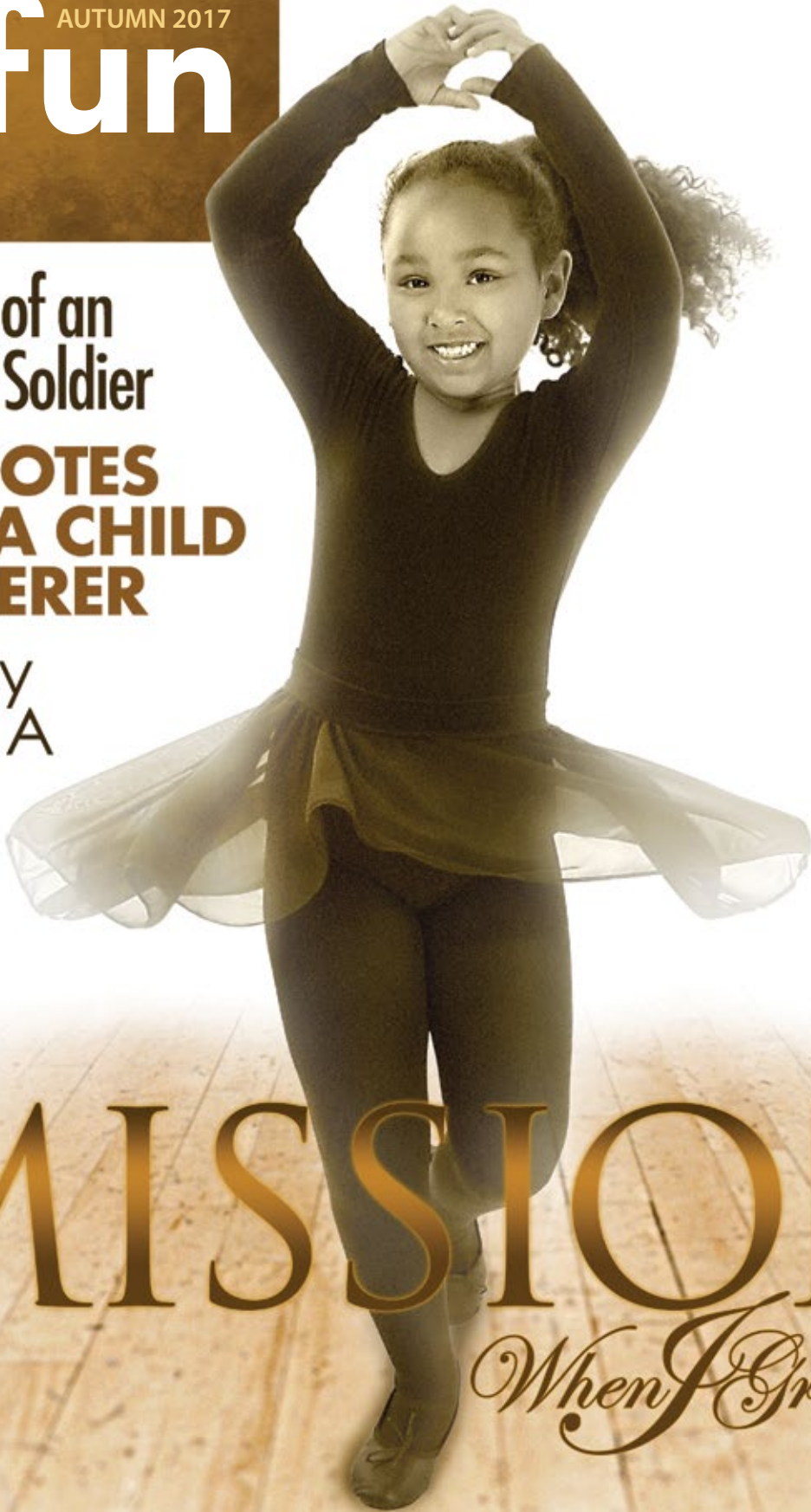


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Memories of an
Accidental Soldier

**ANECDOTES
FROM A CHILD
WHISPERER**

From My
Pocket, A
Pebble



MISSION

When I Grow Up...



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MISSION: *When I Grow Up...*

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Greg Clark
EVP, Leisure Care

Letter From the Executive Vice President

A Mission to Serve, a Commitment to Innovate

by Greg Clark, EVP

Leisure Care communities are home to thousands of seniors with a vast array of differences — in their personal histories, their current lives, and their talents, tastes and preferences. Each time I am in one of our communities, I am reminded of just how amazing the people are who live with us.

Likewise, I never come away from a visit to our communities without having made a meaningful connection with one of our staff. Their dedication to their mission of doing the right thing at every turn and creating and fostering opportunities to live life to its fullest leaves me in awe every time. Our philosophy on creating amazing communities starts with the selection of amazing people, training them well, and then letting them do amazing things. It works, and it's so much fun to watch — and to participate in!

This summer, we held our annual Leisure Care Leadership Conference in Seattle. General Managers and their spouses and guests came from around the country for some recognition, executive education and, of course, a little fun. The dedication that all of our staff have in their communities is rooted in the examples and the leadership of these GMs, and I couldn't be more proud of this group of leaders.

Many of the communities received awards for excellence in a variety of areas, including food and beverage, housekeeping, activities, PrimeFit, and many others. In addition, many GMs were recognized for their executive leadership and living lives balanced with family first, community second and work third — what we call the Three-Thirds Lifestyle — because we know that when these things are in balance, people are at their best. Special thanks to Jim Ausmus and Jessica Sommer, recipients of this year's President's Award, for truly exemplifying this lifestyle and leading their communities in a way that creates unique, vibrant atmospheres filled with life and energy.

At Leisure Care, it is our mission to create new and innovative approaches to serving seniors. While we celebrate differences and help to foster a zeal for life, as exemplified by the stories in this magazine, we are also aware that our residents face many challenges that need a professional and informed approach to get the most out of life in a retirement community. From great restaurants to new bistro venues, hospitality services to assisted living services, and our newly evolved Opal program for supporting those residents living with dementia, we are committed to staying ahead of the pack to provide the best possible communities for truly amazing groups of people.

Thank you to all of our residents for living with us, family members for trusting us, and the staff in our communities who help bring it to life every day.

Greg Clark
Executive Vice President, Leisure Care



Style Wise
Expressing Your Unique Self

The Big Mañana

A global citizen adapts to life in her next comfort zone.

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

The guy's a US citizen, handsome, wealthy, a friendly puppy, but lacks that *je ne sais quoi* chemistry I share with my current beau. The friendly puppy is seated beside me in First Class from San Francisco to Puerto Vallarta (PV), Mexico. Sooner than I want, I learn he owns a four-bedroom condo there and visits Mexico for the occasional golf holiday.

"On a whim," he says.

He shows me photos of his PV condo. I want to move in, only without him.

"Everything's marble and glass," he says. "You can see the ocean from every window. Golf course and a couple swimming pools on the property."

A real sales pitch, I'm thinking drolly. Maybe trying to sell me the place. He must think I'm wealthy, seated beside him in the comfort of First Class, knocking back mimosas at 8:30 in the morning while he's doing a good job on several India Ambers.

Truth is, flying First Class with three large suitcases costs less than coach and paying for all three bags. The baggage checker even waived the excess weight fee for one bag that was over by three pounds. Everything happens in threes. Or, is it fours?

On my third mimosa, they run out of the French champagne up front. I manage to choke down sparkling wine from Coach for the remainder of the flight. No shortage on India Amber, though, and my new friend soon summons the pluck to invite me to dine once we arrive in Paradise. He knows all the best spots for fine dining, he assures me.

I don't brag about my new landlord, the world-famous Roberto, whose restaurant on Basilio Badillo (the street known as PV's "Restaurant Row") is known by the foodie *cognoscenti* as the temple of exquisite cuisine, and Roberto as the master of innovative sauces the French would envy.

The thing is, I'm toting three ginormous bags to Mexico because they hold all my worldly possessions as I launch a new life in a new country. Tomorrow begins my first full day in residence. Friends comment on my

bravery in moving to another country (alone yet, a woman of retirement age who can't afford to retire) or sneer at my choice of Mexico as a country to live and work from. Sneer away, I say, while I enjoy fresh papaya juice, tender ahi tuna caught the day it's served, swimming daily in the turquoise and indigo ocean, surrounded by a population of truly happy people.

Puerto Vallarta's people are blessed by the gods of the jungle that sweeps down to the ocean, living in colorful homes along ancient cobblestone streets that whisper of a rich and courageous history, folks who take pride in their conquest of Spanish colonization, who can laugh at their own faux pas as heartily as they curse the Way of Trump, as if daring the jungle's overlord gods to come down and try stopping them from fighting back against "the Wall." The Mexican aristocracy isn't exactly exempt from corruption either, and I'm anxious to start learning how the citizens feel about their own leadership, the drug activity now booming in Zihuatanejo, verging on Acapulco.

