

livfun AUTUMN 2013



I'm Still Here

A breakthrough approach
to caring for Alzheimer's

On the Trail to

TRANSFORMATION

Finding yourself might just leave you more lost than found

Where Did
That Girl Go?

Am I really just the sum
of my physical parts?

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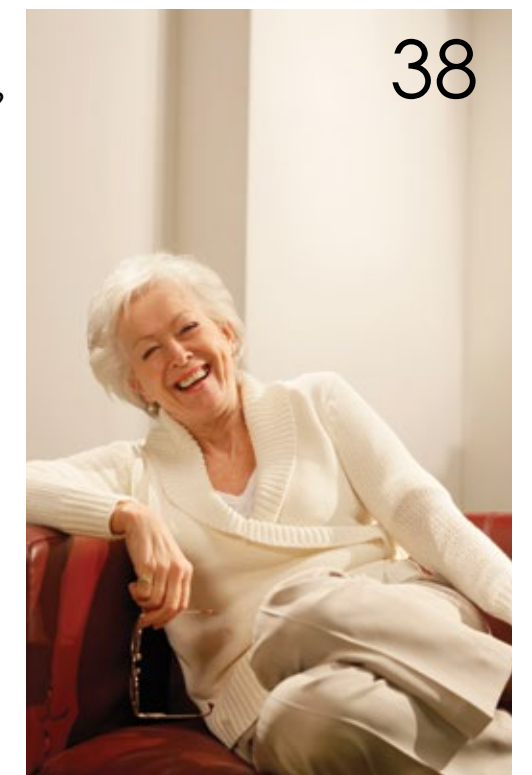


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Letter From the Chairman & CEO

Making a Difference for All by Dan Madsen



Dan Madsen, Chairman, CEO, Leisure Care

Welcome to the fall issue of LIV FUN. Wow, the year sure is flying by. We've had a great summer in Seattle, full of sun, travel and celebration, and the second half of the year is off to a great start. The theme of this issue is "Transformation," and what an appropriate theme that is. After all, at Leisure Care that is our mission — to transform lives. Whether an executive at the corporate office, a housekeeper at a community, a resident or a friend, everyone connected to Leisure Care should make it their goal to positively impact the lives of those they come into contact with each and every day.

Recently, I was able to celebrate some great people who have done just that. This past June one of my favorite events of the year took place. General managers from throughout the company gathered in Seattle for the annual management conference and awards celebration. This is always a wonderful time to reflect on the past year and celebrate the stellar leaders of our company. I'd like to extend heartfelt congratulations to Kate Harrison, general manager of The Bellettini in Bellevue, Washington, and Lee Hess, general manager of Markham House in Portland, Oregon, for being named GMs of the Year 2012. Your professionalism, innovation and dedication to always serving your customers with finesse and a smile exemplify what it means to not only be a great leader, but a representative of this company. Thank you. And let's not forget Tim Smale, general manager of Tapestry at Village Gate West in Toronto, Ontario, for being named Rookie of the Year 2012. You and everyone at Tapestry knocked it out of the park. And thank you to everyone else who was recognized at the awards ceremony or who will undoubtedly be recognized in the future. I'm sure I can speak on behalf of your residents, family members and friends when I say that it is because of you that their lives are changed for the better each and every day. (Photographs and details from this year's event are shown on page 35.)

As most of you know, philanthropy is a core value of Leisure Care. In fact, it's the second third of the Three-Thirds Lifestyle, behind family. Next month another one of my favorite events of the year will take place — the One Eighty Foundation's annual KIRO Kids Classic Golf Tournament and Dinner Auction. Benefiting local children and families in need, the tournament is not only a great way to support the local Seattle community, it's a great time to connect with friends and colleagues for a bit of friendly competition. If you are in the Seattle area, I encourage you to come and join us. If you are not in Seattle, I hope you have found your own philanthropic passions and will continue to support your local communities.

It's been a transformative year at Leisure Care, and I can honestly say I have never been more excited for the future. Thank you to everyone who has chosen to live with us, work with us, and ultimately call Leisure Care home. Here's to a great finish to an already fantastic year!

Regards,
Dan Madsen
 Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care



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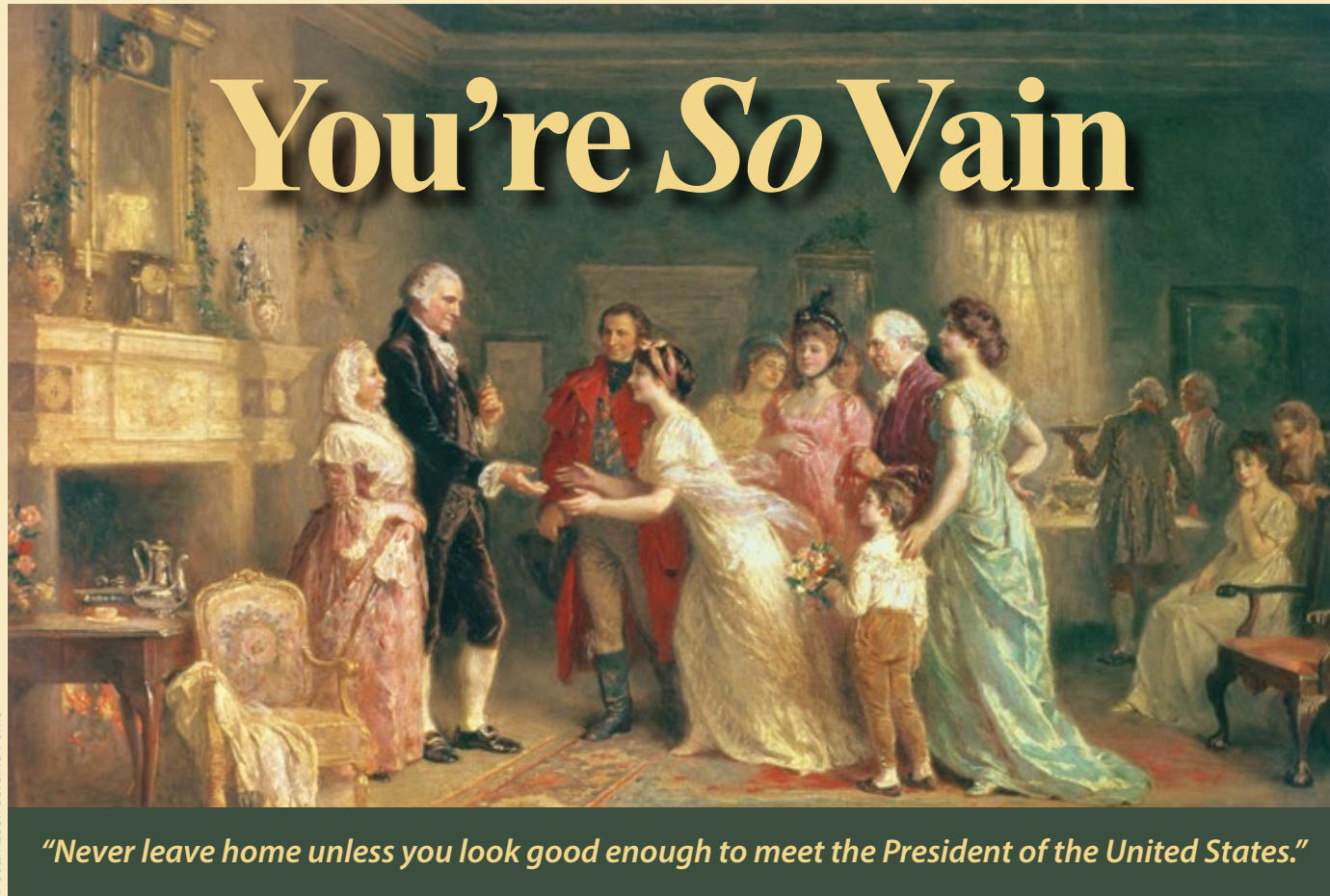
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Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self



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You're So Vain

"Never leave home unless you look good enough to meet the President of the United States."

True shape shifting comes from within ... although a little exterior help never hurts.

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

Nothing personal, but do those Frownies you wear to bed at night really kick-start your inner *joie de vivre*? How many summer dresses are enough to satisfy your deeply ingrained "girly girl" instinct? Why is your vanity table called a vanity? I didn't say mine; I said yours.

In *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen said, "Pride relates more to our opinion of ourselves, vanity to what we would have others think of us." Which is a virtue, which a defect? Ah, there's a sticky wicket.

"Here's a thought:

When I exfoliate my skin, am I sloughing off more than dead skin cells, perhaps also eliminating essential moral fiber?"

Men, take note: Hamlet did not declare, "Vanity, thy name is woman." In fact, the male of all species sports the flashier accoutrement, peacocks being so aptly named.

That is, all species except humans, in which the females sweep the beauty awards. Why shouldn't women celebrate this distinction? Although, really, do you think Brad Pitt never gazes at himself in a mirror?

Beauty radiates from within, so I hear. Then, I'm also told beauty is only skin deep. Here's a thought: When I exfoliate my skin, am I sloughing off more than dead skin cells, perhaps also eliminating essential moral fiber? Does sloughing off those dead skin cells reveal a heretofore hidden persona? Why won't my husband let me exfoliate him?

Those cute toys called "Transformers" appeal to everyone's desire to play God; still, if I can transform a dump truck into a superhero, how come I can't affix four inches to my height? It can be done, though, with surgery: An increasingly popular operation adds height by splinting metal rods between surgically separated leg bones, adding inches, and perhaps a measure of self-confidence, to thousands of "height-challenged" humans. Behold: flamingo legs straight out of *GQ* and *Vanity Fair*.

Like Transformers, the animated Japanese arts anime, manga and tokusatsu often draw on the act of *Henshin*, mythology's concept of shapeshifting. And all along you thought shapeshifting meant tucking your belly fat under a Sansabelt. I ask, what profit derives from retrofitting my physical self?

Shapeshifting in the literal sense made a billionaire of Sara Blakely, who invented Spanx body shapers. Talk about re-shaping the exterior; some Spanx even elevate the posterior. Don't knock 'em, guys; flab isn't gender-specific. Spanx's biggest transformation, though, is to Blakely, who morphed from door-to-door sales rep to owning her own corporation hauling in billions of dollars. Blakely's lifestyle has definitely transformed, but if her inner self shapeshifted only she knows for sure.

