WINTER 2012 Cashing Out The Art of the American Dream Of, for and by the people? of Contentment Putting your regrets to bed Love From Beyond Can our loved ones really communicate from beyond this world? The Dream Takes Flight C LEISURE CARE A ONE SIGHTY COMPANY



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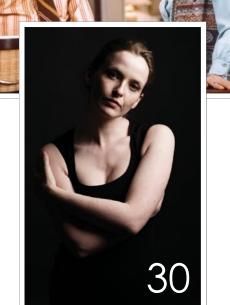
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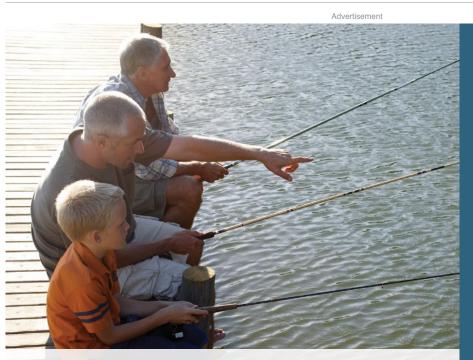
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President's Note

New Goals and Old Traditions

by Tana Gall

This issue of LIV FUN is all about "Dreams." I wouldn't necessarily call myself a dreamer; I'm more of a practical "doer." I guess to me, dreams have always been something you can't really control, while I do have control over my goals. This is probably a matter of semantics, though.

My dreams (or goals and plans as I call them) all follow a consistent theme. My whole life revolves around creating outstanding environments; places that encourage growth, socialization, activity and fun can be found in all aspects of my life. Perhaps that is why I love this company and my job.



Tana Gall — President, Leisure Care

At home I work hard to create an environment that fosters growth for two special young men. My sons are great students. They excel in the classroom, love music, and are growing up to be outstanding young men. As a parent you only have so much control, which, admittedly, is difficult for me. However, our home environment has always been supportive, loving, open and honest. A seventh grader playing the trumpet isn't always the most pleasant noise, but I love hearing it when I walk through the door.

The environment I have helped create at the office has a similar feel. We have a great spirit of teamwork in our office. Regardless of job title everyone pitches in to help out when needed. Like my home environment, open communication and honesty are important at work as well. However, what really makes our office special is that we have created a really fun place to work. We truly enjoy working together and that's important. After all, from Monday to Friday we spend more time with our coworkers than our families.

While at work, most of our time is spent thinking about the environment in your communities. Right now, in the conference room next to my office, we have entries for "Top Activity Program of the Year" displayed for voting. These entries were submitted by your communities and highlight the outstanding events, programs and activities that took place over the last 12 months. I am so proud of the environments our general managers and their teams have created for you. The opportunities for life-long learning, socialization,

travel, volunteerism and overall FUN are simply amazing. I truly hope you are enjoying the environment we have created for you. I believe it is really something special.

Finally, it's college football season, and I would be remiss if I didn't mention a very important environment that only happens six times a year. I host a tailgate party at all home Husky football games; these are very fun events with plenty of food and laughs. So, if you ever find yourself attending a University of Washington football game, let me know. I will tell you where the party is taking place. Go Dawgs!

We would love to hear about your dreams or your ideal environment. Send us a letter, email, or find us on Facebook or Twitter.

Best,

Tana Gall President, Leisure Care

We want to hear from you! Send your article ideas and personal stories for consideration for "Retire Like You Mean It," as well as feedback on the magazine to: livfun@leisurecare.com The next issue's theme is "Permission."

ream a Little Dream

n a clear summer night, gazing into the sky, streaking stars dazzle my eyes and test my counting skills. I'm four, maybe five, lying on my back in a sleeping bag on the terrace outside my grandparents' summer cottage. In between the showering asteroids, my eyes flick from star to star, and from each I kindle a wish, a vision, a dream.

I don't remember exactly when I first cast a dream into the sky. Jiminy Cricket bolstered my faith in dreams. Donning Mickey Mouse Club ears, I sang along with the tuneful bug and millions of other kids like me: "When you wish upon a star, makes no difference who you are ...'

By the second verse, I'm totally committed: "When your heart is in your dreams, no request is too extreme." Exactly what I dream for doesn't matter; I am invincible, my life force so strong I can reach out and pluck those stars from the sky and in the palm of my hand render each into a wish come true. Single-handed, no grown-ups required.

I know other kids share almost the exact same dreams, which include: I will be the Lone Ranger (emphasis on the cool outfit and rebel spirit); I'll be Superman, rescuing people from danger; I'll be Sky King, not Penny. (These are the pre-action-girlheroes days, when female role models hardly exist, but gender has never challenged me and I'm free by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

"Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight ..."

"Surprise! You aren't Sky King, or Penny, either. -You couldn't fly a kite let alone a bush plane or a space ship, and you haven't voyaged into deep space." Yet.

choose.) On weekends, as captain of a spacecraft, I might run special missions into deep space — my travel this journey alone. father works in aerospace, so this dream seems reasonable.

stars through a telescope; this close I see details, and my dreams take too, and now I know two things abfizzle, and a torrent of adult naysaying derides my dreams. I hold firm.

The negativism and ridicule many authority figures rain upon my plans only bolsters my self-confidence. I control my dreams, not them. Beeams resemble bombard my hormonally challenged I am obliged to rebel. Trouble becomes my middle name, and I'm drowning, taking my dreams down with me.

Into this void streaks a shooting star to guide my journey, not a trickster or Faustian lure, but a wise, old woman who shouts, "I believe in you and your dreams. I can help you."

She's the mentor who visits everyone's early life, the role model who exudes experience and knowledge. There are rules, of course, for

Five years pass, and on another count the streakers, but what really creating powerful paths toward truth clear, summer night I peer at the dazzles me is the blinking, voyag- and reconciliation. My generation, shape. My life skills have grown, est dreams is now realized and al- and sexism, causing our country to solutely: Sighting a falling star does deep space, perhaps one day I will. justice, and raising children who not guarantee good luck — meteors As for my other childhood dreams, are freer than any generation before there's a catch the mentor decides I them to realize their own collective must learn for myself:

> Dreams evolve. Dreams take on different shapes and forms until, when lective unconscious influences the finally they are realized, they usually look far different than the original shapes envisioned in childhood.

"Surprise! You aren't Sky King, or Penny, either. You couldn't fly a kite let alone a bush plane or a space adolescent camp of self-confidence. ship, and you haven't voyaged into deep space."

Dreams, I learn as mine evolve, are often collective and generational. My childhood dreams are realized when they fuse with the dreams of my entire generation. Dreams are collective in part because each generation shares historical realities, and partly because sky. Our survival depends on this we share individual milestones and collective vision, as we continue to cultural conventions.

While my parents' generation first traveling the path to glory, and my conquered deep space, even landing

to become whoever and whatever I mentor warns me that, despite her a man on the moon, my generation gifts of second-hand experience and doesn't blink when a woman comfirst-rate education, I am obliged to mands a spacecraft. The previous generation triumphed over fascism Decades later, gazing into the and genocide in World War II, and night sky, I still wish on stars, even later broke the chains of apartheid, ing luminary from Earth: the Space taking up the banner, has broken Station. I know that one of my fond- down barriers of racism, poverty though I haven't yet traveled into rethink its definitions of equality and dreams for humankind.

> Raised on rock and roll, our colworks of Stevie Wonder, the Beatles, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Elton John, Led Zeppelin, and many other great artists of our time who share our collective dream and give voice to our shared visions. John Lennon's "Imagine" represents what may be our most fervent collective dream come true.

Freud and Jung taught that dreams of sleep are really our waking lives disguised. The Toltecs believe that life itself is a dream. My personal dreams embrace the collective visions of a generation, dreams cast simultaneously into the deep night dream of a better way. •



ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

"Throw your dreams into space like a kite, and you do not know what it will bring back, a new life, a new friend, a new love, a new country." — Anaïs Nin

books | movies

music

BOOK REVIEWS

Our dreams drive us, sustain us, and teach us about ourselves. Indulge in the dreams of competitive Olympic cyclists, a Seattle woman who disappears, and two famous artists.

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



Gold by Chris Cleave (Simon & Schuster, \$27)

What is more important in life — ambition or love? This is the question around which the story of two competitive women cyclists pivots. Cleave, who wrote the critically acclaimed *Little Bee*, knows how to tell a compelling story while probing complex conundrums in human experience. Professional cyclists Zoe and Kate are friends and rivals over the years, through body-breaking training and competitive races, as they each seek Olympic glory. Yet the dramatic interplay between these women occurs both inside and outside the velodrome, the arched track where they ply their speed and pedal madly toward their hearts' desires. Kate's edge is softened by her love for her husband, Jack, and her daughter, Sophie, who has leukemia. Zoe and Kate also share a coach, Tom, whose own glory days were stolen by mere seconds. Tom sees the drive of these two women, what propels them forward, and what holds them back, even before they see it themselves. A gripping story of the drive to achieve a dream and the hard choices life casts along the

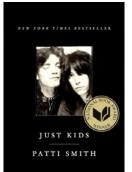
way, *Gold* will leave you in awe of the world of elite athletes and the stamina and endurance that life requires. At the same time, it will reveal a universal truth about how everyone faces this central question, choosing between ambition and love, every day in ways both great and small.



Where'd You Go, Bernadette by Maria Semple (Little, Brown and Compant, \$25.99)

Bernadette Fox and her husband, Elgin Branch, move to Seattle when he takes a job at Microsoft, but as Elgin delves headfirst into tech-geekery, Bernadette blazes a bitterly funny trail through Seattle's aloof, inscrutable culture. While Bernadette embraces mothering, her daughter Bee comes to actively dislike Seattle and its passive-aggressive, irksome denizens. Bernadette, previously a well-reputed architect, lets her talent and even her Queen Anne home grow fallow, shunning face-to-face interactions while cultivating an increasingly codependent relationship with her virtual assistant. Narrated through a series of emails and letters that Bernadette's 15-year-old daughter, Bee, pieces together after her mother disappears, the mystery at the heart of this send-up of corporate and playground politics is just what drove Bernadette to flee, leaving her daughter and husband be-

hind. Through her correspondence, Bernadette coalesces as an opinionated, hilarious, infuriating, brilliant and confused woman at a crossroads in her life. How did things ever get this bad, and how far down the rabbit hole will Bernadette go? Prepare to laugh and wince in this tragicomedy of winsome proportions. Semple, who used to write for the television series *Arrested Development*, allows her wit and whimsy free reign in this Emerald City satire.



