

Spring 2020: Open Hearts

livfun



True Style

Never wear anything that panics the cat

Pg.6

Pg.32

**Above All
Come From
Love**

Pg.12

Unburdened

Let's start being honest about what we need



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Leisure Care
Chris Lucero
VP, Sales & Marketing

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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

Production:
MLi Design
www.mlidesign.co

Printing:
Journal Graphics
www.journalgraphics.com

Contributing Authors

Greta Burroughs
Kelly Dilworth
Nancy Gertz
Julia Hogan
Robert Horton
Susie Kearley
Pam Mandel
Skye Moody
John Pearson
Alissa Sauer
Misha Stone
David Tumbarello
Jeff Wozer
Rabbi Elana Zaiman

Proofreaders

Cheryl Knight
Diane Smith

Open Hearts:

"All the windows of my heart I open to the day."

— John Greenleaf Whittier

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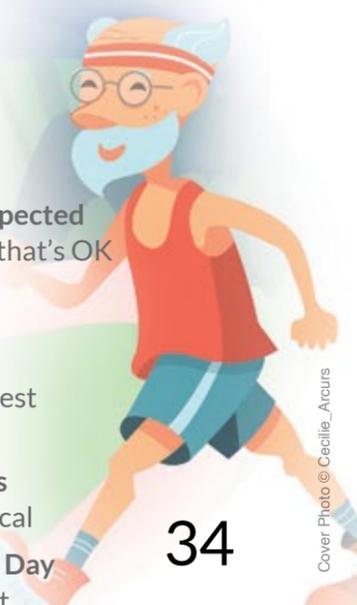
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THOUGHTS FROM THE HOME OFFICE

Making the Most Out of a New Year!



Hello everyone, and thanks for picking up the first LIV FUN magazine of 2020. Get ready for all the jokes about hindsight for the rest of this year! I won't do that to you though. Rather than look back on 2019, let's focus on moving forward and making the most out of this new year and a new decade. Many of you have likely made some resolutions for the new year or set some new goals. Some of us set the same goals every January — take off the holiday pounds!

The articles in this issue may give you some inspiration to set goals that are a little deeper. This issue's theme is about opening our hearts and loving ourselves just the way we are and giving love to others around us. When we can do these

things, we have a much better chance of finding the peace and happiness that we all seek. At Leisure Care, we have a simple guiding principle we try to live by: Make a positive impact on every person you meet, every day. Well, it sounds simple. But it takes work. If you think of every interaction you have in a day, every day, that can be a tall order! In order to fill that order, you'd have to be positive all the time, thinking of others, and creating smiles everywhere you go. And while that may be a little ambitious ... what a way to live!

You may have heard the saying, "You get out of life what you put into it," which refers to the karma that comes back to us. If we put effort into making a difference in others' lives and putting positivity out into the world around us, that should come back to us too. During the holidays, I'm sure there was a lot of love and positivity that could be felt among family and friends, even strangers. Why stop? Let's change the world one act at a time — it's never too late, and it always matters. And the bonus ... it does come back to you.

We can make 2020 not about hindsight, but about seeing clearly. Be on the lookout for opportunities to embrace who you are and the good in your life and to give that out to others around you. If we are on the lookout for these opportunities, we'll see them — in crystal clear, 20/20 vision!

I wish all of you a very happy New Year and hope that you can find new ways to bring a smile to someone's face or make their day a little bit better. Thanks for being part of the Leisure Care family, and have an amazing year!

Greg Clark
Executive Vice President
Leisure Care



What's the *most fun* way to keep your mind and body active? Learning to play the piano!

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“Never wear anything that panics the cat.”

— J. O'Rourke, author



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TRUE STYLE

A matter of gravity, heart ... and a good bar of soap

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

Have a good look in the mirror. Like what you see? Cool, stay with it. Personally, at times, I pass a mirror and chance upon a face I don't recognize. Especially in certain light, gravity seems to tug my lips into a full-blown frown. Yet I'm not feeling glum or angry, so what's the deal?

“Looking good isn't self-importance; it's self-respect.”
— Charles Hix, sartorial authority

Live long enough, and the skin holding us together falls victim to gravity, the kind Newton discovered. Even my puny skeleton grinds under gravity's tug. Inevitably, the face develops jowls, yanking my cheeks down to my shoes. Already, at times, loved ones observe irritably: “What's the matter with you?”

Nothing's the matter. Sagging jowls can lie; it's gravity's cruel joke.

“I don't feel sad, you jerk. I'm fighting Newton's gravity, even as my boobs sink to my waistline and my bum heads south toward my flattening feet.”

Ah, but help is available: Pricey (often dangerous) plastic surgery can lift all body parts (well, almost all) until the result resembles a permanently surprised string puppet.

No knives for me, please. Instead, I try smiling — a lot. Disregarding Newton's falling apple, I smile until it feels natural. Aside from looking better, there's another upside to this exercise. Smiling's contagious; people are more apt to approach me and be friendly. And, my own mood skyrockets just by exercising my power over gravity.

“I've been searching for ways to heal myself, and I've found that kindness is the best way.” — Lady Gaga

True 21st-century style embraces good grooming as a form of self-care. It wasn't always so. In medieval times bathing happened in communal bathhouses and was often conflated with “immoral acts.” In the 18th century, Napoleon reportedly messaged Josephine to say he was heading home, ordering her to not wash. (Although frequent bathing was generally unfashionable during the Napoleonic era, I'm betting Josephine soaked in a tub of champagne-scented bubbles anyway.)

In the twilight of the Victorian era, scientific advances and improved plumbing promoted daily ablutions. Bathing became recognized for helping fight disease-carrying microbes, and being clean became a sign of self-respect.

Likewise, dental habits have advanced over the years. Today, nobody should lose teeth or suffer painful cavities. (Medicare should but doesn't always cover dental care; this is a travesty. Periodontal disease — teeth and gums — aggravates heart disease and becomes a real health issue. Some Part C plans do indeed offer additional benefits for vision, hearing and dental; you may want to check with your insurer.)

Medicare issues aside, we still have to manage our dental care on a daily basis. My dentist posts a sign outside his office: “If you're in a hurry, only floss the ones you want to keep.” Mouthwash helps too, killing germs. Another perk? Fresh mouths invite kisses. We all can use more kisses.

“Clothes make the man. Naked people have little or no influence.” — Mark Twain

Finally, a note about wrapping the package that is you. As Tom Ford, the designer (of pricey clothing) says, “Dressing well is a form of good manners.”

How are your clothing manners? Do you need — or just pine for — a new look, your very own style, but can't afford today's outrageous prices? Help can be found right around the corner in the neighborhood or on a multitude of websites if you shop online.

Thousands of well-dressed ladies and gents recommend shopping at vintage and second-hand stores. The Salvation Army's Boutique Stores are chock full of stylish bargains, and they even have a website: www.shoptheSalvationArmy.com. (Today's offerings include a gorgeous genuine fur stole for \$20!) Getting outdoors and visiting a nearby second-hand shop offers the dual benefits of exercise *and* feeding the instant gratification gene.

Whatever form your own sartorial habits take, remember that impeccable style starts on the inside. Take a loving look in the mirror, and let your heart tell you if it's time for a haircut or a polished dome, a shave, manicure, and scrub-a-dub-dub. Take a careful look at your wardrobe too, and weed out the hopelessly stained and ragged. Then jump online, or visit your local second-hand shops. A fun, adventurous scavenger hunt for just the right thing may help you dazzle from the inside out.

Just remember this advice from author J. O'Rourke as you're scouring the shops: “Never wear anything that panics the cat.”

And never underestimate the power of a heartfelt smile. ♦

Entertain Your Brain: Books

by Misha Stone

Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

“Status will get you nowhere.

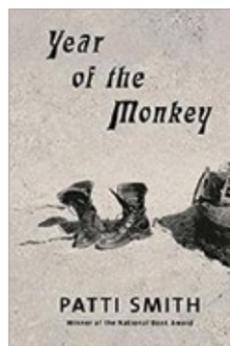
Only an open heart will allow you to float equally between everyone.”

— Mitch Albom, *Tuesdays With Morrie*



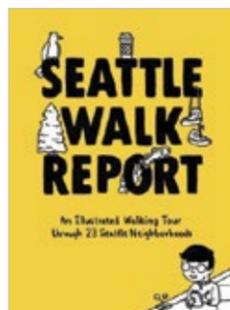
Olive, Again by Elizabeth Strout (Random House, \$27.00)

Olive Kitteridge won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction and introduced one of the most disagreeably endearing characters in recent contemporary literature. In this sequel, Olive and her neighbors in small town Crosby, Maine, are rendered in all of their ordinary yet poignant glory. Now a widow, Olive reflects on her life, full of regret and longing, but finds love again with a retired professor. Her later life is stitched together in snapshots, from her unexpected turn at a young woman's sudden childbirth to her attempts at connecting with her adult son and his wife and children. Like Kent Haruf's *Plainsong*, Strout's novel offers a full kaleidoscopic sense of a town through the dramas going on behind closed doors. Olive is a worthy witness to it all, inserting herself in her irascible way, revealing the pettiness and the kindness all around us, and proving that the way forward is with an open heart.



