

SPRING 2018: Our Bodies

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It's More
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Sleep; It's
Brain
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the
NEW
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Our ally in this journey through the physical world.

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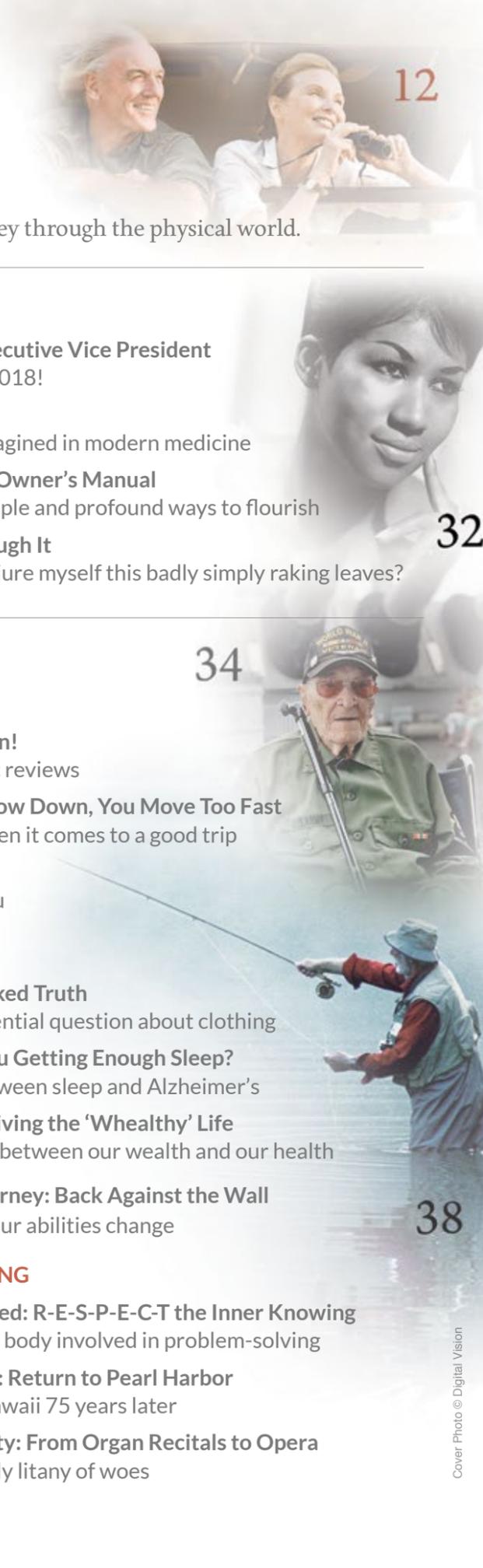
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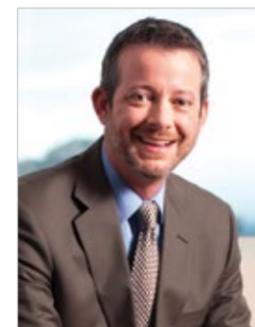


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LETTER FROM THE EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT:

Here's to an Amazing 2018

by Greg Clark, EVP



And we're off! We've had a full holiday season, hopefully, filled with family, friends and lots of love. We've rung in the New Year, and 2018 is off and running. Millions of Americans have made resolutions for the new year, usually having to do with being healthier, starting a new hobby, getting involved in the community, or learning a new skill.

As we move through the years, human tendency is to establish patterns and routines that help us to take care of life's daily tasks without using too much conscious thought to do them, saving brain power for other pursuits. The trick is to actually use that surplus brain power so that it doesn't become dormant but gets put to use trying new things. I see residents of our communities doing this all the time, whether it's trying new activities, working with philanthropic organizations, attending lectures (or giving them!), learning a language with our Rosetta Stone partnership, or traveling to a new place they've always wanted to go.

For most of us, it takes a concerted effort to break routines and engage in different ways to make the most of every day — maybe that's why we focus on these resolutions at the start of each new year. If you are looking for something to grab onto and break out of a routine, here are a couple of ideas.

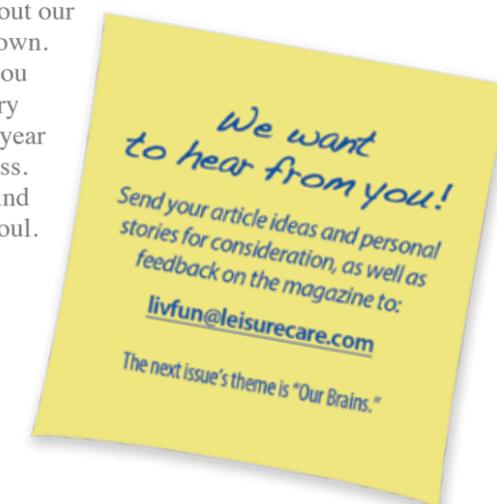
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- February Fitness Frenzy — throughout the month of February, all Leisure Care communities take part in this effort to remain active, measure it, have fun with it, and try different things to stay active. We combine it with our philanthropic efforts and raise money for the One Eighty Foundation, helping children and families in the cities and towns where our communities are located.

- Travel by Leisure Care hosted scores of residents and their family members on trips to Alaska, Mexico and Hawaii last year, all personalized so that every need was addressed to make it possible — and fun! Ask about our 2018 trip schedule, or plan an adventure of your own.

Whatever your resolutions may be, or even if you don't have specific resolutions, I wish you the very best in the year ahead. My hope is that each new year brings new experiences, good health and happiness. If you find yourself in a rut, mix up the routine; find something new to stimulate your body, mind or soul. Here's to an amazing 2018. Engage!

Cheers,
Greg



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“Where would we be now if the First Couple had refused to strategically place the fig leaves?”

THE NAKED TRUTH

A lifelong fashionista asks the essential question about clothing: Why?

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

THE gorilla stands 10 feet tall, or so it seems. He’s a giant, anyway. I’m five feet tall and weigh in the vicinity of 85 pounds, fully dressed. The gorilla is naked — which is the point of this story — and weighs, I’d guess, 600.

His mood at the moment is sour, putting it mildly, as he grips the iron bars that separate him from his freedom. He’s a captive, forced into living as a specimen of his species for a gaggle of dressed-therefore-civilized humans.

I’m in a zoo, one of those horrendous institutions where most “animals” are caged while the human animals are free rangers. People, myself included, stand around gawking at the gorilla. Not at his hairy nakedness; just amazed at his size compared to our puny selves. I’m chagrined to be among the gawkers, but I couldn’t resist seeing him up close and personal, despite the iron bars that divide us, for he must be kept behind bars to protect the free rangers. Stupid animal might hurt some innocent gawker.

Then it happens.

One of the gawkers has brought along a treat for King Kong’s imprisoned cousin. A thoughtful gesture, to be sure. The gawker lobs the banana at the gorilla, who catches it — *thwup* — in his hand. A one-second pause, then in one swift motion, the gorilla flings it back out at the gawker, smacking him upside the face.

I laugh. Folks back off. This behemoth might be dangerous, despite the caging. The crowd stares at his naked hairiness. The expression on his face is one of anger, or perhaps outrage, affront. The intensity of his red eyeballs scares the pants

off the human banana tosser. Can’t the banana-throwing human see the gorilla has had enough fruit tossed at him already? And how dare he assume this gorilla wants a banana? A fresh papaya might’ve been more to his taste.

There we stand in our clothed bodies, free of iron bars, to come and go as we wish. There he stands behind those bars against his will, yet in a sense freer than all the gawkers combined. Free of the encumbrance of clothing that humans have used since they evolved from monkeys to brainiacs who, once upon a Garden of Eden, detected a voice commanding them to cover their shameful bodies lest others observe they possess similar anatomy to one another — and to the family from which they spawned.

Do the yard goods draped as concealment render us any better, or smarter, or savvier than the gorilla? More stylish, debonair? Is our sartorial armor a tactic applied to pretend we are separate from this other species, or are the clothes simply a competition among humans, the way cockscombs and feathers assign pride to the rooster, those eyebright feather fans to the peacock?

If we had naturally evolved like Grendel, that hirsute antagonist of Beowulf, wouldn’t that covering serve to protect us from the elements? If we had kept our little tails and they had sprung colorful feathers, might that serve to seduce the other sex? We wouldn’t need sexy lingerie or cotton-spandex underpants to cover every bump and bulge.

Oh, that’s right; it’s our highly evolved brain. We got so creative and well-to-do that we had to wear our social status on

our backs, our feet. Ouch! But couldn’t we have still evolved intellectually without wearing clothes? Did the Almighty Voice of Eden require that before we could think like humans we needed to put on clothes? Where would we be now if the First Couple had refused to strategically place the fig leaves?

It’s true that Cro-Magnons decorated themselves with strings of cockle shells and various accoutrements, perhaps because they thought the decoration would attract a lover. Or, were they simply, as many anthropologists concur, carrying their money around their necks and arms? Cockle shells were, after all, bartering coinage back then.

So why do we cover our bodies? Ah yes, modesty; and I agree it’s civilized and even great fun to design, make and wear clothes. I’m grateful, too, that I don’t live in North Korea. Grey and red all day, every day ... no.

Clothing covers the more unpleasant aspects of our bodies and accentuates our assets. Fabulous gowns turn ordinary girls into debutantes. Tuxedos turn jerks into the likeness of Fred Astaire. Or a waiter.

From the zoo, now to this Mexican beach where I sit and write. It’s rife with both locals and gringos of all ages, shapes and sizes. It’s hot in December, and clothing is at a bare minimum. Fat men in jockey shorts, immensely endowed women in their 80s wearing bikinis, letting it all hang out beautifully. Naked babies openly nursing at their mothers’ breasts. Nobody gives a hot damn what their fellow bathers’ bodies look like. Folks are having fun.

And nobody is throwing bananas. ♦

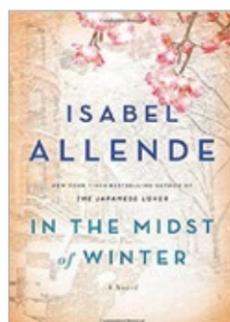
Entertain Your Brain: Books

by Misha Stone

Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

“No two persons ever read the same book.”

