



livfun AUTUMN 2015

Introverts
It's not that we hate you ...

Show Up
... and ring that doorbell

Life Review
Blah blah blah or
a soulful connection?

COMMUNITY

Why Bother?



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Dan Madsen
Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care

Letter From the Chairman & CEO

The Company We Keep by Dan Madsen

At Leisure Care, we talk a lot about community and what that means to all of us. One of our advertisements sums up the Leisure Care lifestyle perfectly: "Perfect for folks who prefer more community and less retirement."

Truer words were never spoken. Leisure Care is not a company; it's a community, a true family that extends beyond the walls of our retirement communities. Our family embraces all of the local communities in which we do business, tied together by our mission to have a positive impact on lives and promote a Three-Thirds Lifestyle.

The Leisure Care community is not just thriving, it's growing. So far this year we've welcomed two communities to the family — Sagebrook Senior Living in Ballard, Washington, and Madrona Park in Federal Way, Washington. And, we've opened our second Treeo location in South Ogden, Utah, joining our flagship Treeo community just a couple hours south in Orem. These additions to our family give us the opportunity to enhance even more lives, and that is reason to celebrate.

Each June, we take time to celebrate the leaders who are living the mission of this organization. This year, the annual management conference and awards celebration was held in Park City, Utah, in June, where we recognized 14 Executives of the Year whose professionalism, innovation and dedication exemplify what it means to be great leaders of this company.

A heartfelt thank you to this stellar group of individuals: Jim Ausmus (Fairwinds – River's Edge), Rebecca Clark (Fairwinds – Brittany Park), Meg Davidson (Russellville Park), Angie Erickson (Treeo – Orem), Liana Foote (Newport Beach Plaza), Scott Haile (Fairwinds – Desert Point), Kate Harrison (The Bellettini), Bill Hess (Van Mall), Lee Hess (Markham House), Holli Korb (Fairwinds – Spokane), Kelly Martin (Fairwinds – Sand Creek), Jessica Sommer (Fairwinds – Ivey Ranch), Trudy Stephens (The Carillon at Boulder Creek), and Michael Swanson (The Vantage at Cityview).

Special congratulations go to Rookie of the Year Steve Battisti of Heritage Estates in Livermore, California for his outstanding leadership. And as always, thank you to all of our managers and staff who change lives for the better every day.

Next month another one of my favorite events is taking place — the One Eighty Foundation's annual KIRO 7 Kids Classic Golf Tournament & Dinner Auction. The tournament is great way to support Seattle's local children and their families while connecting with friends and colleagues for a bit of friendly competition. If you are in the Seattle area, come out and join us. If not, I hope you'll continue to support your local community in whatever way you choose.

Thank you to everyone who has chosen to live and work with us. You are what makes Leisure Care the community — and family — that it is. Here's to a great finish to an already fantastic year!

Regards,

Dan Madsen
Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care





Style Wise

Expressing Your Unique Self

LEAVING amazonville

Belonging is a state of mind,
but sometimes you just know it's time to leave.

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

My apartment building is cheek to jowl with Amazon's main campus. When I peer out our bedroom window I look straight into Amazon offices. Just about anyone who lives in this neighborhood can say the same. One of Amazon's drone testing sites is so close to my windows that I've actually witnessed two experimental package delivery fly-overs and occasionally wonder what I'd do if a drone accidentally crashed on my balcony.

In Seattle's South Lake Union neighborhood, we're surrounded by Amazon's ever-expanding

campus; by default, we *are* Amazonville, a booming lakefront urban community where today you can't see the water for the cranes. This isn't a complaint but rather a somewhat woeful view of untethered commerce, fast-forward progress, and the failing sight of urban planners, which drives home the futility of the hollow threat "Not in My Backyard" lobbed at the goliaths of industry.

By virtue of Amazon's internationally stocked employee roster, the neighborhood gives off a lovely pastiche of racial and cultural diversity. Yet that vi-

"So far, nobody has thrown a brick through my window or shouted, 'You don't belong here, lady!'"



sual diversity is somewhat deceiving. What binds this community is the Amazon employees' unique lifestyle. About 90 percent of my neighbors are Millennials, under 30, and Amazon employees; 60 percent are males. In actual years, I'm old enough to be their mother. In attitude and spirit, I'm ageless and have formed solid friendships with several of my under-30 neighbors. Yet, these friends come from the 10 percent minority; none work at Amazon. Here's why:

We neither speak nor comprehend the main language spoken here. No matter which country they emigrated from, all Amazonians speak the same mysterious techie dialect, a sort of click language completely untranslatable by a layperson. This produces awkward moments, for example, when I chance upon Amazonians in the elevator; hyper-texting, earbudded Millennials, parted from their work cubicle, forced to share a small space with a stranger. They didn't, after all, enter the elevator to converse with a neighbor, and, anyway, they lack the social lingo essential to greeting strangers.

However tempted I am to criticize the Amazonian way of life, their uniformly dull dress code, or their inability to grasp good grooming practices, these lemmings of technology comprise a genuine community of their own. To their great credit, when the call is raised to support a charitable cause, Millennials in general are often the first to dive in and contribute, either from their paychecks or volunteering to work a phone bank or holding events for the public good. Even Amazonians understand the universal language of human kindness and social responsibility.

Another Millennial residing in our building is self-employed, having no connection whatsoever to Amazon. He speaks a couple languages, but not Amazonian. He makes eye contact, and his

conversation is intellectually diverse. He's at ease socializing with all manner and ages of humans and pets. That he's buff, impeccably groomed and gorgeous cannot go unnoticed, but maybe it's because his earbuds aren't grafted to his head and that he's high-tech savvy yet doesn't escape into his Facebook page during elevator rides that we befriended each other.

I've lived in Amazonville for three years and in that time have watched an empire bulge at the seams, snap up nearly every available property, and still expand. Construction cranes and teeth-grinding drilling racket, with the attendant debris and choking clouds of dust, are everyday realities in Amazonville. This won't end anytime soon.

I'm in the minority population here. So far, nobody has thrown a brick through my window or shouted, "You don't belong here, lady!" Still, in so many subtle ways, I feel encouraged to leave. So, next month I'm moving out of Amazonville. I won't miss construction cranes and constant street closures, the near-death silence at night when Amazonville goes dark, the Amazonians tucked up in their apartments eating fast food while solo streaming or — they are job-addicted — working. I often wonder if they're lonely in numbers.

So it's off to Belltown, another Seattle neighborhood nearer to downtown's thriving nightlife, arts community and true cultural diversity. I'll miss my favorite resident Millennial, the buff non-Amazonian, and others in my old neighborhood. One thing is certain: My absence won't be noticed by 90% of my neighbors, and that's OK, because where I'm going is culturally and demographically diverse, buoyant with nightlife and buzzing with energy. It's a community where even the Millennials stop working long enough to enjoy life. ♦

Entertain Your Brain

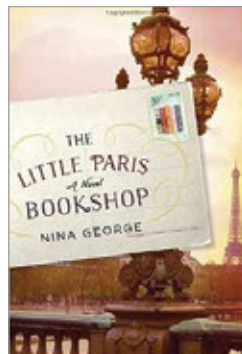
Books | Movies | Music

*Share a laugh, a cry or
a good book with a friend ...
these are the moments of
a life well lived.*

BOOK REVIEWS

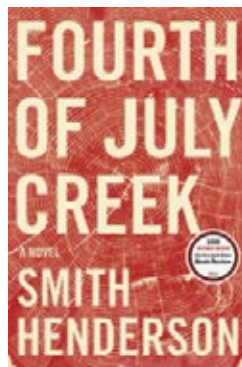
by Misha Stone / Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

*“We have all known the long loneliness and we have learned that the only solution is love
and that love comes with community.” — Dorothy Day*



The Little Paris Bookshop by Nina George (Crown, \$25.00)

If you enjoyed Rachel Joyce's *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry* or Gabrielle Zevin's *The Storied Life of A. J. Fikry*, then you will also enjoy this bittersweet international bestseller. Monsieur Jean Perdu, “a literary pharmacist who writes prescriptions for the lovesick,” runs a bookstore from a barge on the Seine and sees his shop as a floating apothecary of literature. Perdu helps others yet denies his own emotional needs when his lover abruptly returns to her husband. Decades later, when Catherine, a betrayed wife, moves into Perdu's building and forces him to confront his heartbreak, Perdu sets off on a journey down the river Seine with a young author and a chef to reckon with his past in order to find life again. George explores the vulnerability that love engenders, how loss and grief can stultify a person, and the Herculean courage it takes to move forward.



