

Press Play

Can we really change the tapes in our head and learn to let go?

The Secret Life of Guide Books

Wonders from another time and place

TIME

Breaking Free of That Relentless Master



STAND YOUR GROUND WITH AN OMHU CANE



Award-Winning Design
High-Performance Materials
Superior Craftsmanship
Patented Technology
Six Different Colors

For FREE Shipping Enter
"standyourground" At Checkout
Shop www.omhu.com



Omhu is Danish for "with great care" and this credo is manifested in our designs. The Omhu Cane is a walking stick with audacity, with authority, with attitude.

FEATURES

- 5 Letter From the CEO:**
A bright beginning
- 12 Older, Wiser and Happier**
Teach the value of time, relationships and gratitude
- 22 My Time Machine**
Grievin' 'n groovin' in this one place I feel whole
- 36 Humor**
Death, taxes and bucket lists ... or Ernest Hemingway

DEPARTMENTS

CREATIVE LOAFING

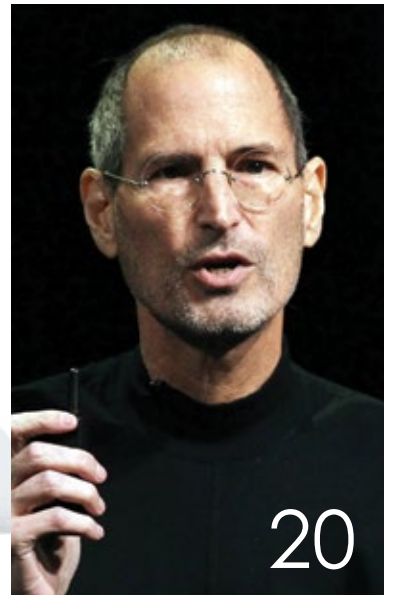
- 8 Entertain Your Brain!**
Book, movie and music reviews
- 10 Out and About: The Secret Life of Guidebooks**
What wonders lie folded into that old travel guide, 100 years and half a planet away?
- 16 Brain Games:**
Crossword and Sudoku

USEFUL NOW

- 6 Style Wise: Baboons in Our Midst**
A woman, a flagship store, and a moment of temporary insanity
- 17 Healthy U:**
Quit acting your age and grow a little younger
- 18 Money Matters: Press Play!**
How to change those tapes that play in our heads and loosen up a little
- 28 Advice for the Journey:**
A three-point strategy to get more gusto out of every day

PERSPECTIVE SHIFTING

- 20 Savvy Sage:**
If you could live forever ... would you want to?
- 30 Your Life Well Lived: The Water Wheel**
Time is a relentless master; can we break free?
- 32 Retire Like You Mean It:**
This we believe
- 38 Ethics & Spirituality:**
What we learn from those long hours spent in pain



A Publication of
LEISURE CARE
A ONE EIGHTY COMPANY

www.leisurecare.com
1601 5th Ave #1900
Seattle, WA 98101

Leisure Care
Traci Kuster
Marketing Director

Published four times per year
for distribution to our residents
and their families.

Created by Wise Publishing Group
www.wisepublishinggroup.com

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

Managing/Copy Editor
Carol Pearson
carol@wisepublishinggroup.com

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

Ad Sales
ads@wisepublishinggroup.com

Contributing Authors

Laney Brown
Edie Dunlap
John de Graaf
Robert Horton
Evan Kimble
Pam Mandel
Skye Moody
Thomas Orton
John Pearson
Sue Peterson
Joe Rodriguez
Lawrence Rubin
Sandy Sabersky
Stephan J. Smith, DC
Misha Stone
Jeff Thaxton
Jeff Wozer
Rabbi Elana Zaiman
Proofreaders
Cheryl Knight, Diane Smith,
Wendy Price

Production: MLI Design / www.mlidesign.co • **Printing:** Journal Graphics / www.journalgraphics.com

Letter From the Chairman & CEO

A Bright Beginning

by Dan Madsen



Dan Madsen, Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care

Happy New Year and welcome to 2014's first issue of LIV FUN magazine! I hope each of you had a happy and healthy holiday season and spent time connecting with friends and family and giving back to your local communities. Even more, I hope you entered the New Year feeling refreshed, reinvigorated and excited for the year ahead.

No doubt you've heard the saying, "Time flies when you're having fun." Well, that saying pretty much sums up the year 2013 at Leisure Care. As a company, we did some amazing things. The team has never worked harder, and we had tons of fun along the way.

One of our biggest endeavors of 2013 (and the most personal for me) was the introduction of Treeo, our newest brand of senior housing communities. Treeo is for folks 55 and over who are seeking three things: a good value; a place that looks and feels hip, fresh and fun; and a residence that makes it easy to engage with their community and town. That's Treeo. It's smart, it's modern, and it's connected.

Treeo has been a dream of mine for many years and to see construction begin on our first community in Orem, Utah, was amazing. Treeo will be opening in Orem this April, and construction on our second community in South Ogden, Utah, will begin later this year.

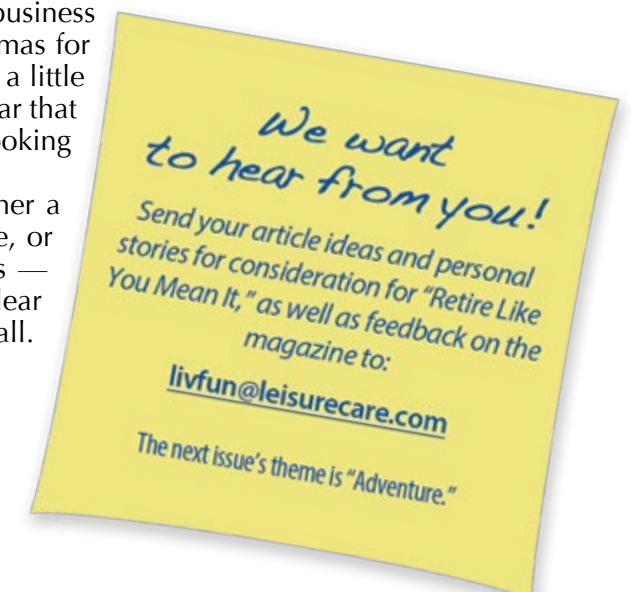
2013 was also a year of professional development at Leisure Care. A number of dynamic individuals were promoted in the company, and I trust them wholeheartedly to deliver on the Leisure Care promise of making a positive impact on your life, every day. Our team, both at the home office in Seattle and leading the communities across the company, has never been stronger.

And finally, the philanthropic endeavors across the company blew my mind. In the last issue of LIV FUN we introduced two Seattle-area organizations that are near and dear to our hearts — YouthCare and Seattle's Union Gospel Mission. In November our sights shifted to another local organization — Treehouse — and our annual Pajama Party. With the help of our Puget Sound area communities as well as our friends, families and business partners, we collected more than 2,000 pairs of pajamas for the foster kids served by Treehouse. It's amazing what a little teamwork and a lot of passion can accomplish. It's clear that 2013 was a big year for Leisure Care, and 2014 is looking just as bright.

So here's to what is sure to be a great year. Whether a resident, a family member of a resident, an employee, or a business partner, you make Leisure Care what it is — a great place to live, a great place to work, and a clear leader in the industry. Thank you for being a part of it all.

Regards,

Dan Madsen
Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care



Advertisement

cornerstone
BUILD BEYOND™

Your legacy. Our experience.

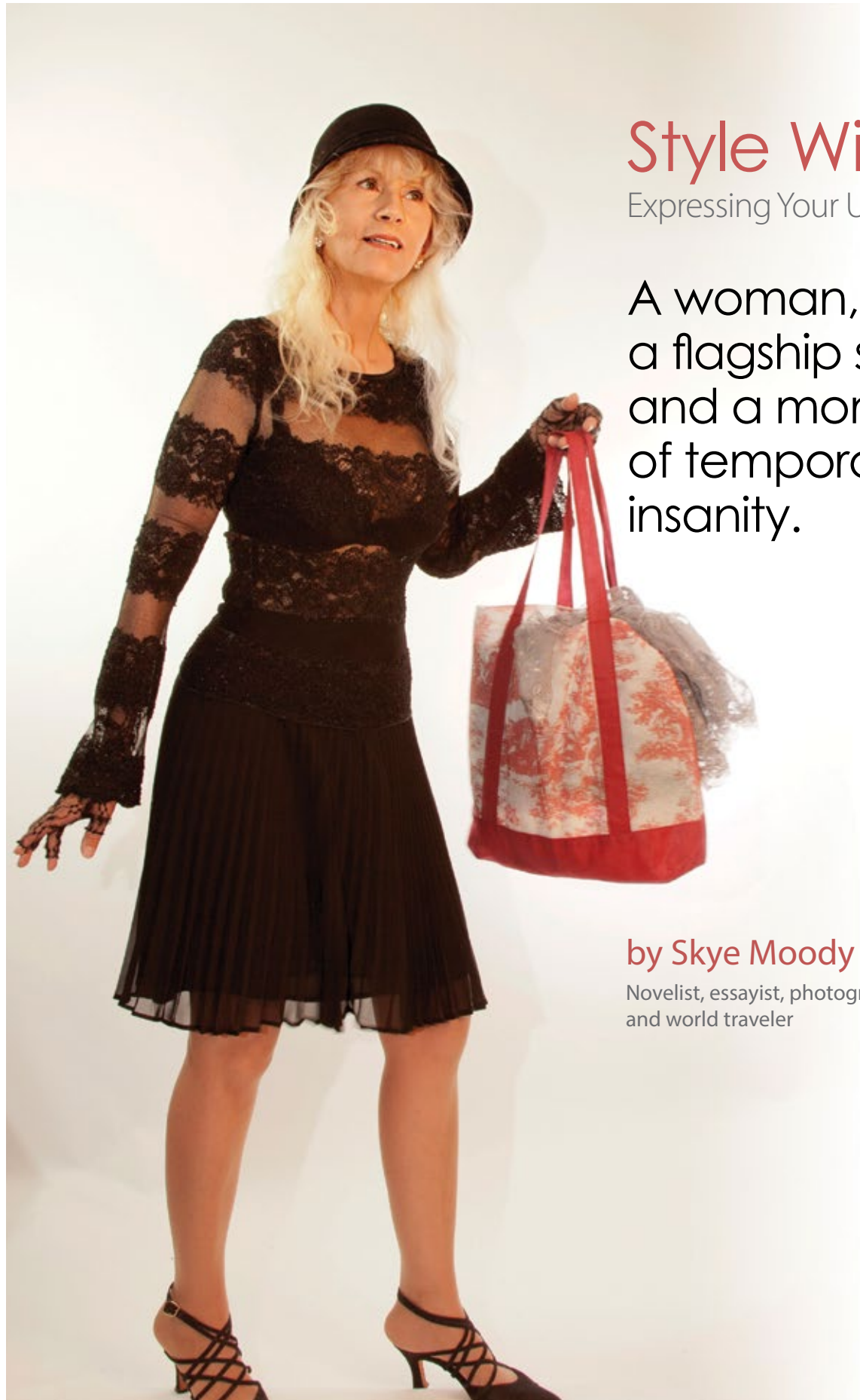
■ You've worked hard for your financial independence. At Cornerstone Advisors, we've worked with families for over 25 years to grow and protect their assets while reflecting their personal values.

We are committed to helping every client achieve their unique financial goals, whether planning for the welfare of future generations, making meaningful philanthropic gifts, or knowing that their wealth is being managed thoughtfully. We help families build for today, tomorrow and beyond.

Please contact us today and experience why we're continually counted among the top independent wealth advisory firms in the nation.*

Cornerstone Advisors, Inc. | 1-888-762-1442 | www.buildbeyond.com

*Cornerstone Advisors is counted among the top independent wealth advisory firms in the nation. 2008-2010 named "Top 50 RIA Giants" by Investment News and "Top 50 Fee-Only Advisors" by Forbes. Survey results ranked nationally by discretionary assets under management (AUM).



Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self

A woman,
a flagship store,
and a moment
of temporary
insanity.

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer
and world traveler

BABOONS IN OUR MIDST

This baboon walks into Nordstrom's department store. He's totally focused, apparently bent on accomplishing a specific task. In his wake, I detect whiffs of credit cards burning holes in pockets. Unaccustomed to simians at the mall, I follow the baboon into Nordie's, pausing on the threshold where I feel a strange misting of my eyeballs, blinded by the dazzling array of products. The heady intoxication of so many choices screams, "Buy everything, sweetie. You need it all."

I'm a cat on a hot tin roof, cooling my heels on the inviting marble tiles, pretending I'll just have a look-see. A sales associate approaches, holding a spritzer. When I twitch, she pulses a fragrant spray over me.

When the baboon steps onto the escalator and rides it up, I follow him, struggling to remember why I came into Nordie's and what I intended to purchase. At the third floor, the baboon — let's call him Carl — steps off the escalator and heads for the sleepwear department. I follow him. Maybe it was sleepwear I came to purchase.

Carl makes quick work of scanning the racks, flipping through pajamas, feeling fabrics, checking sleeve lengths, numbers of buttons, the elastic. Meanwhile, I'm hypnotized by the choices offered. Am I shopping for a sexy nightie or super comfy PJs?

A tiny voice whispers, "You didn't come into Nordstrom for sleepwear. You caught a whiff of burning credit card, followed Carl into the store, and you are now experiencing retail madness."

I'm sucked into the time warp of buy-mania. This is, after all, the strategy of retail establishments: "Grab them on the way in — or even just in passing — they have no fiscal discipline — and drop them into the retail world's hypnotic grip."

Nordie's might employ some trance-inducing misting device, say, in those perfume spritzers. Maybe it leaks from valves located over the threshold. The intoxicant may be time-released. I notice the store has no clocks, and my cellphone is disabled. Paranoia seizes me but fails to eject me from the store, where I bask in the enduring fragrance of buy-mania.

I search for Carl. He's found his jammies; a one-piece Union Suit, red, with buttons and a drop seat, a trifle long in the arms and legs, but for a fee, a store seamstress will alter the garment. Carl declines alterations and produces cash. I watch as the sales associate

marvels at the money, as if insulted by it. She wraps the garment and hands it to Carl, who then descends via the escalators. Bending over, I can see Carl all the way down on the main floor, heading for the exit.

My cellphone's still on the fritz, and I can't seem to find anyone who knows the time, but I'm guessing that Carl's visit to Nordstrom took about 20 minutes. Out of the average life span of a baboon — 35 years — that's a precious 20 minutes used up of Carl's 18,408,206.8 minutes of life. But Carl is a baboon, not a human, and therefore wastes no time.

Four hours later, I snap to attention. I'm gazing at myself in a mirror in the Costume Jewelry department, trying on necklaces, dozens of them, each more absurd than the last. My stomach churns as I emerge from the trance state. Noting through a window that darkness has fallen, I feel sick. Of what?

Of my all-too-human penchant for wasting precious time, when in fact I'm avoiding any semblance of a *raison d'être*, throwing my life away in bits and pieces of retail-induced languishing.

If I calculate all the minutes I've wasted at the mercy of merchants, I fear they might equal the average life span of a baboon. That doesn't count time frittered away at home, staring at a computer screen, having set out to accomplish one specific task and then forgetting it as soon as the screen lays out the entire universe before me. I forget why I'm here, staring at the screen. The possibilities are endless, therefore I freeze. This is not the retailers' Black Magic; something in me wants to daydream, flee from tasks at hand, and fantasize in a self-induced coma of escapism.

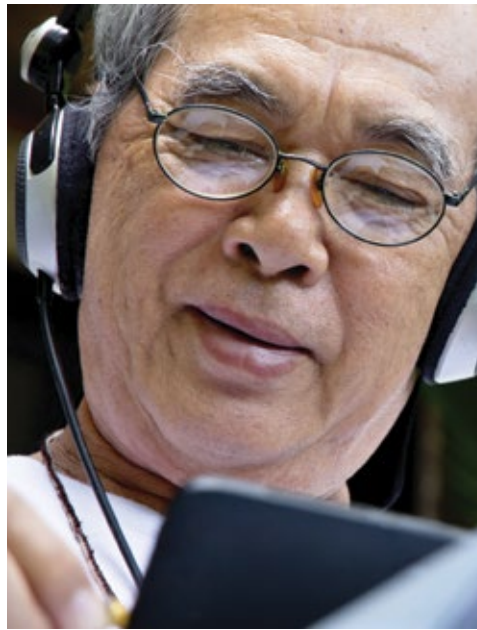
Ben Franklin said, "Time is money." Still, money isn't the point of spending time on Earth; it's one of many vehicles for enhancing time, if spent wisely. Time flies when you're in a trance, and money too.

A bird on the wire is no slouch. It's seeking its next meal, or a mate. A lion in the bush has reason to rest. Just ask his female partner, who has even more reason to rest. Baboons work, and baboons play. Baboons don't lollygag. Homo sapiens, with rare exception, are the only living species that wastes time.

Carl behaved like a baboon.

Me? I'm only human. ♦

"Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana." — Anon.



ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

Grab a book, turn on a movie, or put on the headphones; make this time your own.

books | movies | music

BOOK REVIEWS

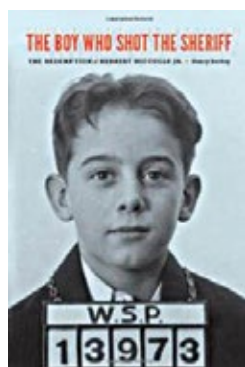
“Easy reading is damn hard writing.” – Nathaniel Hawthorne

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



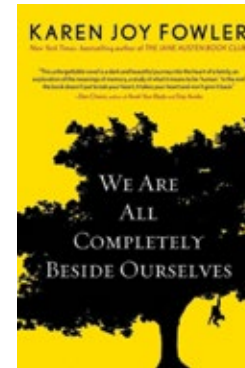
Hild by Nicola Griffith (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$27.00)

St. Hilda of Whitby grew up in pre-Christian 7th century England and, while little is known about her, Griffith creates her life and times with imaginative authority and a poetic vision. When her father died, her mother pushed her toward the role as advisor to her uncle, the King. Hild’s talents as a seer create tension and a certain leeway in her life; she has a freedom that other girls in her era do not, but also feels the weight of responsibility. As she parries staves with her cousin and explores the countryside, Hild also exerts influence on the future of her kingdom and the new religion trying to push out the old gods. As NPR reviewer Amal El-Mohtar noted, *Hild* destroys the myth that women were not of import in Medieval history. A remarkable woman for her time, she was made so by the women who surrounded her — her ambitious mother, the weavers, servants and relatives who showed her the value of hard work and community. Fans of well-researched and vivid historical novels will devour this tale and wait impatiently for the sequel.



The Boy Who Shot the Sheriff: The Redemption of Herbert Niccolls Jr.
by Nancy Bartley (University of Washington Press, \$24.95)

In 1931 in Asotin, Washington, 12-year-old Herbert Niccolls Jr. shot the town’s sheriff, John Wormell. In prison, Herbert surprisingly found better care and education afforded to him than with his family; he was kept separate from the older inmates and forged a relationship with the prison librarian. Unbeknownst to Herbert, Father Flanagan of Boy’s Town, a priest with wide media attention at the time, petitioned to free the boy so he could reform him and offer him a chance at a better life. Father Flanagan pled the boy’s case with Washington State’s Governor Hartley but found it “the bitterest campaign of his life.” Herbert’s life behind bars, and the political machinations behind the scenes, illuminates the way that the judicial system has shaped how we view crimes committed by minors. By delving into one of the bloodiest periods in America’s prison system, Bartley shares a thought-provoking story that will encourage readers to read beyond the headlines for the true crux and cost of crime and punishment.



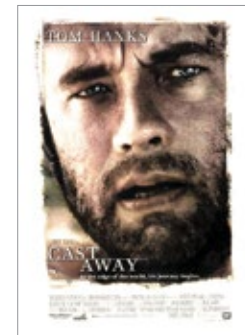
We Are All Completely Beside Ourselves by Karen Joy Fowler
(A Marian Wood Book/Putnam, \$26.95)

Rosemary Cooke was 5 when a seismic event shook her family. In the 1970s, the Cookes were one of many families that signed up to raise chimpanzees as if they were children. Fern, a chimp, and Rosemary were raised as sisters for five years. So why was Fern eventually taken away and where did she really go? Years later, in college, Rosemary begins to try to piece together the truth. Rosemary revisits, via her faulty memory, the family that fractured in ways subtle and overt in the wake of Fern’s mysterious departure. Delving into childhood psychology, Rosemary begins to understand the mistakes and misunderstandings that led to the family’s loss. An enlightening and heart-felt coming-of-age novel, the book portrays a young woman’s road to understanding and reconciliation with the past.

MOVIE REVIEWS

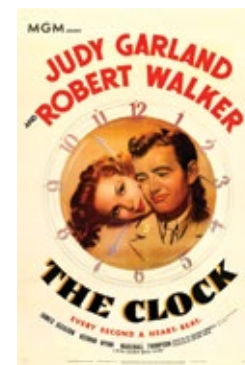
Snuggle up and enjoy these insightful and delightful picks.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*



Cast Away (2002)

A man is stranded alone on an island, left to his own devices ... for years. The Robinson Crusoe scenario sounds like a yarn from centuries past, but this adventure is happening to an ill-equipped man of the year 2000 — that’s part of *Cast Away*’s strangely exhilarating dislocation. Tom Hanks plays the plane-crash survivor, whose attempts to adjust to his uncivilized new world play out in sometimes painstaking detail; one of director Robert Zemeckis’ inspired choices here is to show us just how long it takes to, say, crack open a coconut when you have no tools at your disposal. The film also plays with how time passes for people back in the hustle-bustle real world and how the nature of time is very different in the two places. Zemeckis does to the viewer what he does to his hero: He makes us feel time in a new way.



The Clock (1945)

There’s a war on, and soldier Joe (Robert Walker) has just two days on leave in New York City before he ships out. He meets spunky Alice (Judy Garland), and they proceed to make the most of these truly precious hours. In tackling this 1945 project, director Vincente Minnelli realized he would need to make NYC the third main character and let his gifted actors improvise a little around the story. It’s an irresistibly romantic conception, a lovely home-front escapade with a poignant undertow: How do you spend the time in your life, especially when reminded so insistently of its fragility? The delightful supporting cast includes the great character actor James Gleason and his real-life wife Lucile, plus Keenan Wynn in a show-stopping drunk scene. Walker and Garland — two troubled but very special actors — create uniquely intimate chemistry together. And if Garland seems unusually vibrant here, it’s because she and Minnelli were falling in love off-camera, to be wed shortly after filming ended.

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated



© Matteo Colombo

The Secret Life of Guidebooks

What wonders lie folded into that old travel guide, more than 100 years from “their” now, half a planet away?

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

Many years back at a book sale in a pretty town in Austria, I bought a stack of Baedeker’s red guidebooks. I paid for four of these fragile, red, cloth-bound little volumes and a *Flaxman’s Hand-Book of English and German Conversation*. The Flaxman’s is from 1907; the Baedeker’s are also from the early 1900s. I think they all belonged to the same person, a Doktor Ernst Fusching of Scharding am Inn, a town near the current border between Austria and Germany. Herr Doktor’s name is rubber stamped in slightly smeared ink inside the cover of each book, save the phrase book — that appears to have spent a bit of time at an antique book store in Vienna, Franz Malota on the Wiednerhauptstrasse in the fourth district. A blue stamp on the fly leaf tells me so.