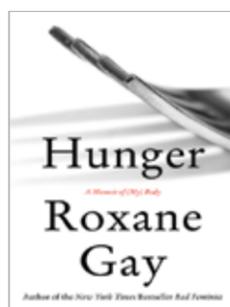
— Edmund Wilson



In the Midst of Winter

by Isabel Allende (Atria Books, \$28.00)

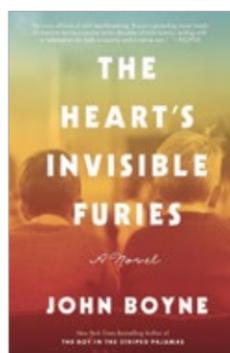
Allende's novels are often sensual celebrations of the body, and her latest novel features a late life romance illustrating that desire never truly dies. Sixty-two-year-old Lucia Maraz has left her native Chile to teach in New York for a year at the invitation of Professor Richard Bowmaster, who also becomes her landlord during her stay. Lucia, a divorced academic, longs for a new relationship, even as she struggles to relearn her body post-breast cancer. She has feelings for Richard but is thrown off by his reticence, until an accident in the middle of a snowstorm drives them together. What starts as a story of reconnection evolves into a murder mystery, a caper and rumination on the trauma and danger that is an inherent part of the journey of immigration to America. Fortunately, Allende never skimps on the love while she tells this story of unexpected friendship and new beginnings.



Hunger: A Memoir of (My) Body

by Roxane Gay (Harper, \$25.99)

Our relationships with our bodies over our lifetimes can be complex; this memoir explores one woman's navigation of this complexity. As Gay says, "This is not a story of triumph, but this is a story that demands to be told and deserves to be heard." Gay is a big woman, a woman aware that her size is not accepted in society. As a journalist and writer, Gay has tackled topics such as feminism and race before, but this book is deeply personal as she explores a private pain that led to her slow disconnection with her body. After a sexual assault, Gay ate to create space between herself and the event but also as a form of control. She made of herself a fortress. Living with what she has created, and living with the pain and shame of trauma, is what Gay unpacks with nuance, sadness and wit. While this is not an easy book to read, it will give you more compassion and perspective on how larger women move through a world that rejects their very existence. This memoir also reminds us how change starts when society can recognize all forms of beauty.



The Heart's Invisible Furies

by John Boyne (Hogarth, \$28.00)

At 16, the narrator's birth mother is cast out of her small Irish town by her priest for the sin of pregnancy. She arrives in Dublin in 1945, meets two young men who help soften her landing, and gives up her child for adoption. Thus begins an epic novel that spans the decades in Cyril Avery's life from his birth to death. Raised by two peculiar, emotionally distant parents who continually emphasize that he is their adopted rather than their "real" son, Cyril feels no want for material things but never knows love. Then he meets Julian, a young man whose friendship will shape Cyril's life. Yet Cyril understands that he is different from others, and his growing attraction to men in a country beset with a burning need to shame and cast out any aberration to the conscripted norms makes his life challenging at every turn. Boyne is a marvelous character writer and draws the reader into Cyril's interior and exterior life with an immersive deftness that defies logic. There is pain, struggle and remorse writ throughout this book, but its aim is true and its belief in love and redemption carries through to the ultimately uplifting conclusion.

Entertain Your Brain: Movies

by Robert Horton

Film critic for Seattle Weekly

“Oh, Jerry, don't let's ask for the moon. We have the stars.”

— Bette Davis



All of Me (1984)

Steve Martin turns physical comedy into an art form in this film about an uptight lawyer who suddenly finds his body inhabited by the spirit of a cranky millionaire (Lily Tomlin). The lady had arranged for her soul to be transported to a different vehicle, but (as sometimes happens in screwball comedy) a mix-up occurred, and Martin is forced to go around with a divided self for most of the film — sometimes he's got the upper hand; sometimes she does. This movie was part of an '80's craze for body-swap pictures, but it's better than most: It's extremely funny yet also sweet and warm-hearted about what we might learn from living someone else's perspective. Steve Martin unexpectedly won the Best Actor award from the National Society of Film Critics (comic actors never win awards), and he gives a bravura performance as a man at war with his own body, a war settled by letting his feminine side shine through. (Available streaming on Amazon Video, Google Play, YouTube and Vudu.)



Personal Best (1982)

This drama of athletic romance fell through the cracks on its initial release and has never really been rediscovered, but it's a wonderfully physical, visceral film. A young track-and-field star (Mariel Hemingway, never better) trains for the 1980 Moscow Olympics and is mentored, and then loved, by an older teammate (Patrice Donnelly, an accomplished pentathlete in a lovely first-time performance). Stories of same-sex romance were rare in the early '80s, but that's only one aspect of this offbeat film. Director Robert Towne (he wrote *Chinatown*) takes an unusually fierce focus on the body — if you're troubled by nudity, best look away — which might explain why he cast so many real-life athletes in significant roles. The training, the sweat, the injuries of a sports life are all part of the exhilaration of priming the body to its utmost potential. Towne's secret here is that the mind and the heart are part of the personal best too. (Available streaming on Amazon Video, Google Play and YouTube.)



Now, Voyager (1942)

Always an actress without vanity, Bette Davis was eager to tackle roles that ranged outside the limits of a Hollywood glamour queen. She certainly does that for the first part of *Now, Voyager*, one of her signature pictures. As a frustrated, young woman dominated by her mother, Davis lays on the frumpy makeup and defeated attitude; even her vocal delivery is unrecognizable from the customary Davis brassiness. Her eventual transformation takes to heart Walt Whitman's words, quoted in the screenplay: "Now, voyager, sail thou forth, to seek and find," and she blossoms into a newly streamlined and more confident version of herself. Classic film fans know that the journey leads into the arms of married man Paul Henreid and one of the greatest closing lines in movie history, but it's Davis' bold physical makeover that stays in the memory. Her marvelous performance is one of cinema's great caterpillar-to-butterfly exercises, a stirring portrait of someone coming into her self — not according to society's values, but by her own specific standards. (Available streaming on Vudu, iTunes and FandangoNOW.)

Entertain Your Brain: Music

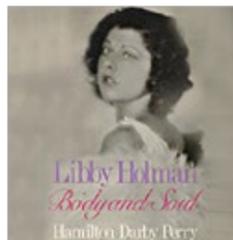
by John Pearson

Retired musician and lifelong enthusiast

“Life teaches you how to live it if you live long enough.”

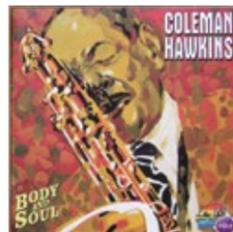
— Tony Bennett

If there is any composition deserving of more than one review, “Body and Soul” is it. One of the few big hits with a number of alternate versions of the lyric, the unusual nature of the song’s chords provides, as one reviewer notes, “a large degree of improvisational freedom,” making it highly attractive to both vocal and instrumental artists. With no disrespect to the renditions by Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughn, Frank Sinatra, and many other talented performers, we offer reviews of three milestone performances.



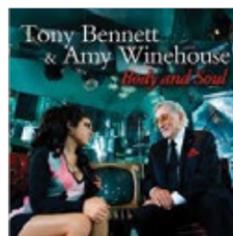
Body and Soul (Single) — Libby Holman, from the Body and Soul album, 1930

First performed in the U.S. by Holman in 1930 (the year the song was written) “Body and Soul” reached number three on the U.S. chart that same year. Louis Armstrong covered it, as did Paul “The King of Jazz” Whiteman and his orchestra, introducing it to mainstream audiences. It quickly became a popular favorite, has since been recorded by dozens of artists, and, according to JazzStandards.com, is the single most-recorded jazz standard ever. Holman’s performance includes the rarely heard first verse that precedes the chorus and showcases her alto range along with her prominent vibrato.



Body and Soul (Single) — Coleman Hawkins, from the Body and Soul album, 1939

Sometimes an interpretation comes along and changes everything. Hawkins’ recording of “Body and Soul” is one of these and has been noted by multiple sources as a landmark in the development of jazz improvisation. His rendition is unusual in that he only hints at the melody in the recording while playing over the song’s challenging chord changes. Will Friedwald, author of *Stardust Melodies*, says that Hawkins demonstrates “free-flowing improvisation based on these [chord] changes as opposed to the melodic line.” Michael Zirpolo, jazz writer and lecturer, says, “The influence of this recording on saxophonists soon after its release was immense, and continuing. Indeed, the influence of Coleman Hawkins’ recording of ‘Body and Soul’ continues to inspire players of all instruments who wish to understand more about improvising using (and expanding) the harmonic structure of high-quality popular songs as a point of departure for their improvisations.” In 2004, Hawkins’ version was entered into the National Recording Registry of the Library of Congress.



Body and Soul (Single) — Tony Bennett and Amy Winehouse, from the album Duets II, 2011

Released on what would have been Winehouse’s 28th birthday, her “Body and Soul” duet with Tony Bennett stands as the memorable and poignant last recording of this talented and troubled entertainer. The single reached number 87 on the Billboard Hot 100 for the first week of October 2011, making Bennett, at age 85, the oldest living artist ever (at that time) to chart on the Hot 100. A high-quality video of the recording session, available on the Internet, has had millions of views. According to Wikipedia, proceeds from “Body and Soul” go to benefit The Amy Winehouse Foundation, an organization created to raise awareness and support for young adults struggling with addiction.