Year of the Monkey by Patti Smith (Alfred A. Knopf, \$24.95)

Smith's National Book Award-winning memoir *Just Kids*, her follow-up *M Train*, and her most recent memoir all cement her as a worthy literary companion. Smith is an endless wanderer, a writer and thinker who imbues every chance meeting with magic and grace, and an artist who talks to and takes rides with strangers and photographs the alchemy of the everyday. There is a lot to be learned from a woman who, on the cusp of turning 70, remains open to new experiences and perspectives. In exploring the death and illness of two dear friends, each essay ruminates on the end of life while reveling in the details of being alive — the comforts of good books, a solid cup of coffee, or the view from a café window. These vignettes are lovely, creating a cumulative sense of the raw intimacy of a life well lived from moment to moment. Her dear friend Sam Shepherd says to her, as his body starts to fail him: “I've lived my life the way I wanted.” Smith implores us all to do the same.



Seattle Walk Report: An Illustrated Walking Tour Through 23 Seattle Neighborhoods by Susanna Ryan (Sasquatch Books, \$19.95)

This comic-style book started as an anonymous Instagram account posting whimsical observations from long strolls through Seattle ... until a publisher took notice. Ryan's identity was not unveiled until the book launch. An ode to taking time to smell the roses and take in the sights, each page reveals hidden gems, odd observances, and tidbits of local history that emerge from this sprawling city on the Puget Sound. Ryan's upbeat tone and detailed eye bring to life the treasures hidden on every block, from adorable dogs to odd discarded items to architectural marvels and mysteries. *Seattle Walk Report* will inspire you to venture out, take notes, and experience the joys that a journey on foot can reveal.

Entertain Your Brain: Movies

by Robert Horton

Member, National Society of Film Critics

“You can't close your heart
to the things you do not want to feel.”

— Johnny Depp



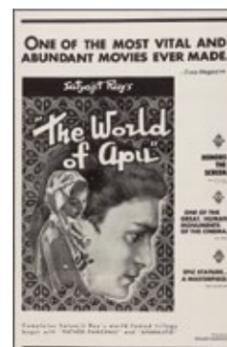
Silver Linings Playbook (2012)

Rarely does a movie skitter across so many moods and styles as this constantly surprising hit. By turns serious and silly, it settles into a groove that qualifies as the closest thing we've seen to a 1930's-style screwball comedy in years. Pat (Bradley Cooper) is a guy with anger-management issues, currently staying with his parents (lovely work by Robert De Niro and Jacki Weaver) after a stint in a psychiatric hospital. He meets Tiffany (Jennifer Lawrence), a confirmed eccentric who needs a partner in a dance competition. You might think you know where this movie is going, but you'll be delighted at how it gets there. At its core is a portrait of two people figuring out how to drop their barriers and trust their instincts — a process made giddy by a terrific cast and director David O. Russell's loosey-goosey approach. (Available streaming on Amazon Prime, YouTube, iTunes, GooglePlay, Microsoft and Vudu.)



The Straight Story (1999)

Alvin Straight is a 73-year-old Iowa farmer with a mission. He's heard that his brother, up in Wisconsin, is ailing, and Alvin would really like to patch up the bad feelings between them with a personal visit. Problem is, Alvin lacks a car and a driver's license. He does own a 1966 John Deere lawnmower, however, which goes about five miles per hour. It could take a while to get to Wisconsin, but Alvin (unforgettably played by former stuntman Richard Farnsworth) is a determined fellow. This measured Midwestern tale — inspired by a true story — creates a wonderful sense of character and landscape as Alvin sees the land and meets people at a slowed-down pace. He also sifts through a sometimes troubled past, finding himself at a place where he's willing to confront his own issues and be open to the next thing 'round the bend. *The Straight Story* is directed by David Lynch, who usually travels a more twisted road, but here the *Twin Peaks* filmmaker is content to revel in the kindness of strangers and the solace of looking up at the stars at night. (Available streaming on Amazon Prime, YouTube, iTunes, GooglePlay, Microsoft and Vudu.)



The World of Apu (1959)

India's most famous filmmaker, Satyajit Ray, completed an early trilogy of films with this heart-tugging effort. The character of Apu was a boy in the first film of the series, *Pather Panchali* (1955), and grew older in *Aparajito* (1956), but here Apu has entered into manhood and an almost comically impromptu marriage. As he struggles with his modest circumstances, some of Apu's ambitions remain selfish and pompous. But through a series of calamities, he learns something about opening himself up to life and possibility. The movie's got one of those endings — happy, sad, mysterious, surely hopeful — that lingers with you long after the film has ended. By the way, you don't have to see the first two installments in Ray's trilogy before seeing this one; it stands nicely on its own. But seeing all three will be a fine introduction to one of cinema's great humanists. Special bonus: Music by Ravi Shankar. (Available streaming on Amazon Prime, YouTube, iTunes, GooglePlay, Microsoft and Vudu.)

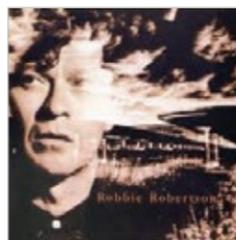
Entertain Your Brain: Music

by John Pearson

Retired musician and lifelong enthusiast

“I know that’s odd, but of all the things I’ve ever done, I like to sing; it’s something that’s so real for me.”

— Marty Balin



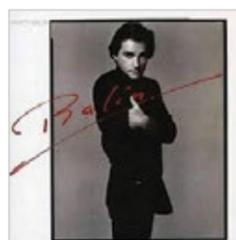
Broken Arrow (Album cut) — Robbie Robertson, 1987

Covered by Rod Stewart in 1991, Robertson’s original version from his eponymous debut album reverberates hauntingly today, over 30 years after its initial release. The slowly pulsating bass line underscores a lush accompaniment that complements the artist’s rather rough voice. The occasionally gravelly vocal does not detract, but rather adds gravitas to the sensual evocative lyrics. Although Stewart’s version reached #20 on the Billboard 100 chart, the power of the song is most authentically realized, says this reviewer, via the songwriter’s own effort. This viewpoint may be generalized to apply to many tunes; the instances of covers equaling or surpassing the quality of the originals, which cases can certainly be found, are rare.



Over the Rainbow (Single) — Jerry Lee Lewis, Killer Country, 1980

From his 37th studio album, *Killer Country*, Lewis’ take on this Arlen-Harburg classic is easily overlooked among the many other covers since its debut in *The Wizard of Oz*. Although the single did well on the country charts, peak position does not tell the whole story. Lewis, nearly 45 years old at the time of recording, had never shied away from injecting his unique style of singing and playing into his performances — far from it — and “Over the Rainbow” is no exception. Lewis’ career, sometimes overshadowed by his tumultuous personal life, has had its ups and downs as well. However, his public entertainer persona has morphed from the energetic raucous rocker of his youth to a more subdued and introspective adult on this cut, perhaps influenced by a sense of his own mortality. Indeed, Lewis himself said, “It had a certain feeling to it, like a religious undertone. A something that you seldom ever can hear.”



Hearts (Single) — Marty Balin, Balin, 1981

Written by Jesse Barish, a long-time collaborator of Balin’s, the lyrics of “Hearts” portray one side of a telephone conversation between a lonely soul and his ex-companion. Balin’s plaintive vocal receives high marks from this reviewer for emotional authenticity, which is flawlessly supported by melodic structure and instrumentation. His heartfelt delivery speaks to this founding member of Jefferson Airplane having shared in some way the loss so powerfully evoked by Barish’s composition. ♦



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Out and About: Journeys Completed or Contemplated

On the Road for Mom

We aren't upset because they need help; we're fine with that.
It's because they won't tell us what they want.

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer



*“Mom, what do you need?
What do you want?”*

Jay and I are eating lunch in a town halfway between her mom's and mine. I'm in town because my mom has had back surgery; Jay is making the trip to help her mom who is recovering from a broken arm, a souvenir from a whitewater rafting trip a few months back.

“She was hammering stuff, and she told me she realized maybe hammering while wearing a cast for a broken arm was maybe not the best idea.”

Over coffee, Jay and I talk about how these moms with their aging bones are making us crazy. It's not because they need help; we're fine with that. It's because they won't admit that they do.

Mom lives 300 miles away from my home. Jay is closer to her mom; it's just over 100 miles for her. Neither of us has kids and we're both freelancers, so it's easier to get away than it is for most. We are both women with our own lives, but we can work from anywhere there's an internet connection and a cell phone signal.

When one of these moms says, “I don't want to be a burden,” we roll our eyes, pack a few things in a bag, and go help out. Of course we do.

This latest round of mom care hit some snags in the planning. Mom's bones are not participating in carrying her around as well as they used to. My brother — who lives 100 miles away and doesn't have a car — and I take shifts. One gets intake; the other, release. Various friends and neighbors fill in the gaps.