By helping women everywhere look better in their clothes, Blakely earned her standing as the world's youngest self-made female billionaire and is one of *Time Magazine's* "100 Most Influential People in the World." Blakely is also the first woman billionaire to sign the Giving Pledge, promising to donate one-half of her profits to charitable causes. Pushed to guess, I'd say this genius shapeshifter always possessed a heart of gold.

Can I change the shape of my character by slipping on a Spanx product? Nope. But I can defy gravity, and sometimes that's all a narcissistic, vain, dudette needs to lift her, uh, spirits. I can go from dingy gray to platinum glam in approximately 45 minutes, counting blow dry, and feel like a gazillion bucks for six weeks. I can spend my last penny on a bottle of Coco Mademoiselle and lift my olfactory senses out of the doldrums. I can flick through racks of sexy clothes until my carpal tunnel kicks in and fall in love with *the perfect dress*. Most important, all these vain self-serving gifts and ministrations help to deflect my focus from the passage of time that marks the eventual moment when I could give a fig how I look — specifically, after my ashes are shot into space from whence they may have originated. I abide by the maxim, "Live long and *still* leave a beautiful corpse."

A smart mother (not mine) once told her daughter, "Never leave home unless you look good enough to meet the President of the United States." As I often remind my husband, it's not vanity that drives women (and increasingly, men) to fuss over their appearances; it's respect for the folks you meet.

The most effective exterior transformation, though, kicks in from the brain. It's attitude. We each are capable of manufacturing grace and scattering it around randomly. It's the easiest, perhaps best, transformation of both interior and exterior — all it takes is a smile. Go on; grin till it hurts. They say you've got to suffer to be beautiful. ♦



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ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

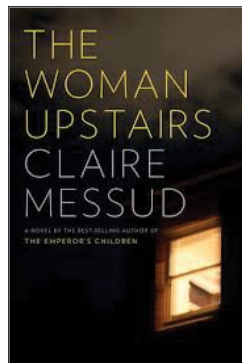
Our picks of books, movies and music that speaks to change, the only constant.

books | movies | music

BOOK REVIEWS

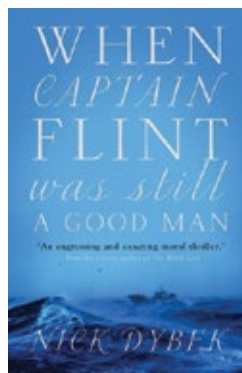
At the edge of ourselves, and just beyond, is where the transformation begins.

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



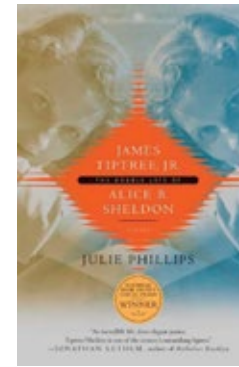
The Woman Upstairs by Claire Messud (Knopf, \$25.95)

Elementary schoolteacher Nora Eldridge reveals how at the heart of every dutiful, nice woman lies a beating knot of anger. This repressed rage and resentment is not socially acceptable to acknowledge, so most women relegate her to the Woman Upstairs. Nora's regimented, nice-girl life transforms when Reza Shahid arrives in her third-grade class. Nora is intoxicated by the worldly and passionate Shahids and finds herself folded easily into their family life and her shared artistic endeavors with Reza's mother Sirena. As Nora's infatuation grows, she discovers the risks involved in vulnerability, along with the possibilities of a life more fully lived. Messud's meditation on a modern woman's struggle to reconcile her interior emotions with her exterior life is complex and thought-provoking in this bracing novel of passion and betrayal.



When Captain Flint Was Still a Good Man by Nick Dybek (Riverhead Press, \$16.00)

Dybek's debut is set in the fictional Washington State town of Loyalty Island, a coastal community whose main industry is crabbing. Fourteen-year-old Cal Bollings has watched his father and the other men of Loyalty leave year after year for Alaska's waters, working for boating business owner John Gaunt. When Gaunt dies and leaves the business to his outsider son, Richard, Cal's mother leaves town, stranding Cal to be looked after by his friend Jamie's addled mother. When Richard heads out on the expedition with the men and disappears at sea, Cal learns that the men of Loyalty will stop at nothing to keep their livelihood. In the process, he and Jamie unwittingly uncover a secret so combustible it could tear their town apart. In understated prose, and with atmospheric details of the Northwest, Cal's coming-of-age rapidly devolves into a tale of morality.



James Tiptree, Jr.: The Double Life of Alice B. Sheldon by Julie Phillips (Picador, \$22.00)

Who was James Tiptree, Jr., and why did Alice B. Sheldon see fit to invent him? This question still haunts the science fiction and feminist literary universe. Phillips' biography of this remarkable woman is, as writer Jonathan Lethem attests, "an incredible life, done elegant justice." Raised in well-connected Chicago society, Alice Bradley spent much of her childhood on safari in Africa where her parents explored and hunted big game. Alice married and divorced young and joined the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps service during WWII, going on to work for the CIA, where she met her second husband, Ting Sheldon. During her post-doctoral work in psychology, Alice began writing science fiction stories, publishing them under the pseudonym James Tiptree, Jr. Tiptree's short stories were bold explorations of science fiction tropes, sex and gender. Phillips truly does elegant justice to a fascinating woman whose rich inner life and struggles illuminate the way for future women and writers.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Settle in and let these cinematic gems take you away.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for KUOW-FM



Avanti! (1972)

The multi-Oscar-winning writer-director Billy Wilder had a storied career that ranged from the drama of *Sunset Boulevard* to the comedy of *Some Like It Hot*, but this 1972 romance was a complete box-office belly flop. It deserved better: Warm and leisurely, *Avanti!* is a lovely tale of transformation set in the Italian sun. Wilder blends sweet and sour in clever proportions, using stereotypes in order to upend them. Jack Lemmon plays a go-go American businessman forced to travel to small-town Italy to claim the body of his father, who was killed in a car accident along with a long-time mistress. He must also deal with the paramour's daughter (Juliet Mills) and the maddening Italian tendency to appreciate life rather than timetables. Lemmon's character begins the movie as a self-centered, sexist louse, but it's funny how a few days of wine, music and romance can change a guy. As he did with the womanizing musicians in *Some Like It Hot*, Wilder pulls the rug out from under his protagonist and forces him to become something new — a delightful process to witness.



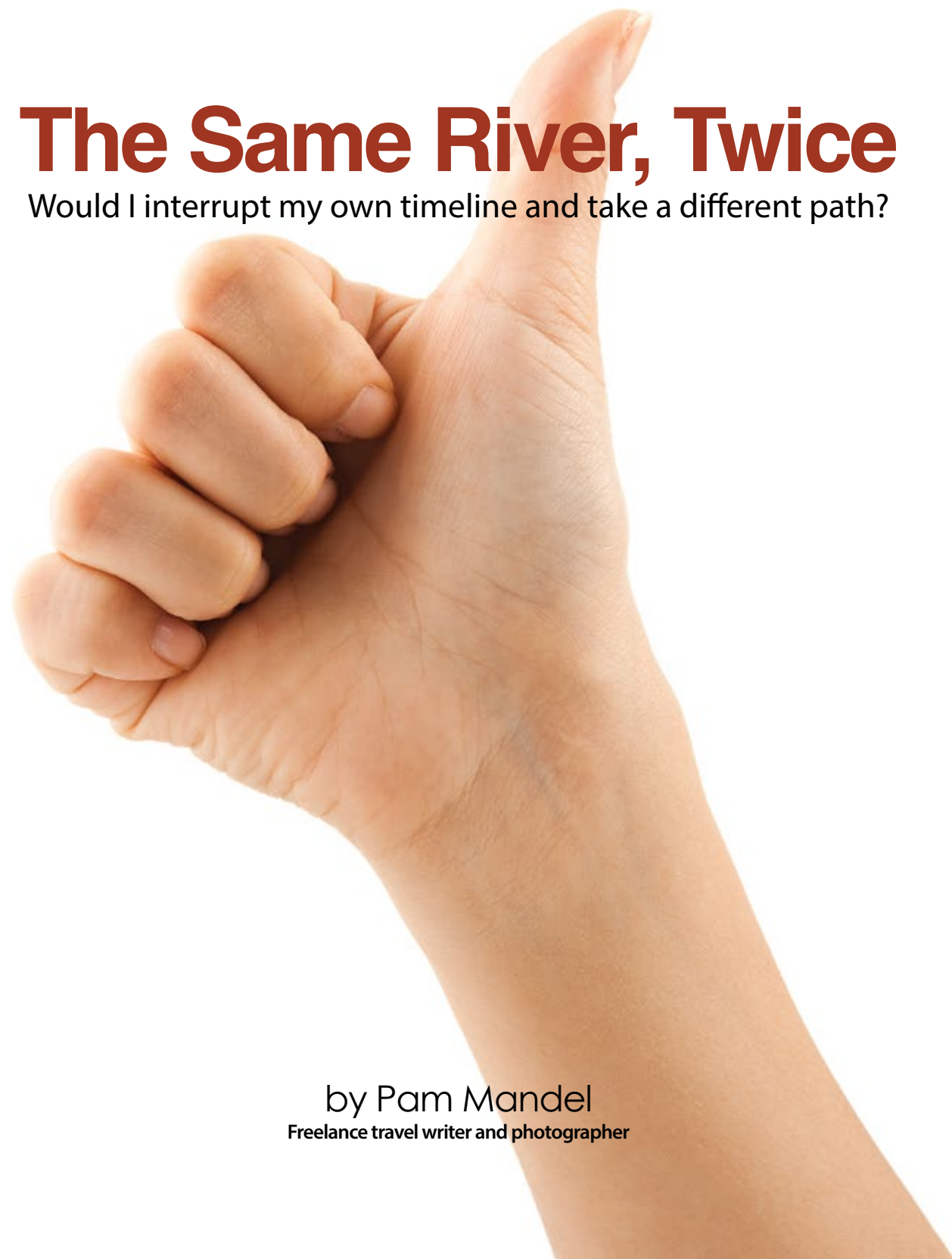
The Incredible Shrinking Man (1957)

The title may conjure up fond memories of late-show horror movies, and it should. But a grown-up look at this 1957 film might bring a surprise: Despite the crazy premise and the cheesy title, *The Incredible Shrinking Man* is a thoughtful and — in the end — downright philosophical look at nothing less than man's place in the cosmos. Scott Carey (Grant Williams) is caught one day in a strange, glittery mist while boating with his wife. Months later, he finds himself inexplicably getting smaller. The more he shrinks, the more Scott is forced to question his ideas about life, masculinity, and what it means to be a "big man" in the world. Yes, there are spectacular special effects scenes with furniture and spiders that tower over tiny Scott, but there's also director Jack Arnold's addition to the original story by veteran fantasy writer Richard Matheson: a final soliloquy in which Scott accepts his role in the universe. "So close, the infinitesimal and the infinite — but, suddenly, I knew they were really two ends of the same concept." A remarkable finish to an unusual movie.