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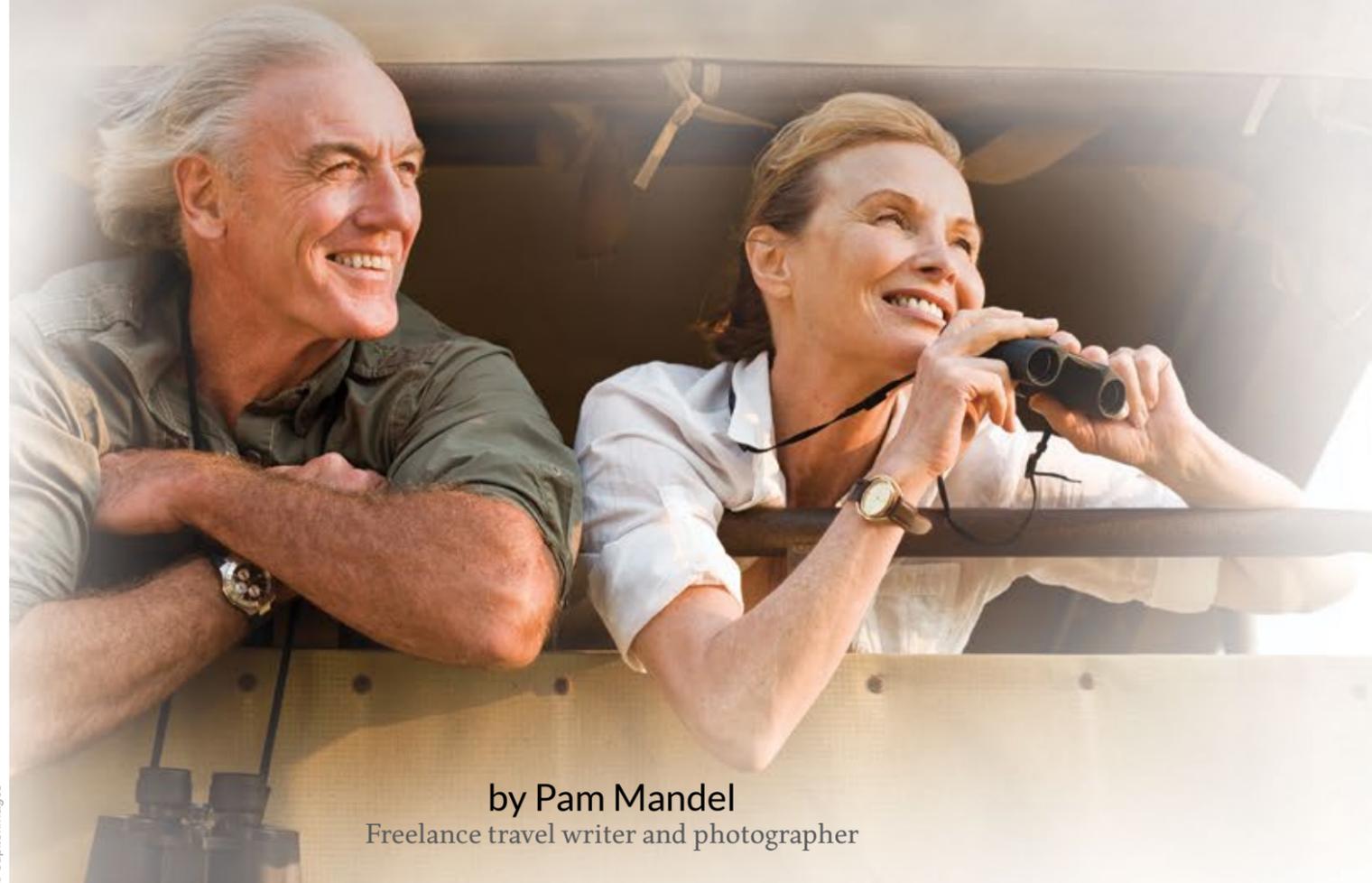


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Out and About: Journeys Completed or Contemplated



You don't have to eat the entire map to have a great trip.



by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

Gayle was in her mid-70s. Single and adventurous, she was fit but not particularly strong. She needed help with heavy lifting and pitching the tent, but she was not going to let that prevent her from participating. As the two oldest in the group, we'd been assigned each other as bunkmates for three weeks of rough travel on a camping safari through Kenya and Tanzania.

This kind of travel isn't for everyone. We pitched tents almost every night, slept on the ground, prepared meals, sometimes getting up before sunrise to help the safari chef chop vegetables for omelets. His name was Charles, and we'd stand quietly at his makeshift kitchen, drinking the first coffee, following his instructions, making sleepy-headed jokes in low voices. It was the farthest possible thing from luxury travel. And my bunkmate; did I mention she was in her mid-70s? She was unstoppable.

A few years earlier, I had gone on my first organized group tour. An older friend had booked a trip to Vietnam. I've always lived in cities with large Vietnamese populations, and I had developed a growing curiosity about this country whose history had become so entangled with our own. When my friend told of her plans, something flipped in my brain.

I had always been a furiously independent traveler; it was almost a point of honor. But what if I didn't need to be that person? What if I didn't travel as though I had something to prove, on the sheer force of strength and will? If I let go of that, I could fulfill this travel dream. I could travel with my friend. And all the boring

business — reservations, transfers, admissions, itineraries — would be taken care of. I need only show up.

And so we went, four friends in total, booked on the same package tour, a mid-range trip through Vietnam, Cambodia and Thailand. This particular adventure wasn't as rough as the safari, though it was still a low-budget undertaking. Our hotel on the border between Cambodia and Vietnam was a ramshackle collection of cinder blocks on the Bassac River; the only climate control was a fan bolted to the wall over the door. But we also sailed in a junk on Ha Long Bay, where our cabin was like a tidy, little wicker basket with big puffy duvets and a private bath. Our group of 16 travelers skewed old, so old that the few 20-somethings were a bit disappointed with our graying company. But we olds, we had a grand time.

A younger me would deride group travel as insufficiently daring, but that's changed. The logistics of getting my body from one destination to another feel more like tedium than a challenge to be vanquished. And I've come to a place where it's just as desirable to spend time in an interesting café lingering over a cappuccino than it is to consume as many tourist sites in a day as humanly possible. An organized tour — one carefully selected so that activities are only required on days when the group is changing hotels — is a fine way to balance the need to see new and exciting places and to sit, for as long as I please, reading the historical section of my guidebook and eavesdropping on languages I don't understand.

Travel can be something of a competitive endurance sport. The goal is to collect as many passport stamps, or eat as many weird-to-your-home-country foods, or see as many endangered species as possible before they're gone. This is a mentality I understand — an urgency to seize the moment and throttle the life out of it while the opportunity is there.

I have been this traveler. So I was initially frustrated by my sore feet, the shoulder that makes hefting my bag into the overhead bin more work than it used to be, the way a full day leaves me feeling too done to find out what happens after dark. Meeting Gayle showed me that not everyone has to be slowed by age. I admire her tenacity, her toughness, even while I realize that is not my future. The fates chose less sturdy packaging for my journey through life. I must accept this slowing of the body, no matter what my brain says. I have to slow down.

It's given me some surprises. Slowing down has yielded more conversations with locals, who notice I'm not in a hurry and so are more willing to take time for me. It's yielded richer memories. My mental souvenirs include more than sights now. The scent of tangerine peel from fruit eaten on a balcony while looking across the river into Cambodia. The appetizing garlic and yeast waft from the Hungarian bread counter in the Vienna market. The roar of lions in the night in the Serengeti, and the almost whispered greetings of the shopkeepers in Stone Town on the island of Zanzibar.

The distance I travel might not be as great, but my experiences are no less rich. ♦

"His name was Charles, and we'd stand quietly at his makeshift kitchen, drinking the first coffee, following his instructions, making sleepy-headed jokes in low voices."

Good Vibrations

Sound healing is as old as the hills and is finding a new life in modern medical treatment.

by Leah Dobkin
Freelance writer and author



HOLLYWOOD

“The body is being held together by sounds ... the presence of disease indicates that some sounds have gone out of tune.”

– Deepak Chopra, M.D.

Over the years, Barbara Spaulding has worked with patients suffering from many types of debilitating pain, pain that often results in medication dependencies and depression. A registered nurse, she herself suffered from severe fibromyalgia for 20 years and needed strong narcotic pain medication every day just to function.

“It was difficult to lie down, sit, stand, walk or sleep without these potent pain medications,” she confessed in a phone interview. Spaulding could not focus on even the simplest tasks. She stayed on the pain medication for years, enveloped in a fog, worried that she would have to rely on these pills for the rest of her life.

Until her fog was lifted when she discovered sound therapy.

“I was watching Dr. Mitchell Gaynor on a TV talk show,” Spaulding told me. “He was demonstrating the use of crystal singing bowl music to help reduce pain in his cancer patients, and I wondered if sound healing could help me with my fibromyalgia.”

Dr. Gaynor, an oncologist and director of medical oncology and integrative medicine at Strang-Cornell Cancer Prevention Center, is a pioneer in sound therapy and its use on cancer patients. (Gaynor, 2002)

Getting Back in Tune With Health

Ancient mystics and '60s rock bands have long espoused the benefits of “good vibrations.” Now, scientists have confirmed that **everything** is vibrating and, indeed, there are good vibrations that can heal the body.

From electrons moving around the nucleus of an atom to planets in different galaxies, everything creates distinct vibrations. And every organ, tissue, bone and the physiological system in our body have unique vibrations too. We “hear” sounds not just through our ears, but through every cell in our body. As respected alternative medicine advocate Dr. Deepak Chopra often says, “The body is being held together by sounds ... the presence of disease indicates that some sounds have gone out of tune.”

So it makes sense that sound can be used as treatment to help get your body back into better harmony. One time-honored technique involves what are known as “sound baths,” where a therapist plays ancient instruments, such as the Didgeridoo, crystal singing bowls, gongs, bells and drums, tuned to specific healing frequencies and harmonics.

