

Autumn 2020: Open Eyes

livfun

The Vanishing Point

The eye can be too easily fooled

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Cultivating Happiness

5 ways to be happier right now

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THE ART OF STAYING CONNECTED



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Open Eyes:

"Love does not see with the eyes, but with the soul."
— William Shakespeare

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THOUGHTS FROM THE HOME OFFICE Staying Apart, Together

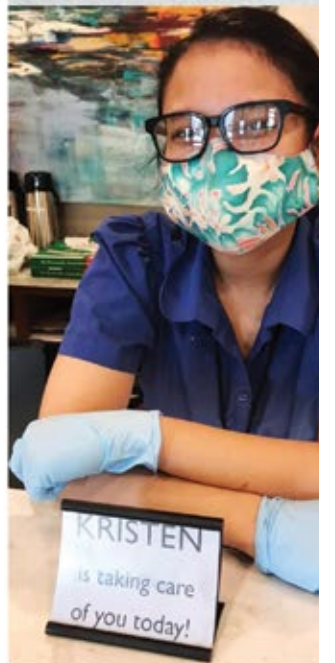


Greetings everyone,

This issue of LivFun could not have been more timely. Leisure Care communities have never been more creative in cultivating connectedness and finding happiness in unconventional ways. As the last few months have forced us to stay physically apart, our communities have come together like never before.

From virtual happy hours and meal delivery to video calls and car parades, our communities continue to exemplify the best of the human spirit. We have seen our communities come together in extraordinary times, and we continue to do so. We could go on forever, telling you how our residents are embodying our Five-Star Fun promise while staying apart together, but we know that a picture is worth a thousand words.

All our best,
Greg Clark and the entire Leisure Care team



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Oyster bar? Wine bar? Depends entirely on your point of view.

by **Skye Moody**

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

I'm strolling along Newport Avenue with my friend Robyn when we pass an upscale oyster bar.

"Wow," I say. "It's great to see a snazzy new bar in the neighborhood."

Robyn whips her head around to stare at me. Appalled, she says, "That bar has been there 40 years. It's the most popular wine bar in Ocean Beach, and you're just now discovering it?"

Oyster bar? Wine bar? Which best describes it?

Robyn should know; she's lived in the neighborhood most of her life. I'm a newbie. I squint and stammer, "Oh. Guess I never noticed it. You know ... being new ..."

Robyn planes her eyes at me and scoffs at my tiresome newbie alibi.

"How can you have missed that bar for so many months?"

“flâneur: (French)

a stroller, with all of its accompanying associations.”

This belated noticing of an object, or place, or article of clothing, etc., has kicked my Achilles heel for as long as I can recall. Teachers and other adults often admonish me for interludes of inattention and daydreaming; no doubt I possess a nomadic mind. I'm paying attention alright, just to different phenomena. Simply put, Robyn and I see the world through different eyes.

DNA and education have formed Robyn's sharp, focused, left-brained view of the world. She's a keen observer, a data gatherer who, in one glance, drinks in a million fact-based items of information. By profession a medical cost accountant, Robyn collects everything she sees in a lexicon I can't translate, storing her visual experiences in detailed columns and indices, numbers, lists and transcripts impressed on her unfailing memory.

My brain tends to ride the odd zephyr; thus, my visual experiences record differently. Today, for example, while Robyn can name and cite the history of every commercial space along Newport Avenue toward the beach and the Pacific Ocean, I am focusing on the vanishing point, where a squadron of pelicans flies single file above the ocean, while on the strand, a bunch of kids are burying a toddler up to his head in sparkling sand. Meanwhile Robyn swallows in the whole panorama, engraving it onto her brain. Where Robyn sees a man with a red beard wearing a polka-dot shirt and sunglasses, I perceive a guy with an ungroomed beard and Ray-Bans but couldn't tell you if he was wearing a shirt.

The world is full of vanishing points, angles, shadows, light and perspective. The eye can be easily fooled. To a desert camel's eyes, the mirage ahead registers as an oasis of water, but his thirst-starved passenger, nearly dead, has lost all hope and interprets the optical illusion as a lake of fire. If

what we see is what we get, I hope the camel's vision is borne out.

Yet when it comes to witnessing homeless camps, video replays of bloody violence, robbery, child abuse, fights, even murder in our streets, viewers' points of view swing from blind disregard to denial to righteous anger. When witnessing trouble brewing, some refuse to watch; whether out of skittishness, cowardice, fear, or denial, they intentionally go blind, escaping harsh realities and intervention. Any excuse to avoid confrontation. Reality can be so offensive. Change the channel, quick. Whew!

In the face of injustice or physical violence, Robyn and I see alike. While I dive right in, place my body between the fighters, try to diffuse the tense situation, Robyn's feistiness and moral outrage similarly erupts. Her former San Francisco '60's flower girl morphs into a fierce freedom fighter, and she's all in for justice and (hopefully, eventually) peace.

The sightless possess their unique adaptation of seeing. I fear most losing my eyesight. When, twice each day, a pandemonium of wild Amazon parrots zooms amongst the local palm trees in streaks of bright green painted across an electric blue sky, an injection of such joy inhabits my spirit that my whole day is better for the experience.

Likewise, witnessing an act of kindness — neighbor to neighbor, children to parents, stranger to stranger — infuses me with a gladness that soars my heart. Even while we must not blind our eyes to others' suffering, we can allow our hearts to ride the rainbows of gratitude and joy. Our rainbows are gifts, kaleidoscopes brightening grayer landscapes.

Avid flâneurs both, Robyn and I top off our afternoon stroll with wine toasts and oysters on the half shell at the slick old/new bar on Newport Avenue. ♦

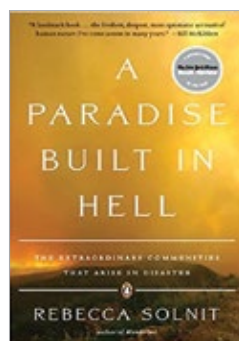
Entertain Your Brain: Books

by Misha Stone

Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

“While the crisis lasted, people loved each other.”

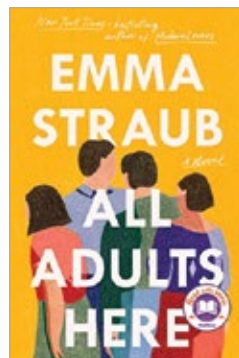
— Catholic activist Dorothy Day



A Paradise Built in Hell: The Extraordinary Communities That Arise in Disaster

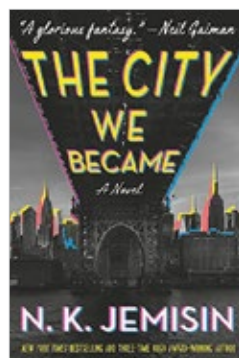
by Rebecca Solnit (Penguin, \$16)

Popular opinion holds that in times of catastrophe, people turn on one another and cannot be trusted to rise above primal instincts; Solnit's sweeping, inspirational survey of catastrophic events tells a different story. When the 1906 earthquake devastated San Francisco, class stratifications broke down and impromptu soup kitchens sprung up to feed the needy. Generosity abounded as mutual aid flourished in solidarity with fellow sufferers; everyday heroes helped their neighbors. Catholic activist Dorothy Day said: “While the crisis lasted, people loved each other.” The same phenomenon of altruistic care cropped up in the wake of the 1917 Halifax explosion, the London Blitz, Mexico City's 1985 earthquake, and even Hurricane Katrina. Media shaped and warped the American perception of New Orleans during Hurricane Katrina while countless acts of sacrifice and community aid predominated. Solnit infuses this history lesson with the stories of heroism that get buried by the march of time. Humanity's ability to survive, thrive, and reach out a hand to lift others is a testament not just to resilience, but also to hope.



All Adults Here by Emma Straub (Riverhead Books, \$27)

Astrid Strick is a 68-year-old widow when she decides to tell her adult children there is someone new in her life. She's been carrying on a secret affair with her hairdresser, Birdie, and when she witnesses the death of an acquaintance, she knows it's time to be open about the relationship. Set in a small Hudson River Valley town, Astrid's life becomes more complicated when her granddaughter Cecilia comes to stay a year to dodge an incident with classmates in New York City. Then there are Astrid's two local living children: Porter is a single cheese maker, pregnant by choice via sperm bank and carrying on with a married man; and Elliott is a wealthy business owner who strives for control. Straub breathes humanity and dimension into her characters and takes them each in hand to embrace the messy nature of their lives and the ability to live life to the fullest. It's refreshing to read a novel about a dysfunctional family that corrects its own dysfunction by facing the past and their erroneous perceptions of one another.



The City We Became by N. K. Jemisin (Orbit Books, \$28)

New York is coming into being, its beautiful, teeming plurality allowing for its birth as a major force in the world. Each borough of the city is represented by an individual who becomes a divining rod for a power New York needs to fully claim its greatness. It's a messy and uncertain process; white supremacists, neo-Nazis, and the tendrils of a supernatural evil gather to threaten this powerful plurality. A grad student arrives in the city and comes to understand that he is now the embodiment of Manhattan. A native Lenape gallery owner, Bronca, discovers that she represents the Bronx. Queens is represented by an Indian mathematician, while former rapper and city councilwoman Brooklyn harnesses her namesake borough. Can they find each other and combine forces before the looming evil takes over? Three-time Hugo Award-winning author of the *Broken Earth* series, Jemisin crafts compelling fantasies that open our eyes to both the injustice and the beauty of this world through the lens of the fantastical. So while this is a fantasy, it is also grounded in reality and brings New York alive in all of its glory and potential.

Entertain Your Brain: Movies

by Robert Horton

Member, National Society of Film Critics

“Acting is really about having the courage to fail in front of people.”