Fourth of July Creek by Smith Henderson (Ecco, \$15.99)

As the caretaker of children in need in his community, social worker Pete Snow knows his ramshackle Montana town inside and out. But when he encounters Benjamin Pearl, a 10-year-old boy who wanders into town from the wilderness where his paranoid father, Jeremiah, keeps them hidden away from human society, he realizes that there is more to his corner of the world than he knows. Preaching the End Times and reluctant to reveal the whereabouts of his wife and other children, Jeremiah is a formidable man who keeps Pete at a distance even as he begins to reluctantly accept help. Pete is determined to crack the code of this dangerous recluse and finds himself in deep. Meanwhile, Pete's teenage daughter runs away from his estranged ex-wife, and Pete's weaknesses and fears come to roost. Henderson's debut hosts a marvelous cast of characters, all damaged in their own ways, navigating their lives with a sad and nearsighted intensity. This book breathes of small town life and its trappings and possibilities.



The Rocks by Peter Nichols (Riverhead Books, \$27.95)

What remains between two people who were once in love? A seaside resort in Mallorca and the beautiful, enigmatic British woman who runs it form the center of this novel that covers 50 years in the lives of its two main characters and their families. British ex-pats Lulu Davenport and Gerald Rutledge were married in Mallorca in the early 1940s, but a mysterious and ill-fated sailing voyage cut their love to the quick. Fast forward and the two remarried, had children, and dutifully avoided one another for the rest of their lives until, in their 80s, they run into one another and fall together to their deaths from a cliff. This fateful moment is refracted through the lives of their children, Luc and Aegina, who fell in love in their youth but also go their separate ways despite an abiding love between them. The landscape of this island off the coast of Spain sets the scene for a layered novel reminiscent of Lawrence Durrell's Alexandria quartet.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*

“Without a sense of caring, there can be no sense of community.”
— Anthony J. D'Angelo



The Best Years of Our Lives (1946)

The name of the place is Boone City, a mid-American town in the days after the end of World War II. Three men, returning from duty, meet when they share a flight home. Over the course of the film's three hours, director William Wyler and screenwriter Robert E. Sherwood trace the vets' bumpy landing, and the impact on their family, friends and neighbors. Al (Fredric March) is an older man returning to wife Milly (Myrna Loy) and grown children. His happiness is real, but so is a vague discontent. Fred (Dana Andrews) reunites with a wife (Virginia Mayo) he barely knows. Homer (Harold Russell) faces life without hands, having lost them in combat. *The Best Years of Our Lives* is the movie that seemed to sum up the challenging readjustment to postwar life to moviegoers of the era. It became a huge hit and swept the 1946 Oscars (including two Academy Awards to Russell, a real-life amputee). Change is more than just trading a uniform for civilian clothes, a concept that plays out across the spectrum of Boone City's citizenry — right down to the smiling barkeep winningly played by songwriter Hoagy Carmichael. (Available on Amazon Instant.)



Places in the Heart (1984)

The shockingly abrupt death of a husband leaves Edna Spalding (Sally Field) with two small children and a farm to run. It seems almost a cruel joke that she will face the odds with help from a drifter (Danny Glover) and a blind lodger (John Malkovich), but *Places in the Heart* is interested in the way unlikely alliances come together to achieve goals. Writer-director Robert Benton blends impressions of Depression-era Texas (he's a native of Waxahachie) that include the racial injustice simmering within this hard-bitten town. Sally Field won her second Oscar (yes, this prompted the “you really like me” speech), but her role is far from a star turn — she's part of an ensemble that also includes Ed Harris and Amy Madigan. This fits the movie's theme, which is that nobody gets the harvest in without help. That vision of community, forgiveness and inclusion is translated into purely visual language in the film's soaring final shot. (Available on Amazon Instant and Google Play.)

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About

Journeys Completed or Contemplated

Friends With Four Strings

HOW ONE WOMAN LEARNS THAT NOT EVERYTHING IS A COMPETITION, AND SOMETIMES SHOWING UP TRULY IS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT.

It doesn't matter if you play well or not. My ukulele club welcomes anyone. Maybe you just got your first ukulele. Maybe you're a pro who wants to hang out with other people who play. You can even show up without a uke; sometimes there's an extra kicking around. Maybe you don't even play; you just want to check out the ukulele and see if it's for you. Or, maybe you were in the neighborhood, heard the happy noise, and wanted to know what it was about. It *really* doesn't matter. Everyone's welcome.

I've been playing the uke for a little more than 10 years now. I picked it up on a whim after a trip to Hawaii, though in retrospect, it feels a bit more like fate. The week after I got my first uke, a friend handed me a flyer for a week-long immersion course in the ukulele, and while I was taking that course, the instructor handed me a flyer for my local ukulele club, where I'm now on the board. Later, I played some community events with friends, joined a band, recorded two CDs, and went on television with my ukulele four times. I didn't plan on any of this; I just thought it would be fun to play the uke.

It all started with the club's open mic. Twice a year, my fellow ukulele club members get up in front of the room and show us what they've been working on. In the grand scheme of things, playing a song in front of 40 friendly people who really want you to succeed is not a staggering accomplishment. There are lots of more difficult tasks. Getting the laundry done. Figuring out what's for dinner. Mowing the lawn.

But open mic takes a certain kind of chutzpah. When I finally worked up the nerve to try open mic myself, all these nice people were 100 percent on my side. They were — are — on everyone's side. Everyone's a performer, and everyone gets a round of heartfelt applause. Yes, there's a lot of societal criticism around the current culture of "trophies just for showing up," but not everything is a competition, and sometimes showing up truly is an accomplishment — certainly it is for open mic. Every time I made it through open mic without spontaneously combusting, I felt like I'd done something huge. And everyone around me seemed to agree.

One of the reasons I've stayed with my ukulele club, even while I've evolved as a musician, is the encouragement I've found in this group of people. To say I thrived in this environment would be an understatement. Showing up to play in a place where I knew I could try new things was essential to my progress. I didn't know what it was like to perform or that I liked to sing (even though I'm not that good at it). But I learned those lessons in my ukulele club where people I respected and enjoyed gently pushed me to try harder and to do more, even while applauding my very flawed skills. My life is so much more exciting for the guidance of this group of kind, welcoming people.

"You're a much better player than you give yourself credit for," said Elle.

"You're allowed to start calling yourself a musician now," said Glenn.

"Hey, you want to join us? We're playing bingo night at the senior cen-

ter," said Carl. "It will be fun."

That kind of support is what gave me the courage to answer the ad. "We need a woman who can play the uke and sing to add range to our vocals. Give us a call." I was sure I wasn't qualified, but I had people around me who told me I could do more. So I tried to do more. I did a *lot* more.

My band has been playing together for four years now, and for my significant "dash-zero" birthday we played a standing room-only CD release party. As I write this, I can still feel the thump of the bass under my feet. We played a huge festival stage yesterday, and half the cheering crowd was my ukulele club. Joining this community has been life-changing for me; I went from not knowing how to play music to being a rock star. Oh, I know I'm not Springsteen or Madonna, but I'm surrounded by people who want me to feel like I could be.

The club isn't monolithic. We don't like the same music. We don't play the same style. We don't share the same politics. But we all share a fondness for a little four-stringed instrument, and that feeling ties us together.

In two weeks, I'll join the monthly song circle, again. Maybe I'll sit up front and lead a group of 40 or 50 people; we all sing and play together. Maybe I'll work the door, helping new people figure out what we do and finding them a friend who can talk them through their first visit with us. I want them to feel as welcome as I always do. And, maybe, I'll just sit with everyone else and play my ukulele, blissfully happy to be a part of this community that has given me so much. ♦

"Oh, I know I'm not Springsteen or Madonna, but I'm surrounded by people who want me to feel like I could be."

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer



BELONGING

An Increasingly Lost Reality

by Deborah Grassman
Founder and CEO of Opus Peace

“If we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to each other.” — Mother Teresa

Mother Teresa’s words about peace and belonging are profound. Yet feeling “belonged” is becoming increasingly difficult in modern cultures. Family members no longer live in the same city. Social media is replacing personal interactions, often deleting soulful connections in the process. Aging often increases isolation as health and energy wane. Loneliness is sometimes a problem, even in nursing homes filled with other people and activities.

Too often loneliness develops because relationships and activities are superficial, devoid of meaning, meaning that is lost because we miss out on each other’s stories. We can combat this arid existence when we create communities where our stories are welcome to come to life.

Stories, shared in a small community of trustworthy people, remind us that we belong to one another and that we are there to help each other. Stories connect us to each other and to ourselves. Sharing our own story opens our hearts and teaches us how to encounter our pain, including the pain of aging with its numerous losses. Telling our story renders meaning out of chaos so that our suffering is not wasted.

Those stories, when shared, preserve our memories and help us define who we are. They help us sort out what is significant from what is not. They expand our imagination and stimulate creativity so that new vistas are opened. Stories shared among others restore hope as possibilities for new passageways are created.