Spaulding began her sound-healing treatment using a similar but more modern type of sound healing called Vibroacoustic Therapy (VAT). In this treatment, specific sounds are applied to the body through special sound transmission chairs and massage tables. The therapy is used alone or in complement with other pain therapies, and it aims to help the body do what it does best — heal itself by realigning the patient’s sound frequency on a cellular level. (Spaulding, 2014)

During VAT treatments, the patient lies or sits quietly while listening to music specially created to induce healthier brain waves states, such as delta for deep sleep and medita-

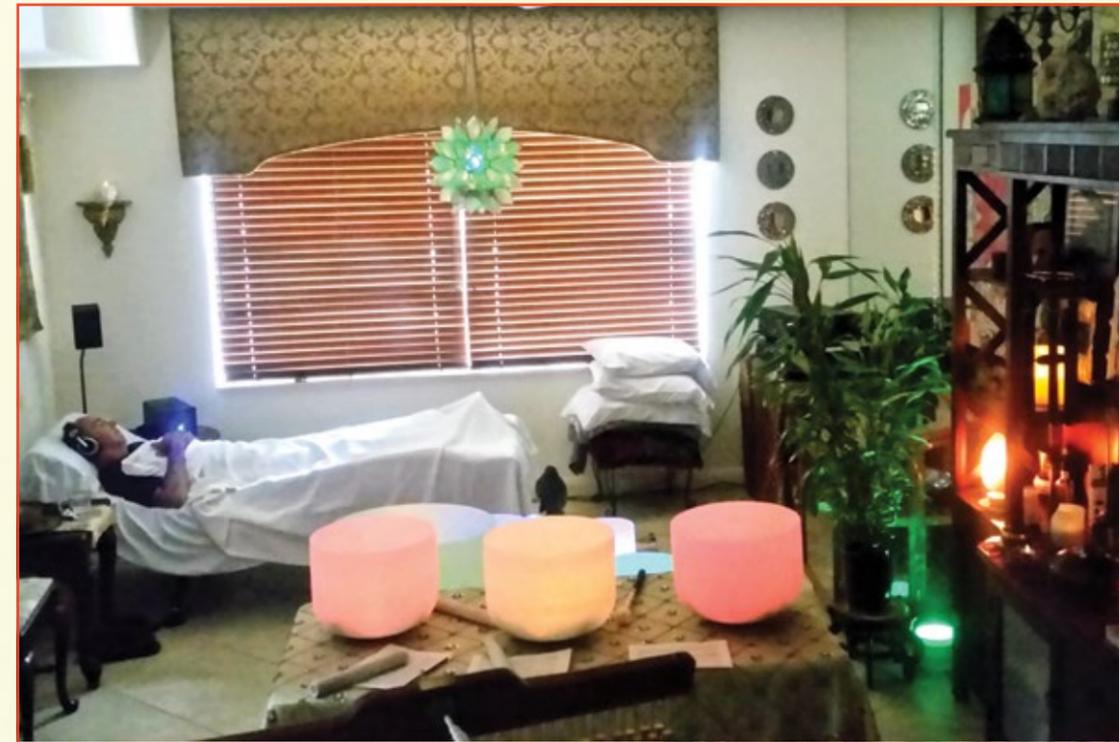
tion or alpha for increased creativity and learning. The music is designed to improve frequencies throughout the body, in addition to these brain waves.

After just one session on the sound healing bed, augmented with recordings at bedtime, Spaulding could finally get the deep Delta and REM sleep, so crucial for tissue repair and growth hormone production — and rare for fibromyalgia patients. After a series of treatments, Spaulding is now pain-free and living a full life with a clear mind.

The Science of Sound Healing

After realizing what a dramatic difference sound healing made in her life, Spaulding completed training to become a sound therapist at the Globe Sound and Consciousness Institute in San Francisco. Spaulding purchased a sound-healing bed for herself and to offer sound-healing therapy to others, using both ancient techniques and modern VAT technology.

David Gibson, a former recording engineer who became fascinated with the effect of sound on the body, founded the Globe Institute at which Spaulding studied. He also established the Sound Healing Research Foundation, where the team studies a range of health and sound-related issues, including sleep, pain management, ADD, autism and PTSD. Its GeneOM Project is an open-source research project designed to map out all the frequencies of the human body to help understand how sound can be used more effectively to help with healing. (Gibson, 2017)



A patient relaxes during sound therapy in a treatment room.

© Barbara Spaulding

Gibson's foundation recently funded clinical research with a dozen Parkinson's patients who showed promising results. According to Gibson, the patients were able to get rid of their tremors and reduce their pain pills in just about every session.

"I had one woman whose tremors were so bad one day that she couldn't even lay on the sound lounge," Gibson told me in an interview. As she said, "Parkinson's is like having a panic attack all the time."

Intrigued, Gibson played a song for her that he used to listen to when he had panic attacks; within five minutes, the patient's tremors were completely gone and she was crying tears of relief. She told Gibson that the frequency of the music somehow matched the tremors she had, and this helped calm the tremors and stop the attack.

The Need for Research Continues

While the research around Parkinson's is certainly interesting, Gibson sees a more immediate and widespread use of the treatment.

"Pain management is the simplest and most profoundly effective result we see using sound healing," said Gibson.

They use well-researched healing frequencies for muscles, nerves, tendons and ligaments. Aside from pain, the Institute also uses frequencies effective for circulatory problems, respiratory disorders, endocrine gland deficiency, chronic fatigue and depression.

Of course, there are skeptics who see a lack of

valid scientific proof behind the practice. Sound-healing advocates admit there is a need for more double-blind, peer-reviewed research on sound-healing therapies. Practitioners in the field are frustrated because the pharmaceutical industry and other mainstream research funders have not been very supportive of funding sound-healing research.

Despite the lack of traditional funding, there is a growing body of encouraging research in the field. Since 1995, the National Institute of Health has had the most extensive program in the United States for vibroacoustic pain and symptom reduction, treating more than 50,000 patients per year.

One important study at Duke University Medical Center reported significant pain reduction for women with various cancers and patients with total knee replacements. And heart surgeons using vibroacoustic therapies during cardiac surgery found a significant decrease in patients' use of sedative and pain medication, time spent on a ventilator, and time spent in the cardiac unit at the hospital. (Boyd-Brewer and McCaffrey, 2004).

As its popularity grows, spas and treatment centers continue to pop up around the globe. Sound-healing therapies are also increasingly available at mainstream healthcare centers and hospitals, including Massachusetts General Hospital, University of California Medical Center, and Kaiser Hospital in Petaluma, California. Techniques range from simple

"sound massage" and "sound baths" to "sound surgery," where precise tones are placed on specific organs to impact healing.

For Barbara Spaulding, sound healing has been life-changing, allowing her to live free from the fog of narcotics. That's all the proof she needs to dedicate her own work to helping others through her sound-therapy services. ♦

Editor's note: Always talk to your primary healthcare provider before seeking any medical therapies or treatments.

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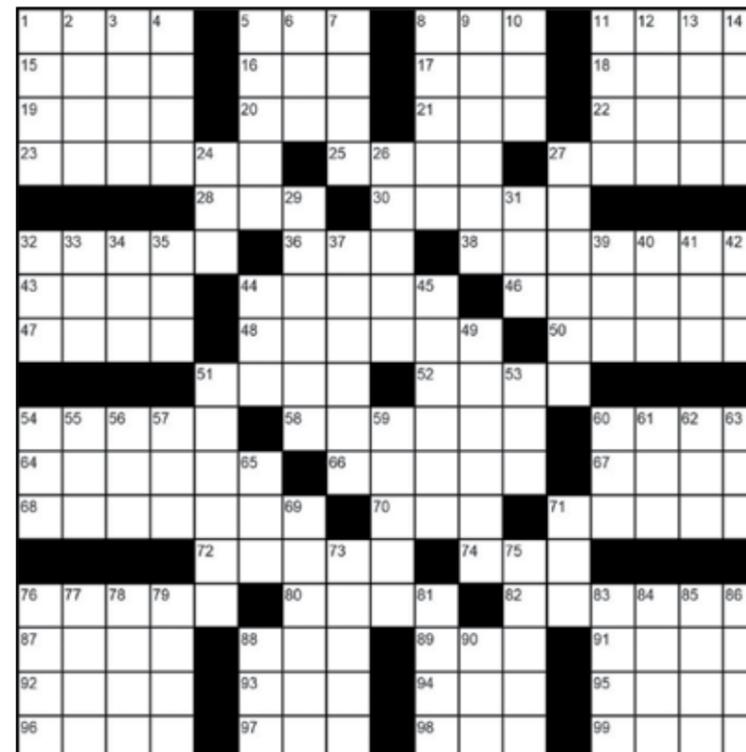


LivFun Brain Games:

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

Crossword Puzzle

Let's Get Physical



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Sudoku

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

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

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DIFFICULTY ★★★★★

ACROSS

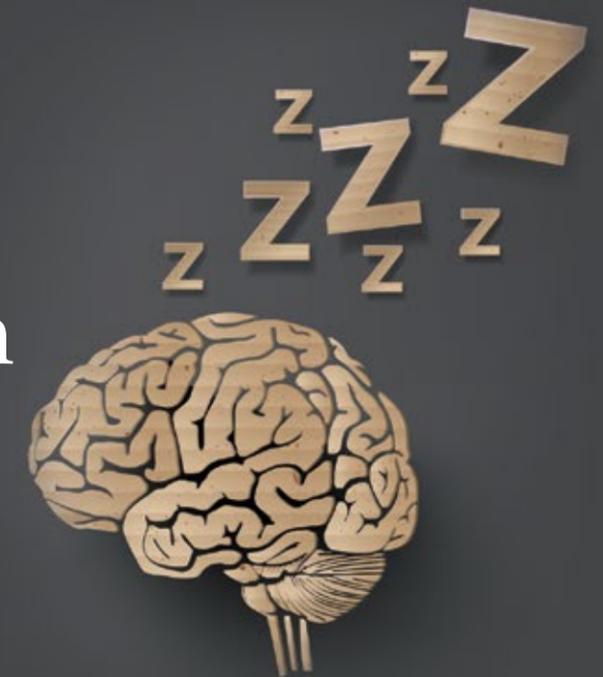
- 1 Lottery kin
- 5 Crone
- 8 First part of a Napoleon quote
- 11 Second part of quote
- 15 Tabloid subject
- 16 ___ Jima
- 17 NT Book (abbr.)
- 18 *Daily Bruin* publisher
- 19 Third part of quote
- 20 Kind of leg
- 21 Bullring shout
- 22 Carpet or hairdo option
- 23 Abduct
- 25 Actress Celeste
- 27 Skills (slang)
- 28 Fourth part of quote
- 30 First letter in Hebrew alphabet
- 32 Partner of center
- 36 Dine
- 38 Fifth part of quote
- 43 Dry sherry
- 44 Worries
- 46 Sweetie
- 47 Arabian Gulf
- 48 Some government employees
- 50 Exacting
- 51 Scottish kin
- 52 Workout woe
- 54 Green slogan
- 58 Bahamian capital
- 60 Highway sign
- 64 Inane
- 66 Get around
- 67 Widely used insulator mineral
- 68 Swaziland capital
- 70 Sixth part of quote
- 71 Seventh part of quote
- 72 Delayed
- 74 AC spec.
- 76 To some extent
- 80 Leak indication, maybe
- 82 NBA's Bad Boy Dennis
- 87 Defunct football league
- 88 Common thickness unit
- 89 Tint
- 91 Relieve
- 92 Aviation prefix
- 93 Whiz
- 94 Lodge
- 95 Ultimatum word
- 96 With 97 across, something to do in the '60s
- 97 See 96 across
- 98 Tacit approval
- 99 Last part of quote