Speak to Me of Days Past

When I got the books home, I spent much too long annoying my German-speaking husband by butchering translations of such awkward phrases as, “I hope she will find relief from the change of weather,” and “These beavers are light and yet so strong that they will last a long time,” and “Light a fire in my room and tell the chambermaid I should like to have my bed warmed.” The book is divided into sections that provide some context — discussing health, buying a hat, dealing with the hotel staff — but the oddity of these weird little sentences delivered out of context sent me into fits of hysteria.

I remember paging through my brother’s Chinese language texts and having the same reaction over the

When in my travels will I ever need to say,
“When my servant comes to pay you, he will bring you this old hat to be dressed”
auf Deutsch?

example, “The Loess plateau is very windy at this time of year.” My brother insisted that yes, it did get very windy out there, but I still couldn’t get my head around a scenario in which this particular phrase would prove to be necessary. When in my travels will I ever need to say, “When my servant comes to pay you, he will bring you this old hat to be dressed” auf Deutsch? I still get great pleasure out of flipping through this battered little book to find exactly the right words for expressing my enthusiasm for the White Cliffs of Dover when arriving by steamer or for describing the horse I have in my stables back home.

A Century-Old Must-See List

The guidebooks are a bit more familiar, packed with tiny text that lists the cafes and restaurants, population numbers, major historical turning points, hours and fares for the sailings of steamboats and railways; the usual array of facts, facts and more facts. The pages are interspersed with beautifully engraved maps on yellowed paper; the parks are patterned differently than the mountains, which are patterned differently than the rivers; the buildings and streets are marked in a fading brick orange. Now and then there is a floor plan for a monumental museum or church so you do not miss that critical painting by a Middle Ages master in salon three on the second floor. The occasional fold-out has the waterways printed in the palest blue. The pages are soft and smell just like old books do, of dust and time.

The guide to Switzerland has several large panoramic fold-outs — I suppose you were to have stood at the correct view point, book in your gloved hand, calling each of the peaks by name, perhaps holding up your eyeglasses so you could read the tiny, meticulous script squeezed in over each sharp point. They are so pretty, these pages, and thin as cigarette paper, and I am a little nervous every time I unfold them, but they continue to hold up and not crinkle like dried leaves. Here is the Mont Blanc range seen from Flegere, the panorama from the Faulhorn, from Langard, from places I have never been, where the glaciers have receded but maybe the guest house still stands, where maybe I can still ride an updated tram to see an unobstructed view of the lake and buy a cup of tea, though certainly prices have gone up since 1905.

These little books are packed with minutia, such as how many minutes the aforementioned mountain climbing tram takes, whether or not the bakery has coffee, and how many taps are at the spring in the tiny pilgrimage church. They are like hotel room bibles in their economy of space and use of paper. They are so fragile, and each page is so packed with six- and eight-point type that they are nearly unreadable. But they were used, all four of them; the maps repaired with browning cellophane. Inside the Riviera guide, there are a few receipts and stamped tickets. Doktor Ernst Fusching, and perhaps his bride, ate a meal at the Hotel Guillaume Boisset, an inn that specializes in seafood and offers hot and cold-running water. I know this because the receipt from their stay tells me so. The Fuschings visited the Roman ruins in Orange, the Palais des Papes in Avignon, the museum at Arles, and maybe St. Maximin Cathedral — the name of which is underlined in ink. Sometime in the early 1900s, Doktor and Frau Fusching visited the French Riviera, and I have their guidebook.

Can I Go Back Again?

I wondered, after I acquired these books, if I should travel to Scharding am Inn to see if I might find any references to Doktor Fusching, to see if he had living relatives, aging Austrians who would remember Herr Doktor Grandfather as a man who loved to travel, who spoke excellent French and liked to drink beer in Riviera hotels, but what would I do then?

I decided I would rather imagine this turn-of-the-(last)-century man and his imaginary turn-of-the-century wife, the two of them fit and optimistic. I picture them smartly and practically dressed, standing close together at the viewpoint in the slanting late afternoon light. “Look, schatzi, there is Mont Joli in the distance, do you see?” They each hold an edge of the map, delicately unfolded, blocking the wind with their bodies. She looks at it, and then up at the peaks and back to the map and back to the peaks. “Yes, there it is!” she says, and she names all the mountains, pointing across the valley at the granite and ice while time collapses into a rummage sale in a village in Austria and is folded into a guidebook that sits on a shelf in my living room, more than 100 years from “their” now, half a planet away. ♦



Moving our nation toward a culture of knowing what matters.

by John de Graaf

Coauthor of *Affluenza* and Executive Director of *Take Back Your Time*

OLDER | WISER | HAPPIER

I have spent the last four years immersing myself in the subject of *happiness*. What makes us happy? Who is happy? What matters more, attitudes or life conditions? Can national policies make us happier? For some, happiness, they declare, is a *personal* matter, unmeasurable, and too frivolous for the affairs of state. But our country was founded on the idea that happiness matters.

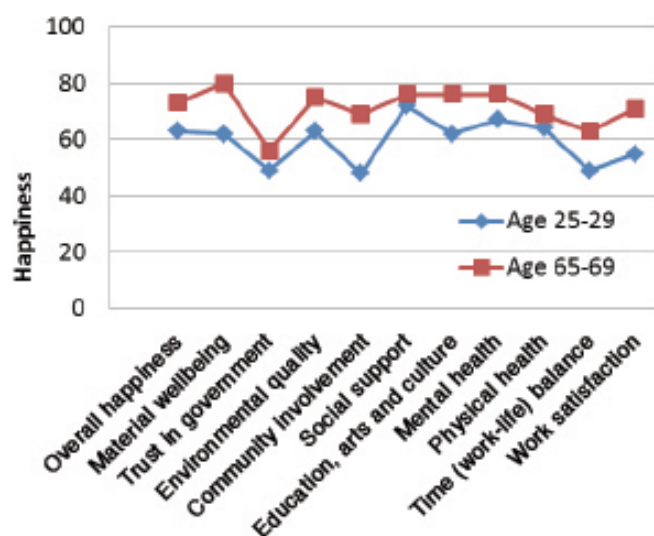
For Thomas Jefferson, setting the stage where the citizens of this country could find and secure their own happiness — the sense not of momentary pleasure, but of a satisfied and virtuous life — was not only a personal goal, but also “the only orthodox purpose of the institution of government.” Yet, in his day, it wasn’t feasible to measure happiness; it was all guesswork. Not so today, when the study of happiness has become a science and we are better able than ever before to understand who is happy, and why.

Seniors and the Happiness Gap

My colleagues from the Happiness Initiative (www.happycounts.org) have amassed a great deal of data about American happiness based on nearly 30,000 full responses to a lengthy scientific survey. Metrics like income satisfaction, financial security, physical health, access to educational and cultural opportunities, and healthy environmental factors have all been cited as predictive measures of happiness and general well-being. In fact, similar metrics are used by UNICEF and the United Nations in their global studies of happiness. (See endnotes for information on these studies.)

Till recently, happiness scores have tended to form what looked like a smiley-face curve, highest in youth and old age, lowest in middle age, when life’s pressures and demands often overwhelm people. But the Happiness Initiative is finding something different: Right now, the unhappiest Americans are those aged 25–29.

Table 1: Happiness of two age groups with the categories shown.



As shown in the graph, in all areas of life, seniors are doing much better. They even feel healthier than their younger counterparts! On a scale of 0–100, these are serious differences between the two age groups, equal to the “happiness gap” between Americans and residents of China or India.

The gap of 10 points in overall happiness between age groups 65–69 and 25–29 is even greater than that between the richest and poorest 10% of Americans, suggesting that money alone can’t buy happiness. This is supported by research on childhood well-being conducted by UNICEF, which showed that “there does not appear to be a strong relationship between per capita GDP and overall child well-being.” (UNICEF, 2013)

Young people in the United States seem unhappy and fearful of the future. They face unparalleled debt driven by the high cost of college, and grim job prospects. They fear they will reach old age penniless and pension-less. By contrast, seniors have the most resources among age groups and are more confident about their social support systems.

Where Happiness Ranks Highest

A relatively secure, confident elder class hasn’t always been the case. In the era before Social Security, defined benefit pensions and Medicare, seniors were among the poorest Americans, dependent for their economic security on the benevolence of families. We didn’t measure happiness then, but have reason to believe they would have been far less satisfied with their lot.

Now it’s the very young of this country who fare poorly. Indeed, the UNICEF study ranked the U.S. 26th of 29 nations studied when considering six key metrics of child well-being: economic security, health, housing, environment, education and risky behaviors. Our kids did a bit better when asked how satisfied they were with life, ranking 23rd. In not a single category analyzed by UNICEF did U.S. children rank above the bottom third of the 29 wealthiest nations studied.

The top-performing nation was the Netherlands, which ranked number one in three of the six metrics measured by UNICEF and also number one in reported life satisfaction, a stunning performance. Close behind were children in the Nordic countries. These, in slightly different order, are the same nations that the United Nations *World Happiness Report* (United Nations, 2013) ranks as having the happiest adults. And though there are not enough data to prove that greater childhood well-being results in happier adults, the correlations are strong.

What Sets These Countries Apart?

If, as we’ve seen, money is not the root of happiness, then what is it about these high-ranking countries that serve to foster happiness?

For one thing, they are all countries with strong government programs and social supports for families, in-

“The happiness and prosperity of our citizens ... is the only legitimate object of government and the first duty of governors.” — Thomas Jefferson

cluding generous paid family leave, sick leave to care for children, and excellent low-cost healthcare and pre-school. Their laws also support parents in many other ways, including greater opportunities for part-time work sufficient to provide a living wage and long vacation breaks providing an escape from the rush of middle-age life demands. By contrast, American vacations are among the shortest in the world, and we are one of only five countries without a law mandating paid vacation time for workers. Long American work hours are stressful; our lowest scores on the Happiness Initiative survey consistently come in the area of Time Balance.

There is considerable evidence that relaxed parents produce happier children. But our children, reared by stressed parents and pushed through over-scheduled, hyper-competitive childhoods, report themselves more anxious and less happy than in other countries.

Happiness as a Learned Skill

Policy changes providing more leisure time, and less frantic work schedules, would clearly be beneficial to American well-being, especially for parents and

children. But policy is not enough. People may have adequate leisure, but if they use it mostly to watch television, they may become less happy instead of more so. As Americans, we need to understand and teach *happiness skills*, something many seniors have learned by the onset of old age and can consciously impart to their children and grandchildren.

Happiness skills are many, but a few examples should give you an idea of what I mean:

Gratitude. Think of Thanksgiving, when instead of being thankful, Americans are stampeding to buy as much stuff as possible. That’s not food for happiness.

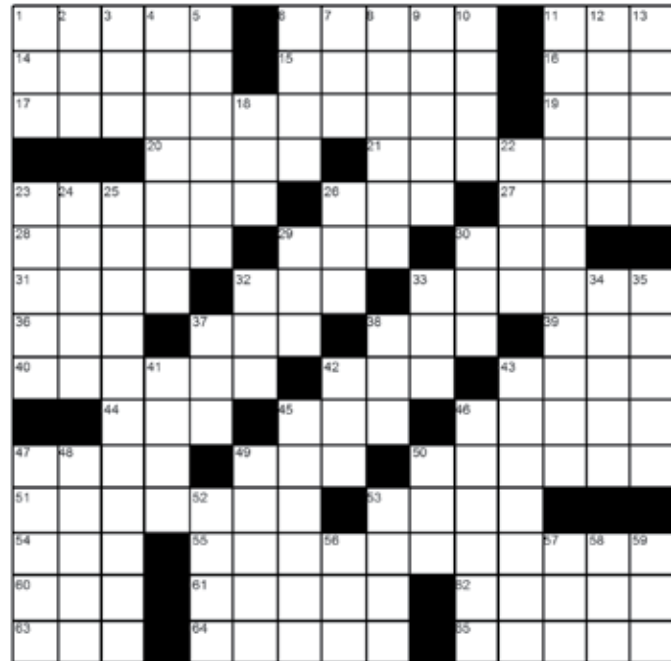
Generosity. The new happiness science shows it truly is “better to give than to receive.” (ABC News Report)

Sociability. Nothing is more important for happiness and health than social connection. Yet, we are increasingly isolated: A 2010 Time/AARP study found that chronic loneliness among Americans over 45 increased from 20 to 35 percent of the population in the previous 10 years alone.