Entertain Your Brain: Continued on page 40

The Same River, Twice

Would I interrupt my own timeline and take a different path?



by Pam Mandel
Freelance travel writer and photographer

© Chris Stein

He was tall, good looking, and had attended an expensive prep school where he learned to talk pretty. He liked dancing to pop music, drinking beer and traveling. His father wanted him to be a real estate agent; he was not interested in a desk job. He was sarcastic and smart — a reader. I sometimes imagine going back in time to talk to my former self. “He’s attractive, but he’s bad news. Run for it.”

I did not run for it. I was so young, unconstrained by gravity or common sense. I went to London, his home, and together we went to Paris, Tel Aviv, Karachi, and finally New Delhi, where I wasted with giardia and salmonella, I blew what was left of my money on a plane ticket back to the U.S.

wanted to see him. It is possible I had written those words in a letter a year back, but it was no longer true. After an awkward half hour, I told him to go away. Seeing him reminded me that he had made me feel small and stupid. The woman standing in this sunny California backyard was not the one he’d last seen at the airport in New Delhi. The me I had turned into told him to go, and he did. I closed the front door behind him and sat outside smoking cigarettes until the rattled feeling was gone.

Decades later, I received an email from him — he’d found my writing online and got in touch. “People don’t change, do they?” he wrote.

I’ll always think you were a jerk, if that’s what you mean, I thought and deleted his email. People do change; they become more and more them-

a few pictures of me in India, stick skinny and serious.

We were ill prepared for this journey. The travel was hard, made harder by the fact the local people seemed disinclined to help my boyfriend. Memory says that I did all the talking — if I made the deal, the prices were better, the drivers were nicer, the hotel desk clerks more willing to attend to a broken swamp cooler. In retrospect, it makes sense; we were in India and he was English, but it could also have been that he was not very nice.

This had an upside. One of my most dreamlike memories of this trip is of wandering into a Himalayan village to ask a local Ladakhi family if I could use their kitchen fire. They invited me into their dark, smoky house and gave me a glass of tea. I was there long

“People don’t change, do they?”



Now: Pam Mandel, recalling tales of ponies.



Then: Pam (3rd from L) ponytailed.

I returned to the U.S. a different person. After my travels in India, I would encounter other people who had done the same and we would have a *moment*. We had seen things, we had taken very long walks, we had earned the same badges. It was not country-counting snobbery, or a competition, it was a nod, an acknowledgement that we had shifted. Nothing bad happened to me in India beyond a difficult-to-treat but typical case of traveler’s gut. But I had walked the markets of Old Delhi without a guide and stumbled over the rocky high passes of the Himalayas, and I was changed for the experience.

Two years later, the Englishman showed up at my home in California. A mutual travel friend had told him I

selfes as time goes by, though doing something like going to India when you are young and in the company of a mean boyfriend will accelerate certain parts of that change.

I recently sliced open the tape on a box I had not opened since two or three addresses back. There was my past in all its Kodachrome four-by-six print glory. I found a picture of myself as an exchange student in Sweden surrounded by pale-complexioned blondes; I look shockingly exotic. There is a picture of me in the Negev Desert in Israel. There are no distinguishing landmarks, but I know exactly when it was by how strong I look. There are pictures of the nameless English boyfriend. There are just

enough for my dinner to cook. We did not speak, we just looked at each other with open faces.

Our adventure was staggering — we traveled by train from Karachi to Central Pakistan and by pickup truck to Islamabad. We took a train from Islamabad to Srinigar, traveled first by bus and then, hitchhiking with truck drivers, went up into the foothills of the Himalayas into Ladakh. From Leh we walked to Manali over swinging rope bridges, through rushing glacier streams cold as ice, and along ribbons of catwalk trails where with each step gravel went sliding into valleys miles below. We had the wrong

Out & About: *Continued on page 41*

Where Did That Girl Go?

Is the I that is me simply the sum of my physical parts?

by Carlene Cross

I noticed the changes around 50. I had always been physically strong; growing up, my father subscribed to the notion that one good Montana farm kid could do the work of a strapping cowboy any sweltering afternoon. By the age of 10, I was bucking bales, changing sprinkler pipes, stacking 50-pound grain sacks, and chasing cattle across miles of hill country. I took that effortless physicality into high school track, cheerleading and cross country. After my children were born, I taught aerobics and body building and fell in love with yoga. Throughout life I lifted couches and climbed steep roofs without ever considering that someday my body might not do what my mind dictated.

Then it seemed that I crossed over some invisible threshold, and, suddenly, opening vacuum-sealed jars or lifting boxes of history books no longer came with such ease. When I ran, I had to consider absurd things like my knee caps. At first I refused to acknowledge the changes. I completely rejected the idea that I would ever feel like Jack Gaston, an old homesteader who came into our farmhouse slapping his Stetson against his bony hip to knock the blizzard off. He had off-kilter, crazy-as-the-wind eyes and an arthritic back that made him look like a perching raven. Even after he shook the snow from his brittle limbs, his pencil-thin legs kept wobbling this way and that until he made his way over to the kitchen table. It made me nervous that he kept trembling even after he'd slumped into the chair, looking as though he was trying to shiver himself back to life.



*"He had off-kilter, crazy-as-the-wind eyes
and an arthritic back that made him look like a perching raven."*



© Carlene Cross

"Shore is cold," old Gaston would say. "Makes ya pine for the thaw."

I continued to think about Gaston until one day I phoned my mother. "How old was Jack Gaston when I was a kid?"

"Oh about 60," she said.

"60?" I hollered back.

"I don't know; maybe his late 50s."

My mind froze, struck numb by the realization that this could be me in the not-too-distant future. I immediately began eating more blueberries and fermented sauerkraut. I purchased a scandalously expensive Lancôme eye cream and signed up for advanced Pilates. But the transition also made me consider a more esoteric question: Was the *I* that was *me* entirely the sum of my physical parts? Or was this earthly form simply the vehicle that transported my spirit through life?

Although the question was philosophical, for me it was also bone-chillingly practical. If this body was all that I had, a certain dread would accompany aging. My loss of strength would signal a gradual forfeiture of the physical hold that I had always exerted over life and, with it, any power I had to control my destiny. I realized how strongly I identified with the agile girl who could pull, lift and pirouette her way through life. Once she was gone, who would be left?

The answer did not come to me through the same philosophical reasoning that posited it, but again through my physical body. Although I was not a seasoned meditator, I practiced it enough to know the feeling of pure quiet when the flesh and bones of my being dropped away. In those moments, I knew something remained. This *me* did not have a face or

a body. It was not the farm girl or the cheerleader or the aerobics instructor. It did not share the concerns of this world. It was the consciousness that remained constant in the flood of shifting circumstances, wins and losses, joys and grief — all of life's ego experiences.

In those moments of bliss, I felt my soul rising above the fray into indefinable, noiseless peace. I followed a light paling to a golden blanket along the horizon. Not held by continents of geography, history or time, I felt released from this material shell.

Scientific materialism has pooh-poohed the idea of the human spirit, especially one that, after death, could exist independent of brain matter. Mystics like Teilhard de Chardin have been dismissed as weak-minded (even though de Chardin was a respected paleontologist/scientist himself). When the body dies, science insists, our awareness goes with it. However, in the past few years and within its own ranks, this paradigm has been assaulted. The latest dissenter is Eben Alexander. A highly trained neurosurgeon, Alexander was a steadfast skeptic until his own Near Death Experience (NDE). In 2008, his brain was attacked by a rare form of meningitis, and it completely shut down. After seven days, his doctors contemplated ending life support. Then he suddenly awoke. Soon he was telling the unlikely tale of cherubic beings, divine hosts and heavenly realms. Even more extraordinary was his new-found insistence on the immortality of human consciousness. He now has taken ranks with a growing cadre of medical doctors (along with thousands of common folk) who have adopted a radical change in worldview since their own NDEs.

For me, I do not find confirmation of the spirit in these metaphysical memoirs, even though I find them fascinating. I experience it when I meditate. It's why as I grow older I practice it more. As I become more acquainted with the *me* beyond me, my fear of growing older subsides and it is replaced by a feeling of anticipation for the adventure ahead.

Not that I am going to give up trying to stay in good condition. I still juice my organic vegetables every morning and take my antioxidant vitamins, but out of responsible ownership, like you'd attempt

to keep your '57 Chevy running on all cylinders. And I don't yet feel like Jack — not because of my longevity regime but because I haven't shared his lifelong habit of chewing snuff, throwing himself off rodeo broncos, or being run over by 500-pound farm animals.

I am aging, nonetheless. For now, I continue to do it gracefully, without clinging to this flesh, however the process unfolds. Remembering that I am more than the sum of my physical parts makes it easier. ♦

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Be Good To Yourself. Volunteer.