DOWN

- 1 Enjoyment
- 2 Needle case
- 3 Brainy bookworm
- 4 Sign
- 5 Frequent zoo inhabitant, briefly
- 6 Reverence
- 7 Van ___
- 8 Norse mythology figure
- 9 Safety item
- 10 First lady
- 11 Shrub
- 12 Resound
- 13 Strike
- 14 Makes "it"
- 24 Back on a boat
- 26 Made from a cereal grain
- 27 After big or head
- 29 '60s California governor
- 31 High degree
- 32 Agricultural education org.
- 33 Freed from
- 34 The "lonliest number"
- 35 Calais refusal
- 37 Stadia
- 39 Cave dweller
- 40 Miner's goal
- 41 DOS command
- 42 Desire
- 44 Presidential nickname
- 45 Inactivity
- 49 Popular Egyptian amulet image
- 51 ___ Chapel, Rome
- 53 Rude dwelling
- 54 Certain NFL player
- 55 Recede
- 56 Cable channel
- 57 Po' boy
- 59 Hides
- 60 Moa cousin
- 61 Clock numeral
- 62 Before land or bucket
- 63 Make lace
- 65 CSI lab staple
- 69 Morals
- 71 Status ___
- 73 Greased
- 75 Fad
- 76 Campus courtyard
- 77 Consumer
- 78 Big do?
- 79 Swill
- 81 Place to kick?
- 83 Rule
- 84 Landlocked African nation
- 85 Org.
- 86 Must have
- 88 Bad (prefix)
- 90 Relative of "Crazy Eights"

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

The Surprising Link Between Sleep and Alzheimer's



Startling new evidence shows just how important a good night's sleep is to our brain health.

by LIV FUN editorial staff

How much sleep do you get on an average night? If you're a typical older adult, the answer is probably "not enough." Many of us are chronically sleep-deprived, and this lack of sleep affects more than our coffee budget.

Our restless nights could be having long-term impacts on our brain health.

According to sleep scientist Matthew Walker, sleep and Alzheimer's may be part of a vicious cycle that play off each other. As we age, we tend to get less sleep, especially the important NREM stage, a deep, non-rapid eye movement type of sleep. Scientists believe it is during this NREM sleep that the brain fixes new memories into the architecture of our brains. (Walker, 2017)

This seems to account for some of the common issues we all have with memory as we age. Yet there's something else that happens during NREM sleep. It's during this type of deep sleep that our brains do some

serious housecleaning, clearing out the toxins that normally accumulate during the day.

One of those toxins is a protein called beta-amyloid, which form clumps in the brain and impairs how our brain cells operate. Alzheimer's disease has been linked to a buildup of this protein, which eventually begins to kill off brain cells. And, in a vicious cycle, this build-up can also make it harder for us to sleep.

Essentially, Walker says, sleep is an important part of both the cause and prevention of Alzheimer's disease. If we don't get enough sleep, amyloid builds up in the brain, resulting in a decrease in quality NREM sleep, and the cycle goes on.

There's been some encouraging research though. While sleeping pills do not seem to be the answer, according to Walker, new brain wave studies are showing some promise

that we can begin to "train" our brains to more easily slip into the NREM sleep we so badly need.

Is it a cure? No, at least not yet. But it has been shown that getting more sleep (8-9 hours a night) improves overnight memory. This makes Walker and other scientists believe that it can be potentially helpful in preventing the disease.

If sleep is a challenge, talk to your doctor about healthy lifestyle changes that might help — like getting more exercise, yoga, meditating, or eating fewer rich foods. Let your brain do the work it needs to do while your body gets that well-earned rest. ♦

Read more:

Walker, Matthew. (2017, October 11). "Wake-up Call: How a Lack of Sleep Can Cause Alzheimer's." Retrieved November 1, 2017, from <https://www.newscientist.com>.

LIVING THE 'WHEALTHY' LIFE

Unlocking the intrinsic connections
between your wealth and your health.

by Mark DiGiovanni
Certified Financial Planner

“Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead.

We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones.” — Henry David Thoreau

One winter day about five years ago, I was out for a run, something I've been doing since 1969. It occurred to me while running that many of the behaviors that enable me to maintain my health also enable me to obtain and maintain wealth. As I ran on, I further realized that any behavior patterns that undermine my health will do the same to my wealth. It was a startling insight, and one that had been slowly building for many years.

Nearly 20 years earlier, the germ of this idea was started. I was ready to launch my financial planning firm and needed a name. Because I'd been a runner for decades and had run a few marathons, I decided to name my firm Marathon Financial Strategies. (And, as my daughter's name is Mara, this was also a subtle way to slip her name in.)

I realized it was a profoundly fitting name, because achieving financial success requires some of the same perspectives as completing a marathon:

Talent means nothing without persistence and discipline. Income is what you make; wealth is what you keep. Income is the product of talent, but wealth is the product of persistence and discipline.

Strategy is about putting yourself in a position to succeed. Success and failure are two sides of the same coin. The possibility of failure keeps too many people from ever taking risks. Those people exist in what Theodore Roosevelt called “the gray twilight that knows not victory or defeat.”

Success is easier when others support you. Success is almost never a solo effort, whether in running, finances or improving our health.

Faith, family, friends and fate all play a part. Those who care about you want you to succeed and want to contribute to your success. Those who don't aren't worth your time.

In the end, the tortoise always wins. Lasting wealth is built over time, not overnight. And completing a marathon requires pacing over speed. Consistency is the key to long-term success. Better runners than me finished behind me because they started fast but finished slow (or not at all). I see it on the track, and I see it in the financial world.

Adopting these perspectives and making them into habits is at the core of the idea that I call “becoming whealthy” — the upward spiral of taking care of both your health and your wealth following the same basic set of principles.

Understanding ‘Whealth’ — The Dance We Do With Health and Wealth

When Michael Jackson died, his story was a poignant example of how “whealth” — the combined forces of health and wealth — can be squandered.

“He had been recognized as the most successful entertainer of all times by Guinness World Records. His lifetime earnings are estimated at \$750 million, though at his death in 2009 his estimated debt totaled \$400 million. ... Michael Jackson had health and wealth that few people could imagine. Yet, when he died a premature death at age 50, he had neither.” (DiGiovanni, 2016)

This doesn't just apply to millionaires. Our one body must last a lifetime, yet many people take better

care of their cars than they do their bodies. The car gets routine maintenance, but the body doesn't get routine physicals. They wax their cars but don't use sunscreen on their own skin. They fix a minor malfunction on the car before it becomes a major one, but they'll ignore their body's minor malfunction until it triggers a breakdown. Everything we hope to accomplish during our lifetime depends a great deal on how well we take care of our bodies, the original one-to-a-customer deal.

In our retirement years, it's the combination of our health and our wealth that enables us to live on our own terms. When you treat your health like the asset it is, you can enjoy life more. You are also less likely to have to rely on others for your care. The same is true with your wealth. If you've cared for it carefully, you have more options and more freedom than if you squandered it or ignored its upkeep.

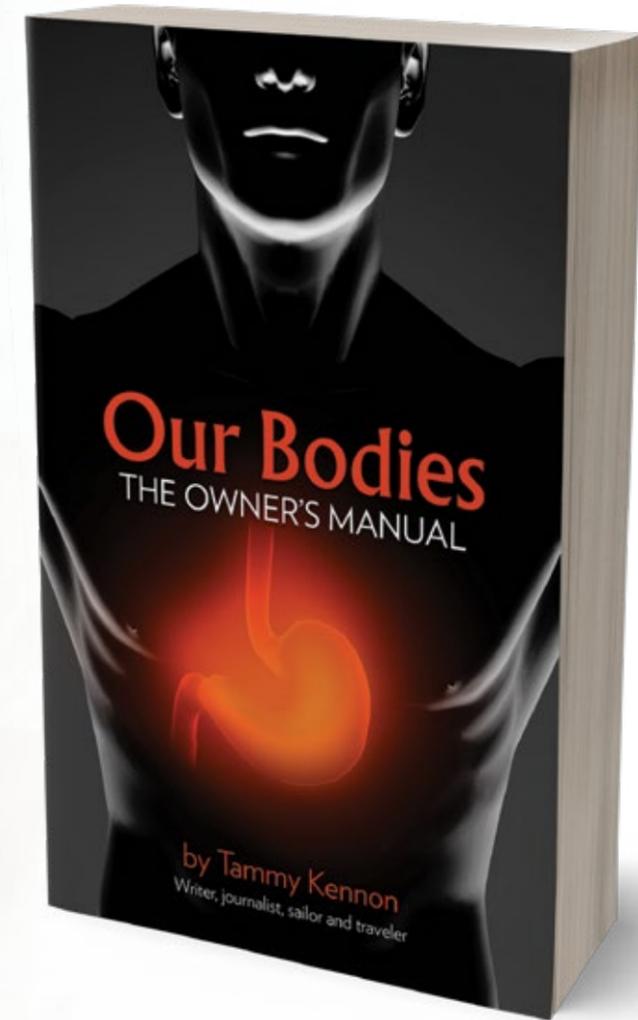
The ironic thing is, many people sacrifice their health to gain wealth in their working years and then must sacrifice some of their wealth to regain their health. Improved health and wealth is not an either/or proposition; they rise in sync. As I've learned through the years, behavioral changes that lead to improvement in one typically leads to improvement in the other. And that's a two-for-one deal everyone should take. ♦

Read more:

DiGiovanni, Mark. (2016). *Becoming Whealthy: Wealth and Health Rising in Sync*. Amazon Digital Services LLC; available on www.Amazon.com.