When this latest need for surgery came up, my brother and I had the same questions: “Mom, what do you need? Do you need someone for intake? Do you need someone at release? What's the best way for us to help you out?”

“I'm really sorry to be a burden to you kids,” Mom said.

My brother and I were talking on the phone, but I could practically hear him rolling his eyes. I'm quite sure he heard me rolling my eyes too. “That's the answer to a different question, Mom. Let's try this again. What's useful? What do you need?”

As flexible as we are, there are conference calls to reschedule and tickets to buy and snacks to pack for the journey. Given there's travel involved, and a fair bit of waiting around, we want to optimize the time for helping out most directly. We understand the moral support of hospital room visits, but we're a practical lot and err on the side of supermarket runs and taking out the recycling.

We tried again. “Mom. What do you need?”

“If something goes wrong, I need someone with power of attorney to be available.”

“Okay. Let's make that happen.”

My brother packed a bag and bought a bus ticket; of course he did. He was there to help get mom to the hospital, to review the paperwork, to talk with the surgeon when it was over.

“And I need someone there when I'm released or they won't let me go home.” The day mom was cleared to go, I was driving down the interstate with the radio on, my dog snoozing on the back seat. That's the day I stopped to refuel — both the car and myself — after four hours of driving. The same day Jay and I met for lunch before I drove the last 75 miles to Mom's.

“Last time,” Jay said, “my mom didn't even want to tell me when she was going in. I told her that I have a house key and she's hardly going to keep me away. I mean ...”

We look at each other, exasperated.

On the Road for Mom: *Continued on page 43*

Just Clowning Around

The most wonderful thing you can share with others is the healing power of laughter.

by Greta Burroughs
Freelance journalist



© Joan Perry

The Bumper "T" Caring Clowns reaches out and touches people — one soul at a time.

Top: Dr. Puff Muddle, Dr. Geezer and Dr. Shutterbug / Bottom: Dr. Curly Bubbe, Dr. Sing A Song, Dr. HuggaBubbe and Dr. Silly Goose



All Photos © Joan Perry



Left: A young cancer patient proudly shows off her red nose. Right: Dr. Silly Goose and Dr. Geezer always have some tricks up their sleeves to get people laughing and having fun.

“The most radical act anyone can commit is to be happy.” — Patch Adams

Supporting a white doctor’s coat, a bit of bright make-up, and a large, red rubber nose, Robert Mason, aka Dr. Geezer, strolls down the wide hospital corridor handing out smiley stickers to the awestruck patients and visitors he encounters.

Making his rounds, Dr. Geezer pokes his head into a silent room. His appearance elicits a smiling welcome from the lonely occupant. At first glance, the doctor diagnoses the patient’s problem. She is suffering from the all-too-common ailment known as “hospitalitis.”

The good doctor gets down to business by examining his patient to make sure her funny bone remains intact. During the exam, he rambles off a few corny jokes to ensure the all-important appendage still functions properly.

As a final test, he delicately places a matching rubber nose on the young lady’s smiling face. If it elicits a giggle, Dr. Geezer knows his treatment has been successful.

It works. After some light-hearted conversation, Dr. Geezer bids farewell to his patient with the following words of wisdom:

You should be grateful for three things:

First, you’re in a great hospital. Secondly, you should be grateful for all the support you’re getting from relatives and friends. And, most importantly, you should be very grateful I’m not your real doctor.

Be a Clown

Bob Mason had no intention of spending his retirement years sitting around the house or playing golf. He wanted to do something memorable. Something positive. Something fun.

After studious contemplation, Bob discovered the perfect solution — clown school. He enrolled in Mooseburger Clown School in Buffalo, Minnesota, majoring in hospitals. Back in his hometown of Easton, Maryland, Bob made his debut as the hobo clown “Jus’ Bob” in 2000 when he began entertaining senior citizens residing in nursing homes and assisted-living facilities.

His big break came when he found an article in his local newspaper about Bumper “T” Caring Clowns, a volunteer organization dedicated to making a positive difference in the lives of hospitalized patients and their caregivers through humor.

This nationwide program was founded by Dr. Bumper “T” Clown,

otherwise known as George W. Edwards. While visiting his father in the cardiac care unit at Cooper University Hospital in Camden, New Jersey, George arrived one day dressed in scrubs, lab coat and makeup handing out prescriptions for cheer. Thirty-five years later, Dr. Bumper T was still making his rounds, and in 2002 he decided to take his Caring Clowns program on the road.

Bumper T arrived in Easton with his novel approach to healthcare and needed volunteer clowns to work in the local hospital. Bob attended the meeting mentioned in the article and, without a second thought, signed on.

And Dr. Geezer was born.

Just Clowning Around

Soon after becoming a Caring Clown, Bob and his wife, Sherrie, packed up and moved to a coastal community near Charleston, South Carolina. Unfortunately, the program had not made it that far south yet. Undeterred, Bob began to send out queries to the hospitals around his newly adopted hometown offering his services as a volunteer — with a twist. He would introduce the Bumper “T” Caring Clowns program to Charleston.



With magic tricks, silly jokes and warm hugs, Dr. Geezer (Bob Mason) visits five hospitals around Charleston, South Carolina, bringing smiles to the faces of people who truly need it the most.

© Joan Perry



Dr. Geezer inducts one of his patients as an honorary Bumper "T" Caring Clown by presenting him with an official Caring Clown red nose.

Intrigued, Joan Perry, director of volunteers at Bon Secours St. Francis Hospital, took the bait. She was hesitant when Bob first approached her but realized people are different and are comforted in a variety of ways.

"After following Bob and the Caring Clown team on rounds, it seemed to me comparable to a pastoral care visit," Joan says. "The clowns' visit and their gentle humor was simply another way to break the communication barrier and get people sharing and talking."

Joan was impressed with the way the Caring Clowns are taught to make every effort to be in tune with a patient's mood and sense their interest level.

"Many of the most successful visits are directed by family members who see the clowns in the hallways and know it would be meaningful to their loved one. The Caring Clowns have our whole-hearted support and welcome," she says.

Bumper "T" Caring Clowns

The nonprofit organization Bumper "T" Caring Clowns operates in six states with around 100 volunteers. The organization's president, Dr. Curly Bubbe (Esther Gushner), has been with the group since the beginning and claims she will never stop making her rounds as a smileologist.

"You don't have to be funny or do magic tricks to be a Caring Clown. You just have to be a caring, sensitive person and a good listener," she says, adding that it's a wonderful activity for seniors. "After we retire, we still want to be valued and appreciated. Doing this, you keep your body and brain active while performing a good deed. It's

so rewarding to have someone walk up and thank you for a hospital visit you made years ago."

Bob says he is a Caring Clown with a 'capital C' for caring: "It's not about me. I'm not an entertainer; there's no juggling or balloons."

Instead, his approach is directed toward providing one-on-one support for the patients and their caregivers. "The most precious gift one person can give to another is attention, and that is what I try to do," Bob says.

He always asks permission before entering a room. "Some people may not be in the mood for visitors, and other people are afraid of clowns," Bob says, adding that it's important that the occupant is receptive to having him as a guest.

Reading a room is a skill Bob mastered when he joined the Bumper "T" program. "I learn so much by taking in the details of the room and the people inside. Are there any flowers and cards? Does the patient look happy or sad? Any loved ones there? Every situation is different," he says.

Open-ended questions allow the patient to direct the conversation. "It should be 70/30 with the patient doing 70 percent of the talking."

Some folks are excited about going home and up for jokes and magic tricks. Others are unsure what the next day will bring. They're scared, lonely, and need someone to talk with. "In that case, I offer a compassionate ear and a shoulder to cry on," Bob explains.

As he departs, Dr. Geezer always has a trick up his sleeve that will leave the room a little brighter than he found it. He recites "the three things you should be

grateful for" or hands out a prescription for happiness. "Take one smile before breakfast, two hugs after lunch, and one kiss at bedtime." If a spouse is in the room, he adds, "And it's OK if you OD on that last one."

The Rewards Are Priceless

When asked what he gets out of his work as a Caring Clown, Bob replies, "I have the satisfaction of starting Charleston's Bumper "T" Caring Clown program from scratch and being able to watch it grow and make an impact on our community."

Most of all, he cherishes his work. "It's given me something memorable to do during retirement. Having the opportunity to be with people in hospitals, showing compassion and helping them in a moment when they're in a difficult situation is priceless," he says.

His caring spirit doesn't stop at the hospital. Bob and Sherrie travel a lot, and they always bring along some of Dr. Geezer's smiley stickers. They have walked around cities in South Africa, India and Europe handing out the stickers to children and adults.

The response is the same as in the hospital. "It's nice to put a smile on someone's face," Bob says. "We may not speak the same language, but a smiley sticker is universal." ♦

Learn more:

Dr. Geezer welcomes emails from anyone interested in learning more about Bumper "T" Caring Clowns. Email him at rgmason@goeaston.net.