Every Paradise has its snakes. Travel, let alone daring to live the unpredictable expat life, can feel scary, especially when you aren't swimming in cold cash and living in a marble (and glass) house. Change comes hard to some, especially a change of country, distance from friends and relatives, and most decidedly when you may fail in your quest to adapt to your new home country while knowing that you don't have enough money to go home and feel safe again.

I'm a global citizen; always have been. Home for me is Planet Earth. Family for me is Earth's creatures, tame and wild. Well, I do loathe snakes.

This morning, in my new flat on the same cobblestone street as Roberto's restaurant, the painter who was scheduled to paint my bedroom walls didn't show up. I enquired about him. His boss told me that, yes, the painter was planning to come, but, you see, he's decided to take a few days off, and therefore, he'll arrive four days from the appointed hour.

The big *mañana*. I love this place. ♦



"Even paradise has its snakes ..."

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Entertain Your Brain

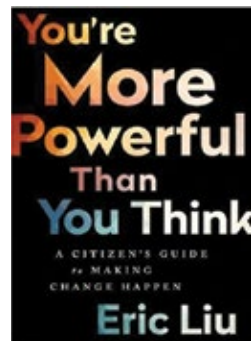
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BOOK REVIEWS

by Misha Stone / Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger
"My mission in life is not merely to survive, but to thrive; and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humor and some style." — Maya Angelou



You're More Powerful Than You Think: A Citizen's Guide to Making Change Happen

by Eric Liu (PublicAffairs, \$25.00)

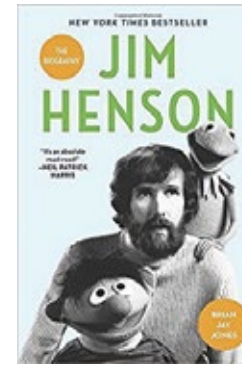
A former Clinton administration speech writer, the founder of Citizenship University, and a member of the Aspen Institute, Eric Liu has published a provocative new book about our role as citizens. In it, he explores how each of us has the power to change our communities, our politics, and our positions in society. By breaking down the three laws of power — that power concentrates, power justifies itself, and power is infinite — Liu sets out to illuminate these concepts with concrete examples from across the political spectrum. Power, he attests, can be used for the betterment of others and to create change that benefits all. This anti-Machiavellian approach fuels each section of the book, making the case that power is not inherently evil in and of itself. He helps us understand that there are many ways to be efficacious in power; as more of us seek to realize systemic changes, Liu provides a much-needed balm in these times of diminished engagement and agency in America's civic life.



The Hate U Give

by Angie Thomas (Balzer & Bray, \$17.99)

Thomas' debut is the story of 16-year-old Starr Carter, an American girl who lives in two worlds, her predominantly black neighborhood and her predominantly white private school. At 10 years old, Starr sees her best friend killed in a drive-by shooting. Years later, she's with a friend, Khalil, when he is shot in the back by a police officer. Not wanting to go public as a witness but fearing Khalil's character will be misconstrued in the media, Starr is forced to put herself forward in ways she could not imagine. Starr's story — of wanting to be seen for who she is, a young girl full of spirit and potential, while knowing that the color of her skin makes her vulnerable to dehumanizing and even fatal assumptions — helps make sense of why the Black Lives Matter movement arose in the wake of police violence. This is an important book in fostering understanding beyond the headlines.



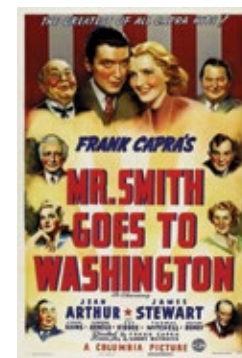
Jim Henson: The Biography

by Brian Jay Jones (Ballantine Books, \$20.00)

The much-loved Henson's quiet voice and explosive creativity are captured in this memoir about the pioneering puppeteer and television and motion picture entertainer. From his early work on *Saturday Night Live*, *Sesame Street*, and finally to his dream project, *The Muppets*, Henson's work communicated his childlike joy, humor and wonder. Henson's life was cut short at the age of 53 due to pneumonia, but he achieved incredible artistic success and output and his work lives on. As fellow puppeteer Dave Goetz said, "As a parent, one of my goals is to see whether I can raise my children to survive in the world without losing that childlike innocence, trust, optimism, curiosity and decency. I am certain it is possible, because Jim was the living embodiment of it." Jones' memoir breathes dimensionality into the driven yet kind man behind the work.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Robert Horton / Film critic for *Seattle Weekly*
"Never treat your audience as customers, always as partners."
— Jimmy Stewart



Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)

There's a sudden vacancy in the U.S. Senate, caused by the death of an incumbent. In order to avoid a political mess, the governor picks an unknown — somebody harmless, somebody who'll play along with the political machine — to fill out the term. This is how the unsuspecting Jefferson Smith (a great James Stewart performance), a clean-cut young fella best known as the troop leader of the "Boy Rangers," finds his gee-whiz way to the Capitol. Frank Capra's classic film is all about an innocent who discovers his mission when he stumbles into the corruption that sticks to the career of his Senatorial mentor (Claude Rains). The movie has all of Capra's humor, idealism and love of actors (Jean Arthur and Thomas Mitchell play wised-up D.C. veterans). Most memorably, it has Jeff Smith's filibuster on the Senate floor, a statement of values and beliefs that makes the young Senator hoarse with exhaustion. He loses his voice, and in the process finds it. (Available on DVD on Netflix and Amazon; streaming on Amazon Video, iTunes, Google Play, YouTube and Vudu.)



The Descendants (2011)

Maybe it was easy for Matt King to become complacent. He grew up wealthy in the midst of Hawaii's beauty, and it seems he's taken a lot for granted. Now life has snapped Matt into alertness: His wife is in a coma after an accident, his two daughters need him to be more of a dad than he'd previously been, and his extended family impatiently waits for him to make a decision about a valuable land trust, which can be sold off for a whole lot of money. This is a typically funny-sad film by director Alexander Payne (*Nebraska*), whose casual style belies the complexity of his thoughtful moral tale. Payne's ace in the hole is casting George Clooney as the harried Matt. This is what movie stars are for: to lead us (seemingly without effort) into stories where we can see all sides of a complicated issue. (Available on DVD at Netflix and Amazon; streaming on Amazon Video, iTunes, Google Play, YouTube and Vudu.)

Entertain Your Brain: *Continued on page 40*



Out and About
Journeys Completed or Contemplated

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

from my pocket a pebble

Abandoned cemeteries, with their silent stones, are the places, the objects she feels most compelled to visit.

We have walked down a very quiet street to a dead end. There's a retirement home here, and some non-descript apartment buildings. All the grit and glamour of Vienna is behind us; this location makes no sense. But we are in the right place; we know because my husband asks at the front desk. You must walk through the lobby and out into the quiet courtyard, and there you will find Vienna's oldest Jewish cemetery. Well, the oldest *remaining* one, at any rate.

Established in 1540, the cemetery holds elaborately carved headstones — and pieces of headstones — some moved here when they were recovered from their not-quite-hiding place in Vienna's Central Cemetery. The stones are carved with Hebrew texts, elaborate scrolls; some of them have the traditional symbol of raised hands; some have the Star of David. They are placed in random order; it's hard to tell which stones are in their original locations and which have been placed here, in this private garden, away from the bones they're meant to define.

A different time, also Vienna. The stones are covered in ivy; they lean at haphazard angles. Some are small and delicate, but many are bold and tower over my head. We are alone, and then a woman appears, her finger held to her lips. She is stalking the deer that graze this neglected part of the cemetery; perhaps she's the one who's thrown kibble on the pathways — such paths that remain. We don't ask, and I'm angry. I turn away; this is not a petting zoo.

The headstones here sing of wealth and pride, some of them are family

sanctuaries, the black granite stamped deep with names of families that are gone now. There is no one here to clear the vines away, to place the pebble that signifies a visit. The deer bolt, and I go back to reading the names out loud.

Once more, in Graz, a smaller city, south of Vienna. We are wandering the old city with family and come across a tombstone placed high in a wall. There's a tour guide standing in front of the stone, and I can hear her telling her charges — in English — that no one knows why the stone is there.

"Nonsense," I say, the words spill out of me; I'm as surprised as anyone. "It's here because the Nazis — this city was a hotbed of Nazism — used the headstones from the Jewish cemetery as construction materials. They used them to pave roads and build government offices. It belongs in a cemetery, but the Nazis decided Jewish headstones made perfectly acceptable building materials."