OUR BODIES



by Tammy Kennon

Writer, journalist, sailor and traveler

We all get just one body for this ride;
now researchers are helping us find simple yet profound
ways to flourish.

CONSIDER THIS YOUR “OWNER’S MANUAL” FOR LIVING YOUR BEST LIFE AT ANY AGE.



Our generation has entered a new frontier, where no generation before us has ever gone. We are living into our 70s, 80s and even 90s in relative comfort. In 1950, life expectancy worldwide was only 48 years, an age that is now too youthful to even qualify as midlife. A child born in the U.S. today can easily expect to live to almost 80. (World Bank Data, 2017)

This is all new territory for our human vessels. Advancements in science and healthcare are responsible for giving us these bonus years, and scientists have not abandoned us now that we're here. They continue to explore our brave, old world and are finding relatively simple, proactive ways we can keep our bodies well-tuned and flourishing.

GET SOCIAL

Social isolation has long been known to undermine our emotional health, but researchers have found that it takes a brutal physical toll as well. Lack of social interaction can be as damaging to our health as alcohol abuse, obesity and even smoking. Conversely, a strong social network increases the likelihood of survival by a remarkable 50 percent, regardless of age, sex or health status. (Holt-Lunstad, Smith and Layton, 2010).

It's undeniable: Isolation is bad, and social interaction makes us live longer, healthier and happier lives.

Technology has gifted us with new ways to build community and stay socially active — and the older population is increasingly adopting smartphones and other Internet-friendly devices. A recent Pew Research study revealed that four in 10 65+ seniors now have smart-

phones, and 67 percent of seniors use the Internet. But does online social interaction make us feel less isolated? Does it provide the same positive effects on our health as face-to-face contact?

Researchers in the U.K. decided to find out. They escorted 120 senior citizens into the digital age, giving them access to computers and Wi-Fi along with training on Facebook, Skype, email, and other online communication tools. Over the course of the two-year study, most of the newly active social media users reported feeling less isolated, and, more importantly, they performed better on tests of cognitive capacity. While the health of the control group without online access steadily declined, those interacting online exhibited improvement in both mental and physical health. (Morris, 2014)



GO FAST

Contrary to what Mom told you, skipping breakfast might be good for your health. Our traditional American diet of three meals a day, plus snacks, tends to overstuff our bodies with far more calories than we need. Unfortunately, that has translated into grim obesity statistics. More than a third of our population is obese, and the stats are even higher among the elderly. Obesity-related illnesses, such as Type 2 diabetes, heart disease and stroke, are among the leading causes of preventable death. We are eating ourselves to death.

At the same time, we are bombarded with a dizzying array of information about dieting and healthy eating, confusing and conflicting data about what we should and should not eat. Is what's "good" for us this week the same thing that was "bad"

last year? It's hard to keep up.

Science has provided at least one relatively simple step with scientifically proven benefits — fasting.

Apparently, it's all about the "mitochondria," which are energy-producing structures in our cells. These structures dynamically change in response to our body's need for energy. As with many of the body's processes, their agility declines as we age, but periods of fasting can return mitochondrial networks to a healthier, more youthful state. And the fasting period doesn't have to be extensive. Sixteen hours a day (the equivalent of skipping breakfast) or 24 hours once a week can bolster these energy-producing networks, promoting better health, infusing us with energy and maybe even increasing our lifespan. (Feldscher, 2017)



BE LIBERAL WITH THE ARTS

Help — and health — can come from unlikely activities. For instance, one study found that spending 15 minutes a day writing expressively about stressful or traumatic events can significantly reduce the occurrence of illness, lower blood pressure and improve liver function. That's a lot of benefit in the amount of time it takes to drink your morning coffee. (Baikie & Wilhelm, 2005)

Other creative pursuits have similar health-boosting effects. One study sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts found that seniors involved in culturally enriching programs were less likely to experience depression, had fewer falls, and visited their doctors less often.

These programs have also documented lowered blood pressure, reduced levels of stress hormones, and increased levels of the same hormones that boost moods in long-distance runners — all for simply engaging in things enjoyable in their own right, whether it's writing, painting, acting or listening to music.



SAY AWE

Experiencing awe and wonder is often associated with children, but it's one childlike action we must never be afraid to embrace. Even the smallest experience of wonder, like gazing up into the trees, has been shown to lower the level of cytokines in our system.

Cytokines are the proteins in our bodies that run around screaming "the sky is falling" when they detect trauma, infection and disease. And the body responds with inflammation. Sustaining high levels of these screaming proteins over time raises the risk of depression, heart disease, arthritis, and so many other diseases common in the elderly.

Travel can provide a quick shortcut to experiencing awe, with new surroundings and foreign landscapes, but you don't have to travel far. Taking a fresh look at otherwise common sites can have the same calming influence. Enjoying the wonder of a full moon rising on the horizon or the beauty of a freshly opened daffodil can reawaken an innate sense of awe.



GO FOR THE DOUBLE DOSE

If experiencing awe is good for your health and travel is a shortcut to it, then there's even more good news. The Global Coalition on Aging did a meta-analysis of existing data linking travel with healthy aging, and the findings should get us all out on the road again. It does seem to be working for Willie Nelson.

For instance, these studies found that going on holiday regularly has resounding health benefits. Women who vacation twice a year have a significantly lower risk of having a heart attack. Similarly, men who take an annual vacation have a 20-percent lower risk of death in general and a 30-percent lower risk of death from heart disease. (Global Coalition on Aging, 2013)

Even the physical exertion of traveling can improve health. Older adults who are physically active are less likely to have heart disease, high blood pressure, strokes, diabetes and cancer. A more active lifestyle also brings better cognitive functioning and fewer falls.



Our bodies did not come with an instruction manual, but scientists are slowly trying to assemble one, especially for this new frontier. While aging is an unavoidable, one-way street, these studies have one encouraging takeaway: We can proactively nurture physical health as we age. We can be the first generation of superagers — to the 80s and beyond! ♦

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Advice for the Journey: Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



by Arica VanGelderren, LLMSW

Clinical social worker and therapist

Question: I retired from the fire department five years ago after 30 years of service. So I'm no stranger to physical labor. My daughter and her husband recently bought a home and asked if I could help them move. I was more than happy to help. While I was carrying a chair into the house, I felt an excruciating pain in my lower back, collapsed onto the ground, and couldn't get up for at least 10 minutes. My daughter wanted to call an ambulance, but I kept saying I could handle it. Eventually, the pain eased enough for me to get up and walk. I felt horrible

and embarrassed about causing such a scene, especially because I was there to help them.

My doctor says I have a minor spinal column injury from so many years of physical strain. She told me to avoid any intense physical activity from now on, or I could end up needing major surgery. I have never been weak or fragile, and I hate feeling like I can't do the things I used to.

Am I just supposed to sit in a rocker the rest of my life? How can I deal with not being that strong person I've always been?

Answer: As a former firefighter, you've no doubt prided yourself on keeping physically fit and felt a sense of accomplishment using your strength in strenuous and even dangerous situations. And I imagine you've spent the majority of your adult life using your physicality and your strength to help others, not just in your work, but in all areas of your life. This must have been a major source of confidence and self-worth for you. So it is absolutely understandable that you'd feel disheartened, confused and at a loss. After all, an important and meaningful part of your self-concept has changed.

As humans, it's natural for us to go through a type of grieving for the parts of our lives that are gone. It sounds to me like this is what you are experiencing. When these feelings come up, focus on being patient with yourself while you learn what you can and can't do. Treat yourself with kindness and compassion; this can really help when you are trying to overcome the loss of what was. It will take time to re-build your sense of self. And it is important to remember there are myriad facets to your identity, not just your physical strength.

Meanwhile, while you go through this process, find a safe way to remain

physically active. Talk to your doctor or a personal trainer about a new routine that can help you keep active without causing any damage; too often we just give up when faced with an injury. Don't let this happen.

Each of us is a highly complex individual with a wide variety of qualities and parts that combine to make the whole. Try to view this situation as a transition into a new phase of your life, where you'll likely define yourself differently and develop new skills, new strengths and capabilities. And leave that rocker on the porch for now. You've still got a lot left to give. ♦

LEARNING TO R-E-S-P-E-C-T THE INNER KNOWING

Your Life Well Lived: Wellness Advice for Mind, Body and Spirit

When I'm feeling worn down and alone, I work hard to find a pathway toward feeling better. I tell myself that all I need is one spark of insight to shift my sensibilities. Sometimes it's a passage in a book that lifts me up; an inspiring podcast or dharma talk can work wonders. A cup of coffee with a friend can do the trick too. But there is nothing as instantly shape-shifting as shaking it up to Aretha while she belts out a little R-E-S-P-E-C-T. I can turn up the music, get my body moving — nothing like dancing while nobody's watching — and I'm a new woman. I just have to remember to use my body to help get my mind unstuck — and that turns out to be harder than you might think.

Let's face it — we usually live more in our heads than in our bodies. We are habituated to try to think things out, use our brains to solve our problems. But the truth is our bodies are highways of knowledge we can tap. Our brains have 100 billion neurons, but they don't hold a monopoly on these information-sending cells. Our hearts have approximately 40,000, while our stomachs (often referred to as the second brain) have 100 million of those mighty magical cells. Those butterflies in the stomach and those sinking feelings we get actually have a neurological basis. So often we feel or sense things in our gut and hearts before we really understand it in our brains. Contrary to what we've been told, it's not all in our heads!

The truth is, our bodies are often trying to tell us things that would be helpful for us to hear but are blocked from our conscious mind. And we can learn to use our bodies to help us find the answers we need. There are those moments when we have a "sense" of something that isn't easily explained. Other times when we are stymied or overwhelmed or we hear ourselves repeating the same unhelpful rationales and excuses for our behavior, we can pull some wisdom from below the neck.