— Adam Driver



Devs (2020)

If you like a lot of science in your science fiction, writer-director Alex Garland (he did the terrific *Ex Machina*) has you covered. This eight-part miniseries looks inside a technology campus where a hush-hush project is hatching, the specifics of which are best discovered gradually. As the series unpacks its secrets, the speculations on quantum physics and the possibility of seeing time in a new way become as many-sided as the multiverse. In its most adventurous episode, most of the action appears to take place in various kinds of speculative timelines. The motivations of the scruffy tech guru (Nick Offerman) feel a little familiar for this kind of story (personal loss fuels his determination to revive the past, making him lose his moral bearings), and some of the casting decisions are iffy. But the extravagant design is heady enough to make you believe this world exists — and believe, even briefly, that the “real world” may be less real than we suspect. That's the kind of mind-bending we want from brainy sci-fi, and *Devs* delivers it in a deep-dive 400 minutes. (Available streaming on Hulu.)



Nostalgia for the Light (2010)

The Atacama Desert in Chile has some of the clearest skies on the planet, which is why so many astronomers work at observatories there. The great documentary filmmaker Patricio Guzman explores this high plateau in *Nostalgia for the Light*, finding cosmic poetry in the exploration of the stars (one scientist delightfully reminds us that some of the calcium in our bones was made shortly after the Big Bang). The film also has a fascinating political subtext, as the search for evidence in the Universe shares focus with the search for evidence of the atrocities committed during the Pinochet era in the '70s and '80s — the desert was used as a place for hiding the bodies of the “disappeared.” This comparison of galactic dreaming and earthly grief is powerful indeed, and so is the portrait of how time operates in space and on the ground. (Available streaming on iTunes, Amazon Prime, Vimeo and Ovid.)



Paterson (2016)

He lives in Paterson, New Jersey, and his name is Paterson. Funny coincidences like that abound in Jim Jarmusch's lovely gem of a movie, which casts Adam Driver as a bus driver who writes poetry on the side — or is he a poet who drives a bus on the side? Either way, Paterson keeps to his strict timetables (both bus drivers and poets have to be disciplined after all), while his entrepreneurial wife (Golshifteh Farahani) dreams up schemes to express herself. The movie is a love letter to simplicity, to people living ordinary lives but finding the extraordinary within them. In some ways, it's about looking at things and really *seeing* something there, from the spectacular to the everyday. Just as Paterson creates poems about love and a box of matches, Jarmusch creates movies about big and little subjects, which rarely combine as meaningfully as in this film. (Available streaming on Amazon Prime, Vudu, Google Play and iTunes.)

Entertain Your Brain: Music

by John Pearson

Retired musician and lifelong enthusiast

“There are only four people who knew what the Beatles were about anyway.”

— Paul McCartney



Blackbird (Album cut) — The Beatles, 1968

Included on their eponymous double-record release (aka “The White Album”), and attributed to Lennon-McCartney, “Blackbird” was in fact written and performed solely by McCartney. The song, like “Yesterday” and “Eleanor Rigby” before it, marks a departure from traditional rock-and-roll backing instruments, underlining yet again The Beatles’ absolute refusal to fall into the routine of producing the expected. The arrangement juxtaposes a simple, repetitive lyric whose seriousness contrasts interestingly with a jaunty, sparse, fingerpicked guitar. The result is a hauntingly beautiful effect. The vocal is directed to someone in need of hope and encouragement and unabashedly challenges him or her to learn to fly, to learn to see, to take advantage of the moment — the moment one may not even realize is at hand — and be free.



New Day (Album cut) — Jackie Lomax, *Is This What You Want?*, 1969

Released as a single in the U.K., “New Day” was included only in the U.S. version of Lomax’s debut *Is This What You Want?* album. Notable for its association with Apple records, the album features contributions by a long list of high-profile artists, including three of the Beatles, Eric Clapton, Klaus Voorman, and a number of well-respected studio musicians. Written by Lomax, “New Day” provides a powerful and optimistic vision of better things to come. It pulses relentlessly forward from the organ intro on, challenging the listener to assess his or her life choices and see that a new day will soon dawn. Snazzy guitar licks adorn the ’60s-inspired lyrics that end with the reassuring words: “And I think it’s gonna be alright, and I’m sure I can see the light of a new day.” The song is well-written, expertly produced and energetically performed. One wonders why it and the album as a whole did not achieve more commercial success.



Vision of Love (Single) — Mariah Carey, 1990

Co-written by Carey, “Vision of Love” became a game-changer in the world of female vocalists; it climbed straight to Number 1 on the charts, launching the artist’s career and her rise to stardom. Billboard called it a “velvety stunner ... brimming with unbridled power and confidence.” Music writer Bill Lamb said on About.com: “It is simply one of the most stunning debut releases ever ...” Michael Slezak, writing in *Entertainment Weekly* wrote “... this exuberant ballad is a near-religious listening experience.” The coupling of excellent lyrics with a strong melody added to a near-perfect arrangement, finalized via flawless recording and mixing, all contribute to the success of the song. The backing musicians rise to the occasion, especially bassist Marcus Miller, yet it is clear that Carey’s vocal performance outshines all. Her range and control are phenomenal. One small quibble unique, I’m sure, to this reviewer alone: The use of her whistle register was unnecessary and detracts slightly from the overall performance. Let it be said that using the song as a showcase for her range obviously worked well for her, but the concept of “throw in everything you’ve got even if it’s not called for” is not always the best idea. Quibble aside, the dramatic return from the bridge and into the last verse at approximately 2:13 gives me goosebumps every time. ♦

“I’m fit as a fiddle.”

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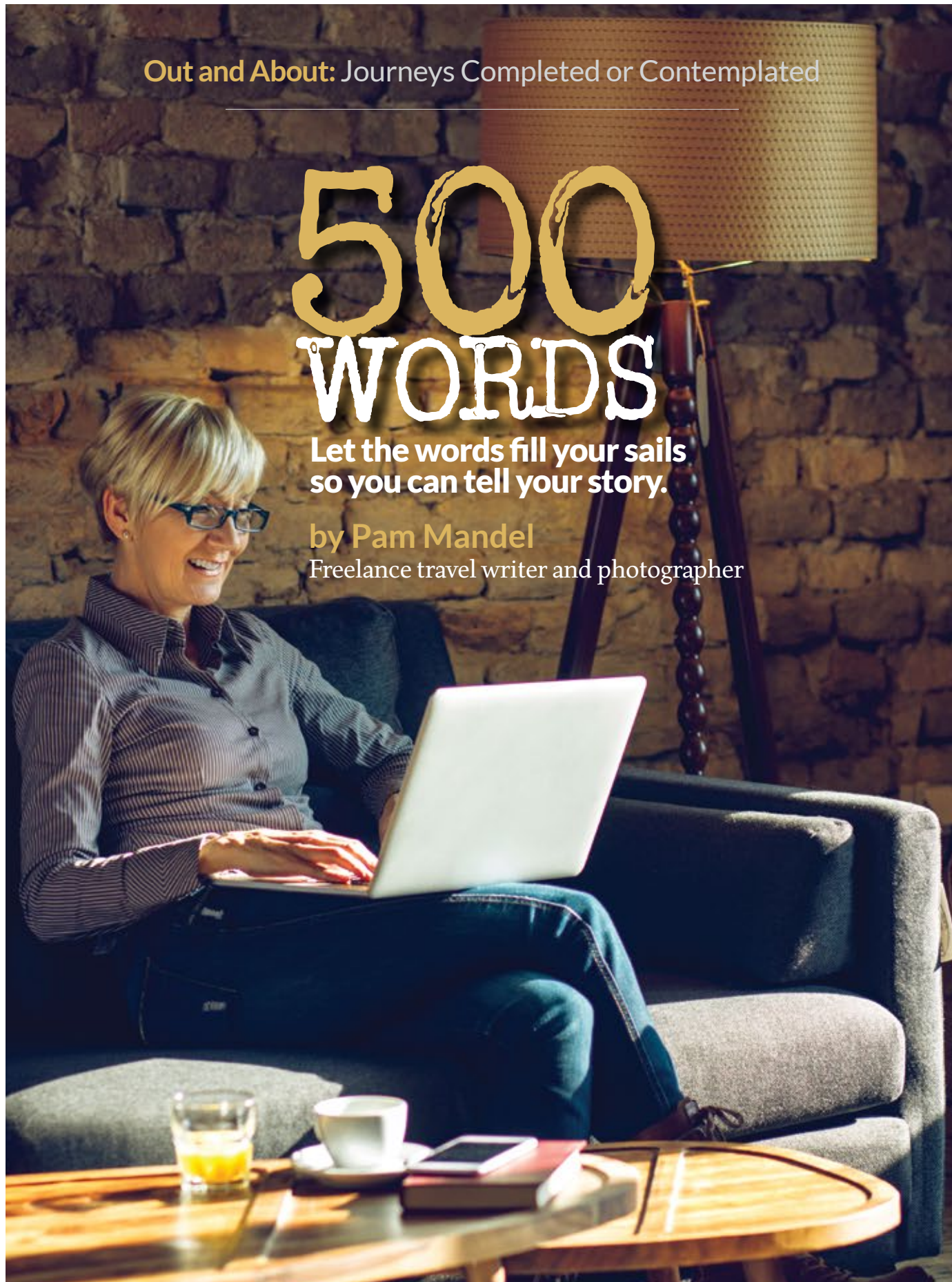
Out and About: Journeys Completed or Contemplated

500 WORDS

Let the words fill your sails
so you can tell your story.

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer



© Emir Memedovski

“Weren’t you in Sinai in the 1980s?”