Just Kids by Patti Smith (Ecco, \$16)

In the summer of 1967, Patti Smith met Robert Mapplethorpe. New York was a kaleidoscope of color and possibility, a newly adopted home for two drifters with passionate dreams of creating art. Patti and Robert struggled to pay rent, to buy food and art supplies, but their fervent belief in one another kept them going. If you aren't already familiar with Smith's career as a rock musician and poet or Mapplethorpe's provocative photography, don't worry — you needn't be to appreciate this memoir. Smith writes unassumingly about the well-known cast with whom she and Robert associated, from poet Allen Ginsberg and playwright Sam Shepard to musician Janis Joplin, in the heady days of their stay in the infamous Chelsea Hotel. What emerges is the passion, deprivation and dedication it took for Patti and Robert to achieve their dreams. The influence of Robert's life (and untimely death of AIDS at the age of 42) on Smith's life fills each page with a haunting beauty as she shares their story and how she saw "the boy who loved Michelangelo." In this National Book

Award-winning memoir, Smith recreates her starving, striving youth while unfolding one of the central relationships of her life. Open yourself to a moving memoir about two artists who defined and defined their times.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Snuggle up with a bowl of popcorn and dream the evening away with one of these three films that celebrate our outrageous imaginations.

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



The Wizard of Oz

"It was all a dream!" We've all seen those movies in which the protagonist wakes up with a jolt, and the whole thing is revealed to be a passing fancy or nightmare. And why not? Aren't movies already dreams, a projection we experience after getting comfortable in a darkened room? No movie does the dream better than everybody's favorite childhood fantasy, *The Wizard of Oz*. Even if you've seen it umpteen times, watch again through grown-up eyes. It is such a deft look at an adolescent's dreams and fears, all filtered through a dazzling world in which every witch and scarecrow and flying monkey is actually sprung from the mind of a Kansas girl named Dorothy (Judy Garland). Even if it's true that "there's no place like home," it's worth remembering that the world of dreams and imagination is in Technicolor, a vivid place we can dream ourselves into, and learn from.



Up

A desire nurtured for a lifetime: that's the core of *Up*, the delightful 2009 Pixar production about a man lifting off into a long-held wish. At the age of 78, widower Carl (voiced by Ed Asner) has finally determined how to get to a particular South American jungle location that loomed large in his childhood brain: helium balloons, thousands of them, which will raise his house into the air and float him southward. There awaits derring-do, crazy colorful animals, and an unsolved mystery that has haunted our hero for decades (which Carl will face with an unlikely ally, a cheerful Wilderness Explorer Scout who tagged along for the ride). Sound farfetched? You'll believe every minute of it, because despite the fun of the journey, this stuff goes deep into who we really are, what matters most, and how we cherish our hopes. Against those human attributes, the passage of decades seems a puny adversary.

Entertain Your Brain: Continued on page 40

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What is it about the names of certain places? Why do they carry such weight and make us long to be there?

pare for my trip to East Africa. I had to send my passport off for a visa and get a lot of shots. There were a few odds and ends that I needed. Extra-strength bug repellent. Sunscreen. The right hat; one that would not blow off in the safari rig. While running these errands, I'd tell people what I was up to and where I was going. A flight to Nairobi. Over land into Tanzania. Then, for the last few days of the trip, Zanzibar.

The reaction was always the same — 100% of the time. I would say the word "Zanzibar," and whomever I was talking to would breathe in, al-

when you set a perfect, fragrant dessert on the table. They would gasp, just slightly, and then lean back and stare past the top of my head. "Zanzibar," they would echo. "Zanzibar ..." And they would drift into silence while I watched them disappear into their own ideas of that place.

It was the name of the place that made me want to go there in the first place. Before I started to prepare for the trip, I knew nothing of Zanzibar. Really, nothing. I'm not sure that I could have found it on a map if you'd asked me to. I'd have looked, I think, in the Persian Gulf and been wrong.

■ took about eight weeks to pre- most the same kind of breath you take I'd have thought we were talking of Madagascar, another place with a name that makes my focus shift to that imaginary map where every place has a name that sounds like a mix of music and honey and red dirt. It didn't matter that I did not know the place; the name was enough to make me want to go there. Zanzibar! Of course I wanted to go. I had said it out loud.

Timbuktu and Isfahan and Ulan Bator ... the sound of those names makes my brain itch and my wallet feel much too thin. I know that the Atacama is a high desert in South America, but that's really all I know — well, also that the name puts my less earthbound

"It didn't matter that I did not know the place; the name was enough to make me want to go there. Zanzíbar! Of course I wanted to go. I had saíd ít out loud."

self into a rented jeep and drives me out into a night filled with wind and stars. Lhasa — just say the name, Lhasa, and there are butter tea lamps and political complications and a low, vibrating chant. I can feel the sound of it just below my solar plexus, pulling me toward the Himalayas.

These are real places. They exist here do but go to Lalibela. on our planet. Places that are named Angkor Wat and Borobudur and, oh, in the city of Granada in Spain there is the Alhambra, the Red Fortress. Cappadocia, even the word feels like it was carved from stone as I form it in my mouth, picturing geology turned into dwellings. The names of these places

draw my nose closer to the map. They cause me to reconsider every choice I have made while I think, yes, I could sell the house and go to Lalibela and Axum, in Ethiopia, because, well, the name called me, like a spell. If I made the mistake of saying it out loud, "Lalibela," there would be nothing left to

I don't understand what it is about the names of these places. Why do they carry such weight, especially when I know nothing of them? Do they have too many vowels? Are the underused consonants an indication of otherworldliness? Rajasthan, Astrakhan: I can imagine their rhyming for-

mer palaces wrapped in complicated textiles that arrived by yak or camel train. I drink them down with spiced tea. All these place names build their temporary empires in my imagination, and I'm swept up in a completely fabricated vision of what the words mean.

You feel it too; I see it. I say to you, "Zanzibar," and the spell spreads. You hear the name of the place, and it's enough. It is the sound of a fairy tale, the sound of once upon a time in a land far, far away. You say the name, and then, you go. ◆



OF, FOR AND BY THE PEOPLE?

ONE STRIKING IDEA TO MOVE BACK TO OUR ROOTS

Cashing Out of the American Dream

by Max Wells

Founder and Publisher, Wise Publishing Group

The Dream Is Dead

Or at least on life support. I am not alone in recognizing today's threats to the American Dream, articulated in 1931 by historian James Adams: "Life should be better and richer and fuller for everyone, with opportunity for each according to ability or achievement."

We've heard ample warnings from all sides this election season, and Time magazine recently ran an excellent historical perspective with this quote from the U.S. Department of Commerce: "It is more difficult now than in the past for many people to achieve middle-class status because prices for certain key goods — health care, college and housing — have gone up faster than income."1

Evidence of the dream's demise is evident in growing income inequality and decreasing social mobility (a measure of whether poor children can become rich over the course of their lives). Specifically, average income has flat-lined since the 1970s, while total income going to the top 1 percent has more than doubled.² Social mobility is lower in the U.S. than Nordic countries and Canada and just ahead of Britain, a country infamous for its class constraint.3

Explanations for the cause of the decline and its consequences are many; perhaps you have your favorite?



Great depression breadline / 1930-1939

Long Live the Dream!

Startling as the numbers are, many believe in the American exceptionalism that has seen us through civil war, invasion, debt, depression, dust bowls and world wars. It is true that we are a nation forged in adversity that resuccess in addressing past challenges depended on governance — the ability of our leaders to make and execute on decisions.

I will argue that our system of government — the legacy of our radical and audacious founding fathers has been derailed by the very market forces, spirit of enterprise, and individual freedoms that justify our claims to be extraordinary. To quote Florence King, "People are so busy dreaming the American Dream, fantasizing about what they could be or have a right to be, that they're all asleep at the switch."

Perhaps the most direct symptom of our broken system is the increased congressional gridlock, measured by the increasing delay in confirmation to executive office⁹ and increasing use of filibusters and their antidote "clotures" in the Congress. 10 There are also other indicators. The electorate has become more polarized: Pew Research reports that since 1987 the average partisan gap has nearly doubled, from 10 percent to 18 percent.¹¹ And we engage less in the process — voter turnout has declined steadily from 90% in 1968 to 42% in 2010.12

How Did it Die?

And what can we do about it? I'll answer both questions by drawing heavily on a recent book by Harvard Law Professor Lawrence Lessig, Republic, Lost: How Money Corrupts Congress — and a Plan to Stop It,13 which pressponds well to emergencies. But our ents the most coherent explanation I've seen about the root cause of the problem. His argument goes like this:

- The framers of our Constitution gave us a republic, by which they meant a representative democracy "dependent upon the People alone."
- However, Congress has evolved from a dependency "upon the people" to an increasing dependency upon the funders. Members spend 30 to 70 percent of their time raising money to stay in Congress or to get their political party back in power.
- The people are not the funders. Less than 1 percent of Americans give more than \$200 per election cycle. No more than .05 percent gave the maximum (\$2,500) in any Congressional campaign. Two-thirds of all political donations come from 0.26% of the population,¹⁴ meaning the average American is simply not represented in this funding stream.
- Recognizing the system's dependency on funders, 75% of Americans believe that money buys influence in Washington.
- Money in politics has eroded our trust in our political institutions. Only 6% of Americans have a great deal of confidence in Congress,

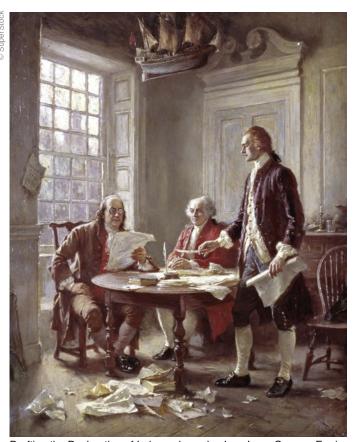
the lowest score in more than 50 years. 15 As Lessig puts it, more people probably had confidence in the monarchy at the time of the American Revolution than have confidence now in our own government.

The Simple Solution

So, the solution is simple, right? Throw the corrupt politicians, and the lobbyists who pay them, off the island. Alas, not in this reality show. The truth is, despite the occasional bad actor, the majority of modern law makers and lobbyists are upstanding individuals with the best interests of their country at heart. Consider that until 1853, bribing members of Congress was legal, and lobbyists did so with impunity.¹³

Contrary to public perception, lobbyists are not the glad-handing, milea-minute-talking salesmen who can sell sunshades to raccoons. They are more like glorified policy wonks who work for the legislators with whom they agree. Some would even argue that lobbyists are a "corporate memory," without which government would be less efficient.

The effect of money on our governance is subtle. With the need to raise so much cash, politicians (of both parties), who are nothing if not quick learners, develop a sixth sense for what issues will generate funds. They learn to "lean to the green" to favor those issues and positions for which there is ample financial backing. For this they earn the time and attention of



Drafting the Declaration of Independence by Jean Leon Gerome Ferris

lobbyists, think tanks, and others who can help them understand complex issues and draft legislation — and, oh ves, assist them in raising money for reelection.

