

The Truth About Garage Sales

Apparently, on the sixth
day God created shame

Love Looks Back on Itself

Swirling in my mother's
words

Those Funny Humans

Why humor helps in
the tough times

Identity

Who should have a say in my life?



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Who should have a say in my life?

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Dan Madsen
Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care

Letter From the Chairman & CEO

Celebrating Who We Are at Leisure Care
by Dan Madsen

Welcome to the Fall issue of LIV FUN. I can't believe we are more than halfway through what is proving to be another fun and exciting year for Leisure Care...with plenty to celebrate! First, a formal welcome to the residents, employees and friends at The Willows in Oxford, Florida, and Woodland Terrace in Bothell, Washington, two communities that joined the Leisure Care family this year, as well as The Ackerly at Timberland, which opens its doors in Portland, Oregon this summer. We've also welcomed a number of new employees to the home office in Seattle — thanks for joining our team and putting your trust in Leisure Care.

In May we hosted our biggest celebration of the year at our annual leadership conference and awards gala. General Managers from across the country and beyond gathered in Seattle to celebrate our amazing successes in 2015. I'm pleased to announce that 14 stellar individuals were recognized as Executives of the Year for their leadership, innovation and commitment to not only the company but their local communities in 2015. Congratulations, and thank you, to:

Jim Ausmus (Fairwinds – River's Edge), Steve Battisti (Heritage Estates), Perry Brown (Camellia at Deerwood), Rebecca Clark (Fairwinds – Brittany Park), Meg Davidson (Russellville Park), Angie Erickson (Treeo – Orem), Liana Foote (Newport Beach Plaza), Scott Haile (Fairwinds – Desert Point), Bill Hess (Van Mall), Holli Korb (Fairwinds – Spokane), Jackie Requa-Hall (Fairwinds – Brighton Court), Jessica Sommer (Fairwinds – Ivey Ranch), Lauren Spangler (Canfield Place), and Nathan Wetmore (Fairwinds – Redmond).

Special recognition goes to two GMs who received the prestigious President's Club award for their embodiment of the *Three-Thirds Lifestyle*. Huge congratulations to Meg Davidson and Scott Haile—you provide an outstanding experience to your residents, family members, employees and business partners each and every day and for that I thank you.

I'd also like to congratulate Rookie of the Year Hee Son Domay of Tapestry at Arbutus Walk in Vancouver, BC, for her outstanding leadership. And, as always, thank you to all of our managers and staff who change lives for the better every day.

This fall we are celebrating the 20th anniversary of the One Eighty Foundation's annual KIRO 7 Kids Classic Golf Tournament & Dinner Auction, which raises funds to support Seattle children and families in need. If you are in the Seattle area on September 14th I invite you to come out and join us; learn more at www.oneeightyfoundation.org.

As always, I thank everyone who has chosen to live with us, work for us, and do business with us. We take our responsibility to serve you seriously and we thank you for being part of our family.

Dan Madsen
Chairman & CEO, Leisure Care



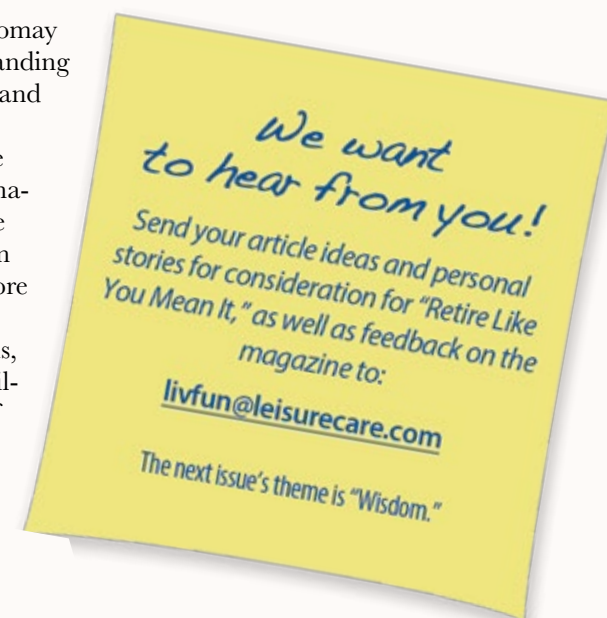
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Style Wise
Expressing Your Unique Self

BRUTALIST ART

and the Happy Home

by Skye Moody
Novelist, essayist, photographer
and world traveler

Maybe love really means never having to say,
"That's ugly."

Bear with me: Our L-shaped loft has 14-foot-high ceilings and several 30-foot long, stark white gallery walls that demand BIG art. Until recently, we owned only one qualifier: Jerry and I agreed that my beloved vintage French circus poster, titled "Le Clown Amoureux" (The Lovesick Clown), belonged centered on one long wall facing into the bedroom space. Sweet, ya?

Still, the loft is nearly 1,000 square feet, with floor-to-ceiling windows on just one narrow wall. That leaves over 120 feet of bare wall space to fill (or not). Murals are out because of the lease agreement. Yet each wall screams for a large, grand canvas. This involves the two of us negotiating over the aesthetic properties of enormous works of art. Should be a snap, no?

Jerry orders online a massive painting that he loves. When it arrives, even he knows he's lying through his teeth bragging on its aesthetic merits. I cannot peripherally eyeball this canvas without waves of nausea literally swamping my equipoise. What had appeared to Jerry online as a multi-textured fictional Southeast Asian flag — if all of Southeast Asia were to unite — actually evokes a burnt hotdog, flat-ironed and splashed with ketchup and expired-label mustard.

Pretending he's overjoyed, Jerry immediately hangs the hotdog on the most critical wall in our living area. Standing over his shoulder, I announce that this crapola will never hang where I live, nor where my friends gather. He then auditions it around the corner, on the short side of the L, over a nouveau Chesterfield in the media space. This does nada to enhance the space or transform the abstract's ghastly tones and nuances.

Weeks later, again online, Jerry hits upon what I have to admit looks like a fine landscape by Frank Carmichael, youngest painter of Canada's Group of Seven, whose landscapes command six-figure price tags. Carmichael's paintings are characterized by his contemporary, Emily Carr, as, "A little pretty and too soft, but pleasant." The online offer advertises an authorized hand-painted reproduction, causing me to cringe; yet a careful study of the website and the painting's price tag suggests quality and offers a money-back guarantee. We pay under a thousand dollars, and when the painting arrives, I snatch the hotdog off the wall, replacing it with the safe, lovely Carmichael. This simple task involves the two of us, a stepladder, and an abundance of mutual grousing.

"I cannot peripherally eyeball this canvas without waves of nausea literally swamping my equipoise."

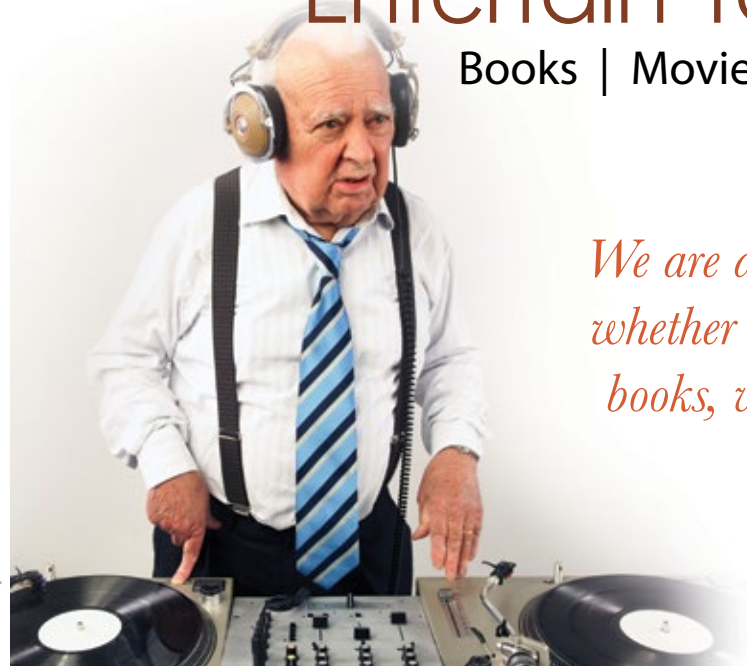
Brutalist Art: Continued on page 41

Entertain Your Brain

Books | Movies | Music

*We are all innate storytellers,
whether our voice is found in
books, visual arts or music.*

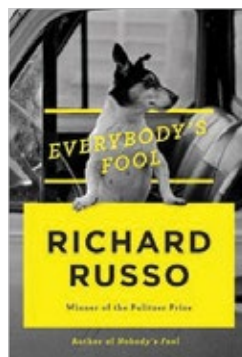
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BOOK REVIEWS

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

"It's like everyone tells a story about themselves inside their own head. Always. All the time. That story makes you what you are. We build ourselves out of that story." — Patrick Rothfuss



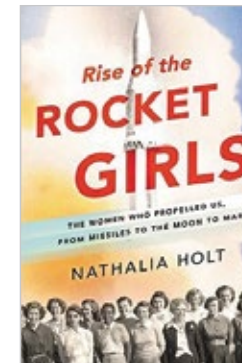
Everybody's Fool by Richard Russo (Knopf, \$27.95)

Throughout his career, Russo has explored small-town New England life with the kind of humor and compassion that comes from true care and insight. This sequel to *Nobody's Fool* appropriately begins in the cemetery of North Bath, New York, as the two principal characters of this novel, Sully and Chief of Police Douglas Raymer, are feeling their mortality. Sully has been diagnosed with maybe two years to live, information he chooses to keep to himself, and Raymer is still suffering from heartbreak and grief after his wife, who was planning to leave him, dies in a freak accident. The town has really seen better days, and Raymer knows that people leave, given the chance. It's full of blue-collar dreamers, part-time grifters, and other ne'er-do-wells, yet Russo imbues even the most pathetic and broken down with a kind of grace and sympathy. In a novel where everyone plays the fool, the reader somehow manages to understand and even forgive the foibles of these fellows and maybe even themselves. That is the art of truly compelling fiction.