I cast my eyes around for another stone, finding one that will fit in my hand. I stand on my toes to reach, and I balance the pebble as best I can on the exposed top edge of the tombstone. The guide is angry with me for correcting her in front of her customers, but I am angrier still.

"Graz was filthy with Nazis," I say again. "We know exactly why this headstone is here."

I have visited other sites with Jewish roots too. In Spain I wandered the immaculate streets of former Jewish quarters, imagining the world collapsing around the Sephardic families as the Inquisition forced them to choose

between refugee flight or certain death. In Germany, I entered empty synagogues built after World War II, Israeli guards out front thrilled to speak English with me, thrilled to take me inside and show me this new temple they're charged with protecting. In Belgium, I found a Jewish deli, very much a living place, on Sukkot — the Jewish harvest festival, families having their festive seasonal lunches in the dining area. But abandoned cemeteries, with their silent stones, are the places, the objects I feel most compelled to visit wherever I travel.

I walk past the stones and try to sound the words in my mouth, but I can't read Hebrew, not really. I run my fingers over the words I can't understand. I carry pebbles in my pockets and leave them for the Jews that were here, people who fell in love and fought and ate bread and told stories to their kids, and then, they weren't here anymore, their lives erased in hate and fire. I draw lines between the letters on the stones and the letters I will write about these places after I visit them.

I am just one person. A very uneducated Jew, my politics are so liberal, my Hebrew so poor, I like bacon on my grilled cheese sandwiches, and I married outside the tribe. This is the one small thing I do that ties me back to these other lives, these people with whom I share something, even though I'm bad at defining what it is we share.

I stand on my toes to place a stone on an ivy-covered monument or on a story I can't read just in case someone else comes afterward and knows what it means. ♦



When I Grow Up...

Dreams change as we grow;
sometimes it's OK to let them
gracefully float away.

by Jessica McCurdy Crooks

Writer, proofreader and self-proclaimed bibliophile

She twirls away on pointy toes, straining to make the perfect pirouette, with dreams of one day being a famous ballet dancer. She makes a mental note to center her weight, pushing her leg forward for the perfect *passé*. Making a circle with her arms, she starts the spin. It seems impossible at first. But as stumbles become graceful turns, she imagines herself taller, more elegant, doing this same move not in her ballet class mirror, but in front of a large audience.

These dreams and visions of our future are an important part of growing and learning. And, like so much else, they tend to change during the different phases of our lives. It is important to have a roadmap of how we want our lives to progress, but we also need to bear in mind that roadblocks — some quite impassable — will occur along the way.

Self-described author, thinker and life enthusiast Mark Manson has described four distinct stages in a human life. Those stages, starting in childhood and continuing through our final years, have a huge impact on how we approach our life and what we choose to do with it, including how we pursue our dreams and live our mission. (Manson, 2015)

In Stage One, we prepare for the world by watching and mimicking what we see around us. By copying what we see, we learn how to function within society so that we can be autonomous, self-sufficient adults. At this stage, our dreams are largely based on those we imitate.

As young adults, we move into Stage Two, a time of self-discovery rather than mimicry. We strike out on our own, making decisions about education and career training that will either help us to fulfill the dreams of childhood or force us to rethink them as we discover our limits.

By the time we reach our late 30s or early 40s, we move into Stage Three, in which we find our calling and start working to make our mark on the world. As Manson states, this is the time when we start “maximizing your own potential in this life.” For many this is also the time for committing to what we believe is our mission. We move forward on the path we’ve chosen for ourselves, pursuing what matters most and letting go of things that don’t serve ... including some of those old dreams. Manson believes that this stage continues until our physical energy begins to limit us, moving us into Stage Four, in which

our legacy becomes of primary importance. As the idea of “aging” is replaced by a more active lifestyle and mindset, many of us are finding an extension of this “dream phase” and a second chance to pursue a mission-based life that honors our heart’s deepest wishes. And I am one of them.

The Sticking Points

For better or worse, precious few people find that life followed the path they set in childhood. Few who dream of becoming a ballerina end up as one, for any number of reasons.

It is during Stage Three that many people will start to evaluate their lives and decide which dreams they need to rethink and eventually release. Others, like me, still hold on tightly to some of those dreams. It was easy — although not without some sadness — to let go of my first childhood dream of being a ballerina. But my adult dream of being a successful lawyer is another story.

Not long after I put aside my ballet dreams for good, I began to actively pursue my passion to become a lawyer. Just when things were falling into place for me to go to law school, my mom died suddenly, forcing me to change course. I needed to stay in my job to help care for my brothers and sisters. My new mission — to care for my family — outweighed my own personal dream. The legal dream went on the backburner, but the embers never died.

My dream got stuck due to financial constraints and family priorities, big dream killers for many of us. Others get stuck due to lack of support. Most of us need the support of others to get us going and staying the course. This support does not have to come from family or even close friends. You may have to find a community of likeminded people to drive your dream and give you wings.

Sometimes we fail to follow a desire or dream because we fear failure. We have such limiting beliefs due to how we were conditioned growing up that we actually believe the naysayers. At other times we fear ridicule from others for thinking we can achieve — or even have the moxie to try — a particular thing. Yet if that passion still burns, find a way of dealing with these fears. Face your limiting beliefs, ignore the naysayers, and move forward.





© moodboard

Let it Go, or Dream Another Dream?

As we move through the stages of our life, there will come a time when we have to make a decision. Do I continue pursuing my dream, or do I gracefully let it go? Let's consider some questions to ask yourself if you are still sitting on the fence, inspired by the writings of Lori Deschene: (Deschene, 2013)

Do I have a true passion or love for this dream/career/path?

Sometimes we hang on to dreams simply because we feel we have failed by not accomplishing them. In reality, though, people change. Something that you were excited about when you were 20 or 30 may have lost its appeal by the time you hit 50 or 60. But if you still have that burning de-

sire, do as life coach Lamisha Serf-Walls suggests: "... if you still have a spark in your soul and hope in your heart, then dust yourself off and just keep going." (Serf-Walls, 2015)

Why have I not achieved or followed this dream?

Take a serious look at your dream and analyze all the reasons why you have not accomplished your goal. Financial constraints? Time limitations? Lack of support? Fear? The reasons you once used as an excuse may no longer be relevant. Be honest about what's holding you back.

What's the worst thing that could happen?

For most of us, the worst-case scenario if you go after your dream is that you fail. This may mean losing money or losing face among your

family and friends. On the other hand, you would be able to hold your head up and say at least you tried. Maybe, just maybe, the worst that could happen is that you will live the rest of your life with regrets, wondering what would have been different if you had tried.

Is my dream unrealistic?

Be honest with yourself. Is it still realistic to hold onto those dreams you developed during earlier stages in your life? If it is still possible to achieve them, then by all means go ahead. Maybe now you can finally afford to invest in yourself and have the time to go back to college or learn to paint, or whatever. Achieving one's dreams later in life can be a beautiful segue into the final stage of life when we turn our attention to our legacy.

"... If you still have a spark in your soul and hope in your heart, then dust yourself off and just keep going."

I've asked myself all of these questions. The love of law is still strong in me, and the desire to fulfill this dream has been re-awakened and is calling to me again. Two years ago, I was accepted into three institutions to read for my LLB degree. The joy I experienced each time I read one of the acceptance letters is indescribable. Whether I ever finish my degree or not, I feel a huge sense of accomplishment for having gotten this far. I chose to defer for now, as I'm in the final stages of

a master's degree and my school of choice would not let me pursue two degrees at once. I am not deterred. I'm more determined than ever to take the plunge in another two years and start working toward my law degree.

In the meantime, I will continue reading my law books and living vicariously through the lawyers on the TV screen. In my heart, I know that I'm one step closer and moving ahead on the path — finally, after all these years. ♦

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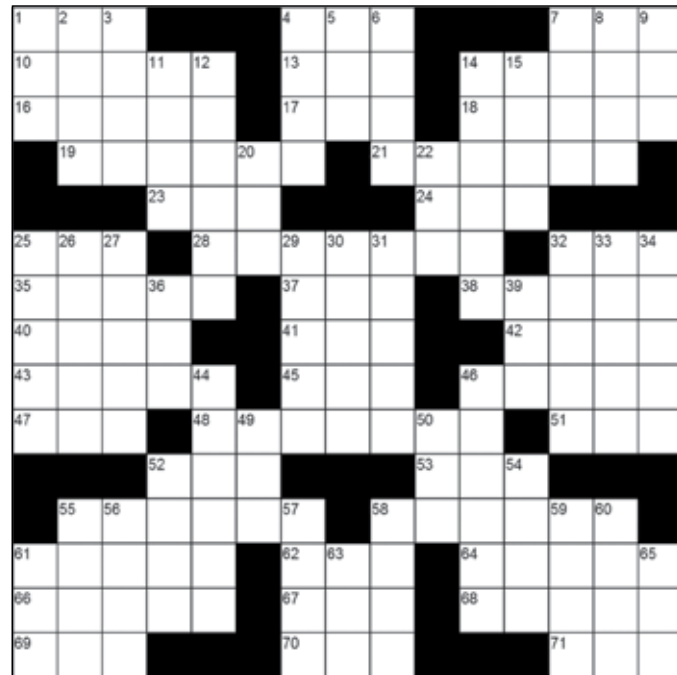


LivFun Brain Games

Crossword & Sudoku
John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

Focus, People, Focus!



