

livfun SUMMER 2014

Smelling Salts
for the Soul
The importance of life's
exclamation points

Born That Way?
A look at those adventurous souls
who throw off the mooring lines

ADVENTURE

Reviving the Quest





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Letter From the Executive Vice President

Adventure Awaits

by Brett Robinson



Brett Robinson, Executive VP, Leisure Care

Ah, the sweet sense of adventure. Who comes to mind when you think of great adventurers? I took a quick poll at the Leisure Care home office. The most common names were Lewis and Clark, Amelia Earhart, Neil Armstrong and Sir Edmund Hillary. Pretty impressive, wouldn't you say? The achievements of these heroes were great, and they all seemed to thrive on an adrenaline rush. I got to thinking, as impressive as these famous adventurers' accomplishments were, they didn't do it alone. Lewis had Clark; Sir Edmund Hillary had his Sherpa, Tenzing Norgay; Ms. Earhart had ... never mind, she did do it solo; and Neil Armstrong had his Apollo 11 crew.

The reality is that most of us will not be flying solo across the Atlantic or scaling Mount Everest, but that is not the point. Each of you, our valued residents, can pursue adventures that will enliven your spirit and put a big smile on your face. Take a moment to think about what adventure means to you. I bet it includes a new experience, something you've never tried before.

The great news is that you don't have to discover it on your own. Our dedicated, talented community teams want to help you find your adrenaline rush. Our company creates socially engaged environments that provide amazing opportunities for everyday adventures. If you are a social animal who enjoys laughing and being surrounded by great friends, you've come to the right place. If your palette defines adventure, our restaurants provide fresh and delicious choices for a memorable dining experience. If exceptional customer service is the way to your adventurous heart, we'll make you feel like you are on vacation 24/7.

Whether you call one of our communities home or are considering making us home, please know that Leisure Care shares your appetite for adventure. Our passion and purpose is simple: We want to make a positive impact on our residents' lives every day. If you have a wish to live life with a deeper, richer level of experience, talk to your community team now. Helping you chart your course will make their day!

In the words of Amelia Earhart, "Adventure is worthwhile in itself." We could not agree more. Move forward ... the adventure awaits!

Bon voyage!

Brett Robinson
Executive Vice President, Leisure Care

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The next issue's theme is "Recovery."

Style Wise
Expressing Your Unique Self

REVIVING *the* QUEST

by Carlene Cross

Award-winning author and writing consultant

It's not too late to climb back onto the Mystic Highway and grab the rope around the Universe.

In his recent single, "Mystic Highway," John Fogerty reminisces about his life of travel and adventure: "*This old road has been my lifeline, my companion and my friend, like a rope around the Universe, ain't no beginning, ain't no end.*"

It's vintage Fogerty.

I love his music; his soulful voice resurrects those Creedence Clearwater Revival days when my future seemed filled with heart-pounding possibilities.

During summer afternoons on our isolated farm, I'd grab my transistor radio and run across the rolling grassland to stand and gaze at the distant granite peaks, where collapsing homesteads dotted the desolate horizon like ships wrecked on a vast shoal. Foxglove and camas brushed my bare legs, as my little radio searched the airwaves for a station powerful enough to cross the Rockies. Like a POW, I'd strain to hear informed voices from the outside world, roaming the dial past whisperings and hissings. Then, like magic to me, John Fogerty and CCR would break through, "Playing in a Traveling Band."

I imagined such a life, seeing faraway places — Woodstock and Radio City Music Hall, touring Europe, sipping wine in a Paris café. I vowed to live like Fogerty, exploring exotic places, taking risks and tackling adventures.

I set out to do that as a Bible col-

lege student in the '70s. Filled with religious zeal, I lived in France and smuggled bibles into Eastern Europe. As a single mother, I enrolled in college and then graduate school. But somewhere after 50, I became frightened. I stopped traveling, downhill skiing and dance lessons. Tucked away in my safety, the excitement that had always accompanied my life began to vanish. Lying in bed one Saturday morning, I wondered why I no longer felt that youthful passion. Suddenly, the words to Fogerty's "Mystic Highway" came to mind.

I realized that I had abandoned my journey around the Universe. I had lost my sense of adventure.

Quest changes us, whether exotic travel, a dance class, or even a difficult crossword puzzle. Tackling novel experiences increases our happiness, gives us a positive outlook, and boosts our artistic and scientific creativity. (Steel, Schmidt and Shultz, 2008)

Matt Walker, author of *Adventure in Everything*, explains, "When we embrace life as an adventure, we tap into a deep source of energy, love, creativity and generosity." (Walker, 2011)

Walker believes adventure usually involves planning something currently out of reach, something that demands problem solving and creativity, something that is

physical, and/or something that requires a different skill set than what we currently possess.

Traveling is one way to set the stage for this dopamine blast Walker describes. When we take a trip, our senses are heightened — we smell, hear and see things we wouldn't notice at home. We experience the excitement of finding a market and ordering food in a language we barely speak, hailing a cab, eating new cuisine. Inserting ourselves into a new culture expands our world view. Students who study abroad develop better learning skills and a lifelong connection to, and understanding of, the country they visited. (Kotter, 2012)

Even if we can't travel, adventure is right at our fingertips. New experiences boost our brain power and protect us from neurodegenerative diseases like Alzheimer's, Parkinson's and dementia.

Here's How:

Learn something new. Study a foreign language, learn sign language, practice a musical instrument, read a good book, learn to play chess or cards, or take up a new hobby.

"I realized that I had abandoned my journey around the Universe; I had lost my sense of adventure."

Practice memorization. Start with something short, progressing to something more involved, such as the 50 U.S. state capitals.

Enjoy strategy games, puzzles and riddles. Brain teasers and strategy games provide a great mental workout and build your capacity to form and retain cognitive associations.

Follow the road less traveled. Take a new route, eat with your nondominant hand, rearrange your computer file system. Vary your habits regularly to create new brain pathways.

I've decided to climb back on the Mystic Highway.

I've started a *Provence Fund* for 2015 and signed up for dance class. I feel joy returning to my body as I turn up

Fogerty and practice my eight-count step across the living room floor. Next year, I'll be ready to tango in St. Tropez. ♦

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ENTERTAIN Your Brain!

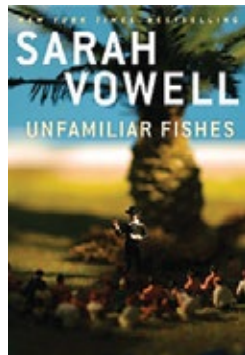
Vicarious adventure of the most delicious kind — this summer's choices for books, music and movies just might sweep you away on a journey of the imagination.

books | movies | music

BOOK REVIEWS

Adventure comes in many guises; find one for yourself among our summer reading picks.

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



Unfamiliar Fishes by Sarah Vowell (Riverhead Trade, \$16.00)

At its best, travel involves not just the enjoyment of the physical beauty of a new locale; a trip can be deepened by reading about a place's history. Vowell, known for her well-researched yet cheekily irreverent books on American history, puts her skill and wit to task on the rich, complex history of our 50th state. She narrates the improbable voyage of the Polynesians following the migration patterns of birds, Captain Cook's demise on the Big Island in 1778, and the 19th century New England missionaries and their endeavors to spread Christianity — all events that dramatically changed Hawaii's future. Vowell retells a history fraught with annexation and the ongoing challenges that Hawaiian culture faces with modernization and the tourism industry. Whether you are going to the islands for real or just within your imagination, you'll have a better appreciation of their rich past and complex present.



A Town Like Alice by Nevil Shute (Vintage International, \$15.00)

This reprint of the 1950 original proves that sometimes adventure, and greatness, is thrust upon us rather than chosen. Jean Paget, who grew up in England and Malaya, is working as a secretary in Malay when World War II breaks out. Japanese soldiers take the men to camps and round up the women and children with little planning or organization, sending them on grueling marches throughout the countryside. Jean, the only unmarried woman in her group, cares for the most helpless, especially those children whose mothers die on the journey. Years after the war, Jean is astonished to learn how her sacrifices are remembered by those whose lives she touched during the war. Jean's journey back to Malaya and her quest to find the heroic Australian man who risked his life for hers is filled with wonder, heartbreak, and the joys of reconnection. This love story is ultimately a testament to the human spirit and the capacity we each have to reach out to others and make the world better a better place in small, even quiet, ways.



My Brilliant Friend by Elena Ferrante (Europa Editions, \$17.00)

Translated by Ann Goldstein, this first in an Italian quartet captures the coming-of-age of two girls in mid-20th century Naples with deft and compelling precision. Elena and Lila meet in first grade, and their ultimately complex, mercurial friendship begins with an act of cruelty in a frightening stairwell. Their rivalry continues, but while their lives diverge they remain connected and shaped by the narrow streets of their down-at-the-heels, working-class neighborhood. Naples, as a character itself, is anything but idyllic — Ferrante captures the violence and the confinement of small-town European life. Elena's narration feels so intimate and real that many readers have wondered how much her story may speak to the reclusive author's own experience. Ending with a shocking twist, *My Brilliant Friend* will propel readers toward its sequel, *The Story of a New Name*. The third in the series is slated for English publication later this year.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Walk, ride or sail, epic adventure awaits around the world.

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*



Walkabout (1971)

In the most shocking circumstances possible, a teenage girl (Jenny Agutter) and her younger brother are set adrift in the Australian outback. Struggling to survive, they come across an aboriginal youth (David Gulpilil) in the middle of his solo "walkabout," the tribal coming-of-age custom. The collision of their cultures creates the nervous appeal of *Walkabout*, the mesmerizing and visually dream-like 1971 classic that helped kick off a great era in Aussie filmmaking. Director Nicolas Roeg (*The Man Who Fell to Earth*) is very much in a searching, '60s-era mode, and not everything in the film has aged perfectly. But for its stunning grasp of the desert — nobody's ever captured heat waves rising from the earth like Roeg does — and unflinching look at how the walkabout is everybody's transformation ritual (the audience is included in this process), *Walkabout* remains a fascinating fever-dream.