Older, Wiser, Happier: *Continued on page 41*

Crossword Puzzle

Now and Then



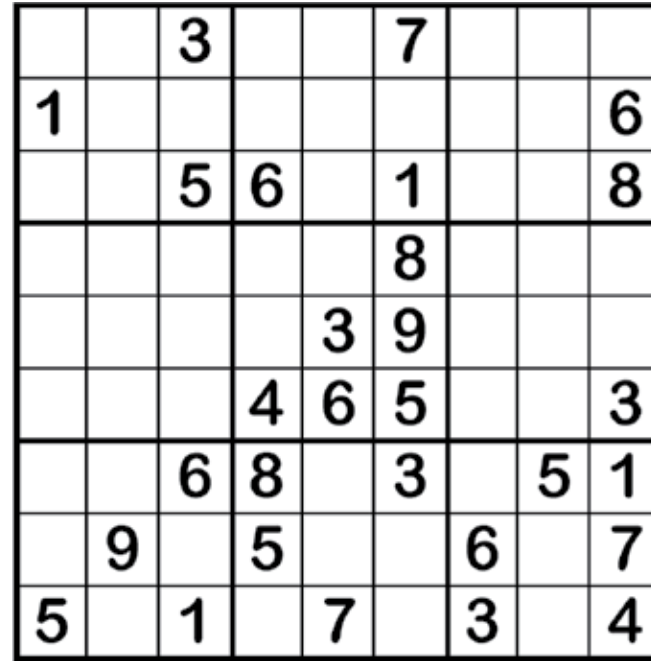
© 2013 Created for LIV FUN by SkyDogCreations

ACROSS

- 1 Bad idea, usually
- 6 Perfection
- 11 Used to own
- 14 Crossed the lake
- 15 Earth (Latin)
- 16 Sash in Japan
- 17 Timepiece
- 19 Card game
- 20 Four Corners state
- 21 Some sunsets
- 23 Southwestern city
- 26 Place for flowers
- 27 Tyrant
- 28 Seater
- 29 Pre-fab lawn
- 30 Handspeak
- 31 Minstrel
- 32 Gory movie
- 33 Clip or staple
- 36 One of Freud's three
- 37 Type of wire
- 38 Common crossword female
- 39 ___-na-na
- 40 Change identity
- 42 The loneliest number
- 43 Title derived from 'Caesar'
- 44 Halloween mo.
- 45 Good, in slang
- 46 Fashion
- 47 Common herb
- 49 Planetary 'blanket'
- 50 Banquets
- 51 Type of instinct
- 53 Mideast gulf
- 54 Amer.
- 55 Timepieces
- 60 Law enforcement officer (slang)
- 61 Metric measure
- 62 Scions
- 63 Acronym on a Canadian dashboard
- 64 Type of test question
- 65 First name in fragrance

Sudoku

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



© 2013 Satori Publishing

DIFFICULTY: ★★★★★

DOWN

- 1 Car protector
- 2 Decay
- 3 ___ Jima
- 4 Puzzled
- 5 Magazine bigwig
- 6 Hanker
- 7 'Of the' in Spanish
- 8 Wore away
- 9 Moved along a simple curve
- 10 Actress Veronica
- 11 Timepieces
- 12 Mr. Doubleday
- 13 Common electronics component
- 18 Fire (slang)
- 22 NY newspaper
- 23 Yam, e.g.
- 24 Linguistic concern
- 25 Timepiece
- 26 Present topper
- 29 Utter
- 30 Dined
- 32 Use the legal system
- 33 Stun
- 34 Rhythmic intonation
- 35 Some crossword levels
- 37 Global time reference (abbr.)
- 38 Finish
- 41 Served well
- 42 Device used with a thole
- 43 Enchantments
- 45 Archie Bunker and others
- 46 To expose a new incisor, e.g.
- 47 Open an ear
- 48 Fable master
- 49 Those against
- 50 Regulatory agency
- 52 Survivor site, possibly
- 53 How things sometimes go
- 56 Pod inhabitant
- 57 At bat result, maybe
- 58 Flowery before
- 59 One of 16 on a compass

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42



Healthy U
Good Health 101 and Beyond

Quit Acting Your Age

"I'm just getting old" is no longer a valid excuse.

by **Stephan J. Smith**
Doctor of Chiropractic

How often have we heard ourselves saying, "I'll start my diet tomorrow when I'm not so busy" or "I'll exercise when the weather gets better"?

Our health often takes a backseat to all of our excuses, in spite of our best intentions. We know we need to exercise and move our bodies more, but whatever we're doing at the time seems so much more important than going out for a walk.

The same thing happens with our diet. We know we should eat better, have more vegetables, and eat fewer high-calorie snacks, but we kid ourselves into thinking that we can start eating healthier tomorrow, or the next day, or after the upcoming holiday party. And still we don't.

As we put off these healthy habits, we slowly and imperceptibly lose our mobility and our flexibility. We gain a pound or two and notice we are a little short

of breath after climbing a few stairs. Maybe our heartburn gets a little worse at night, keeping us from that good night's sleep.

These things happen insidiously, without us really noticing them from day to day, so it's easy to chalk it all up to simply "getting older." Before you know it, you're out of tomorrows; that time you thought you had is gone, and there's no getting it back.

Fortunately, the gains we make from small, healthy changes happen in the same way. Eat a few more vegetables and less sugar, and exercise a little more. All of a sudden you notice you are less tired in the afternoon and sleep better at night, and your doctor notices an improvement in your blood pressure.

These are the little victories in our journey toward living an active and fulfilling life. And it can start today. ♦

Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice

PRESS PLAY

Those tapes in our head ... can we really change them and learn to let go a little?

by Sue Peterson, CFA

Managing Director, Cornerstone Advisors in Bellevue, WA

As a wealth advisor, I have a front-row seat to the process of financial decision-making across a huge spectrum of personalities, family histories and balance sheets. What I find fascinating is how often time is not equated to money and therefore lavishly spent in ways that have my clients trading their precious time to save a little bit of money.

Take housework, for example. You might expect that 100% of my wealthy, retired clients have a professional housecleaner. Not true. Why not? For some it is a matter of stewardship and a desire to use those dollars for a worthier cause. That's admirable. For others, I think it's more about feeling unworthy of this "luxury," especially after a lifetime of saving or other "shoulds" that become ingrained.

What are the tapes that play inside your head when it comes to how you spend your time? Are they tied up with the tapes about how you spend your money? It's not surprising if they are.

Often this manifests at retirement, with a natural resistance to eject the old "Save" tape and insert a new one called "Play."

M. Scott Peck speaks succinctly about the issue of worthiness and how we spend our time: "Until you value yourself, you won't value your time. Until you value your time, you will not do anything with it." (BrainyQuotes.com)

Feelings of unworthiness can cause us to undervalue saving time and overvalue saving money. "A penny saved is a penny earned" is often accepted as a truism. But if I save a penny by spending \$5 in gas or, even more costly, an hour in traffic driving to the "cheaper" store, what have I really earned and at what cost? Isn't our time worth just as much, if not more, than those few cents we saved?

The poet Libby Wagner recently stated that we all belong to the "church of busyness." Worthiness in

our society is equated with busyness, so spending our time to save money makes us feel productive and worthy. How many of us have spent hours on an airline website trying to use our mileage plan awards to get a "free" flight? Or maybe you never consider flying at all if you can drive, even if it means hours of your time behind the wheel.

Maybe it's time to change your tapes and start enjoying a more positive relationship with your time and your money. Challenge yourself this week to break the status quo of financial decision-making and consider spending some money to save time. What's a service you could pay someone else to do for you? Not because you can't do it, that's not the issue, but *because you don't have to*. Your time could be spent more productively and enjoyably focused on more valuable pursuits.

Carl Sandburg cuts to the heart of this: "Time is the coin of your life. It is the only coin you have, and only you can determine how it will be spent. Be careful lest you let other people spend it for you."

We let others do this in subtle ways, often in the form of "shoulds" that can be passed from generation to generation. If you hate housework, don't let the fact that your mother-in-law never had a housekeeper (therefore you shouldn't need one) keep you from hiring this out. On the other hand, if you love working in your yard, don't judge the neighbor who hires the landscaping crew.

Along with those "shoulds" are the dreaded "musts." Any of these sound familiar? At Christmas, I must buy everyone a carefully selected, wonderfully creative gift. Or make the dessert for Easter from scratch. Or always keep the house clean because, heaven forbid, someone might drop by and judge me for looking like I live there.

Press Play: Continued on page 41

*"Until you value yourself,
you won't value your time.
Until you value your time,
you will not do anything with it."*

— M. Scott Peck

Finding Meaning at the Boundaries of Life



“Death is very likely the single best invention of life. It is life’s change agent.”
— Steve Jobs

by Sandy Sabersky

Founding Director of Elderwise

We like to think that we are free. Free from boundaries and limitations. Yet, though we talk about freedom, ultimately we are bound — by our bodies, health, minds, and age, and by what forms the border of our life — death.

Death puts limits on the extent of our lives. Not knowing when it will come increases the pressure on us to make our presence felt. Having death as our border, if we will acknowledge it, opens the doorway to truly living our lives.

Steve Jobs, when he was dying of cancer, is widely quoted to have said, “Remembering that I’ll be dead soon is the most important tool I’ve ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life.”

Rather than facing the fact of our death and letting it inform our priorities and force us to truly live, many of us try to avoid thinking and talking about it. We would rather go about “enjoying” our lives as if we will live forever.

Savvy Sage

On Being an Elder

Having death as our border, if we will acknowledge it, opens the doorway to truly living our lives.

You may have heard the story of the man who wanted to do just that, a fairytale written by Theodora Ozaki. (Ozaki, 1908) The author writes of Sentaro, who was so afraid of death and illness that he journeyed to the Shrine of Jofuku and prayed for immortality.

Magically flown to the “country of Perpetual Life” where people never die, Sentaro found a shocking state of affairs. Here, people worked in vain to try to end their lives. They took potions and sought poisons because they longed for the release of death from the tedium, sameness and boredom of a life without an end.

Sentaro was the only happy person in that land, but eventually time passed and the problems, annoyances and sameness of daily life became old, while his body did not. He began to understand why the other residents of this land were seeking a way out.

Ultimately, Sentaro’s journey turned out to be a dream in which he learned that he is not ready for everlasting life. He chose to return to his own country, and his mortal life, but was forever changed by an awareness of the precious nature of this fleeting existence.

Like Ozaki, real-life nonagenarian philosopher Mary Midgley believes living forever is not only the stuff of fairytales, but vastly overrated.

“Doctors have a habit of trying to make each individual live a bit longer. I think it runs very deep. They should be given a better idea of health that doesn’t necessarily mean living longer,” states Midgley. (*New Scientist*, 2012) She claims that this unrelenting focus on extending human life should be questioned, and the goal should be to live well, not live long.

And what if Steve Jobs had lived to be 100? Sonia Arrison paints a fascinating picture of a world — not far from now, she claims — in which living to 100 is commonplace.

“We are at the cusp of a revolution in medicine and biotechnology that will radically increase not just our

life spans, but also, and more importantly, our *health* spans.” (Arrison, 2011)

Arrison claims that if the top 1% of our best innovators and creators live to 100, our world would see a huge boon in creativity, collaboration, and overall benefit to society.

“It is innovation which ultimately drives economic growth over the long term, and much of innovation is driven by the top 1%,” says Arrison in an interview published online. (*Psychology Today*, 2012)

With the unrelenting pace of medical advances, super-extended life could be a reality in the not-too-distant future. But is that really what we want? Do we truly want to live forever, or are we simply afraid to die?