Learn more about the work of the Caring Clowns at bumpertcaringclowns.org.

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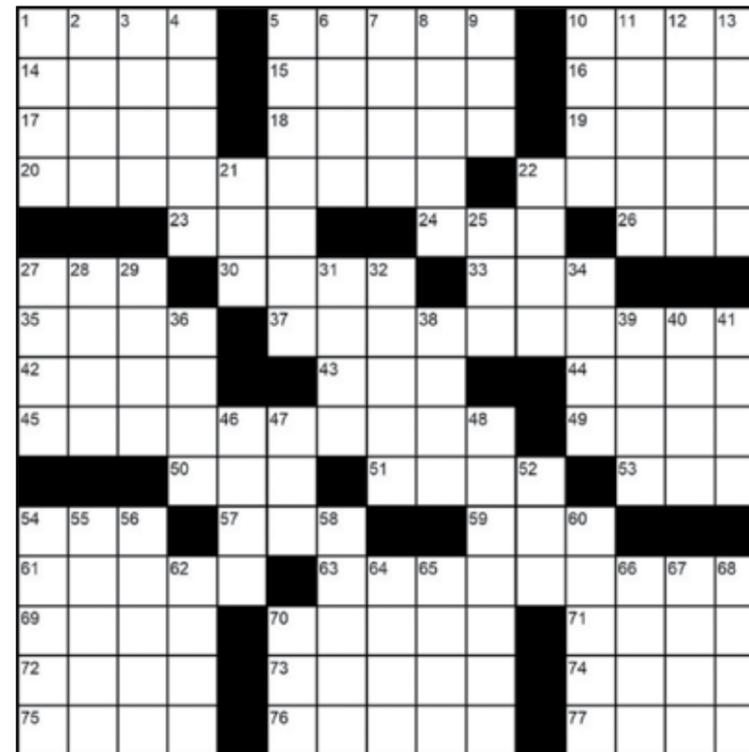


Brain Games

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

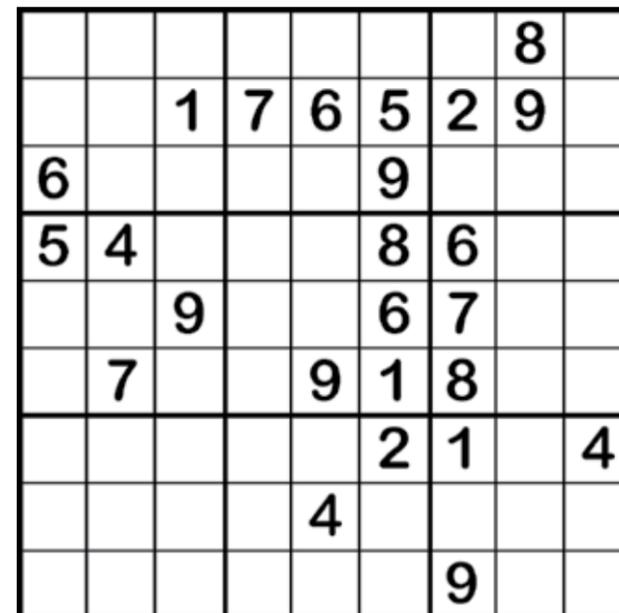
Good Advice



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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 Repeat
- 5 / or \
- 10 Woes
- 14 Asset
- 15 1st part of a quote by a co-founder of The Beach Boys
- 16 2nd part of quote
- 17 Word after far, middle or down
- 18 Off-white
- 19 Fairy tale opener
- 20 Banned herbal stimulant
- 22 Winner of 82 PGA Tour events
- 23 Snitch
- 24 Cleanup grp.
- 26 Literary inits.
- 27 Snowplane device
- 30 3rd part of quote
- 33 2001 biopic
- 35 4th part of quote
- 37 Walgreens and CVS
- 42 Spotted
- 43 When doubled, an African pest
- 44 5th part of quote
- 45 Principal
- 49 Spitballs and slugs, for example
- 50 Shriek bark
- 51 Twist or distort
- 53 Droop
- 54 Chicago setting in Aug.
- 57 2nd amendment grp.
- 59 Kind of seating or treatment
- 61 6th part of quote
- 63 Share, in a way
- 69 Competent
- 70 Auto body component
- 71 Swag
- 72 With 74 across, author of this puzzle's quote
- 73 Fit
- 74 See 72 across
- 75 Combat vet. diagnosis
- 76 Wee
- 77 Police order

DOWN

- 1 Blunted sword
- 2 Appreciate the band
- 3 Librarian's exhortation
- 4 Name found in the kitchen
- 5 Went around
- 6 Stubbs or Strauss
- 7 Near eternity, var.
- 8 Lark
- 9 Something to make or hit
- 10 Desktop image
- 11 Introvert, sometimes
- 12 Type of election
- 13 Flexible Flyers and such
- 21 Morse code vocalization
- 22 Jack-tar
- 25 Mas' mates
- 27 Beauty queen item
- 28 Patella location
- 29 Brainchild
- 31 Linkletter and Carney
- 32 Does housework
- 34 Hawkeye state
- 36 Griffith or Devine
- 38 Nerd and dork pal
- 39 Some trucks
- 40 Writer Bombeck
- 41 Haze
- 46 Ice cream flavor
- 47 Lending fig.
- 48 Boisterous festivity
- 52 Clever fellow
- 54 Title holder, at times
- 55 Card type
- 56 Conferences
- 58 "___ of Two Cities"
- 60 Influences
- 62 Orchestra member
- 64 Feed the kitty?
- 65 Eager
- 66 Word after tap or bitter
- 67 De ___ (anew)
- 68 Beginning of a journey
- 70 Butter unit



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Graphic image © Aquir

Healthy U: Good Health 101 and Beyond

Lights Out



A good nap can make all the difference.

by David Tumbarello

Freelance writer in Michigan

"Anybody home?"

"Welcome, welcome! It is so good to see you. Come inside!"

After a five-hour drive from Michigan to Chicago, we made our way to the kitchen where my nearly 92-year-old mother proceeded to offer us cookies, bagels, and orange juice from the refrigerator. I gave my mother a birthday card to open later, and my wife gave her a bottle of Michigan wine.

Refreshments in hand, we gradually moved to the living room and shared stories from the past few weeks. I told my mother about our recent trip to Traverse City, and she told us about her trip with her senior group to downtown Chicago to see a musical performance. After an hour, I signaled to my wife that it was time to implement our top-secret plan — to leave the house for a bit so mom could nap before friends and more family arrived to take her out later that night.

When she was 82, Mom would be ready for a nap after four or five hours of entertaining. Now, at nearly 92, after just an hour of talking we knew she was ready for a nap. This is normal: Research from the American Academy of Sleep Medicine indicates as we age, the number of hours of sleep we need each

day increases, up to 10 hours total each day for people nearing 100. (AASM, 2010) Importantly, this sleep does not need to be continuous to be beneficial.

After we warmed each other's hearts with stories, we gave Mom a hug and said we were leaving for a short while so she could rest. I started the car and drove myself and my wife to the store, more to give Mom time to rest than to shop for anything.

As we age, it's common to experience issues with mild nighttime insomnia, often resulting from changes in circadian rhythm, sleep apnea, medications, and restless leg syndrome. (Ancoli-Israel, 1997)

While insomnia may interfere with daytime activities, there are several things you can do to promote healthier sleep. (Harvard Health, 2009) Stick to a regular bedtime and rising schedule, get outside for sunlight during the day, exercise each day, and find time to relax in the evening. And remember that naps count — by allowing Mom to get her 10 total hours in a day, we made sure she was good-to-go for her birthday celebration that evening at the local steakhouse.

We returned to Mom's and realized leaving her alone for that hour was

another birthday gift. She greeted us once more, refreshed. Friends soon arrived, and we all left for dinner in good spirits.

At the dinner table, we toasted to good friends and good health. When Mom opened our card, she found a joke I pulled off a daily calendar I keep on my desk at work. She read it out loud: "How do you keep a bull from charging? Take away its credit card!"

We laughed, we loved, and I was grateful for good friends, family, and the rewards of well-deserved sleep. ♦

Sources:

American Academy of Sleep Medicine. (2010). *Sleeping Well at 100 Years of Age: Study Searches for the Secrets to Healthy Longevity*. Retrieved December 12, 2019, from www.sciencedaily.com.

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Harvard Men's Health Watch. (2009). "Insomnia: Restoring Restful Sleep." Retrieved December 12, 2019, from www.health.harvard.edu.



The Cost of Caring

Giving to your loved ones doesn't have to cost a lot.

by Kelly Dilworth
Personal finance journalist

As we grow older and become more dependent on our savings, it can be tough to afford the kinds of gifts and fancy greeting cards we used to send our loved ones on special occasions like birthdays, holidays, graduations and other milestones.