Besides tuning into Aretha, here's another approach I find especially

useful, and I often use it for myself and with my coaching clients. It was developed by David Drake, Ph.D., one of my teachers, and involves listening to the natural "gateways" in our body to unlock our inner knowing.

Using Gateways to Find Ourselves

Tapping into our innate knowledge starts by getting quiet and still. Pick an issue or a challenge that you face. Keep it simple and focused, like "I don't know what to do about my daughter" or "I am lonely."

Now, place your hands on your head. With your eyes closed, imagine your hands as ears or receivers. Ask, "What does my head know?"

What comes up? What do you notice while simply listening with your hands? Try not to censor or judge; rather, look and listen with curiosity as intently as possible. You'll probably experience ideas, suggestions, maybe even pros and cons, the thinking part of the process. When you're ready, move on to the next gateway.

Next, place your hands on your heart and gently close your eyes. Relax and imagine your heart speaking to you. What does your heart know? You'll likely get information about emotions, relationships and yearnings. See what you can learn through your hands as they listen to your heart. When you're ready, go to the next gateway.

Place your hands on your belly, below your navel. With your eyes closed, breathe a few deep, long belly breaths, sensing your hands moving as your belly expands and retreats. Relax your posture and shoulders gently. After a few deep breaths, relax and breathe normally. With your hands, listen to your belly. What does your gut have to tell you? Often we receive more spiritual messages in this place. Instincts? Deep sensations? A sense of "knowing" something(s)? Acknowledge whatever comes up. When you're ready, go to the next gateway.

Place your hands on your hips and listen in. What do your hips want? How do they feel in your hands? Wobbly, agitated, frozen, wanting to move, run, shake? The hips want to tell you something that is often about action or movement, something your body wants you to do. Listen with curiosity.

RESPECT: *Continued on page 43*

Got something on your mind? Try this effective strategy to get your whole body involved in resolving it.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

Live Big. Live Bold.

Your Life, Your Rules

Return to Pearl Harbor

A WWII Veteran Revisits Hawaii 75 Years Later



by Paul Golde

Son of Treeo South Ogden resident
and WWII veteran Harold William Golde

All photos © Leisure Care



All photos © Leisure Care

Hal Golde, WWII veteran and resident of Treeo South Ogden, on his bucket list trip back to Pearl Harbor.

Hal is almost 95 years old and nearly blind from macular degeneration, but that doesn't stop him from living independently at Treeo.

On December 7, 1941, my father was a handsome, lanky 18-year-old enjoying the new film *Babes on Broadway*, starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. He was a typical New York City kid who loved to sing, so an afternoon off from working at the family bakery to enjoy a musical with friends was nothing short of heavenly ... until someone ran down into the front of the theater to shout out the hellish news of the Pearl Harbor attack.

Like many youngsters of that time, Harold William Golde ("Hal" to his friends) knew what was happening in Europe and how England was starting to buckle under the incessant attacks by Nazi Germany. He knew about the hundreds of German warplanes bombing London for 57 straight nights in attacks that

continued until May 1941. But the United States had remained neutral up to this point, not wanting to get involved in another war, with the trauma from WWI still painful.

One day later, when the United States declared war on Japan, Hal went to the recruiting office to sign up as a pilot in the Army Air Corps. After initial testing showed he was color blind, he was instead assigned to the 40th Infantry Division, Mechanized Cavalry, where he shipped off to basic training and then on to Hawaii and Schofield Barracks, near Pearl Harbor, where he would endure jungle training before joining his outfit in the Pacific Theatre.

Hal would eventually be assigned to General MacArthur's forces as a radio man and later as the chaplain's assistant, a role in which he found true purpose during the liberation

of the Philippines in October 1944. Hal's father Fred was a huge supporter of "Mack" and so very proud that his eldest son was serving with the famous five-star general. Sadly, Fred would pass away while Hal was still serving in the South Pacific and would not get to see his son in the background of the famous "I Have Returned" photo.

Still in the Army but finally heading home, Hal returned to New York and married his high school sweetheart, Mary Patricia Zarth, who he had promised to wed if he survived the war. Two daughters and a set of twin sons later, Hal moved his family to California and continued his life as husband and father. Years later, Hal and Mary retired to the mountains near Lake Tahoe and later, settled in Ogden, Utah, near my brother Ricky.



Clint Fowler, Director of Resident Services at Leisure Care (left) and Dan Madsen, chairman and CEO of Leisure Care (right), pose with Hal Goode (center) and his son Paul (top center) during their Hawaiian excursion.

Hal enjoys an ice cream soda and takes in the sights.

Mary passed away in 2013, and shortly after, Hal learned about the new Treco retirement community being built in South Ogden. He was one of the first residents to move in. It was at Treco that Hal found out about the Executive Salute to Veterans Cruise organized by Travel by Leisure Care and taking place on November 4–11, 2017.

Hal had been invited by Honor Flight Network a few years earlier to see the WWII Memorial in Washington, D.C., and his eldest (by 20 minutes) son Ricky won the coin toss to be his companion during that trip, where Hal was presented with a special cap prominently emblazoned with “World War II Veteran.” He often wears it proudly, and the cap figured prominently in his return to

Hawaii after 75 years. No coin toss needed this time; I was the one to accompany our dad on his own “I shall return” to Hawaii, a long-standing bucket-list item.

Hal is almost 95 years old and nearly blind from macular degeneration, but that doesn’t stop him from living independently at Treco. He can still stand and walk just fine, albeit with a cane for assurance and for short distances (after all, he did smoke cigarettes for 60 years, starting with the Chesterfields he found in his K rations).

During the trip to Hawaii, every night we would “set sail” and in the morning wake up with a new island to explore. Maui, Kauai, Oahu, and the Big Island of Hawaii were ours to see with shore excursions to

beaches, volcanoes, waterfalls, and, one of my favorites, a traditional luau and Polynesian history show.

Traveling with my father is always interesting in that the reactions from people range from absolute indifference to weeping pleas to hug him. Pushing Dad in the wheelchair gave me an interesting perspective; because I’m behind him looking up, I can see people’s reactions to this very old man in a wheelchair.

When Baby Boomers saw Dad with one of his hats on, they would almost reverently approach and quietly say, “Thank you for your service,” then take their leave. Teens and Millennials rarely acknowledged Dad, their faces mostly buried in their phones. But one group of school children treated Dad like a

real celebrity at the WWII Memorial. They obviously had a really great teacher who prepared them to properly visit this important place with reverence and respect. They crowded around Dad to pose for photos, and, yes, they thanked him for his service.

Dad and I enjoyed our time on the *Pride of America*, and we were honored by the ship’s officers with an invitation to join them for dinner. Another highlight of the cruise was an invitation by John and Cynthia Zerb, two of our Travel by Leisure Care group, to a final night cocktail party at their beautiful suite, with amazing sunset views along the Na Pali coast.

The weather cooperated beautifully on the cruise, right up until

we left the ship on Veterans Day to visit Pearl Harbor, the part of our adventure that Dad was most looking forward to. We left the rental wheelchair behind, expecting wheelchairs to be available at Pearl Harbor, as the ship’s excursion desk had repeatedly assured us. But when we arrived, we learned they were only available for emergencies. The walk to the bus stop to take us to the USS Missouri was about a quarter mile, and there was another similar distance to board the shuttles to get to the USS Arizona. The combination was too much for Dad.

A light tropical rain fell as we made our way back to the empty tour bus. We channeled our anger and frustration during the two-hour wait for the return of our party by

writing to Norwegian Line. The good news is someone took notice, and as this story was being prepared, I learned from Mr. Jason Blount, chief of interpretation and education, WWII Valor at Pearl Harbor, that it is changing its policy and will now have wheelchairs available for use at the Pearl Harbor Visitor Center! It’s heartening to know that we played a part in making these visits more accessible for many more veterans in the future.

It is my hope that the Executive Salute to Veterans Cruise continues and that more veterans can attend. I hope to return with Dad — wheelchair at the ready — so he can finally check the USS Arizona off his bucket list.

Aloha and bon voyage! ♦

An Ego Runs Through It

How
is it possible
to injure myself
this badly
simply raking
leaves?

by Jeff Wozer
Humorist and stand-up comedian

My decision to take up fly fishing was not one of heedless impulse. I'd call it a weighed choice made last fall during a two-week recovery period for a torn hip flexor muscle suffered while raking leaves.

Until that occurred, I did not think it possible for the words "injury" and "raking leaves" to be used in the same sentence.

The ego, the mind's version of a flat-earther, refused to accept raking leaves as the source of injury. It dismissed the muscle tear as a freak mishap, probably caused by a slip on the wet lawn, near the forest's edge, while using the rake as a shield of sorts to ward off an approaching raccoon rumored to be rabid.

But I knew differently. I knew the injury was not due to what I did but to what I've become — old.

The older we get the more injury-prone we become. It, like or not, is one of life's untouchable realities. Recognition of this — despite the ego's alternative-fact denials — makes us second-guess the merits of an active lifestyle ... which may explain why we don't see any co-ed octogenarian basketball leagues.

It's a difficult reality-nut to digest. Especially when compared

to our days of care-free youth when we championed injuries. Back then a broken leg wasn't a hindrance but rather a badge of honor. It served as proof of our daring from jumping out of a thick oak tree or skiing off a steep rock face. Proudly, we'd then, without knowing why, honor that weird innate youth-call to have friends and family sign our casts, as if the notarization of snapped bones expedited the healing process.

But as adults, injuries are an ego-sag, absent of all look-at-me glory (unless, of course, you're Jimmy Stewart staring out your rear window with Grace Kelly at your side). Each one is a sobering reminder of our growing fragility, resulting, as I proved, from banal mishaps. With the only subsequent sought-after signature being that of your doctor for prescription drugs.

All of which got me thinking during my recovery period that after I healed, I needed a safer recreational pursuit to take me into the slowdown years. Something free of second-guessing fear. Something free of age limitations. Something free of the unremitting frustrations of golf. And fly fishing seemed like the perfect ticket.