Money influences the agenda in Washington. As a result, issues that don't have a lot of money behind them (think unemployment and education) don't receive the attention of legislators and thus languish. Meanwhile, the issues that are well-funded by corporate backers (think the debit card swipe fee) are debated to death. This latter issue consumed the Congressional agenda for the first four months of 2011; and not coincidentally, the banks gave more than \$18.8 million to federal candidates, committees and parties through November 2010.16

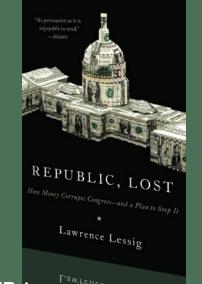
Our reality-show mindset has another implication: Because those legislators who make extreme statements have an easier time raising funds than those who don't, our Congress has become, not unlike "Jersey Shore," a screaming match between publicity-seeking prima donnas.

A More Complex Solution

With so many investors in the current system — politicians, the media, special interests, etc. — it's easy to see that the institution will hardly change itself.

Lessig's solution is to make the people the funders, with each citizen purchasing (from their federal tax) a \$50 "democracy token," which they can allocate to the politician or party of their choice; any unallocated money goes back to the Treasury. The resulting \$6 billion or so would amply grease the gears of the existing media-electoral complex, but with subtle changes. Including (my argument, not Lessig's):

"So, the solution is simple, right? Throw the corrupt politicians, and the lobbyists who pay them, off the island."



DREAM KILLER 1: GOVERNMENT DEBT

- At low levels (less than 85% of Gross Domestic Product), government debt can stimulate growth.
- At high levels (greater than 85% of GDP), debt becomes a drag on growth.⁴ Current U.S. public debt is over 100%.⁵

DREAM KILLER 2: FAILING K-12 EDUCATION

The means by which people can accomplish the dream is education, but we are failing to adequately educate our young to compete in an increasingly technology-driven world:
• Less than one-third of U.S. eighth graders show

- proficiency in mathematics and science.6
- American students score 23rd in math and 31st in science when compared with 65 other top industrial countries.
- In math, we are beaten by countries from Lichtenstein and Slovakia to the Netherlands and
- In science, we are beaten by countries from New Zealand and Estonia to Finland and Hungary.7

DREAM KILLER 3: GROWING POPULATION OF RETIREES

By 2030, 1 in 5 people will be over 65. Of the several effects predicted (smaller workforce, increasing Social Security payments, and increased pressure on medical services), the downward pressure on the stock market as retirees sell shares to generate income is expected to depress share prices (and middle class savings) through 2021, nearly 13% lower than 2010 levels.8

- Less "bear baiting" on TV, the rationale being that many funders will be turned off by the outrageous statements, so politicians "leaning to the green" would have to appeal to the broader middle. This would be naturally reflected in the media.
- A decreasing role for the wealthy, and corporations. The change would require a constitutional amendment.

But that's been done before, and indeed Jefferson theorized that constitutions should be revised often "since accumulated knowledge must make later generations wiser than any that drew up any old document."17

Who Cares?

Of course, the public may want angry windbags as their evening entertainment; after all, dramas are more popular than documentaries. Likewise, there are those who believe that corporations pay taxes and *should* have more of a role in political decisions (spotted on a recent bumper sticker: "I'll believe corporations are people when Texas hangs one."). And of course, restricting what the wealthy can do with their money is somehow antithetical to the American way. Or is it? Governance by the privileged is akin to the conditions that precipitated the events of 1776. The 2012 election cycle should have ended by the time you read this, and it will have given us a glimpse of where our current system is likely to lead, both in terms of who funds the campaigns and our future ability to govern ourselves. Dream or nightmare? Let me know what you think.

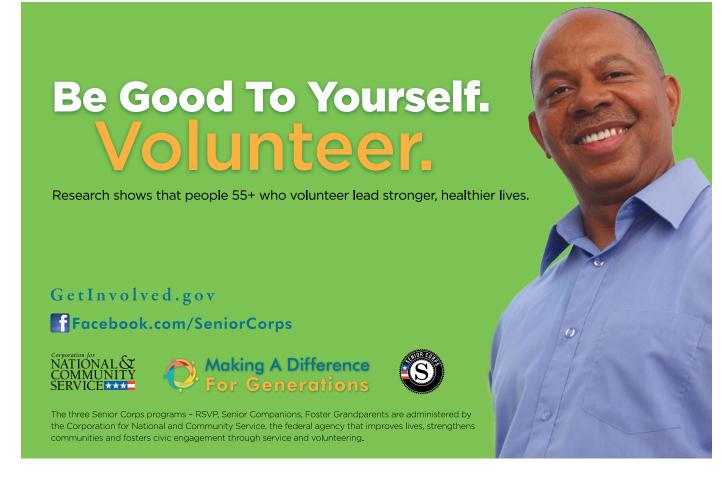
"Like all dreamers, I mistook disenchantment for truth."

Jean-Paul Sartre

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See online version for full citations and links to sources and other material here: http://tiny.cc/wise-dream.

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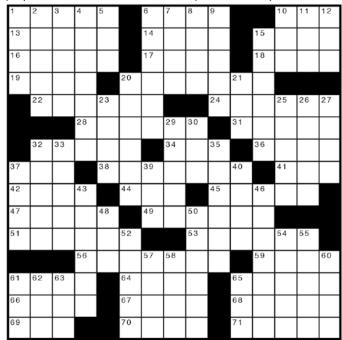




John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

Crossword puzzles provided by BestCrosswords.com (http://www.bestcrosswords.com). Used with permission.



41 - Scooby-

units

56 - Clap

42 - Atomizer output

51 - Magnetic induction

64 - "The Clan of the Cave

66 - "Cast Away" setting

68 - Diciembre follower

71 - Heron, usually white

69 - "Runaway" singer

70 - Interview-wear

53 - Untidy states

59 - Gumshoes

65 - Pale purple

61 - Undoing

Bear" author

Shannon

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ACROSS

1 - Block

6 - Director Vittorio De ____

-Locka, Florida

13 - Valuable violin

14 - Dull pain, often in the

head or back

15 - Deli side

16 - Reason for a raise

17 - Meadows

18 - Auditorium

19 - Explorer Tasman

20 - Undress

22 - "I, Robot" author

24 - Decorative cornice

28 - Arranged in zones

31 - Each partner

32 - Stadium used for sports 67 - Steak order

or musical events

34 - Ltr. holder

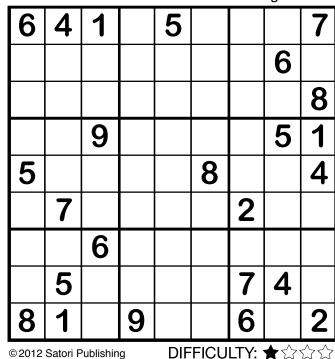
36 - Tombstone lawman

37 - Brian of Roxy Music

38 - Books of maps

Sudoku

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



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DOWN 1 - Lady of Spain

44 - Catchall abbr. 2 - Low life?

45 - Swiss mathematician 3 - Female horses

47 - Lower portion of the 4 - Put to use

small intestine

5 - Casino area

49 - Teaching of the Buddha 6 - Mouth stuff

7 - Frozen treats

8 - Blacken

9 - Greek fabulist

10 - Pay stub?

11 - Close friend

12 - Shoe tool

15 - Defer

20 - Make a contribution

21 - Honey insect

23 -Lisa

25 - Gettysburg general

26 - Mistake

27 - Word processing error

29 - Instruct 30 - Nav. officer

32 - Old-womanish

33 - Thorny flowers

35 - Swerved

37 - Send out

39 - Old Ford

40 - Adds

43 - New Orleans university

46 - Enduring

48 - Chart

50 - Lucky charm

52 - Fights

54 - Conger catcher

55 - Frighten

57 - Hawaiian outdoor feast

58 - Ethereal: Prefix

60 - Nae sayer?

61 - Clear (of)

62 - Ply

63 - Unwell

65 - Appomattox figure

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42



QUICKDelicious

Recipes from the Leisure Care Five-Star Yum Cookbook

Brown Sugar Glazed Chicken

By: Alyce Ferris

Community: Canfield Place

Serves: 4



1 tablespoon vinegar

1 teaspoon vegetable oil

4 chicken breast halves, skinned and boned

Directions:

Stir together the mustard, brown sugar, vinegar and oil to make glaze. Line a baking pan with aluminum foil and place the chicken in the pan. Brush with some of the glaze. Bake in a preheated 375°F oven for 35 minutes, brushing occasionally with some of the remaining glaze. Remove the chicken from the oven and turn oven setting to broil. Brush the chicken with the rest of the glaze and broil until lightly browned, about 2 minutes. Serve immediately.

"Ruthanne was more than my daughter-in-law; she was the daughter I never had. She was one of my very best friends and a wonderful cook. She

Glazed Chicken: Continued on page 42

Smoked Salmon Dip

By: Mieko Kawase

Community: Tapestry at Wesbrook Village

Serves: 8–10



Mieko Kawase

Directions:

3 cloves garlic, peeled

½ cup mayonnaise

3 sprigs parsley

6 ounces smoked salmon

Put the onion and garlic in a pulse blender. Take the skin off the salmon, and process fish in a food processor until it is in fine flakes. Add mayonnaise and pulse a few more times, then mix with onion and garlic. Place in bowl and add garnish with parsley. Serve with crackers, potato chips or sliced cucumber.

"When my brother phoned to tell me he'd be over with a couple of friends I thought, I have booze but no appetizer! And all I had in the fridge was a piece of smoked salmon from Sav-on-Foods. So a dip was invented in a hurry! I had garlic growing in the pot on my patio, and I also had some mayonnaise and crackers. They liked it and ate it all up!" — Mieko Kawase



"Determine whether any of your discontent is coming from a false understanding of what 'they' might think of you."

Money Matters Common Sense and Professional Advice

PUTTING YOUR REGRETS TO BED

by Sue Peterson, CFA

Managing Director, Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

"Alas! If the principles of contentment are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness." — Laurence Sterne

could have. I used to. What if? How come? was struck by the bittersweet nature of the games, as some athletes met or exceeded their dreams and others saw them shattered on an international stage in front of a worldwide audience.

Though it happens on a different scale, the 99.9% of us who will only face the more pedestrian disappointments in life have to constantly choose what to do with the "woulda coulda shouldas" and the debilitating emotion of regret. As a financial advisor, I have a front-row seat to daily expressions of angst as it relates to investment decisions.

"I should have ... sold Microsoft at \$90 in 1999." "I could have bought Google at the IPO." "I wish I'd not spent so much and saved more." Each of these thoughts chip away at our contentment and leave traces of regret. I'd like to explore how we can change this tape playing in our mind and instead move toward self-acceptance. Grace. Contentment.