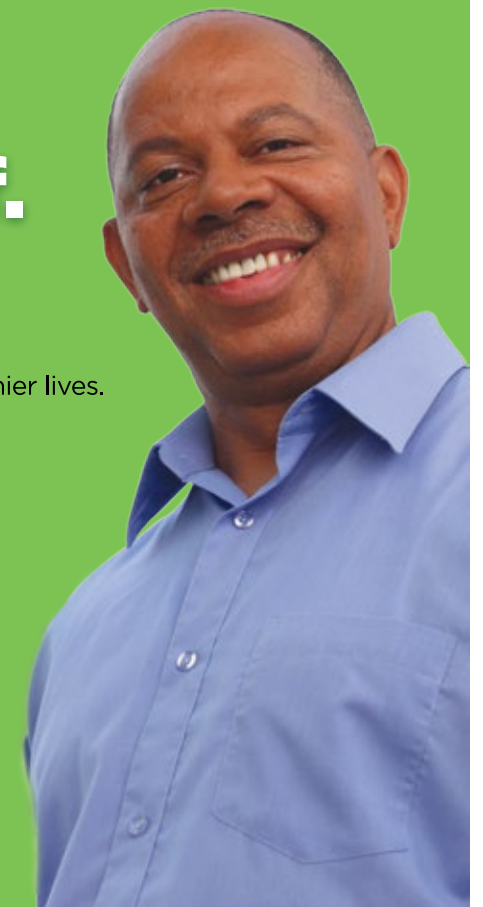
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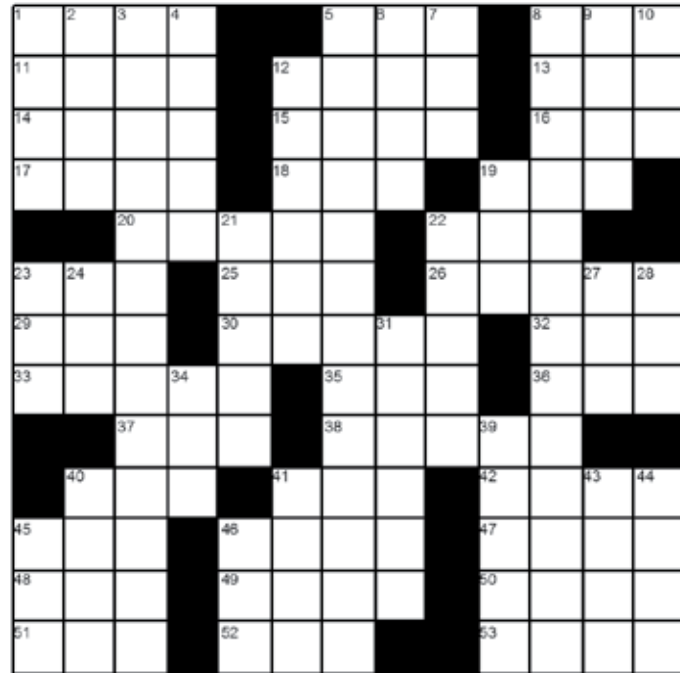


The three Senior Corps programs — RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through service and volunteering.



Crossword Puzzle

Spare Change



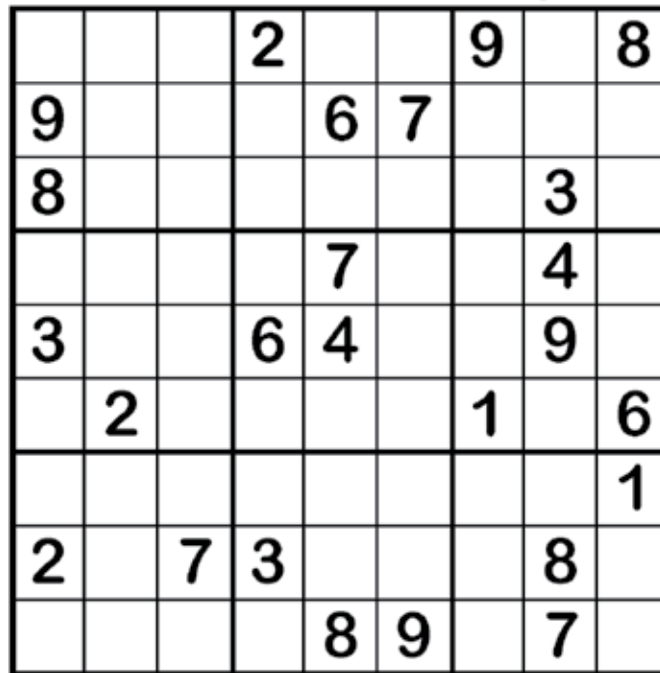
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ACROSS

- 1 "I'll have the ____"
- 5 Possesses
- 8 Cause of Chinese Restaurant Syndrome
- 11 Word before mitt or after microwave
- 12 Anger may TRANSFORM your hand into this
- 13 The loneliest number
- 14 Party
- 15 Followers (suffix)
- 16 Light setting
- 17 Streetcar or trolley
- 18 Airport posting
- 19 After to or half
- 20 Ancient gift
- 22 Game official, for short
- 23 Mid-summer sign
- 25 Diamonds, in slang
- 26 TRANSFORMS text
- 29 Drop the ball
- 30 River formation
- 32 Flippant answer to "Why?" (variant)
- 33 Plains dwelling
- 35 After motor or before change
- 36 Supped
- 37 Possessive pronoun
- 38 Entice
- 40 Small part of a mechanism
- 41 Old Ford model
- 42 _____-de-camp
- 45 Transportation option
- 46 Young kangaroo
- 47 Crucifixion symbol
- 48 Asian sash
- 49 Monster
- 50 Defensive weapon, some-times
- 51 Proposer's wish
- 52 Type of poodle
- 53 Group (abbr)

Sudoku

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



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DIFFICULTY: ★★☆☆

DOWN

- 1 Before ware or sell
- 2 Assert
- 3 Insect TRANSFORMA-TION
- 4 Combatant
- 5 One way to TRANSFORM your lifestyle
- 6 Lost
- 7 Rds.
- 8 TRANSFORMATIONS
- 9 Agitated state
- 10 Emerald
- 12 Like a wolverine
- 19 How to TRANSFORM a friendship
- 21 What you may pickup along the road
- 22 Kingdom
- 23 Rent
- 24 Andy Capp's "Present"
- 27 Famous King
- 28 Direction
- 31 Hippie fashion technique
- 34 Lab test
- 39 Winter wear, sometimes
- 40 Die shape
- 41 Corporate icon
- 43 Some deer
- 44 Paradise
- 45 After oh or atta
- 46 Write briefly and succinctly

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond



Doomed by Our DNA?

Are we held hostage to our genes, or are more forces at play?

by Stephan J. Smith
Doctor of Chiropractic

For years now, we've been sold the notion that we are powerless to change what our parents passed to us in the way of traits. "My mother is a Type 2 diabetic, so I probably will be as well." Or, "I'll never be able to lose weight because my whole family is large." Or, "Heart disease runs in my family."

Many in the medical community perpetuate the idea that your genes determine your outcome, so you might as well accept the inevitable and intervene in surgical or pharmaceutical ways. But are we really slaves to our misguided DNA?

Recent studies suggest not, and the concept is actually not a new one. As far back as 1942, C. H. Waddington coined the term "epigenetics," meaning *outside* or *above genetics*. His research indicated that there was more to our health than what our genome had in store.

The Science Behind the DNA

Consider this: Every cell in our bodies contains the exact same copy of our DNA, which is the blueprint for how we, our cells, are constructed. Yet our cells differentiate from one original fertilized egg into many different cell/tissue types. How does this happen unless other forces act on the genetic code, allowing or disallowing genetic expression?

We now know that there are specific proteins called histones that organize and group our DNA into nucleosomes, which act as the "spools" that our DNA winds around. But

these histones also play a role in gene regulation, and if modified, genetic expression is altered.

We also know that certain DNA constituent amino acids can be biochemically altered to change genetic expression.

What it Means in Real Terms

What does all of this mean to you? Studies suggest that what you eat, what you are exposed to, and maybe even your mental attitude can affect your epigenetic activity. For example, certain foods may help prevent cancer, while exposure to many toxins increase your cancer risk.¹ Your diet and activity levels may influence your tendency for developing obesity in epigenetic ways as well, not just in caloric ways.²

In other words, it's not just that food makes us fat; the wrong food may in fact reprogram our DNA to work differently.

Healthy U: *Continued on page 41*

Sources:

¹Davis CD, Ross SA. (2007). "Dietary components impact histone modifications and cancer risk." *Nutr Rev.* Feb; 65 (2): 88-94.

²Campion J, Milagro FI, Martinez JA. (2009). "Individuality and epigenetics in obesity." *Obes Rev.* 2009 Jul; 10 (4): 383-92.

Learner or Luddite?

by Sue Peterson, CFA

Managing Director,
Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

**True legacy
may require
a change in
the dance we do
with our
finances.**



© Reggie Casagrande

“The danger could be leaving a wake — an emotional legacy — for our heirs that becomes a caricature discussed over Thanksgiving dinner rather than a beautiful example to emulate.”

“If you don’t like the weather, wait five minutes.” Change is inevitable in our life, whether it is as insignificant as the weather or as meaningful as a personal relationship. Our relationship with money should also change over time or we risk being financial Luddites. The danger of this could be leaving a wake — an emotional legacy — for our heirs that becomes a caricature discussed over Thanksgiving dinner rather than a beautiful example to emulate.

Maxwell Maltz, the father of self-help books, states, “To change a habit, make a conscious decision, then act out the new behavior.”

In my work as a wealth manager for more than two decades, I’ve seen clients who embrace this statement and many others who do not. Each story provides a case study for how one’s viewpoint about money can serve as a bridge or an impediment to personal health and relationships. For example:

Dave’s parents wanted to leave their children an inheritance after they passed; in the short term, they gave generously of their time but very little in terms of monetary gifts to their children. Dave and his wife were bold enough to tell his folks: *We would rather spend time with you now than get an inheritance. Let’s use the money to go on vacations together with you instead of waiting to use the money when you are gone.* This affirmation of a mutual desire to spend time together and enjoy the fruits of the parents’ financial success in the present has led to an annual trip to Hawaii courtesy of Dave’s parents. Schedules magically align when parents are paying!