According to a recent survey by Gallup, many seniors are having a hard time coming up with enough cash to pay for medical expenses and prescriptions, let alone pay for other extras, such as material gifts or commercial greeting cards. (Stevens & Lawrence, 2019)

Greeting cards alone, for example, can cost as much \$5 to \$7 a piece. Meanwhile, even modest gifts can add up quickly if you have a lot of grandkids or other friends and family members.

According to the National Retail Federation (NRF), Americans planned to spend an average of \$162 to commemorate Valentine's Day last year.

Other surveys by the NRF found that Americans also planned to spend an average of \$151 on Easter, \$196 on Mother's Day, \$139 on Father's Day, and \$1,048 on the winter holidays. (NRF, 2019)

People often spend significant sums of money on other special occasions too, such as a loved one's graduation, a new baby in the family, a significant loss, birthday, or other big occasion. With so many holidays and special days to celebrate, it's no wonder we feel exhausted by all the gifts and tokens of appreciation we are expected to give.

"... if purchasing gifts or other tokens of love for the special people in your life causes you financial stress or worry, it may be time to rethink how you show you care."

Giving a loved one a meaningful gift or sending a thoughtful card can be one of the most enjoyable and fulfilling things we can do for other people. But if purchasing gifts or other tokens of love for the most special people in your life is beginning to cause you financial stress or worry, it may be time to rethink how you show your loved ones you care.

After all, you don't need to spend a lot of money to show others that you're thinking about them. In fact, your loved ones may even appreciate a handmade gift or non-material gesture more than a gift you bought from the store.

A recent survey from the printing service Vista Print, for example, found that 62% of Americans would rather receive a "heartfelt, personalized gift over a generic store-bought gift." Meanwhile, 40% of people value a personalized gift so much that they think they'd "keep it forever." (New York Post, 2019)

In addition to being more meaningful for your loved ones, handmade gifts are often less expensive to create. They can also be much more fun to put together, especially if they allow you to indulge in a memorable experience or an activity that brings you joy and inspires your creativity.

Here are just a few project ideas that may spark your imagination and be as fun for you to create as they are for your loved ones to receive:

A crowd-sourced cookbook: Preserve and share your family's best recipes by creating a recipe book that includes your own favorite family recipes and contributions from friends and family. You'll have a blast calling loved ones and chatting about favorite foods. You'll also be able to inexpensively recreate the gift for others by xeroxing copies.

A curated photo album with personalized captions: Rather than leave old photos in shoeboxes, put them together into albums for your loved ones and caption them with family lore, old memories, and lessons your family taught you that you'd like to pass on.

A handmade toy: If you know how to knit, enjoy crafting, or are skilled in others arts, consider making gifts for the little ones in your life. One of my relatives, for example, knitted some of my son's favorite stuffed animals. Meanwhile, my mother recently made him a wood-burned engraving featuring his favorite characters from *The Lion King*.

A remembrance box: When my husband's beloved grandfather died, we couldn't afford to send flowers. Instead I sewed fabric bags for my in-laws and added family photos, poems about love and bereavement, and other handmade items and suggested that my in-laws pull the bags out whenever they were missing Joe. The bags were not only appreciated; putting them together also gave me a chance to reflect on the life of a man who'd been a very special part of our family.

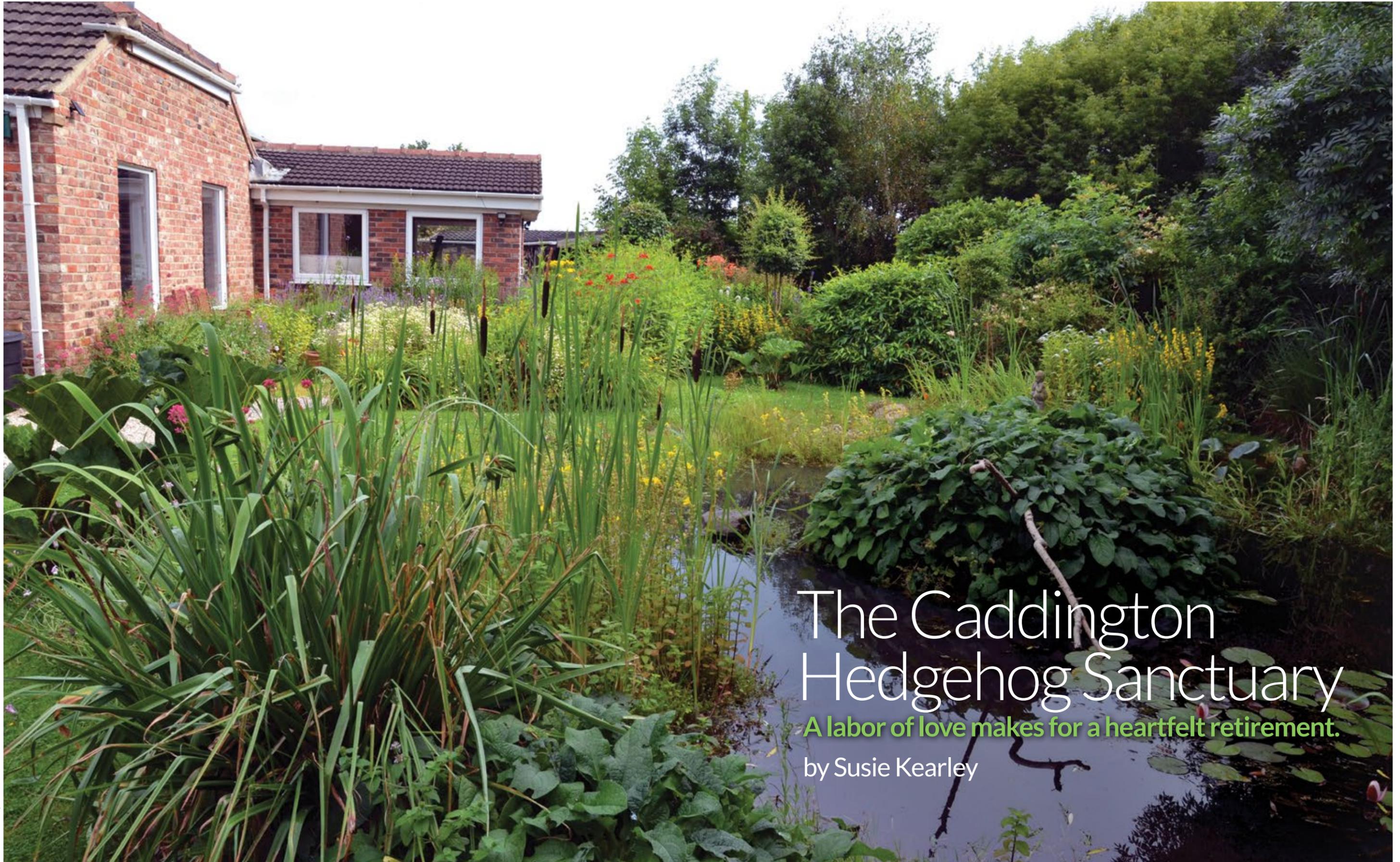
Whatever you decide to create, know that it will be appreciated. The best gifts we can give our loved ones are the ones that show them that we've been thinking about them far longer than it takes to just quickly stop by a store. Meanwhile, one of the best gifts you can give yourself is to spend time on a soothing activity that lights up your imagination, teaches you something new, or reminds you of people or experiences you don't want to forget. ♦

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National Retail Foundation. (2019). "Retail Insights and Trends: Holiday and Seasonal Trends." Retrieved December 12, 2019, from www.nrf.com.

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The Caddington Hedgehog Sanctuary

A labor of love makes for a heartfelt retirement.

by Susie Kearley



© Susie Kearley

Angela Smith

The verdant gardens behind the tidy, brick home in Caddington, England, hold a secret; dozens of tiny, lovely secrets in fact. Caddington Hedgehog Sanctuary is home to sick and injured hedgehogs and offers an unusual space for them to recover. It's run by Angela Smith, who gave up conventional work to follow her passion, caring for hedgehogs in need. She calls the sanctuary her "mid life crisis," saying she'd been working in the banking industry, then childcare, before deciding to rescue these tiny creatures in need.

Angela's journey began 20 years ago when she started reading books on how to help sick hedgehogs. In 2003, after many hours of study, she opened a hospital for injured hedgehogs at her home in Bedfordshire and then gave up her job so she could commit to the work full time.

In the beginning, opening a hedgehog hospital was a huge challenge. Angela took in sick and injured hedgehogs and restored them to health, working closely with the local vet.

"The vet showed me how to administer treatments, and over many years, I learnt how to do basic veterinary care at home, providing antibiotics, lungworm medicine, and other routine treatments," Angela explains. "The vet treats me like a farm client, providing sufficient medicine to treat all my hedgehogs."

She's used pioneering procedures and new techniques when faced with hedgehogs who need her to go the extra mile.

"The vet has tried experimental approaches, with good results. As we work together and face new challenges, he learns new things and so do I!" Angela says.