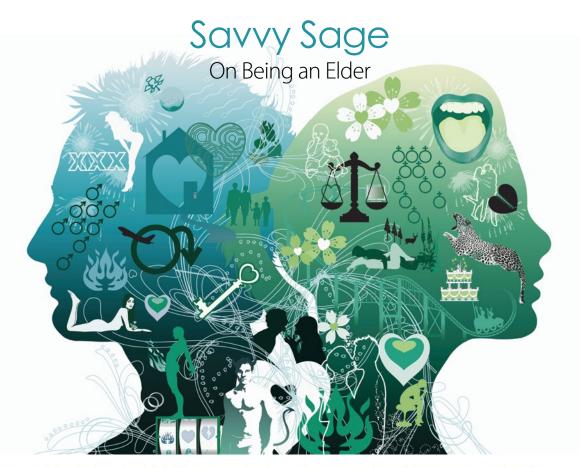
According to the dictionary, contentment is "a state of being satisfied with what one is or has; not wanting for anything more or anything else." If this was a location, we'd all be plugging it into our GPS for directions! Instead, contentment is a decision, a choice of the mind and spirit, and I'll share with you some steps I've learned to reach this state of being.

Define the regret. This goes beyond the "I wish The London Olympics just ended, and I I'd" statement and reaches down into the dream, hope, expectation or outcome at the root of the disappointment. What did or did not happen to result in this state of dissatisfaction with who you are or what you have? Have you been forced to downsize, possibly not just your home but your lifestyle because you "shoulda" saved more? Once it's defined, then elect to say with conviction, "It is what it is." Speaking from personal experience, this is a powerful discipline and a daily practice. It allows me to acknowledge the disappointments, forgive myself or others if need be, decide on my plan for moving forward, and get going again.

> Determine whether any of your discontent is coming from a false understanding of what "they" might think of you. Dare to ask yourself the question, "Who the heck are 'they' that wrote the Book of Shoulds that I'm reading from daily?" What would it look like if instead you told "them" to take a hike from dictating whether or not you are satisfied with what you are or have, and decide for yourself?

> Going back to the potential regret of needing to downsize, does that cause a sense of shame or failure in some way? Remember, everyone is the center of their own universe. Unless your life choices truly impact another's universe, they

Art of Contentment: Continued on page 41



THE EVOLUTION OF OUR DREAMS

by Sandy Sabersky

Executive Director of Elderwise in Seattle

As we grow into our lives as elders, our dreams shape shift along with our bodies. The result can be unexpected delight and new pleasures.

lot of references to the American Dream. Let the politicians talk; it is our own personal dreams that drive us forward and define our own futures.

When my children were growing up, one of our favorite books featured a cutout hole where the illustration's face should be. Each child could put a picture of themselves in the hole, and as they turned the pages of the book they saw their own face peeking through the page. They could imagine themselves as an artist, ballerina, circus acrobat, farmer, or whatever was depicted on the page. Ah, such fun to imagine and try on these different roles.

It's true! Dreams do shape our future: they point out our direction, at least for that moment in time. As a dear friend used to say, "Today's imagination is tomorrow's realization." Yet, our hopes and dreams change and evolve as we do; delightfully, they get deeper and more meaningful as we age.

When we are children, our dreams tend to be around simple desires: eating ice cream, going swimming, jumping on a pogo stick 100 times without falling, and having lots

hroughout this recent election cycle, I have heard a of friends. As adolescents we may dream of being popular, climbing a tall mountain, running for class president, or being chosen for the play. As young adults taking on careers, we may dream of having a mate and children, sending the kids to good schools, buying a boat, or taking family vacations abroad. Some also dream of making a difference to the community or to society as a whole.

> As we get older, many people experience a turning in their dreams, away from material wishes and toward spiritual matters: As we mature, we long for a greater understanding of our existence and our reason for being.

> Dreams serve to keep us going in the right direction and can give us the energy to drive toward our goals. But do dreams always come true? No, not always. Life is rife with disappointments, obstacles may get in the way, and doors may close. Consider the Olympic athlete who, after spending years in training, doesn't qualify for their event, or the student who doesn't get that scholarship. Then what? As Springsteen sang, "Is a dream a lie if it don't come true, or is it something worse?"

When things don't go the way we had imagined — when our dreams don't come true — we can benefit from using a technique called re-framing. The idea is to put the same picture or event in a different frame and look at it from a different perspective, just as my children did with their book. Taking a different perspective can help us better understand and accept a situation; however, this new view often requires just the passage of time and gaining of maturity, which, fortunately, is a gift as we acquire with age.

Consider the student who didn't get a scholarship to play sports, but eventually begins to realize that the job he got instead pushed him in a better direction. Or the 40-something professional who, when denied a promotion, was inspired to go back to school and finally pursued her real dream. Maybe the student can see one door closed and another opened as it happened likely not though. It takes a reflective heart and a clearer mind to understand that these so-called disappointments can truly be the best gifts.

Through the experience of reframing we may develop an understanding of the bigger picture of what happened and see that instead of achieving the original "dream," a greater opportunity was gained.

As we age, we often find it necessary to adjust our dreams. It was once the American Dream to own a home, attain financial success, and watch your children grow into an even richer life than you had. For so many of us, this may no longer be a realistic or sustainable dream. Changing times require us to redefine success and redefine our dreams, sometimes consciously but often without even realizing it. Each day our hopes and dreams change, sometimes noticeably, sometimes more subtly. We may pay close attention to the changes or make the shift without noticing. We dance with our new dreams, which have changed because of our outer experiences, our physical circumstances, and our inner growth and maturity.

What I wished for when I was a child has little meaning for me now.

Dreams: Continued on page 42

The Science of the Aging Brain

By Carol Pearson, LIV FUN managing editor

Cascinating research shows scientific proof that as we age, our brains undergo a maturing process that impacts our nocturnal dreams. Surely it's not a surprise to any of us that the elder brain works differently in the daylight hours; that laser sharp memory of our youth may be a bit blurry these days; and those heady years of relentless multitasking have been replaced with a more focused attention to the job at hand.

Many former night owls report turning into "morning larks," much to their surprise. The underlying physical changes that cause these changes often affect our sleep as well, resulting in a change in the intensity and the make-up of our nighttime imaginings.

According to Robert Hoss, a noted expert in the field of dream research, much of this change can be traced to variations in the time we spent in dream sleep.

The time spent in dream sleep varies with age. Adults spend about 25% of their sleep time in REM, children about 50%, and in premature infants it has been reported to be as high as 70% to 80%. In older persons, REM sleep may reduce to past. about 15% ... as people age, the themes they dream about change, as do their daily concerns.1

to some specific changes in the content and texture of their dreams as they mature.

"Dreams have to do with discovering and anticipating identity changes," explains Monique Lortie-Lussier, Ph.D., an adjunct professor of psychology at the University of Ottawa in Canada. "They help disclose who we are at different points in our lives." According to Dr. Lortie-Lussier, our growing maturity is directly reflected in the content of our dreams.2

In a new study, Dr. Lortie-Lussier and her colleagues are analyzing the dream content of more than 300 women of all ages in an attempt to discover if dreams do change as women age.

The results are showing some intriguing distinctions, as middleaged women generally report being more powerful in their dreamselves, more assertive, and more likely to confront a situation directly, as opposed to their younger counterparts who tend to flee fearful situations.

An important shift in dream content seems to occur in the late 50s to early 60s, according to Patrick McNamara, Ph.D., of Boston University School of Medicine and a co-researcher in the study.

At that age "wisdom themes emerge — dreams of imparting lessons to younger generations. There is a commitment to ensuring the welfare of children." The change continues in women as they reach their 70s and 80s, with an increasing focus on memories of earlier adult years, much the same way as we spend more time reminiscing and sharing good memories of time

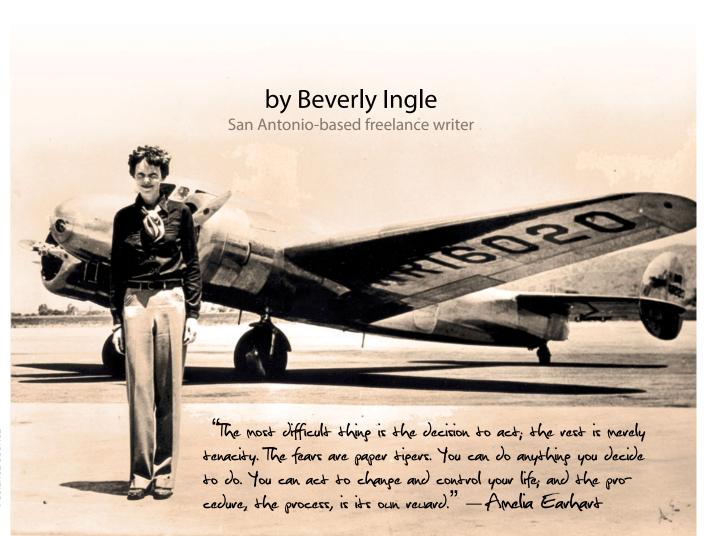
Just as our wishes and hopes change in our later years, so do our dreams, mirroring the wonderful Women, in particular, are prone maturation process we undergo as we move into the realm of sage.

> ¹ Hoss, Robert J. "Sleep and Dreaming," Dream Science. 2012. Read the complete article at http:// tiny.cc/wise-dreamscience.

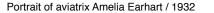
> ² Brent Zook, Kristal. "How Your Dreams Change Over Decades." More: For Women of Style and Substance. Ed. Leslie Jane Seymour. 2012. Read the complete article at http://tiny.cc/wise-dreamchanges.

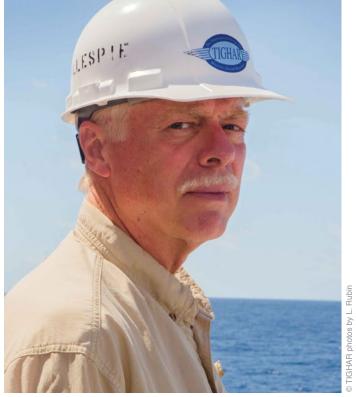
The Dream Takes Flight

Two heroic and inexorably linked quests serve as examples of doggedly chasing a dream despite high odds against success, the skepticism of others, and seemingly all logic.









Ric Gillespie, the TIGHAR Group's founder and expedition leader

he was inimitable, an audacious female in an era that didn't quite know what to do with such moxie. She dared to dream without limits, at once challenging convention and herself. Her boldest dream led to one of the biggest mysteries in aviation: What happened to bring about the untimely end of her fateful attempt to be the first woman to fly around the world? We may never find out how far — literally — Amelia Earhart's dream took her. Does that have been bedfellows. even matter?

disappearance sparked another improbable guest, this one imagined by the people behind The International Group for Historic Aircraft Recovery (TIGHAR): Ric Gillespie, the group's founder and expedition leader, and Gillespie's wife, Pat Thrasher, who serves as the group's president.

Earlier this year, TIGHAR led a \$2.2-million expedition that initially failed to get the conclusive evidence that it sought about Earhart's disappearance. "As is usually the case with much less accomplish. It was an era in fieldwork, we're coming home with more questions than answers," the group said in a statement posted on its website. "We are, of course, disappointed that we did not make a dra-lenged the mores of her time.

matic and conclusive discovery, but we are undaunted in our commitment to keep searching out and assembling the pieces of the Earhart puzzle."

