broken, trust is nearly impossible to repair.



Trust in Me (Single) — Siouxsie and the Banshees, Through the Looking Glass, 1987

Remember the scene in the Disney movie *Jungle Book* where Kaa the snake tries to charm Mowgli into a deep sleep so he could devour the boy? Apparently, this scene and song had a deep influence on the members of Siouxsie and the Banshees. Their version begins with a brief intro of synthesized noise that leads into tribal drums and a hypnotic harp strummed to create a haunting and brooding rhythmic raga melody. Lead singer Siouxsie Sioux becomes Kaa the snake, and her sultry and intimate voice weaves this lullaby with a dark and sinister tone more fitting to the original storyline of Rudyard Kipling's book. One can only imagine that Mowgli would not have survived the seduction from Kaa if he was being sung this rendition instead. ♦

Fitness Heroes: Continued from page 35

Join Us in February to Change Even More Lives!

Changing lives is what we strive to do each and every day at Leisure Care. Embodying the *Three-Thirds Lifestyle* by giving back philanthropically is a core value of each and every resident who lives with us and employee who works for us. With this in mind, five years ago Leisure Care CEO Dan Madsen founded the One Eighty Foundation with a mission to improve 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.

Last year Leisure Care and the One Eighty Foundation introduced the 1st Annual Fitness Frenzy, an initiative that fulfills the company's vision in three ways: 1) It provides funding to organizations that make a profound difference in the lives of children and families; 2) It creates meaningful opportunities for residents and employees to embrace the philanthropic third

of the *Three-Thirds Lifestyle*; and 3) It promotes healthy living and a focus on one's personal wellness.

Over the course of the month, we saw group workouts, plank competitions (in the pool on surfboards!), ping pong tournaments, and even dance parties for a grand total of nearly 754,000 active minutes. Based on the average amount of time it takes to walk a mile, this calculates to approximately 50,261 miles — enough to have walked around the world twice! Collectively, we raised an impressive \$32,000, all of which went toward benefiting children and families in need. We had tons of fun — and got healthier in the process.

So we are back for round two, and it's going to be even bigger and better than last year. We're upping the ante, with a goal to raise \$35,000 over the course of the month — an aggressive but very attainable goal if we come together as a team.

Wondering how the Fitness Frenzy works and how to get involved? All it takes is a commitment to physical activity and the support of your friends and family. The sponsor-based fund-

raiser asks for a commitment of just five cents per active minute during the month of February. So let's say your goal is to walk 30 minutes per day during the month. With one person sponsoring five cents per minute, that totals \$1.50 per day or \$43.50 total for the month. (It's a leap year, so we get an extra day to make a greater impact!) That may not seem like much individually, but with Leisure Care's network of residents and employees across the country, you can see how the goal of \$35,000 becomes easy!

So, if you've been eyeing that PrimeFit strength training class or been meaning to sign up for personal training, now's the time to do it. Encourage your friends and fellow residents to join you. Not only will you improve your own personal wellness (just look to Millie, Gloria and Jerry for inspiration!), you'll positively impact the lives of well-deserving children and families. For more information on the 2nd Annual Fitness Frenzy or the PrimeFit opportunities at your local Leisure Care community, contact the PrimeFit instructor or general manager. ♦

Old Man: Continued from page 36

“How possibly can you prefer books?” she asked, making me feel like Guy Montag, the protagonist from Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, being scolded by Captain Beatty in a sweater dress.

“Kindle is multi-dimensional,” she defended. “Not only can you read books, but also use it to access the Internet, check e-mail and download movies.” Which is precisely why I prefer books.

Too often technology feels like the mind's version of an invasive species, choking concentrated thought and contemplation with the weeds of distraction. I trust myself with a book. It's life's lone remaining firewall against cyber interruption. Tangible, hold-in-the-hand books allow the imagination to run unimpeded, which is vital as we age. For as writer Robert Brault once penned, “The imagination is a palette of

bright colors. You can use it to touch up memories — or you can use it to paint dreams.”

Despite reservations, to appease my sister I agreed to borrow her Kindle and give it try. I chose to re-read Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea* based on length. At 127 pages it would be a quick read, minimizing the agony. Or so I hoped.

As I turned on the Kindle to begin reading I felt like Pete Seeger at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival seething at the site of Dylan going electric. How can this be, I wondered? I'm about to read Hemingway on an illuminated device that attracts moths. If I read in bed at night I'll need to patch the screens.

I could not adjust to forcing my eyes onto yet another form of screen. I missed the tactile experience of a book that, if needed, could double as a fly swatter or be used as a coaster.

Instead of enjoyment there was only guilt. I felt as if I were

desecrating a classic, on par with seeing Jane Goodall in mascara, or watching a remake of Clint Eastwood's *The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly* starring Zac Efron, or drinking a 1995 Lafite-Rothschild from a sippy cup.

Most shocking was how Kindle influenced the story. Though the words were unchanged, seeing them framed on a high-tech screen altered the story's narration, lending it a modern feel, creating the unshakeable image of Santiago, the old man, fishing from the bow of a Carnival cruise ship.

On page 33 the book froze. The page would not turn, or advance, or swipe, or whatever it's called. In my 50-plus years of reading I never had to contact the Book of the Month Club for technical support. I took it as a sign and turned it off, placing trust I'd find Santiago in a skiff when I finished reading the story from the life-reassuring pages of a paperback book. ♦

Faith: Continued from page 39

The Role of Faith

Beyond our doctors and our belief in our own bodies, many find healing power in their faith system or spiritual practice.

“Research suggests a link between religion and better mental health and well-being. Some spiritual practices may reduce stress,” writes Eve Glicksman for AARP. (Glicksman, 2008).

“This may also ease symptoms and help offset the harmful effects of stress on the immune, endocrine and cardiovascular systems. Some studies have shown that people of faith recover faster from depression, grief and anxiety disorders.”

Glicksman bases her statements on research from the American Cancer Society and Duke University’s Center for Spirituality, among others. And while the specific role of faith and prayer is unclear, Glicksman offers some possible connections.

“Having religious beliefs may help you feel more in control if you’re sick. Praying may reduce anxiety and instill hope. Belief in a higher power can give people a sense of purpose. It can strengthen the will to live and comfort the dying. Faith may also help you cope better with being disabled or chronically ill,” she writes.

Given the research, it seems that we would all be better served by mak-

ing trust a cornerstone in the healing process. And we don’t have to wait. We can start today.

First, we must find doctors we trust. Dossey suggests we ask ourselves this simple question: “Does my doctor make me feel better or worse when I’m around him or her?” If the answer is better, we’re with the right doctor. If the answer is worse, we have more searching to do.

Second, we must trust in our body’s ability to heal. If we find ourselves feeling pessimistic, angry or trapped, we must acknowledge these emotions and consider taking up meditation and other self-care techniques to develop a more positive approach to healing and a better relationship with our bodies.

Third, we can try placing our trust in God, the Universe, or a transcendent power beyond ourselves. We don’t have to be part of a faith community to pray on behalf of ourselves or others. We can cry out to the Universe with an ask, a hope as simple as, “Please send (me/my relative/friend) healing. Please give (me/my friend/relative) the strength to heal.”

Maybe all we pray for won’t materialize, but asking strengthens us, and that is a step in the right direction.

We must move toward trust. Our health is worth it. We are worth it. ♦

Sources:

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Glicksman, Eve. (2008). “Religion and Spirituality: Can Faith Help You Heal?” Retrieved December 14, 2015, from www.aarp.com. Read the entire article at <http://tinyurl.com/wise-faith>.



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 18

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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



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