Life in the Hedgehog Garden

Angela and her husband moved to Lincolnshire in 2009, where she continues to take in hundreds of needy hedgehogs. There are three hedgehog sheds in the back garden, with space for 120 patients. The sheds are all occupied by sick and injured hedgehogs on various medications. Her remarkably understanding husband takes holidays on his own so she can stay at home, looking after the hogs.

Angela needs about £1,000 each year to pay for vets bills, operating costs, and hospital equipment. She gives talks to community groups to raise money, along with serving cream teas, holding plant sales, selling cards, and creating hand-crafted wooden goods to sell.

Her permanent residents live in her hedgehog garden, which is now secured like Fort Knox after a crisis a few years ago when a badger stormed the hedgehog garden, breaking down the fences

and taking the elderly or disabled hedgehogs who were living there because they could not survive in the wild.

Angela was devastated when she woke in the morning to find her beloved hedgehog garden in ruins. She didn't realize it wasn't badger-proof and set about correcting the situation quickly, erecting a much stronger fence to keep predators out.

Today, she has three permanent residents, one with a trimmer injury, which means she cannot curl up; one who's missing a leg; and one who hasn't mentally developed properly. Previous residents included one with malformed hands who had trouble foraging and one who never grew up and needed intensive feeding every six weeks.

"He was so small!" she says. Hedgehogs are nocturnal, so they're not around in the daytime, but she's had blind hedgehogs before, who come out exploring at all hours.



© Susie Kearley

A Natural Way to Heal

Angela is a keen gardener and has created colorful, themed areas and plenty of natural places for recovered hedgehogs to forage and explore. She always releases the hedgehogs into the wild once they're fully recovered, except when they have ongoing needs or disabilities that mean they can't survive on their own. A local nature reserve is a perfect release site — there's plenty of food and lots of places to hide, with few predators.

Running the hedgehog hospital and sanctuary is the fulfilment of Angela's dream. It gives her an immense sense of purpose and well-being, but it can also be very demanding.

"Sleep is a luxury!" she says. "Sometimes I have hedgehogs who need feeding every hour."

This can make it difficult to go out or take holidays. She has, however, managed to streamline her processes and treatments, so she works very efficiently and can tend to all her patients' needs easily, even during busy periods.

Since opening the hospital and sanctuary, Angela has treated more than 3,500 hedgehogs, and she releases about 60% back into the wild. She's had about 22 who have permanently retired to her hedgehog garden over the years, and at the time of this writing, she has 100 hedgehogs in hospital. There are always some who are so badly injured that she cannot save them, but she does her very best.



© Susie Kearley

Healing the Hurting

Last winter, the U.K. had unusually wet weather and severe floods that affected the hedgehog population in Lincolnshire. Most of November's new arrivals had ringworm infections, caused by the damp weather.

"I've never had so many with ringworm!" Angela said at the time.

Lungworm is the most common problem affecting her hedgehogs the rest of the year. The parasite enters their lungs, causing inflammation and making it difficult for them to breathe. She gives them antibiotics, a lungworm drug, a decongestant, and sometimes a steroid if she thinks they will benefit from it.

"In the autumn, a lot of orphans come in," she explains. "The mothers go into hibernation, but youngsters who've been born late in the season are too small to hibernate — they need to gain weight or they'll die from the cold. So the young hedgehogs come in with all sorts of problems, including lungworm, fly strike and ringworm. I take them in, warm them up, feed them, and give them any medical treatments they need. With any luck, they'll hibernate while they're staying with me and I can release them when they wake up in the spring."

Angela gets great pleasure from seeing the little hedgehogs get well and releasing them in good health. She shares her passion with people from the surrounding community, and they support her in return so she can continue doing what is important to her.

When we retire, it can feel like the end of an era. On the other hand, it can be the start of a new adventure. Retirement offers the opportunity to enjoy life, doing things you didn't have time for before — catching up with friends, traveling, reading, or pursuing new hobbies and interests. We should all strive to do things that fill our hearts with joy; it's the fastest way to fall in love with our new lives! ♦

Learn more:

Enjoy more stories about the hedgehog sanctuary and Angela's caring heart at www.caddingtonhedgehogs.blogspot.com.





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Advice for the Journey: Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



“How do I deal with the stress of all the changes I’ve been through?”

by **Julia Hogan, LCPC**

Chicago-based counselor and author of *It’s OK to Start With You*

Question: I really wish there was a handbook for navigating these retirement years. I’ve honestly been surprised by how difficult it has been, mostly because life hasn’t turned out how I expected it would. My dream for retirement included lots of travel-

ing, like going on cruises and taking trips to Europe, and spending time with my grandchildren in the home I raised my kids in.

But my real life looks so much different from the one I dreamed of in my head. I had to sell my home

and move into a retirement community (it broke my heart to have to sell my house), and my health makes trips more difficult to manage. Is this what retirement is, feeling miserable that my life hasn’t turned out how I expected it to?

Answer: If there is anything I’ve learned in my work as a therapist, it’s that life never turns out exactly how we expect it to. Just when we think we’ve got it all figured out, life sends us a curveball — whether it’s in the form of a health issue, a job change, a relationship, or something else equally as unexpected. Life rarely goes as planned. Sometimes this can be a welcomed surprise, and other times it isn’t.

I’ve also learned that *while we don’t always have control over what happens to us, we do have control over how we respond to what happens in our lives*. We can choose to let the events of our lives lead us into despair, or we can empower ourselves to make the most of any given situation.

I learned this from the work of the great Viktor Frankl, the psychiatrist who survived the concentration camps of World War II and went on to write *Man’s Search for Meaning*. His book’s primary message is that having a purpose in life shapes how you experience and respond to the events in your life. In a similar vein, Erik Erikson, a famous psychologist who developed the 8 Stages of Psychosocial Development, identified the principle task of the retirement years as finding meaning in one’s life story.

In other words, it’s less about life turning out the way you expected it to and more about finding meaning in the

good *and* the bad of your current story. For example, even though your retirement years haven’t turned out the way you envisioned (e.g., having to sell your beloved home and not traveling as much as you’d like to), it doesn’t mean you’re a failure. Instead, you have the opportunity to embrace the life you have now and find meaning and fulfillment within it. This could look like embracing the newfound community of your new home, planning weekend trips until you’re able to travel internationally, or cultivating your relationship with your grandchildren.

Whatever you choose, make sure you focus on the opportunities to make meaning so that you can cultivate a sense of fulfillment and satisfaction no matter what curveball life puts in your path. ♦

Learn more:

Frankl, Viktor. (2014). *Man’s Search for Meaning, Gift Edition*. Boston, MA: Beacon Press.

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Come From Love

Each of us, all so different from one another, had conflicting ideas about how best to support Mom.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

This past year held more than its share of significant loss. My heart has been broken open as often as it has slammed itself shut. Perhaps this is the beginning of a trend in this last third of life; perhaps it was just a bad year.

In early winter my mother, whom I have written about many times, died. We buried her in the frigid wind of the snow-covered northeast. The bravest mourners held one another with bodies pressed together, arms locked around shoulders and waists from front to back and side to side. Like heat-seeking amoeba under dark blankets in the white snow, we shivered and shape-shifted as we pressed into the warmth of other living bodies.

The rabbi read the final prayers, and it seemed like time had stopped. I felt guilty wishing the whole thing was over so I could sit in the heat of the car we had left running. When the rabbi finished, one at a time, each of us unlatched and dropped out from under the blanket to take the shovel, while the one who had just sent dirt on the coffin quickly slid into the space just vacated. It's like musical chairs, I thought, too cold to cry as I followed suit.

Though the wind was restless and relentless, howling as if it too was mourning, I still heard the coarse rattle of the dirt hitting the pine box six feet below the opening in the ground. My heart clenched each time the shovel had done its deed.

I don't know how long we stood there, shivering, praying, clutching and releasing. What I do know is

that my mother hated the cold, always coveted a pair of warm socks, and she never wanted to take us skiing. Her heaven was the beach, the warm water, her kids eating gritty French fries and tuna sandwiches shared on a blanket surrounded by sand-castle shovels and pails, our oily skin slipping from her hugs, and the gray gulls soaring overhead. It didn't seem fair that we'd stand there over her brittle grave shaking in the cold.

I had wondered in her later years if the family tensions, which were increasingly challenging, would be softened in the aftermath of losing Mom. Once all the transactions related to her needs, and then the business of death and managing her affairs, were over, will there be anything attaching her children to one another? Each of us, all so different from one another, had conflicting ideas about how best to support Mom. We argued, but we had the common ground of protecting and serving her. Perhaps as siblings we would find more pleasure together, even in the simplest of things, once we were no longer faced with caregiving.

Sadly, we didn't even make it through three days after her death before my best hopes were shattered. Mine is not a group of siblings who work well together. In fact, we seem to bring out the worst in one another. How can this be true when family is such an important value of mine? Shouldn't I be able to do better? Find a solution?