Modern Lovers by Emma Straub (Riverhead Books, \$26.00)

From the author of *The Vacationers* comes this big-hearted novel about long-term relationships and friendships set in Brooklyn, New York. Elizabeth, Andrew and Zoe all met at Oberlin College in Ohio when they were in a band with another classmate, Lydia, who went on to more renown before her untimely death. We meet Elizabeth and Andrew as a married couple with a teenage son, Harry, neighbors of Zoe and her wife, Jane, and their teenage daughter, Ruby. Through the shifting perspectives of the parents and teenagers, we glimpse the tensions in each relationship and the ways in which those bonds are stretched and challenged as time, maturity and misunderstandings enter the mix. How do you reconcile the identity of your youth with your life as a parent and partner? Straub brings depth and dimension to each of her characters, exploring the ways in which we hurt each other and learn to move past the hurt.



Rise of the Rocket Girls: The Women Who Propelled Us, From Missiles to the Moon to Mars by Nathalia Holt (Little, Brown & Company, \$27.00)

So many contributions are lost to history, and Holt explains how she stumbled on the amazing contributions of women to what became NASA's space program during a baby-name search. She learned that most of the "human computers" crunching the numbers for a Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) in California during WWII and well into the '70s were women. Their mathematical skills made rockets reach new heights for war and peacetime space explorations and heralded the beginning of the age of women balancing work and family. In a time when women with a college education had few options to ply their skills in the workplace, JPL's rocket program employed hundreds who put their science and math backgrounds and passions to work well before computers could match their arithmetic acumen. Through interviews, Holt shares the lives of some of these women who forged new identities out of their industriousness behind the scenes and whose work can now be recognized and honored.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*

"If you want a happy ending, that depends, of course, on where you stop your story."
— Orson Welles



Citizen Kane (1941)

When something becomes an "official classic" — to say nothing of Greatest Movie Ever Made, as *Citizen Kane* has regularly been voted — a layer of dust can settle over said classic. But Orson Welles' 1941 film deserves better. If you haven't watched it in a long time, you may be delighted to see how alive and kicking this remarkable picture is, how full of playfulness, innovation and political satire. It also stands as Hollywood's greatest investigation of identity. Who was Charles Foster Kane (played by director Welles), the titan of industry and creator of a vast collection of bric-a-brac he never actually unpacked? The entire film is a series of recollections about Kane, some of which contradict each other, none of which supply an answer. In the end, although one question gets answered — What was "Rosebud," Kane's dying word? — the bigger meaning is left unsolved. Welles suggests that identity may be an absence everyone tries to fill; with luck, others will do a better job than does Charles Foster Kane. (Available streaming on Amazon Video, YouTube, iTunes, Vudu and Google Play; on DVD via Netflix.)



The Wild Child (1970)

The beautiful career of director Francois Truffaut hit an especially soulful note in this 1970 drama based on a true story. Truffaut himself plays the 18th-century doctor who takes up the case of a "wild child" found living in the woods of France. The doctor has deeply held Enlightenment ideals and believes that the child needs only education and language in order to become a fully realized human being. However, the boy has his own path to take. The film stirs up questions of Nature vs. Nurture, pondering the puzzle of whether identity is in a name and a language or something innate. Most movingly, Truffaut (a product of the kind of unhappy childhood he depicted in *The 400 Blows*) focuses on the way the act of parenting has a profound effect on both wild child and doctor alike. There is more than one character being defined in this story. (Available streaming on Amazon Video.)

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*

Out and About
Journeys Completed or Contemplated

The Ambivalent American

After a deep dive
into European society,
an American discovers
just who she really is.

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

© Natalia Bratslavsky

*“At the time I fancied myself cosmopolitan,
though I’m quite sure now I was pretentious and annoying.”*

Spring in small town Austria was lovely. The hills were green. From our balcony, I could see cows grazing in the meadow adjacent to our little apartment building, cowbells singing on the breeze. I took long walks in the foothills, collected tiny wild strawberries, and tried to remember the names of the flowers — there were so many. But it was Passover, and I had no one to celebrate with. I was lonely.

I am a California girl by birth, a Seattle resident by choice, a product of the West Coast. I like Mexican food, the Pacific Ocean, riding my bicycle, The Eagles, a giant bowl of pho when the weather is bad, a sort of easygoing acceptance of multiculturalism and all it brings. I’m defined by all these things, and by being an American of the variety that believes in possibility.

I’m aware of the fact that I’m an extremely privileged American, that my belief in that possibility is thanks to all kinds of economic advantages, but even in that awareness, I cling to the idea that the myth of American possibility is true. That I could have grown up to be President had I set my mind to it.

I did not always feel this way. I was very young when I started to travel, first as an exchange student, later as a kibbutz volunteer, and still later as a backpacker, saving every penny from my low-paid retail jobs just to get back out into the world again. As a young traveler, I was reluctant to reveal my nationality; I was embarrassed by something I did not control and could not change. The United States was extremely unpopular on the world stage during my early travels. I did not want to talk about it; I did not want to be held responsible. I’d dodge the subject by saying I was from California, deflecting to TV images of beaches and golden hair. I did not surf, I was — am — not a blonde, but it worked.

At the time I fancied myself cosmopolitan, though I’m quite sure now I was pretentious and annoying. With zero knowledge of how European society worked, I declared it far

superior to ours in the United States. I boomeranged between the West Coast and the Continent, all the while complaining bitterly about things I did not understand. I was dead certain a life in Europe was my destiny.

And then, I got my wish. It’s a common story — I met a man, we fell in love, and there were a lot of flights. While it was hardly sudden, it felt sudden that there I was in a small town in Austria at Passover feeling sad, blindsided by this unexpected need to grapple with a part of myself that I’d given very little thought to.

You noticed, perhaps, that I didn’t include being Jewish when I described myself. I never considered it more than an inherited trait — like the color of my eyes. But the longer I spent unraveling what it meant to be an American in Europe, the more my religious upbringing became part of what defined me. Once, while listening to the English-language radio station, I heard the guest speaker say that Austria didn’t have an anti-Semitism problem. “That’s because you don’t have any Jews!” I shouted at the radio.

In a turn of events that seemed too serendipitous to be real, my husband and I were invited to a Passover dinner at the home of an American woman who, like me, had married an Austrian. I’d emailed the Graz synagogue — the nearest at 120 miles away — to ask about a community Seder. The response to my grade-school German came in English. Sure, we could go to the community Seder, but really, we should come to her family Seder, we’d be so welcome. Our hostess was a California girl just like me; we’d even gone to the same temple, though not at the same time.

“It took me moving to Austria to become a Jewish mother,” she told me. “My girls came home from school talking about Easter and I thought, I need to teach them who we are, where we come from.”

I understood. Not only had my time in Europe given me a Jewish identity,

it made me aware of what it meant to be American. When I took German language classes with a handful of refugees and immigrants, my classmates didn’t understand why I’d chosen this small town in the Alps over the U.S.

“American,” they’d say. “Why are you HERE?” They wanted what I’d so vastly devalued, what I appreciated more every day.

Being an American gave me currency that my classmates did not get. I resented that on their behalf. The engineers and language experts and midwives, relocated because of war, were denied employment in their fields of expertise because Austria did not recognize their education, while my education — in Fine Arts — was irrelevant. I worked in a plush high-tech job; they worked the factory assembly lines. To be American was to be undeterred by obstacles, it seemed. I had that by default, and I wanted it for my classmates, who had been through so much and, in some cases, were vastly more qualified in their fields than I.

Eventually, I returned to the United States, a failure at expat life. My American doggedness, independence, and unwillingness to participate in societal hierarchies meant I was ill-suited for a life in a traditional European small town. Skidding across the surface of European culture as a young traveler, I had no idea of the bureaucracy and archaic social traditions that would define my life on the Continent. I’d imagined European life a warm embrace, not a complicated too-tight jacket. I was too brash, too unwilling to conform and too candid to make a good European.

It took me nearly four decades of traveling abroad to understand and embrace my identity. I remain as surprised as anyone that I’m a patriot, that it matters to me that I’m Jewish. But I am those things, indeed, and unapologetically so.

I had to leave the United States to find that, like the color of my eyes, these things make me who I am. ♦



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A Funny Thing About Humans . . .

Four true stories illustrate what happens when, instead of crying, we choose to laugh.

by David Naster

Professional comedian, award-winning author and filmmaker

“Quite frankly, I didn’t think I dealt her that bad of a hand.”

True Story

Ruth and her cousin Mary loved to play cards. Both women were in their mid-70s, and the two retired schoolteachers would stay up till all hours of the night, talking, playing and laughing. One night the family received a call that Mary had died. As the family gathered, Ruth explained what happened.

“We were playing cards and talking as usual. I dealt Mary her cards. She said she didn’t feel very well, went into the next room, lay down on the couch, and died.”

Ruth added, “Quite frankly, I didn’t think I dealt her that bad of a hand.”

The entire family laughed, and immediately their grief and shock eased.

I’m sharing this story for two reasons: first, to make you laugh; and, second, to prove that humorous thinking helps us deal with tough times. Don’t believe me? These real stories about real people who laughed through their tough times may be the proof you need to let more humor into your life.