Into the West (1993)

Although the two Riley lads live in Dublin, their blood is in the countryside — or so their grandfather, a member of the Irish gypsies known as "travelers," believes. He gives the city boys a white horse, and what else could they do with this mighty animal but ride him into the green west of Ireland, beyond the reach of underhanded horse breeders, the police, and their own exasperated father (Gabriel Byrne)? Mike Newell's wonderful 1993 film captures the thrill of children reacquainting themselves with their roots, a defining adventure that includes tough revelations and great excitement. Despite the terrific performances by young actors Rúaidhrí Conroy and Ciarán Fitzgerald, this is less a kids' movie than a full-blooded fable about identity and self-exploration. By discovering something ancient, the Rileys discover something new.

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated

Even if the route is as familiar as your own hand, each new journey can be an adventure.

IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

“My car was a few hundred feet away, my neighborhood coffee house just over there from where we stood, yet we had been transported to a completely different world.”

I decided to go to Portland on a whim. I would take the bus down, have dinner, stay the night with a friend, and take the bus back the following day. It was not a big deal; it is 200 miles from my house in Seattle to downtown Portland, a three-hour drive on a good day. Portland is appealing, but hardly exotic, to a person from Seattle.

I had an overnight bag, a very good picnic, a cell phone and a bus ticket. I was traveling absurdly light, and that was a joyful feeling. My husband dropped me in Chinatown, too early, so I sat in my favorite tea shop, eavesdropping, reading, and watching the winter sun come through the front windows. Then, I shouldered my little overnight bag and walked six to eight blocks to the wrong bus stop. I stood in front of a mural of Bruce Lee for five or 10 minutes, until I noticed my correct bus stop across the street. Nearby, there was a musician playing jazz standards on the saxophone. I tossed the change from my coffee into his open case and then crossed the street as my bus appeared.

My feeling of excitement was well out of proportion to the nature of the travels at hand, but I didn't care. Adventure is in the eye of the beholder — or rather, the heart, as it beats faster when something exciting, different, and out of the norm is about to happen. And if it seems crazy that a woman who has run a team of sled dogs across a frozen lake in the Yukon in February, or got lost in the temples of Angkor Wat in Cambodia, could feel her heart race while boarding a bus to Portland, well, it is. Sure. But also, it isn't.

Because it was new, even if the route was familiar. It was an adventure.

Normally, my husband and I drive

the highway together. We are often off to points south of Seattle — we have family in Oregon in Portland and Eugene. We know where to stop to get the best sandwiches and the best cookies. The bus wouldn't stop at all — it was a direct line to downtown Portland — and I was alone. This was different.

I sat up front, in the seat with the best view, gazing out the window at the wetlands north of Olympia, at the girders of the steel bridges, at swampy, green fields flooded by recent rains. The landscape looked different to me from my leisurely perch. I could imagine I was going somewhere new, where anything could happen.

Travel magazines and television shows like to make adventure travel seem like something *other* people do, people with stronger backs and knees, people who have received many vaccinations for exotic and dangerous diseases that will stay with you long after the trip is over. There is no denying that this type of travel is adventurous indeed, but the risk of bodily harm — frostbite, malaria, dehydration — or petty crime, like pickpocketing, is not a required component of adventure travel.

Anything that shakes up your daily routine and requires you to engage in something new is an adventure. A new restaurant that serves a type of food you have never before eaten. A walk in an unexplored nearby park known for its wetland birds. A last-minute unplanned getaway on your own to have dinner with friends in a nearby city. No special equipment required.

I am an adventure traveler. I love traveling to faraway exotic places that are hard to reach. I do not require much comfort; I will sleep on a camping mattress and go without running water. I am happy to head out onto the streets of a city I do not know,

where I do not speak the language. But these things are not what define the adventure aspect of it. Adventure is everywhere.

There is a park near my home. It is full of old growth trees and little creeks run through it. And though it is right off a major arterial, as soon as you leave the parking lot, you are transported to a place that feels like deep forest. One afternoon as I walked the quiet trails with a friend, the park began to fill with Ethiopian families, dressed head to toe in white. It was a beautiful scene, the dark green forest filled with people who seemed to float through the trees.

My hiking friend and I were transfixed. The celebrating Ethiopians looked otherworldly in this place we knew so well. Everything had changed with their arrival. We asked two teenage girls to explain; one translated for the other who was not comfortable with English. It was Meskel, an Ethiopian Orthodox Christian festival that would culminate in a huge bonfire on the meadow in this park not two miles from my home. We had traveled across the planet to a culture unknown. My car was a few hundred feet away and my neighborhood coffee house just over there from where we stood, yet we had been transported to a completely different world.

When my bus arrived in Portland, I headed to a coffee shop to wait for my girlfriend. We went to dinner that night, a long walk the next day, and then, I took the bus back to Seattle. My husband picked me up at the bus stop in Chinatown, and we went to dinner.

“How was it?” he asked.

“It was a great adventure!” I said.

I meant it. ♦

LOVE's Just Full of Surprises

It's a love adventure like no other, and it's spelled D-I-V-O-R-C-E. After 30 years of marriage, Lynn and Matt Harlow decide to call it quits. To family and close friends, including me, the news drops like a mega-bomb, its devastation all the greater because Matt and Lynn Harlow have for decades represented the miracle of sustained romantic love, while all along they were keeping its dying embers a closely guarded secret. Even their only child, Andy, hadn't a clue his parents were drifting apart.

I'm on the outside — a close friend to both Matt and Lynn — and view them as the ideal match. In the U.S., nearly 50% of first-time married couples divorce, but those divorces usually occur between the seventh and eighth years of tying the (Gordian?) knot. Matt and Lynn's knot survives more than three times that long and only begins to unravel over the past few years as Matt experiences a serious stroke; Lynn, older than Matt by 10 years, enters menopause; and son, Andy, grows up and goes away to college.

Presto Change-o: With Andy now on his own, Lynn and Matt take time to test the deep waters of their one-to-one bond. While they seek counseling and work hard to repair their

benumbed relationship, they tell no one outside their professional counselors that they are suffering through a dreadful ennui only foundering lovers understand.

Susan Brown, coauthor of *The Gray Divorce Revolution* (Brown & Lin, 2012), has found that, between ages 55 and 64, the national divorce rate has more than doubled in the past 25 years, from five to 11 per thousand marriages. Over age 65, however, the percentage of divorce nearly *triples*, from two to five per thousand marriages. What's going on here, Wizenen Owls?

Brown suggests that part of the reason may lie with the current improvements in the health of post-menopausal women, increasing options for surgeries that render both men and women a more youthful appearance and/or attitude toward life, and overall better healthcare that results in longer life spans. In other words, marriages that may well have ended in death a couple of decades ago are now ending in divorce as the partners are discovering they have a lot of life left to live and want to do so on their own terms.

Like Matt and Lynn, many couples realize that to survive as individuals, they'll need to set out individually, because together they're sinking fast.

Finally, they arrive on the shoals of divorce by mutual consent.

For five months and two weeks, Matt and Lynn keep their divorce a secret. They give themselves a six-month period of adjustment, agreeing to tell no one, even their son, until the six months elapse. They agree to tell Andy in late December and other family and friends in mid-January, once Lynn returns from a long-planned trip to South America.

Although each has changed, and the divorce is final, they still love each other and mutually promise to take baby steps together toward the physical separation, even sharing a house until the lease comes up. After all, they've been living together for more than 30 years. They also vow to emotionally support each other while both experience the "mourning," the sense of loss that comes with the territory.

Meanwhile, we remain clueless, a troop of "intelligent, sensitive, emotionally, in-touch" friends who Lynn and Matt totally dupe with artful acting skills. Through two changes of seasons, from summer house-boating parties to Halloween festivities, through Thanksgiving and Christmas, Matt and Lynn keep their secret.

Christmas dinner finds us all gathered around the same table. The

'Til
death
do
us
part?

*"Through
two changes of seasons,
from summer house-boating parties
to Halloween festivities,
through Thanksgiving and Christmas,
Matt and Lynn
keep their secret."*

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler



© sutipon

atmosphere is merry, music playing, people dancing. As we share Christmas dinner, laughter surfs on waves of jolly repartee and glasses clink. Yet, seated beside me, young Andy Harlow's face bares inconsolable sadness, a grief he isn't sharing with anyone tonight. Andy's color is off; his eyes pool tears. I want to ask what's wrong, but refrain; he doesn't want to talk about it, not now, maybe never. (Days earlier, Andy's parents told him about the divorce.)

New Year's Eve night: A party brings us all together again. All, except for Matt Harlow. Matt tells Lynn he's meeting old friends from out of town and will stop in at the party later, around midnight. After three decades of trusting his every word, Lynn believes him. Unknown to Lynn, unknown to anyone at this party, Matt is attending another party nearby with a circle of friends that somewhat incestuously fringes on our own rather flexible circle.

At midnight, Matt fails to appear at Lynn's side. Matt, we learn days later, went home with Fresh-Ex, the former wife of a mutual friend, who is himself still healing from a nasty divorce from Fresh-Ex. While Matt and Fresh-Ex see fireworks this night, Lynn — clueless — returns home and waits up for him. In the wee hours of New Year's Day, Matt finally comes home. To his credit, he confesses his lie, his betrayal of their agreement, and, worse, that he's having an affair with Fresh-Ex, who Lynn had thought was a friend.

Two weeks shy of the deadline, the newly besotted Matt seems to have forgotten about the

six-month agreement. Instead, Matt, with Fresh-Ex at his side, has recklessly given up his and Lynn's secret to mutual friends during a party, and without Lynn's knowledge. Happy New Year, darling.