The Life Review

In senior living communities, a “Life Review” group is a powerful way to bring people together in a meaningful setting that fosters storytelling and a sense of belonging. Reminiscence groups share memories; Life Review

groups are much more than this. A life review includes a deeper process of self-evaluation about the *meaning* of the events in our lives, encouraging us to reflect on our lives, draw meaning from life experiences, and cultivate a sense of fulfillment by completing unfinished emotional business. Weekly or monthly gatherings for the purpose of life review, meaning-making and storytelling foster healthy personal growth and community relationships.

There are many ways to begin the process of a life review. A profoundly worthwhile exercise is to have each participant answer the question: “If I died today, what would be left unsaid or undone?” Answers to this question can be elicited several times, even over several weeks. Each time, answers become more informed as stories emerge from the depths.

Another simple process that facilitates healthy life review involves examining your past around four distinct themes: Forgive me, I forgive you, I love you and Thank you.

Forgive me: All of us have done things to hurt each other — none of us are saints. Reflect on people you may have hurt and consider asking for forgiveness.

I forgive you: Think about those who have hurt you, especially any hurts you may be holding onto. Consider letting them go, offering forgiveness.

I love you: Think about whom in your circle of friends and family may benefit from an expression of your love.

Thank you: Think about those people who have impacted your life who might benefit from an expression of gratitude for the specific ways they have touched your life.

These four steps offer a good recipe for healing our lives. Sharing the outcomes of this process with others in the community inspires them to heal their lives also.

Continued on page 15



Wisdom comes from embracing the now
and sharing our stories; it is in this sharing
that we find a common unity.

We All Have a Place in Others' Stories

"We comfort others not from the foundation of our superior faith, but from the commonality of our mutual struggles," writes Jack Hayford (Hayford, 2001).

A good story almost always has a "mutual struggle" that connects each of us in the "common-unity" of the community. Thus, a "counsel council" might be the basis for developing a community. This type of council resists giving advice. Rather, stories are simply shared. Some of the counsel councils I have attended include a person who spoke of a family death, and the rest of us responded with our own stories of recovering from a death or loss. Another time, a person said she was feeling "lost," which elicited stories of times when others felt lost and uncertain.

At another gathering, someone identified having difficulties with a family member's alcohol usage, and the rest of us responded with our own stories of how alcohol had wounded our families or other people we loved. An adult son moving back into a parent's home prompted storytelling of lifestyle changes and boundary setting with older children. One session centered on a person whose young, adult son had stopped contact with her; participants responded with stories of children rebelling against parents.

Aging difficulties often precipitate meaningful stories as people share their grief surrounding the losses of health and quality of life. I will never forget the aging and illness topic that helped Clara, a woman with cancer. She told the group: "My family doesn't want to hear anything except that things are getting better."

Members of Clara's church community made her feel as if she had no faith when she voiced feelings of fear, anger or pain. As she spoke to

us, her voice was dull and lifeless. As the group of elderly residents simply listened to her story without giving advice, more emotions she had been hiding kept surfacing. The other residents then shared their own struggles with health issues.

By the time Clara left, she exclaimed, "I need to come back here every week so I can *experience* what I'm feeling." She said it with a laugh and a lilt in her voice that reflected the vitality that had surfaced with her tears. She no longer felt alone. In fact, she felt belonged.

Embracing the Present Now

Too often, we find ourselves competing with younger versions of ourselves as we age. Instead of lovingly serving the present moment with compassion, we cling to the past while criticizing ourselves for not being able to do things we used to be able to do.

Wisdom comes not from clinging to the past but from embracing the ever-present "now." Stories help us do this because they have value beyond facts or biographical information. Stories are healing; they restore wholeness to who we are. They help us find ourselves, even inside someone else's story. There is communion, common union, with one another as this community of sharing and storytelling is developed.

I will long remember one man living in a skilled nursing facility. After attending a few sessions of "Life Review" community meetings, he said to the group, "You all make me feel like a human being again."

His words took me by surprise; the other residents simply nodded their heads in agreement. ♦

Source:

Hayford, Jack. (2001). *How to Live Through a Bad Day*. Thomas Nelson Inc: Nashville. pp 21-22.

Continued on page 17



“There is communion, common union, with one another as this community of sharing and storytelling is developed.”

10 QUESTIONS TO BEGIN A LIFE REVIEW

We can all foster a heightened sense of belonging by sharing answers to these questions in a Life Review group:

1. One of the most difficult things for me to deal with in my lifetime has been:
The reason this was so difficult was because:
2. What I have learned because of the burdens I have endured is:
3. One of the things I am most proud of is:
Because:
4. One way in which my military service impacted my life is:
5. If I were to live my life over again, something I would change is:
6. If I were to live my life over again, something I would not change is:
7. One of the ways I think I have touched other peoples' lives is:
Because:
8. One of the things I most want to be remembered for is:
Because:
9. If I could give one piece of advice to someone it would be:
Because:
10. Something that would bring me more peace right now is:
Because:

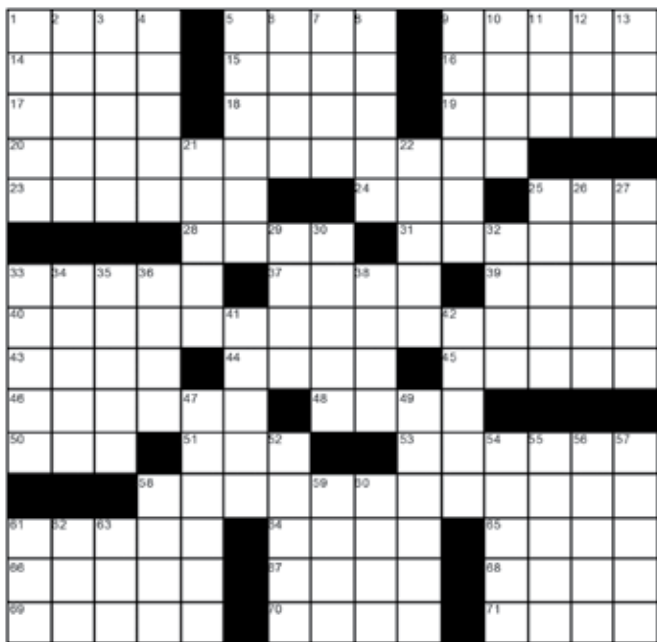
LivFun Brain Games

Crossword & Sudoku

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

All Together Now



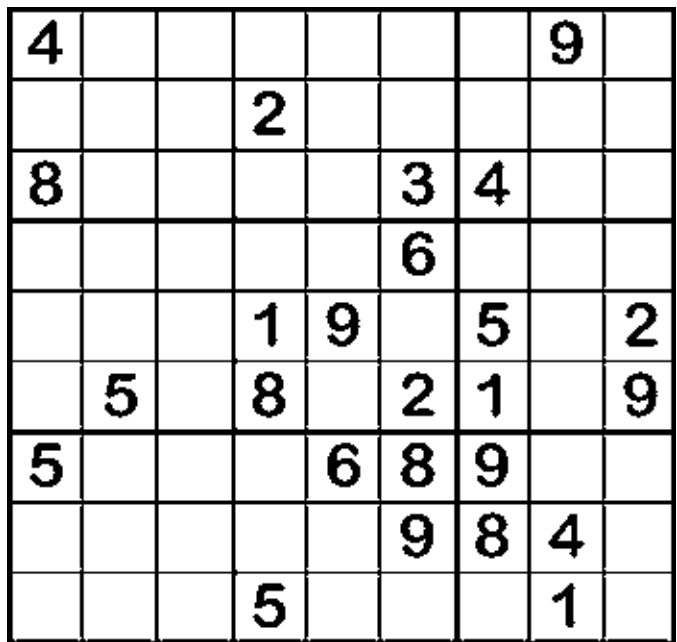
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ACROSS

- 1 Bogus operation
- 5 Medical procedure
- 9 Pane material
- 14 Improve a road
- 15 Detective need
- 16 Entices
- 17 Plant growth regulator
- 18 Towel pronoun
- 19 Bucket type
- 20 Type of COMMUNITY
- 23 Value highly
- 24 Instr. used to "see" atoms
- 25 Gov't. agency
- 28 Garden, for example
- 31 Common shoe feature
- 33 Still kickin'
- 37 Coal miners' boon
- 39 Cook book
- 40 Types of COMMUNITY
- 43 Unwritten
- 44 It may be triumphal
- 45 Informal basketball game
- 46 Prod
- 48 Limit
- 50 Sodium hydroxide
- 51 Information carrier
- 53 Get comfy
- 58 Type of COMMUNITY
- 61 Character, in Athens
- 64 Weaving device
- 65 Needle case
- 66 Unexpected attacks
- 67 Hep
- 68 Egyptian goddess
- 69 Lost
- 70 Gradually eliminate
- 71 Pub offerings

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 Elbow room
- 2 Heavenly headwear
- 3 Before, in Paris
- 4 Blend
- 5 Pattern of thought
- 6 Horse-fly, in Scotland
- 7 Emanation
- 8 Tree houses?
- 9 Like Eeyore
- 10 Pliable wood sheet
- 11 Unwieldy craft
- 12 Spot
- 13 IRS datum
- 21 Push away
- 22 Couples
- 25 Stun
- 26 Showroom models
- 27 "And thereby hangs ____."
- 29 Pre-revolution leader
- 30 As a consequence
- 32 Repeat
- 33 In conflict with
- 34 A Stooge
- 35 Picture
- 36 Evil
- 38 Common diagnosis
- 41 Modern innovative artist
- 42 Root
- 47 Ukrainian city
- 49 Sundial component
- 52 Radiant
- 54 Old Testament kingdom
- 55 Complete
- 56 Nit potential
- 57 Changes
- 58 Intersection point
- 59 Sharpen
- 60 — bag; wineskin
- 61 Notable time
- 62 Make edging
- 63 Informal greetings

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond



by Stephan J. Smith

Doctor of Chiropractic

When you were young and you thought about "senior citizens," what images came to mind? Quilting bees, playing bingo and quietly watching television? As you know from your own experience, these stereotypes are grossly outdated. The medical community now has a much different understanding of our aging population, what they enjoy, and what they need to feel safe, happy and cared for in the 21st century.