The Man in the Audience

After doing a comedy show in a church, I was approached by a man I had randomly selected to come on stage to help me with a routine. He put his hands on my shoulders, his face just inches from mine, and said, “Thank you, sir. Three months ago I lost my baby boy, and this is the first time I have laughed since. Thank you for reminding why you just have to laugh.”

He walked away smiling, wiping tears from his eyes.

That moment ignited my quest to explore how humor and laughter help us get through tough times. One thing I’ve discovered is that there is a clear and proven distinction between the two: Humor helps us emotionally, while laughter helps us physically, according to medical research.

“The stimulation of laughter increases our circulation — benefitting the heart and lowering blood pressure,” wrote Dr. William Fry, a professor of Psychology at Stanford University. “Laughter increases our respiratory exchange. It also increases our metabolism and activity of our muscles.” (Fry, 1994)

The man who laughed three months after losing his son was releasing his pent-up grief. He had felt no joy or happiness for a long time, and the laughing made him feel good. It also stopped his thoughts of sadness, another critical step in the process.

When we think something is funny, we are no longer thinking the thoughts that produced the sadness, much like when Ruth stated, “I didn’t think I dealt her that bad of a hand.” The family’s laughter released their shock and sadness at Mary’s sudden death. Her joke about dealing Mary a bad hand is what stopped any avalanche of sad emotional thinking.

Bill's Story

Eighty-four-year-old Bill Mahoney was sitting in the doctor's office with his wife, waiting to get the results of his recent MRI. The doctor walked in and told Bill he had cancer in every part of his body except his lungs. Bill smiled at the doctor and said, "Well thank God I didn't quit smoking."

When faced with a life-threatening diagnosis, we get scared. When we lose someone we love, we get sad. And why shouldn't we? Those are honest feelings. The problem with such emotions is when they become an avalanche of thinking that can bury us alive in our grief, shock and fear.

The way to stop the barrage of such thinking is through humor. "Funny thinking" not only stops the sad thoughts, it makes us laugh and feel good. This reboot helps us to deal with our situation with greater ease because we feel a little better and are not smothered in emotions.

When we make it a habit to think funny, we develop a great survival skill — the ability to manage our thoughts. Since emotions are produced by our thoughts, being able to manage them has been proven crucial to both our emotional and physical well-being. (Sebastien, 2016)

"Laughter, along with an active sense of humor, may help protect you against a heart

attack," notes Dr. Michael Miller of the Center of Preventive Cardiology at the University of Maryland Medical Center. (Miller, 2014)

The three people, Mary, the man in the audience, and Bill, all have one thing in common — they made the choice to "think funny." In the moment when they were directly faced with something serious, they chose humor. Any one of them could have cried, gotten scared, even angry. And that would have been OK too, but they didn't. They thought something funny. When they did that, they grabbed hold of the reins, helping them manage any uncontrollable emotions that might have occurred.

In tough times, when we think funny and laugh, the thinking is what helps manage our emotions, while the laughing spurs the physical release of our sadness, fears and anger that needs to come out as well.

I would never suggest we laugh *instead* of cry. We must do both. Denying emotions never works. We only bury them, and they will eventually come out in more painful and more dangerous ways. Denying our feelings might serve to keep the sadness at bay, but it will also prevent joy from fully entering into our lives.

Emma's Teeth

Surely, the ability to think funny begins with finding humor in ourselves. When we laugh at ourselves — at our actions, our gray hair, what we look like, and especially what we think is "wrong" with us — we actively manage our thoughts instead of our thoughts managing us.

Clocked doing 85 mph on a 55 mph highway, Emma was pulled over for speeding. As the officer approached her car, she started rocking rapidly from side to side. He noticed and asked if she was all right. She handed him her driver's license and said, "Officer, I am 82 years old. I have to use the toilet. And women my age can't hold it very easily. I am trying to get to a toilet, fast."

The officer politely said, "I understand ma'am. There is a rest stop a half a mile ahead that has a restroom. Please drive safe. I am sure you will make it."

Emma drove off laughing. She didn't really have to use the toilet; she made it up to prevent

getting a ticket. The more she thought about how she got away with it, the harder she laughed. Emma was laughing so hard she really did have to pee. That made her laugh even more. Finally, she laughed so hard she had to pull the car over; not because she peed, but because she laughed so hard her teeth fell out into her lap.

The toughest critic we'll likely ever face is our own self. Understanding our thoughts and feelings and learning to manage them takes daily work. When we develop the skill of laughing at our perceived flaws or shortcomings something really wonderful happens: We develop a more humorous perspective in general. Finding the lighter side of a heavy situation is a skill that will help us deal with almost any tough time.

When we give ourselves permission to laugh, think funny, and find joy in tough times, we are controlling the serious; the serious is no longer controlling us — and that can be a miracle.

"Well thank God I didn't quit smoking."



Some people think it's wrong, even disrespectful or irreverent, to have a funny thought, appreciate joy, or indulge in a belly laugh after a loved one dies. That simply is not true. It's that kind of thinking that prevents us from moving on. You can choose another approach by thinking any of the following:

1. *The person I lost probably doesn't want me to stay sad.*
2. *I will honor my dearly departed by remembering the joyful times we shared.*
3. *I remember the funny things we did and said together.* ♦

Sources:

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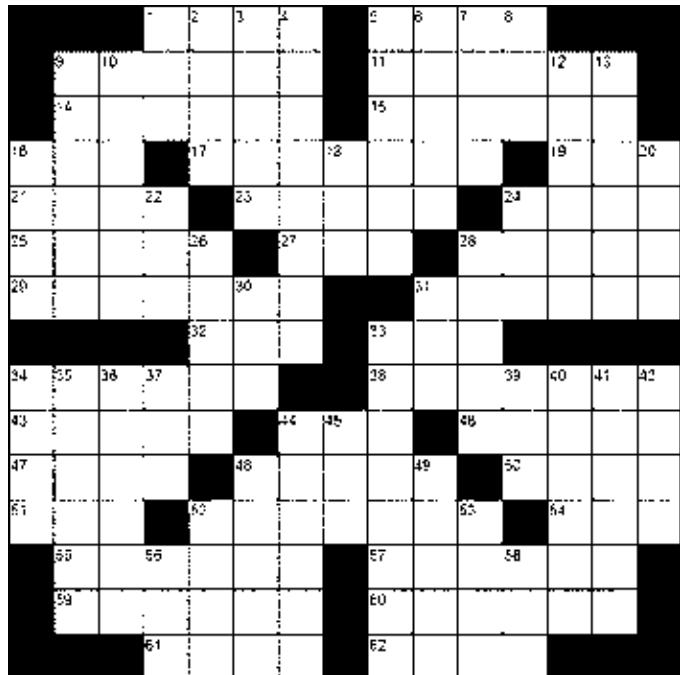
LivFun Brain Games

Crossword & Sudoku

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

Who Do You Think You Are?



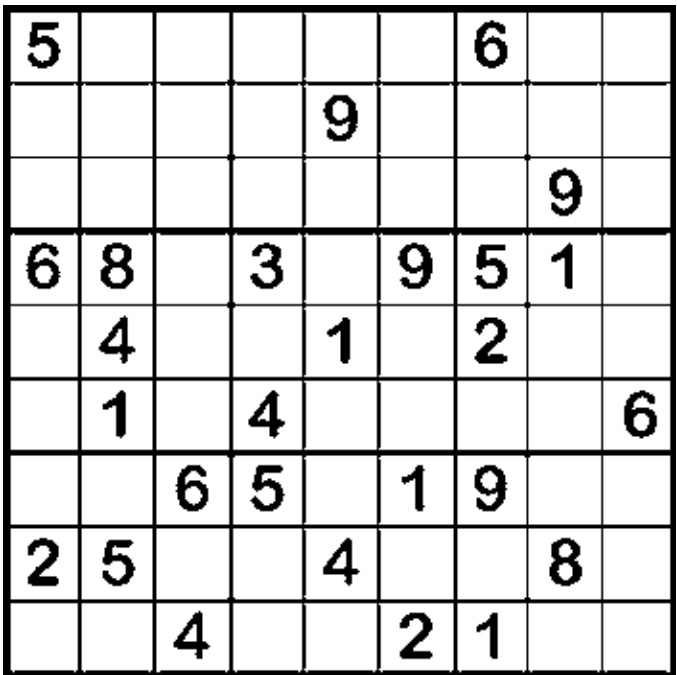
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ACROSS

- 1 Barracks furniture
- 5 Official proceedings
- 9 1st part of a Shakespeare quote
- 11 2nd part of quote
- 14 Unsusceptible
- 15 Armed forces position
- 16 Company agt.
- 17 Mobile alternative
- 19 Manned
- 21 Piece
- 23 Captivate a crowd, perhaps
- 24 Covered with frost
- 25 Eam
- 27 Printer's measures
- 28 Storage units
- 29 First
- 31 Diamond pattern
- 32 Road course feature
- 33 Grow wiser?
- 34 3rd part of quote
- 38 4th part of quote
- 43 Derby drink
- 44 Govt. agency
- 46 Winnow
- 47 Captain's shout
- 48 Former first lady of France Bruni
- 50 Fearsome predator
- 51 Sun. speaker
- 52 Last part of quote
- 54 He pitied fools
- 55 Take out of service
- 57 Horse relative
- 59 Blubber
- 60 Seinfeld friend
- 61 Loch ____
- 62 Fax function

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 Code for Fletcher's Field in Mississippi
- 2 "We'll get it!"
- 3 Ranger companion
- 4 Oath takers
- 5 Expects
- 6 Pacific coast nation
- 7 Container weight
- 8 Money source, for short
- 9 Vienna sausage
- 10 Part of HRE
- 12 With caution
- 13 Painter's choice
- 16 Behind
- 18 Disallow
- 20 An exchange, commonly
- 22 Tiny guy?
- 24 Semi
- 26 Truss
- 28 Worries
- 30 NYC setting
- 31 Past
- 33 Audits
- 34 Open
- 35 Ones who measure up?
- 36 Leaping lords count
- 37 Sewing ____
- 39 Shrewdness
- 40 A Munster
- 41 Unwilling
- 42 Writer's product
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BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond



© Cathy Yeulet

We Live, We Learn, We Change

by Stephan J. Smith

Doctor of Chiropractic

"To be idle requires a strong sense of personal identity." — Robert Louis Stevenson

Our individual identity is the window through which we see our lives. It's a lens; it's a filter, an attitude that impacts our thoughts and our behaviors. Without a strong sense of identity, we often struggle with who we are and why we're here. The twists and turns of our journey through life are guided by this sense of self, but our identities are constantly honed and changed by the experiences of our lives.