Matt isn't malevolent, yet his actions hurt and humiliate his former partner, and, too, his son, Andy. By January 2, Matt's new partner, Fresh-Ex, has spread the word of their affair. Matt stops coming home. Lynn feels both privately and publicly betrayed and humiliated.

Their friends and families react with incredulity, followed by group depression. We are one big collectively bleeding heart. Why couldn't Matt wait just two more weeks until the end of the six-month period to swing from the trees, or else just have sex with someone outside the social boundaries of his and Lynn's mutual friends, sparing Lynn the humiliation and hurt that accompanies gossip and rumors?

Lynn asks herself, "Can I know someone that intimately and be so utterly duped by him?"

In Matt's defense, when an offer of — if not illicit still in very poor taste — sex stares him in the face, why should he bother searching farther afield? I call this the Adventure of the Libidinous Lazy. The reason he should've traveled farther afield to visit the funhouse is out of respect for his longtime partner. Hadn't anyone told Matt that you don't do your business in your own front yard?

Behold the humiliated partner, who certainly wanted a severance of the problematic bond. Lynn wonders: Will their mutual friends desert

her now and accept the new couple, Matt and Fresh-Ex, into the family? How will Lynn, under these circumstances, fit in at social events? And what about Fresh-Ex's ex-husband? Did anyone take his feelings into account?

Meanwhile, will Lynn — besides feeling humiliated — be pitied, an attitude she abhors in herself or anyone else? Will she do the right thing and refuse to lower her own principles in some petty act of revenge? Will she put a healthy perspective between herself and the frolicking Matt in his honeymoon stage with Fresh-Ex, a liaison that surely will fizzle once the thrill has gone?

Days later, Lynn flies off to South America on the long-planned visit with friends. While she basks beneath the Southern constellations, the healing balm of geographical distance and new sights and sounds may inspire new perspectives on Lynn's past and suggest fresh plans for her future, one that will enhance what happiness she derived during her life with Matt. Enhance, not replace.

Surely, in time, Andy's heart will heal as he embarks upon a new adventure of his own and shares — or doesn't — his parents' separate new adventures. Judgments withheld — we all make fools of ourselves at least once in our lives

— Lynn still loves Matt, only doesn't want to be married to him, and she's also a tad embarrassed for him.

Matt's fessing up drops a little shine back onto his halo. I suspect he's working hard to earn back Lynn's trust. While he chose to belly flop into his new adventure, our heroine seeks a graceful path to clarity. I grieve for the old Matt and Lynn. I miss them with all my heart. But that's my problem. ♦

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For more information, read Susan L. Brown's complete study on seniors and divorce at tiny.cc/gray-divorce-revolution.

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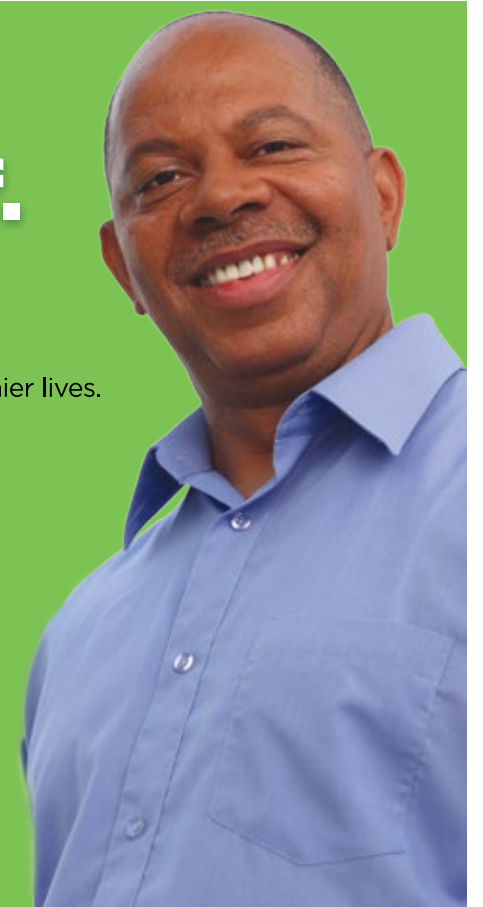
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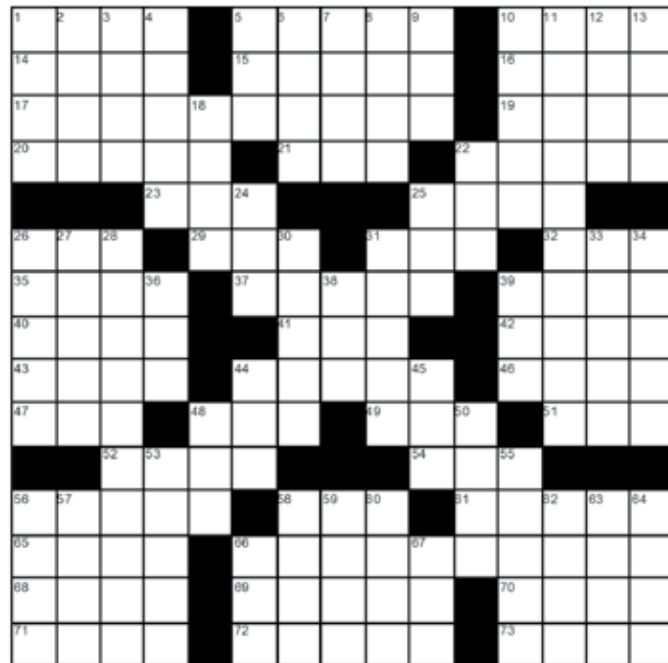


The three Senior Corps programs — RSVP, Senior Companions, Foster Grandparents are administered by the Corporation for National and Community Service, the federal agency that improves lives, strengthens communities and fosters civic engagement through service and volunteering.



Crossword Puzzle

Go For the Gusto



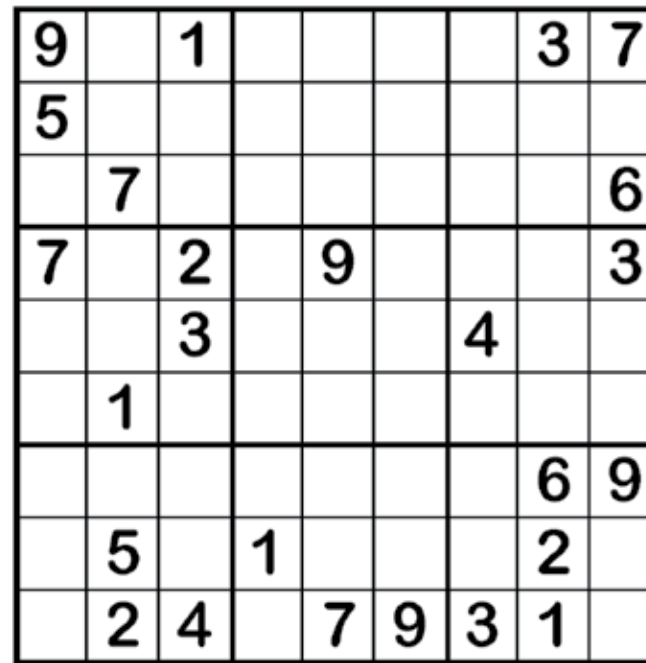
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- 1 Fellow
5 Be the ham
10 Stunned
14 Walk unsteadily
15 Outcast
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19 Increase
20 Contacted by mail
21 Contact list entry (abbr.)
22 Catchers' equipment
23 Concorde was one
25 Run easily
26 Crow sound
29 Beer source
31 ___ serif (var.)
32 Part of a Tolstoy title
35 The duck in Peter and the Wolf
37 Adventures can be this
39 Sauce brand
40 German university city
- 41 Days in Roman week?
42 Smallest amount of an element
43 Some people are this way
44 Maker of aircraft and lawn mowers
46 Salon choice (abbr.)
47 Visited Wendy's
48 Before suit or after all
49 Shade of blue
51 Beam of light
52 Type of precipitation
54 After cable or train
56 What a hippie might do
58 Scary sound?
61 Nigerian Port
65 What to do before you shoot
66 The adventurous may do this
68 Heche or Hathaway
69 Dad's brother
70 Location
71 Hospital size units
72 Common alloy of iron
73 Attila's people

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 Sailing need, usually
2 German title
3 Of air (prefix)
4 Schemes
5 Ferrell movie
6 Beauty mark, sometimes
7 Type of agate
8 Camping equipment
9 Sea eagle
10 Aweigh
11 Adventurous place for rafting
12 Direction in a Steinbeck title
13 Quits
18 For fear that
22 After Sun.
24 One undesirable product of smoking
25 Set
26 Snake variety
27 Approximately
28 Place for Alice's adventures
30 Spin around
- 31 Some helicopter landing gear
33 Socrates' meeting spot
34 Card game
36 Vane direction
38 Moral transgression
39 Modern music genre
44 Female fowl
45 Canine registrar
48 Clever and funny person
50 Lock type
53 Assistants
55 Indian prince (var.)
56 Alternative to a basement
57 Corn ___
58 Baseball tactic
59 It might be enough
60 Stare lecherously
62 Sanskrit teacher
63 Sign
64 They may have hot springs
66 One way across town
67 Elongated fish

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond

Playing Hide & Seek With Our Memories

The science behind our aging brains

by Stephan J. Smith
Doctor of Chiropractic

"She was wearing a blue shirt when we met her. I know it!"

"No, dear. You're remembering it wrong; that shirt was white!"

Ever have this kind of conversation and thought either you or your partner must be headed toward mental doom?

For many of us, the mere mention of the words "memory loss" is enough to invoke a mild panic attack. We all have those moments of mental lapse, but, especially with all the recent attention on Alzheimer's disease and dementia, the threat of looming memory loss can certainly evoke fear.