I tell myself, over and over, to stop thinking and reacting, to "come from love" — a mantra that reminds me of what I value most. A mantra that most of the time can re-center me, help me rise above feelings I'm not proud of. The ones that can lead me to blame, criticize, defend, justify, rationalize, and act from anger, hurt and disappointment.

When I realize I'm about to get crushed by my own emotional steam-roller, I can choose to return to my better self by repeating the mantra, "Come from love." It's astounding how often it hauls me back to where I want to be. The trick is, how do I keep coming from love when doing so brings me pain? When it makes me more vulnerable to the next hit from a sibling — like the whack of the earth hitting the cold pine box, deep in the broken-open rectangle of the winter's ground. This is my heart slamming shut.

There are more lessons for me to learn in this "third third" of life — like learning that sometimes seeking peace is the best way to come from love, even if it means stepping away from where I always thought I would be, in the arms of family.

I'm confident that my mother is at peace. Now I am seeking mine, finding new ways to come from love that allow me deep connection with those I trust while keeping me out of harm's way with those I don't. I'm curious to see what more I'll learn over time, in the years between Mom's death and my own. ♦

“ Sometimes seeking peace is the best way to come from love, even if it means stepping away from where I always thought I would be, in the arms of family. ”



Live Big. Live Bold.

Your Life, Your Rules

The Road to Happiness Starts With Three Simple Steps

Living “heart-healthy” is so much more than physical.

by Alissa Sauer

Blogger and Leisure Care writer

February is American Heart Month, a month set aside to raise awareness for heart health and heart disease prevention. At Leisure Care, living “heart-healthy” is more than being physically healthy, although that is a high priority too. Being heart-healthy is also about nurturing the soul, fully living in the present, being intentional about time and space, prioritizing self-care, and loving those around us better.

Dr. Marcia Sirota, M.D., believes there are four key principles that together significantly increase happiness for ourselves and those around us. She calls them the four pillars of happiness. The first pillar is having an open heart, the second is having an open mind, the third is having open eyes, and the fourth is having open arms.

It all starts with living with an open heart, the first pillar. Happiness begins here, with our own hearts open, loving and accepting ourselves first and then giving love to those around us. Truly, it’s not until we love and accept ourselves first that we can give love to others, finding a new sense of peace and well-being.

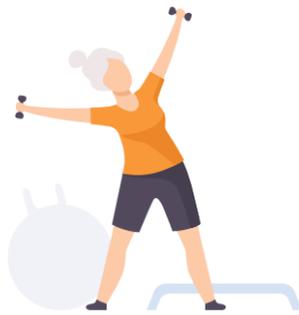


3 Steps for Living With an Open Heart

Eleanor Roosevelt said it best when she remarked, “Friendship with oneself is all-important, because without it one cannot be friends with anyone else in the world.”

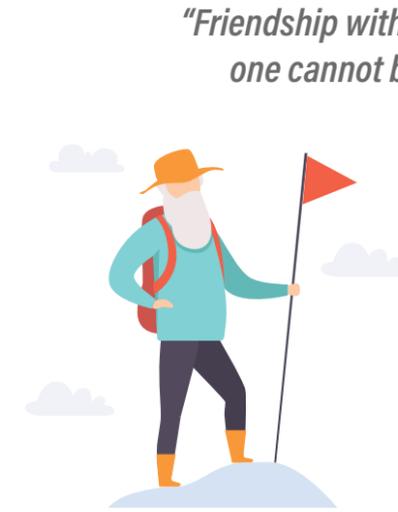
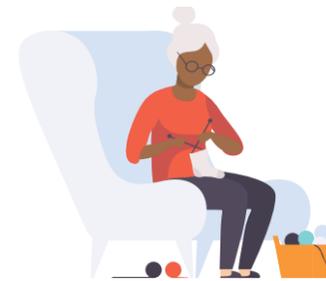
But what does it mean to be friends with yourself? Well, it starts with caring about yourself. It starts with taking control of your life and prioritizing yourself now so you can make more meaningful contributions to those around you later.

These three steps will help you cultivate an open heart where you are fulfilled in the present and focused on the future.



1. Start each day with an affirmation.

An affirmation is a positive statement that helps you focus on positive thoughts and overcome negative ones. They should be repeated often, even out loud, and written down. They often note your strengths or state something you want to be true as true. For example, “I am a patient person who sets healthy boundaries,” can eventually help you become a patient person who sets healthy boundaries. Or, “I am open to a new adventure today,” can help you take healthy risks and expand your horizons.



“Friendship with oneself is all-important, because without it one cannot be friends with anyone else in the world.”

— Eleanor Roosevelt



2. Set goals.

Achieving personal goals increases appreciation and acceptance, but first, you have to set them. Think through your next few years — what do they look like? Where do you want to be? Make a vision board that can help you visualize your goals. This can be a highly motivating way to foster a positive mindset so you can use the present to make those future goals a reality.

Goals should be measurable, and you should be able to track your progress toward them easily. Celebrate even small victories, and reward yourself for hitting milestones, recognizing your efforts and sacrifices to hit your personal goals.

3. Say yes!

Don’t be afraid to say yes while also setting healthy boundaries. Before you turn down an opportunity or the chance to develop a new friendship, think about why you are saying no. Is it out of fear? Living with an open heart leads to living in abundance, so choose a “yes” when you can! Commit to a weekly coffee with a friend, join a new exercise program, try your hand at painting ... say yes and dive in.

Whatever your goals, remember that living with an open heart is the opposite of living in fear. Don’t be afraid of failure. It’s merely another opportunity to try again, to do something a new way, and learn to appreciate yourself, your efforts, and how far you’ve come.

Open Heart Living at Leisure Care

At Leisure Care, we are committed to helping our residents live with an open heart. We start by hiring people who are also committed to living with an open heart. We know who we are, we set goals, and we measure ourselves against those goals. We say “yes!” to new adventures. Living with an open heart at Leisure Care means embracing new hobbies, new interests and making new friends. And it all starts with loving and accepting yourself first.

Our residents have chosen to care about their futures, their health, and their own well-being by moving into a Leisure Care community. Leisure Care

communities offer a wide range of care services so that residents and their families have peace of mind, knowing needs are being met in a way that encourages and empowers each person. This allows our residents to relax and enjoy every day. Not worrying about mastering activities of daily living allows residents to focus on what is more important — their hobbies, interests, developing new friendships, and creating meaningful connections with those around them.

No matter if it’s care you need in the form of assistance with activities of daily living, motivation to attend that cardio class, help connecting with friends, or planning the trip of a

lifetime, Leisure Care is here to help. With robust programming like Travel by Leisure Care, PrimeFit, BrainHQ, and a dynamic activities calendar, Leisure Care communities encourage residents to seize the day, to see the world, launching new adventures from a safe place.

Loving yourself is the first step to loving others. You must appreciate yourself before you are able to fully appreciate others. Start today with Leisure Care. ♦

Learn more:

Read more about Dr. Sirota’s four pillars of happiness at www.marciasirotamd.com.

Let's See What Happens

"I am convinced these four words will serve as my gravestone's epitaph."



**My latest
what-was-I-thinking
experience occurred
while rushing to the
Buffalo International
Airport to catch a flight
to Anchorage**

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comedian

I used to believe I was an introvert trapped inside an extrovert's body. A decades-long run of unremitting red-faced moments serve as evidence. But now, after my latest embarrassment kaboom, I'm convinced I instead suffer from an uncontrollable hyperactive idiot gene.

You won't find this condition listed on WebMD. Nor hear it addressed on *Doctor Oz*. But if you did it would be universally described as such: a bewildering condition that flares without warning, turning commonplace moments and/or situations into needless spectacles of embarrassment and self-loathing, convincing one to firmly believe he or she is possessed by The Three Stooges.

My latest what-was-I-thinking experience occurred while rushing to the Buffalo

International Airport to catch a flight to Anchorage, Alaska, that included layovers in Detroit and Minneapolis. Despite running late, I stopped at a local UPS store to print three boarding passes.

I prefer printed boarding pass over smartphone, no doubt a result of my pre-internet upbringing that conditioned me to associate tangible tickets with expectant escapes from the monotony of routine: theater, travel, traffic court.

I can't say for certain, but perhaps it was the excitement of travel, to Alaska no less, that distracted attention. Or maybe it was years of always printing boarding passes at home or at hotel business centers, requiring nothing more than clicking the print button. But never did I think to check the printer's size settings before pressing the print key. Seconds later, I was holding three 12 x 18 poster-size boarding passes.

Honest mistake.
No problem.

Let's See What Happens: Continued on page 43

Turning Night Into Day

Truly seeing someone
doesn't start with the eyes.

by Rabbi Elana Zaiman

Seattle-based Rabbi, chaplain and author

A rabbi of old once asked his students how they would know when night had ended and day had begun. One student said it was when you could see an animal in the distance and know if it was a dog or a sheep. Another said it was when you could see a tree in the distance and know if it was a pear or a fig tree. Neither of the answers satisfied the rabbi, so he answered his own question.

"Day begins," he said, "when you can look at the face of another human being and see that person as your sister or brother."