These days, family, friends and caregivers all work together to help create a community that our elders can rely on for the things that add meaning to their lives. It's a medical fact that without a sense of community, seniors may become depressed, suffer from sleep anomalies, endure changes in appetite, and have feelings of alienation and isolation. Fortunately, the way we care for seniors has changed dramatically as a result of our new understandings.

Twenty years ago older adults living in long-term nursing care facilities reported a much higher rate of depression (15-25%) than those still living independently (Masand, 1995). It's been recognized that community helps to create a sense of belonging, a sense that one's opinions matter, and

a feeling that your knowledge and life experiences are of value to someone else. Creating this sense of belonging requires much more than sewing circles and card-playing buddies.

Today's seniors want to be involved, not herded or managed. They want to be more active by biking, hiking and practicing yoga. They participate in groups, service clubs and organizations, as well as volunteer and give to others, all of which are great ways to feel involved and valued as individuals.

Even the most active and engaged seniors need a hand from time to time, and this is where the entire concept of active retirement living communities comes into play. A far cry from the "nursing home" of Masand's era, senior living options now offer a healthy balance of care and independence.

As we age, we find that some things that were once important to us are less of a priority now, while others are more important than ever. Trading in the large family home for a smaller, downsized lifestyle means less time spent on chores and more time for fun and socializing. Swapping the big yard and the constant mowing for smaller gardens and houseplants lets the green

thumbs among us enjoy our passion without the constant effort. And living among a diverse group of people, from all types of backgrounds, lets us create new bonds and experiences, explore old ideas, and formulate new ones.

For optimal mental, physical and emotional health, we must remain engaged, active and contributing to the best of our abilities. But it's not automatic.

A more recent study of senior living communities (Adams, 2004) shows that depression is more common in people who opt out of organized social activities. Our chosen community has a large impact on our feelings of independence while contributing to a feeling of connectedness and support. Still, it's up to us to stay connected, ask for help if we need it, and contribute what we can to the wellbeing of our neighbors. Let's stay in the game! ♦

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BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice

by John Platt

Business manager at Ware, Egtvet & Associates

When the times they are a changin', who do you call on for help?

Roger is a friend of mine. He's created a successful career through a lifetime of discipline, determination, and an unending capacity for work. No doubt his day-to-day is like that of other accomplished people — tsunamis of email, phone calls, appointments and tasks. He's mastered a busy life and all of the details that come with it, including the personal computer and the smartphone that at first seemed like the enemy. He has loved his work, and it has loved him. Roger's self-identity has merged with his role of being always connected, reachable, and important to his clients.

But this is now coming to an end as he prepares to retire at the end of the year.

He explained the preparation process in terms that really struck me: "As with parenthood, I need to make myself irrelevant to my customers. I'm now going around to each of them to train them to call my replacement — not me when they need help."

I could feel the sting behind his words, and I'm pretty sure it was fear I saw in his eyes. And why wouldn't he be afraid, heading into the unknown territory of a life without the daily action that has shaped how he sees himself?

My conversation with Roger made me think of others I know who have faced a similar transition in their lives, and it made me wonder how they did it. The range of changes that come from aging is wide, from having to handle the frustration of no longer being the go-to person to realizing that things you once did without thinking were now activities you wouldn't even think about doing. Some of these people were more successful at making the change, and I realized that for them, reaching out to those around them — their friends and communities — played a big part in that success.

For my neighbor Al, giving up his cherished tool collection was not easy, but his neighbors softened the blow. "It was like having an estate sale while I'm still alive," he told me. "And I knew that if I'm going to do this, I'm only going to do it once, so I had to sell them all."

Although he hated to see them go, Al took comfort in the fact that he knew who was getting his tools and that a younger generation was going to appreciate them as he had. "Besides," he said, "they told me that any time I

needed to borrow a tool for something, they were there for me."

Lauren built up her accounting practice over decades of hard work and wrestled with a succession plan. "I hate turning away new business, but I can't take on a new client today if I want to retire in a couple of years. I need someone younger to come in and take over, but where will I find that somebody?" For Lauren, the person she found was someone she already knew from her tennis group. Lauren used the community of her early morning tennis players to help with her transition.

For all of us turning the page to a new chapter in our lives, there is risk in navigating the gap from the person we knew ourselves to be to the new person we are becoming. Using the resources around us can help us make the right turns at these intersections in life.

Change is inevitable, and we are happiest when we can embrace the change by being prepared. As the song goes: "We get by with a little help from our friends." It is this we must remember as we turn the page.

Things Change: *Continued on page 41*

The Inevitable Certainty That Things Will CHANGE

A Strategic Approach to Friendship

by Tammy Kennon
Writer, sailor, traveler, photographer and blogger

Follow these tips to expand your circle of support.
Your life, quite literally, depends on it.



BE OPEN

Look people in the eye



“No man is an island.”

“No man is an island.” That sounds more like poetry (Donne, 1624) than the conclusion of a scientific research study. But, in fact, it’s the resounding conclusion of hundreds of them.

While it’s no surprise that social isolation can be detrimental to our emotional health, scientists are now finding surprisingly strong evidence that it can be deadly — as damaging to our health as smoking, alcohol abuse and obesity.

Conversely, researchers are finding that having strong social connections improves our health, helps us ward off disease, and demonstrably extends our lives. In fact, the mother of all studies, an aggregation of 148 studies, revealed the shocking news that strong social support increases the likelihood of survival by 50 percent. You read that right: 50 percent. And that remained constant regardless of age, sex, initial health status and the length of the studies — for 308,849 participants (Holt-Lunstand et al., 2010).

To fully reap these benefits, our social network must extend beyond the immediate family. German researchers found that while family interaction has a positive impact on life satisfaction, it comes with a counterbalancing negative effect. Social interaction outside the family network, on the other hand, boosts life satisfaction without any mitigating negative effects, especially for older adults. (Huxhold et al., 2014). Having a strong circle of friends is all good.

In other words, 21st-century science is proving what we already knew: Friendship is not just the butter on our bread; friendship is sustenance itself.

Unfortunately, as we age, our social circle undergoes a natural attrition. Over the years, as our lifestyle changes, we tend to shed friends without necessarily replacing them.

In addition, life’s major transitions can abruptly remove us from the safe embrace of our community, whether it’s a voluntary transition, like moving to a new city, or a transition imposed by circumstance, like moving into assisted living for health reasons. Either way, we are reminded of the value of companionship and the challenge of forming new relationships.

The reality of this truth came home to roost for me when I turned 50. My husband and I left behind our community of 15 years and set off on a sailing adventure. The joy and excitement of our travels were sustaining for a time, but as the months passed, I increasingly felt the absence of those friends I left behind. This sent me scrambling to build a new social network and consequently to relearn lessons about making friends I’d long since forgotten.

Even though I’m a bona fide introvert, I found a way to develop many deep and lasting friendships in our three years of sailing, despite the fact that we were constantly moving. That experience taught me some fundamental lessons about the arc of friendship, lessons that I now employ as I reestablish a community on land.

“We say, “birds of a feather,” and it’s key to finding lasting friendships. Search for a seed of shared interest ...”

Continued on page 26



FIND COMMON GROUND

Key to lasting friendships



© Photodisc

INVEST TIME

Your most valuable commodity

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"Think back to those high school days of laughter and leisure, and try to recreate them with new people."

Be Open. Lolling in the comfort of my posse of friends (and my introversion), I had developed some bad habits. I no longer made eye contact with strangers or engaged them in conversation. As with any other habit, it took diligence and repetition to change. Look people in the eye. Make a connection, and open a conversation.

Practice Your Story. Meeting new people meant introducing myself over and over, something I never had to do with old friends. It takes practice. Learn to make it count. Tell people what makes you get up in the morning, what gives you joy, and how you survived the rough spots. Hone and own your story.