Let's relax a little bit and understand that, for the most part, memory loss is normal. Beginning as early as our mid-twenties, our brains slowly become less efficient at making those neural connections that allow us to remember names, places, words, and all the things we have to do.

According to Harvard Medical School's *Harvard Health Publications* Webpage, there are seven types of normal memory problems that all of us face as we mature. Do any of these sound familiar?

Transience: the tendency to forget facts or events over time.

Absentmindedness: occurs when

you don't pay close enough attention to what you're doing; for example, forgetting why you walked into a room.

Blocking: that "on-the-tip-of-your-tongue" inability to recall a name, place or word.

Misattribution: remembering something accurately in part, but getting some details wrong.

Suggestibility: happens when your mind combines information from after an event with memories of the original event.

Bias: your personal point of view, experiences, beliefs, and even your mood act as a filter through which your memory is stored in your brain and can affect its accuracy.

Persistence: these are memories you can't seem to forget; often they are traumatic or horrifying events that continually surface to torment your emotions.

Several studies suggest that engaging in social or intellectual activities challenge our brains and cause brain cells to be larger and have more dendrites, which leads to more interconnectivity with other brain cells. These same studies show that lack of such stimulation causes the opposite effect. Genetic traits, exposure to toxins, or smoking

or drinking in excess may also cause the brain to degenerate more quickly.

There is an upside to the aging brain, however. As we get older, memories from our earlier life come into sharper focus, often referred to as the Reminiscence Effect. The childhood memories we treasure and those of our teenage and early adulthood seem to carry more weight. There is also evidence that suggests memories can resurface after years of being forgotten, like unearthing a mental time capsule.

The important thing to remember is that, while a 70-year-old may show a decline in certain memory-related abilities, overall brain function remains strong for most people. Current research shows that the average senior performs as well as many 20-somethings on certain cognitive tests.

Of course, if you are concerned about memory problems, talk to your doctor to rule out any medical problems. Otherwise enjoy the ride, laugh when you have to, and relax. While your memory may not be as quick as it was in your younger years, it's still there when you need it. ♦

*"There are people who have money
and people who are rich."*
— Coco Chanel

No Day But Today

A fresh financial perspective on your real bucket list.

by James H. Lewis

Owner, Kokopelli Financial Management in Brighton, MI

I recently attended my wife's grandmother's funeral in St. Louis. I know, what a way to start a story. But stay with me on this.

I mention Doris, the grandmother, because, even at the age of 95, she was independent and self-sufficient right up to the very last month she was alive. Until the end she lived her life wide open to the magic of being alive.

One of Doris' greatest passions was music. She was a music teacher for years, so for her, playing the piano and singing were natural ways to express herself. She always mixed that passion with a starry-eyed sense of adventure, never wanting to miss anything as she traveled through her life.

The day before she passed away, she was being wheeled through the hos-

pital lobby where there stood a piano. Barely able to speak, she gestured toward it, and her aide wheeled her close. Doris reached out her hands, a smile on her face, and stroked the keys to play one last song.

Doris lived her passion to the end, staying "awake" to the adventure of life and catching every single moment.

Doris knew what was important in her life. Not money, not possessions, but the things that make our souls sing.

A financial planner by trade, I am privileged to help people in all walks of life and of all financial backgrounds. During my career, I have learned much from them and have compiled this knowledge into five simple rules for happiness:

1) Family matters. Family has a lot of different meanings, and it doesn't have to be your blood kin. To me family includes the people you consider close enough that if they were gone from your life you would greatly miss them. Studies consistently show that family and friends are the building blocks to a long and fulfilling life.

2) Make memories. Holiday get-togethers or Sunday dinners with friends; family vacations at the lake; or that Wednesday afternoon bridge game. However they are formed, making those happy memories with your "family" is what life's all about.

3) Love where you are. Be OK with where you are in your life. Realize that, whatever challenges you face, you are where you are supposed to be.

All of your life's adventures brought you to here, so drop the unnecessary. Find peace in where you are, and then consider making changes in ways that will help you be happier.

4) See each day as an opportunity to grow. Like Doris, live your life with a sense of adventure and passion. Keep that sense of wonderment to what the day may hold, and never let those moments slip by without reaching for them.

5) There is no day but today. This reminds me of a time with Doris and my in-laws; we were at a pizza joint (if ever in Dayton, OH, and you like thin-crust pizza, check out Marion's Pizza), and I ordered a pitcher of beer for the table. My in-laws politely refused the beer; then

out of nowhere, Doris chimes in with, "Pour me some beer too!" I wish I had a picture of her daughter's face at that moment. There sat Doris at the wonderful age of 88, slurping on a beer and noshing on her pizza, loving every minute of it.

So how do these five rules relate to your finances? Simply put, you can't take it with you, and while you can leave a legacy to your heirs, you can also use your finances now to share your passions and life experiences with the people who matter most. This, in my opinion, is what makes us rich.

Not sure if you can afford to live out your dreams in the moment? Meet with your financial planner/investment person, and share your thoughts on what's important to you. Ask them how

much money you need to maintain your current lifestyle for the foreseeable future and how much you expect to have left at the end of your life.

Take half of the amount that will be left over (the other amount is your rainy day fund just in case), and consider it available to do the things that make you truly happy. Knock a few more destinations off your bucket list, or give a big gift to your favorite charity. Buy a piano for your senior center, or enroll in a class at the community college.

Working with your financial planner, make a plan to spend some of that "happy" money. No matter how you keep your passion and sense of adventure alive, there truly is no day but today. ♦

Savvy Sage

On Being an Elder

TRANSITIONS

A Time to Reset Your Compass

by Sandy Sabersky

Founding Director of Elderwise

Using the Space Between Your Adventures to Chart Your Next Course

There is no doubt that life is a series of adventures. At times we are on rough seas with no land in sight; this might feel like an exhilarating challenge or a hopeless battle. At other times when the seas are calmer, we might have a feeling of peace or be lulled into a bored complacency.

Whether our adventures involve climbing mountains or crossing seas, all adventures broaden our awareness and help us think outside the box — outside of what society, our parents, a spouse, or even what we ourselves might expect from our lives.

*“I am in limbo, neither here nor there.
The skies seem cloudy, and I am
unable to get my bearings.”*

But what about the space in between our adventures, the often uncomfortable time when things seem out of balance or without focus? What can we learn from these times when we feel somewhat off course?

Renee Rose Shield defines this state as “liminality” (Rose, 1997), an anthropological term that comes from the Latin word meaning a “threshold.” It is an ambiguous, in-between time, a transitional state, often connected with a process or change, such as retiring from a career you love or moving into an assisted living community.

Shield explains that there are three parts to creating change in our lives. The first is letting go of the past, the second is being in limbo (the liminal phase), and the third is creating a new path. She explains that the use of ritual during these three parts can offer support and understanding as we move from letting go to moving forward.

These liminal stages may not be comfortable but are a good opportunity to reset our compass. Just as sailors adjust their course in the calm after a storm, we can make use of this time in between to refocus and find a new path. The liminal state offers an important pause, a time out, where we may question, reevaluate, struggle, and come out the other side with a new direction that is closer to our authentic selves.

What are we seeking? When I do a survey of my friends, I come up with ideas like:

- To become whole
- To find our way home
- To be present
- To be OK when life is hard
- To hold it together for the family
- To go to the source
- To be part of a community
- To make change in the world
- To be satisfied with our path

And, with the additional years allotted us due to the increasing lifespan, there are people to help us find our way to continued meaning in life. For example, AARP has a program called “Life Reimagined” that encourages seniors to look at their lives from a fresh perspective; there is a Website called Encore Career that helps elders “combine purpose, passion and a paycheck”; and there are recent books by Dr. Bill Thomas (Thomas, 2014) and Jane Pauley (Pauley, 2014) that help us navigate what can be the most challenging — and most fulfilling — stage of our lives. All

of these sources ask us to check in with ourselves to see what is important and offer ideas that may stimulate us to grow in ways that are satisfying and meaningful.

I am inspired by my 60-something friend who just returned from an adventure. She had a strong desire to connect with the elders and the shamans living in the mountainous region of Columbia. She embarked on this journey with a combination of planning, what she could manage to carry on her back, and faith, not knowing for sure if she would be allowed entry into the community. She left seeking and returned glowing with a renewed sense of purpose and meaning in her life.

In winter, seeds lie dormant, waiting out the winter. Likewise, I believe, our ideas for our future plans lie quiescent, biding their time for the right season.

I am in one of those transitional, in-limbo stages of my life right now. For the past 18 years, I have given my all to starting a non-profit business. It is now clearly time for me to let go of running the business and make way for the next stage, both for the business and myself. But for now I am in limbo, neither here nor there. The skies seem cloudy, and I am unable to get my bearings.

I think back to the Shield article and her suggestion to use a “letting-go” ritual when leaving one phase of life and entering into another. Perhaps this will free me to reimagine my future without old assumptions. I can’t say that it is a barrel of fun, but I have hope that I will emerge from this period with my compass set to a course that is ever closer to my true north. ♦

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Read more about “Life Reimagined” at www.LifeReimagined.aarp.org.

Learn about Encore Careers at www.encore.org.

the ADVENTURERS

— Born That Way?

*What is it about us adventurous souls
that compels us to throw off
the mooring lines?*

by Tammy Kennon

Writer, sailor, traveler, photographer and blogger



“Land ho!” I shouted. “There’s an island on the horizon!”

It was 1968, and I was 8 years old. To those outside my imagination, my sailboat looked like a willow tree and my ocean a bumpy stretch of Bermuda grass with a clothesline strung across it.

But in my fanciful head, I was not in landlocked New Mexico but on the vast blue sea, barking orders at my rapsallion crew. Every day was a new adventure, sailing on brisk sea breezes and exploring exotic landscapes.