This is my friend Alex. We are old friends through travel; sometimes we trade stories. Alex has a sharp memory, better than mine. I don’t remember talking to him about my travels in the Middle East, but he’s not wrong.

“I wish you would write about it,” he continues. “It was such a different time.”

Memory is so strange. I close my eyes and try to imagine the narrow beach along the Red Sea, a strip of highway between the beach and the desert. It was such a long time ago; I was so young, and everything was new.

“Maybe. If I can get back there.” I correct myself: “I mean in my mind, not actually physically back there, but ... you know.”

A few days later, I start to write. I sit down at my computer, open a document, and the words come spilling out as though I was just waiting for someone to ask.

Advice for writers can be so frustrating.

“You want to write a book, write a book.” A writer friend shared this from his mentor. It’s not helpful.

“It’s just about time at the keyboard. You just have to do the time.” This friend made it sound like sitting at my desk would be enough.

“You have to just, you know, finish it,” a well-known author told me over lunch one day.

This is similar to what another writer friend told me. “You have to just write forward until you get to the end. Don’t look back.” OK, that last one is good advice. If you keep revising, you’ll never finish.

These well-intentioned fellow writers failed to mention something that became critical for me. You have to build momentum. You have to give in to the process. You have to build a practice. And you have to go with the flow.

I was lucky. My friend Alex asked me to tell a story that it turns out I’ve been hungry to tell for decades. He sent me into the attic of my memory to find a shoebox that held what I needed to

get started. But starting wasn’t enough. I had to find a place where my mind was sharp enough to write, but not so sharp that I was critical of the work as I went along. I had to go with the flow.

It wasn’t my job to write this story, though; no one was paying me. Not only did I need to find the flow, I had to find my way in and out of it over the course of the several months I spent writing. That took some figuring out; after all, there were meals to cook, laundry to wash, a dog that wants walking twice a day.

Each day, I dedicated some time to writing. I do my best work early in the morning, so that’s the time I gave myself. First thing every day I would make a strong cup of coffee, turn on

“He sent me into
the attic of my memory
to find a shoebox that
held what I needed to
get started.”

my computer, and write. Early mornings work for me because I’m undisturbed, but I know plenty of writers who like late night for the same reason. Regardless, I had a window in my day allocated for writing, and I used it five, sometimes seven, days a week.

I set myself the goal of 500 words a day. I did not allow myself to get up (except for more coffee) until the word counter at the bottom of the page had increased by 500 words. Some days it was easy; I knew exactly what I wanted to write. I would breeze past my goal and keep going for an hour, two, or more if it was going well and I had no other obligations. Other days, I would struggle to type out a single

paragraph. My memory would be dark; the words would not come. But I would make myself go forward, even when it felt forced.

Ultimately, I stayed with it. Two, perhaps three months in, I had made the writing a habit. Coffee, computer, then writing, writing, writing. It was almost subconscious. It was how I started my day.

It was how I wrote my book.

When I was in college, I went swimming nearly every day at lunch time. I was never strong enough to compete, but I loved slicing through the water for half an hour. It was beautiful too, the blue and yellow floats of the lane lines, the tile on the bottom of the pool, the sparkling light through the water. It was great for my body, of course. I was in fantastic shape.

It was great for my mind too. Five minutes in the water and my mind would quiet. I didn’t feel the effort. I could swim a mile without even noticing. I was a long-distance cyclist for a while too, and it was the same. Once I hit my stride, it felt like I could cross the country on my bike, stopping only to refuel.

Writing this way — as a habit, 500 words a day — allowed me to feel the same effortlessness I’d experienced from more physical activities. The physical benefits aren’t the same as a long swim or a 50-mile bike ride, of course. But I was able to hit that same mental state. The suspension of time. The forward motion. Writing until I was done.

I understand now, from the outside, that my process was about creating an environment where I could feel about writing the same way I had with swimming and cycling. I accidentally built a practice that works for me, that helps me find that magical state of flow every time I sit down at the keyboard.

It’s personal, though I now understand what those other writers were telling me. Find your practice, they meant, and do it until you’re done.

For me, that was morning coffee and 500 words a day. ♦

The 'Nun Study' *of the* Sisters *of* Notre Dame

THE STARTLING RESEARCH THAT UNCOVERED
THE SECRETS TO AGING WITH GRACE.

by Mazduda Hassan

As Dr. David Snowden was about to start his research on the School Sisters of Notre Dame, their elected leader Sister Carmen gave him a stern warning: "... I want to move forward with your request, but I want you to remember who these women are. They are real people, very dear to us. I don't want you to treat them as research subjects."
(Snowden, 2002)

Snowdon took that request to heart. As he shared his research journey in his book *Aging With Grace*, it became only more evident how the "Nun Study of Aging and Alzheimer's Disease" not only garnered data and numbers, but a lifetime friendship between Snowden and the nuns who shared a common purpose — to help the world learn how to live longer and better.



© Aaron Yoder



“The Nun Study allows me to keep teaching even after I die.”

© Medziera71

S

Sister Mary

wondered out loud to her doctor. “Are you giving me medicines to keep me alive when all my desire is to be with Jesus?” The doctor replied, “It’s not my medicine that is keeping you alive. It is your attitude.”

It appears the doctor was right. What made Sister Mary a remarkably healthy centenarian was quite possibly her attitude toward life.

When the time came for retirement at age 77, after teaching sixth and eighth graders for 42 years, Sister Mary cut back her hours and stayed on as a part-time teacher. When she reached 84 and had to fully retire, she would not admit her retirement, saying, “I only retire at night.”

Sister Mary turned her full attention to helping others closer to home, caring for the other sisters in the assisted-living wing of their convent. She also prayed with a world map to dedicate her prayers to each continent every day.

An active member of the Nun Study, Sister Mary appeared for a mental assessment test at age 101. She performed well above average in some areas, indicating that her memory was not affected by her age. And she showed no signs of Alzheimer’s, a type of dementia that afflicts more than 5 million Americans. (Alzheimer’s Association, 2019)

Still, it was not Sister Mary’s great memory condition itself that surprised the researchers. The surprise was after her death, when an autopsy revealed that her brain showed all the physical markers of Alzheimer’s.

Somehow, Sister Mary had the physical existence of Alzheimer’s in her brain yet she never showed any symptoms of it. Despite her “Alzheimer’s-inflicted” brain, Sister Mary enjoyed a happy, healthy life with fully functioning memory.

What made it possible? This is the question for which the Nun Study continues to seek answers.



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THE BEGINNING OF THE STUDY

Snowdon, the researcher who originated the Nun Study, did not know this would be the topic of his research when he first set foot at the convent of the School Sisters of Notre Dame. He was trying to find a research project to secure his position at the University of Minnesota and realized the community provided a unique community for study.

Initially, his expectations were fairly low for how much information he could gather from his subjects. He was sure many of these women might not even remember their lives that well. Even if they did, how would he know that their memories were accurate?

After several fairly routine months of study, Snowdon stumbled across two metal file cabinets that changed everything. In those cabinet drawers were the archives of all the personal records written by the nuns when they were young. Snowdon could now study their younger lives and also their later years to see if he could find any correlation between the factors that made some nuns enjoy aging while causing others to suffer with age-related memory decline.

THE NUN STUDY — A LIFETIME EXPERIMENT

The reason Snowdon wanted to study the nuns was straightforward: All the nuns had similar lifestyles with similar economic and social status, eliminating many of the variables that typically confront researchers. They ate well, never smoked or drank, and did not go through pregnancy. This provided a rare controlled opportunity that could help the researchers clearly identify possible reasons why some of them had a healthy, long life while others did not.

In total, 678 nuns signed on to the study, agreeing to donate their brains to science after death and submitting to annual blood work, cognitive assessments, medical exams, and physical assessments for the duration of the study. When lifelong educator Sister Mary was asked why she agreed to volunteer in the study, her answer simple: “The Nun Study allows me to keep teaching even after I die.”

Remarkably, the study that started in 1986 is still ongoing, allowing researchers to discover more and more clues to aging and memory loss.

THE POWER OF POSITIVITY

As Snowdon went through the archives and autobiographies of some 200 nuns, he noticed that early life emotions seemed to play an important role in their later life. When he compared the number of positive words contained in their writings versus the number of negative comments, some clear trends emerged:

- The nuns expressing fewer positive emotions did not live as long as the nuns with more positive comments. In fact, the nuns who expressed more positive emotions lived on average a decade longer than the less positive nuns.

- The most positive nuns had an 80% chance of living to the age of 85, while the less positive nuns had only a 54% chance.

- Among those positive nuns who reached the age of 85 or more, 54% reached the age of 94, compared to just 15% of the less positive nuns.

Positive emotions not only help them in longevity, but also in memory. In a later study, Snowdon found that there was a direct relationship between a lack of positive emotion in their writings and higher memory loss as they aged.

How can we use this information to nurture our own positivity? As the Nun Study suggests, positivity does not come from being hopeful about a bright, distant future. It comes from adding meaning and purpose to our present lives. As the Sisters of Notre Dame have shown us, positivity can be cultivated by practicing gratitude and compassion, as well as nurturing our relationships and having faith in something greater than ourselves.

COMMUNITY LIVING AND CAREGIVING

Sister Mary would not stop caring for the people around her even after retiring from a lifetime of service. She helped the nuns at the convent who were not aging as well as she was, assisting with their daily chores and care. Did her community living and caregiving add to her longevity?

According to Snowdon's observations, yes. Nuns in general have a significantly longer life than other women on average. (Butler and Snowdon, 1996). Although the Nun Study is not designed to measure the effect of communal living, Snowdon strongly believes that communal living is the second most important factor that leads to longevity.