Find Common Ground. Biologists call it "conspecifics," which means belonging to the same species. We say, "birds of a feather," and it's key to finding lasting friendships. Search for a seed of shared interest that can be nurtured into a friendship, whether it's hobbies, traveling, brewing beer or playing dominoes.

Find Urgency. Sailors use an accelerated getting-to-know-you method, a platonic version of speed dating that skips small talk entirely. Imagine you only have one hour to explore whether or not there is potential for a lasting relationship. What's the most important thing to find out about him, and what does he need to know about you? This mental exercise shifts the focus away from idle chitchat and facilitates an earnest conversation.

Ask Questions. Everyone has a story to tell, but sometimes they need help. Work on your questioning (and listening) skills. Start with concrete questions, and then move toward more abstract questions about thoughts and feelings, philosophies and ideas. What do you value most in a friendship, or if I gave you a thousand dollars, what would you do with it?

Be Vulnerable. Imagine that stranger you just met is already your best friend. What would you say to her? Conversation can take a plunge

to a deeper level with a simple show of vulnerability. "I miss my kids today. Do you ever feel that way?" or "Every single day I'm grateful that ..." or "You know what scares me?"

Make Rules. Psychologists tell us that we make flash judgments about the people we meet; by some measures, in the literal blink of an eye (Wargo, 2006). Offer strangers a grace period with a five-minute rule that reflects your own priorities. For me, in the first five minutes, I look for smiles and laughter plus equal measures of listening and talking.

Invest Time. Building new friendships requires investment at so many levels, but at its core, it's about investing your most valuable commodity: time. Think back to those high school days of laughter and leisure, and try to recreate them with new people in your life. Those hours spent hiking through the woods or playing a lolling game of Monopoly have a way of turning strangers into friends — and life into living. ♦

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For Generations



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.



Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



by Evan Kimble

Psychotherapist and Licensed Mental Health Counselor (LMHC)

Q: There are days when I want to divorce my entire family. Actually, just my older sister. I flew out to visit her, and we toured by car for a few days. I'm a little better off than her (not a lot), so I paid for our hotel expenses and contributed to our gas costs. She thanked me for nothing. In fact, she complained I didn't give her enough for gas. She played on her phone, ignored me during meals, and spent evening time alone in her hotel room. She got mad and left early on the last day, and I had to find my own way to the airport. And can you believe it; she goes and asks me if I will take care of her when she can't live on her own anymore. (We're both in our late 60s; she's unmarried.) Did I mention she's also a hoarder? What am I going to do!?

A: I can tell you feel a sense of responsibility toward her because you are considering her request at all. You were sensitive to her financial situation on the trip, and you did your best to facilitate a good time. No good deed goes unpunished, as they say.

Perhaps you are generous by nature, and maybe you give too much. Are there other areas of your life where you find yourself giving more than you want to? Or being asked for more than is reasonable?

If we don't track our personal limits, we can find ourselves over the line. Then we discover just how hurt and resentful we feel. That resentment doesn't come out of nowhere. It builds up slowly and then bursts into awareness with a vengeance. To counteract this, strive to notice when you are overextending your generosity. Listen for that quiet inner voice that wants to say "yes" or "no" to requests or demands made on you. With practice, it becomes easier to hear that voice of our true needs and preferences.

Sometimes we have to say "no" in order to say "yes" to ourselves. I'm not advocating selfishness, just awareness that you only have so much time, money and energy. If you give it away carelessly, you won't have it for the people and projects you value the most.

You are not under any legal obligation to care for your sister, of course. Still, that moral or familial pressure is hard to ignore. None of us wants to see our family members struggling, but

we mustn't let them drag us down with them if they refuse to swim.

If necessary, talk plainly with your sister. You might write her and tell her how her actions on the trip affected you. Any relationship is a two-way street. If she wants support from you, then you can ask for respectful interactions from her. Hopefully, there is still time for her to work on her part of the relationship. If she is incapable of change or takes offense when you make reasonable requests, then perhaps you will have to "divorce" her after all. In that case, tell her that she needs to make plans for her old age that don't include you.

Be ready to process many difficult feelings — whether you communicate with her or not — feelings of guilt, regret, anger, worry or helplessness. Turn your focus to what really matters. Spend your time connecting with the people in your life with whom you have mutual respect and love, and experience the fulfillment that comes from that. ♦

For further reading:

Goldenthal, Peter, Ph.D. (2002). *Why Can't We Get Along? Healing Adult Sibling Relationships*. Wiley, New Jersey.



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A
Small
Pot of

Violets

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

We've all felt it; that moment's hesitation before we ring the bell. Here's why you need to do it anyway.

The doorbell rang, and a friend stood softly in her shoes, extending a simple offering of a small pot of violets in her hands. It was only moments after my husband and I had returned from the radiologist's office, where I learned I had breast cancer.

The diagnosis was not a surprise at that point — in fact, I had such a sense of this that I had devoured Lance Armstrong's book *It's Not About the Bike* before going to the follow-up appointment. I had been armoring myself, getting ready for the blow. There were lots of things I allowed myself to imagine in the service of "getting prepared." But I didn't imagine that people would show up at the many portals of my life with palms up and hearts open.

While cancer treatment aimed to battle the evil cells invading my body, the warmth and kindness of others was balm for my spirit, an invitation for me to open my heart in return and to see all that is good in the world when the chips are down in a very real way.

Legend has it that when Chris Peterson, one of the founders of the field of positive psychology, was asked to sum up the science behind the field, he replied simply, "Other people matter." My friend told me this when she appeared at my door. I mattered to her. When we imagine the positive in our lives, it's hard to come up with anything that is solitary. Close your eyes and imagine peak times of joy. The best laugh you can remember, or a good one from yesterday. Enormous pride in an accomplishment. An unforgettable performance by actors, dancers, singers or musicians. Who else was with you or took part in this story in your mind? Chances are that with few exceptions, others were involved.

Indeed, other people matter so much that they are a key component in all the varied theories we have today on

well-being. Humans require connection with other humans in order to thrive. Mother Theresa once said, "The biggest disease today is not leprosy or cancer or tuberculosis, but rather the feeling of being unwanted, uncared for and deserted by everybody."

If she said it today, it would only be truer. Loneliness has dramatic consequences on health. Feeling isolated from others can disrupt sleep, raise blood pressure, lower immunity and increase depression. As scientists have become better skilled at measuring loneliness, we now know that lonely people are nearly twice as likely to die prematurely as those who do not suffer feelings of isolation (Perry, 2014).

The good news is that other people matter, and good positive connections can make a significant difference in our health. In fact, studies have shown that friendships help older people develop their resilience and ability to bounce back after adversity, increasing one's ability to gain strength from stress rather than be diminished by it.

Often our loneliness follows from the onset of an illness or injury. Flash back to the pot of violets. The friend who delivered those flowers recently shared with me how ambivalent she was about ringing the bell and potentially disturbing me on such a hard day. While we are close friends now, we didn't know each other well at the time. She was tempted to place them on the stoop and leave me a message. It took some courage on her part to ring the bell. In that moment, there is a lot at stake. It seems simple, but if it was an easy thing to do, it would happen more often.

Years ago I attended the funeral of a friend's father. My friend eulogized his beloved dad and spoke of his mantra, "Show up! Show up! Show up!"

"Kindness is the overflowing of one's self into the lives of others."

— Anonymous

Pot of Violets: Continued on page 41

Retire Like You Mean It
Your Life, Your Rules

MAKING HISTORY PERSONAL AT TREEO OREM

by Monica Dennison

Connections Manager at Treeo Orem



© Leisure Care

Mack Camp with Shelley Elementary student.

The school bus doors opened and a group of excited sixth graders from Shelley Elementary School came pouring out. Armed with iPads and lists of questions, the students were visiting Treeo as part of a grant project to make student historical document films through the Century Link program.

The grant enabled Mrs. McGee and Mrs. Ricks, two teachers at Shelley Elementary, to have their students record the stories of Treeo residents who had experienced world history in the making. When the school first approached Treeo about the project, it seemed like a natural fit to our connected and modern philosophy, so the staff readily agreed, and several residents volunteered to be interviewed.

Upon arrival, the students were split into groups of five or six and assigned to one of 10 Treeo residents. The students took their roles as iPad camera operators, interviewers, editors, sound techs and producers very seriously, listening intently and looking wide-eyed as the bits of

history unfolded in front of them; topics covered included WWII, the Great Depression, space exploration in the 1960s, Kennedy's assassination, and the fall of the Berlin Wall.

It was a busy and exciting day, but there was more work to do. The students took those stories back to school, researched the time period and history in each personal story, and then created short historical documentary films. The results were in-depth and often quite personal, as students commented on learning more about their own grandparents from speaking to the residents at Treeo.