Two impossible dreams — Earhart's and TIGHAR'S — guite possibly now could be inextricably linked through recent events, effectively serving as legendary examples of doggedly chasing a dream despite high odds against success, the skepticism of others, and seemingly all logic.

After all, a dream and logic never

The lingering mystery of Earhart's Amelia Captures the World's Fancy

What we do know is the expanse of her dream and the incredible circumstances in which it took flight. It captured the collective imagination then, still holds us captive today, and helps fuel women and men alike to dream the impossible dream.

In 1937, when Amelia Earhart set out on her attempt to circumnavigate the world, her vision loomed large and stared down society's preconceived notions of what women could attempt, which women rarely moved outside of prescribed domestic circles, much less flew at greater than 14,000 feet. Her independence stunned and chal-

Earhart had already conceived and achieved her goals of becoming the first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic, the first person to fly solo from Honolulu to California, the first person to fly nonstop across America, and the first woman to set an altitude record. It seemed a logical progression that Earhart would continue to pursue greater challenges.

Amid enthusiasm laced with criticism, and encouragement laced with speculation, Amelia Earhart set off on her most daring adventure, a roundthe-world-flight, departing from Miami, Florida, on June 1, 1937, to take on the first leg of the planned 29,000mile trip. A quote attributed to Earhart on the official Amelia Earhart website, maintained by her family, sums up the aviator's attitude toward her dreams and accomplishments nicely: "... decide ... whether or not the goal is worth the risks involved. If it is, stop worrying ..."

However, unlike Earhart's other dreams, which she managed to achieve notably, this dream was cut short when her Lockheed Electra disappeared over the Pacific Ocean on July 2, 1937. Within hours, the U.S. Navy and Coast Guard launched the largest air and sea search in American history. When their efforts failed, Earhart's husband of six



(Above) TIGHAR prepares to deploy technology in the search for Amelia Earhart's plane. (Below) Part of TIGHAR's exploration team wades ashore.

own search to no avail. There was to be no trace of Earhart, her navigator, Fred Noonan, or her plane.

In an official report, the U.S. government concluded that the two seasoned flyers, unable to locate their destination of Howland Island, ran out of fuel, crashed into the water, and sank. Earhart was declared legally dead on January 5, 1939. The question of why and where her plane went down, however, has never been put to rest.

A Fruitless Search?

The TIGHAR group had planned to spend 10 days in July of this year searching the area for signs of Earhart, but "due to equipment problems di-

years, George Putnam, financed his rectly attributable to the severity of the underwater environment at Nikumaroro, we only had five days on site," the group stated.

> "In that time we saw no objects that we recognized as aircraft debris, but we have volumes of sonar data and many hours of high-definition video to review before we'll know the results of this expedition definitively," TIGHAR said in its statement.

> Even staring in the face of defeat, TIGHAR continued pursing its dream of discovering what happened to Earhart, and its persistence seems to have paid off. As announced on the group's website on August 26, 2012, after review of the high-definition film footage from the expedition, "... the

Remote Operated Vehicle (ROV) captured images of what forensic imaging scientist Jeff Glickman describes as a debris field of man-made objects. The discovery is significant because the debris field is in the place where we had previously reasoned debris from the Earhart aircraft 'should' be."

The newly discovered debris field is in deep water offshore from the spot where an object, thought to be Lockheed Electra landing gear, appears in a photo taken three months after Amelia Earhart disappeared. Items in the debris field appear to be consistent with the object in the 1937 photo.

Against All Odds: Continued on page 41





Q. Help! Close to a half-century of marriage is no joke. Q. We've been either blessed or cursed (depending on Sometimes I feel I know each one of my wife's stories, excuses, remarks and little noises and there's nothing else to us until recently. She, along with our granddaughter, came learn and no reason to even talk anymore. Don't get me wrong, we still love each other, and I wouldn't want to even consider a divorce (couldn't afford it, anyway, wink wink). I guess I'm looking for some advice about how to re-energize things. Things get so familiar and stale at times, like we're stuck in a rut. Also, I'm afraid she doesn't really like the things I like.

A. We sure can be creatures of habit. In a long marriage like yours, we become expert witnesses on our partner's habits and foibles, the charming ones and the ones that drive us nuts. It sounds to me that despite the routine you still are committed to your marriage. I admire your loyalty and your genuine commitment to each other.

Now, some suggestions to rejuvenate your relationship. First the obvious: Get out and try new activities. Sit down together and brainstorm a list of potential activities. To introduce the conversation, I suggest a "gentle startup." Something like, "Darling, I love you very much, and I would enjoy doing new things with you. Let's dream up some ideas together."

Brainstorming guidelines: There are no bad ideas, and it's out of bounds to evaluate the suggestions while creating the list of activities (no eye-rolling or grunting, please!). This first step is an open discussion, where ridiculous ideas are welcome. Suggest anything that comes to mind, and enjoy the process! Quilting, skydiving, bee keeping, clogging, yoga, hat making, whatever. Have a good laugh, and dare to include the ideas you really crave.

The second step is to evaluate ideas, figuring out which ones inspire you both. You may also discover that you each want to try activities that the other does not; that's okay. Encourage each other to pursue new activities individually — that'll give each of you something new to talk about at home — but remember to choose some to pursue together. Go ahead and put "spice up sex life" on the list if it is important to you, although this probably needs to be a

Advice for Journey 1: Continued on page 42

your perspective) with having our adult daughter live with back home after a divorce and just moved out again. When they first moved in, it was hard for everyone. But over the past four years, we all got used to it and liked having them both around. Now it is like *Empty Nest 2* for my partner and me. I find myself at loose ends, wondering how to apply my energy.

A. Use this transition to bring about positive change in your life. If we don't actively respond to Empty Nest experiences, all sorts of difficulties can ensue: boredom, restlessness, unhealthy habits and emotional drift. When we move into this new period consciously, we have tremendous opportunity to enhance our environment and habits.

Perhaps you want to revitalize your home. This might be an opportunity to simplify, to look at all the stuff you have accumulated, see what still has use and beauty, and what is clutter. Clear out the deadwood. This creates empty space, physically and mentally, that can suggest new purpose.

"It is the space within the jar that makes it useful." — Tao Te Ching

You may want to revive old dreams, or find new ones. Make an exhaustive list of activities you care about (or once cared about) and see what still inspires you. Pick a couple of things off that list and try them out. Allow yourself to be playful. You don't have to decide to be "a painter" if you want to paint; just mess about like a kid, and see where it

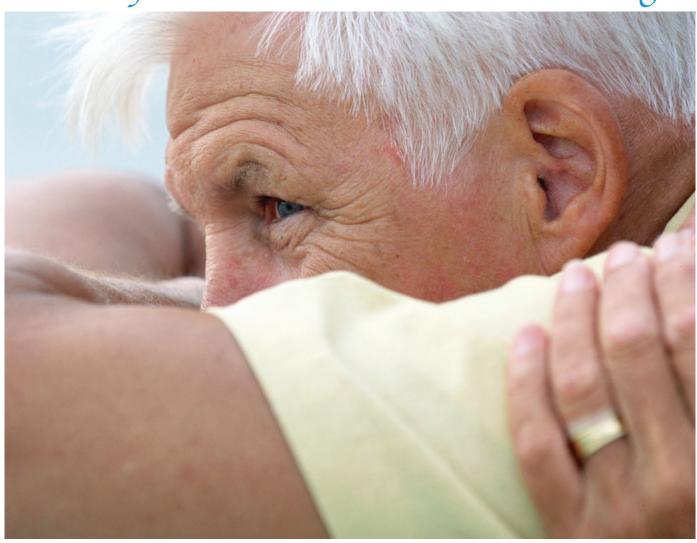
Some journaling at this time may be useful. Perhaps you want to capture what was precious and what was hard about sharing a home with your daughter and granddaughter. You can use words, collage, or photo-album. This process can get you settled with the past, and ready to look forward. Of course, you can also create new ways to stay connected family meals, shared activities, hangout night, or visit by Skype if they've moved farther away.

The true purpose of these external activities and actions is for the cultivating of your inner habits of mind. You were

Advice for Journey 2: Continued on page 42



The quest for intimacy, for shared fantasies and deep connection need not dim with age.



a relationship coach, me for help with their stunted sex life. I asked them both, "What are your sexual dreams, your longings or fantasies?" He lit up immediately and excitedly talked about wanting to pursue swinger-type scenes with his wife. I turned to her and asked, "What do you dream about or fantasize sexually?" She looked at the floor, and after a long silence finally sighed in a tiny whisper, "I don't have any fantasies."

I instinctively knew she did; I think ▼ I counseled an older we all do, they just don't always couple who came to match our partner's. Compared to his articulate, zealous sex longings, she had judged hers as insufficient. She'd stopped believing in herself and figured that the sexual part of her must be gone. I knew, however, that given space and safety, she could get in touch her sexual/sensual desires again, and even express them to her husband. And, if he was worth his salt, he'd listen, and like a gardener in early spring, tend her fragile "sprouts of desire" with just the right amount of water and sunlight.

I suggested we play a game, taking turns at sharing their sexual fears, fantasies and peak experiences. The rules are simple: Starting with sexual fears first, one partner talks for seven minutes while the other listens. The speaker uses the whole time. The listener does not interrupt, comment, or add his or her own opinion or judgment. The listener simply says "thank you," and then both partners change roles and reset the timer.

She began and for seven minutes revealed her dark fears of never being on the same "sexual page," not getting it "right," being too slow, or maybe just not being sexual. She feared for the future of their relationship, the lack of intimacy, and the loneliness that comes with sexual dissonance.

An aura of softness followed her disclosure. And, for all the man's initial "swinger" bravado, he shared, in a genuine voice, that his erections were becoming less strong and unpredictable. He feared a time would come when he would not be able to have an erection at all. He worried that his libido was lessening; he feared becoming less attractive as he aged and of getting old without ever really experiencing the true depths of life, love and sexual union. His vulnerability hung in the room like a timid but kind stranger.

Next came the sharing of sexual fantasies for seven minutes each. He seems to catch a second wind and spun out multi-scenarios of enjoying voyeuristic adventures with his wife and other partners. He seemed relieved at being seen and heard with our undivided attention and not being judged for his exploratory sexual fantasies. I told him I saw him as a curious boy, a risk taker, wanting to push the limits and experiment with his equipment. We all laughed.

Now it was her turn to share a sexual fantasy. I reminded her that hers didn't have to look like his; it's not about mirroring our mate, but rather honor-

ing ourselves and our own dreams and desires. She looked at us and saw two people willing to listen, to witness her truth without judgment. We waited.