In the work of aging, facing one’s own mortality is one of the portals to becoming an elder, to becoming truly wise. Ease with one’s own eventual death, and the limits or boundaries to this life, is probably the most important part of our living.

Rabbi Zalman Schachter-Shalomi suggests that we should embrace death, become friendlier toward death as part of a richer life. (Schachter-Shalomi, 1995) As we examine our thoughts around death, journal about it, talk with trusted friends, or even attend a lecture or workshop around the topic, we become more comfortable with our own dying.

Surprisingly, this type of investigation gives us a kind of release and leaves us with more and renewed energy to live. Like Sentaro, we can take our increased understanding of death and put it to use leading a meaningful life.

And like Steve Jobs, we can use this most important tool, the knowledge that there is only a finite time allotted, to add increased clarity to our action and bring our priorities and values into sharper focus. Indeed, knowing it will end is what gives it meaning. ♦

Sources:

Arrison, Sonia. (2011). *100 Plus: How the Coming Age of Longevity Will Change Everything, From Careers and Relationships to Family and Faith*. Basic Books.

Bains, William. (2012). “The Wasteful Quest for Immortality.” *New Scientist*. Retrieved December 11, 2013 from www.newscientist.com.

Ozaki, Yei Theodora. (1908). *Japanese Fairy Tales*. New York: A.L. Burt Company.

Schachter-Shalomi, Zalman. (1995). *From Age-ing to Sage-ing: A Profound New Vision of Growing Older*. New York, NY: Warner.

Wai, Jonathan. (2012). “What if Steve Jobs Had Lived Over 100 Years?” *Psychology Today* accessed December 11, 2013, from www.psychologytoday.com.



Me and My **TIME** Machine

Grievin' 'n groovin' in the one place I feel whole.

by Thomas Orton

Seattle-based novelist and freelance writer

“I was the only person in the world who could cry while Wilson Pickett was belting out ‘Mustang Sally’ on the stereo.”

It is Friday, a few minutes after noon. I’m at my gym, waiting for class to begin. I’m sitting on a stationary bicycle that looks like a starved bull created by Picasso. There are 30 of these “spin” bikes lined up in this room, most of them occupied. I know quite a number of the people on them.

As usual, before things kick into high gear, we have been idling along, warming up, chatting amiably. Now the solo guitar on the sound system stops abruptly, and a dark, wild beat boils out of the loudspeakers. The instructor barks and we are off, peddling as if possessed.

Fifteen minutes in, my lungs burn and my thighs turn to lead. On the bike I can still get the sort of hard workout I now can’t get any other way. Despite the discomfort, I feel my face pull into a smile.

The “Gift” of Time

The good news, all the doctors tell you, is that Parkinson’s doesn’t kill you. That’s also the bad news. The bane of the disease is that it promises you plenty of time. You can live a full life, they say, but you may well spend much of it watching yourself get worse.

Being whole, feeling that you are a complete person, means that you are in control of your time. Parkinson’s takes away your time — not in the sense of shortening your life, but by determining what you do with the time that was once yours.

In the five years since I was diagnosed, I seem to have fast-forwarded to old age. Simple tasks I never thought twice about suddenly take forever. Where I could once clean my apartment, do laundry, shop for groceries, and cook dinner for friends all on the same day, I can now do just one of these things and only if I salt my day with naps.

I now need discipline and patience for things that never required discipline and patience. Zipping a jacket can be as maddening as threading a needle. Discipline and patience eat up time. Each jacket-zip devours precious moments. I am helpless to do anything but watch them go down the drain. Worse, all of these moments of time accumulate like little drops in an ever-growing, panic-inducing reservoir of loss, impossible either to recover or dismiss.

Change is time’s handprint on our lives, the visible proof that it has made us live by its dictates. Most people’s experience of time allows them to adjust to change gradually, even comfortably. With PD, change bears down on you like an avalanche. Your neurologist tells you to stop picking up your grandchildren because you might drop them; then comes word that you must give up driving. This is not to say that good things stop happening. They still happen, even accompanied by familiar surprise and joy. But you can no longer rely on the “natural” balance of good luck and bad.



“Despite the discomfort, I feel my face pull into a smile.”

Grievin’ ‘N Groovin’

At the front of the class, the instructor shouts a reminder that we have reached the halfway point and plays a slow, bluesy song to give us a break. This song reminds me that during the early days following my diagnosis, I used the bike to grieve, to pound the sorrow and self-pity out of my body and my mind.

I chided myself for this. I called it *grievin’ ‘n groovin’*. Still, sometimes I couldn’t help it and bowed my head and wept. I believed I was the only person in the world who could cry while Wilson Pickett was belting out “Mustang Sally” on the stereo system. At the time, I thought there was something seriously wrong with me.

What made it more poignant was that no one could tell — everyone’s faces got red and wet during a spin workout. Months after my diagnosis, I still hadn’t told any of my gym friends that I had PD. Time hadn’t made that any easier. Telling people, I thought, would change everything. No matter how understanding people were, from that point on I would be the sick person and they would all be well. I was already feeling fragmented, thinking myself an odd man out. I wanted to delay the inevitable alienation for as long as I could.

A Hitch in Your Git-Along

About two years into my journey with Parkinson’s, I became aware that the disorder seemed to take extra care booby-trapping another facet of time: my rhythm, the measured way all of us move through the world. In my 50s, I started jumping rope and got pretty good at it. After the appearance of PD, I began having increasing difficulty getting the rope under me more

than eight or nine times before the coordination disintegrated.

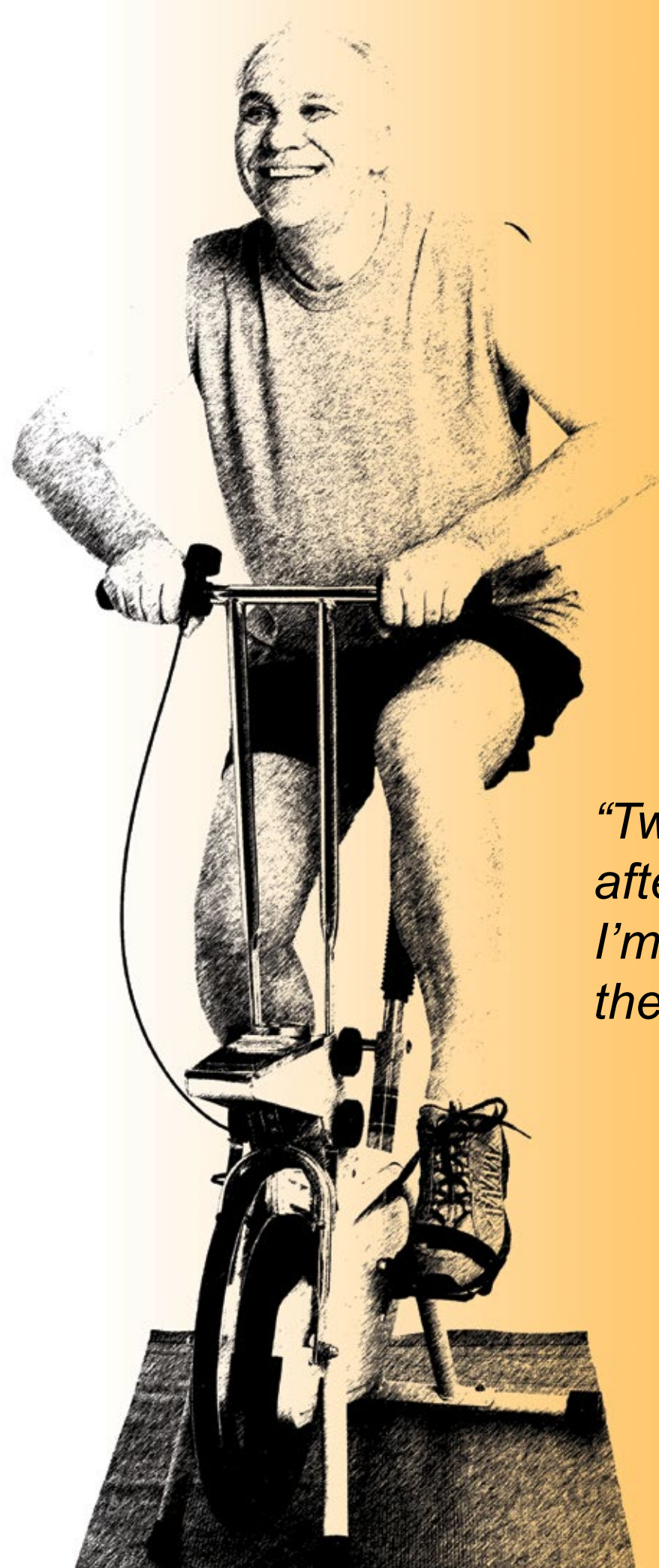
Also, my walking gait was developing what Don Meredith called “a hitch in your git-along.” Though there was no way to keep this hitch from becoming many hitches, the bike was a way to delay the inevitable, to give me more time.

Each time I climb onto the saddle and click my shoes into the pedals, the bike fits its template of steady beats over my rhythmless limbs. During an hour’s ride, it relieves my muscles of the exhausting task of firing all those tedious fine motor adjustments that maintain balance. As a result, a lot of the wobbles get ironed out. This is possibly the reason why stationary bicycling is being thoroughly researched by Parkinson’s specialists and widely prescribed for patients. Two days after a session, I’m still feeling the benefits.

Glue With a 45-Pound Wheel

PD, I found as the months rolled by, was also working on a mental aspect of rhythm. I was having trouble being on time for anything and couldn’t finish simple tasks. These days, I’m better at such things, but the root problem still exists: I’m losing the familiar rhythm of organizing my time, my *self*. I’m becoming more fragmented, losing a sense of wholeness.

The bike helps me glue myself back together. This is the one thing I believe I can continue to improve on, that I can still change. If the bike doesn’t exactly complete me, it shows me that wholeness is still possible. An hour on this machine passes the same way an hour passes for a normal person. It is not PD’s time. It is mine. It is time as I used to know it. ♦



“Two days after a session, I’m still feeling the benefits.”

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q. There's too much to do — the stuff I want to do, and the stuff I have to do. I want to read, spend time with friends, nurture my partner. And I have to take care of stuff — meals, calling my relatives, laundry. And then there's the distractions — Facebook, the news, emails, politics, etc. My biggest issue is that I just don't have the same amount of energy that I used to. Instead of feeling excited and motivated to get things done, most days I end up overwhelmed. How can I make this better?

A. Accomplishments help us feel alive, productive and useful. As we age, the amount of "stuff" we can pack into a day diminishes. We move a little more carefully; we tire a little sooner. Still, there are good techniques that can help you complete important tasks, strike a balance between fun and work, and combat feeling overwhelmed.

Try this three-point plan:

1) Retrain "outward-seeking" habits into "inner-centering" moments.

Once upon a time, maybe we had a problem with boredom, but now we have a problem with overstimulation; too many shiny things catching our eye and too many news stories capturing our attention for a moment.

Our minds become habituated to seeking this stimulation. Our smartphones seem designed to do this! Also, email and the media are constantly "on." It seems some people can't let a moment go by without checking out some tidbit on TV or online. I was out for a walk the other day, and every person was checking their phone for something — a text, an email, an update, a scrap of news. My reaction was to pull out my own phone. I felt like "monkey see/monkey do," instead of enjoying peaceful time in the fresh air.

To better manage your time and energy, and to avoid feeling overwhelmed, consider a new outlook. (Or should I say "in-look?") Each time you feel that outward-seeking impulse, take a breath. Allow a moment of *inner-centering*. Check your energy. Notice whether you feel tense or relaxed. See what emotions are present. Then ask yourself, "What's actually important to me right now?" Do this a few times a day, and you can start to reclaim yourself from the monkey mind and

gain renewed control over your actions. (See endnotes)

2) Practice acceptance and compassion for your decreased energy.