Snowdon also referred to another long-term study held among the residents of Alameda County, California, where it has been shown that all forms of human relationships — including marriage, social groups, churches, clubs, or even regular contact with family and friends — adds years to our lives. A paper published at the *Journal of Evolution and Human Behavior* confirms that the act of caregiving, both in and out of the family, increases longevity among older adults. Researchers believe this is due to the activation of the neural and hormonal system during the caregiving. (Hilbrand et al., 2017)

The Nun Study is a remarkable look at aging, and it shows us that aging does not necessarily mean the end of a happy life. Indeed, aging can be a wonderful journey if we teach ourselves how to age happily and healthily.

So let's start doing more things that fill us with grace. Maybe offer to help at your local school, join a book club that focuses on positive messages, start a community garden, invite a new friend on your daily walks ... all with an attitude of gratitude for the positive things in your life.

As Snowdon concludes in his book *Aging With Grace*: "The School Sisters

of Notre Dame have shown me that old age is not something to fear and revile. It can be a time of promise and renewal, of watching with a knowing eye, of accepting the lessons that life has taught, and, if possible, passing them on to the generations that will follow." ♦

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Creativity at Leisure Care Communities

Leisure Care communities across the country have become even more creative in their efforts to engage residents over the past few months.

Knowing that writing is a great way to relieve stress and anxiety, The Carillon at Boulder Creek, a Leisure Care community, held a poetry contest for residents to write about this unprecedented time.

Resident Joan Patch won with the following poem. We believe this poem summarizes how so many of our residents and staff are feeling as we patiently, but expectantly, wait for the day when we can all be together again post-COVID.

*Staying at home
Told not to roam
Wish I could see
Someone else, not just me.*

*Relief not tomorrow
Much to my sorrow
Just have to wait
For an all clear date.*

*Masks on our faces
When out of our places
Meetings on Zoom
No public places.*

*Then we'll open our doors
On all of our floors
Say hi to our friends
Isolation ends!*



LeisureCare.com



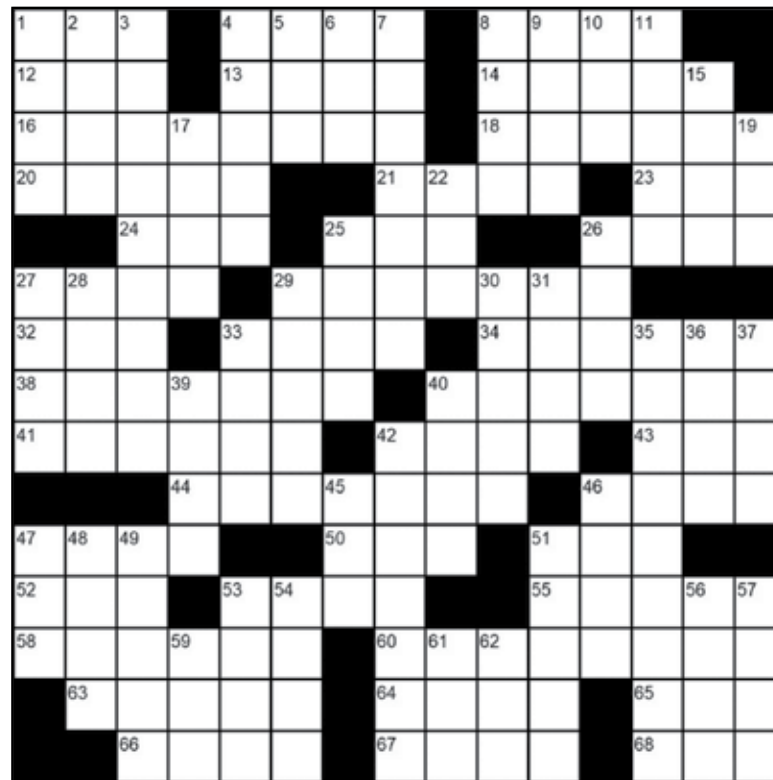
Brain Games

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

I Can See Clearly Now

- ACROSS**
- Support unit?
 - Jewish month
 - Sour
 - Operate
 - Assign values
 - First part of a quote by George Washington Carver
 - Grabs on
 - Salt component, usually
 - Second part of quote
 - Pay (up)
 - Margaret short?
 - Old Ford trim level
 - Dance move
 - Third part of quote
 - Andy's TV partner
 - Stewart-Novak thriller
 - Kind of treatment
 - High school mathematics subject
 - Not in any way
 - Like a clod
 - Sparkled
 - Fourth part of quote
 - Orders at the bar
 - Not grounded in reality
 - Ceremonial uniform ornament
 - _____ Cross
 - Get smart?
 - Barney Miller's Vigoda
 - Landscaping item, sometimes
 - Architectural add-on
 - Potential disease carrier
 - Fifth part of quote
 - Artemis twin
 - Freudian topic
 - Container for one 42 across
 - Sixth part of quote
 - Recipe amt.
 - Last part of quote
 - Leading the pack
 - Desire
- DOWN**
- Sitter's challenge
 - Baby or Dr. follower
 - Deer playmates?
 - Curvilinear
 - Morse bit
 - Put on the feedbag
 - Breathe
 - Doppelganger
 - Call at sea
 - Before head or herring
 - Excursions
 - 1950's PM of the UK
 - They may be liberal or martial
 - Self-esteem
 - Get off the fence
 - Say it's not true
 - John Wayne's birth state
 - Tel ____
 - Skirt choice of the '60s
 - Infamous ghetto
 - Cove
 - Doesn't stay
 - Put an end to
 - Shamelessness
 - Not just close
 - Swirl
 - Some are cherry
 - Rejoicing
 - Tirana location
 - Oman neighbor (abbr.)
 - Jocular exclamation
 - One of seven
 - Innsbruck surrounds
 - Laziness
 - Leather sharpener
 - Comedian Wilson
 - Standing apart
 - What dough might do
 - SportsCenter ainer
 - Name of 13 popes
 - Approx. value
 - Popular Hasbro game



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Sudoku

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

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

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DIFFICULTY ★★☆☆☆

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U: Good Health 101 and Beyond

Getting Fit as You Greet the Day

PUSH YOUR EDGE A LITTLE BIT MORE EVERY DAY

by David Tumbarello

I woke to birds chirping and the sun streaming through the windows. There was one thought on my mind — to get on my bike and head out for an early morning ride.

I wrote a note and left it on the counter: "Heading out. Be back in 35." My wife would see it when she woke, and I didn't want her to worry when she found me gone.

For the first time this season, I lowered the bike from the hanger, pumped air into the tires, grabbed my helmet, and I was ready to go.

I rode through the neighborhood, up the hill, and over to the dirt road. The sun warmed my face, and I felt free. My awareness was on the sun shining, the road rising, trees blooming. I squinted in the early morning light and pedaled on, panting as the road crested ahead.

It had been over six months since I last rode. I shifted into first gear, gripped a little harder, and filled my lungs with cool morning air. I remember last year this being less of a struggle ... and that really comes as no surprise.

While regular exercise is instrumental in maintaining physical and mental health, research now tells

us our sedentary behaviors, such as TV viewing and general inactivity, contribute to cardiovascular conditions that may require treatment and are independent of smoking, hypertension, hypercholesterolemia and diet. (Davies et al., 2019) Inactivity is a health risk, and most of us are inactive for at least half of our waking hours. On the other hand, if you want cardiovascular health, get up and move! Make regular exercise part of your everyday routine.

Always check with your medical provider before starting an exercise program. Regular exercise can be as simple as walking, biking, swimming, or a workout that packages six stretches and exercises into a routine for seniors. (Nurse Next Door, 2020)

With this type of efficient workout, the goal isn't to get ready for a marathon, but to maintain muscle mass, bone density, mental health and prevent falls. For example, the standing snow-angel exercise is a version of what many of us did as children. The snow angel goes like this:

Standing three inches away from the wall, rest your head and lower back on the wall with your palms down at your side facing the middle of the room.

Keeping your head, lower back, and arms gently on the wall, raise your arms above your head as high as they can go.

Repeat several times.

At first the exercise may be tough, but with consistency, it becomes easier as you become stronger.

While I wasn't in biking shape this first day, early in the season I knew it was a step in the right direction. I turned the corner, crested the hill, and began to pedal toward home. As much as the bike ride itself, hearing birds and nature wake up was an early morning gift to myself. I was tired and refreshed, and I wouldn't have it any other way. ♦

Read more:

Bowden Davies, Kelly A.; Pickles, Samuel; Sprung, Victoria; et. al. (2019). "Reduced Physical Activity in Young and Older Adults: Metabolic and Musculoskeletal Implications." *Sage Journals*. Retrieved June 1, 2020, from journals.sagepub.com.

Nurse Next Door. (2020). "6 Easy and Safe Exercises for Seniors." Retrieved June 1, 2020, from www.nursenextdoor.com.

I don't care for the word "cheapskate." You can keep "tightwad" and "skin-flint" too.

Surely there must be an upbeat-sounding term for people who, like me, practice a non-Scroogy frugality? I'm sure I inherited the condition from my father, a thrifty man who would remind me not to throw away a Kleenex just because I'd already used it.

If I sound defensive, it's because some of us on the parsimonious side of things have gotten a bad rap. I count pennies, but that's so I can spend them on the things that really matter. Like travel.

When I travel, I'm happy to plunk down cash for a museum visit or a celebrated restaurant. That's what I've saved the money for. But that doesn't mean I can't do a little euro-pinching to extend my budget.

I agree with budget-traveler wisdom about grabbing food from inexpensive cafés or street vendors. When you're in Venice, you have to grab some *tramezzini*, the tasty sandwiches that will fuel you for a few hours while you navigate the twisty streets; and when in Norway, get thee to a bakery and try a hefty *kanelboller*, a cinnamon-drenched roll that should set you up for an afternoon.