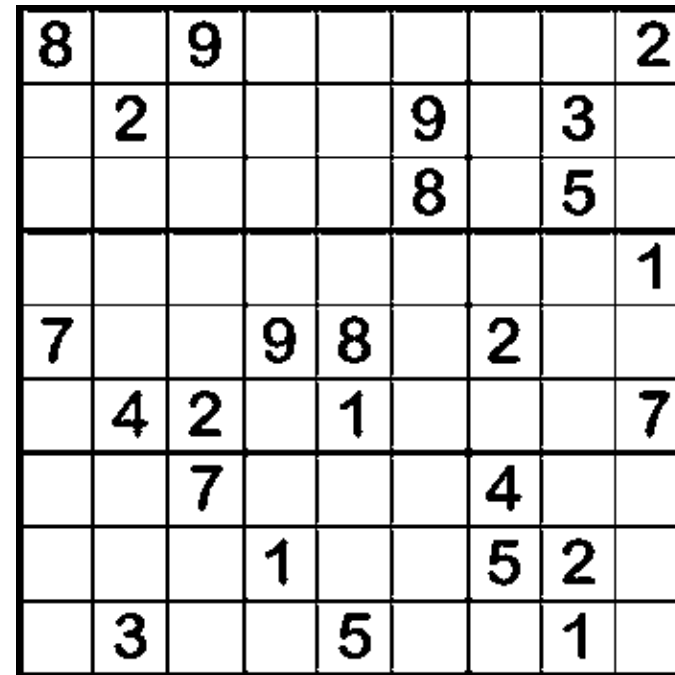
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ACROSS

- 1 Symbol of simplicity
- 4 Unexplained
- 7 Boys of Summer org.
- 10 Dentist's directive
- 13 Austin to Waco direction
- 14 Part 1 of a Jeff Rich quote
- 16 Carriage
- 17 May go backwards?
- 18 Yield
- 19 Brita's "parent"
- 21 Start up
- 23 Surfer's realm
- 24 Pile fibers
- 25 Picky egg eater?
- 28 Part 2 of quote
- 32 Constrictor
- 35 Pursued
- 37 After sock or before Sing
- 38 Opt for
- 40 Chop choice
- 41 Do lunch
- 42 Tub contents
- 43 One with a pseudopod
- 45 Sahib kin
- 46 Part 3 of quote
- 47 Overly
- 48 Type of salesman
- 51 Half-wind point
- 52 Long, Long _____
- 53 Put on
- 55 Part 4 of quote
- 58 Drollery
- 61 Bat signal?
- 62 East China, e.g.
- 64 End of quote
- 66 Legend
- 67 Cobbler's tool
- 68 Direct
- 69 Bill
- 70 Dreamy stage; abbr.
- 71 Rap Dr.

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 2017 Super Bowl winner's org.
- 2 Voting group
- 3 Fuel in a seam
- 4 Banded chalcid
- 5 Exhibit A, possibly
- 6 Tasse prefix
- 7 Zoo safety feature
- 8 Drury _____ Theatre
- 9 Initial lunch order?
- 11 Dinghy relative
- 12 Slickly sly
- 14 Paternal relation
- 15 Tennis topic
- 20 Japanese closure
- 22 Bearded grazer
- 25 Sound at a Gallagher show
- 26 1836 battle scene
- 27 Old copier, for short
- 29 This for two
- 30 Amass
- 31 Word after fiber
- 32 Ball notable
- 33 "When the Going Gets Tough ..." singer
- 34 Make right
- 36 Recede
- 39 Sever
- 44 Omen
- 46 Bakeries' lures
- 49 Abba song
- 50 Hubbub
- 52 Not fully closed
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- 55 Small amount
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- 65 Charlemagne's domain; abbr.

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U

Good Health 101 and Beyond



Every Body Kneads a Good Massage

Making massage a regular part of your well-being routine could have long-term benefits.

by LIV FUN editorial staff

Once a week for the past 10 years, Bill Cook has enjoyed a relaxing professional massage. No, he's not a member of an exclusive spa or a professional athlete. Instead, he's a senior citizen living with a rare disease, and these weekly massages are a critical part of his medical care.

"[Bill] had cardiac sarcoidosis, a condition in which clusters of white blood cells coagulate together and react against a foreign substance in the body, scarring the heart in the process," writes Kirstin Fawcett in *U.S. News & World Report*. "The disease damaged his heart so badly it went into failure. The doctors said there was nothing they could do, and Cook's name was put on an organ transplant waiting list." (Fawcett, 2015)

While they waited for a heart, Bill's cardiologist recommended massage as part of his medical care. Bill was skeptical — he'd always thought of massage as an indulgence, not a valid medical treatment — but after a few appointments he was a believer.

"Today, Cook credits the massages — along with stress reduction and a healthy diet — with allowing him to stay healthy and physically active until

he finally received his new heart in 2013," Fawcett continues.

The medical community is recognizing the value of regular massages for overall health and well-being. A great way to manage stress, massage is also being prescribed for circulation problems and pain management for physical issues like back troubles and migraines.

Some studies have even shown that cancer patients can benefit from massage; they report a lessening of their pain and an improvement in their mood. The reason is thought to be related to cortisol, often called the "stress hormone." When our bodies are under stress — whether emotional or physical — our bodies produce too much cortisol. This can lead to weight gain, mood swings, muscle pain, anxiety, fatigue, high blood pressure — the list goes on.

Massage is thought to reduce those high cortisol levels, helping your body regain its equilibrium. In Bill's case, it probably saved his life.

"It really helped the circulation to my fingers, toes and legs," he says. "I kept with it because I saw some pretty significant benefits."

Be sure to check in with your primary healthcare provider before booking your massage. There are some conditions — including fractures, deep vein thrombosis or bleeding disorders — that might make massage inappropriate.

If you do decide to try it, note that some deep massages might leave you feeling a bit sore the next day. This is perfectly normal, as muscles are relaxed and opened up, but according to the Mayo Clinic, the experience itself shouldn't be painful.

"If any part of your massage doesn't feel right or is painful, speak up right away. Most serious problems come from too much pressure during massage." (Mayo Clinic Staff, 2015)

Ready to take better care of yourself? Indulge your body in a little hands-on care. ♦

Sources:

Fawcett, Kirstin. (2015). "Massage as Medicine." Retrieved June 12, 2017, from www.usnews.com.

Mayo Clinic Staff. (2015). "Massage: Get in Touch With its Many Benefits." Retrieved June 12, 2017, from www.mayoclinic.org.

Money Matters

Common Sense and Professional Advice



© Paul Harvey, Radio, The Rest of the Story

Growing the Woodpile

Retirement, far from being the end of our contributions, offers new ways to use the tool of money.

by Mark DiGiovanni
Certified Financial Planner

In 1968, as a 15-year-old newspaper boy, I saw a constant stream of headlines about assassinations, riots, and especially the Vietnam War. The world seemed to be going insane ... not unlike our

current state of affairs. Also that year, I discovered radio broadcaster Paul Harvey; he offered me a little spot of sanity in the dark.

"Leave the woodpile higher than you found it," he liked to say.

*"For myself,
success is to leave
the woodpile a little
higher than I
found it."*

— Paul Harvey

He wasn't the first to say it, and the exact origin of the quote is a bit hazy. Adrian Rogers is often cited as the source; others claim it's an old Irish Proverb. Regardless, it became a simple yet profound antidote to the insanity I saw all around me. It became my own personal mission statement, to contribute more than I take as I go through life.

We all have different guiding purposes in our lives, and they often change as we mature. Yet I'd venture that if you were to look back, an overarching theme has likely been to grow that pile of wood. You might not have realized it when you were honing your job skills, sacrificing for your kids, volunteering in the community, or caring for an aging parent, but you were adding to the woodpile when you did any of these things.

For many of us, this can become more challenging with age. Once we retire, we no longer have our work as a way of adding to the woodpile. Our children are on their own and don't need our day-to-day help; our parents or our spouse may have passed away. We may also be living in a new community, where we struggle to find ways to contribute.