Fast forward several weeks, and the Treeo residents who participated received VIP invitations to the 2015 Shelley Film Festival. Now it was our turn to fill a bus, and the entire group of Treeo residents who had volunteered for the program headed off to school.

As we arrived, Mrs. McGee and Mrs. Ricks were at the door to greet us along with a student host for each of the residents. We walked into the school and turned down a long

hallway, lined on both sides with smartly dressed children, all standing and applauding the residents as they walked the red carpet into the library. Students and residents alike stood taller, and smiles crept over their faces as young, wide eyes met wise, kind eyes in mutual respect and new understanding.

The residents were seated at tables adorned with linens and fresh flowers for the viewing of the 11 student-produced films, which was followed by a reception. Local television KSL Channel 5 was also on hand to record and interview the local celebrities, young and old.

As we left the school in a flurry of tears, laughs and hugs, one resident said, "Wow, we really made a difference. Those children will never forget us."

The General Manager of Treeo, Angie Ericksen, agreed, saying, "That was truly the most rewarding moment of my career!"

Treeo is proud to share the history of our resident family in such a smart, modern and connected way. ♦

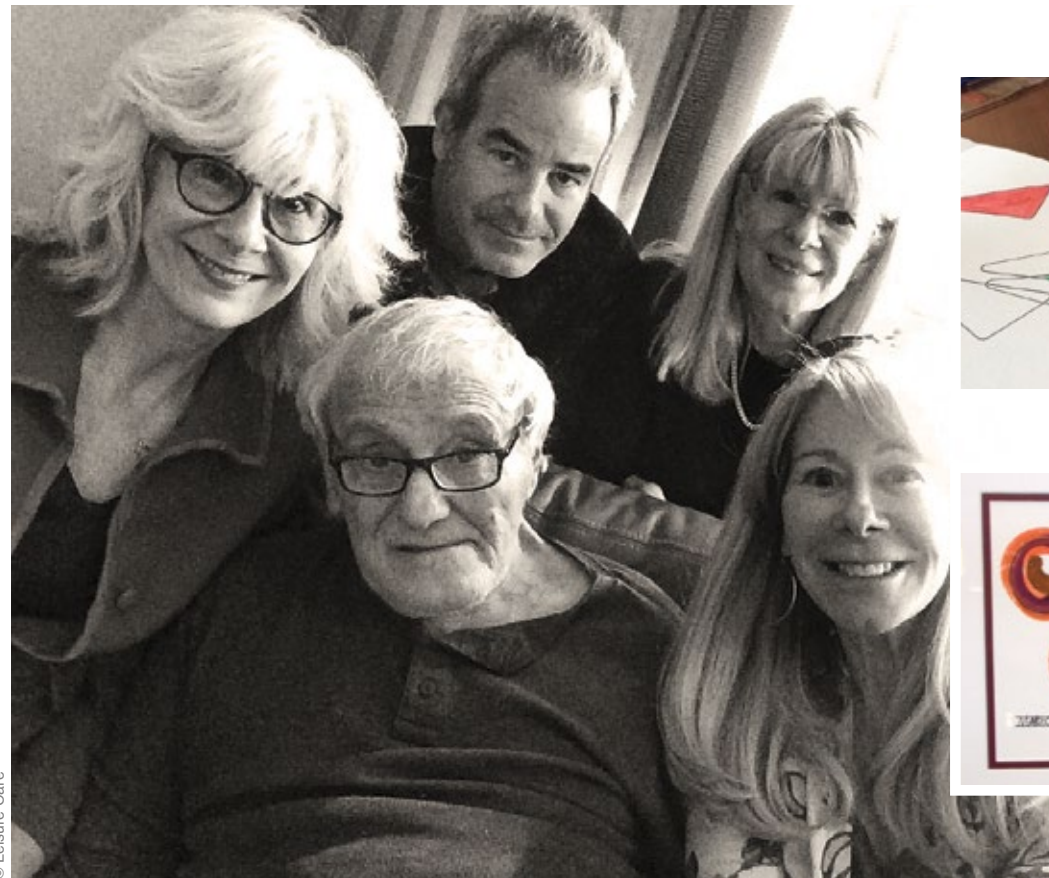


Participants in the Shelly Elementary Century Link Program enjoyed a day of VIP treatment at the school.

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

Three-Thirds in Action

Family | Philanthropy | Work



Memories in the Making participant Mario Donna, surrounded by family and his artwork.

Three-Thirds in Action

Family | Philanthropy | Work



Mille Souders of Mackenzie Place - Fort Collins proudly displays her painting that was auctioned off in a Memories in the Making event.

Art Speaks in Alzheimer's Program

by Olivia Drury

Sales and Marketing Coordinator, Leisure Care

At an early age, Mario Donna's family knew he had a gift. His love for drawing and art was evident throughout his childhood and led him to a career as art director at a prestigious Los Angeles ad agency. Today, Mario resides in a memory care apartment at Russellville Park in Portland, Oregon. While Alzheimer's disease may be slowly claiming Mario's ability to communicate, his passion for art has not wavered.

Like Mario, Mille Souders of Mackenzie Place – Fort Collins has

nurtured a life-long love for creativity. Also like Mario, she is living with Alzheimer's and discovering a new and joyous outlet for her artistic talents through a signature art program of the Alzheimer's Association called Memories in the Making®.

The program allows residents with Alzheimer's disease or other forms of dementia to express themselves through art. During the creative process, the art they produce serves as a tangible means of expression that speaks to families, professional

caregivers and to the public.

While Alzheimer's disease brings constant reminders of failures and losses, Memories in the Making provides a nonjudgmental environment in which participants can express their feelings. The focus is on the process rather than the product, allowing people with dementia to experience moments of joy and a renewed sense of accomplishment and self-respect.

The benefits of Memories in the Making can include:

- Improved self-esteem
- A productive outlet for emotions
- Activation of neurons
- An opportunity to socialize, thus reducing isolation
- Recollection and expression of past memories
- A way to reconnect with loved ones

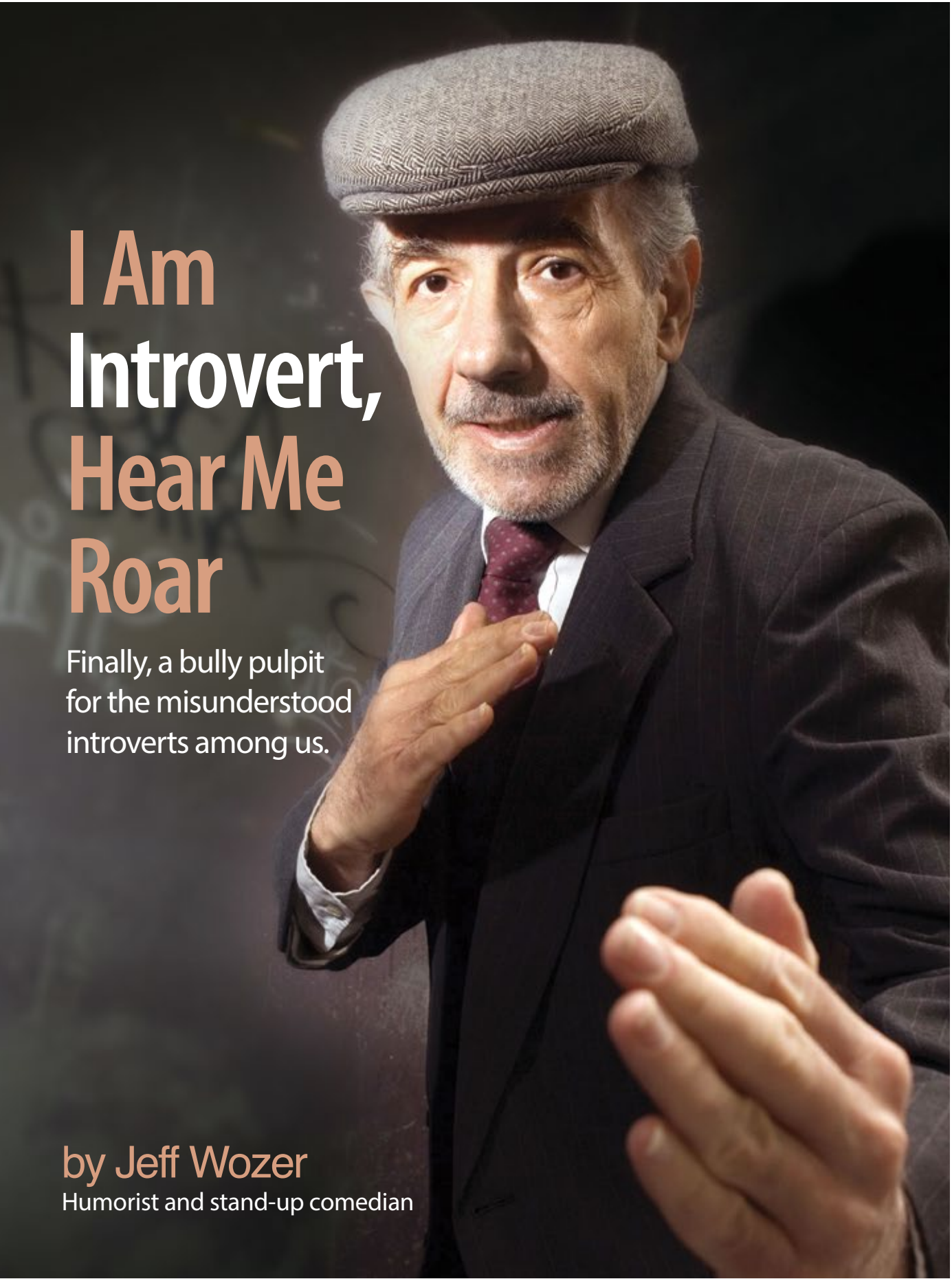
Russellville Park held their first session last winter. Mario was hesitant and at first did not participate. His daughter, seeing the potential ben-

efits the program could have for her father, accompanied him to class one day and convinced him to stay. He proceeded to draw about 10 pieces in an hour, using his own rulers and pens to draw very precise lines and mixing the paints to get just the colors he wanted. The instructor commented, "He seemed as if he was at work while painting" and that he was "more concerned with color and form than anything else."