Yet another cost-conscious eating strategy is to utilize the humble aisles of the grocery store. Locate this resource — whether neighborhood bodega or chain superstore — in the early stage of your trip to a city. I've had days when I splurged on a late lunch while sightseeing and then went back to my hotel in the evening and kept it simple with

store-bought rolls, cheese, and berries. You can explore local products too; I've picked up a lot of artisanal beers at supermarkets and many unpronounceable brands of chocolate. (I can skimp on some things, but not beer and chocolate.)

Just between you and me, if your hotel has a breakfast buffet, there are ways of extending your serving. This is a slightly gray area, but I figure if I usually have a light breakfast anyway, where's the harm in slipping a roll and some cheese slices into a napkin and taking it with me for a midday snack? Sure, sometimes I feel a little dodgy doing this; then I remind myself that I'm a writer, not a stockbroker. Right?

Plan ahead! I spent an entire day on a train crossing Romania with a bakery-bought sack of cheese-filled pastries, which tasted equally good in the morning, at lunchtime standing in the Bucharest train station, and in the evening before arriving at my destination.

Don't forget to bring a refillable water bottle — it's environmentally friendly *and* cost-conscious. (On those occasions when I've been forced to buy bottled water, I picture my dad somewhere shaking his head.) Find places where you can top off for free; there are apps and websites that can direct you. I've had good luck filling my canteen in random hotel lobbies, crunchy organic restaurants (the seaside café Better Living Through Coffee in Port Townsend, Washington, has bailed me out a few times), and tourist information centers. I always make a point of filling up at that hotel buffet too.

Like live music? By all means buy a ticket (or a half-price ticket if that's an option) and support the local arts community. But also scan the listings of local churches for concerts, which are often *gratis*. That's how I heard *a capella* voices creating breathtaking polyphony music in the vast arches of St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh and listened to an organ virtuoso shake the walls at St. George's in Cape Town.

If, like me, you enjoy reading books made of paper, seek out free book exchanges. Some of these libraries are birdhouse-sized, but last fall I did some happy scrounging at one just off the pedestrian *Hauptstrasse* in Heidelberg, with hundreds of books on its tall shelves. Just remember to replace your find in another free library somewhere else in the world.

Of course, some wonderful traveling experiences are absolutely free. You can be transported by visiting the endless rows of oversized produce in an outdoor market in Valparaiso or the elaborate city of the dead within the Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris.

My favorite cheap thrill is walking. Whether being a *flâneur* in the streets of Milan or buying an Edinburgh city bus ticket to the end of the line and treading straight into the dreamy Pentland Hills, walking gives nonmonetary value that can't be measured.

Sometimes there's even a bonus, like the time I walked through an orchard on a path above Lyme Regis, England, and found apple trees ripe for picking. I'm not saying those apples tasted better because they were free. But they *were* awfully sweet. ♦

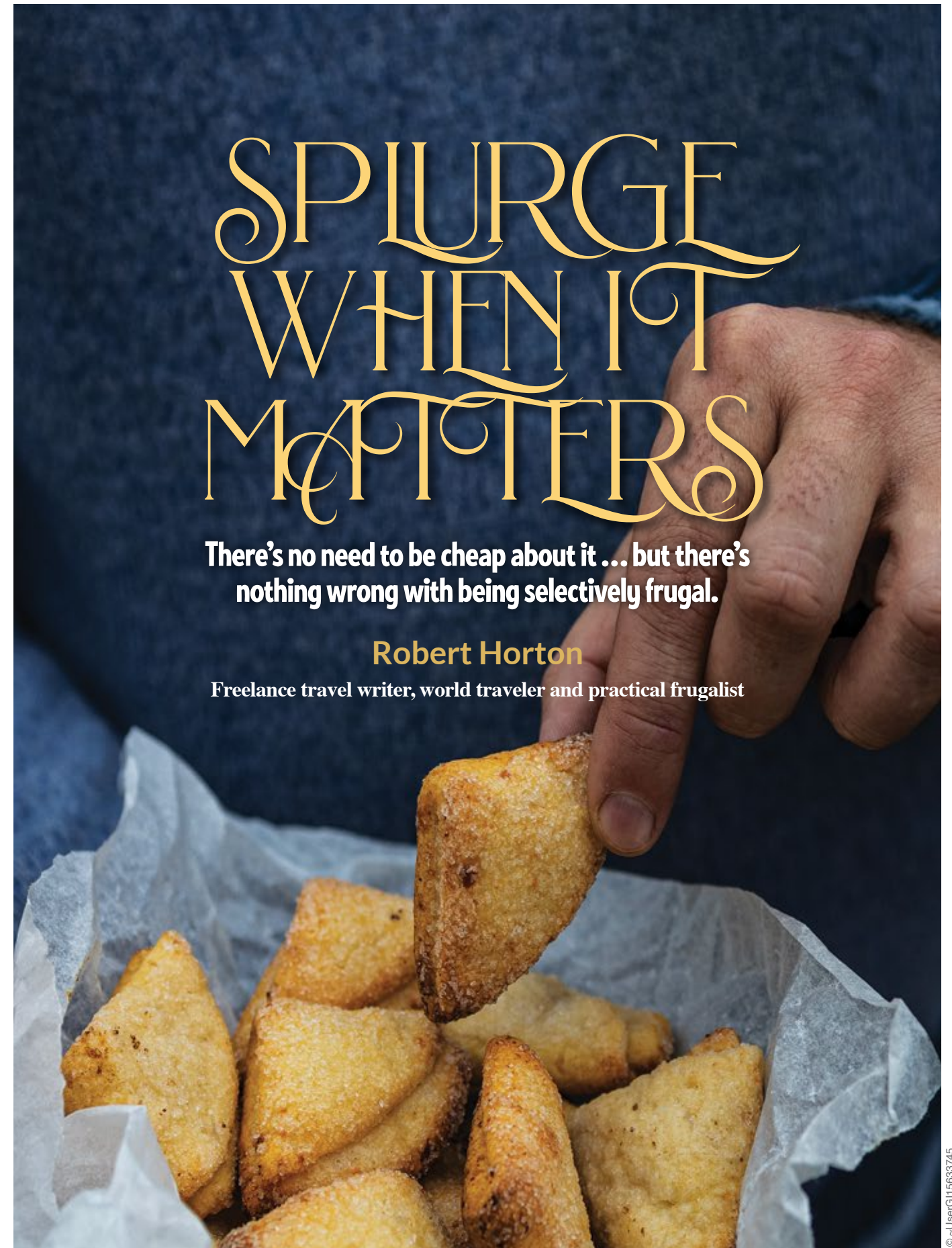
SPIURGE WHEN IT MATTERS

There's no need to be cheap about it ... but there's nothing wrong with being selectively frugal.

Robert Horton

Freelance travel writer, world traveler and practical frugalist

“... where's the harm in slipping a roll and some cheese slices into a napkin and taking it with me for a midday snack?”





The Big Squeeze

Unlike George Bailey, we don't all get angels to show us how the world would be different if we were never here. We have to come to that conclusion ourselves.

by George A. Santino

Author of "Get Back Up: From the Streets to Microsoft Suites"

Like many of you, I'm retired, and I've never been busier.

Frankly, I don't know how I had time to go to work. Now, I'll admit this is all self-inflicted. I was putting off a lot of stuff while I worked; stuff that was either not a high enough priority or that I was just too tired to tackle. Suddenly, having the time to do all the things I wanted to do became overwhelming. So much so that there were days I didn't get anything done. I needed a plan.

We all have dreams. Things we want to do or see. Things we want to learn, and things we want to be. As a child I had many dreams. Growing up in the projects of South Philadelphia, living off of welfare, I had a dream that someday I'd have plenty to eat. Some of my other dreams were to be a singer and to write a book.

I held on to those dreams as I got older. After I graduated from high school, I had a few singing jobs and tried to make a career of it. But my dream of having plenty to eat was stronger, so I got a real job and put singing on hold.

I imagine this happens to many of us. We have these dreams or things we want to do, but as we grow up we have to get real jobs. Maybe we get married and have a few kids. Soon we're working hard at keeping a roof over our heads, owning a decent car, and taking family vacations.

This becomes our reality. Some of us still find time to get other things done, but for me my job at Microsoft took all of my time, and when I got home each day I was so mentally tired I didn't have the energy to do anything. Before I knew it, the kids were off to college and my career was coming to an end.

Where did the time go? Who's that old guy staring back at me in the mirror? Maybe you accomplished all the things you wanted to and you're looking forward to a retirement of sitting on your porch in a rocking chair. If you're like me, however, you look back and realize that while you may have had a successful career, a lot of things you wanted to do didn't get done. You put them aside for later, and now later has arrived.

DECIDING TO DO IT

You might think it's too late to do these things. I'm too old to learn a foreign language or a musical instrument. My back hurts too much to travel to Italy and walk on those uneven, cobblestone roads. But while you're older than you have ever been before, the fact is you're also as young as you'll ever be again. There's still time left. You just have to decide to do it.

Think about the way you planned your career and maybe even your life. How did you get things done each day? Did you create a to-do list? Did you make a schedule? Did you set goals? Your retirement shouldn't be any different. Before I retired, I thought about all the things I'd put on the back burner. I wanted to write and record a song. I wanted to learn Italian and how to play the piano. I wanted to travel, and I wanted to write a book.

Of course, these weren't things I had to do. I still had to pay the bills and mow the lawn. I still had to reply to email. I still had to do my taxes. So I sat down and wrote a list of all the things I wanted to do and all the things I had to do. Then I broke the list down into daily tasks, like email; weekly tasks, like paying bills and mowing the lawn; and yearly items and things I would do just once, like writing a book. Once I had my list, I began working on it.