Leah’s grandfather was one of nine children, raised in rural Kentucky during the Depression era. He raised his own children frugally, with Leah’s father eating out for the first time when he turned 18. When Leah’s grandmother became ill, she received mediocre care and quickly passed away. When her grandfather became ill, he didn’t want to pay for care and also passed away. After his death, the family discovered millions of dollars in assets. One

could argue that this is a nice surprise for the family; however, it leaves mostly “what-if” questions. What if Grandma and Grandpa had paid for and received good medical care? For the heir that has already spent his share on alcohol, what if his father had intervened and offered to pay for treatment?

Carrie’s father was also raised during the Depression and still has “depression mentality.” He is well off and enjoys Whole Foods but won’t shop there because he believes they charge too much for fruit. She did the math for him and pointed out that if he ate an organic apple every day, he would pay, at most, another \$300/year, an amount that easily fits into his financial ability. He laughed and said, “Well if you look at it that way ...”

Yee’s parents always talked about leaving an inheritance for their two boys. Yee helped his parents understand that they have the financial capacity to more than cover their living expenses and also leave a financial legacy. He encouraged them to travel to places they have always wanted to visit and spend time with loved ones while they were in good health. Yee’s parents now travel with joy rather than a feeling of guilt that they are spending their children’s inheritance.

Each of these examples includes an assumption. Some believe that a legacy only means a financial inheritance; others feel that spending “too much” means more than you used to pay. Where do these assumptions and opinions come from? What is the message playing in your head? Is it still useful in light of your changed circumstances?

Now ask yourself some new questions: How much quality time do my spouse and I have remaining? How much longer can we travel? How much time do we really have until our children’s and grandchildren’s lives are too full to make time to be with us?


Perhaps changing your relationship with money will help you best deploy your capital during your remaining quality time. Another self-help author and speaker, Wayne Dyer, says it well: “If you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.” ♦



Savvy Sage
On Being an Elder

THE TWO OLD WOMEN

by Sandy Sabersky
Founding Director of Elderwise



Like the fable,
we can tap that wellspring within us
to find a new strength.

As human beings, there is something in us that compels us to change and grow. A toddler, determined to walk, will try again and again to stand and balance until he takes his first steps. What is it that propels us to tenaciously climb and grow and explore new horizons? Clearly there is something built into our essence that wants to become more.

Yet there is also a counter force that urges us to cling to the way things are. We become content, maybe even complacent, with our habits and patterns of living. It's comforting to shop at our usual store, enjoyable to buy our customary food, and pleasing to associate with our regular company. Or is it simply the fear of change that keeps us in stasis?

Social expectations add to the yen to stay as we are. Our friends and families, institutions, and organizations have become accustomed to our being a certain way. Change alters their balance, and everyone has to readjust. Our change is hard on others.

Regardless of the outside pressures, all too often our own inner voice prompts us to make a change — in a previously held idea or opinion, a relaxing of rigidity of thought, a shake-up of habits that no longer serve, even a simple change of scenery or new kitchen curtains. Regardless of the stimulus, change happens. As the ancient Greek philosopher Heraclitus stated, “There is nothing permanent except change; change alone is unchanging.”

I was chatting with friends while making beaded necklaces. One of our group had just retired, and we were all congratulating her. While certainly enjoying her new found free time, she

was struggling with other feelings not uncommon in the recently retired. She was concerned about her reasons for retiring. Was she no longer competent? Was she simply past her prime and she knew it? What did her colleagues think of her decision? Each one of us at the table that afternoon had our own concerns and worries regarding the shifts and changes in our lives.

“There is
nothing permanent
except change;
change alone is
unchanging.”

We were surprised to realize that we are all embarrassed by this state of flux we were in, feeling that by being “in process” we are admitting that we don't have it all figured out. At our age, shouldn't we be confident and secure? Instead, we were chagrined at our confusion and our vulnerability, and of the ripple effect our changes were having on the people in our lives. Change is scary; we don't always know how it's going to work out. What if, in the process of changing, we find ourselves less than, lacking, not as good as we're “supposed” to be?

Even as we undergo the struggle, we can also embrace the adventure of the transformative process. What new insights or new understandings might I gain? What can I notice along the way to increasing awareness? Am I becoming a kinder, more compassionate person? Am I more willing to share a

laugh or applaud others? What hidden strengths can I tap?

This process of transformation is charmingly depicted in a story called *Two Old Women*. During a particularly fierce winter, two old women were abandoned by their tribe — left to die — because they used up too much of the scarce resources.

Until that winter, the women had gotten a bit complacent, even lazy, embracing their aches and pains rather than their abilities and allowing others to do for them more than they really needed. Still, they certainly did not feel that their lives were ready to be over.

This outside stimulus of being abandoned to die roused in them an inner defiance; they were not ready to accept this fate and found in themselves tremendous strength, know-how, and a will to live. They not only lived, they thrived.

Ironically, their former tribe did not fare as well. A year later they reconnected, and it was the two women who helped the tribe with food and warm clothing. They earned a new respect from their tribe and gained a fresh sense of capability and value for themselves.

When faced with our own inevitable challenges, we can take courage from the two old women and find within us the strength to transform, whether we are confronted by an outside stimulus or our own inner voice demanding we soldier on and become more. ♦

Source:
Wallis, Velma. (1993). *Two Old Women: An Alaska Legend of Betrayal, Courage and Survival*. New York: Harper Collins.

I'm Still Here

by Dr. John Zeisel

Founder, Hearthstone Alzheimer Care & the I'm Still Here Foundation

**It takes
a village
to live well
with Alzheimer's.**

"I don't remember my grandmother being burdened by caring for him, but she must have been. She did not need to be."



© Willowpix



Intergenerational art making with Josiah Quincy School students, Boston, MA.



A guide leads engaging and interactive discussions fostering self-expression, creative thinking and reminiscence.

My grandfather Alexander — we called him Apus, the Hungarian word for Papa — was a gentle man. Every morning Apus toasted his bread and buttered it right up to the edge all around so as not to waste even the crust. He cut each filterless Pall Mall cigarette in half before he smoked it to not waste any precious tobacco. He lived next door with my grandmother and spent most of his old age either in the apartment or in the park nearby. People said he was senile. His life was limited, but it did not have to be. I don't remember my grandmother being burdened by caring for him, but she must have been. She did not need to be.

Today, communities around the country are giving people with dementia a life worth living and alleviating the burden of their care partners by joining a movement called *It Takes a Village*. In an Alzheimer's-friendly "village," there are

weekly museum tours with specially trained guides who know how to engage even those with memory challenges in stimulating conversation. In the Alzheimer's-friendly "village," there are planned conversations at a coffee shop each week, Alzheimer's-friendly poetry readings at the public library, group story creation at the local bookstore, cooking classes at a centrally located restaurant, and safe and organized walks in a nearby park.

It Takes a Village programs are organized by trained staff and a volunteer Village Advisory Board made up of those interested in providing everyone in the community access to public venues like these — their human right.

It Takes a Village is the brainchild of Sean Caulfield and myself of the Massachusetts-based I'm Still Here Foundation, an organization committed to promoting and raising funds for non-pharmacological ways to provide a worthwhile

life for people living with dementia. Each Village event is carefully developed to be Alzheimer's-friendly, based on tested communication approaches described in my easy-to-read book *I'm Still Here* (Penguin/Avery, 2009) and developed and tested in Alzheimer's-friendly programs in museums, movie theatres, libraries and other venues by *ARTZ: Artists for Alzheimer's* programs, organized by Sean Caulfield, the Foundation's creative director.

Developed initially for the London suburb of Barnet, the first *It Takes a Village* program in the U.S. was established in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 2011, with support from the Brookline Community Foundation, the McCance Family Trust, the Llewellyn Foundation, the Jane Cook Trust, the Cummings Foundation, and the Massachusetts Cultural Council. Programs are free to the public and available weekly and monthly at the Coolidge Corner Theatre, the Lars Anderson

Auto Museum, Panera Bread coffee shop, the public library, the community arts center, and even the local yoga studio.

Today, other towns and cities are working with the I'm Still Here Foundation to set up *It Takes a Village* programs. They include Seattle, WA; Birmingham, AL; Philadelphia, PA; Cincinnati, OH; Sacramento and San Francisco, CA; and the Boston, MA, communities of Roxbury and Watertown.

What does it take to establish an *It Takes a Village* program? First, it takes a transformation in how we see Alzheimer's and dementia. At present the popular view is that Alzheimer's is the worst thing that can happen to a person as they age — a loss of personality, memory, mind and self. Once diagnosed, this popular view holds that the person just isn't there. This despairing and mostly false view stops most care partners and people facing dementia from even trying to



Natural curiosity takes over at the Fuller Craft Museum, Brockton, MA.



Classic cars create vivid memories for participants at Larz Anderson Auto Museum, Brookline, MA.

find meaningful things to do in their lives. Fortunately, more and more people are realizing that there is life after a diagnosis, inspired by public figures like singer Glen Campbell and Tennessee basketball coach Pat Summit admitting they have Alzheimer's. After abandoning despair, and with this more positive viewpoint as ammunition, people are beginning to approach this disability with curiosity and creativity.

Second, it takes a community commitment to be part of the solution to dementia instead of part of the problem. Being part of the solution means learning how to engage with people living with this condition, even learning a whole new way to communicate. Being part of the solution means reaching out to those with dementia where they live to encourage them to take part in community events — to consciously include them rather than just passively accept them. Being part of the solution means embracing (I know this is a frightening-

ly positive word in this situation) dementia and Alzheimer's as a present and real part of our society.

Third, it takes individuals in our communities who are in touch with their deep compassion and empathy for others less well off — in this instance in terms of health and cognitive capacities. It takes overcoming our natural fear of future disability, abandoning our natural hope for eternal life, and accepting our collective humanity and attendant frailty. It is easy to do this with children — they each have a future. When children are ill, we are incredibly compassionate and do all we can to give them a life worth living. It is more difficult to do this for the very old who, even if we try to think of them as vital members of society, keep reminding us of the end of our own lives — something we would rather not confront. If we are to be inclusive in our communities, we need to include everyone, ourselves too, in our compassion.