It's a hard fact of life that our vitality and energy levels can diminish. We have to face this and deal with the losses and self-judgments that can stem from it. We may lose the ability to play the roles that make us feel valuable or that others relied on us to do (nurturer, cook, kin-keeper, activist). If only we could be more like dogs — when they are tired, they lie down; when they are sleepy, they close their eyes. They don't judge themselves for it; they just go with what they feel.

My suggestion to you: Stay tuned into your energy levels. When you are fatigued, let yourself rest. While resting, offer yourself love and acceptance for your fatigue. Notice what you think — are you judging or criticizing yourself for being tired? Are you feeling it should be different? Let go of the "shoulds." Treat yourself with friendliness. Your worth is not about what you do, not really. It's about who you are. So treat your bodily vehicle with care and kindness.

3) Use lists.

Build a system for prioritizing tasks that works for you. I'm big on To-Do lists. Each day I jot down tasks and goals, including self-care items like "drink water" and "vitamins." I also maintain a long-term To-Do list, with major projects that I hope to accomplish within the next few months. That way I don't have to keep it all in my head. At points where I might get swept up into random outward-seeking behavior, sometimes I remember to check my To-Do list instead. Then I can consciously choose what's next. Maybe relaxing and Web-surfing *is* what's next — but maybe not. The To-Do list is your map to help you make the best of your day. ♦

Source:

The "monkey mind" is a Buddhist term that describes a state of mind that is unsettled, restless, capricious, indecisive or confused, and abuzz with myriad thoughts at once. It has become popular in recent years in English books and musical references. The opposite of the monkey mind is a state of mindfulness and clarity. (Wikipedia.org)



● ●
**LOW ACID COFFEE
HAS NEVER
TASTED SO GOOD.**
It's a revolution in your cup!

How do we make trücup both drinkable and delicious?

First, we select a premium blend of Arabica coffee beans from all over the world. Then, using a patented, all-natural process, we remove unfriendly acids that can upset your stomach and create a bitter taste. But we leave in all the good stuff like flavor, aroma and caffeine for a coffee that's smooth, great tasting and easy-to-drink.

LESS ACID. MORE TASTE. EVERYBODY WINS.

trucup.com



Your Life Well Lived

Wellness Advice for Mind, Body and Spirit



© Linda Waterhouse

"Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in." — Henry David Thoreau

THE WATER WHEEL OF TIME

This relentless master is of our own making.

by Lawrence Rubin

Let's try something together. For the next few moments, take a few deep breaths and try as best you can to clear your mind ... just for a few moments.

I'm going to give you a word and would like you to make a mental list of the first things or images that come to mind.

Ready? The word is ... *time*.

What came to mind? Perhaps Mick Jagger singing, "Time, time, time is on my side"? Or maybe it was some less-than-kind invective, such as "Stop wasting time!", "Don't let time slip through your fingers!" or "You should practice better time management!"

What is interesting about these metaphors (and they are indeed metaphors rather than descriptors) is how much power they have. Yet, time is not tangible. You can't really hold it in your hand or let it slip through your fingers like sands through an hourglass. It is not ours to keep, or waste, or manage. Instead, we must look inward to manage our very lives as a precious resource. In this way, we avoid being mastered by this intangible tyrant.

Sure, perhaps there were blissful moments that seemed at the time to last forever or painful moments that seemed to drag on interminably. But in reality, time doesn't exist; it is nothing more nor less than the music that serenades the thousand angels as they dance on the head of a pin.

Mankind has attempted to harness time since the begin-

ning with devices like the simple yet highly reliable water wheel that echoed the natural and predictable pattern of night and day, the solstices, and the changes of the seasons.

In the 14th century we were finally able to master the technology that allowed us to "translate the continuous force of the [water] wheel into the visual principle of uniform but segmented succession." (McLuhan, 1964) In plain words, we created the movement of the hands on the face of the clock, and with that, the ability for it to "tell us" time.

And only a few short centuries later, the advent of the digital clock, through its luminescent urgency, was able to "yell us" time. Today, through the incomprehensible technology of the smartphone, Google Glass, and talking time pieces that would bemuse even the great Dick Tracy, we are reminded of time, all of the time.

As I write this, my first piece for LIV FUN, I want very much for it to be meaningful. More importantly, I want it to be useful. So, once again, I ask you to clear your mind and think of how your understanding of "time" has changed over the years.

Do you remember when you were young even being aware of the passing of hours? Or did absorption in the activities of youth (playing, enjoying the company of friends, falling in love) create a sense of timelessness? When did you actually become aware of the impor-

tance of keeping track of time? Was it when you began school or your first job? Or counting down the days or months to a big event, such as graduating from school, launching your child, or being part of the passing of a loved one? How has your own aging been recorded ... in the chronicle of changes of your body, energy level, or transition into this phase of your life? And now, as you witness and participate in the final years of the ones you love, does time seem to be slowing down or speeding up, and do you wonder how much time is left?

As I grew, I gauged the passing of years through the lens of the aging of my brothers and father. "When Kenneth is 20, I will be 13." "When Stephen is 50, I will be 37." "Dad and I both became fathers at 40." "When dad is 100, I will be 60." Well, Dad made it to 97, and now, at 58, I wonder if I will live that long. I wonder if time will be kind to me, how quickly or slowly it will pass, and whether I will make the best use of it that I can.

In my best moments, I let all of that go. I stop thinking about time and allow the minutes, hours and days of my life to flow effortlessly like so much water over a wheel. ♦

Source:

McLuhan, Marshall. (1964). *Understanding Media: The Extensions of Man*. New American Library.

Retire Like You Mean It

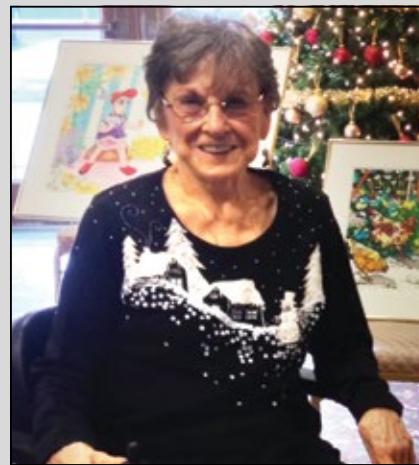
Your Life, Your Rules

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



© ThinkStock

Introducing Our Two Features This Issue



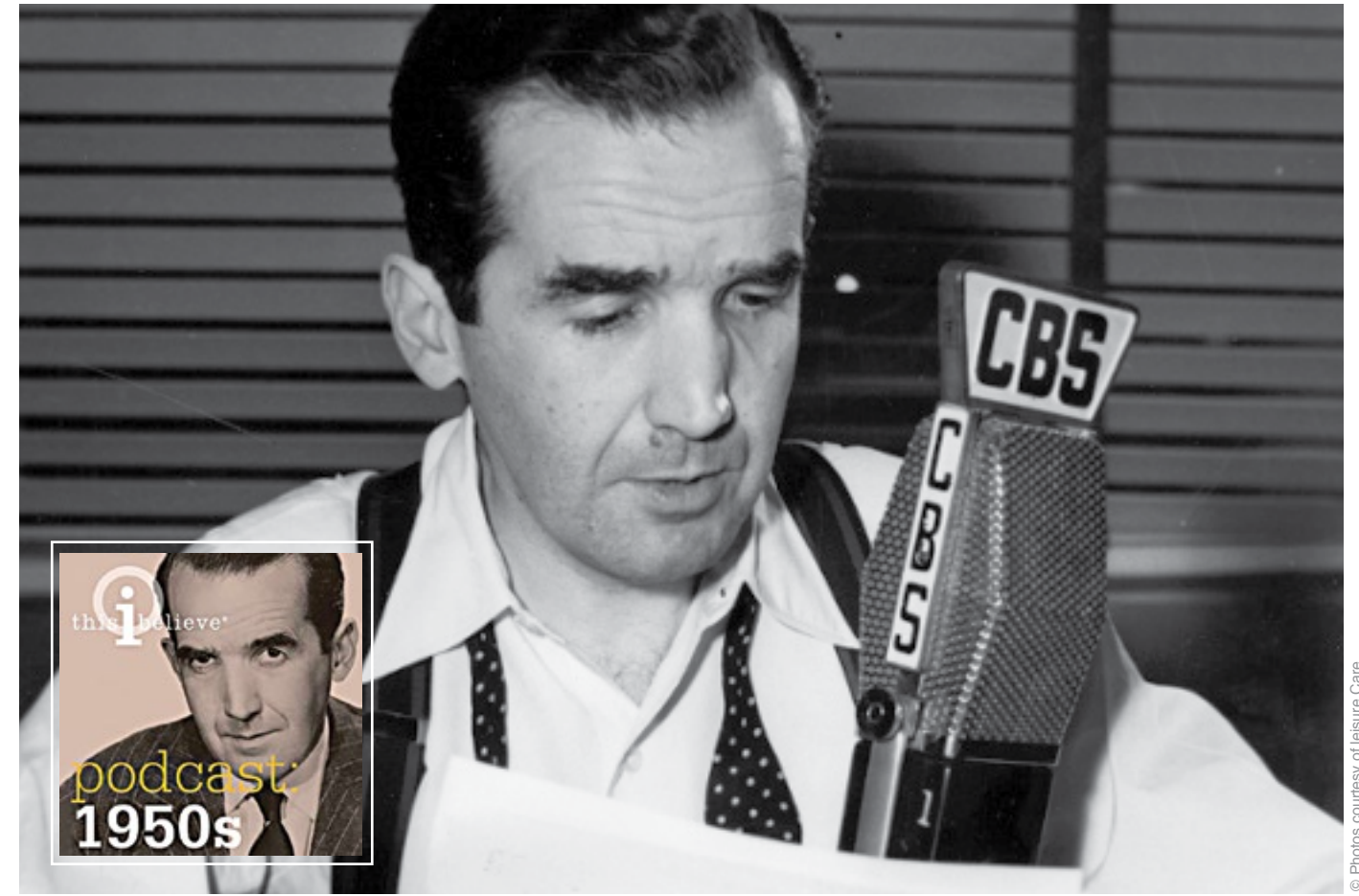
Edie Dunlap

Leisure Care Resident



Jeff Thaxton

PrimeFit Instructor
Fairwinds - Spokane



© Photos courtesy of Leisure Care

This I Believe

by Laney Brown

Program Supervisor, Fairwinds - Spokane

In the popular 1950s radio series "This I Believe," renowned journalist and radio host Edward R. Murrow interviewed Americans, both prominent and unknown, and asked them what they believe. People across the country gathered around their radios each week to listen as Jackie Robinson, Helen Keller, Eleanor Roosevelt and Harry Truman, as well as average Americans from all walks of life, described the guiding principles by which they live.

The project experienced a rebirth in 2004 when "This I Believe" was launched as a non-profit organization, eventually publishing essays and podcasts by Bill Gates, Colin Powell, Gloria Steinem and scores of others. Today the writing prompt is being used in coffee houses, adult literacy programs, hospices, college classrooms, retirement homes and hospitals — and at our Fairwinds-Spokane community. Individuals throughout the world have accepted the challenge to write their own personal statement of belief, and we took on that challenge as well.

The program was launched in Fairwinds-Spokane last October by Jeff Thaxton, our PrimeFit instructor. Jeff was doing some research related to our monthly theme "I Believe — A Spiritual Journey" and happily stumbled upon "This I Believe." He knew instantly it was the right fit for our residents and staff.

We presented the program as a writing contest, asking residents and staff to each submit an essay. The numerous essays created were all vastly different from the next, with each author interpreting the subject in a unique way. Some wrote about their faith, others their family, still others wrote about their passions in life.

At the end of the contest, the Fairwinds staff read each article and voted on their favorites. Two articles stood out, for the elegant way they were written and the thoughtful nature of their words. We are proud of all the residents and staff who accepted the "This I Believe" challenge and are happy to share resident Edie Dunlap and Jeff's essays here.

For more information on "This I Believe," visit the project's website at www.thisibelieve.org.