I agree with this rabbi that until we are able to see one another as part of our family, our larger human family, it is still night. And I believe that to completely see one another we must see not only with our eyes, but also with our heart.

Toward the end of last year, I was on a plane from Israel to Newark. Tired of sitting, hips and lower back tight, knees nudy, I stood to stretch and walk back and forth in the small area near the restrooms. As I walked, an older woman cradling a crying two-year-old girl in her arms joined me. For a while, I listened to this toddler cry. Then, I leaned over, looked into her eyes and said, "I'm so glad you are crying. I feel like crying too. It's so hard to be on a plane for so many hours. Crying is what most of us on this plane want to be doing. So, thank you for expressing what we are all feeling."

Turning Night Into Day: *Continued on page 42*

"My mom has made it a point to have relationships with each and every one of her eight grandchildren. She calls them."



Turning Night Into Day: *Continued from page 40*

As I spoke, this girl looked at me with her big brown eyes and stopped crying. I don't know if it was because she understood me or if she was fascinated by this older woman whom she did not know making conversation with her. I would like to believe it was because my words made her feel less alone. I would also like to believe that she felt my heart open to her heart.

When my sister and I are able to spend alone time together, our hearts open to one another, and each of us feels more whole. During a recent family gathering, we felt so lucky to be able to get in a sister walk. We walked the same route I had walked alone for the three days prior to her arrival.

As we walked, we talked about our children, husbands, jobs, lives, the recent death of our dad, our childhood memories of him, and how we perceive our mom to be getting along. And here's what I noticed: The same route that had felt long and exhausting when I walked alone had become an invigorating walk with energy left to spare when my sister and I walked together, sharing our lives, holding each other with open hearts.

As I write this article, I think of the unique opportunity grandparents have

to hold the hearts of their grandchildren. Because their egos, reputations and expectations don't hang on the line, they can listen with a full and present heart and fully focus on their grandchildren's well-being and can, in this way, be of help to their adult children as well.

A grandmother recently told me how she was able to support her granddaughter and encourage her to do what she loved when her granddaughter called to tell her she was leaving her high-powered job to become a nanny because she loved kids.

My mom has made it a point to have relationships with each and every one of her eight grandchildren. She calls them. She texts them. They text and call her. And, even though her memory is shifting and her executive functioning diminishing, she is totally present to each of her grandchildren, remembering threads from the tapestries of each of their lives.

One doesn't have to be a grandparent to practice this kind of openness. I know many elders who have younger friends whom they take great care to support with an open heart, as they, too, feel supported by their friend's open heart.

So if, on occasion, you find yourself wondering, "What do I still have to give? I don't hear so well. I don't see so well. I don't walk so well. I'm confined to a wheelchair. My memory is not as sharp as it used to be," here's what I say: You have so much to give. You have the gift of seeing all the people in your life with a full heart. You have the gift of turning night into day and darkness into light. ♦



On the Road for Mom: *Continued from page 13*

"When she tells me, I take care of it. Of course I do. With a glad heart."

It would be easy to spin our exasperation as the result of our lives being disrupted by these calls for help, but that would be wrong. Our frustration comes from knowing that our moms need help and are being much, much too stubborn about asking, about stating what they need and when they need it. Why they need it is completely optional, but that helps too — like my mom's need to have power-of-attorney-wielding offspring at the ready, just in case.

On my long drive to Mom's I had a leisurely call with my best friend

back home (hands free, of course). I finished an interesting audio book about American history. I sang along with the radio. I stopped for lunch with Jay, and we traded stories about our stubborn moms who won't ask for help when they really need help.

At Mom's house, I made a good breakfast, the first proper breakfast she's had in a week. I went grocery shopping and thanked the neighbors for being so kind. We watched a movie; we looked at patterns for sweaters (Mom is a world-class knitter); we talked about the news.

Mom looks a little better every morning but, because I can, I extend my trip another day. I pack meals she can microwave in the freezer, I left the mixer so we can make her special holiday cookies, and I reschedule my conference calls. I try to impress upon my stubborn mom that she should just tell me what she needs: a glass of water, a load of laundry started, the Sunday paper from the front walk.

"What can I do for you, Mom?"
When she tells me, I take care of it.
Of course I do. With a glad heart. ♦

Let's See What Happens: *Continued from page 39*

It happens. "Adjust the settings," the voice of reason said in my head, "and print again."

But before logic could act, my hyperactive idiot gene stormed the brain's frontal lobe — the mind's decision center — and apparently duct taped pragmatism to a synapse in the adjacent temporal lobe, because instead of reprinting, I was exiting the UPS store with a scroll of poster-size boarding passes and thinking, *Let's see what happens.*

Just as Spiderman's tingling spider sense forebodes danger, "Let's see what happens" forebodes, without fail, embarrassment, second-guessing and self-castigation. Yet even with knowing this, I can't stop myself. I, like a mountain climber goaded by the hazy logic of "because it's there," am powerless to the visceral pull of "let's see what happens," my idiot gene's mantra. And, as I was soon to learn, these four words, which I'm convinced will serve as my gravestone's epitaph, correctly anticipated shame and self-loathing again.

Airport security lines demand decorum. Quirks, foibles and oddities need to be suppressed, especially under the scrutinizing stares of no-nonsense TSA agents. These are people, after all,

who always appear to be at the ready to taser someone with 50,000 volts for accidentally carrying a six-ounce Poland Springs water bottle.

It was under this stern realization that fret swept over me like a heat-stroke. I considered jumping out of line and hurrying to a Delta check-in kiosk to reprint new boarding passes. But given that the flight was close to boarding, this was not a viable option. Plus, exiting, in TSA eyes, would red flag me as suspicious, someone with culpable second thoughts.

Don't be a fool, I told myself (an ironic choice of words given I was about to present a boarding pass the size of a throw rug); remain in line and think positive.

But instead of calming the mind with upbeat thoughts, I was too busy assessing the TSA agent ahead of me who had the look of North Dakota in late February — cold and empty. When his thick right hand waved me forward, I concluded I was doomed.

TSA agents are rigidly trained to detect suspicious behaviors — wide eyes, profuse sweating, whistling — but I'm guessing by the manner in which his eyes rapidly blinked as he watched me unroll my boarding pass like a modern-day town crier about to make a pronouncement, nothing in his

TSA Suspicious Behavior Manual ever addressed passengers with 12 x 18 boarding passes.

A long, awkward pause ensued. His eyes shifted from me to the boarding pass that now covered the top of his podium like a painter's drop cloth. I could hear the person behind me laughing. Humiliation now mingled with fear.

"What's this?" he asked.
"My boarding pass," I answered.
His eyes bore into me. It was make or break time. A perfect explanation was needed.

"Kids," I lied. "When running late, never ask them to print your boarding passes or you'll get punked."

Zingo — I connected. A half-moon grin warmed his face, and his head nodded in recognition. He, no doubt, was a father who could relate.

"That's funny," he chuckled while check-marking my poster. "Thanks, I needed the laugh. It's been a long shift."

Whoosh, I made it. Massive relief. I then, with poster-ticket in hand, hurried down the concourse, smiling like a man possessed.

Would I be able to actually get on the plane, scanning my pass at the gate?

Let's see what happens ... ♦

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 20

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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

Leisure Care Retirement Communities



Live Big. Live Bold.

ARIZONA

Broadway Proper
Fairwinds - Desert Point

CALIFORNIA

Bella Villaggio
Fairwinds - Ivy Ranch
Fairwinds - West Hills
Fairwinds - Woodward Park
Heritage Estates
Springfield Place
The Woodlake

COLORADO

Mackenzie Place - Colorado Springs
Mackenzie Place - Fort Collins
San Marino
The Carillon at Belleview Station
The Carillon at Boulder Creek

CONNECTICUT

The Landing of North Haven
The Linden at Woodbridge

FLORIDA

The Landing of Lake Worth
The Willows

IDAHO

Fairwinds - Sand Creek

MASSACHUSETTS

The Cottages at Dartmouth Village
The Linden at Danvers
The Linden at Dedham

MARYLAND

The Landing of Silver Spring

MISSOURI

Fairwinds - River's Edge
The Landing of O'Fallon

NORTH CAROLINA

Treeo of Raleigh

NEW MEXICO

Fairwinds - Rio Rancho

NEW YORK

The Village at Mill Landing
The Village at Unity
The Village Townhomes

OKLAHOMA

The Linden at Stonehaven Square

OREGON

Canfield Place
Markham House
Russellville Park
The Ackerly at Sherwood
The Ackerly at Timberland

PENNSYLVANIA

The Landing of Collegeville
The Landing of Southampton
The Landing of Towamencin

UTAH

Treeo - Orem
Treeo - South Ogden

WASHINGTON

Fairwinds - Brighton Court
Fairwinds - Brittany Park
Fairwinds - Redmond
Fairwinds - Spokane
Hawthorne Court
Murano
Van Mall
Washington Oakes
Woodland Terrace

www.leisurecare.com