What does an *It Takes a Village* community look like? Typically, you'll see a storefront that people pass with posted information about the many programs available for people with dementia in that town or city. Pictures of engaged participants — care partners and people with dementia — line the walls along with an exhibition of framed artworks generated at events. There are young and old volunteers arranging events and taking phone and computer reservation for painting classes, circus visits, and a host of other activities.

In an *It Takes a Village* community, you may see a group of older people walking into a movie theatre at 11 in the morning when most theaters are closed, and groups of elders sitting along the first base line at a minor league baseball game. You will read about these events in the local paper, and there will be interviews with participants, care partners, hosts and per-

formers that media outlets air to publicize the *It Takes a Village* program.

We must find ways to forestall the impact and the cost of the tsunami of dementia care that is almost upon us. The most promising way is to face it head on, transform the challenge into a positive life-enhancing force, and come together as a community — a village — to engage, amuse, enliven, and altogether give people with dementia a life worth living. We each have the energy and creativity. Our communities have the resources. All it takes is a decision to act — and the will to do so. ♦

Sources:

Dr. John Zeisel. (2009). *I'm Still Here: A New Philosophy of Alzheimer's Care*. Penguin/Avery.

Listen to a recent talk based on the book, given by Dr. Zeisel here: <http://tiny.cc/ztalk>.

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: Our son married a crazy, needy woman with no boundaries and no recognition that other people have needs too. They live out of state, but visit us from time to time, usually without much advance notice. We moved from our house to a retirement condo, so we don't even have a decent space in which to put them up, but they won't consider sleeping in a hotel. No matter how hard we try, something sets her off every time, and then we get to overhear her tearfully complaining to our son about how awful we are, how we don't accept her, etc. My husband thinks the best thing is just to let them visit when they visit and get it over with — to avoid additional conflict. I want him to set a boundary with them about visits. He and I end up fighting every time we try to talk about it. How do I deal with this?

A. It sounds like you are damned if you do and damned if you don't, so you don't have much to lose from attempting to set healthy boundaries.

1. Remember that you and your husband are on the same team. Pick a good time to talk about the situation, and start by connecting heart-to-heart about how hard it is and that your main goal is to support each other through this. Take time to validate each other's concerns and preferences. Use "I feel" statements to share your thoughts, and listen carefully while your partner does the same. Repeat back what you've heard to be sure you understand.

2. Articulate your best-case scenarios to each other. What would the ideal arrangement be? What's most important — advance notice that they are coming? Or making sure they stay at a hotel, not in your home? Limiting how long they visit? No visits at all? Maybe meeting at a neutral territory for get-togethers?

3. Brainstorm a contingency plan. If you can't get advance notice for when they are coming to town, how will you respond to a surprise visit? Can you have a "prior obligation" to be visiting out-of-town guests yourself? If you can't get them to stay in a hotel, can you go stay in a hotel

while they stay in your house? Be creative and dream up possible responses to your impossible situation.

4. Once you are clear on your needs and hopes, and you have flexible options if solutions fall through, you are ready to attempt communication.

It sounds like your son's wife has serious issues, so I can understand your husband's reluctance to face it head-on. Nonetheless, I encourage you to deliver a carefully crafted message describing your fundamental needs. Make sure you present it as a unified front: "This is what we need." Put it in writing, and deliver it to your son. Give him time to digest it and share it with his wife. See if you can collaborate with him so that ultimately everyone's needs (hers included) get considered, and everyone can accept some predictable structure around visits. You never know, sometimes people feel safer with structured boundaries. Or, if the rules infuriate her, maybe she won't want to visit at all for a while — that's a "win" of sorts, right? Seriously, you have my sympathy for this messed-up situation, but I hope you can keep your sense of humor about it as well. Your needs matter. Good luck! ♦

For more help dealing with delicate family relationships, try the following:

Brann, Deanna (2013). *Reluctantly Related: Secrets to Getting Along with Your Mother-in-law or Daughter-in-law*, New Shelves Publishing.

Coleman, Joshua (2008). *When Parents Hurt: Compassionate Strategies When You and Your Grown Child Don't Get Along*, HarperCollins, New York.

Manning, Shari Y. (2011). *Loving Someone with Borderline Personality Disorder: How to Keep Out-of-Control Emotions from Destroying Your Relationship*, Guilford Publications.

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FACED WITH HER COLLECTION OF MASKS,
ONE WOMAN UNCOVERS THEIR GREATER PURPOSE.

by Beverly Ingle

San Antonio-based writer, author and Southern lady

Woman, wife, mother, daughter, friend, writer, strategist, design thinker, closet librarian, Southerner and smart-ass—these are the identities that best describe who I am now. That wasn't always the case; I wouldn't have used that same combination of descriptors a decade ago, or during any other decade past for that matter.

In the constant transformation of life I have worn many masks. Some were immediately comfortable — covering

rough spots while establishing relationships and careers — and allowed me to leave the house with an air of confidence. Some were trendy and looked fabulous from afar, but suffocated once they were on. Some I considered long and hard before allowing myself to don, and as my gut instinct had told me, they were just “meh.” Then there were those rare times I took off all disguises and faced the world as myself.

Disguising our identities is a very human activity; evidence of masks exists from as early as 7000 B.C. It starts the moment we wonder who we are, how we fit into the world around us, and will others accept us? That first questioning typically — and rather cruelly — occurs during adolescence, when raging hormones and other physiological changes kick into overdrive. We wear masks not only to hide our own uncertain selves, but to try out alternate identities and fantasize about who we might be. Who among us hasn't been The Rebel, The Good Girl/Boy, The Wild Child, The Teacher's Pet, The Hippie or The Jock, or some combination thereof?

I've had my own share of tried-and-discarded personas over the years. One in particular felt as absurd as a Mardi Gras costume at a church meeting. In my early '20s, I believed it absolutely essential to be a member of The Junior League, a national philanthropic organization for women known as much for “ladies who lunch” as for its significant contributions to the communities in which it operates. In an effort to become Junior League material, I molded myself into an identity that I considered spot-on perfect, but was perfectly stifling. I bit my tongue when I wanted to speak my mind; I practiced speaking — and laughing — more softly and ladylike; and I followed the rules to the letter even knowing they were skewed to protect the already privileged.

I successfully functioned this way for three years until my true self exploded from its psychological prison, triggered by a financial punishment imposed upon me that I felt was not just unfair but downright punitive. Once unmasked, my true self reveled in speaking its mind, unflinchingly stating its case and unabashedly standing its ground. After several verbal volleys with the

board of directors I was dismissed from the League. Out. Done. Goodbye. My League-wanna-be identity was stunned and hurt. My true self breathed a huge sigh of relief as it shook off the remnants of the restraints.

Was that the revelatory moment when I embraced my true identity and settled into who am I? Of course not. The post-League years saw a succession of other masks, including Perfect Wife and Mother, Wild Child and Workaholic Professional.

With the benefit of hindsight, and some self-reflection, I began to see a larger purpose for our facades. Our masks do something for us, providing armor against a harsh reality, giving us time to adjust and space to breathe. The “super-calm-and-collected-mom” front I erected while my newborn twins were in NICU helped me be present for those tiny babies, while inside I was a mess. That mask provided a level of courage I could not summon *au naturel*.

Yet they also do something to us, cutting us off from experiencing the moment, the bitter and the sweet together. And like those plastic Halloween costumes of decades ago, they smother if left on too long. Knowing when it's safe to put the masks aside comes only when we have successfully faced the world as we are, with no discernible catastrophe and even a measure of success.

We all need a little help from time to time to get through the changes in our lives. Brave in the face of illness; calm in a sea of chaos; peaceful in a time of hardship; these are the masks I continue to use, though sparingly now. So pardon me as I slip back into something comfortable while I gather my thoughts and my courage. I know that the masquerade this time will be short-lived, and I'll once again show my face to the sun. ♦

“ Who among us hasn't been The Rebel, The Good Girl/Boy, The Wild Child, The Teacher's Pet, The Hippie or The Jock, or a combination thereof? ”

Retire Like You Mean It

Your Life, Your Rules

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



Introducing Our Two Features This Issue



George Simon
Inventor and Athlete Extraordinaire



Leadership Conference
Seattle, June 2013
Transforming Lives

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One

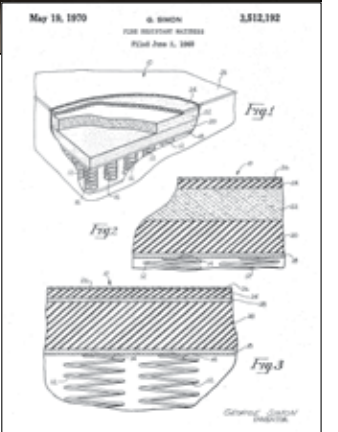
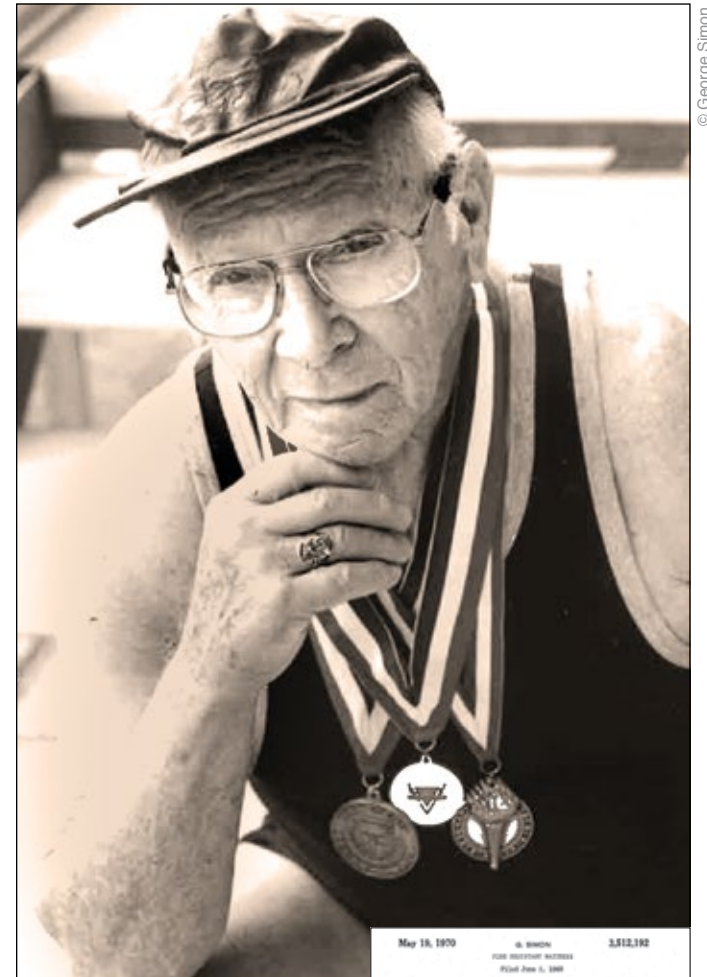
90 Years of Never Giving Up

by Mallory Stratton
Leisure Care Intern

George Simon sits in his Fresno, California, apartment, enjoying the sunshine while glancing at a poster that has hung on his wall for years. “Never Give Up,” it reads, has been his motto for the past 90 years. To George, it’s never been about winning the race, but about trying new things. From inventing the world’s first fire-resistant mattress to winning a U.S. National gold medal for running, to publishing his own book, to even receiving a telegram from President Lyndon B. Johnson inviting him to the White House.