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One



Fairwinds - Spokane resident Edie Dunlap creates artwork that reflects her happy outlook.

This I Believe

by Edie Dunlap

This I believe: Joy of life, laughter, love, family and light heartedness are the most important things. To see a child chasing a butterfly, dancing across a meadow, shrieking with laughter is pure joy. The richness of autumn leaves, enhanced by the warmth of a sunset, is beauty in its highest form. It warms my heart.

Beauty takes so many forms: a cat basking on the back of an over-stuffed chair in front of a fire, a mother's face looking down at her newborn snuggled in her arms, the first snowfall gently covering the trees. Did you know that snow actually makes a slight sound as it falls? Be very still and listen closely. I love all of these, and often try to capture their essence with brushes and paint and canvas.

Light heartedness can mask my seriousness, but it's much more fun. Go ahead, be a clown, make a joke, provoke some laughter — even at yourself. It will brighten your day. Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Promote gaiety. The world's much too serious a place.

It's hard to remember names of new acquaintances, so I try to attach them to something or someone to jog my memory. I asked a lady if her name was Topper. She said, "No, it's just plain Ruth." So the next time I saw her I said, "Hi, just plain Ruth." Luckily she laughed. Once I met a woman named Ann Sodaberg. Okay, I thought, that sounds like a milkshake. You can guess when I saw her again I almost said, "Hi, Ann Milkshake." She probably wouldn't have laughed.

Love and family form the strongest bond for me. With 14 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren I have much love surrounding me, and much laughter. I sign my cards and letters to them G. Edie (Grandma) or GG. Edie (Great-grandma). One little great-grandson exclaimed, "Grandma, I didn't know your name is G.G."

Before an expected visit with one of them, I strewed coins under chair cushions and on closet floors. When he arrived we decided we'd go to the grocery store to buy his favorite candy. But alas, he had no money. So the hunt began. Amidst tossed cushions and squeals of excitement he uncovered the treasures. Then we gathered all the empty pop bottles to return to the store. He'd never had so much money; he was thrilled! The pop bottles were sold, the candy selected, and the purchase made.

Alex didn't understand that the money he found was to pay for the candy, but he reluctantly handed it over. When mom came to pick him up, he showed her his prize. Mom asked him where he got the money for it and he looked up at her with big, sad eyes and said, "I found a lot of money, but Grandma took it all."

I was blessed with an exceptional mother. Her values arched over my life and formed the perimeters of my being. Life continues to give me great joy here in assisted living: There's sunshine out my window, wonderful people with smiles of welcome, and someone to put my shoes on for me! Just to speak to them and embrace them all brings me closer to God. I thank him often.

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Two



Jeff Thaxton rides the trail with his beloved grandfather in this family photo.

This I Believe

by Jeff Thaxton

This I believe: Everyone has a cross to bear. How you respond to it is what defines you as a person. A cross can have many different forms. It might be facing cancer or a crippling condition. It could be persecution for one's religious beliefs. Maybe it is dealing with the loss of a loved one. Whatever your cross is, it is often difficult to overcome.

Steve Gleason was a professional football player for the New Orleans Saints. In the playoffs, he blocked a punt that helped the Saints win the Super Bowl. Soon after the victory he was forced into retirement after being diagnosed with Lou Gehrig's disease. He was only in his early 30s at the time.

Despite eventually losing the use of his limbs, he became a model of hope and determination in the face of one of life's cruelest diseases. He and his wife have a son named Rivers, and they host a number of fundraisers to search for a cure to this condition. He adopted the motto: "No white flags." I had the privilege of playing on Steve's junior high football team and saw his strong character even at an early age.

I recently read a story about Maickel Melamed, a young man from Caracas, Venezuela, who has muscle dystrophy. He completed the Chicago Marathon this month after struggling for nearly 17 hours to reach the finish line. After his enormous accomplishment he said that he felt "peace inside" and "When you cross this finish line, you think to yourself, I can do anything in my life." What an inspiration!

I have my own personal cross to bear. I lost my grandfather, who I was very close to, to pancreatic cancer. One of the deadliest forms of cancer, it kills 73% of patients within a year after diagnosis. I, along with some local volunteers, started an annual bike ride from Spokane, Washington, to Coeur d' Alene, Idaho, to raise funds to fight this disease and search for better treatments and a cure. To date, we have raised more than \$81,000.

Everyone has a cross to bear. How will you respond to yours? I will overcome mine: This I believe. ♦

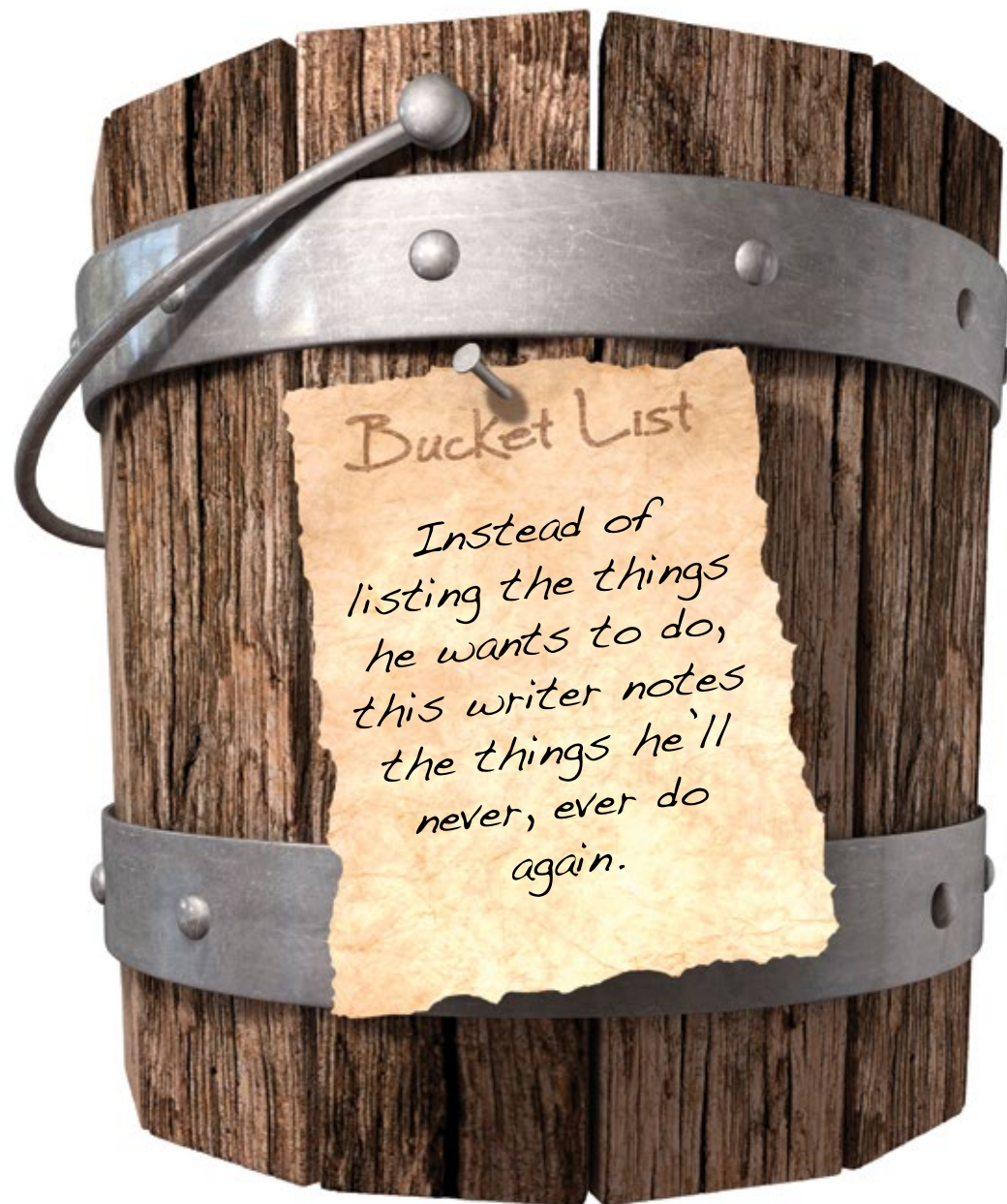


For more information on "This I Believe," visit the project's website at www.thisibelieve.org.

Death, Taxes and Bucket Lists

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comic in Denver



© allianswart

"I once considered taking a speed-reading class for the purpose of viewing foreign subtitled films in fast forward. But the idea of watching Das Boot in less than 12 minutes rubbed me as unfulfilling, on par with touring Venice's Grand Canal on a jet ski."

I have an odd habit of incessantly updating the proverbial three givens in life. Two weeks ago I believed the three givens were death, taxes, and that brown sugar will harden into adobe within six days of buying.

Last week I updated the three givens to death, taxes, and while gazing at the night sky someone will imperiously point out the Big Dipper like they're Edwin Hubble showing us never-seen-before nebula.

This week I've updated my list to death, taxes, and uttering at least once a week, after crossing the latest age-related threshold, "Where does the time go?"

This bears especially true while trying to recognize the face peering back at us in the mirror. The more wrinkles we see, the more time-conscious we become. "Seize the day" elevates from flippant advice to an unrelenting mandate, adding more pressure to making better use of our days.

I feel it. So much so I once considered taking a speed-reading class for the purpose of viewing foreign subtitled films in fast forward. But the idea of watching *Das Boot* in less than 12 minutes struck me as unfulfilling, on par with touring Venice's Grand Canal on a jet ski.

When I noted my growing awareness to the ticking of time to Jan, my neighbor who shares my age, she suggested composing a bucket list. Not surprising, since she's big on lists. She's the type of person who will write "close the garage door" or "brush teeth" on her daily To-Do list so as to delude herself into believing she's getting things done.

I'm the opposite. I'm not a fan of lists. More often than not they feel like mental tyranny, the Home Owners Association of the mind, robbing life of impulse and spontaneity, emphasizing doing rather than experiencing.

Plus, some of life's greatest achievers — Gandhi, Van Gogh, Einstein — did not have bucket lists, and yet they lived busy and fulfilling lives. Even if they did consider the idea, I can't imagine Einstein, for instance, having anything more on his bucket list than owning a comb.

Regardless, as a concession to Jan, I agreed to author a list but with a twist. Instead of a bucket list, I made a non-bucket list. Instead of things I want to do, it's a list of things I no longer want to do. Same idea in bringing sharper focus to our use of time, but from a different angle:

1) I will stop giving wasabi another try. It's not a food; it's a mucous laxative.

2) I will never watch another Hallmark Channel holiday movie again, when I know every movie, regardless of cast, revolves around the same premise: Single mother of one becomes snowbound in a small New England town and finds love.

3) I will surrender a lifelong quest to climb Mount Everest. The idea of desperately clinging to a frozen rock face in 40-below temperatures at 29,000 feet has lost its appeal. Especially when considering most other people at 29,000 feet are at cruising altitude on a com-

mercial flight, snacking on peanuts while paging through Sky-Mall magazine and searching for travel pillows.

4) I will never again attend a killer whale show at Sea World. Instead of mammals at the top of the food chain, they resemble pandas in wet suits.

5) I will stop harboring championship hopes for the Buffalo Bills, my favorite football team. Rooting for them is like rooting for the cast of Gilligan's Island. Big expectations are always met with inevitable disappointment.

6) I will never go parasailing again. I did it once while vacationing in the Florida Keys. While bobbing in the Gulf of Mexico waiting for flight, I urged the guide to start the speed boat due to my inordinate fear of sharks. He eased my paranoia by saying, "Don't worry. More people die annually from lightning strikes than they do from shark attacks." Two minutes later I was floating in the sky like Ben Franklin's key on a kite.

I stopped after only six items. The Florida Keys reference made me think of Hemingway and how it was said that while Hemingway wrote, all the lesser writers of his time talked about writing. This same sentiment applies to life. Instead of talking about how to live, or how to use our time, we should just live.