She began timidly. "I'm lying in a hammock on the beach; the breeze is warm and moist from the sea. I'm reading; my husband approaches and kneels in the sand next to me, a cool drink in his hands. His eyes are gentle, his face tanned and crinkled by the sun. We sip, chat, look into each other's eyes, and he begins gently rocking me in the hammock ... then asks to trace the shadows of the palm tree on my face with his fingertips. He brushes slowly over my eye lashes, then draws the back of his finger nails down along my neck." She went on for seven minutes, painting a gorgeous and intimate scene of sexy sea-side slowness.

Afterwards, I asked if she wrote erotica — or read it, at least — and suggested maybe they could do that together. I also suggested they watch some award-winning feminist porn movies that show real women, with real bodies, making real sounds, taking the initiative to guide their man into a hot web of mystery, connection and bodily pleasure (www. blueartichokefilms.com). I could tell they were going to enjoy their homework.

We were all comrades by the third exercise, sharing a peak sexual experience. Each picked one of their favorite sexual experiences they'd had with the other and told the story — using the present tense as if it was happening right here and now and filling in every juicy detail (the Devil is in the details!). A vummy 14 minutes that was!

Desires make the world go around. Desires and dreams are our highest intelligence. They guide us to amazement and fulfillment. As a couple, choose to honor and share each other's desires; your relationship will be richer and warmer for it.

"He worried that his libido was lessening; he feared becoming less attractive as he aged and of getting old without ever really experiencing the true depths of life, love and sexual union."

Down for the Count?



A serial goal-setter redefines her life after a drop-dead diagnosis and finds a knock-out reason to keep dreaming.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

a young girl I designed my dreams in my bedroom and on the piano bench. They were long, happy-everafter dreams that stretched well into the future. At nine years old I joined the Psychology Book of the Month Club. The shelves on my bedroom walls held the weighty books I would use in my dream-future as a clinical psychologist. I slept under Jung, Freud, even Kinsey — the famous sex researcher whose subject I only whispered and giggled about with my girlfriends at sleepovers.

On the piano bench I dreamt of being a concert pianist. As a mental prelude to Beethoven's Concerto in C Major, I smoothed the ruffles of my skirt on the bench with full fantasy finesse: It was the final rehearsal before a symphony production at Carnegie Hall. At 10 years old, the closest I had come to Manhattan was Flushing's World's Fair grounds, yet the stage was spotlight clear in my mind. The audience was raving, tossing glances at one another, and yelling their best "Bravo!" during the prolonged ovation. I bowed in perfect form and with utter humility, one hand on my chest and the other reaching to the orchestra with a flourish.

My dreams shifted as I got older. At college I learned that I didn't want to be a clinical psychologist after all. And my talent for piano was best left for my own enjoyment. I explored new cities with my undergraduate and advanced degrees, and my professional success exceeded my expectations. I forged ahead with business travel and a doctoral fellowship, all unpredicted, until a pregnancy slowed me down and I chose the more traditional path of full-time motherhood.

My first cancer diagnosis came when I was 42 years old. I was married with two young sons ages 5 and 10. In the space of a life-changing office visit, the rich canvas of my dreams became a white sheet listing names of doctors and treatment protocols. My to-do list got long

Your Life Well Lived

Wellness Advice for Mind, Body and Spirit

"If the future is something that doesn't belong to you, how can you act like you own it?"

with medical tasks and short on dreams. Cancer is a kickass dream-catcher; my dreams got snagged in its knots. I only had one dream at this point, and it was a new one: I wanted to become a survivor.

In the middle of the night when I could muster the courage, I earnestly tried to strike a bargain with God. I offered to give up any and all dreams if I could survive long enough to walk down the aisle at my sons' weddings. If that was too much to ask, how about living long enough for them to leave for college while their mother was still alive? What would be the right amount of time to ask for, given that this was one of our first serious conversations?

In the years that followed I was glued to the present moment. The future was tomorrow's show: At sunrise the curtain would go up, and at sunset it would drop again. I lived from day to day, not because I wanted to, but because I couldn't seem to do otherwise. Every few months was another scan or doctor's visit, and it was in the hospital that I learned if I would have more future. Discomfited by my inability to plan and my resistance to making the smallest commitments — I found I didn't even want to plan lunch for the next week. If the future is something that doesn't

belong to you, how can you act slowly succumbed to the strains make a new life-after-cancer?

My oncologist was not surprised that even after one year post-treatment I was still struggling with making new dreams. He encouraged me to have fun, reduce my stress, take weekends away whenever possible, and to be my own best friend. "Take care of yourself, first and foremost," he said. Could that How could I trust in a future and invoke new dreams while cancer was out in the world ready to pounce?

With each cycle of testing, and the further I got away from the original diagnosis and treatment, I began to find my way. I took little risks with maka little bigger. I learned that good things could still happen despite my occasional planning paralysis. I realized that I still had a good deal of control over my life, particularly my tor was right: If I took care of the future. I wanted that, so I kept at it.

ended, I became a caregiver for my sister when she was diagyears that followed, my father she did more than survive. •

like you own it? How can you of congestive heart failure. My insights learned through my cancer experience were helpful to others — mainly to take one blessed day at a time and that helped me to continue moving forward into the stillfearful future.

I did have another cancer diagnosis nine years later, just as I was planning the 10-year "I Survived" party. This time I be sufficient, as a life dream? realized that cancer, like many difficult diagnoses, is actually a knockout reason to create and manifest dreams. It can be as much a dream-creator as it can be a dream-catcher.

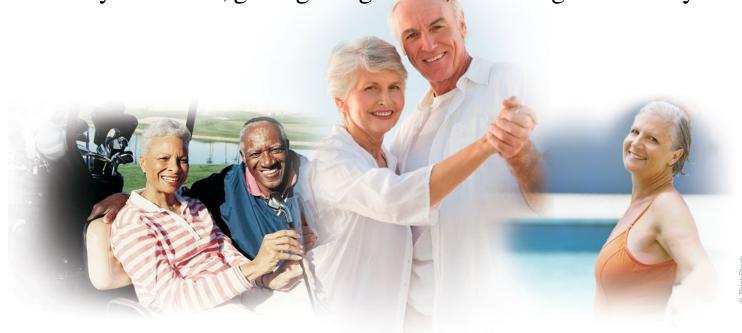
Knowing the future is uncertain is a crisp-edged catalyst for making each day count, for not sweating the small stuff, for living plans. Gradually, they got ing as my doctor prescribed. If I measure my life in days, today matters even more. In fact, today could be the best day I ever have.

However long I live, I want to make some dreams come true, so every morning I set my intenthoughts and attitude. The doc- tions for the day. These are my daily dreams. And for the first myself first then I had a better time in many years, I have genchance of feeling connected to erated a plan for the next five years of living with six bigger life goals. These are my pillar Two years after my treatment dreams — they support the life I want to have in the years ahead, after the kids marry, when my nosed with encephalitis. In the future self comes to believe that

Retire Like You Mean It

Your Life, Your Rules

Highlighting Leisure Care residents out there, grabbing life by the horns, getting things done, and doing it their way.



Introducing Our Two Features This Issue



Four sets of sisters living at one Leisure Care Community:

Elaine & Thelma Elkins Juanita Flynt & Lois Horton Jimmie Wainscott & Lanell Snow Phyllis Wright & Virginia Maples



Vivian Hoeppner

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One



Sister, Sister!

By Traci Kuster,

Brand Manager for Leisure Care, with contributions by Katie Arms, Program Supervisor for The Vantage at Cityview

It's a family affair at The Vantage at Cityview

At Leisure Care communities across the nation and in Canada, it's not uncommon to find a set of sisters or brothers living together. After all, family ties are among the strongest of bonds, and it is only fitting that siblings would want to enjoy their retirement years together. But what about four sets of sisters living at one retirement community? Sounds impossible, but at The Vantage at Cityview in Fort Worth, Texas, you'll find just that! And their stories are as varied as their personalities.





Take Elaine and Thelma Elkins. Separated in age by only two years, Elaine and Thelma were always the closest of siblings.

"Our parents treated us alike and even dressed us alike sometimes," said Elaine. Per-

haps that's why, after college, the two sisters chose to go their separate ways. Thelma bounced from state to state and even spent time living in Switzerland, while Elaine was planting her roots in Texas and focusing on her career. Yet even while separated by physical distance the sisters remained close, and even planned ahead for their retirement. About 10 years prior to actually retiring, the sisters agreed that they would live together and share expenses.



Juanita Flynt & Lois Horton

Flynt and Lois Horton. These sisters learned at an early age not to take family for granted. Having lost their parents at the young ages of 4 and 12, respectively, they, along with their three other sisters, were sent

Then there is Juanita

to live at the Methodist Home in Waco, Texas.

"It was never called an orphanage, but that is what it was,"

remarked one of the sisters. The five sisters were placed in dormitories according to their age, and for the rest of their childhood they never again lived together as a family. The sisters would all go on to pursue their educations and careers and raise families of their own. Eventually, after the loss of husbands and even some children, Lois and Juanita found their way back together again. They lived across the street from each other and were finally able to become "real" sisters again.

One day their cousin, Ouida Holland, invited them to lunch at the retirement community where she'd been living for the past few years. The sisters immediately fell in love with The Vantage and decided to move in when their current leases expired.

"With our background training of learning the names of 400 brothers and sisters (at the orphanage), we have tried to learn everyone's name as quickly as possible," laughed the sisters. "Sometimes we make errors, but we are trying!"



Jimmie Wainscott and Lanell Snow were separated by six and a half years, growing up in rural Oleny, Texas, about 100 miles northwest of Fort Worth. "We had lots of fun as kids," said limmie.

Once grown, the sisters chose different paths. Jimmie, a self-proclaimed "old maid," worked as a county extension agent for the Texas Agrilife Service for 34 years. Lanell became a teacher and raised Jimmie Wainscott & Lanell Snow two lovely daughters. In fact, it

was one of Lanell's daughters who encouraged the sisters to move to The Vantage. Today the sisters enjoy reading, cooking, shopping and eating out, as well as relaxing and having fun with all of their new friends at The Vantage.

Sister, Sister: Continued on page 35

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Two

Harvard Square Resident Fights the Good Fight by Traci Kuster,

Brand Manager for Leisure Care, in collaboration with Erin Thatcher and Janet Beaver of Harvard Square Retirement Community



Team Harvard Square, led by Vivian Hoeppner, at the Walk for the Memorial event



Seventeen vears ago, in 2006, Vivian Hoeppner experienced the loss of her eldest son. The loss was difficult on Vivian not only emotionally, but physically too, as her son

had been caring for her at the time of his passing. Vivian and her middle son, Jeff, began to research local retirement communities

They came across Harvard Square, a Leisure Care Retirement Community in Denver, and Vivian knew she had found her new home. Not only was she attracted to the friendliness of the staff and residents, and the fun programs and activities that awaited her, but she was also thrilled with its close proximity to one of her favorite spots in Denver — Babi Yar Park. She packed her belongings and happily settled into Harvard Square in early 2001.