What was your identity as a child? Were you popular in school? Did you play sports? Were you the class clown? We often see ourselves as a "type": the helper, the friend, the athlete, the bookworm. We identify with a certain persona, which is a collection of the things we like or dislike, things we're good at, tendencies toward or away from particular activities, attractions to situations or aversions to them, even the attitudes of our friends and families.

As we grow and mature into young adults, our identities continue to morph.

A once-shy child becomes more outgoing as positive experiences build confidence, trust and assuredness. Those same experiences and learning opportunities create a knowledge base that allows us to take on different roles and responsibilities. Our identities continue to change, and we may see ourselves as authorities, teachers, guardians, enforcers and leaders. These identity changes aren't exclusive to people in power professionally or politically; they include people who find themselves moving from teenaged identities to those of young parents, community group leaders, PTA members, etc.

For me, two coincident changes in my identity occurred when I moved from being a young graphic designer into the role of a chiropractic student, with all the rigors of sciences and mathematics and health-related courses. At the same time, my wife and I went from eight years of childless marriage to having three children in less than three years. That was

a massive shift of identity, and the journey continued as I became a doctor and began treating patients. The differences between how I saw myself as a young, childless artist and how I saw myself as a doctor with a growing family were huge.

As you look back on your own life, I imagine you've gone through similar massive shifts in the past and used them to learn, grow and develop new attitudes and aptitudes. Then we move into retirement. The days of being the architect, or the nurse, or the cop are past. Our focus is not on being the parent as much as it is being the grandparent, or even the great grandparent. Our identity shifts yet again. No longer the authority at the company board meeting, but around the dinner table with your family, you give advice on life, happiness, struggles, finances and love.

We have more time to be present, to reflect and continue to learn. Our elderhood is the culmination of the journey to wisdom we've been on for years. ♦

Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice

Safeguarding Your Personal ID



© Brian A. Jackson

This three-pillared plan will help keep the wolves from the door.

by Jeff Huse

Chief Technology Officer at Cornerstone Advisors, Bellevue, WA

No company, government or agency has a greater interest in protecting your personal information than you do. Sure, companies have a legal obligation to protect your information, and some do a much better job than others. But it's you, not the company,

that feels the consequences most severely when your private information is misused.

The companies and agencies that do a good job guarding your information usually work within a robust framework that includes the three Principles of Protection:

(1) Need to Know; (2) Least Privilege; and (3) Defense in Depth. By taking your cue from them and creating a Personal Information Protection Plan, you may reduce your and your family's risk of becoming victims of information misuse and ID theft.

The Three Principles of Protection in Action

Need to Know: Think carefully before you give out any personal information, and only give enough info to get the job done. For example, does your healthcare provider really need to know your Social Security Number if they already have your insurance information?

Least Privilege: Be aware of who has access to your computer, tablet and mobile phones. And if you have someone helping you with your bills or other personal information on your computer, make sure they don't have more access than they need.

Defense in Depth: You may back up your computer regularly and run virus software, but that itself may not be enough. Talk to your computer service technician to do a full system check, make sure your virus software is updated and running properly, and ensure that your mobile devices (tablets, laptops, smartphones) are all in good defensive mode.



The Principle of Need to Know

Need to Know means that information should only be disclosed when it is necessary for a job or task to be completed. Be aware and question the reasonableness of the information requested from you when you conduct any personal business. For example, many medical offices will ask for this information, but few actually need it, especially if you are also providing insurance information. When asked for it, you can omit it outright, such as on a form, or ask why it is needed and put the burden on the requestor to justify the request.

A simpler example has to do with your phone number or email address. Retailers often ask for your phone number at the point of sale. In many cases, this information is used to gain marketing intelligence about the company's customers. Little bits of information collected in this way are joined to large caches of data that retailers purchase. By combining this information, the retailer can then know a great deal more about you than you had intended when you simply provided a phone number or email address at the register.

By itself, this may not be a problem, but when the retailer's systems are compromised and data is stolen, your personal information is suddenly in the wind, to land who knows where or for what purpose.



The Principle of Least Privilege

Least Privilege means that a person operates a system with just enough privilege or access to complete the job, and no more. For example, personal computers generally include three types of user accounts: Administrator, Standard and Guest. If your everyday user account has Administrator privileges, you have the authority to install software and make configuration changes. The risk is that these changes can also be made without your knowledge in the background by malicious software and viruses.

Standard user accounts generally do not have the privileges required to make these types of changes, so your system is better protected. In most corporate environments, ordinary users do not have Administrator privileges on their workstations.

The same should be true at home: Use a Standard account for everyday use, and only log in as an Administrator when you need to install software updates or make other system changes.



The Principle of Defense in Depth

Defense in Depth is a concept that recognizes the reality that *no single solution protects any individual or organization from every security threat*. Security at any level is difficult, and effective security depends on an array of cooperating tools, technology and behavior to remain so. Each tool or technology has a role to play, and taken together the whole is greater than the sum of the parts.

Castles built within a moat, an outer wall, layers of inner walls, and a citadel are classic physical examples of Defense in Depth. Modern threats are of a different nature, but defending against them relies on the same principle.

Personal computing environments must be defended by network firewalls, strong encryption, user access control, device firewalls, least privilege, need to know, and a robust back-up and recovery plan to ensure the privacy and security of the information on the network. Talk to your computer service technician to do a full system check and review your own levels of defense.

Protecting your personal identity and that of your family depends mostly on high awareness and informed choices. Start thinking about your personal security in terms of your own Personal Information Protection Plan. This will help you avoid needlessly giving away personal information or exposing your computers and mobile devices to common threats.

Stay up to date with security patches, make sure your passwords are strong, and use multi-factor authentication wherever it is offered.

A good Personal Information Protection Plan will allow you and your family to enjoy the modern conveniences offered by today's technology without being fearful that your next mouse click could result in catastrophe. ♦

"No company, government or agency has a greater interest in protecting your personal info than you do."

© Alex Belomilsky



Love Looks Back on Itself

A writer riffs on our mothers, ourselves,
and the spiral of love's ever-changing perspective.

by **Tammy Kennon**

Writer, sailor, traveler, photographer and blogger



© m-imagephotography

*I'm glad her name is Tammy,
It seems to fit her style.
She's love and life and mischief,
You can see it in her smile.*

So begins a poem my mother wrote about me when she was 39 and I was a scrappy 11-year-old, the kind of girl known in those days as a tomboy. It's unclear why she chose to write a tribute to me alone, the third of her four children. Maybe it was Mom's small attempt to right my awkward, three-strike entrée into a fully formed family that already had a girl and a boy.

My dad was hoping for a much-needed tax deduction, yet I was born six hours into a New Year. Strike one. A boy, born just before me, was crowned the New Year's Baby (and got all the gifts). Strike two. If that wasn't disappointment enough, my parents planned to call me Steve, but there was yet that other unfortunate strike three.

It was my eight-year-old sister who insisted that I was Tammy. (And, personally, I think a poem that begins "I'm Glad His Name Is Steve" has no legs.)

It is a testament to Mom that none of these potentially scarring beginnings made a mark on me. I was not an anonymous kid in a crowd, but her daughter with unique foibles and varied interests. Mom took the time to know me.

*She's tennis shoes and bobby socks,
She's clutter, glue and mess.
She sleeps with fourteen pillows,
And she hates to wear a dress.*

Mom was the stay-at-home variety, the only one on our block, long before that was an honorable "choice." And though we were poor, Mom used thriftiness and sacrifice to make sure we never felt it. She tells me she had two pairs of panties in those days. Every night she washed one by hand so she'd always have a clean pair.

Even so, somehow without fail there were presents under the tree, often purchased with books of Green Stamps, and new Easter dresses with horrible lacy ankle socks and patent leather shoes. In Easter photos my sisters are beaming in their frilly frocks, while I, the eternal tomboy, glower like I might slay half the neighborhood with my lacy, umbrella-shaped purse — or maybe just did.

*We love her most of all because,
Her heart's too big for words.
She loves all helpless little things,
Like babies, cats and birds.*

In the wrinkly way that life folds back on itself, I walked in Mom's shoes for a few days — or at least in the cadence of her lyric. When I was 39 and my twins were 11, I borrowed Mom's rhythm to write similar odes to their sweet and quirky selves.

Until that moment, walking around in Mom's words, I had always read her poem from a daughter's perspective. Now as a young parent, I saw it through the rose-colored mother lens, one so clouded with love that it can only focus on a hopeful, Disney-bright future strewn with butterflies and bluebirds. Nothing else lets a mother breathe the next breath.