Sometimes the unavoidable effects of growing older may require us to take more and give less than we'd like.

Yet even if you can't tote that barge and lift that bale like you once did, you have a deep reservoir of experience and wisdom that younger generations can draw from. You might consider recording your pearls of wisdom, in writing or on video. You might simply help a young person avoid a major mistake in their own life by confessing some of the fool things you've done. Don't underestimate the many ways your long well-lived life can keep contributing.

In addition to your life experiences and personal stories, you may have

another tool to help you add to the woodpile — your money.

You may not have thought of money as a tool before; for many, saving for retirement is the mission itself for many of our younger years. Yet consider the ways your own money can be used to add to the woodpile now:

- Money enables you to live with independence and dignity. Your first priority is to take care of yourself — physically, mentally, emotionally and financially. Money can help in all these areas. The more you can support yourself through the money you have available, the less you have to depend on others, giving them greater capacity to fulfill their own missions.

- Money can be a tool through which we express love. A birthday card with a check enclosed; a scholarship fund for a grandchild; a donation to a worthy charity — when given with a cheerful heart, the powers of these gifts are profound. Just be advised: While money can be a tool for expressing love, it makes a horrible substitute for love.

- Money can travel through time. You can establish a trust to pay for the education of great-grandchildren you will never meet; help assure the survival of a church you helped to build; or support any cause or person financially when you are no longer here to support them personally. And if you're sufficiently creative, far-sighted, and wealthy, you can create an endowment that can do more than add to the woodpile; it can plant a metaphorical forest that will add to the woodpile forever.

If you've been blessed with adequate financial resources to see you comfortably through your retirement years, you have in your hands a tremendous tool at your disposal. When we look at money as the tool that it is, we see just how easily we can use it to add another log to that pile. ♦

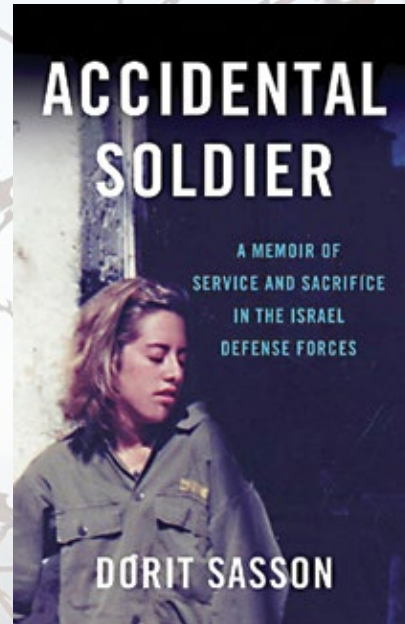


MY ACCIDENTAL. CALLING TO SERVE

How a young New Yorker traded her comfortable college life to serve in the Israel Defense Forces.

by **Dorit Sasson**

Author of *Accidental Soldier: A Memoir of Service and Sacrifice in the Israel Defense Forces*



“I’m in awe of them, and being so close now prompts all sorts of questions: Who are they? Do they go into Lebanon and blast their M16s? Do they blow up houses? How do they attack?”

As the summer of 1989 rolled around, I said goodbye to my job as a foot messenger in New York City to volunteer on my aunt’s *kibbutz* in Israel. Mom, a Julliard graduate and musical prodigy who had played alongside Leonard Bernstein, was also the daughter of a Holocaust survivor. Deeply afraid of the violence occurring in Israel, she was terrified I would get blown up by terrorists. She wanted me to stay put on U.S. soil, out of danger, and continue my college education.

As her only daughter, I was caught in the crossfire of two voices: Do I listen to her or break away? *Kibbutz* life was a fantastic rent-free opportunity to pick apples and live communally. And it was also an opportunity to experience my father’s homeland on my own terms, far away from Mom’s fear and paranoia.

Overlooking the majestic Hula valley and the hills of the Upper Galilee, the insecure and overprotected part of me experienced a surge of freedom. At first, it was intimidating to travel to faraway places like the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem or the artist colony in Tsfat. Mom’s voice followed me everywhere. I imagined her grabbing my shoulders and whispering fiercely, “Watch out, they’ve got guns. Don’t get too close.”

Sabras, or Israeli-born, need to stay on their guard to defend themselves in an environment of constant terrorist attacks and bomb threats. And a *sabra* will tell you point blank when you ask if they are afraid, “There is no time for fear.”

As an American Jew with an aggressively Israeli father, I was eager to figure out if my knowledge of Hebrew and Jewish culture could help me adopt this Israeli attitude and lead me to find my own courage. Over time, their guns didn’t shake me, and I stepped closer to eavesdrop on life in Israel.

One evening I missed the last bus back to the *kibbutz*. Forced to hitchhike, I found myself facing a Jeep full of IDF soldiers heading back to their base near the Israel-Lebanese border. One soldier contemplated taking me back to the *kibbutz*; the others argued no. While they debated, I stood looking at their war-painted faces, mesmerized.

“On the *kibbutz* I see them eating lunch in the dining room after their shifts,” I wrote in my coming-of-age memoir, “but that’s about the extent of my exposure to them. I’m in awe of them, and being so close now prompts all sorts of questions: Who are they? Do they go into Lebanon and blast their M16s? Do they blow up houses? How do they attack? I feel so sheltered, and it seems to me that what a soldier goes through is the ‘real’ world.”

In the end, his buddies refused to take a civilian and they sped off, leaving me still needing a ride and more entranced than ever.

An hour later, after being picked up by civilians, we passed misspelled signs in English pointing to various *kibbutzim*, to army bases meters away from the border, abandoned watch towers from the 1967 Six Day War, and miles of razor wire fences. I imagined what



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© Dorit Sasson

Above, the author and her supervisor, Aviv, at the Avivim military base in late 1991. Top, from left: Enjoying some downtime after a snowstorm in the Golan Heights in early 1992; after basic training in late 1991 in the Tiberius area of Israel; the author's immigrant card or *teudat oleh*.

it would feel like to hold a gun and protect this country. That moment in itself was empowering. By the time I entered the kibbutz gate, I had already asked myself some serious questions: *Could the Israel Defense Forces really be an option for me?* I couldn't get those IDF soldiers out of my mind. *A seed has been planted, I remember thinking. This could be my calling.*

In truth, I fell into my calling of becoming an IDF soldier. I had never even considered serving in the military in high school; my idea of adventure was traveling to Israel and working on a *kibbutz*. But the more I got used to encountering IDF soldiers everywhere I went, the easier it was to embrace the concept of military service in a country I had been brainwashed to fear.

As I wrote in my memoir, "But now that I've seen how integral soldiers are to the nation, I'm struck by the fact that young men and women are 'born' into service from day one."

By the time the summer of 1989 was over and I returned home, I knew I had to find a way to go back to Israel and serve or work in some capacity.

Back in the States, I banged my head against the wall of my dorm room one night, crying and battling the volley of voices. For my mother, quitting college would make me a "nobody." But for me, college felt like a waste of time; I didn't even know what I wanted to study, and Israel was calling me.

Three months before the end of my sophomore year, I showed up at Dad's office in mid-town Manhattan to hear the life-changing "do it-or-die" talk I write about in *Accidental Soldier*. "You have a choice," Dad said in his Israeli accent. "You can either stay in New York City with your mom or you can immigrate to

Israel ahead of us so you can establish residency before we join you. But if you continue to stay with your mom, you'll turn out to be exactly like her."

We both knew how Mom's fear rubbed off on me. How, for example, when she didn't arrive home at the designated time I'd catastrophize –

Calling to Serve: *Continued on page 41*

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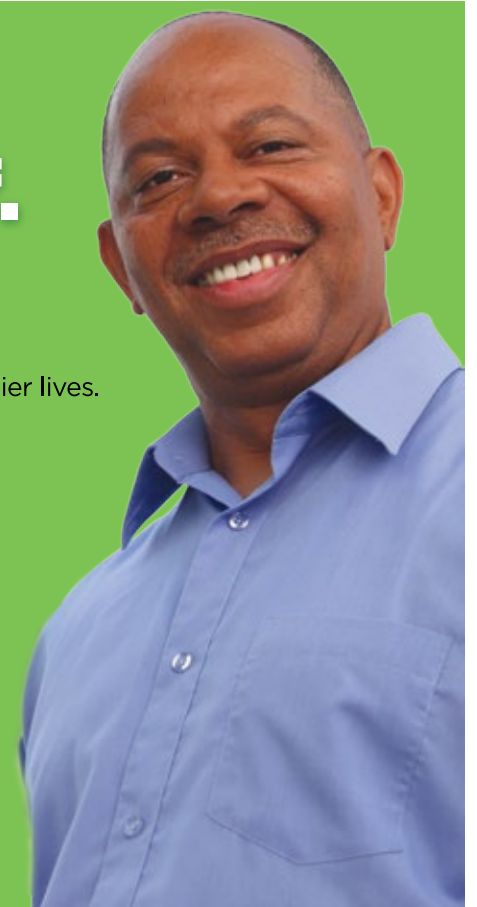
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Advice for the Journey

Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



by Arica VanGelderen, LLMSW

Clinical social worker and therapist

Question: My two younger sisters and I have been estranged from our father for the majority of our adult lives. He was emotionally, verbally and sometimes physically abusive to us during our younger years until my mother left him when I was 17. I internalized a lot of the pain from that time, so much so that I find myself fighting back the anger I still feel toward him.