Mario chose to keep only two of the 10 paintings he drew, and donated one — a vividly colored abstract mixed

media piece — to the Memories in the Making Art Auction & Gala this spring. Mille donated a lovely watercolor to her community's auction, drawing rave reviews from friends and fans.

The loss of language that often comes with Alzheimer's does not diminish our desire to express ourselves, as the creative part of the brain is the last to be affected by the disease. Mario, Mille, and the other artists in the program were able to tap into a new way to communicate through their artwork and share their gifts with their communities. ♦



I Am Introvert, Hear Me Roar

Finally, a bully pulpit for the misunderstood introverts among us.

by Jeff Wozer
Humorist and stand-up comedian

“Choosing a night at home over a party, in the restless minds of extroverts, is as unfathomable as a 96-year-old Powerball winner choosing annuity payments over one lump sum.”

During my last year of college I was a member of the Apathetic Senior Society. Meetings were scheduled weekly, and, in the true spirit of the club, I never attended. My flawless non-attendance record earned the admiration of fellow members who, without my consent, nominated me for president for — in their words — “perfectly embodying the integrity of the organization’s mission.” I won in a landslide, garnering all of the 23 cast votes.

I now, 30-plus years later, look back on that moment of fleeting glory and wonder, do I still have it in me? Can I rally my leadership skills from youth to head a new organization? One that would ultimately give a needed bullhorn to a misunderstood community of people who society incorrectly monikers as apathetic — introverts.

As a member of both camps I, more than most, recognize that apathy and introversion are as different as apples and GMO oranges, making me perfectly qualified to create an association for introverts.

The flame for this idea did not spark overnight. It has been a slow burn fueled by years of public misconceptions initiated and perpetuated by meddlesome extroverts. Choosing a night at home over a party, in the restless minds of extroverts, is as unfathomable as a 96-year-old Powerball winner choosing annuity payments over one lump sum.

“What’s wrong with you?” they’ll ask, in a tone that’s more accusatory than concerned. “Don’t you like people?”

Of course introverts like people. We just like to choose our spots — social Rogaine, as it were.

After declining a dinner party invitation several years ago, the host snapped back, “I bet you wish you were the only person on the planet?”

Really, I thought, that’s what you think introverts wish for? I can’t speak for every introvert, but I wouldn’t enjoy a population of one. I’d find it disconcerting passing billboards that read, “Only Jeff can prevent forest fires.” Or forever wondering if I possessed a rare God-given talent for the two-man luge.

Detractors (aka extroverts) dismiss my plans to organize introverts as folly. A community of introverts, they chuckle, is an oxymoron on par with jumbo shrimp and Facebook privacy. Despite these cheap jabs, I remain undaunted, going so far as to draft the following bylaws:

PREAMBLE

I (I would prefer using the pronoun “we” but fear it will frighten potential interested introverts), the duly constituted representative of this group, in order to promote a better understanding of introverts as viable members of

society, do hereby establish these bylaws, as set forth in the succeeding sentences, to be used for the government of this group.

ARTICLE I Organizational Name

Names for this association are still being debated. I haven’t asked anyone for input. Or at least not yet. Eventually, someday, when I feel like talking with someone, I will. But for now I’m leaning toward two choices: A.L.O.N.E. (Adamantly Leaves Out Nettlesome Extroverts) or V.I.A.B.L.E (Vexed Introverts Annoyed By Loud Extroverts).

ARTICLE II Purpose

A. To serve as a community for introverts — regardless of race, creed or loquaciousness — allowing them to share their aloneness in an open environment.

B. To impugn society’s assumption that introverts dislike human interaction. We don’t dislike people. We like people. We only dislike the small talk that comes from social engagement, which, by association, causes us to seemingly dislike people.

C. To fund medical research into proving introverts suffer from conversation-borne allergies. The release of

I Am Introvert: Continued on page 41

Ethics and Spirituality

Reflections and Contemplations on Life and Living

Going Solo or Singing With the Choir?

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

Yes, it takes work to be a friend, to be a member of the neighborhood. The alternative though — going it alone — is far harder.

Years ago I heard this story about an African tribe: When a woman in this tribe knows she's expecting a child, she heads out into the wilderness with a few women friends, and they pray and meditate and listen for this child's song. When they hear it, they sing it over and over again. And when they

return to their village, they teach it to their entire community, so that when this child is born, everyone can sing this child into the world.

The community continues to sing this child her* song when she enters school, comes of age, marries, and when she is ready to sojourn from this world to the next.

There's one other time the villagers sing this person her song: if she were to commit a terrible social wrong. In such a case, the villagers would gather together, form a circle around her, and sing her song to her — not to shame her, but to remind her that though she committed a wrong, she is not the wrong, and she can move past it.

Most of us have not lived in one community our entire lives. We moved for college, marriage, employment, or because we fell in love with a particular place or a particular person in a particular place. In these new places most of us probably joined communities — faith-based, academic, work, yoga, book, hiking or neighborhood — be-

cause we understood that if we didn't, we would somehow be unmoored, disconnected and alone.

Perhaps this is why I'm intrigued by people who choose to live in retirement communities so that they will not be alone, and yet doggedly distance themselves from the other residents in these very communities.

I know many of these people. I'm a chaplain in a senior living community. When I ask them about their choice to withdraw, they say things like, "I don't have the energy," "I can't bear to lose yet another friend," or "It's just too much work."

Going Solo: *Continued on page 42*



School of Rock (2003)

An exuberant Jack Black plays a down-on-his-luck former wannabe rocker who finagles his way into teaching a made-up class called “Rock Band” to some unsuspecting fifth-graders. The youngsters have so much talent that after a few weeks it doesn’t seem crazy to enter them into a citywide band competition — a process that might mean as much to their teacher as it does to the kids. Yes, the plotline is a familiar blueprint, but director Richard Linklater (*Boyhood*) makes every scene in *School of Rock* feel fresh and joyful, reminding us that making music is one of the most ancient and fulfilling communal practices. And Jack Black’s wild talents have never had a better vehicle, as this musically talented actor (who seems to be improvising in many scenes) proves himself a true life force. (Available on Amazon Instant and Google Play.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

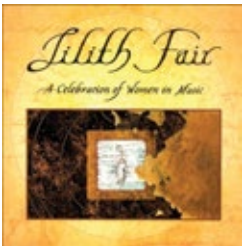
by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer

“For once in my life I have someone who needs me.” — Stevie Wonder



Small Town (Single) — John Cougar Mellencamp, Scarecrow, 1985

An ode to the American Heartland, “Small Town” was released during the ’80s when many believed that Reagan-omics and corporate greed were slowly destroying the American dream. Working class factory towns and tight-knit farming communities were suffering, and Mellencamp hoped to highlight a way of life and a people that deserved to be preserved. The song opens with an acoustic guitar and rock drum beat that calls to mind the opening of Springsteen’s “Born in the USA.” In his close-to-autobiographical story of Mellencamp’s upbringing in Seymour, Indiana, he paints a vivid picture of the friends and family who make up a simple but fulfilling life without all of the hustle and bustle of the big city. “Small Town” was the antithesis of the massive materialism and indulgence becoming a part of the American ethos at that time.