Founded in 1971, Denver's Babi Yar Park is a living memorial to the thousands of Jews, gypsies, Ukrainians and others murdered between 1941 and 1943 at the Babi Yar ravine on the outskirts of Kiev.

Babi Yar Park is adjacent to Harvard Square, and a trail connecting the Leisure Care community allows residents easy access and a convenient and re-

Vivian and her dog, Josh, love to take a "walk" in her motorized scooter from Harvard Square to visit the memorials

laxing walking path.

and the "Forest of Remembrance." To Vivian's delight, she learned that the memorial at the park would soon be growing: In August 2011, 16 pieces of steel from the ruins of the World Trade Center began making their way across

the country, eventually destined for Babi Yar, where they will become part of a new September 11 Memorial

Vivian's Early Years

Vivian was born on June 18, 1922, in Los Alamos, Colorado. Shortly thereafter her family moved to Lamar, Colorado, where she grew up. She attended business college in Colorado Springs and, upon graduating, took jobs at a paint company and an electric company. In 1946, at 24 years old, a friend asked her to move to Denver, and Vivian was quick to say yes.

"We were two country bumpkins in the big city!" describes Vivian of her relocation.

Vivian found work in Denver with the Bureau of Land Management and then the Social Security Administration, where she worked until she married in 1952, when she focused on starting on her family. Vivian and her



Path to the fountain at Babi Yar Park

husband eventually had three wonderful sons, whom she staved home with and took care of until they were in school. She eventually rejoined the days got hundreds of signatures sup-Social Security Administration where she enjoyed a wonderful and fulfilling career until retiring in 1989 at the age of 67.

Vivian Takes on City Hall

One afternoon last year, as Vivian and Josh made their daily trek along the trail to Babi Yar Park, she was startled to see that the path had been blocked off for the scheduled renovations to the park with what appeared to be a permanent barrier. Not one to back down from adversity, Vivian immediately vowed to fight to get the walking path and park access reinstated. Her crusade began by learning that the city was responsible for the closure

of the park access.

With Jeff's help, Vivian began a petition at Harvard Square and within porting the restoration of the access from Harvard Square to Babi Yar Park. She sent a letter, along with the petition and signatures, to city organizations, key media outlets, and the Governor's office. Vivian and leff made phone call after phone call and kept their cause alive until, several weeks later, they heard the good news. The city agreed to redesign access plans to the park and make it handicapped accessible, all at a substantial cost to the city — a true victory for Vivian and her team of supporters! The park entrance is currently under development and is scheduled to reopen next spring.

As a show of their gratitude and appreciation to the city and the park, Viv-

ian and everyone at Harvard Square wanted to say thank you. When they learned that private funding for the September 11 Memorial project had dried up and the future of the project was in peril, the community took action.

On a Saturday in late May, Harvard Square hosted the "Walk for the Memorial," a walk through Babi Yar Park promoting awareness of the memorial and raising funds to assist with its completion. The walk culminated with a celebratory cookout at Harvard Square. Seventy-five residents and friends participated in the walk, and the community was able to raise nearly \$1,400 for the project. While the future of the September 11 Memorial project is still unknown, with the help of the dedicated staff and residents at Harvard Square, this dream project is one step closer to becoming a reality. •

Sister, Sister: Continued from page 33



Phyllis Wright & Virginia Maples

Our fourth set of sisters is Phyllis Wright and Virginia Maples. The sisters were born and raised in the small towns of Cowles and Grand Island, Nebraska, and are separated by just 17 months. One of their favorite memories from childhood is going to the movies each Tuesday, which were free all summer long.

Later in life they created many fond memories while traveling, visiting destinations such as London, Scotland, Nashville, Branson, the Grand Canyon, New York City,

Florida and California. The sisters are neighbors at The Vantage, enjoying apartments directly across the hall from each other. When asked what the best thing is about her sister, Phyllis said simply, "She's a great gal. I couldn't have asked for a better sister — or friend." Virginia said of Phyllis, "She is a very caring person. She still tries to look after me because I'm the 'little' sister."

These four sets of sisters (along with cousin Ouida!) truly exemplify the meaning of Retire Like You Mean It; from realizing a dream of living together as family, to exploring the world together, they make every moment count! •

We want to hear from you! Send your article ideas and personal stories for consideration for "Retire Like You Mean It," as well as feedback on the magazine to: livfun@leisurecare.com The next issue's theme is "Permission."

"It was a real-life Harold and Maude moment for me. I was shocked. Me, a pragmatist junkie; I'd become a Harold, when I always viewed myself a Maude."

strokes, once said, "Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up." ficiency, take the following quiz:

grocery store's express checkout lane.

To learn if you suffer from dream de-

1. If you could play one position in football, without the threat of injury, it would be: a) Quarterback

b) Place kick holder

2. Which line best describes your ideal night on the Vegas Strip?

a) Though I lost \$78, I had an awesome time playing craps. b) I hope this keno crayon stain comes out of my knit

3. Which line best describes your thoughts while playing the video game Guitar Hero for the first time?

a) Though I'll probably make a fool out of myself, I relish the chance to try something new. Plus I've always wanted to be a rock star.

b) I'd enjoy myself more if this were Oboe Hero.

4. Which line best describes I applaud this observation. I really your thoughts while standing before a

ery child is a dreamer. The problem b) I cannot believe some jerk wrote

5. While blowing out birthday candles

a) For world peace

b) That everyone leaves so you can watch tonight's *Matlock* marathon

If you answered "b" to any of the questions, you suffer from dream defi-

I became aware of my complacency addiction last July while nibbling Don Quixote: Continued on page 41

ablo Picasso, in between brush- shopping cart items before entering a on a lemon bar at a backyard barbecue, chatting with Skip and Dottie, a 50's-something couple with toothy grins and I-sell-real-estate hair styles. They had recently relocated to Colorado from Virginia and could not have been happier.

"We love it here," gushed Dottie. "We're living in our dream home, in our dream mountain setting, in our dream state."

Her repeated use of the word "dream" struck me. I wasn't accustomed to hearing it used anymore by people in my age bracket. Especially with such gusto, like she actually still believed in them.

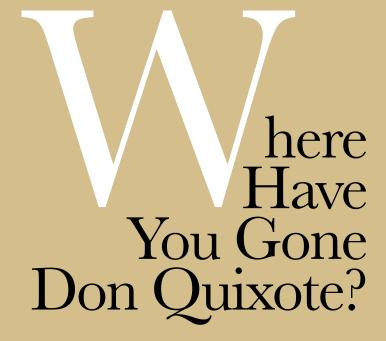
And then she added, "You live in Colorado. So you know what big dreams are all about."

I nodded yes, but my mind said no. I used to dream big. But not anymore. Especially in comparison to hers. While Dottie dreamed of big houses in big settings, I dreamed of ways to stop chipmunks from eating my petunias.

It was a real-life Harold and Maude moment for me. I was shocked. Me, a pragmatist junkie; I'd become a Harold, when I always viewed myself a Maude.

As a kid I championed the dreamers, the ones who'd always dare to stake new ground — the John Lennons, the Jackson Pollocks, the Monty Pythons.

My biggest hero was the visionary who started the company that makes those plastic owls people place on their roofs. I don't know who this person is or was, but I revere the audacity of the vision, to firmly believe a living could be made from mass producing plastic owls with furrowed eyes. I derived endless amusement imagining the conversation that took place when he or she applied for a business loan:



by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver



From lofty dreams of NHL trophies to a fervent search for **Twizzlers**

do. But I think it would better serve climbing wall for the first time? today's society if revised to read, "Ev- a) This looks fun; I'd like to give it a shot! is how to remain a dreamer once he graffiti in Braille. grows up, works an unfulfilling job, pays taxes and makes mortgage payments, and spends at least one after- you wish: noon waiting in a DMV driver's license renewal line."

We, as older adults, suffer from dream deficiency, a malady caused by an addiction to complacency and resignation. Symptoms include, but are not limited to, excessive pragmatism, ciency. I know, because I'm battling it. sudden fondness for the color beige, and counting twice the number of

Ethics and Spirituality

Reflections and Contemplations on Forgiveness



by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

Can our deceased loved one really communicate with us through visions, visitations and dreams?

stars Ricky Gervais as a misanthrope dentist undergoing a routine colonoscopy who dies for seven minutes. Revived, and now living in a liminal place between the worlds of the living and the dead, he is able to hear and see the ghosts of the world beyond and leave him behind in peace. the dead who remain invisible and inaudible to pleading with him to tie up their loose ends.

A father yearns to let his widow know where it's possible, I would say yes.

favorite comedy of mine is the movie *Ghost* their child's teddy bear has fallen. A mother ghost A Town. This delightful and quirky love story desperately wants to tell her daughter about the letter she wrote that remains hidden under her daughter's doormat. Gervais initially resists helping these ghosts fulfill their final requests, until he realizes that doing so will enable them to fully enter

Do our dead loved ones return to us in our the living. These ghosts pursue him relentlessly, dreams? Can they really pass on messages to us through visions or visitations? If asked if I believe

"I believe that as her soul departed this world, it stopped by to say goodbye, and his soul decided to join hers on their journey home."

traditions like the Native American, speak of dreams, relates that many Icelanders name their babies after dream-like visits from dead relatives or close friends seeking namesakes.

the *Talmud* about a man in Rabbi Judah's neighmourn for him. For seven days (known as *shiva*, the first period of mourning), Rabbi Judah took it upon himself to bring a group of 10 men to deceased appeared to Rabbi Judah in a dream, set my mind at rest."

Christianity has its own rich traditions of messages delivered via dreams, often by guiding angels; perhaps the most well-known example is in the book of Matthew: "When they had gone, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream. 'Get up,' he said, 'take the child and his mother and escape to Egypt. Stay there until I tell you, for Herod is going to search for the child to kill him.'" (Matthew 2:13)

As a rabbi and a chaplain, I hear the usual things one confides to one's spiritual leader: loves and losses, joys and disappointments, failures and successes. Over the years, many have confided to me their stories of dreams, visions and visitations from the dead. The stories they relate are mystical and loving and provide them I believe that as her soul departed this world, it with comfort.

One woman told me that after her mother died, she was sitting in her living room and felt ◆

History shows I am not alone. Ancient cultures her mother walk into her home, walk over to her, like Egypt and China, and more contemporary and tell her that she was doing okay. Her sister, to whom she told the story, reported having the messages delivered from beyond via dreams or same experience. Both were extremely comfortvisions. Robert Moss, author of several books on ed by their mother's appearance and felt blessed and grateful for the experience.