These backyard play sessions were just symptoms of my adventurous spirit rearing up. My mother was constantly plucking me out of questionable predicaments, like when I was teetering on top of the upright piano at two years old or tumbling headfirst into a swimming pool when I was five.

And that sense of adventure was not something I outgrew. My territory just expanded. By my mid-30s, I had lived in eight states, visited 39 of them, and traveled to 11 countries — and that’s when I really upped the ante.

Those childhood imaginings were either prescient foreshadowing or dress rehearsals for the way my life played out some 40 years later. When I was 50, my husband and I sold all our possessions, our house, cars and wine shop and set off on a real sailboat, a rapsallion crew of two. Every day was a new adventure, sailing on brisk sea breezes and exploring exotic landscapes. Countless times in four years of sailing, we saw islands rise up on the horizon, more exhilarating than it had been from my willow tree cockpit, but without the reassurance of my mom’s PB&J sandwiches.

But if I have the walkabouts, some people have the flyabouts. Take Louise Varley, for instance, if you can catch her. At 60, she now lives in Chichester, England, but she’s also set up house in Mexico, Turkey, Sri Lanka and Trinidad. And those are just the places that came up in a short conversation, along with her sporting interests over the years, such as diving, fencing and skiing. Like me, she too took to the water.

“I met someone in Trinidad and went off to sail around the world,” she says, as if she had simply hitched a ride to the supermarket and back. Her two years of sailing on a 36-foot boat included an entire circumnavigation of the globe.

But the adventurous spirit doesn’t always exhibit itself so dramatically. It can be expressed in other ways, like trying every sports fad that comes along, making perpetual career changes, or collecting exotic flowers.

And sometimes it springs up in a surprisingly daring way, like Martha Enson, the 50-year-old performer in Seattle. She calls herself a theater performer, creator and producer, but what she really does are gravity- and death-defying aerial acrobatics up in the air — on ropes.

“I think of being adventurous as being scared and then leaning into it,” Martha says. “If I don’t know where I’m going, and I’m excited to go there, that’s an adventure!”

But where does this spirit of adventure originate? Do we adventurers exist to those who study the human mind?

It turns out that we do, according to Art Markman, Ph.D. and professor in Psychology and Marketing at The University of Texas at Austin.

“You still might travel the world when you’re old, but skip the whitewater rafting.”

“A personality characteristic called ‘openness to experience’ tells you how much you value trying new things, anything from traveling the world to testing the latest restaurant,” Dr. Markman said in a phone interview.

As the only wanderer in a family of deep-rooted oaks, all still planted within five miles of home, I asked Dr. Markman if this openness to experience is a virus I caught in childhood or if it’s hidden somewhere far back in my gene pool.

“Personality characteristics in general and openness to experience specifically have strong genetic components,” says Dr. Markman. “Environment does not have a huge impact.”

This genetic gift of openness to experience is one of the so-called Big Five Personality Traits that some researchers believe are the broad categories making up our temperaments. The Big Five — openness, extraversion, agreeableness, conscientiousness and neuroticism — are the main ingredients in our personality recipe, and we all have differing measurements of each. A quick Web search will reveal a dozen online quizzes to measure your personal recipe.

“Parents who try to dampen their little daredevil end up just encouraging it,” he said.

While it’s easy to envision the stereotypical 25-year-old adventurer armed with a backpack and a sleeping bag, it’s not so easy to picture what the 70- or 80-year-old adventurer looks like.

“The openness will linger, but it will be less likely to be base jumping,” Dr. Markman says. “You still might travel the world when you’re old, but skip the whitewater rafting.”

Martha the acrobat plans to practice her physical derring-do as long as it feels right.

“If it’s thrilling, do it!” she says. “Why do you want to be doing mundane things?”

Louise’s wanderlust seems well intact.

“There are trips I haven’t done yet,” she says. “I’ve never been to Africa, so that’s a gap I’ve got to fill.”

She also wants to go to the Far East and would love to go diving again.

“Oh, I’ve thought of something else!” she says. “I’m learning to ride a motorbike.”

And as for me, my willow tree wanderlust still keeps me moving, but I’m flirting with land for a while, content to spend a month in Paris, four months in Annapolis, two months on Seattle’s beautiful Vashon Island.

And what’s next? Look, there’s an island on the horizon! ♦

To see photos from the author’s many adventures, go to <http://tiny.cc/tammyk>



Photo by Tammy Kennon © 2014

Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: My husband and I are taking a trip to France this year. I've been there once before, when I was younger. I'm excited to revisit special places and discover new ones. My husband, on the other hand, is reluctant and apprehensive about the trip. He's not big on traveling. Also, he has diabetes, and he's anxious about managing that while we travel. We haven't worked out our itinerary, and I feel it's all up to me to make arrangements. What can I do to make this trip happen and make it work for both of us?

A: Congratulations! You've won your dream trip to Europe! It comes with everything, including a reluctant, anxious husband with medical concerns and an extra suitcase full of anxiety!

A medical condition like diabetes is a challenge under any circumstances. So it's understandable that your husband has some concerns about being in a foreign country. I would start this project by doing some research on traveling with diabetes. If you can reassure your husband, maybe you can get him more excited about the trip.

Here are a few tips for traveling with a medical condition like diabetes:

- Visit your husband's doctor for advice ahead of time, and get a letter for airport security for carrying needles and supplies. Pack any medications in their original, pharmacy-labeled bottles for easy identification at the security checkpoint.
- Split his medical supplies between your suitcases, and carry-on a spare blood glucose monitor, test strips, syringes, medication and insulin, enough for a few days. Then if there's any issue with lost luggage, you'll have at least a few days before you run out of supplies. You might consider an FDA-approved cooling wallet for the insulin, available from friouk.com.
- Call your insurance company and let them know you'll be traveling, and be sure you know how to access the care you might need while overseas.

- While traveling, carry appropriate snack foods and help him remember to eat through the day. Staying hydrated is also important, especially when flying.

Reassure your husband that food will be similar enough in France that he'll be able to eat a typical balance of carbs, proteins and fats, although you'll need to account for additional wine he might consume. Plan downtime after arrival and in between locations to be sure your husband gets adequate rest. Perhaps schedule fewer activities per day than you might otherwise. Most importantly, be compassionate about your husband's concerns and reassure him that you are there for him and will help in any way to make the trip a good one for him.

Rest assured that people in France have diabetes too, so the medical community there is well equipped to handle any problems. Be sure you can communicate his condition in the local language (*diabétique* = diabetic person), but don't be afraid to ask for English-speaking help. You'll often find it gladly offered if you make an attempt to speak in French first.

Once your hubby feels more confident, hopefully he'll join you in choosing places to visit and things to do. It's OK to remind him that you need support too, and this is a way he can show it. If you still can't get his involvement — then lucky you, you get to call the shots! Revisit favorite memories and make new ones. If you are having trouble sorting out where to stay, surf the Internet, get a guidebook, ask friends for advice, or contact a travel agent — they still exist and can be very helpful. Even if you can't get your husband involved, you don't have to plan the whole thing alone. Don't give up the dream. Travel, live and enjoy! ♦

Read more:

Find great guidebooks and travel information on France at www.LonelyPlanet.com.

Book hotels, flights, rental cars and more at <http://www.tripadvisor.com>.

Read this helpful guide to traveling with diabetes at <http://tiny.cc/wise-diabetes>.



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56 Sunsets

Surrendering to a place and a time of solitude

by Carol Pearson
Managing Editor, Wise Publishing Group

It wasn't the first time I'd been alone. I'd traveled to London on business, flown cross-country on my own any number of times, and taken a weekend escape by myself now and then.

But this was different. This was an entirely new rabbit hole.

Officially and recently divorced, I was single and solo after 24 years of being married to my senior prom date. And I was about to spend two entire months in an 800-square-foot cottage on the Gulf of Mexico, just steps from the ocean on a little spit of sand called Cape San Blas.

Intentionally embracing our solitude (as opposed to simply experiencing our loneliness) has been shown to have specific benefits — namely, freedom, creativity, intimacy and spirituality.

(Long & Averill, 2003)

My own quest was for inner peace — a cessation (even temporary) of the chorus of voices in my head that had an opinion on every action I took, every plan I made. I was desperate to find some inner quiet and turn off the committee that ruled and judged my life. I needed to rid myself of the underlying anxiety I'd been sparring with for years.

Like Alice in Lewis Carroll's classic novel, I felt I'd lost my true voice over the years and was speaking, acting and living to please the rest of the world — at the expense of myself.

"You're not the same as you were before," the Mad Hatter says to Alice. "You were much more ... 'muchier.' You've lost your 'muchness.'"

Maybe here I would get my "muchness" back. After two days on the road, I pulled into the

sand drive leading up to my little yellow fortress of solitude and had a moment of defiant glee.

The first several days would be filled with visits from family (my daughters, on winter break from college, and my snow-bird parents who were passing through).

Still, I carved out some time each evening just for me, enjoying the sunset in solitude. I had promised myself I would journal while I was here, having already experienced how healing and powerful the practice could be.

As the sun sank down, I began to write:

Day 1 — Here

Arrived just before sunset, after two days in the car. Serene, peaceful ... and so many colors in the sky. It will be good here.

I wrote self-consciously at first, monitoring my thoughts to please a nonexistent audience, much the way I'd judged everything I did in my life, with a critical eye and a harsh judgmental tone. Those inner voices can be a constant to so many of us, as Tara Brach explains in her book on radical acceptance.