Lilith Fair: A Celebration of Women in Music (Album) — Various Artists, 1998

The Lilith Fair was the brainchild of world-renowned singer-songwriter Sarah McLachlan and came about due to her frustration with concert promoters and program directors who wouldn’t book or play two female artists in a row. During the late ’90s, there was a massive swell of festivals fully focused on a male angst-ridden demographic, but nothing targeting the female audience-growing community of women artists. So in 1997, the Lilith Fair was born and became a top grossing festival while remaining true to its vision of bringing together and celebrating a community of female artists. One of the highlights of this collection is the simple acoustic love song “Falling in Love” by Lisa Loeb that draws an almost cinematic story of two lovers. She is joined on stage by Americana country queen Emmylou Harris who provides the harmonies to go along with Loeb’s simple yet effective acoustic guitar strumming. Also on this album is a super star rendition of the Irish folk song “Water Is Wide” featuring Jewel, The Indigo Girls and Sarah McLachlan. We are introduced to unique artists like Lhasa de Sela and an amazing young Tibetan named Yungchen Lhamo. This album is a who’s who of the female folk, rock and country music community from the late 1990s, many of whom are still going strong today.



Let’s Work Together (Single) — Wilbert Harrison, Let’s Work Together, 1969

Most of us have never heard Wilbert Harrison’s original recording of this fantastic song and are more familiar with the blues rock version done by Canned Heat. Harrison’s original has a raw and gritty working-class feel that seems to be preaching an uplifting message of community working together to improve their lives. The lively harmonica intro to the mid-tempo blues of the rhythm guitar, drums and bass gets you tapping your feet and wanting to move and work hard on whatever you are doing. The song was originally called “Let’s Stick Together,” about a married couple and their trials and tribulations. It was a minor hit for Harrison in 1962 but didn’t really catch on until he restructured the lyrics in 1969 into “Let’s Work Together” and provided a more relevant message with plenty of soul and grit to go around. ♦

Things Change:
Continued from page 21

Help With the Finances: Family
or Fiduciary?

As we age, we may find we need more help with necessary tasks, such as paying bills, keeping up on insurance claims, or handling our online accounts. Where is the community to help you buy prescriptions online, navigate the telephone answering system of a large business, and otherwise maintain the high standards that you’ve set for yourself as you get older?

Many people turn to their families for this help. Yet that can be both a blessing and curse. It’s wonderful if your daughter can help, but that can impact your relationship and leave you both less time for family joys. Sometimes adding this burden to our family members when they undoubtedly have full plates of their own can be awkward or even unfair.

When you need some help but don’t want to tap your family or close friends, consider the services of a professional fiduciary. These are professional financial managers entrusted with the responsibility of managing property for someone else, and the good ones take great pride in customizing their services to fit the exact needs of each client. For example, a fiduciary might:

- Pay your bills and manage your daily banking.
- Reconcile your checkbook and other monthly statements.
- Prepare and file your taxes.
- Manage your retirement accounts, pensions and investment accounts.

“The measure
of intelligence is the
ability to change.”

— Albert Einstein

Need some help keeping all those balls up in the air? Your other professional advisors — your lawyer, CPA or wealth manager — can be a great source of identifying a qualified professional fiduciary for you or your loved one. ♦

Pot of Violets:
Continued from page 31

When my friend put her finger on the bell, she showed up. Anything that happened after that, whether it involved rejection, emotional discomfort, disturbance, or a sense of awkwardness, didn’t matter relative to her giving me the gift of showing up. In that, she told me she cared, that I was not alone, that I mattered to her. When we say other people matter we underscore their value while valuing ourselves, and this is what helps us feel better as human beings.

I have had many opportunities to show up with offerings for people I know well and those I know less well. There is no end to the litany of who fell, who got sick, who is dying, and who is lonely. Every time I prepare a meal, plan a visit, or offer to do an errand, I feel that moment of not wanting to ring the bell. In some ways it challenges the lessons from early childhood of not walking into a room where other people are talking or where you haven’t been invited. Heavens, I could feel rejected or unwanted in that moment. They might judge me in some way — they could think I’m rude and ill mannered, or worse, a bad cook!

It takes movement from the heart, along with some guts, to spur me on. I release any expectation of the other person involved — it doesn’t

I Am Introvert:
Continued from page 37

small talk into our ears creates intense allergic reactions, ranging from fatigue and glazed eyes to dizziness and, in extreme cases, loss of consciousness.

D. To act as a unifying body in initiating state ballot measures for introvert-specific “stand your ground” laws. This measure would grant introverts the legal right to use limited force — a punch to the spine or a kick to the shin — against any extrovert in a social situation who directs the words, “You need to come out of your shell” to him or her more than twice within a 10-minute span or a single conversation (which ever comes first).

matter what happens after the bell. It’s all about me simply conveying the powerful message: “You matter to me.”

I want to live in the kind of world where our actions reflect that others matter to us in profound and measurable ways. When I show up I feel better, my mood sweetens, and I know I’ve made a difference in someone else’s life and my own.

If your mood is slipping today, how about conjuring up an act of kindness? Perhaps a phone call, doubling the batch of soup you’re making, picking some flowers, sending a card, offering to help with a task, even just holding the door open, or flashing the most beautiful of your smiles to a stranger. Tell someone in your life how much you appreciate them.

I promise you, kindness will increase your sense of connection. While it appears to be a gift to someone else, you will be the greatest beneficiary. One gesture of kindness each day, no matter how small, can change your life. ♦

For more reading:

Armstrong, Lance with Jenkins, Sally. (2000). *It’s Not About the Bike*. Berkley Trade.

Perry, Philippa. (2014). “Loneliness Is Killing Us — We Must Start Treating This Disease.” *The Guardian*. Retrieved June 11, 2015, from www.theguardian.com.

E. To initiate and establish activities designed to meet the recreational needs of the introvert community. Suggested activities include Hide and Don’t Go Seek, Kill But Don’t Talk to the Guy With the Ball, and Pin the Gag on the Extrovert.

F. To serve as an educational force reminding the public that introverts are viable contributors to the community of mankind, as evidenced by David Letterman, Albert Einstein, Mahatma Gandhi, Abe Lincoln, and the Professor from *Gilligan’s Island*.

Bylaw feedback is encouraged. Please feel free to give me a call. Keep in mind, however, that I probably won’t answer the phone. Leave a message, and I may or may not get back to you. ♦

*“Do not separate yourself
from the community.”*
— Ethics of the Fathers

I understand. I do, but I also witness these loving, caring, supportive and connected moments that those who choose to opt out miss:

Eleanor enters the building carrying two bags of groceries. One bag is for her, the other for her friend who isn’t feeling well and cannot get to the store.

Stella is sitting in her apartment. The bell rings. In walks Arlene who has made it her mission to check on Stella ever since Stella’s husband died. Today, the gift of a flowering plant sits on the chair of Arlene’s walker.

Leon calls me. There’s a woman in the building he’s concerned about, and he wants to meet to brainstorm ways to help her.

Sheila sees me in the lobby. She tells me she’s worried about Mattie who called her this morning at 4:30 a.m., seemingly unaware of the hour, to ask her how to sign up for the access bus.

I’m in the elevator when it stops on Richard’s floor. He tries to enter but is unable to because the footrest of his wheelchair is digging into the ground. So I get off the elevator to help him. About 10 minutes later, Richard and I enter the elevator together. When we arrive on the main floor, Marcia, who had been riding the elevator with me when it had stopped on Richard’s floor, is standing there waiting for him. She welcomes him to the main floor, and though he is perfectly capable of wheeling himself into the dining room, she places her hands on the handlebars of his wheelchair and tells him that she will escort him to dinner.

Lottie finds me by the concierge. “You must wish Harold a happy birthday. He is 100 today.”

I lead Healing Stories, a group I created because I believe we’re all in need of healing, if not of body, then of soul. In this group we sit in a circle and share our stories. Catherine speaks about her impatience with her husband, whose health is failing. Mimi mentions how difficult it was to grow up with a mother who did not believe in her. Sophie alludes to something in her relationship with her husband who died years ago that she remains ashamed of.

Sharing our stories, or singing our songs as it were, reminds us that we are not alone in our brokenness, guilt, shame or pain. This is truly powerful. This is what the African villagers wanted the person who committed a wrong to understand when they sang to her. That though she felt

terrible inside, and perhaps had lost faith in herself, she was not alone. She had the strength and love of an entire community to help her find herself again.

We all need others to help us sing our song. It’s hard to go it alone. Yes, it takes work to be part of a community, but from what I’ve witnessed, it’s worth it. ♦

.....

**The feminine gender stands for all.*



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 18

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

SHAM	SCAN	GLASS
PAVE	CLUE	LURES
ALAR	HERS	OAKEN
CONGREGATION		
ESTEEM	STM	FDA
	PATH	EYELET
ALIVE	SEAM	COMA
FAMILY	SCHOOL	
ORAL	ARCH	HORSE
URGEON	EDGE	
LYE	DNA	NESTLE
	NEIGHBORHOOD	
ETHOS	LOOM	ETUI
RAIDS	ONTO	BAST
ATSEA	WEAN	ALES

Answers to Sudoku

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

“I’M FIT AS A FIDDLE.”
And this fiddle has some nice biceps, too.



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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.

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