While some people are eager to share their experiences with me, others proceed cautiously, Within the Jewish tradition, a story is told in fearful I may discount them or consider them crazy. I do neither. I only wish that I, too, would borhood who died and left no one behind to have a similar experience, that I, too, could hear from my loved ones beyond to know that they

Some years ago I served as a rabbi at a conthis dead man's house and mourn for him there gregation in Manhattan, where I befriended a as per the custom. At the end of seven days, the small woman with puffy gray hair who every day visited her husband in a nursing facility. For saying, "May your mind be at rest, for you have months he lay in bed unable to communicate; it was hard to tell if he even knew his wife was present. Yet she sat with him, talked to him, and fussed over him; he was her life. They had always done everything together, and his illness could not stop that devotion.

> Six months into this routine, she had a stroke, was admitted to a hospital, and died within three weeks. The morning of her funeral, at which I was officiating, I received a call from the funeral home saying that this woman's husband had died in the middle of the night, and they were now preparing for a double funeral.

> Could this man, even in his uncommunicative state, sense his wife's absence in the world? Did she come to him in a dream, a vision or a visitation? I'll never know, but here's what I believe. stopped by his soul to say goodbye, and his soul decided to join her soul on their journey home.

Entertain Your Brain: Continued from page 9



Sherlock Ir.

In this swift (only 45 minutes) but thorough 1924 silent comedy, Buster Keaton plays a projectionist with two goals: to be a detective and to court his ladylove. Stymied on both counts, he falls asleep one night in the projection booth and dreams his way through a series of hilarious adventures that all lead him closer to achieving his goals. It was Keaton's brilliant inspiration — he also directed the film — that his character step into the movie screen itself during the dream, thus passing seamlessly through a string of heroic situations, a never-equaled feat of camera trickery and crisp timing (Woody Allen reversed the idea in *Purple Rose of Cairo*, where the movie hero steps out of the picture). Along with its humor, and Keaton's gloriously unflappable persona, what's key about Sherlock Jr. is that our hero's screen antics are directly related to his life, as though the self-styled sleuth needed his imagination unleashed to find answers for his waking problems. Just like the rest of us, but with funnier results.

MUSIC REVIEWS

Dreams are an extremely powerful mechanism in our minds. They drive us to strive for the unattainable, help us achieve exceptional feats, and often crash us back into reality when they aren't reached. Enjoy these selections that put dreams to music.

by Joe Rodriguez / Seattle area freelance music writer



Dream Are Made for Children (Single)

– Ella Fitzgerald, *Jazz Lullaby*, 2008

As always, Ella's voice has amazing warmth and depth as she sings a "little man" to sleep in this classic lullaby. As a new father, her singing makes me want grab a hug and bask in a smile from my own little man. In some ways the arrangement recalls the music in those classic Disney films; the innocent themes of fairytales and dreams are hard to comprehend as grown-ups. Yet we watch our children or grandchildren and know that at this moment they can be anything and everything they want to be — if only they stay true to their dreams. This simple song reminds us of how we were once just like them, and it gently nudges us to return to those days of sweet innocence.



Hey There Delilah (Single)

— Plain White T's, Every Second Counts, 2006

The Plain White T's were a Chicago-based punk pop band for almost a decade before recording their Grammy-nominated ballad about hope for a better future between two young, separated hearts. Lead singer Tom Higgenson voices his aspirations to become a rock star, the hope of doing so driving him to continue the grind of touring in a van and writing music far from his love. The song is the modern re-hash of the great Beach Boys song "Wouldn't it Be Nice," and it echoes the age-old angst of what we give up to achieve our dreams. We all have those dreams, though they may change over the years — Higgenson softly speaks his in the light of day with a simple guitar background.



Waiting for the World to Change (Single)

— John Mayer, Continuum, 2006

In 2006, the soulful, bluesy reincarnation of the late Stevie Ray Vaughan, known as John Mayer, recorded his generation's antiwar anthem, "Waiting for the World to Change." Here the dreams of changing the world have hit a brick wall, and we are shown the fear that they will forever remain unfulfilled. Mayer's song addresses the hopelessness of the young, teetering on the brink of giving up, in their quest to change the world. Mayer still holds tight to the dream that change will come and that the time of war will end. Like so many of us, he still believes that one day the world WILL change and the dreams of so many will be fulfilled. While antiwar angst songs are a dime a dozen, Mayer manages to voice the disappointment many feel with where our world is heading. With a calm and inspiring soul, Mayer urges us to be patient while taking meaningful action to bring about the change we dream of; surely a lesson for all, not just the young.

Art of Contentment: Continued from page 19

really don't think about you at all. How freeing this is to understand!

Consider whether the feeling of regret can be changed to a decision to celebrate the past, embrace the reality of today, yet not give up on a dream about the future. For example, you my "poor me" attitude, yet it did so might say to yourself, "I had a beauti- much more than that. I found myself ful home and raised my children in it, so it was a place of good memories. I needed to downsize so the money doesn't run out before my time is up on this planet. This choice allows me my spouse. some margin in my finances so I can still travel to new places."

Count your blessings. During a period of serious regret in my life in 2011, I was challenged by my executive coach to write out 100 things for which I was thankful. Her objective was clearly to get me unstuck from overwhelmed with all the goodness that surrounds me, from something as simple as tasty, cold water straight out of the tap to a 23-year partnership with

Considering Laurence Sterne's words, we must work to develop the principles of contentment within ourselves. I believe these principles include a choice to live in the reality of today, not in the dreams of our past. It is what it is. Next, debunk the myth that "they" care. Be satisfied with your station and free from others "shoulding" all over you. Finally, work on that list of 100 blessings and arrive at the destination where you can be satisfied with what one is or has, not wanting for anything more or anything else. Choose happy. •

Against All Odds: Continued from page 24

A Calculated Risk

Knowing how dangerous the flight would be, Earhart left a letter for her husband in case she didn't return, writing, "Please know I am quite aware of the hazards. I want to do it because I want to do it. Women must try to do things as men have tried. When they fail, their failure must be but a challenge to others."

Foreshadowing? Perhaps. Foreboding? One wonders. "She understood that this represented an opportunity to pro-

mote women in aviation and also women to lead independent lives, professional lives outside the home," said Frank Goodyear, associate curator of photographs at the National Portrait Gallery, in an interview with WTOP 103.5 FM, a news radio station in Washington, regarding Earhart's dream.

Dreaming big required serious nerve then and still does today. It is not for the faint of heart. Fortunately, Earhart's legacy continues to provide inspiration, whether the dreamers are young or old, women or men, but most notably when the dreams seem far-fetched. The common denominator among big dreamers is conviction.

As Earhart is credited with saying, "The most difficult thing is the decision to act; the rest is merely tenacity. The fears are paper tigers. You can do anything you decide to do. You can act to change and control your life; and the procedure, the process, is its own reward." •

Don Quixote: Continued from page 37

Bank Manager: So tell me, what's the about my days of playing goal for my point of your company?

Owl Person: To scare woodpeckers. **Bank Manager:** Did you say to scare

woodpeckers?

Owl Person: Yes, you know those birds with jackhammer-like beaks that like house.

Bank Manager: Hmm ... yes, I see. And what's the ultimate goal of your proposed company?

Owl Person: To make the scariest plastic owl on the planet.

Bank Manager: You're not with Can-man. did Camera are you?

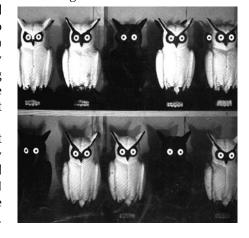
To prove to myself that I too once possessed the ability to dream big, back to 1976, my sophomore year in

high school and college hockey teams, I was further reminded of the dreamgap that now exists.

Back then I dreamed of riding my "athletic gift" for not flinching to fame and fortune. Despite extreme odds, I to rat-a-tat holes in the sides of your fantasized of playing in the NHL and winning the Vezina trophy (awarded to the league's best goaltender). And then parlaying this success into a critically acclaimed acting career and marrying Sports Illustrated swimsuit model Elle Macpherson, with Mr. T as my best

A stark contrast to what I think about today when playing hockey. The lofty dreams of youth have been supplanted I referenced my 27 journals, dating with: I hope I don't get hurt. I hope I don't embarrass myself. I hope the ice high school. Bad idea. While reading rink's vending machine sells Twizzlers.

But all is not lost, for they say the first step on the road to recovery is to admit you have a problem. Writing this serves as my own admission. Or at least I hope it does, as much as I hope I can find a new color to paint over those beige kitchen walls. ◆



QUICK, Delicious, NUTRITIOUS

Glazed Chicken: Continued from page 17

worked near Canfield Place, and every Monday she would come to visit me. She brought a different lunch every week; we never had the same meal twice. This is her recipe. She is with God now. I miss her every day." — Alyce Ferris ◆

Dreams: Continued from page 21

But what are my dreams now? What is in my heart of hearts, what goal am I reaching for now? Somewhere along my path, my values shifted from doing for myself to doing for others. I found that my own joy increased when I was cheerful and could be of help to others. I get so much simple pleasure from caring for the plants in my window box. Simple pleasures.

One thing I've learned along the way is that happiness, for me, comes when I make efforts to live according to my values and not judge others. My dreams are my own and no one else's. And they are valid and worth pursuing. As a 92-year-old friend of mine said at a recent round table, "We're not at the end of the road yet; life is still evolving for each one of us. It is still possible to reach our dreams."

Oh, I do so agree with her. Dreams are wonderful things; our past dreams have fashioned our present, and our current dreams propel us toward a meaningful future. Our dreams are always evolving as we grow. As long as I am living, I plan to embrace my journey toward my dreams. •

Advice for Journey 1: Continued from page 25

shared activity, or I'd reckon there would be trouble (wink right back at ya). Also, consider spending time with friends, making new friendships, doing charity or service work, or starting a small at-home enterprise.

You may also need to make some attitude adjustments. "Familiarity breeds contempt," goes the old saying, and contempt is a dangerous, corrosive emotion. It sounds like things aren't that extreme for you, and here's an idea or two to stay well away from that territory. First, consider your fundamental attitude toward your wife. Is it negative ("she is a screw-up who occasionally gets things right") or is it positive ("she is a good person who occasionally screws-up")? If your attitude has crept into the negative, it's time to open up your heart, remember the times when you first fell in love with your wife, and cherish her. Look at old photos, reminisce. Stoke the fire of your love, your protective feelings, and your joy at all you've accomplished together. Let it swell in your heart.

Sometimes we love a person in spite of their habits and guirks. I invite you to cultivate love toward your wife because of her habits and guirks. Love her for who she is, as there is no one else quite like her. And ask her to love you the same. Vulnerable, mutual admiration and cherishing can go a long way to re-energizing your relationship.

"Love's challenge, over time, is not to see people as they once were, but as they might be. People who grow old can also grow love." — Noah benShea ◆

Advice for Journey 2: Continued from page 25

blessed (or cursed) with a second chance to live with your child and to be present for all that it brought. You now have another chapter of life to bless with your presence. Enter it consciously; engage with it meaningfully. Empty Nest 2: Older and Wiser, now playing in 3D! ◆



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 16

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

Answers to Sudoku

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







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