"Each day we listen to inner voices that keep our life small," Brach writes. "The way out of our cage begins with *accepting absolutely everything* about ourselves and our lives." (Brach, 2003)

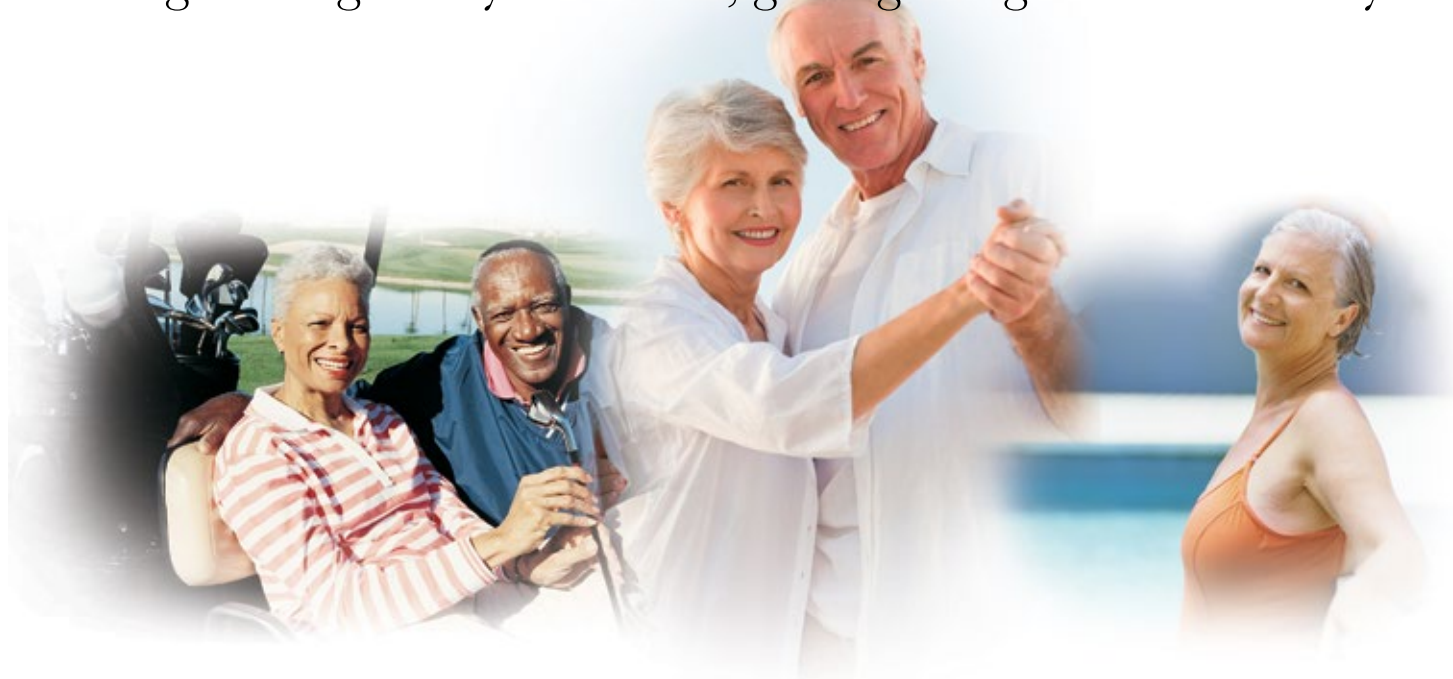
To me, this meant completely accepting my "failed" marriage, my single status, the emotional toll it had taken on our two daughters, and learning to do so without judgment or regret. Talk about a tall order.

56 Sunsets: *Continued on page 41*

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.



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Introducing Our Two Features This Issue



Dave Johnson & Kathy DeShaw

Canfield Place, Beaverton, OR



Don & Eva Aeschliman

Fairwinds – Brittany Park, Woodinville, WA

© Photos courtesy of Leisure Care



© Adam Footman

A Time Like No Other

Life's grand adventure continues for two Leisure Care couples

by
Olivia Drury & Pat McNamara

There's just no beatin' around the bush; Leisure Care residents aren't your typical retired folks. They're skydivers, history buffs, foodies, and down-right card sharks when dealt the right hand. They've been around the world and back, fought in wars, and educated the leaders of our nation. They didn't live a boring life before retirement, and they have no intention of starting now.

At Leisure Care, we understand adventure, and

we definitely understand fun. That's why Travel by Leisure Care, our in-house travel agency, is dedicated to helping our residents go wherever their fancy takes them, whether it's the summit of Mt. Kilimanjaro, to visit their grandchildren in Texas, or on a cruise with their 35 closest and wildest friends.

Here are the stories of two couples busy making new memories.



TRAVEL BY LEISURE CARE
POWERED BY TWIST TRAVEL

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature One



For Dave and Kathy, one adventure just keeps rolling into the next.

Meet Dave Johnson & Kathy DeShaw

Canfield Place, Beaverton, OR

by Olivia Drury, Sales and Marketing Coordinator at Leisure Care

“If you could travel anywhere in the world next week, where would it be?” I asked Dave and Kathy.

“Disney World,” they replied in unison.

I chuckled while asking, “Would you bring the grandkids along?”

“Nah, leave them at home,” they half-jokingly replied.

You know you’ve got a fun couple on your hands when their dream destination is Disney World at ages 82 and 79.

Dave and Kathy led two very different lives until fate brought them together at Canfield Place in Beaverton. In fact, they didn’t become an official couple until March 2012. They were lucky enough to find in each other a travel companion, best friend and partner when they moved into our retirement community.

Dave lived a busy life in California raising nine kids and working as a firefighter. When he retired to Canfield Place, life didn’t slow down all that much for him, especially with all those grandkids to spoil! Dave’s growing family also owns an Alpaca farm in

Arlington, Washington, called Humming Angels Alpacas, and he drives there almost every weekend to mow all the fields.

Kathy grew up in Massachusetts and enjoyed working as a home health aide until she retired at age 63. Kathy raised three daughters and now has eight grandchildren and one great-grandchild. In 2008, Kathy moved to Canfield Place to be close to one of her daughters, and that’s when she became good friends with Dave.

When his son was diagnosed with cancer in 2011, Dave moved from Oregon to California to be closer to him. One thing that made the move easier for Dave were the friends that he had made at Canfield Place with whom he kept in touch after leaving.

One friend in particular was diligent about calling Dave on a weekly basis to check in with him and see how his son was doing; Kathy was a good friend to Dave during his son’s illness and passing.

When Dave decided to move back into a studio apartment at Canfield

Place, it just so happened that the only one available was across the hall from Kathy’s apartment. They went from eating together, to going out to dinner and visiting each other’s families, to holding hands and now dating and traveling the world together.

From volunteering together for the School Buddies’ program, working out with the PrimeFit personal trainer, attending almost every weekly Canfield Place excursion, and being the Welcome Ambassadors of the community, Dave and Kathy truly exemplify “Living Better Than Ever” in their retirement. Beyond the fun they have around Beaverton, they are also out traveling on a regular basis together.

One of their more recent trips was to Massachusetts for a wedding, where Dave met the majority of Kathy’s family. We all know that weddings can be stressful, especially if it’s the first time you’re meeting the whole family, and Dave agrees. When I asked him how it went, he laughed a little, took a deep breath and responded, “Interesting!”

Dave & Kathy: *Continued on page 42*

Retire Like You Mean It ~ Feature Two



“A” is for Aeschliman and a lifelong adventure in love.

Meet Don & Eva Aeschliman

Fairwinds – Brittany Park, Woodinville, WA

by Pat McNamara, Sales Advisor at Fairwinds - Brittany Park

Of course, we think all of our residents are pretty incredible, but once in a while at a Leisure Care community you come across a really special couple. A couple who not only spent their lives together building memories, traveling the world, and raising a wonderful family, but also spent their lives serving others and sacrificing their own comfort to help better the lives of those less fortunate.

Don and Eva Aeschliman’s story is filled with love, adventure, fun, and commitment to making a positive impact in every community to which they belong.

Don was born and raised on a wheat farm in Colfax, Washington. While attending Washington State University (WSU), Don was a pastor for a church in Palouse, Washington. After graduating from WSU, Don joined the Army for four years and then went on to graduate from Fuller Theological Seminary in Pasadena, California. He also studied at Los Angeles State University for two years, taking classes in education to prepare for mission work.

Eva’s life journey began in Radium, Kansas. She was raised in Pasadena, California, and graduated from Pasadena City College in 1949. She then received her nursing degree from the University of Southern California. After graduating, Eva taught nursing at Los Angeles General Hospital.

The couple met while Don was attending Seminary in Pasadena and rooming with Eva’s brother. Of course, Eva’s brother was protective, as brothers usually are, and told Don that Eva was his “girlfriend” until he could check Don out as a possible romantic interest for his sister.

Apparently, Don passed the brother’s test, and Don and Eva married in 1951 and began their busy, adventurous life.

Don and Eva were members of the interdenominational Evangelical Mission a few years later when they packed their suitcases and embarked with their two young children to what they thought was their assignment in India. There was a last-minute change of plans, and they were suddenly

headed to Africa instead. Luckily, Don and Eva were spontaneous and flexible in their plans. So, off they went on the freighter to Cape Town.

Because of the last-minute assignment change, they didn’t have much time to study up on the area. They experienced quite a culture shock when they first stepped foot in Cape Town. Don and Eva recall taking a bus to a restaurant after their long journey to South Africa, but when they arrived at the restaurant, a posted sign read “Europeans ONLY.” Not wanting to break any of the local laws, they ended up eating at a street vendor. Later that day, they boarded yet another ship and sailed around the Cape to Swaziland, one of the smallest countries of South Africa and a British protectorate at that time.

Their time in Swaziland was nothing short of a life-changing adventure. While there, they ran a boarding school for Swazi children. Don was the “station head,” and Eva worked as a nurse in

Don & Eva: *Continued on page 42*



EXCLAMATION- POINT MOMENTS

Smelling Salts for the Soul

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comedian

Proof of adventure's impact, for me at least, can be found on the bulletin board that hangs to the right of my desk. It's cluttered with haphazardly pinned mementos from past adventures: a photo of an Anasazi pictograph snapped from inside a cave in Utah's Salt Creek Canyon; a 1986 Boston Red Sox media pass; a postcard print of a Harvey Dunn painting — *Just a Few Drops of Rain* — from the South Dakota Art Museum; a room receipt from the Taos Inn; several favorite ski area patches; a backstage pass for Red Rocks; a ticket stub for the Grateful Dead at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center; a decal from northern Ontario's Algonquin Provincial Park; several photos of writer Hunter S. Thompson's backyard snapped during an impromptu tour of his grounds given by a female guest at

his house who warned of landmines and claimed one of Thompson's squawking peacocks ate her missing front tooth.