George was born in Los Angeles on March 2, 1923. From childhood he took an avid interest in competitive running. He recalls being one of the fastest students in his school: When he was in high school, a football player challenged him to a race. George, smaller in stature, standing at just above 5’4”, remembers winning the race with nearly the whole school watching. In 1994, at the National Masters Track and Field Championships in Eugene, Oregon, George put his running skills to the test again. This time, in his 70s rather than his teens, George and his team won gold medals for the 400-meter relay. This in itself is no small feat. However, George and the other three members of his team gained further notoriety as the “Bypass Four,” all four members of the team having undergone bypass surgery. The surgery requires redirecting blood flow from the heart, not a process conducive to vigorous exercise. But George has always wanted to keep moving, and is how he’s lived his life. He ran his most recent race in 2009, at age 86.

In the 1950s, George was working for a mattress manufacturer when his next-door neighbor’s mother died in a



mattress fire while smoking in bed. Feeling the need to do something, George worked with the Los Angeles Fire Department to develop the world’s first fire-resistant mattress. He remembers receiving a telegram from the White House summoning him to visit shortly afterwards. He went on to own and operate his own furniture company, G.S. Furniture Manufacturing Company. Today he’s credited with developing a mattress prototype that has saved millions of lives, and has a US patent to prove it. Recalling his life path, “I’ve never followed the crowd,” he says with a smile.

Today George is a resident at Fairwinds – Woodward Park in Fresno, California, where he spends his free time working with the staff to facilitate a short story writing class. Writing being one of his passions, in 2012, he published a book, *Grab Life by the Tale: Live a Longer Life, But a Quality Life*, a collection of short stories about his personal experiences with aging. “We are all aware of the dark side of aging, but

we too often fail to see the benefits and joys of it," said the author in a recent press release promoting his book. George truly believes that everyone has a story to tell. When asked how friends and family would describe him and his own

story, he returns to the theme hanging on his wall. George believes, "Never giving up has to be inborn. It's something you have all your life." ♦

The Race Against Time

by George Simon

A short story from *Grab Life by the Tale: Live a Longer Life, But a Quality Life*

All my life I have been training my body and my mind to win, and now I find myself in the biggest race of my life, against Father Time: a race, I know, eventually I will not win. I have been sprinting and hurdling on the oval track for about 25 years, and I thought I knew most of the athletes, at least by sight. One day, about five years ago, a newcomer showed up at the starting line. I didn't know him, and neither did any of my friends. He seemed to be about our age; otherwise he wouldn't be in our race. He was trim, muscular, and looked great in his black running outfit.

Something really bothered me about him, and I couldn't figure it out; suddenly, it hit me. I got the message, and it was meant only for me. As I looked at this newcomer, and I barely blinked, the figure changed into "Father Time" in full regalia: full-length black coat, long gray hair, and holding a scythe. He smiled at me, and as I blinked again, there was the fantastic-looking athlete, considering his age, whatever that may be.

It has only been in the last five years that "Father Time" has shown up at the starting line during the track season. Up until now, I have been able to beat him by a couple of steps, and after each race, when I turn around to congratulate him on a great race, with my chest on fire trying to catch my breath, he just stands there smiling, with nary a deep breath in his body. He is always smiling, and it drives me nuts.

In our last race, we were coming around the turn in the track and heading into the straightaway toward the finish



© George Simon

line, and I could hear the steps pounding the surface of the track just behind me. It was "Father Time," and at every step, he seemed to get closer and closer.

As I crossed the finish line, one step ahead of him and my one lung about to burst, I turned around to congratulate "Father Time." As usual, he was standing there smiling, and, as always, as calm as calm can be with nary a struggle to take a breath or even break a sweat. He knows there will come a time when he will win the race, and as he turns around to congratulate me, I won't be there — anymore. ♦

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Two

Transforming Lives



Kate Harrison
The Bellettini
Bellevue, WA
GM of the Year 2012



Tim Smale
Tapestry at Village Gate West
Toronto, Ontario
Rookie of the Year 2012



Lee Hess
Markham House
Portland, OR
GM of the Year 2012

Photos © Leisure Care

Leadership Conference Seattle, June 2013

General managers from throughout the company gathered in Seattle in June for the annual management conference and awards celebration. This is always a wonderful time to reflect on the past year and celebrate the stellar leaders of our company. Heartfelt congratulations to Kate Harrison, general manager of The Bellettini in Bellevue, Washington, and Lee Hess,

general manager of Markham House in Portland, Oregon, for being named GMs of the Year 2012. Tim Smale, general manager of Tapestry at Village Gate West in Toronto, Ontario, was named Rookie of the Year 2012. Kate, Lee and Tim, along with others recognized at the ceremony, or who will undoubtedly be recognized in the future, help to change lives for the better each and every day. ♦



On the Trail to TRANSFORMATION

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver

JUST
RETIRED!

Finding yourself just might leave you more lost than when you started.

I don't know. Maybe I shouldn't feel cheated that I've never experienced a transformative moment, that magical juncture in life when inner-assessment begs for an about-face.

Animals, after all, never seem bothered with the absence of life-changing events in their wandering lives, and they manage. They're all perfectly content, living for the moment with Zen-like perfection, focused only on their next meal.

Which is good. For if animals did behave like us, the planet would be locked in permanent chaos. None of us would be able to sleep at night, too worried about drunken cows sneaking into our bedrooms and tipping us out of our beds.

Or elk populations would become unmanageable due to wolves giving up elk for Lent.

Several years ago, I thought I experienced a transformative moment while wrapped in a thick Navajo blanket, ogling a sunset from atop a gusty crag just north of Santa Cruz. Just as the sun was about to surrender the sky, a bagpiper clambered out upon a stab of rocks jutting into the Pacific Ocean and played a haunting rendition of *Amazing Grace*.

There are few episodes in my life that can match that moment for insight and power. It was like getting zapped by 26,000 volts of introspection.

I remember leaving that scene and driving back to my campsite in the nearby mountains with a euphoric sense of right and truth. I'd forever live a Jimmy Carter-like life full of virtue and high-minded focus. But less than two hours later I found myself drinking warm blackberry wine coolers while jabbing anthills with pointed sticks.

Transformative moments, I learned, come in many forms. I always assumed it only involved a once-in-a-lifetime, mind-altering moment such as a spectacular sunset or seeing the Dixie Chicks riding naked through a forest on a unicorn. But there's a staggering amount of evidence that claims otherwise.

A recent cover story in *Outside Magazine*, for example, explained how a simple 20-minute walk through a forest can lower blood pressure and elevate your immune system. For some that in itself — the aura of feeling healthy — is transformative.

A friend who experienced a transformation in faith told me transformation is a lofty term for finding yourself.

Heeding her advice, I went backpacking for a night in Colorado's backcountry intent on finding myself.

After pitching my tent along a mountain stream stilled by beavers, I scrambled up an adjacent slope and found a perfect perch of rock to find myself. Thinking I had to look the part, I postured into the classic transcendental lotus position but quickly abandoned this due to cramping.

Eventually, I settled into a comfortable sitting position and allowed my mind to drift, inviting transformation to take place. But instead of permitting the moment to "happen," I began over-analyzing, interpreting everything as a sign: The aspen tree above me meant I should open my backyard as a ski area for Hollywood celebrities who don't ski; my constant habit of jingling a bear bell meant I should become a Salvation Army bell ringer; the poison ivy I passed earlier on the trail meant I should become a calamine lotion salesman.

Transformation: Continued on page 41

The Last Laugh

by Elana Zaiman
Rabbi, chaplain and writer

My laugh has gone through many iterations during my lifetime. Perhaps yours has too. As a child, I laughed like Ernie from Sesame Street. In my pre-teens, I added a snort; in my teens, a long sucking-in of air; and in college, a high-pitched cackle. I sounded like a hyperventilating seal. People laughed when I laughed. "We're laughing with you," they'd say. But I knew they were laughing at me, because they continued to laugh long after I had stopped. Some people even instructed me to laugh on command, as if I were a circus act for hire.

In my senior year of college, I made a decision to change my laugh. I remember the moment. It was December break. We were on a family vacation in Los Angeles, and I was exercising on the floor of my aunt and uncle's guest bedroom.

"Ha, ha, ha," I experimented, as I lay on my back in pelvic tilt position.

"What are you doing?" my sister Sarina shouted from the next room.

"Nothing." I turned onto my side and began the scissors kick. "Ha-ha, ha-ha," I laughed in what I thought was a whisper.

"Elana, what are you doing?" Sarina shouted again.

"Nothing! Nothing!"

A moment later my sister stood over me.

"Okay! I'll tell you," I said. "But promise you won't laugh."

"I promise," she said.

"And promise you won't tell anyone."

"I promise," she said.

"I'm trying to change my laugh. I'm applying for jobs. I need a professional laugh."