Last week I received a surprising phone call from his current wife; she said she found my contact information

online. She called to tell me that he had suffered a stroke and has been put in hospice care. My sisters and I are in our 60s now, and they have no interest in seeing him before he passes. I think seeing him could help me overcome the resentment and anger I feel toward him, but I worry it might have the opposite effect too. I'm at a loss, and he may not have much time left. I need some guidance in deciding what to do.

Answer: I understand your predicament. It is difficult to predict how a situation like this one may affect you. It sounds like your father was the source of significant childhood trauma for you and your sisters. Everyone deals with trauma like this differently, and it may be that your sisters have already processed and/or distanced themselves emotionally from that pain. On the other hand, you may feel that seeing your father again could provide the closure you need to fully move on from the trauma. In this case, it would act

as a kind of “restorative” experience, meaning it would restore and therefore correct the painful associations that trigger the anger reaction you mentioned.

One thing is certain, though. It is unhealthy, both emotionally and mentally, to hold onto the pain associated with trauma. This pain influences life experiences, perceptions and choices until you can't let go of it without major psychological upheaval. If the experience of seeing your father would help you develop your own sense of

inner peace, the choice is simple. On the other hand, if your main motivation behind the decision to visit him is to receive an apology or an admission of responsibility from him, think carefully. While it is important to find a sense of closure and fully forgive your father for the pain his actions caused you as a child, this is a personal and independent journey, completely separate from him and his current actions. We all forge our own individual paths to inner peace, and no one but you has the power over that process. ♦

On Our Best Days

Research tells us that actively searching for happiness actually decreases our chances of achieving it. Here's another option.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach
in Boston

"Our true character can be discovered by simply remembering who we were in the moments that mattered most."

Bookshelves are lined with thousands of years of spirited inquiry about how human beings thrive — as men and as women, as patients, parents, adult children, young people, seniors, foreigners, minorities, leaders, laborers, professionals, activists and change agents. It's as if we've all been looking — for centuries — for the magic manual for how to be happy. Aristotle and Plato tried their pens at this quest, and many do the same today.

"Who am I really?"

"What am I doing here?"

"How can I be happy?"

And, for many whose lives have shifted due to illness, frailty, caregiving demands, and other heavy burdens of life, "How can I possibly enjoy my life now, with all I've lost and am longing for?"

Is being happy the holy grail of human experience? Many of our spiritual traditions suggest that we are more likely to thrive when we live meaningful lives; happiness shows up in sparks and memorable moments, but it isn't a steady state or something we can attain and sustain. In fact, modern researchers tell us that actively searching for happiness decreases our chances of actually achieving it. (Anderson, Mauss, Savino and Tamir, 2011)

Instead of asking, "How can I be happy?" maybe it's time to ask, "How do I want to invest my life energy each day?" After all, we have less energy available to us as we age, making it more precious every day. Perhaps spending it more wisely is the key to fulfillment.

Let's take an "inner hike" down memory lane; ponder the paths you've taken in your life and recall the moments that mattered more than most. At first you might remember what you were doing, as we often do when we remember the past. Zoom deeper into yourself; search for how your character played a role in the story. Who were you being in that moment? What mattered to you in the memory? How did you show up, and how did you feel? What about the memory led to the happiness or satisfaction you recall?

The insights that come forth through this memory excavation are usually strong indicators of your values or virtues. Our essential character (from the Latin root that means "engraved") can be discovered by remembering who we were on our best days, or in our best moments.

You may be thinking about how your actions benefited others. Your gratitude or love or appreciation for someone, some cause, or God. Your commitment to being a loving presence, without judgment, without needing anything in return. Your satisfaction with some success — that you persevered toward a challenging goal

using all of your strengths and resources. That you value hard work. The list of possibilities may reveal acts of courage, loyalty, diligence, honesty, humility, gratitude and love.

Now come back to the present and your wish to feel happier more of the time. How can you bring those gorgeous character strengths into each of your days? Chances are if they contributed to the best memories you can recall, then they can bless you today with more of the same.

If it's courage, find one way you can be courageous today, or notice courage in another person nearby, and point it out to them.

If it's loyalty, communicate your own accountability in an interaction, or notice it in another, even if it's the server at lunch who remembers to bring you your favorite flavor of jam.

Diligence? Make an effort, steadily over time, toward something you want or a habit you want to change.

Honesty can be so difficult at times because we feel vulnerable. But honest talk is what helps us connect to others. And your honesty invites the same in others, all of which leads to positive energy and better relationships. We know that on our deathbeds, most of us care more about our relationships than about our achievements.

Humility? Give credit where it is due. Recognize someone's achievement today.

Gratitude is the most powerful way to shift mood when we're feeling blue. Say a little more than the automatic "thank you" and feel thankful as you say, "I really appreciate that."

And last but not least, love. An expansive heart, one that both gives and receives love, can be the engine that makes even the blandest day gratifying. Holding a loving and appreciative gaze has power, and we can do it even when the well of energy is so depleted. I love when I feel "smiling eyes" resting on me!

Your "inner hike" can lead you to these and other discoveries about your own character. How are these things engraved in you? These etchings don't change with age, although with wisdom we may recognize and appreciate them more.

Feeling good about our lives is an inside job. Stay connected to what makes your personal clock do the ticking. When we wake each day and dedicate our precious energy to whatever matters most, we can generate the same inner "fullness" that has contributed to our happiness in the past. ♦

Source:

Anderson, Craig L.; Mauss, Iris B.; Savino, Nicole S.; and Tamir, Maya. (2011). "Can Seeking Happiness Make People Unhappy? Paradoxical Effects of Valuing Happiness." *American Psychological Association*, Vol. 11, pp. 807-815.

Live Big. Live Bold.

Your Life, Your Rules

Alzheimer's in the 21st Century and Beyond

Today's memory care focuses on meeting each individual where they are in their journey,
and forming a true partnership with families and caregivers.

by Matt Webster

Corporate Director of Memory Care, Leisure Care



© wildpixel

Alzheimer's disease is rapidly becoming the most expensive and prevalent disease affecting seniors and the nation as a whole. While researchers scramble for a cure, treatment, or proven prevention method, the disease continues to challenge both residents and their families.

We need to inform ourselves regarding the groundbreaking research currently underway, the rapidly progressing "whole person" care options for those with Alzheimer's and cognitive decline, and how we can continue to fight this devastating disease.

The Current State of Alzheimer's

Alzheimer's disease is the most common form of dementia, affecting an estimated 5.5 million Americans, with experts estimating that it could affect as many as 16 million people by 2050. As the disease progresses, memories fade and cognition declines, which can be devastating for those with Alzheimer's, as well as for those who love people with the disease.

There is currently no cure or proven treatment for Alzheimer's. While researchers search for a successful cure, treatment method or prevention plan, the disease is rising to epidemic proportions. The latest statistics from the Alzheimer's Association show the following:

- Every 66 seconds someone in the U.S. develops Alzheimer's.
- By 2050, it is estimated that every 33 seconds someone in the U.S. will develop Alzheimer's.
- One in 10 people over the age of 65 has Alzheimer's disease.
- Alzheimer's is the sixth-leading cause of death in the U.S.
- One in three seniors dies with Alzheimer's or a related form of dementia.
- Alzheimer's kills more people than breast cancer and prostate cancer combined.
- Deaths from Alzheimer's have increased by 89% since 2000.
- For people over the age of 70 with Alzheimer's, 61% are expected to die before the age of 80.

Caring for the Whole Person, an Encouraging Path Forward

As evidenced by the staggering statistical toll, there's no question that Alzheimer's disease poses a major threat to our nation's health. It's

real, and it's scary. As we learn more about the disease and see people we love living with it, however, we've come to realize that we can positively impact the fight against Alzheimer's if we approach it on a more personal level. By providing person-centered care, we have the ability to effect real, impactful change for those living with the disease.