Noticeably absent are reminders of the ordinary. No fast food receipts. No television lineups. No photos of friends sitting around a computer screen reading pithy Facebook posts.

Each memento represents a story. A memory. A flight from the usual, allowing life, as writer Jim Harrison would say, to feel like a wild season rather than a ruse.

Yet even with this visual reminder, after turning 50 I slipped into an adventure slump. I had somehow allowed the pursuit of adventure to tumble down life's priority list, treating it like some ill-advised fad on par with platform shoes and belief in the political system.

The low point for me occurred last summer in a Missoula, Montana, Holiday Inn when I realized that for the first time in my life I preferred hotel rooms over tents. The awe of waking to a choir of birds amid a cathedral of pines had been supplanted by the awe of waking to free packaged muffins and powdered egg formations.

Ye Gods, I remember thinking, I've become *that* type of person — the type whose idea of expanding their comfort zone means upgrading to a king mattress.

Age steals a lot from us — sight, hearing, the inability to notice we're wearing pants too high above the waist — yet I was not ready to have it fleece my understanding of the importance of exclamation-point moments.

To snap my adventure slump, I sat at my hotel room's desk and wrote the following reminder:

*"Ye Gods, I remember thinking, I've become that type of person
— the type whose idea of expanding their comfort zone means upgrading to a king mattress."*

When complacency, mankind's biggest dodge, begins to reduce life to a cheap approximation, remind yourself that on the other side of inconvenience lies an adventure.

Of course, I thought after writing this, adventure when stripped down is nothing but an inconvenience — the speed bump to motivation. And any perceived inconvenience becomes fodder for the left-brain — the mind's eternal wet blanket. Regaining the zest for adventure requires nothing more than muzzling the left-brain.

To accomplish this, I decided to visualize the left brain as an annoying person who so chafes me that I'll do the opposite of what he or she demands out of spite. I immediately pictured it as a Texas homeowners association president named Vanessa, who wears an I-sell-real-estate hairdo and spends her evenings crocheting

Dallas Cowboys tissue box covers while watching Nancy Grace.

Zingo! It worked. Two days later while hiking in Teton National Park I was approached from the opposite direction by two out-of-breath hikers. "Turn back," they warned. "There's a bear and her cub in the meadow ahead." Sound advice. But since the left brain demanded turning back, I went forward.

As I entered the meadow, I made my presence known by clapping and singing. (I only chose to sing because the left-brain thought it foolish.)

Midway through, I suddenly heard claws on a tree. About 30 yards ahead, on the far side of the meadow, I spotted the mother and its cub scurrying up a lodgepole pine. Instant wow. But in my amazement, I forgot that every bear has its own

line of demarcation. I took one step forward and by the speed in which the mother vaulted down the tree, you would have thought I had yelled, "Your cub is ugly!" The bear bluffed a charge, stopping after a few feet.

Acknowledging the danger, I slowly backed away, not making eye contact, while rehearsing my Darwin Award acceptance speech.

I survived, of course. Would I do it again? No. But its lesson against the tyranny of complacency was invaluable, a permanent reminder that, good or bad, adventure revives the soul and colors the minutes, freeing us from the ruts of routine, making every moment, regardless of our age, feel like a wild season. ♦

Ethics and Spirituality

Reflections and Contemplations on Life and Living

Surgery forces a lifelong giver to look at receiving as a learning opportunity.

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

For the past several months, Roberta, my PT, has been helping me strengthen core muscles I never knew existed. Recently, she taught me how to walk with crutches in preparation for the first of two hip arthroscopy surgeries for femoroacetabular impingement (FAI).

At first I fumbled along, unable to translate her verbal instructions into physical movements my legs would understand. I was always putting the wrong foot forward, especially when going up and down stairs, until she offered this refrain: “Up with the good. Down with the bad.”

Simple and wise advice, not only for which foot was to take the lead but also as a metaphor for the attitude to take toward surgery and its aftermath: up with healing, down with pain.

While Roberta helped me to prepare my body, I also knew I had to prepare my mind — and I don’t mean just readying my mind for surgery. I mean adopting a whole new approach to accepting help after surgery. I’ve always been better caring for others than I’ve been letting others care for me: Asking for or accepting help has never been my strength. As my surgery date neared, I was determined to change my ways, and I began by asking myself why I had such a hard time accepting help from others.

Here’s what I realized:

1. I like to believe that I am self-sufficient.
2. I don’t want to impose on others.
3. I don’t want to owe anyone anything.

When I looked at my list, I realized I was in big trouble. It was full of excuses. The same excuses that many have given me when I’ve reached out to help them. The same excuses that I’ve debunked for others time and again.

Now I had to debunk them for myself.

Here’s where I landed:

1. When I’m honest with myself, I realize that I’m never fully in control, that rarely do I do something from start to finish without help. I don’t grow my own food, sew my own clothing, or get through life without friends, family or mentors.

2. When I reach out to help others, I don’t feel imposed upon.

I reach out to help them because I want to, because giving adds meaning to my life and makes me feel whole.

3. When I offer to help someone, I never think, “This person owes me something.” On the contrary, I think, “I hope my doings are helpful.” My only desire is that the person I’ve helped is someday able to offer help to others when they need it, that he or she is able to pass the help forward.

After debunking my list of excuses, I realized it was time to take my own teachings to heart and to embark on an adventure of asking.

I sent an email to family and friends telling them of my upcoming surgeries; thanking them for any healing thoughts and/or prayers, calls, check-ins, visits or e-mails they would send my way; and letting them know how hard it was for me to ask for and accept help.

It’s now one week post-surgery, and here’s what I can report: My mom flew across the country to get me

through my first week (though she would have been here anyway, asked or not). She was my personal caregiver, waitress, laundry folder, nurse, and my greatest emotional support. My husband continues to take care of me and keep the homestead going. He is shopping, driving, cooking, guiding me up and down stairs and in and out of the shower, filling my ice bucket, replenishing my ice packs, making me breakfast, and leaving me lunch.

My son picks up items I drop and helps me move my books and electronic devices from one room to the next. Friends are dropping off meals, flowers, fruits and gifts. They are emailing, calling, visiting, listening, and offering me rides to my doctor and PT appointments.

One friend, during her visit a few days after surgery when I was in a lot of pain, even called my surgeon’s office, explained my inability to tolerate certain medications and worked with the nurse to figure out an alternative. She also helped to alleviate my fear of becoming addicted to painkillers by telling me it was not my MO and by explaining to me that painkillers were crucial to my healing because they would give my system a rest from the extra cortisol it was producing.

As I move into my second week of healing, I’ve invested my PT’s refrain with an additional metaphor: Up with letting myself be loved and cared for. Down with trying to do it all alone.

My only question is this: Why did I wait more than half a century to learn the very lesson I’ve been spreading for years? ♦



UP AND DOWN

“After debunking my list of excuses, I realized it was time to take my own teachings to heart.”



Master and Commander: The Far Side of the World (2003)

Nautical readers are so infatuated with Patrick O’Brian’s seafaring novels that this 2003 film adaptation probably had too many expectations surrounding it. But taken on its own, it’s both a ripping adventure yarn and a delicate character study — the latter coming mostly in its look at the friendship between Capt. Jack Aubrey (Russell Crowe in fine form) and Dr. Stephen Maturin (Paul Bettany), whose voyages during the Napoleonic Wars are tracked by O’Brian through his literary series. Director Peter Weir makes us believe we’re aboard H.M.S. *Surprise*, as we hear every groaning timber and flapping sail; the ship’s derring-do off the coast of South America is marvelous to behold. A side trip to the Galapagos Islands — the film’s only sequence on land — gives a heady glimpse of nature in full flower, a contrast to the civilized warfare of men. For all the fun, the film leaves behind a lovely sense of how Aubrey and Maturin keep the human flame burning despite their extreme circumstances. They read, they play music (violin and cello), they hold deep conversations. Finding one’s place on the compass has more than one meaning in this watery world.

their extreme circumstances. They read, they play music (violin and cello), they hold deep conversations. Finding one’s place on the compass has more than one meaning in this watery world.

MUSIC REVIEWS

The mystery of what’s next, the unexpected journeys of our lives and our relationships, expressed through music, for your enjoyment.

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer



“The River & The Thread” (Album) — Rosanne Cash, 2013

Johnny Cash’s daughter took a trip down through the Deep South to help restore her father’s childhood home. During the journey, she immersed herself in her family’s roots and learned more about herself in the process. The musical results take us down the twists and turns of the backcountry below the Mason-Dixon Line. Delivering a smooth mix of folk, blues and old-time country, the songs trace her lineage. “When the Master Calls the Roll” takes the listener back to the Civil War, during which Cash’s ancestors fought on both sides of the battlefield. “The Sunken Lands” is her way of sharing the experience of growing up in Arkansas, her father’s boyhood home. The gems on this album are strung along like the small towns that grace the Mississippi. Give *The River & The Thread* a listen and be transported.