*She climbs the highest mountain,
And picks the brightest star.
She brings home love and rainbows
In a peanut butter jar.*

*"When I was 39 and my twins were 11,
I borrowed Mom's rhythm to write similar odes
to their sweet and quirky selves."*



*“Life is a one-way street, but sometimes it feels more like a spiral,
like the tornado in *The Wizard of Oz*, spinning us round and round
— child, parent, parent, child.”*

© Stockbyte

Now that I’m 56, it’s a rare and wrenching gift to look back at my mom through this poem, so innocent and hopeful, adoring and optimistic. I feel protective of her in a parental way; I want to freeze her in time, because I can’t bear to tell her about my bumpy life ahead and the heartache I will cause her. She doesn’t know yet that I will suffer heartbreak after heartbreak on the quest for a relationship that would transcend her own.

Young Mom doesn’t know the anguish of seeing me leave her church and abandon her God, move far away from her tiny New Mexico hometown, the only one she’s ever known.

How many restless nights will she pass while I live alone in D.C. and New York, traipse solo through foreign countries or, perhaps worst of all, live on a sailboat on an unfathomably deep blue sea, a life so alien to her that she won’t know what to ask me about it.

Maybe it’s a tragic blessing that today’s Mom, just like the 39-year-old, doesn’t know any of these things.

Mom’s whole world now exists utterly in the moment. She lives in a just-right room at a cheerful assisted-living community where she fills in

the hours by filling in crossword puzzles (mostly by looking up the answers in the back). Every day, a few more wisps of my childhood rise up like steam from a still, morning pond and disappear from her memory, leaving me as the sole guardian of my history, plus one treasured poem.

On the wall across from her recliner, the Tammy poem hangs in a frame. Perhaps some days she looks up from her painstaking work of putting letters on a page, and, for the briefest second, remembers that little girl, who now, like her mother, fills the hours by meticulously putting words on a page.

Life is a one-way street, but sometimes it feels more like a spiral, like the tornado in *The Wizard of Oz*, spinning us round and round — child, parent, parent, child. Now as Mom and I awkwardly settle into our reversed roles, I wish for her as she wished for me:

*Oh may the wind be to her back,
Her stars within her reach.
And may her ever-trusting heart
Find love and joy and peace. ♦*

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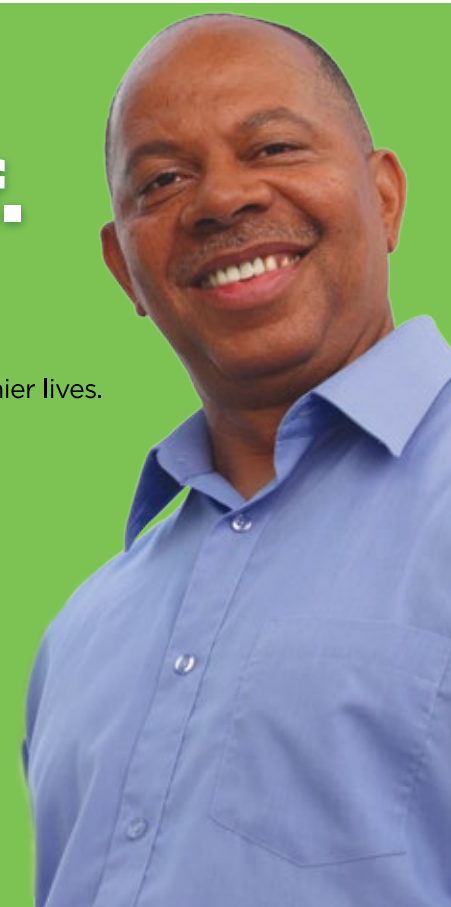
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Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



© Stockbyte

by Arica VanGelderén, LLMSW

Clinical social worker and therapist

Question: Last year I moved from my long-time home in the Northern part of the U.S. to a smaller retirement community in the South. I decided to make this transition because my doctor told me that it could improve my arthritis pain, which had been steadily worsening over the past two years. At the time I had also been struggling emotionally because my husband of 25 years passed away two years prior, and living alone was starting to take its toll. I spoke to my son about the pros and cons, and he was understanding and supportive, even though it was difficult for him. He

felt that a warmer climate combined with a new, inclusive community would be positive for me, and I agreed. Since relocating, I feel relaxed, fulfilled and rejuvenated. I recently decided that I was open to the possibility of a new partner and began seeing a man I met here. The only problem is that my son is extremely resentful of this new relationship. He accuses me of trying to “replace” his father, and our interactions are strained with conflict. I do not want to end the relationship because it means a lot to me, but I worry that I will push my son away if I stay in it.

Answer: It sounds like you have found a place where you feel comfortable, both socially and physically, which has had a positive effect on your personal growth. The fact that you have begun to cultivate a new romantic attachment since moving to this community is a positive sign that the environment works for your individual sense of fulfillment and well-being. It seems like your son genuinely wants you to be relaxed, comfortable and fulfilled, but he may not have anticipated such a major change.

It is difficult for children of all ages to accept major transitions in their parents’ lives, especially when the transition involves new roman-

tic attachments. You have the right to branch out in this way, and it is important to explain to your son that you could never “replace” his father with any new partner. It may be worthwhile to approach your son in a non-threatening manner, such as writing a letter, and explain how living in this community has affected your general sense of well-being. This shifts the focus away from your new partner and onto the positive effect that the move has had on your ability to live your life in a meaningful and fulfilling way, which includes companionship.

It is important for you to grow and change, experience new people and places, and live this part of

your life in a way that is meaningful. Reach out and explain your position to your son and validate his feelings, leaving the door open for him to walk through when he is ready. Unfortunately, no one has control over the actions of others, but we do have control over how we cope and handle our own actions. Defining what is most important to you as you enter this next stage of life includes evaluating who may and may not have a say in your future, and only you can make that decision. You have the ability to decide which path you want to take, how fast you want to go, and who you want along for the ride. ♦



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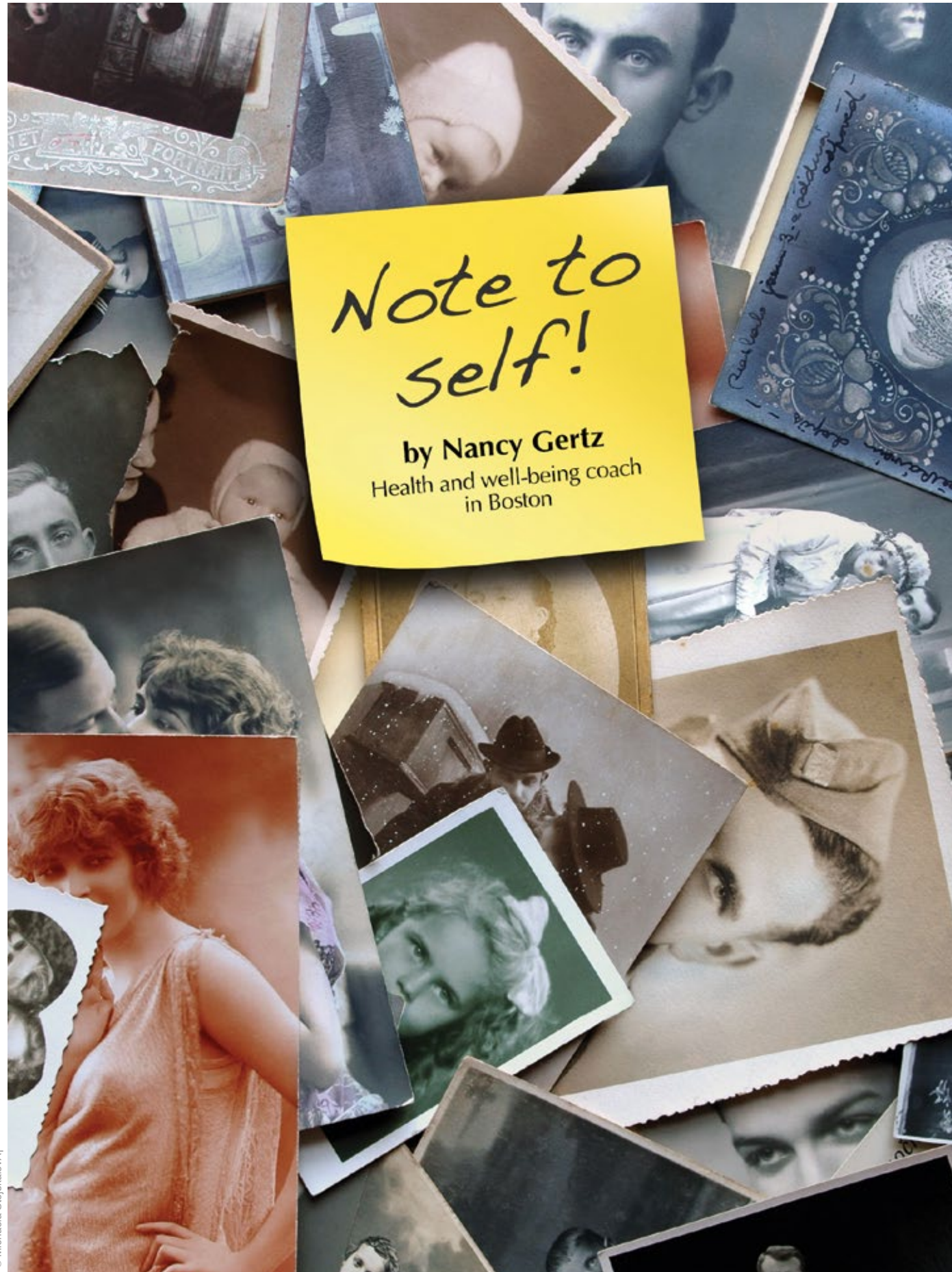
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A gentle reminder that our stories are fleeting; capture them now and pass them on.

The time has come to sell our family home. My parents stretched to the edge of their means and built their dream home 60 years ago. There they nurtured four children, one dog they kept and a few they rescued, several abandoned field mice, a clutch of baby rabbits found in the woods next door, guinea pigs, turtles, birds with wounded wings, and kittens born in the basement window well.