Last Laugh: *Continued on page 42*

"I'm trying to change my laugh. I'm applying for jobs. I need a professional laugh."



Italian for Beginners (2000)

Before she transitioned to English-language films such as *An Education*, Danish director Lone Scherfig made this beguiling film about a night class in Copenhagen. A group of adults are studying Italian, a rather exotic choice given the otherwise drab circumstances of their neighborhood. At first these folks are at odds with each other, but the mood shifts as the story unfolds, and a series of running gags eases the transition — you might not believe a joke about a man repeatedly trying to get a haircut would be comedy gold, but it is. Scherfig's use of the so-called "Dogme" style (real locations, handheld camera) pays off in a charming way: We feel as though we've casually stumbled across this group, whose humble lives grow in significance the more we get to know them.

MUSIC REVIEWS

In this issue, we tackle our theme of transformation with our own mix tape of great songs about change from within and change from without.

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer



Track 1. "Everybody Ought to Make a Change" (Single) — Eric Clapton, *Money and Cigarettes*, 1983

This sleepy John Estes cover reflects a transformation for Eric Clapton. After finally facing the music and admitting he had a drinking problem, Clapton gave up alcohol cold turkey. *Money and Cigarettes* was his debut as a new man, and this opening track reflects not only the changes in his personal life but a fresh start professionally with a new band.



Track 2. "See the Changes" (Single) — Crosby, Stills & Nash, *CSN*, 1977

After the departure of Neil Young and a long hiatus from recording and performing, Crosby, Stills & Nash resurfaced with *CSN*. Stephen Stills penned this song while he was having problems in his marriage. The lyrics speak to witnessing how a partner handles seeing you change and transform from the super star that you were to this older, distant companion.



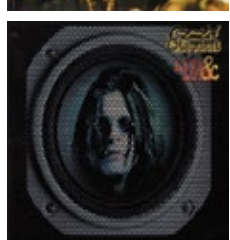
Track 3. "You're Gonna Change (Or I'm Gonna Leave)" (Single) — Hank Williams, *The Ultimate Collection*, 2002

Hank provides a heartfelt plea from a man to his spouse, begging her to change her ways. He is tired of it all: the nagging, their arguing, and her running home to daddy when she gets mad. His ultimatum? Change, baby, change, or I'm out the door.



Track 4. "100 Years" (Single) — Five for Fighting, *The Battle for Everything*, 2004

This wistful and slightly haunting song follows the story of one man's journey from age 15 to 99, with each era in between referenced as just "a moment." From a young buck and young lover to father then grandfather, the singer paints a picture of times that were simpler, full of unknown possibility, and so very fleeting.



Track 5. "Changes (Live)" (Single) — Ozzy Osbourne, *Live & Loud*, 1993

This is not your typical Ozzy track; it was the first time that Black Sabbath ventured out of the heavy metal genre and offered up a melodic and deeply sensitive ballad. The song was inspired by then-drummer Bill Ward's ongoing divorce but could have easily been about all of the other changes that Black Sabbath members were going through after their move to L.A., including their subsequent drug and alcohol addictions and the eventual end of the original band. Ozzy would later re-record the song in 2003 as a duet with daughter Kelly, reworking the lyrics to reflect their lives together and how that too was destined to change.

gear; it was too heavy, and I got altitude sickness and had to ride one of the trekking guide's ponies for a day because I ached too much to move. We descended into Manali, where we ate and ate and ate, and everyone we encountered said, "You've come over the pass from Leh, haven't you?" Finally, we went down to Delhi and I flew back to California via England and did not look back.

Part of me wonders what it would be like to do that trip again. Heraclitus, the Greek philosopher, said you cannot stand in the same river twice. I wouldn't mind the river, but I don't want to be that same person again. Now, you can take the route I traveled by road in one quarter of the time. While I would trade my angry right knee and slowing metabolism for the kind of energy it takes to drag a duf-

fel bag over a Himalayan pass, I'll stick with my current world view and being the kind of person who is more selective about her travel companions.

I take it all back; I would not interfere with my former self. Were I to interrupt my own timeline, I'd only do so to say, "Don't worry. You're going to come to your senses. This seems stupid right now, but you know better. Cross the mountains and go home. This is nowhere near your last adventure. You cannot imagine the adventures you're going to have."

I would not give back the memories I have of that wide-eyed family in their smoke-blackened home. Of the barefoot river crossings. Brushing my teeth with the gritty water of glaciers. The monks in their saffron robes in remote monasteries, handing us little cups of yak butter tea as we crossed the thresh-

olds to rooms painted with hundreds of tiny manifestations of the Buddha.

I am less serious now, but still driven by adventure. I'm better prepared; my gear is appropriate, and my companions superior in uncountable ways. I won't suffer fools or bullies anymore, but I like to think that I am still the kind of person who would knock on a door in a faraway place where I do not speak a word of the language and know barely enough of the culture to get by. On that trip I learned that it is possible to share a fire in silence and to find a way to say thank you. I am not the same person that I was at 19, but I liked being reminded that even then, a traveling fool in the truest meaning of that phrase, I fearlessly believed in the kindness of strangers.

That, I hope, has not and will never change. ♦

Healthy U:
Continued from page 17

We are complex organisms with intricate mechanisms at play in our health. We are also more than a collection of genes. Whether science or common sense, eating a diet low in sugar and carbs and high in fresh, organic produce, along with limiting toxic exposure, seems to positively affect a healthy genetic expression. ♦



Carlene Cross

Quick and Easy Juicing for Good Health - Original Recipe
by Carlene Cross
New to juicing? Try this recipe; it's loaded with antioxidants and immune boosters

for great health and good taste.

In juicer (or powerful blender), combine:

- 1 stalk of broccolli
- Handful of spinach or kale
- 2 stalks of celery
- 1 carrot
- Handful of watercress or parsley
- After juice is made add 1 scoop of *Green Vibrance* ♦

Transformation: Continued from page 37

"What's wrong with me, I wondered. I share the same birthday as the Dalai Lama, so I should be capable of grasping thoughts of higher consciousness."

After two hours of this mind-mash I became discouraged and began poking anthills with pointed sticks and decided to wait for the inspiration of the night sky.

It did not disappoint. The sky was chandeliered with a celestial vanity of cosmic awe and wonder, the type of spectacle that I imagine inspired Beethoven to compose his "Ninth Symphony" or country singer Jimmy Dean to sell breakfast sausages. Yet, I felt no inner transfiguration.

What's wrong with me, I wondered. I share the same birthday as the Dalai Lama so I should be capable of grasping thoughts of higher consciousness. But maybe, perhaps, any cosmic advantage I've gained by this is negated

by the fact that George W. Bush also celebrates July 6th. I nodded off with no answers.

In the morning, I hiked down the trail discouraged. I thought for sure I'd be hiking back giddy from Mom Nature's counsel, and that I'd soon be moving to Southern France to become a beret-wearing truffle farmer. Disappointed, I stopped at the trailhead registration box to check off my name. As I did, I noticed on the adjacent National Forest information board a trailhead map with a small red circle captioned with "You Are Here."

Finally, I thought, a genuine found-myself moment. Let the transformation begin. ♦

Last Laugh: Continued from page 39

My sister laughed so hard she had to brush the tears from her cheeks.

"You promised you wouldn't laugh!" I said turning away from her.

"Right," she said. "Sorry." She left the room, still wiping. Undeterred, I continued my experiment, trying on laughs like some try on clothes. One laugh was too demure. Another, too wimpy. All, too artificial. The laughs I tried on didn't fit. How could they? They weren't mine. I had no alternative but to stick with my laugh. At least, I was used to it.

It's been 29 years since I graduated college. Twenty-nine years filled with jobs, relationships, degrees, a marriage and a child, and to this day I continue to laugh like a hyperventilating seal. No more snort. No more cackle. Just one long medium-pitched sucking in of air after another.

One morning, a woman in the retirement community where I work came up to me. "I couldn't stop laughing during our exercise class," she said. "Every time I bent over and I heard your laugh in the background, I had to stand up, because I was laughing so hard I was afraid I'd fall over."

*"The room was silent.
No one wanted to insult
the rabbi."*

Later that morning, I asked the 20 elders attending my study session to describe my laugh. No one spoke. No one made eye contact. No one whispered to his or her neighbor. The room was silent. No one wanted to insult the rabbi.

"Please," I said. "I need your help. What do I sound like? Don't worry. You won't insult me."

The elders shifted in their chairs. Their eyes focused on their feet. Finally, the same woman who had buttonholed me earlier spoke up. "Something not human. Something animal-like. Maybe a hyena."

Gasps of shock.

"It's okay," I said. "I've been told I laugh like a hyena before. It's not like my laugh's a secret. You all know I'm in the building before you see me."

Sighs of relief.

Since that morning, I've read dozens of Website articles on laughter. Did you know that laughter reduces stress hormones, leads to bonding in groups, and is recognized as therapeutic by an increasing number of mental health professionals? One doctor even claimed that 20 seconds of deep laughter gives the heart the same workout as three minutes of hard rowing.

It's taken me years, but I've come to appreciate my laugh. No longer am I annoyed when people laugh at my laugh. No longer am I annoyed when people request me to laugh on command. I've come to understand that the laugh I once

thought would be a professional liability has become a professional asset. I'm known by my laugh. And if my laughter contributes to my health and to the health of our society, I'm satisfied. So, join in. Transform yourself through your laughter. Transform those around you with your laughter. Contribute to your health and to the health of our society. The more laughter the better. ♦



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 16

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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

You're Invited!



To the 17th Annual KIRO 7 Kids Classic Golf Tournament and Dinner Auction

Why: To benefit local children and families in need through the One Eighty Foundation

When: Thursday, September 5, 2013

Where: The Golf Club at Redmond Ridge

Time: 12:00 p.m. - Registration and Lunch
1:30 p.m. - Shotgun Start

Register your foursome online at:
www.oneeightyfoundation.org.

Cocktails and Dinner will be served immediately after the tournament. Dinner option available for those not participating in golf tournament.

For more information, including sponsorship opportunities please contact

Lisa Angeles Guise at 206.436.7827
or lguise@oneeightyfoundation.org.

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