Memory care has been steadily progressing from an institutional, clinical care scenario to a social care setting, where the abilities and interests of each senior are recognized and honored. Today's memory care focuses on meeting each individual where they are in their journey, and forming a true partnership with families and caregivers.

As the move toward a social care setting progresses — with whole-person care as the ultimate goal — providers are noticing that by offering unique programming specific to their resident population, including learning about their residents' life stories and building physical spaces that complement remaining abilities, residents are living longer, healthier lives and even showing improvements in cognitive functioning.

As an example of this person-centered approach, Opal, Leisure Care's innovative memory care program, combines the unique history and life story of each resident with our Seven Pillars of Wellness to ensure that we are truly providing a whole-person approach. From physical fitness and creative pursuits to sensory stimulation and spiritual well-being, Opal aims to engage with residents and celebrate their individuality while also providing a supportive structure within which to thrive.


Seven Pillars of Wellness



CREATIVE



EMOTIONAL



EXPERIMENTAL



PHYSICAL



SENSORY



SOCIAL



THERAPEUTIC



“We refuse to let an Alzheimer’s or dementia diagnosis define an individual.”

— Matt Webster

© Leisure Care

Matt Webster, Corporate Director of Memory Care at Leisure Care

Person-centered memory care is a dynamic, revolutionary approach that is as unique and changeable as each of our residents. It focuses on the individual needs of a person rather than on efficiencies of the care provider; builds upon the strengths of a person; and honors their values, choices and preferences. (Love and Pinkowitz, 2013)

While we may start with a well-planned, robust calendar of activities and experiences, it’s important to maintain our focus on the residents, ensuring that we’re meeting their needs on their time. If that means throwing the calendar out the window and going on an impromptu fishing trip, then that’s what we do! Through a careful balance of creativity, flexibility and compassion, memory care managers and caregivers provide meaningful, successful programming for each and every one of our residents.

Celebrating Every Individual

We refuse to let an Alzheimer’s or dementia diagnosis define an individual. By focusing on what our residents can do, rather than what they cannot do, we celebrate each person in a unique way. No two days will look the same in any given memory

care community because these person-centered programs are highly individualized to each resident — meeting each of their social, physical and emotional needs.

Alzheimer’s is hard. There’s no question about it. The statistics suggest that every one of us will be affected either directly or indirectly by Alzheimer’s or a related form of dementia. Organizations such as the Alzheimer’s Association (www.alz.org) are leading the charge for fundraising and research and are an invaluable resource for more information on the disease and what you can do to help in their search for a cure.

At Leisure Care, we are committed to joining the fight on every level, and until a cure is found and the epidemic is stopped, we will be here, celebrating the life and abilities of every individual, ensuring their dignity and offering meaning and purpose every day. ♦

Source:

Love, Karen, and Pinkowitz, Jackie. (2013). “Person-Centered Care for People With Dementia: A Theoretical and Conceptual Framework.” Retrieved June 20, 2017, from www.asaging.org.



© KatarzynaBialasiewicz

Move Over Maharishi

There's a New Yogi in Town

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comedian

I still haven't found what I'm looking for, but at least I learned this one thing.

This was to be the year I got it all together: a modest mission absent of specifics other than something in life was lacking. And so I turned to yoga.

Yoga would, or so I hoped, bring the focus and discipline needed to clean the brain's "Should Do" closet, that dark, ignored recess located in the basement of the frontal lobe, where we allow nagging should-do tasks — read Faulkner, exercise daily, stop prejudging poodle owners — to amass and distract, preventing us from seeing the big picture, or what some call our life purpose.

My first attempt with yoga failed to deliver the expected mind-wallop. But I was to blame. My yoga instructor was a *Dummies for Yoga* DVD. My yoga studio the living room. And my yoga mat, a Sturbridge Yankee Workshop braided rug. It had the feel of Ravi Shankar meets Martha Stewart. Consequently, instead of experiencing an uplifting sense of transcendence while in the lotus position, I felt like a middle-age rube meditating on the decorative merits of wainscoting.

I enrolled in a six-week beginner program offered by a yoga studio, located across the valley,



Maharishi: Continued on page 41

Ethics and Spirituality

Reflections and Contemplations on Life and Living

“The little girl is looking at me with big, brown eyes glistening, and she’s listening.”

The Child Whisperer

by Elana Zaiman
Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

It’s not a job, a hobby or a pastime. Reaching out when others pull away is her mission.

I’m at the BWI airport, having just passed through security. As I walk toward my gate, I take a detour to the restroom, passing a mother and her screaming daughter who looks to be about four years old. They are headed in the opposite direction. I’m grateful.

When I’m in the restroom stall, however, the screams grow closer. I sense mother and daughter are in the vicinity. I exit the stall to wash my hands. A woman catches my eye and shakes her head with disdain. I smile. I have a mission. Can I connect with this girl? Can I inspire her to find another way?

I leave the restroom and see mother and daughter standing at the end of the long corridor, mom waiting patiently for her daughter to pull herself together. I

walk toward them with my roller bag, stand a few feet away and begin to talk to the girl, who is dressed in pink and wearing translucent plastic dress shoes, each topped with a luminous plastic flower.

“I heard you crying,” I say. “I’m sorry you’re sad. I just want to say I get it.” I pause. “Sometimes you feel like you have to cry because you have something inside you that needs to come out.” I pause again.

The little girl is looking at me with big, brown eyes glistening, and she’s listening. She gets that I get where she’s coming from.

“I can imagine how you feel,” I say. “I cry too. I know it’s a little weird that an older person cries, but I cry a lot.”

Again, I pause.

“I cry when I’m sad, and I cry when I’m happy,” I explain. “I cry when I see a beautiful sunset, and I cry when I watch television and see people being kind to each other.”

As I talk I move a little closer. I introduce myself to her and to her mom. I tell her my name, ask her name, and we do a high-five. I compliment her shoes and ask if I can borrow them, if maybe we can switch shoes. She can have my sneakers, and I can have her dress shoes.

She’s ready. Then, in a playful voice, I say, “Do you *really* think your shoes will fit me?”

She nods. She’s smiling. Now she’s playing with me. We talk for a little longer, until her mom says,

“Do you think you feel ready to go now?” She nods.

I thank her for talking with me, and I wish her a great day.

I take a deep breath in, and I smile. Mission accomplished.

This is my mission: Reaching out to crying, cranky, screaming, whining children with understanding and compassion. You know these children. They’re the children everyone avoids or stares at with annoyance, for no other reason than because they are making noise and the noise is intruding on the silence we crave.

Reaching out to these children is my mission; it’s what I naturally do when I hear or see an unhappy child and I’m not in a rush. I head toward the un-

Child Whisperer: *Continued on page 42*



Aquarius (2016)

One of 2016's best films is set around a pleasant Art Deco condo in the balmy oceanside city of Recife, Brazil. Here lives Clara (South American movie goddess Sonia Braga, even more stunning than she was in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*), now 65 and the lone resident in a building that's been otherwise bought out by developers. Clara's days at the beach are languid, her intellectual curiosity vibrant, her privilege perhaps just a wee bit unexamined. The film, directed by Kleber Mendonça Filho, meanders for a while but is full of observant, sexy, quirky touches. We gradually realize the movie has been pointing somewhere: toward Clara taking a stand against a smiling real-estate mogul who wants to knock her building down and erect a glitzy new complex there. This leads to an ending that is startling and mysterious — like many great movie endings, it rounds off a storyline while making us curious about what happens next. (Available on DVD at Amazon and Netflix; streaming on Netflix.)

MUSIC REVIEWS

by John Pearson / Retired musician and lifelong enthusiast

"You know, it's just my dream came true." — Rod Stewart



One Chance (Album) — Paul Potts, 2007

The music is operatic and moving, but it's not about the music. The singer's tenor voice is strong and sonorous, but it's not about the voice. During the run-up to Paul Pott's win of *Britain's Got Talent* in 2007, the shy cell phone salesman said, "My dream is to spend my life doing what I feel that I was born to do." The album, released in July after his big win when Paul Potts was 36 years old, made it to #1 in the UK the following week. By the end of the same year Potts had received an honorary platinum disc from UK Prime Minister Gordon Brown. The international success of this first album led to additional releases, a biographical movie and a companion book. He is now truly living his dream ... and THAT's what it's about.