Over time the brand new house went from feeling spacious to being cramped with all the living that was happening inside. And then over the years, it became far too roomy when everyone else had left and Mom was alone. Eventually, there were too many empty rooms and her bedroom was just too far from the kitchen and her “molehole,” where she liked to sit and write out greeting cards in the basement.

The children have descended once again and filled the rooms. We’ve been clearing things out from rooms, shelves, cabinets and closets. The piles of items range from rolls of scotch tape and pairs of scissors collected from more than five desk areas once used by schoolchildren, to dishes from my grandmothers, music from big bands to the Beatles, military uniforms of two generations of men, clothes

from honeymoons to funerals, shoes to accessorize runways of outfits, pictures of the young, the old, the remembered, and even some we can’t identify.

As we pull out more of the pictures and memorabilia, I’ve been asking about each person whose face I don’t recognize.

Who is that? How is she related? When did she marry? Who are her kids? Where did they live? What did she do for work? How did she die?

The house is wallpapered with the stories of the people whose images are captured under the glass and fixed in a frame. Every person in the pictures had a life story, dreams that came true and some that were dashed, people they loved and those they lost, work that allowed them to engage in the world, character strengths and weaknesses, and all the rest of what composes a life. As the generations evolve, however, the identities and stories of these people fade into whispers, some disappearing entirely.

I’m surprised and delighted when I remove some of the more recent pictures that were either purchased or taken by my mother and father. Mom has written notes and taped them onto the backs of some of the frames. Dad did the same, before he died eight years ago. There is a picture of

Dad’s father who passed away well before I was born, when Dad was a teenager. On the brown butcher paper backing of this frame, I recognize Dad’s unique style of printing, an engineer’s precision block letters in all caps. There, in black magic marker, is a note for one of my sons. “This is for you. The picture was taken in 1940 when we had returned from Cape Cod after a vacation with the family. This is Benjamin, my father. He was a fruit peddler, he worked hard, and he taught me how to drive when I was too young to do it legally, on this truck. People called him Benny. He is your great-grandfather. He would have been very proud of you, as he was proud of me. Love, Papa.”

I breathe a little. The past has lurched forward into the present. It will move into the future now. Gently, I place this in the pile of things I’m bringing home.

I’ve always loved a good story. Even Dad’s string of a few sentences captures my interest and feeds my curiosity to know more. What was it like being a food peddler in New England in the ’30s and ’40s? How did he manage in the winters? Where did he get the fruit to sell? Who were his customers, and what happened to the business over the years?

Note to Self: *Continued on page 41*

A 70-YEAR LOVE AFFAIR

by Bill Hess

General Manager at Van Mall, Vancouver

When Eugene (Gene) and Rosalie Liggett celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary this February at Van Mall, they were surrounded by dozens of their friends and relatives, including siblings, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Gene and Rosalie met at a little country store in Denman, Nebraska, in the winter of 1946. Seventeen-year-old Rosalie, a country school teacher, was there visiting her aunt and uncle who owned the store. Recently discharged and wearing his Army uniform, Gene had just ridden his horse into town to pick up the family mail.

A former POW, Gene was captured by the Germans on September 11, 1944; the following April, the Russian Army recaptured him from the Germans. After two failed attempts, he finally escaped and reached American lines on May 6, 1945.

Gene was released from active duty in February 1946, just in time to meet Rosalie. They quickly struck up a conversation, and by the time Gene left they had plans to meet again that evening. Talk

about a quick romance! Gene says he knew right away that he wanted to marry Rosalie, which he did later that month.

After they wed, Gene worked for three years as a Country Agricultural Extension Agent in Nebraska, while Rosalie continued teaching. He was called back to active duty in 1951 and 1952 to serve in the Korean War, then returned home to Nebraska and spent the next 26 years as a District Conservationist with the USDA Soil Conservation Service, while Rosalie raised the family and worked for Montgomery Ward and TRW.

By 1975, the couple had retired and decided to move to Vancouver, Washington, where their oldest daughter, Dorothy, later relocated. Many of Rosalie's relatives live here, including one brother and sister and their families, and Rosalie's parents had lived here as well. They had visited the area many times and knew that they would love spending the rest of their lives in this part of the country.

In September 2012, Gene, then 92, and Rosalie, 89, decided to move out of their home and into a retirement community. With the help of

their family, they looked at several communities and fell in love with Van Mall, which they felt was most like "home." Here they enjoy their two-bedroom apartment with their big cat, Beau. They have two large garden pots where they grow flowers for Rosalie and vegetables for Gene.

Gene and Rosalie both agree that 70 years is a long time to be married, but it goes fast when you enjoy each other's company as much as they do. They say their secret to a lasting marriage is always doing things together.

During the beautiful 70th Anniversary celebration, the words of Peter, Paul and Mary in their wedding song came to mind for several present:

*"As it was in the beginning
is now and til the end
Woman draws her life from man
and gives it back again ...*

*For whenever two or more of you
are gathered in His name
There is love, there is love."*

The couple continues to inspire with their 70-year-long love story of devotion and friendship. We wish them many more happy days like this one. ♦

Live Big. Live Bold.

Your Life, Your Rules



MAT'S HOW LOVE GROWS

by Emily Scott

Assistant Program Supervisor at Fairwinds – Brittany Park



© John and Joanie Bauer

John and Joanie Bauer have been married for 51 years; as Joanie says with a sparkling giggle: “51 is John’s lucky number.”

Luck has been a common theme in their marriage, beginning with the way they met. Many years ago they happened to be employed at the same company, Norbest Turkey Plant. Joanie was not fond of her job at Norbest and might not have stayed if it wasn’t for meeting a handsome young man. Once she caught his eye she was certain to take her coffee breaks at the same time.

Little did they know that they would meet, fall in love, get married, and raise a beautiful family together. As she says, “The only good thing about that job is I met John there!”

John didn’t stay at Norbest, instead taking a job for Nabisco, Inc. as a sales representative. He made a good life for himself and the family. With no college education, the company called him a “rare gem” as they watched him become top salesman two times and even winning a trip to London for he and Joanie before retiring at age 52 after 24 years.

Retirement hasn’t slowed them down. John’s passions are hunting, fish-

ing and golf, and to this day he spends the fall season out with his buddies in the fields of Idaho. Joanie’s passion has always been decorating ... from her home to those of their friends and neighbors, a car dealership, hair salon, private clients ... it’s what brings Joanie to life.

When they realized it was time for a change in their lifestyle, they moved to Fairwinds – Brittany Park to be closer to their daughter, Brenda, and son-in-law, Thomas, owners of the stunning and celebrated Woodinville Lavender Farm.

The beautifully landscaped property is a popular spot to stroll, picnic, pick lavender by the bunch, or just sit and relax. The farm store offers a large range of lavender products, including plants, fresh-cut bouquets, aromatherapy, cleaning, home decor, bath and body, and culinary items. It’s also a popular spot for weddings, so you could say that the Bauer family has been in the love business for years, and it continues into the next generation.

We often catch Joanie on one of our Wednesday outings or involved in several of the many indoor activities; currently, she is creating a beauti-

ful bookend out of driftwood in our weekly driftwood class.

It’s no secret why they chose Fairwinds – Brittany Park: “As soon as we walked in we felt so invited, not only by the light coming in from the lobby but the warm and welcoming staff members.”

Joanie continues: “Our kids live close by, and the people at Fairwinds – Brittany Park are top notch. We feel very supported. I’ve even become part of a small group of women who call ourselves the Martini Madams. We hop from one apartment to another, sharing food, drinks and life stories!”

John and Joanie continue to love and care for each other deeply and talk fondly about their memories. “Looking back, we’ve truly had a wonderful life,” Joanie says. “And living here at Fairwinds – Brittany Park is enriching, safe, comfortable, and, most importantly, close to grandkids and family.”

As if to prove her point, she gently prods to her husband, “C’mon, John. It’s time to get ready for [their granddaughter’s] Kindergarten graduation.”

For the Bauers, life looks good through lavender glasses. ♦

Live Big. Live Bold.