I'm not saying I attacked the list like I was back at work with my boss pounding me to get the job done. I was retired after all, so anything I was working on today could wait until tomorrow. I'm not talking about procrastinating until the point that it never gets done. No, I'm saying that I don't have to do it today.

I joined the local gym so I could get in shape for all those vacations my wife and I wanted to take. Then I began working on my plan, starting with that song I wanted to write and record. At the same time, I started writing my book and we planned our first vacation.

As I put more effort in, things really started going well. In my first year of working out, I lost 50 pounds. I wrote six songs and recorded three CDs. I was able to perform live at a number of events. And after my book was published, I was invited to write articles and do interviews.

IT HAS TO MATTER

It's been a heck of a ride, but not without its setbacks. My back is so bad there are days it hurts too much to get out of bed. I injured it years ago, requiring multiple surgeries, and after those surgeries I was told by multiple doctors that I had "failed back syndrome" and would never work again. That was very depressing news, but I had hopes and dreams for my life and my family and I wasn't going to let anything stop me. Years after getting the diagnosis I landed that job at Microsoft.

Sadly, my physical challenges didn't stop in retirement. I tore the rotator cuff in both shoulders, and three years ago I had them both surgically repaired, followed by months of painful physical therapy. Later I found out I had prostate cancer. It was like getting punched in the gut. I thought, what's the point of all this. As soon as I get through one obstacle another one jumps in my way. I was depressed, but I'd been depressed before.

I learned then that being depressed is OK for a little while, but if you want to move forward you have to put it behind you. I was going to have to do that again. It's kind of like the movie *It's a Wonderful Life*. Sometimes you look back and wonder how much it all really mattered. Unlike George Bailey, however, we don't all get an angel to show us how the world would be different if we were never here. We have to come to that conclusion ourselves.

So, I decided my philosophy would be very simple: It has to matter that you were here. Now while I'll admit that things like learning Italian and going to Italy were just for me, I was now thinking about my legacy, about the impact my life has had.

While each of us can decide what that means, for me it was all about making a difference in people's lives. Things like singing at retirement centers are very rewarding to me, and when I see the smiles on the faces of the people in the audience, I know it's rewarding to them as well.

When I speak at the Boys and Girls Clubs and tell them about how I grew up poor, they know I understand what they're going through. I can see on their faces when I tell them how I worked my way up and through many obstacles to get to where I am today that they believe they can do it too.

Think about all the things you've put off. Where do you want to go? What do you want to learn? Who do you want to help? How do you want to give back? Who do you want to reconnect with? Whatever it is, you now have the time. So get started, but most of all have a blast. You've earned it. ♦

"I'm going to squeeze all I can out of each day."





● ●
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Advice for the Journey: Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



“I don’t want a new normal. I want my old life back.”

by Julia Hogan, LCPC

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

Question: It seems like my normal life (and everybody else’s, for that matter) is turned upside down. I used to look forward to weekly lunches with friends, shopping, museum visits ... we call them our

“field trips,” and they were the highlights of my week! Lately these things are a lot harder to do, and while I’m a little bit embarrassed to admit it, I’m feeling pretty grumpy about it. I miss my old life, and I

just want everything to go back to the way it was. Everyone has been talking about finding your “new normal,” but to be honest, I don’t want a new normal in my life. I want my old life back.

Answer: You are not alone in feeling frustrated and upset by the changes the world has gone through this year, or personal changes in your own life. Change is hard ... even when you know it is going to bring something good into your life. One of the greatest secrets to life I’ve learned through my work as a psychotherapist is that life is rarely all good or all bad; most of life exists somewhere in the middle of the two extremes, and the positive and negative in our lives coexist.

With so much focus on staying positive and being grateful, sometimes we feel we should only see the good and ignore the bad. Positivity is a valuable skill, but taking the “everything is perfect” approach doesn’t capture the complexities of real life. And staying focused on what’s not great robs you of joy and happiness.

Life becomes a far richer experience when you expand your perspective so that you see both the good and the bad in your life at the same time, without labeling anything as

“good” or “bad.” You can miss things in your old life and still enjoy your life today. Both of those experiences can exist at the same time and are perfectly valid.

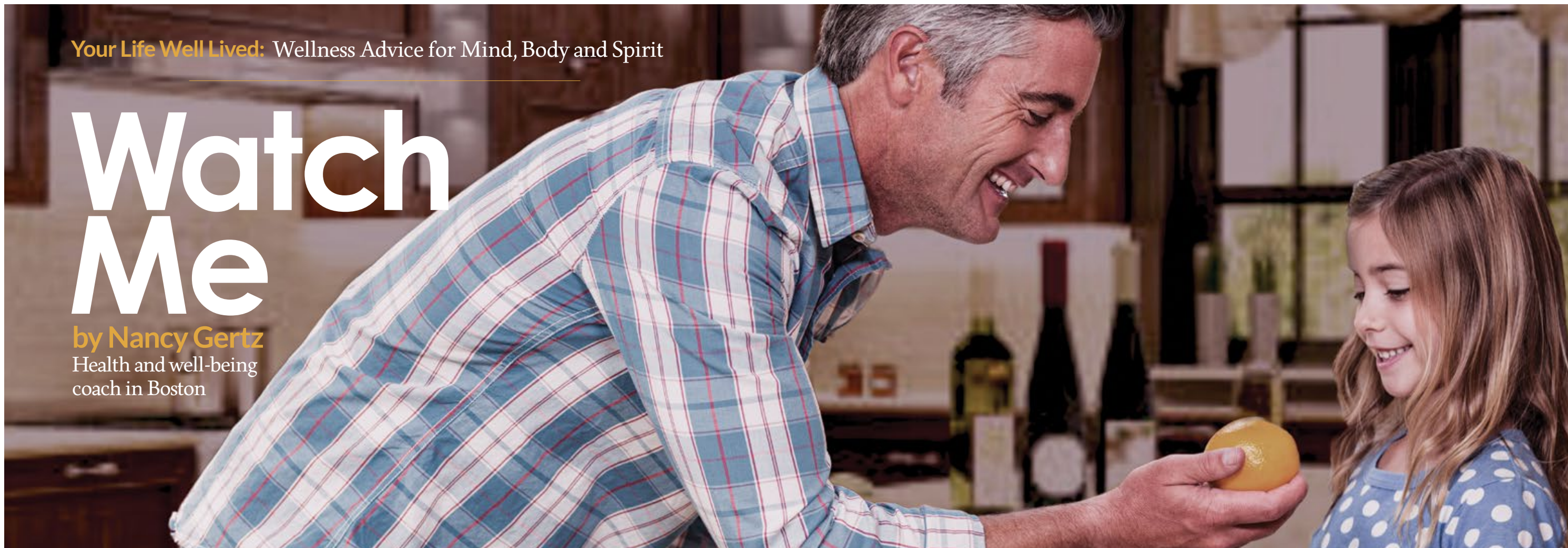
So miss your old life! Just remember to keep your eyes open for ways to capture the feeling of your old life in your new one. Try to see your life through a new lens. What opportunities do you have to connect with your family and friends right now? What acts of kindness and humanity have you seen in your community? Can you do something good for someone in your life? Can you incorporate aspects of what you enjoyed in your old life into the cadence of your new life?

Remember, if you keep your eyes solely focused on the past, you miss out on the happiness and joy in the present moment ... and you might forget to look for reasons to be hopeful about the future. So open your eyes to the moments of joy in your life right now, in your new normal. It is there; you just have to look for it! ♦

Your Life Well Lived: Wellness Advice for Mind, Body and Spirit

Watch Me

by Nancy Gertz
Health and well-being
coach in Boston



The learning starts when we open our eyes and look.

A memory from childhood has been reprising itself often these days. I'm 8 years old, and Dad, much younger than I am now, is at it again.

"Watch me," he says.

He's a quiet man who reserves words for only those times when they are really needed. He liked "show" better than "tell" when it came to teaching important lessons to his children. A professor I know says she gets more attention from her lecture hall of students when she stops talking. Dad was like that. He used silence to great effect. When he did speak, we knew it was in our best interest to listen.

"Watch me."

Sometimes he was showing us how to do a math calculation as he helped with homework. Sometimes he was showing us how to repair a broken gadget. Sometimes he was talking

aloud as he solved a problem so we could know where to begin when we had to do the same. I loved being an engineer's daughter; there was always something we were trying to understand, create or repair together.

I'm sure I was the only 16-year-old who took an auto mechanics course when she got her driver's license. Dad never told me to do that, but I had learned by then that this would be time well spent. If you don't understand how something works, then you can't fix it when it goes haywire. I learned to solve some mysteries ahead of time.

In one poignant memory, I am that young girl, so hungry to understand the next thing.

"Watch me," Dad said.

I turn to him, knowing this is his call to be especially attentive. I sit by closely, hold back on the questions, and remain still so I don't disturb

Dad's focus. He's holding up a navel orange in front of him. There's a playfulness in his glance that matches his seriousness. It lures me in.

"Watch me."

This is one of his demonstrations that he's done many times, but the teaching is in the repetition, so here he goes again. I'm all eyes. He turns the orange in his big broad hands, holds it up to his nose, and inhales deeply. I see his shoulders drop with a long exhale. It looks to me like he is either making or receiving a blessing. Maybe both. He smiles as he considers the depth of its color and the little dimples in its covering.

He squeezes the orange carefully as he moves it in his hands, and he narrates that he is assessing the pressure that pushes back from the center of the fruit. He reports on how full of juice it is likely to be. Nobody appreciated

"I thought he was peeling an orange. Or repairing a pump. Or making brownies."

a piece of fruit like my father did. I knew he had learned this from working with his own father, a fruit peddler, when he was a young boy.