The Concert for Bangladesh (Album, the cover of the 2005 remastered release is shown) — George Harrison and Friends, 1971

The first benefit concert of its size, the Concert for Bangladesh is seen as the model and inspiration for future live charity performances like Live Aid, Farm Aid and similar events. The "Friends" include popular Western performers of the day — perhaps most notably Bob Dylan — as well as several Indian musicians led by Ravi Shankar. Re-listening to this groundbreaking multi-disc set now only increases the appreciation one has for Harrison's vision and accomplishment. According to multiple sources, Harrison was visited by Shankar, who lamented the appalling situation in his homeland. Harrison took it to heart, decided that something might be done and, moreover, that he would try to do it. His vision succeeded by any and all measures and spawned follow-up benefits resulting in many millions in aid for various causes. (On a side note, I find the live versions of some of Dylan's most iconic songs extremely interesting. They offer another glimpse of Dylan, the performer, and perhaps further insight into the composer's mind.)



It Had to Be You: The Great American Songbook (Album) — Rod Stewart, 2002

Listening to Stewart's uniquely raspy voice in his recordings with The Small Faces and other early performances, I would never have guessed that this man would someday be an accomplished and talented crooner of old standard love songs. And yet, here's the proof. The cuts included on this album are all of the same high quality of orchestration, arrangement and delivery. The orchestration is full and rich, but not overbearing; the arrangements are traditional — no "modern" cringe-worthy embellishments to endure. Stewart, as the sole vocalist, uses little noticeable voice processing or dubbing. He does a great job infusing these classics with new life, sung from the heart. ♦

thinking that she had been kidnapped or pushed onto the subway tracks.

At age 18, I feared being fearful. I wanted to advocate for myself, become my own strong emotional role model. I didn't want to live a life paralyzed by fear.

As I left Dad's office that hot and muggy day in the summer of 1990, the idea of service became a personal quest. I knew that distancing myself from my Mom was the only way I would transform. I officially

withdrew from college that summer, against her dire warnings, shouts and pleading attempts to stop me. A few weeks later, I found myself in the desert with a bunch of foreign IDF recruits — some of whom bullied and ridiculed me, but eventually I evolved to find meaning in serving the pack.

Ultimately, the calling to serve in the IDF led to the profound realization that "the work has to be done." That to achieve my full physical and

emotional strength, I had to leave my comfort zone. And that by following my calling I was able to do the work that had to be done, on myself, to earn my emotional independence. ♦

Read more:

Portions of this article first appeared in the author's previously published memoir *Accidental Soldier: A Memoir of Service and Sacrifice in the Israel Defense Forces*, published in 2016 by She Writes Press, Tempe, AZ.

"My yoga mat was a Sturbridge Yankee Workshop braided rug. It had the feel of Ravi Shankar meets Martha Stewart."

called Healing Waters. I knew nothing about it other than I liked the name.

As I drove to the first class through falling snow, I wondered if I was on the cusp of a life-purpose breakthrough. Until now I had been of the Eleanor Roosevelt camp who said, "The purpose of life is to live it, to taste experience to the utmost, to reach out eagerly and without fear for newer and richer experience." This scatter-shot approach provided plenty of wild-eye moments, but now at this stage in my life, I wanted to connect the dots, as it were, to form perhaps the outline of a true calling.

I recently read an article that claimed discovering one's purpose was easy. All it took was to answer three questions: What do you love? What are you good at? And what does the world need? But I discounted this as too formulaic. Purpose is something you feel, not decipher. Otherwise, it becomes contrived or, when articulated, self-consciously weird.

As proof I imagined Joey Chestnut, the human-hyena who holds the world record for consuming 72 hot dogs in 10 minutes (in case you're wondering that equates to 19,600 calories), having second thoughts about his life calling had he consciously answered these questions.

What do you love? Hot dogs.

What are you good at? Cramming five years' worth of tiny meat logs down my throat like a victim of famine turned loose at a July 4th picnic.

What does the world need? Someone to confuse IRS agents by claiming a net income of \$225,000 working as a competitive food eater.

I preferred a more organic approach to self-discovery that, I hoped, yoga would deliver.

Ten minutes into the first lesson and I was ready to devote my life to becoming a yoga master. Felicitas, the founder of Healing Waters, spoke in a soft Italian accent, almost to the point of whisper. Native American flute music, barely audible, wafted from stereo speakers. This wasn't a class; it was an escape.

"Clear your minds," Felicitas instructed. "Relax your feet ... Relax your ankles ... Relax your jaws."

The release of tension was immediate. Almost euphoric. Lying on my blue yoga mat, looking up at the ceiling, I felt like Monet's *Water Lilies* on Quaaludes.

The mind, however, remained out of synch with the body, forsaking yoga's meaning — union. Instead of brain-calming thoughts, I focused on stream of consciousness questions that churned rather than stilled the mind:

Did I lock the house? When I bought a box of 72 trash bags today was the cashier being ironic when she asked if I wanted a bag? How come I never remember to check which side a rental car's gas cap is on before pulling into a gas station?

These mind-distractions followed into the all-important pose phase of the class. Instead of paying attention to Felicitas's methodical instructions on how to pretzel the body into the difficult pigeon pose, I'd be mentally adrift, questioning how the pose's originator concluded it resembled a pigeon. Maybe a wounded pigeon, perhaps. But otherwise, no, I could not see the resemblance.

Consequently, while the rest of the class perfectly mirrored Felicitas, I looked like some hapless sot who just injured himself jumping from a fourth-floor window. Felicitas would then have to pause to rescue me from embarrassment.

Despite concluding I'm not the reincarnate of Swami Sivananda, I exited the class feeling deceptively energized, thinking something happened in there.

I'm now in month six of yoga. A devotee. I'm not any closer to pinpointing a life purpose. But it has calmed the mind. Enough to discover I don't like Faulkner. ♦

happiness with the challenge: Can I be present to this child? Can I meet this child where he or she is? Can I inspire this child to reframe his or her experience?

A mission is not a job or a hobby. It's not something you do one day and then stop doing. A mission is something lifelong, something you do because it ignites your passion, because you love it, because it's deeply embedded into the fabric of your being.

What's your mission? Is it obvious in how you move through life, as it is in my friend Emma?

Not long ago I asked her to share her 96-year-old wisdom with me. Here's her advice: "Even if you have troubles, smile. It makes you feel better." Indeed, this is truly Emma's mission. This is how she walks through life, and this is what draws people to her.

Another dear friend told me the story of her father; he had always enjoyed hosting the big family Thanksgiving that included four children, their spouses, and nine grandchildren. Being the host for holidays had long been his mission as head of a family. Having recently moved with his wife of 60+ years into their new senior living apartment, my friend's father

assumed his hosting days were over. Instead, my friend encouraged her dad to reserve the private dining room at his community and continue to host Thanksgiving dinner. He did, fulfilling his mission as head of the family once more.

A few weeks ago, a four-year-old girl I do not know, with her mop of curly brown hair and big brown eyes full of tears, was sitting on the floor in the foyer of my synagogue whining. I ask her, "What's wrong?"

She looks up at me. "Does screaming help?" I ask. I pause.

She does not reply. "I think I'll try it out and see how it works," I say as I get down on the floor and whine. I stomp my feet for added effect.

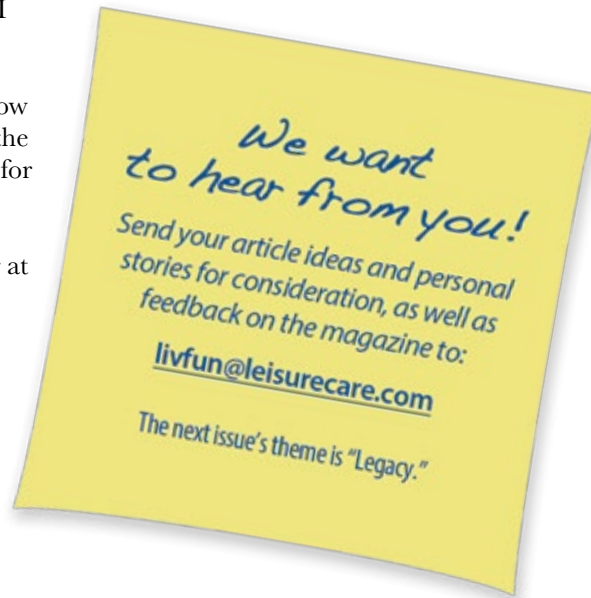
This girl is intrigued. She has stopped crying and she is looking at me smiling.

"This is a good way to get mad," I say. "I like this." I pause. "How am I doing? Am I doing it right?"

I love showing up in a different way than most adults. I love being the one, who, if I work the situation just right, manages to get inside a child's heart

and tip the balance. I don't always succeed. Sometimes a child is overtired, wants nothing to do with me, wants to remain in his or her difficult place, or the child's mother thinks I'm off my rocker and rushes to get away from me as quickly as possible. But there are parents who understand that I'm trying to help and they thank me. Some even say, "You must be a teacher." Others, "a child whisperer."

The name I'm given matters not. For me, it's about living my mission. ♦



BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 18

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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



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