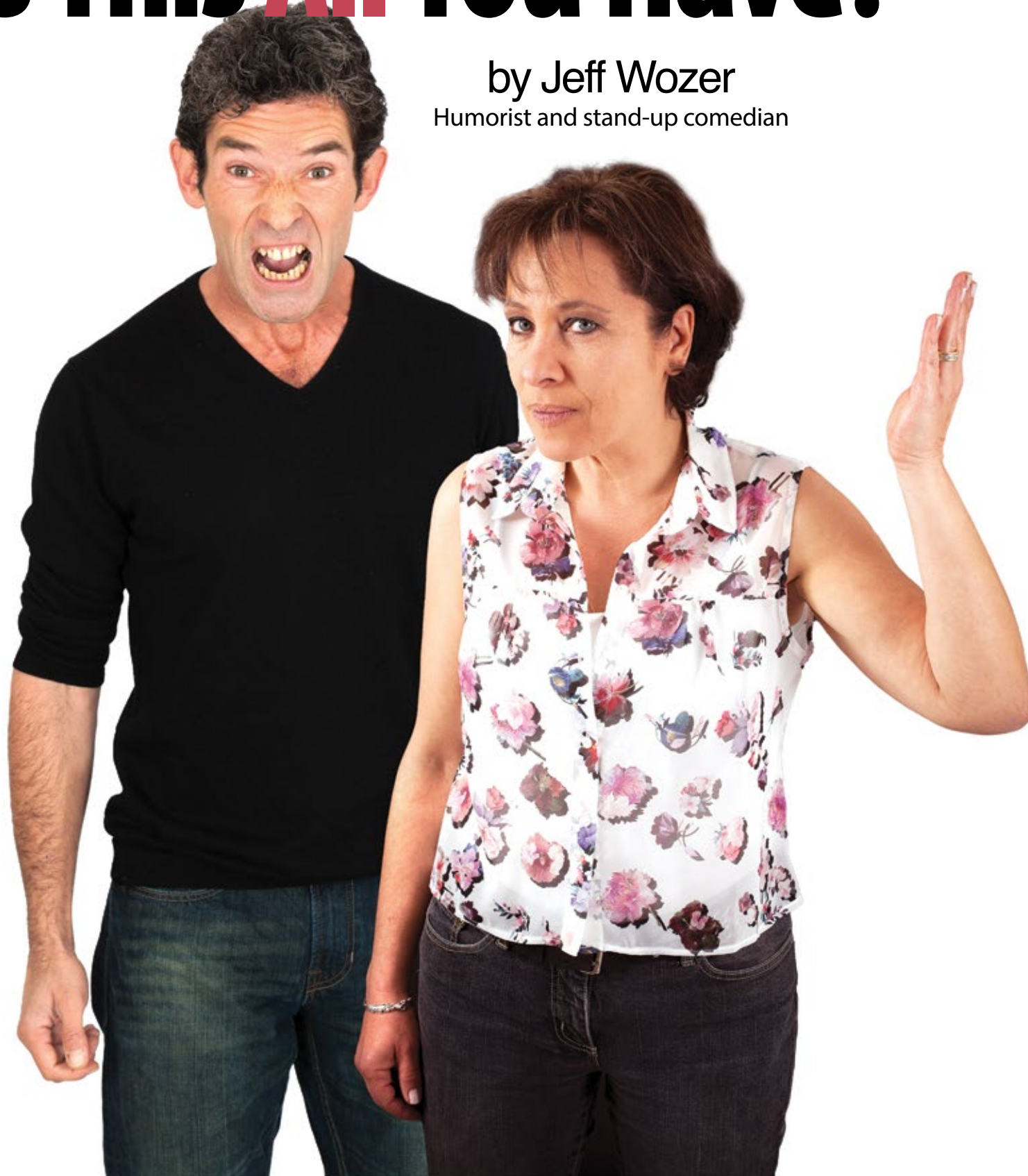
Your Life, Your Rules



© John and Joanie Bauer

Is This **All** You Have?

by Jeff Wozer
Humorist and stand-up comedian



© Christophe Bourlarton

The truth about garage sales

*“Either it had gotten too late for the garage sale professionals
or word had spread on the circuit not to bother.”*

It’s been six days since last weekend’s garage sale debacle. Six days of imagining people at the grocery store whispering behind my back, “That’s the dolt who wasted my time.” Six days of feeling like a one-man Three Stooges.

Hosting a garage sale, I thought, would be easy money, requiring nothing more than submitting a Craigslist ad and scattering unwanted household items across the front yard like I’d been evicted.

It was an assumption based on an assumption. Prior to hosting my own, I had never visited a garage sale, believing one man’s junk is another person’s storage burden.

In retrospect, my biggest mistake was failing to take into account my identity factor. I’m confidently unconfident. It’s my life’s default setting, turning every situation, regardless of how simple, into a bad blind date, wondering when, not if, the inevitable screw-up will occur.

Human high-five guru Tony Robbins says identity is the influencing power that determines all of our actions. If so, I went into this garage sale with the identity of a snowshoe salesman in Miami Beach.

I entered the morning of the sale convinced I’d easily pocket a minimum of \$75. A glowing dawn bolstered optimism as I set out paperback books (mainly Penguin Classics), VHS movies, fleece jackets and vests, rain parkas, skis, bindings, water bottles, day packs, a microwave oven, a 24-inch tube TV, a framed print of White Sands National Monument, potted plants, two Navajo-styled blankets, and an ergonomic kneeling posture desk chair.

After finishing my artful arrangement, I learned my first lesson in ga-

rage sales: Unwanted items crammed in a closet look many; unwanted items spread across a front deck look few. Instead of a garage sale, this resembled the last hour of a three-day estate sale for a 17-year-old.

“Not good,” I muttered as I hurried inside looking for more items to put on waivers. But before I had time to search a closet or open a drawer, I heard the clapping of Croc-covered feet on the deck. Forty minutes before my advertised 8 a.m. opening time, I already had two customers — a tanned, middle-age couple of the type who describe food as “exquisite.” I did not view their early arrival as odd, simply as confirmation I’d easily achieve my \$75 goal.

By the time I stepped outside, they were already leaving.

“Is this all you have?” the lady hissed over her shoulder. It was my cold introduction to a subculture I never knew existed: professional garage sale shoppers.

These people plot entire weekends around garage sales with the precision of military planners. They arrive early, not to browse, but to snatch antiques that they promptly resell to antique distributors for an impressive profit. It’s a single-minded pursuit that leaves them with zero patience for garage-sale neophytes.

Especially secluded ones. I live in the country, hidden from the road, atop a forested hill with a steep, unpaved driveway that looks like the inspiration for Robert Frost’s “The Road Not Taken.” It’s a GPS stumper. Consequently, by the time the antique hunters finally found my location, they were already frothing with anger.

A typical greeting did not begin with “hello,” but with “I cannot believe I

finally found your place.” Which was then quickly followed with some snippy variation of “This is it? You have nothing else?” that left me feeling like a Sotheby’s auctioneer trying to sell Betty Bloomer lawn ornaments.

After two hours I pocketed \$1.75 and annoyed 46 people. During the third hour I sold the 24-inch tube TV for \$10, upping my sales to \$11.75. But with the TV gone my selection looked even sparser.

Fearing increased wrath, I hauled my grandfather’s antique rocking chair, four ladder-back kitchen table chairs, three prized Russell Chatham lithographs, and several Hunter Thompson, Cormac McCarthy, and John Irving first editions onto the deck and then hastily scotch-taped handwritten sold signs to each item. This way I could smugly counter angry grumblings with: “You should have been here earlier.”

But by then the rush had ended. Either it had gotten too late for the garage sale professionals or word had spread on the circuit not to bother.

Over the next six hours only 11 more people visited. Browsers rather than antique hounds, they were cordial, free of inventory critique, never providing reason to verbalize my sold-sign ruse.

The sale’s final visitors, three good-humored ladies, bought two VHS movies and the framed White Sands National Monument print, upping my final total to a woeful \$16.25.

Now, six days later, after writing about this, I actually feel better about last weekend’s wince, happy to know that despite embarrassment’s inevitable sting, I, in a weird way, by default, remained true to myself. ♦

Ethics and Spirituality
Reflections and Contemplations on Life and Living

*"America was not built on fear. America was built on courage,
on imagination and an unbeatable determination to do the job at hand."*
— Harry S. Truman

MAIL CALL AMERICA

by Elana Zaiman
Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

© Elana Zaiman

AHH! THE SHARED POWER OF AMERICANS WHEN WE DROP OUR POLITICS,
HONOR THOSE WHO SERVED, AND COME TOGETHER IN COMMUNITY.

It was a Monday afternoon in late April when I arrived at Baltimore Washington International Airport for Alaska Airlines Flight 767 to Seattle. Arriving at Gate C2, I noticed a group of elders in bright red T-shirts accompanied by a group of middle-aged folks in cobalt blue tees. I had no idea who this group was until shortly before boarding, when the gate agent announced that we were on an Honor Flight and that 53 World War II veterans would be on board. Did she ask for a round of applause? I don't recall, but all of us in the gate area put our hands

together and clapped for the WWII vets in our midst.

Fifteen minutes later, the gate agent made another announcement: "Today we'll be boarding our flight differently than usual. We're going to get all of our World War II veterans on board first. Then we'll proceed with regular boarding."

The line of vets began to form. A few vets stood without assistance. Others used canes or held onto the arms of their guardians. At least 40 sat in wheelchairs waiting to be wheeled on board. Never in my life had I seen such

a long line of wheelchairs. I began taking photos, honored to be a passenger on this historic flight.

Midway through the flight, a middle-aged couple (whom I later learned were Jim and Renee Peavey, founders of the nonprofit Puget Sound Honor Flight hub in Western Washington) removed two roller bags from an overhead compartment near row 6 and rolled them into first class. Jim got on the microphone and talked about how these vets just spent some time in the nation's Capitol at various WWII monuments (the Navy Memo-

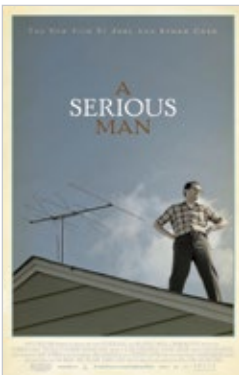
rial, the Lincoln and FDR Memorials, the Vietnam Memorial, the Changing of the Guard at Arlington) and were now on their way home. He then spoke about the importance of mail call in soldiers' lives. "So," he said. "We're going to do mail call for our 53 WWII vets."

From the roller bags, he and Renee removed one 9 x 12-inch white clasp envelope after another. Jim called out the name on each envelope: "Chief Quartermaster Alan Sill, United States Navy ... Private First Class Kenneth Thompson, United States Army ..."

As he called out the names, he handed each envelope to Renee, who, in turn, handed the envelopes to another guardian and so on throughout the plane. Moved to tears, I stood to join the assembly line. As I passed the envelopes on, I had a chance to look at the pictures children had drawn on them: American flags, eagles and soldiers, even some rainbows, hearts and stars. I learned later that each envelope contained at least 20 letters of appreciation from family, friends, and fourth and fifth graders from Washington schools.