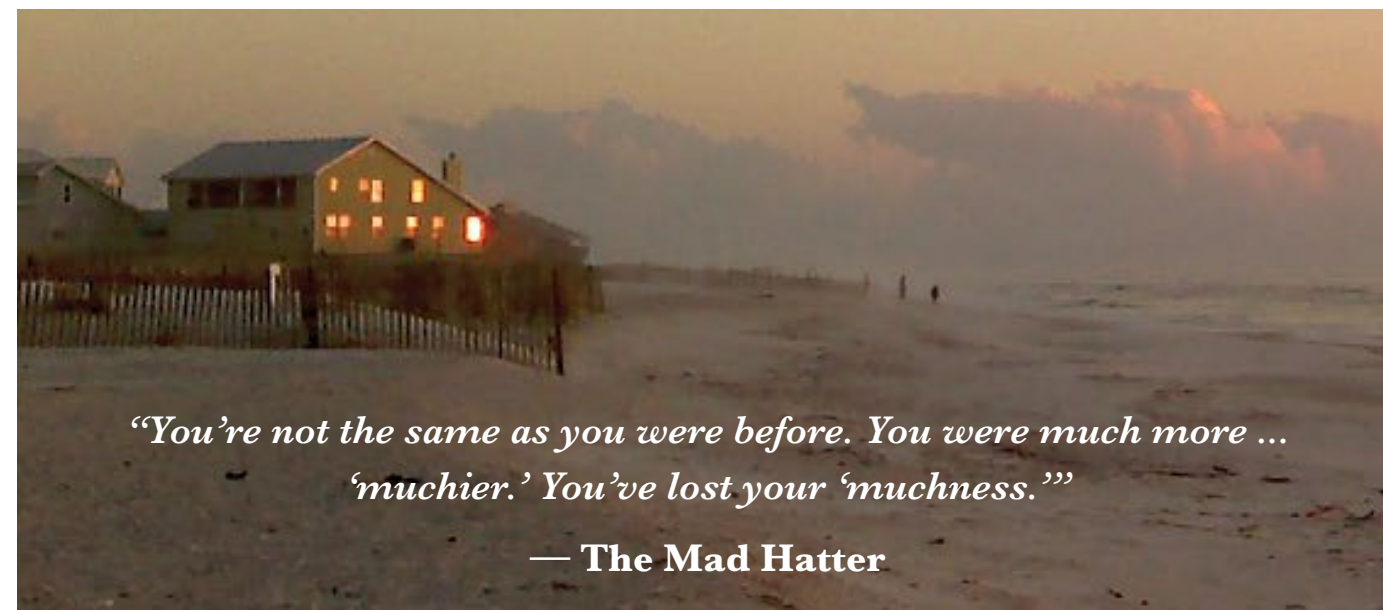
“There’s a Light Beyond These Woods (Mary Margaret)” (Single) — Nanci Griffith, 1978

The debut album from Nanci Caroline Griffith, a kindergarten teacher turned folk singer-songwriter, contains this title track named for her best friend. It weaves a somewhat auto-biographical story of two best friends planning for adventure and determined to see the world outside their small town. In reality, Griffith was the one who stayed home and settled down while Margaret went to NYC to live out the wild fantasies they dreamed of when they were young. Eventually, Griffith becomes the adventurous traveler, singing and playing clubs and living out the life she always imagined. This song catapulted Griffith from small-town Texas teacher to award-winning country artist whose career has spanned more than 30 years.



“Life Is An Adventure” (Single) — Violent Femmes, Viva Wisconsin, 1999

This obscure gem really never saw the light of day until it was tossed on to the *Rock!!!* album, comprised of throw-away tracks from past releases. The track, which enjoyed new life on the live album *Viva Wisconsin* is an autobiographical depiction of this Milwaukee alternative post-punk band and their “we are just going to go on this path and not look back” attitude. The message is simple: If you believe in yourself and are willing to live without fear of what is ahead, then life will always be an adventure. Just do what you want to do, live for the here and now, and don’t look back. Rock!



“You’re not the same as you were before. You were much more ... ‘muchier.’ You’ve lost your ‘muchness.’”

— The Mad Hatter

The days took on their own kind of rhythm, crashing and receding like the waves outside the cottage door. In that rhythm, I found time for deep introspection every morning while I meditated or walked on the beach and calm reflection in the evenings as the sun sizzled out in the waves.

While I could feel a growing peace, it came at the price of fresh anxieties and fears as my old demons fought to hang on:

Day 7

Had the familiar welling up of an anxiety attack today, and hated every moment of it. Triggered by ... the change of plans? The gray day? Whatever the cause, it seems the closer I get to breaking free of my past patterns of fear and anxiety, the more I recognize the symptoms when they start. I will not go back to living this way ... and maybe my ego knows this and is doing all it can to keep its hold.

I went through a painful week or so where I couldn’t go deep, could barely muster up a handful of sentences at the end of each day, afraid of the thoughts that were forcing their way to the surface. I spent my time frying oysters and baking blueberry pies, anything to keep my mind off the obvious issue.

Finally a huge truth dawned on me:

Day 15

Fear tried to grab me today, the old anxiety about work, earning my own way in life, future, etc. Took a bit of doing, but I shook

it off. There is nothing wrong, there is no one judging me, and everything is fine. Enough already. I can’t believe I used to live this way all the time.

Bella DePaulo, Ph.D. writes that the simple fact of being solo means we are not monitored or judged by our usual suspects. “In this state of unselfconscious being we are free to think, free to listen to our hearts without external interpretation.” (DePaulo, 2011)

Halfway through my time on the beach, I knew this was true. I was surprised to realize one day that my anxiety, that old familiar “friend” I lived with for so many years, was gone, replaced by ... nothing. I felt calm, present and at peace:

Day 28 — Halfway to Here

Life is meant to be joyous. Creation sings all around us every day. Yet we have decided to cloak the experience in fear ... fear of losing what we have, afraid to try something new because we might lose that too ... and so in the process, we lose the only thing it is possible to experience — the moment.

Yet, I knew it still lurked, waiting for a moment of weakness to rear up, but I accepted that, embraced it as part of my past and a possibility for my future. And in accepting it, it somehow lost a significant amount of its power over me.

I threw myself into the next month, facing the tough emotional work and embracing the ever-growing sense of inner peace. One month later, I packed

up to head home, peaceful and relaxed, spent yet happy, ready to get back and start writing my next chapter:

Day 56 — As Is

While I might not see the long road ahead, I see the next step in front of me, and I put my foot firmly in front of me again, walking on. Life is roaringly beautiful ... and I walk on.

Like Alice, emerging from the rabbit hole, on the drive home I left behind the crazy but self-inflicted characters, ignoring the Queen of Hearts’ decree to chop off my head and throwing her playing cards back in her face. It was time to live my own life, in all its messy, glorious muchness. ♦

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Portions of this article originally appeared in the author’s blog, “56 Sunsets” on Tumblr.com. To read more, visit capesanblas.tumblr.com.

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Dave and Kathy: Continued from page 34

Dave and Kathy enjoy all kinds of trips, but they both agree that the ones with family are the best. They regularly visit the Seattle area to visit Dave's kids in Snoqualmie. Last summer, they took a road trip down to California to meet Dave's second great-grandson the week after he was born. This summer, they are planning to go on an Alaskan cruise with their kids. And when their time isn't booked up with family visits, they manage to get in trips to places like Mar-seilles, Barcelona, Monaco and Florence.

I asked Kathy what her favorite city was on their Euro-pean adventure, and she replied with certainty, "Florence, because that's where Dave bought me a diamond ring."

What's their secret to enjoying their trips together? Their advice is simple and clear: "Always go someplace where you can both do things you enjoy." ♦

Don and Eva: Continued from page 35

the dispensary. They lived in extremely primitive conditions without electricity or running water, and the closest hospital involved traveling across a river and 60 miles of dirt road. Still, during their three-year stay in Swaziland in these rural condi-tions, they had two more children.

Don and Eva were transferred to Johannesburg, which also brought them a home with running water and electricity. They started and built many churches in Johannesburg and trained many pastors. From Johannesburg, they were transferred back to Cape Town where Don started the Cape Town Evangeli-cal Bible Institute for All, which is still operating and teaching many students each year. Don and Eva were able to increase enrollment from the initial two students to 30. Eva taught at the school and created a course on "the Christian Home," which focused on how to raise children peacefully.

Eva has built a beautiful tea cup collection, most of which she gathered while in South Africa. She says that "tea was very important in South Africa. None of the housewives worked in those days. So, we got together at 10 o'clock every morning for tea. Toward the end of each gathering, someone would inevitably look at their watch and say, with their British accent, 'My, how time flies when you are having a good time. We must be on our way.'"

At age 65, Don retired, and they moved back to Colfax, Washington, and lived on the family farm where Don was raised. Don, again, pastored a number of churches in the area, and Eva worked at the Open Door Pregnancy Center just over the border in Moscow, Idaho.

When Don and Eva officially retired, they didn't slow down one bit. They spent a lot of time visiting places like Russia, Bel-gium, the Scandinavian countries, Turkey, China, the Philip-pines, the Holy Lands, Botswana, Rio de Janeiro and Hawaii. Don and Eva mentioned how they found it very rewarding to be able to see many of the graduate students from their schools now doing missionary work in various countries.

While in other countries, they loved to learn the history, see different architectural styles, experience the cultures and

foods, but most of all, they liked visiting with the people — many of whom loved to talk with tourists and share stories about their country.

We asked Don and Eva for some insight on how to keep travel fun and stress-free. Their advice includes, "Travel light, and don't take a lot of junk. Remember that people are the most important thing in life because they are all made in the image of God." ♦



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 16

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

CHAP	EMOTE	AWED
REEL	LONER	THAI
ERROL	FLYNN	RISE
WROTE	EXT	MITTS
SST	LOPE	
CAW	TAP	SAN
OBOE	RISKY	RAGU
BONN	VII	ATOM
RUDE	HONDA	PERM
ATE	WET	SKY
RAIN	CAR	
SPLIT	BOO	LAGOS
LOAD	BUNGEE	JUMP
ANNE	UNCLE	AREA
BEDS	STEEL	HUNS

Answers to Sudoku

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

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