"Watch me."

Dad bites into the orange ever so gently with great tenderness and respect for its wholeness. He doesn't really want to break through it; he just wants to make an invitation for the full regard he'll offer as he removes the pithy peel from the essence of this magnificent offering. The peel must be removed in one piece, an unbroken spiral that begins where his thumb tucks in after the break from his bite.

The pith must be pulled away ever so carefully, a nail's length perhaps, or less, each time. It is best done by applying a little pressure underneath, and then as the pith lets go, the thumb lifts the peel away. Too

fast or too far and it breaks off, and then the whole has been sacrificed. Dad was a pro.

It took many tries before his children were nearly as good as he was at taking this slow, reverent path. We wanted to go fast, to race, as if the one who finished first was the winner, but that usually led the piece to break and game over.

There were many lessons in Dad's quiet teaching. Some were obvious, and they were fun to pass on to my own children, like peeling an orange, talking through a household repair, and reading through an entire recipe before starting the cooking. Now, through the mist of memory, long after Dad is gone, I see there was so much more that was not obvious to me watching as a young girl. I thought he was peeling an orange. Or repairing a pump. Or making

brownies. Actually, with me earnestly captivated at his knee, he was passing on his philosophy of life.

Take your time. Give respect to the earth and its creations. Hold appreciation for the resources you have at hand. Be sure you know what tools you need. Invest your time. Prepare. Think before you act. Breathe. Make mindful choices with your speech and your actions. Pause when it can help. Resist the temptation to rush or compete in a way that sacrifices the process or the product. Know you'll fail sometimes. Have confidence that practice will lead to skill. Teach what you know to others who can benefit. Be patient. Watch and there will be things to learn, even when you think you already know it all. Lessons are best learned when they are taught with love and respect, and a little playfulness never hurts.

There is always more to learn. ♦

Live Big. Live Bold.

Your Life, Your Rules

“Happiness is a habit. Cultivate it.”

— Elbert Hubbard, American writer and philosopher

Little Habits, Big Difference

Happiness is not ours by default; we grow our own every day.

by *Alissa Sauer*
Blogger and Leisure Care writer



When it comes to happiness, little things matter. They always have. It's in the details of our daily lives that we can build true happiness over a lifetime.

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. (Sirota, 2019) 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 the first pillar, living with an open heart. Happiness begins here, with our own hearts open, loving and accepting ourselves first and then giving love to those around us. But, it's not until the second pillar, an open mind, that we love and accept ourselves so we can give love to others, finding a new sense of peace and well-being. Here, we can accept our true selves — loving ourselves and others while embracing our strengths and recognizing our weaknesses.

From there, we can implement the third pillar, living with open eyes. From this state of flow and nonresistance, we find the wisdom and strength we need to form new habits and fresh ways of understanding our world and our place in it. Being able to face the world with eyes wide open lets us feel more happiness and joy in the present and hopefully toward the future.

The 5 Daily Habits for a Happier Life

1. Exercise

2. Hydrate

3. Develop a good morning routine

4. Practice gratitude

5. Celebrate others



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Happiness ... make it a habit.

American writer, artist and philosopher Elbert Hubbard once said, "Happiness is a habit. Cultivate it." If happiness is a habit, it must also be a choice, something we intentionally choose to live in every day. Therefore, happiness and our daily habits are linked, maybe more than we realize.

Living with open eyes means we are fully aware of our actions and their consequences, both on others and our own

happiness. As we cultivate happiness, it is important to develop daily habits that contribute to a happy life.

As you think through what those habits may be for you, consider your own definition of happiness. What brings you happiness as an individual? What makes you feel good, powerful, empowered, healthy, and free? What makes you feel loved, enthusiastic and wise?

5 Daily Habits for Happiness

Once you decide what happiness means to you, you can create habits that support your definition. Our list of daily habits for happiness can get you started.

1. Exercise Regularly.

Even a little bit of exercise can have a profound effect on happiness. A recent study published in *The Journal of Happiness Studies* found that people who participate in any type of exercise, done for as little as 10 minutes a day or even once a week, are more cheerful than those who never exercise. (Zhang & Chen, 2018) The endorphins released by exercise can have lasting and tangible benefits on happiness and have been linked to decreased rates of depression.

2. Hydrate!

We all know that water is a vital component of a healthy life, but it can also influence your mood. Satisfying more than your thirst, water is vital to a good mood. A University of Connecticut study found that people who drink the recommended amount of water daily are three times more likely to feel "very happy." (Poitras, 2012) Water stimulates the flow of nutrients and hormones that release feel-good endorphins you need to be happy.

3. Develop a good morning routine.

You can't control everything that happens to you during the day, but you can control how you start the day. Start your morning by creating happiness that can last throughout the day. Important components of a good morning routine may include a positive affirmation, stretching/yoga, movement, meditation, or even something as simple as making your bed.

4. Practice gratitude.

It is easy to feel like bad news is everywhere. When this happens, focus on the good in your own life. Keep a gratitude journal that you can review when things begin to feel overwhelming. List three things every day that you are thankful for and then let others know. Gratitude is contagious; help spread joy!

5. Celebrate others.

Happy people celebrate the success of others. With an open mind, happy people know that celebrating others can contribute to their own happiness. Commit to encouraging or celebrating a loved one daily. Maybe it's an encouraging word in the hallway, or maybe it's a card in the mail. Let others know they are loved and appreciated, that they make you happy, and watch your environment be transformed.

Cultivating Happiness at Leisure Care

A journey of a thousand steps begins with one single step. At Leisure Care, our residents live with open eyes, intentionally and purposefully making choices every day that promote health and happiness. Living with open eyes at Leisure Care means embracing new hobbies, learning about new interests, and making new friends. And it all starts with intentional decision-making and setting habits that promote your well-being.

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 and see the world, launching new adventures from a safe place.

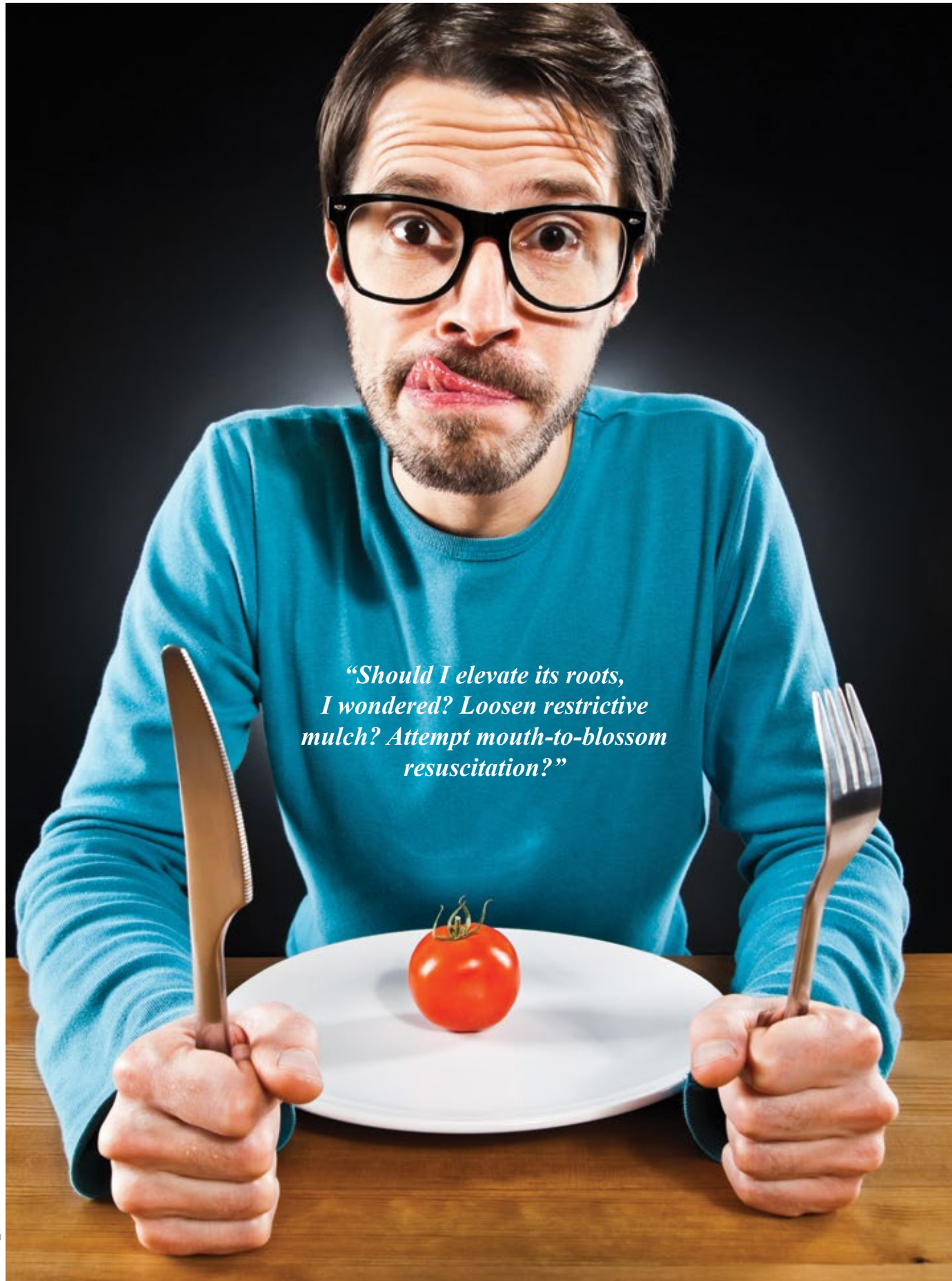
The journey of a thousand miles starts with a single step. Start your journey to happiness today. Start with Leisure Care. ♦

Read more:

Poitras, Colin. (2012). "Even Mild Dehydration Can Alter Mood." *UConn Today*. Retrieved June 10, 2020, from today.uconn.edu.