After mail call, I walked the length of the plane to look at the faces of these men and women as they read their letters. Some were smiling, others crying, all were deeply absorbed, and I found myself feeling a sense of awe and appreciation for these WWII vets. But I felt something else as well. I felt proud to be an American; not a feeling I'm used to having these days, as politics seem to be more about power than about concern for the American people and the future of democracy. I was not alone. The flight was abuzz

Mail Call: *Continued on page 42*



A Serious Man (2009)

Pity poor Larry Gopnik. His wife has left him for another man, his kids are rebelling, his job is threatened, and the “new freedoms” of the 1960s are completely bewildering this resident of a Minneapolis suburb. Larry (played by the terrific character actor Michael Stuhlbarg) teaches physics, but for the first time he’s lifting his head from his blackboard and wondering what life is all about. Because this is a film by the Coen brothers, the answers are both comedic and vaguely surreal (the movie opens with a 10-minute folk story in Yiddish, for instance). But as funny as the film is, there’s something grave and insightful about Larry’s existential panic. He wrestles with the way he seems to be getting unjustly punished despite the fact that he didn’t *do* anything. Or is that why he’s being punished? The Coens end *A Serious Man* on a suitably perplexing beat, but one that somehow fits its darkly amusing portrait of the fickle finger of fate. (Available streaming on AmazonVideo, YouTube, iTunes, Vudu and Google Play.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

by Joe Rodriguez / Freelance music writer

“Where words fail, music speaks.” — Hans Christian Andersen



True Colors (Single) — Cyndi Lauper, The Body Acoustic, 2005

“True Colors” was a huge hit for new-wave artist Cyndi Lauper when it debuted in 1986. Hailing from Queens and looking like an older version of ’80s TV star Punkie Brewster, Lauper started her career with a bang. Her freshman album *She’s So Unusual* was a massive hit and delivered her into music stardom, but it was the album *True Colors* that introduced her to a mainstream pop fan base. The single of the same name skyrocketed to #1 on the charts. Over the years the song has been used in commercials, graduations, and as an anthem for gay rights causes. This re-recorded version of the iconic piece is stripped down and simple. A twangy acoustic guitar and a gentle fiddle replace the keyboard and solo guitar from the ’80s. Lauper’s childlike angelic voice has matured, replaced by a more vulnerable and richer voice reminiscent of a younger Stevie Nicks. Lauper’s heartfelt singing provides encouragement to move past the pressures of society and find and express your own identity. Take her message to heart the next time you are asked to follow the crowd. Be yourself.



Try (Single) — Colbie Caillat, Gypsy Heart Side A, 2014

Colbie Caillat is most famous for being a free spirit with a happy demeanor and being a musical sensation thanks to Myspace. She has written songs for Taylor Swift and many others and has won a Grammy for her own performance. With “Try,” Caillat has taken on a less happy subject, the pressure our society puts on women and how the most important part of a woman’s identity is what is most superficial. This ballad starts with a somber guitar and piano intro driving into her first verse: “Put your make-up on. Get your nails done. Curl your hair. Run the extra mile. Keep it slim so they like you, do they like you?” This reflective self-talk becomes a powerful message to all women. Caillat delivers this message of encouragement by telling us to look into the mirror, like what you see, and be happy with who you are.



I Got A Name (Single) — Jim Croce, I Got A Name, 1973

Discovered by ABC Records after years of near misses with the music industry, singer-songwriter Croce quickly made up for lost time and started recording hit after hit. “I Got A Name” was one of the few songs he did not write himself. Despite this, he loved it because of its theme of identity and connection to the dreams his father had for him but never got to see happen before he died. Croce acts as the narrator of his life journey and how he is proud of his identity and what he is becoming. In an unfortunate twist, he didn’t get to live out that journey: A week after recording this song and finishing up the album of the same title, Croce, 30, and his band died in a horrific plane crash while on tour. The flame of a songwriter in his prime, with an infectious smile, was extinguished forever, but this song and his proud name lives on.

“Hand me the measuring tape” sounds to my ear like, “Go hang yourself.”

“Now the level; give me the level,” resonates as, “You’re so far off level you’re psychotic.” Finally, the results prove that despite many rough patches in our process, we have a winner on the wall.

Now, for the long sides of the L-shaped domicile. By this time, you might think incorrectly that even if we nattered over the hanging and leveling details, we seem to share a similar aesthetic sense.

Enter German painter Reinhard Stammer. Celebrated across Europe as an innovator of the Brutalist romantic art strain, whose work often approximates — though doesn’t depict — rough sex for optimists, Reinhard’s work lights up all the right neurological pathways of my aesthetic senses. Take the largest Stammer canvas I own: Approximately 47” x 39”, it’s a tender shade of pink-washed canvas loaded with iconic, often naïf imagery paying homage to birds, flowers, bare-breasted maidens, cruciform and clowns. A

single red tulip sprouts from the head of an abstract female figure pedaling a unicycle. The white teeth of a gray whale’s jaw verge on a supine human body, but the whale’s vaguely off-target and everything’s going to be OK. To me, this canvas shouts uninhibited joy. To Jerry, it shouts, “Divorce!”

A giant of a man, Reinhard Stammer’s gallery exhibitions attract huge crowds of art aficionados around Europe and Russia. Stammer’s broad, sometimes sharply political canvases tower like the man himself over his fans, folks with aesthetic sensibilities that crave Dostoyevsky rants and Picasso-in-the-rough brutalist art forms. They know what they like, and not much of it is American. Certainly not Stammer.

Stammer can eke out evil in a fresh tulip and convince me that Satan has a kindly heart. His childlike images can speak softly, joyfully, playfully, but often with brutal, stark imagery, to his sophisticated fans. Alas, my husband, a streetwise New Yorker of English and Portuguese descent, cannot walk past

a Stammer canvas without shrieking — and men do shriek — demanding his panaceas of landscapes and safe abstracts. Thus, Herr Stammer has raised a wall of marvelous graffiti between us. As Jerry coos over Carmichael’s realism, he demands Stammer go under the bed.

Since a loft allows for zilch privacy — the bathroom is the only room with floor-to-ceiling walls and a door — no place affords a private shrine to my current favorite artist. I’m left with this dilemma: My aesthetic needs live under the bed and I pine for Reinhard’s canvases — I own three so far — just to breathe in the artist’s visions of honest, frantic joy.

When Jerry goes out and I am alone in the loft, I pull my Stammers from underneath the bed and place them reverently where I can bask in their brutalism, revel in their romance, gather in his playful pokes at the not-so-natural world. One day soon, I plan to leave them out. I’ve always held that the only thing that should live under the bed is goblins. ♦



On the back of another picture, Mom has left us a short story about her favorite aunt, Betty, after whom my sister is named. In another photo, Mom’s parents are dancing on their wedding day, and the note on the back tells us where and when the wedding was held, as well as how they met. Each detail is a gift, a dot that helps connect us to the people in our past. Their stories are part of ours.

As I stack the pile of pictures that I’d like for myself and sort those for others to take, I make a vow to bring my pile to Mom, where I hope I’ll get answers to my questions about who these people were, and maybe some of this before, but now I’m older and I want to know more.

The experience makes me think of my own story, and maybe it does the

“The house is wallpapered with the stories of the people whose images are captured under the glass and fixed in a frame.”

same for you. Have we captured parts of it to pass on and share, or will those stories die with us? I make a silent commitment to take the time to jot notes on a photo, record my voice on my phone, recite a favorite poem for someone who will never hear my voice in person. What stories do you hold dear about you and your life? Pass them on now. It’s not too early, nor is it too late, to start. ♦

with excitement and a shared sense of community.

When the flight landed, we civilians were asked to exit the aircraft first. Many of us remained in the gate area to witness the vets deplane. They had no idea what awaited them. The gate area was decorated with red, white and blue balloons in honor of their arrival, and six rows of active military flanked the plane's door, three rows on the left and three rows on the right, all standing at attention, facing forward, ready to welcome the vets home. At the end of the procession stood Rear Admiral Richard T. Gromlich, commander of the US Coast Guard's 13th District in the Pacific Northwest, who personally shook hands and conversed with each vet while we civilians took photos and videos, whistled and cheered, clapped and cried.

Carolynn Hoey, sales and community marketing manager at Alaska Airlines (who began working with the Puget Sound Honor Flight Group in September 2014, when Alaska began its non-stop service between Seattle and Baltimore) told me more about Admiral Gromlich. When he first heard about the Honor Flights, he came to a homecoming and was so impressed that he promised that the Coast Guard would

be there at each flight to assist. And they have been, every time.

For each outbound flight, 25 to 30 men and women in uniform arrive at the airport between 4:30–5:30 a.m. to meet the vets on the drive with wheelchairs and to take them to their gate. The Admiral is there too, standing at the gateway door, greeting each vet before they leave Seattle. And he is there when they return to welcome them home.

I regretted that I didn't make it to the atrium for the final festivities, a 30-minute ceremony with bagpipes during which each vet is presented with a quilt from Quilts of Valor, a non-profit that creates and donates quilts to vets.

Ray Kronquist, an almost-90-year-old vet on board this flight, said to me that he was moved by the overwhelming reception he and the other vets received from the military and from civilians everywhere they went. He felt cared for, pampered, and (though he didn't use this word, I will) he felt seen. Ahh! The shared power of Americans as we drop our politics, honor those who served our country, and come together in community. ♦

Editor's Note:

In our last issue of LIV FUN we highlighted some Leisure Care residents who recently participated in their own Honor Flight.

If you are a WWII veteran, or know of one, please reach out to honorflight.org to learn more about honor flights in your area.

Visit QuiltsOfHonor.net to learn more about their program. As of June 2016, it had made 138,796 quilts for this country's veterans.

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

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 18

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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



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