All of which led to me updating the three givens in life to death, taxes, and the use of Hemingway references to support a point. ♦

Walking in Santa Fe

Time spent in pain ... and friendship

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

"If you had told me 10 months ago that I'd be off ice cream, candy and coffee, and that I'd be obsessively purchasing organic eggs, fruits and vegetables, I would have laughed."

© John Tomaselli

I walk every day. I swim a couple times a week. I shoot hoops with my 13-year-old son. I bound up and down the stairs.

At least, I used to.

The pain began innocently enough, with a swollen finger, then a pinch in my left hip that feels, every now and then when I put my left foot forward, as if my skin is seeping under my pelvic bone and getting stuck on the bottom of it on the way out. I go for an x-ray.

The x-ray is normal. Therefore, I am fine. I continue on with my life until my entire pelvic area begins to ache and walking becomes difficult.

A rheumatologist tells me I don't have arthritis. He sends me to PT. Still, he runs blood tests for conditions like psoriatic and rheumatoid arthritis, ankylosing spondylitis, Sjogren's, and lupus — all negative. And I learn something: 20% of people with arthritis test negatively for the condition. Still, I begin to doubt my pain. I begin to doubt myself. Surely this pain is a figment of my imagination.

Walking in Santa Fe: *Continued on page 42*



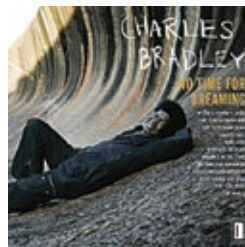
Time Out (2001)

When Vincent (played by the resolutely ordinary-looking actor Aurelien Recoing) is laid off from his comfortable white-collar job, he can't bring himself to tell his wife and family. He continues heading off to "work" every day, milling around office buildings, waiting in lobbies for meetings that never come, and calling his wife from business trips. As a matter of fact, he assumes a rather more important position than he had before — why not say he works for the United Nations? What seems at first like a comic premise gives way to a subtly disturbing snapshot of what might happen when an empty vessel like Vincent is confronted with the sheer volume of time (we can also appreciate the irony that his fake working life doesn't look all that different from the real working life of a middle-management paper-pusher like Vincent). Director Laurent Cantet takes a dreamlike approach to this 2001 film so that we really feel the dissolving of all those formerly regimented hours and what might happen when someone is incapable of filling them.

MUSIC REVIEWS

Raw, haunting or shimmering, these four songs exhort us to use our time wisely and not look back.

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer



"No Time for Dreaming" (Single) — Charles Bradley, No Time for Dreaming, 2011

Soul singer Charles Bradley is cut from the same cloth as Wilson Pickett and James Brown. His raw songs are reminiscent of the gravelly hearted soul you would have heard in the late '60s. The title track of this album is his own way of giving himself a kick in the rear to take his singing career seriously. After so many years of doing odd jobs and singing in small clubs, it was his time to stop the dreaming and get to work. Lyrically, the message is simple: Stop the dreamy procrastination, get up and take action, for there will be plenty of time to dream later. Simply put, take this moment to make the dreams real.



"Time" (Single) — Pink Floyd, Dark Side of the Moon, 1973

The song begins with chimes from many different clocks and evolves into a sparse intro with just roto toms and a simple guitar riff. The listener gets dragged into, and discovers, a cautionary tale. Stuck in the routine of life, we watch it pass by with no major accomplishment. A mind-opener for the attentive listener, the song compels us to take control of our destiny or risk waking up and realizing that we are 10 years late to the party known as life.



"Only Time" (Single) — Enya, A Day Without Rain, 2000

This angelic track from the album A Day Without Rain addresses the power time has to heal the wounds of living, loving and loss. As she asks in this hauntingly beautiful melody, "Who can say where the road goes, where the day flows? Only time." Indeed, when we allow time to do its work, we eventually find the healing and peace that we seek. It's worth a listen in both happy times and sad.



"Clocks" (Single) — Coldplay, A Rush of Blood to the Head, 2002

On the surface, this is a shimmering burst of musicianship full of delicate string arrangements, electric guitar and a driving piano. Lyrically, there is a darker gut check question being asked by the vocals of Chris Martin — is he worthy of his time on Earth, and has he done anything to contribute to humanity? As Martin ponders if he is part of the problem with the world, or if he needs to do something else to make a difference in his lifetime, he alludes to the irony of our obsession with time while forgetting to make the best of what we have of it.

Mindfulness. Slow down and smell the roses!

Time in nature. Our children spend only half as much unstructured time outdoors as they did a generation ago (National Wildlife Foundation Report).

Exercise. Kindness. Patience. Skills we are losing rapidly in this always-on, always-faster culture.

Perhaps the most important happiness skill is service to others. Current research shows that those who volunteer are consistently happier than those who do not (*Huffington Post*). Sadly, despite years of "service learning" and other efforts to promote volunteerism, we aren't doing very well in that area. Happiness Initiative survey data indicates that only a third of Americans volunteer even a day of their time each year. Young people see volunteer work as one more thing you have to do to build your resume. That makes it a chore instead of a joy.

One thing is clear in happiness research; the quest for stuff does *not* make us happier. The Black Friday stampedes are wasted effort and counterproductive. As the damage to our environment, health and social connection makes clear, they come at enormous cost to so many other things we hold dear, especially time to truly live.

Seniors are happier because they have learned the value of time, relationships and gratitude. Once re-

tired, they have more time than before. Seniors can pass along to their children the values of family, connection, sharing, kindness, appreciation of simple pleasures, and service. They can also work to change policies to those that support family leave, sick days, shorter working hours and guaranteed vacations — policies that value time instead of stuff, hours instead of dollars.

In 1912, strikers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, carried banners that read, "We Want Bread, and Roses, Too!" As poor as they were, they knew that money (bread) was not enough. They needed time to smell the roses, time for art, love and beauty, time for play, time for each other. It's a lesson we need to learn all over again. Teach your children well so that they can teach theirs.

How Happy Are YOU?

Wondering where you rank on the scale of happiness? This survey — at <http://www.happycounts.org/begin-survey/> — will take you about 15 minutes to complete. You'll get an immediate score regarding your overall happiness and your well-being in 10 key areas of life. It might open your eyes! ♦

Sources:

Gross National Happiness Index. *The Happiness Initiative*. Retrieved December 2, 2013, from www.happycounts.org.

UNICEF Office of Research. (2013). *Child Well-Being in Rich Countries*. (http://tiny.cc/unicef_report)

United Nations. (2013). *World Happiness Report 2013*. (http://tiny.cc/World_Happiness)

"Science tells misers too: Better to give than to receive." *ABC News*. Retrieved December 2, 2013, from www.abcnews.com.

AARP Research Report. (2010). *Loneliness Among Older Adults: A National Survey of Adults 45+*. (http://tiny.cc/AARP_report)

"Health Benefits." *National Wildlife Federation article*. Retrieved December 2, 2013, from www.nwf.org.

"Volunteering Could Boost Happiness, Decrease Depression and Help You Live Longer." *Huffington Post*. Retrieved December 2, 2013, from www.huffingtonpost.com.

Books by the Author:

De Graaf, John, Dave Wann and Thomas Naylor. (2014). *Affluenza: Why Over Consumption is Killing Us and How We Can Fight Back*. San Francisco: Berrett-Koehler (third edition).

De Graaf, John and David Batker. (2011). *What's the Economy For Anyway?* New York: Bloomsbury.

De Graaf, John (ed.). (2003). *Take Back Your Time*. San Francisco: Berrett-Koehler.

If you truly enjoy these pursuits, then by all means do them with joy. Just be aware that when they become a "must," you become chained to having your time spent by other people. You've met those other people in your head — Mr. and Mrs. They, next door neighbors to the Joneses. Well-intentioned, perhaps, but not who we must answer to in the end.

Money and time are treasures for us to steward faithfully and thoughtfully. These issues of worthiness, these "shoulds" we play in our head, can cause us to disregard the value of our time. Take a moment to listen to your own voice and decide how *you* want to use the treasures you have. Then take one step this week toward choosing the Play tape! ♦

Walking in Santa Fe: Continued from page 39

After a two-hour PT appointment, the pain worsens. My body is breaking down and taking me down with it. I avoid taking the Tramadol, but my siblings convince me it's better than being in pain. I begin to bargain with God. "God, I get it. You're telling me to slow down. If I listen, You'll stop the pain, right?"

I meet with more doctors. The headlines: Prednisone. MRI. Spondylitis. Rheumatoid arthritis. Steroid shots in my sacroiliac joints, my left hip. More Prednisone. Another steroid shot in the left hip. A referral to a PT who specializes in hips, who is out on medical leave and for whose return I must wait three weeks. There's no consensus and little relief.

I call my naturopath who puts me on a three-day water fast. I last two days, but I am in less pain. I feel more human. Maybe my condition is related to diet? On his advice I go off gluten, soy, corn, dairy, and cane sugar. I begin Zyflamend and Curcumin, double my fish oil, use parsley, ginger and garlic and add turmeric, cloves, and other spices known to relieve inflammation.

If you had told me 10 months ago that I'd be off ice cream, candy and coffee, and that I'd be obsessively purchasing organic eggs, fruits and vegetables, I would have said, "No way." But I'm doing just that. When you're in pain, you'll try anything.

Pain changes you. You are not yourself. You don't know who you are. You forget who you were. You become pain. You say "my pain" not "the pain," as if you've willingly accepted a gift. You're tired of talking about your pain. You want to talk about other things, but that's all that seems to matter. You imagine the people asking about your pain are tired hearing about it. Depression sets in. You fear you will never be yourself; that living in pain is your new normal. Your mind takes you to places you don't want to go.

So what do you do?

You choose to learn from your pain.

I learned gratitude. Gratitude for the years I lived without pain that I never fully appreciated. Gratitude to the nurses and aides who held my hand when the doctors stuck needles into my joints. Gratitude to the family and friends who called or visited when I was at my worst, who took me to doctors, who listened, who brought me food, even if I couldn't eat it. Gratitude (somewhat) for the experience of being in pain so that I'm better able to understand others who are in pain. Gratitude for the good days.

I'm scheduled to meet two close friends in Santa Fe for a weekend. Should I go? Will I be able to carry my luggage, sit on the plane, or change planes? I must go. I must see my friends. One had a pelvic sarcoma removed last year but has recurrent lymphedema and blot clots, as well as fluid painfully accumulating in her hip. The other suffers with arthritic knees and shoulders. She's down a gall bladder, a

spleen, most of a pancreas and a kidney; her working kidney is filling with stones. And then there's me. A fine crew we make.

We spend the weekend remembering old times, filling each other in on our current lives: husbands, children, careers, health, disappointments and joys. We laugh. We cry.

And we walk, each of us shuffling along, grateful to be together. ♦



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 16

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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

"I'M FIT AS A FIDDLE."

And this fiddle has some nice biceps, too.



Take advantage of the PrimeFit fitness program brought to you by Leisure Care. Your own fiddle will thank you.

At Leisure Care we understand that fitness often takes a backseat to, well, lots of other stuff. Which is precisely why everything about our PrimeFit fitness program has been designed to be fun, motivating and convenient. And, you will be glad to know, the exercise choices are vast. So vast, in fact, that the hardest part will be deciding what to do first.

Take a look at a few of the things available at many of our communities: a PrimeFit Gym, Balance Builders, walking programs, recreational sports, aquatic exercise, holistic offerings, and low-impact exercise.

Contact the PrimeFit staff at your local Leisure Care community to learn more. You might even want to ask them where the saying "fit as a fiddle" comes from. Because we have no idea.

1-800-327-3490
www.leisurecare.com



The One Eighty Foundation is passionately committed to improving the lives of children and families.

{ To give when there are needs, to mentor when guidance
is sought, and to create opportunities for better lives. }



OneEightyFoundation

A NEW DIRECTION IN GIVING

Find out more. Get involved. See our upcoming events.
www.oneeightyfoundation.org

 Find us on Facebook
www.facebook.com/oneeightyfoundation