Sirota, Marcia, M.D. (2019). "The Four Pillars of Happiness." *Dr. Marcia Sirota, M.D.* Retrieved June 10, 2020, from marciasirotamd.com.

Zhang, Zhanjia, and Chen, Weiyun. (2018). "A Systematic Review of the Relationship Between Physical Activity and Happiness." *ResearchGate*. Retrieved June 10, 2020, from researchgate.net.



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Ulysses, Ruth Bader Ginsburg, and a Tomato Named Beefsteak

What can I expect from a garden gone Topsy Turvy?

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comedian

Sometime last spring I, under the immutable realization life is fleeting, proclaimed this is the year I finally grow a healthy tomato plant.

I considered easier this-is-the-year vows — read *Ulysses*, run a three-legged potato-sack race with Ruth Bader Ginsburg — but preferred gardening’s protracted processes, ensuring several months of focused engagement with, if successful, the reward of deliciousness.

For goal purposes I defined healthy as a tomato plant worth saving come fall’s first frost warning. It’s a metric I learned from my dad. Even though we grew only four tomato plants, upon hearing the season’s first frost warning, he always responded as if his life’s worth hinged upon his ability to provide the family with fresh bruschetta into October. I’d then accompany him outside, steadying a flashlight as he heroically layered the plants with sections of the *Buffalo News*, never saying but always implying, “Not under my watch you don’t.” The

plants would survive the night only to perish a day or two later under the season’s first snow.

Growing plants has never been a challenge. Thirty-one houseplants that make it look as if I possess the interior decorating skills of the Pacific Coast Trail serve as proof. But just as possessing a prowess for shucking oysters does not translate to a prowess for picking locks, indoor plant success does not equate to outdoor plant success — especially tomato plants, my Achilles heel in gardening.

Keeping them green has always been the stumble point. Come early to mid-July, sometimes sooner, my tomato plants begin withering lower leaves up, regardless if in ground or pot. By September, yellow is the dominant color, looking as if the plant suffers from gallbladder concerns — or worse, jaundice from drinking too many Jack and Miracle Grows.

Yellowing leaves, according to online research, emanate from

a variety of causes, with fungal diseases and watering issues the most fingered causations.

Personally, I suspect the plant suffers from identity issues, causing leaves to yellow from anxiety and depression. It’s classified as a fruit, yet treated as a vegetable. I too would plummet into a depressed funk if I excitedly anticipated rubbing seeds with exotic passion fruits in some sort of carefree summer salad only to learn I’ll instead be teaming with low-rent iceberg lettuce and a rectangle of pork that resembles a roofing shingle to create a sandwich with a name that resembles a texting abbreviation.

Compounding the plant’s identity issues is the fact it comes in more than 700 varieties. This isn’t a fruit; it’s a franchise. And most feature names better suited for Kentucky Derby race horses: Better Boy, Early Girl, Cherokee Purple. If Johnny Cash had been a tomato instead of *A Boy Named Sue*, he would have sung *A Tomato Named Beefsteak*.

Beefsteak: Continued on page 42

“Let me serve You through love and service to my fellow human being.”

YACHAD

How a painting came to represent unity during these challenging times.

by Rabbi Elana Zaiman
Seattle-based Rabbi, chaplain and author

I work at a retirement community as a part-time rabbi and chaplain. The painting pictured here, a recent acquisition, hangs in our TV lounge, adding an air of eloquence. I love this painting. Each time I look at it, I see something new, and in this time of COVID-19, this is refreshing.

YACHAD: *Continued on page 43*



© photo courtesy of Rabbi Elana Zaiman

Beefsteak: *Continued from page 39*

There are no Beef Brisket Bananas or Rump Roast Radishes. Only the tomato suffers the indignity of identity-challenging names.

Regardless of cause, to rig the system, as it were, I purchased a mature Fourth of July tomato plant. More than two feet tall, it was already bearing fruit. Not surprising since its name pertains to early yields, usually by Independence Day. But within five days, my July 4th tomato plant had the look of December 4th.

Unwilling to concede defeat in June, I phoned a local nursery for advice. I learned, to my shock, the plant was in shock. A common problem, I was told, with tomato plants incurred during transfer from pot to ground. Should I elevate its roots, I wondered? Loosen restrictive mulch? Attempt mouth-to-blossom resuscitation?

One week later, already a month into the Northeast growing season, I was in search of a new tomato plant. A quick fix was in order. No more fooling around. Desperate, I placed ego aside and purchased a Topsy Turvy Upside Down Tomato Planter.

Any reservations I had in buying it compounded after hanging it.

Instead of a garden, I had a tomato plant gallows. Suspended by its ball root from a green plastic bag, it looked as if I were torturing it — imagine the Spanish Inquisition meets *Better Homes & Gardens* — trying to coerce admission to whether it was fruit or vegetable while sending a strong-armed message to the other plants: Grow or else.

The Topsy Turvy experiment lasted three days. The mere sight of it, dangling from underneath a house eave looking like a piñata for vegetarians, burdened me with guilt for demeaning the art of gardening. Plus, I feared it was causing birds at an adjacent feeder vertigo.

I replanted the rescued Roma tomato plant in a bed occupied with a mix of wild flowers and annuals, creating the look of a garden orphanage. It would eventually produce four tomatoes, enough to sustain two salads and a turkey sandwich. Come August, however, I hoisted the

white flag on my this-is-the-year hope when its leaves, as if on cue, withered yellow.

Rather than totter in shame, I backtracked to earlier considerations and, as a compromise of sorts, weighed the chances of convincing Ruth Bader Ginsburg to read me *Ulysses* before the season's first frost warning. If only I had homegrown tomatoes to offer as enticement. Next year perhaps. ♦



YACHAD: *Continued from page 40*

I've been working through the pandemic. In the early days, it was hard to get used to the required protective measures: spraying and wiping down door handles, desk and phone; wearing a mask, sometimes gloves, a gown, and a plastic face shield; and keeping a six-foot distance from other staff and residents. Now, it has become second nature, almost. Not quite.

It's hard for me to undo my way of being in the world. I still find it hard to remember to physically distance, especially when the person I am sitting with is sharing a personal concern or someone walks toward me with open arms ready to hug. It takes so much energy to hold back that by the end of the day I'm exhausted from withholding.

Things are different from a distance. Things are different behind a mask. We talk about looking into someone's eyes and how the eyes are a window to a person's soul. Yet, I have come to understand the importance of the entire face. Not being able to see a person's nose, lips, smile, pout and other facial expressions, the eyes feel like less of a window to the soul.

I was talking recently with a woman about a difficult issue she was confronting. During our conversation, she said to me, "I'm so glad we're meeting and sitting together. It makes me feel so much better talking to you."

I responded, "Yes, but it's frustrating not being able to sit closer together, to hug."

She didn't miss a beat, saying, "No! This is like a hug!"

We continued to talk.

Not a minute passed when this woman said to me, "This is so frustrating. To sit far away. To not be able to hug."

That's it, I thought. This is our challenge: How do we maintain a six-foot distance, knowing that as human beings we need physical connection, that closer physical connection often brings deeper spiritual connection, and that closer physical connection will not be possible for a while?

A few thoughts. First, from the Baal Shem Tov, Jewish healer, mystic, and founder of Hassidism, who, in teaching about loving our neighbors as ourselves, said that we are to love the person we are with at that moment that we are with them. (Buxbaum, 1990)

Second, from the Talmud, when a person welcomes another human being, it's as if that person is welcoming the divine presence. (Talmud, Yerushalmi Erubin 5:1)

Third, from a Hasidic text: "When you greet anyone or speak with anyone, bow the least bit (or even bow in your imagination) toward that person and say to yourself, 'My God in Heaven, I bow before this Your Image. Let me serve You through love and service to my fellow human being.'" (Buxbaum, 1990)

If we direct our hearts, actions and intentions into loving the people we are with at the moment we are with them, if we receive others as if we're

welcoming the divine presence, and if we bow (a namaste... yes, it is part of Jewish tradition too), perhaps a deeper sense of love, care and appreciation will find its way into our connection even with our physical distancing.

I must return to the painting mentioned earlier. I love this painting for yet another reason. I love this painting because it was created by residents and staff in the retirement community where I work. It was the brainchild of Sonya, a member of our life enrichment team, who scheduled residents and staff to toss paint onto the large canvas on the floor of our Activity Center.

"Choose a color that resonates with you," Sonya joyfully instructed all who entered. "Take a brush, and shake the paint onto the canvas."

Joy, laughter and creativity filled the hearts of each individual who entered.

When this painting was hung, Sonya asked residents and staff for their input on a name. The title chosen was *Yachad*, which means united or together. This painting symbolizes the togetherness we strive for as a community, and that is: to be present to one another, to see the divine in each other, and to lean toward one another with respect and love. ♦

Read more: Buxbaum, Yitzhak. (1990). *Jewish Spiritual Practices*. New Jersey: Jason Aronson, Inc.



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 20

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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

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

MARYLAND

The Landing of Silver Spring

MASSACHUSETTS

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

MISSOURI

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

NEW JERSEY

The Landing of Hamilton
The Landing of Washington Square

NEW MEXICO

Fairwinds – Rio Rancho

NEW YORK

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

NORTH CAROLINA

Treeo of Raleigh

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

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