An Ego Runs *Continued on page 42*

From Organ Recitals to Opera

Skip the daily litany of woes and indulge in something you really enjoy.

by Elana Zaiman

Rabbi, chaplain and writer in Seattle

Have you noticed that as we age, we talk more about our bodies? In our 40s it's our eyesight and the need to move from single lenses to bifocals, trifocals or progressives and how we have to remove our glasses to read the small print on medications. As the years continue, so do our number of talking points. It's cataracts, macular degeneration, polyps, heart disease, gum disease, gout, prostate problems, osteoporosis, hip replacements, incontinence, urinary infections, hearing loss, sagging skin.

OK, enough! You get my point. Our bodies don't come with a lifetime warranty. If we're lucky enough to live into our elder years, our bodies will eventually begin to break down, even when we have tenderly cared for them.

Years ago, my mother's mother, who

lived into her mid-90s, would send my parents jokes about aging bodies and minds. My folks would read them and think, *Oh boy. Here's another aging joke from Mom.* Funny how families pass on these little traditions. Now, it's my father who sends these aging jokes to us.

We spend time talking, joking, even complaining about our bodies' inabilities — just sharing our daily reality, a practice in the urban dictionary known as “organ recitals.” When we find ourselves spending more time with our doctors than with our family and friends, we talk about it. We tell jokes about it. We complain.

All of this helps us cope with these aging bodies of ours that are not the bodies we once lived in. Better to talk about all this than to just carry it in-

side, have it eat away at us, and pull us down. Yet if all we do is focus on what our aging bodies can't do, **we miss out on the joy of what our aging bodies can still do.**

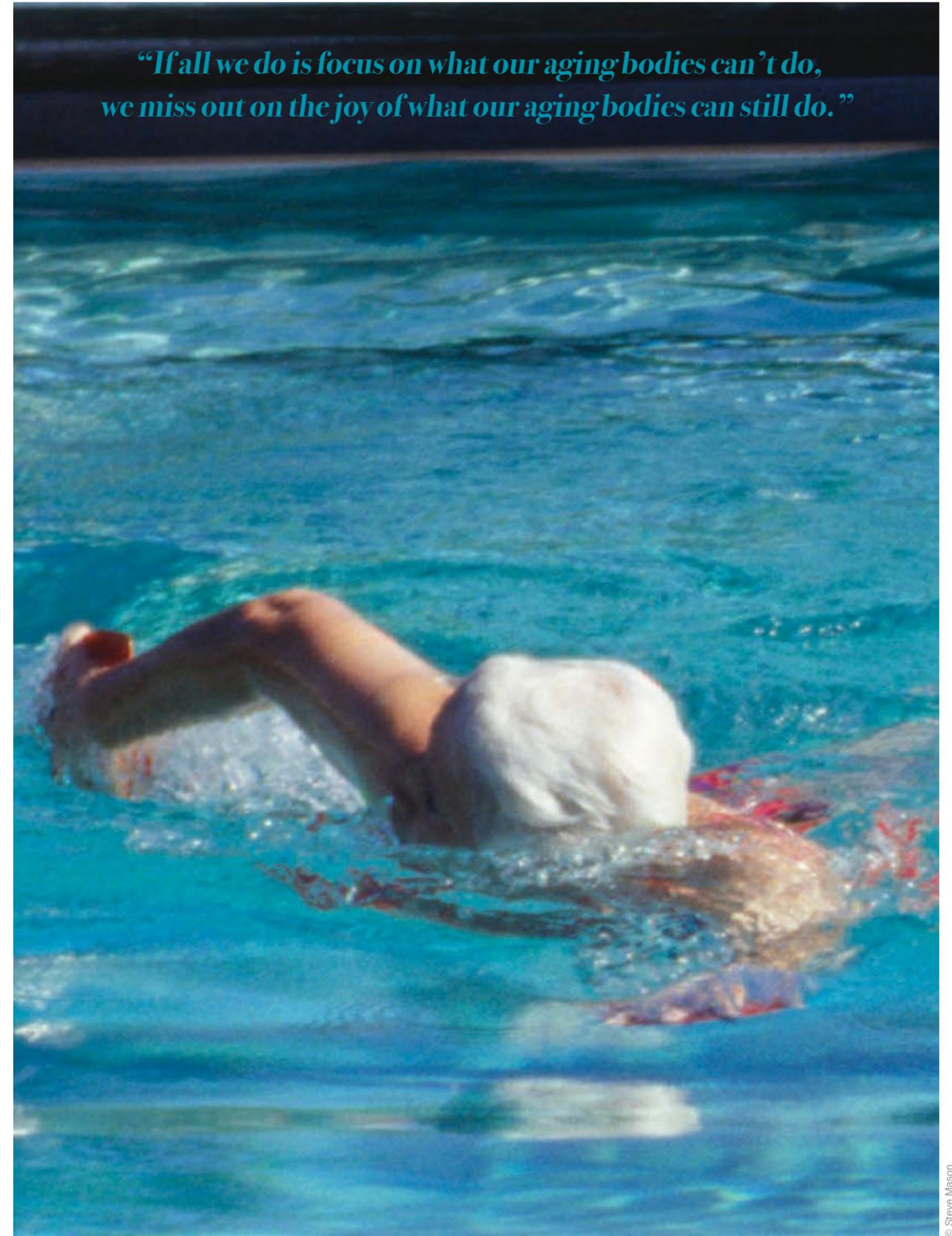
Here's what I mean:

I've been swimming for years. I paused between two hip arthroscopies and then returned to the pool. I cannot swim as fast as I swam before, and I can no longer do flip turns without lower back pain. **I still swim** because swimming helps my body and my mind and my soul, and I feel better when I swim, even when the younger folks swim four laps to my two.

I know a man in his 50s who was running, cross-fit training and spinning for years. Suddenly, one day his right foot was in so much pain he could barely walk. He saw a sports medicine

Opera: Continued on page 43

“If all we do is focus on what our aging bodies can't do,
we miss out on the joy of what our aging bodies can still do.”



“The French spinner never reached the water. It instead imbedded in my skull like a grappling hook in wood.”

I had fished extensively as a child. Worms and lures only. Perch, bass, bluegills and sunfish the main catches. Interest waned, however, following, oddly enough, a fishing injury that even today the ego refuses to accept.

I was 13 at the time, fishing along the forested banks of a Canadian bass pond in Northern Ontario. With dusk approaching I decided to take one last cast using an orange French spinner. For distance purposes, I attempted a swooping two-handed overhead cast, thinking the farther the lure traveled the better the chances of catching a large-mouth bass. The French spinner never reached the water. It instead imbedded in my skull like a grappling hook in wood.

While others in the hospital’s emergency room waited to be admitted for broken or twisted limbs, I sat with a bright orange fishing lure

dangling from my head while ignoring the suggestions of my brother that we should instead visit a taxidermist.

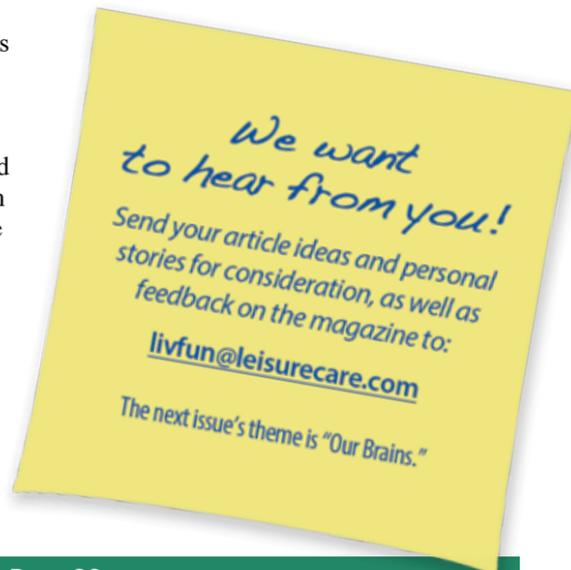
But that was then, and this was now. The point being I had a basis from which to begin.

For guidance I solicited the help of a childhood friend, Tim Hoar, who those in the know referred to as the Tiger Woods of fly fishing (not because he cheated on his wife, but for his fly-fishing prowess).

He gave a cursory lesson on casting fundamentals and knot tying before we dropped our lines in a small mountain stream near my former home in Colorado.

For the next six hours Tim fished while I, more or less, dampened hooks disguised as insects. And while I failed to reel in a single cutthroat trout, I was hooked (figuratively, not literally like my teenage mishap).

The real appeal? Even if you’re not catching anything, you’re still flourishing from the high-white realization you’re in a forest or meadow, enjoying the outdoors while standing in a cold, gin-clear trout stream in rubber pants. Even the ego can’t deny that this is pretty damn cool. ♦



“The human body is the best picture of the human soul.”

— Ludwig Wittgenstein

When you finish the four gateways — head, heart, gut and hips — go back and do the process again to see if there is anything else to learn from each place. It can be helpful to finish with your hands on your head. You may find that the original problem has shifted and new ideas have emerged. Along with having a broader and more insightful vision, you’ll be more grounded and confident in what to do

next because the rest of the body is now aligned.

While this may seem unnatural at first, you’ll be surprised by how powerful this simple process can be. Even an express trip through your gateways can be helpful in a pinch when things get overwhelming and you need some immediate calming.

Learn to use your gateways to let your entire body help resolve what’s been so heavy on your mind.

As you move through the four steps, ask yourself: What does this part of me, this way of knowing, have to say about my issue or question? ♦

To learn more about the Four Gateways, read *Narrative Coaching: Bringing Our New Stories to Life*, by David Drake, Ph.D., published by CNC Press and available on Amazon.

THE FOUR GATEWAYS

Next time you’re faced with a challenge or a problem, move through the four gateways of knowledge in your body and see what answers come up.

Learn From Your Body:	Action	Level of Knowledge
What do you think about this problem?	Put hands on head	Mental
How do you really feel about it?	Put hands on heart	Emotional
What does your being tell you?	Put hands on belly	Spiritual
What does your body want you to do about it?	Put hands on hips	Physical

doctor who said it was probably gout. The doctor advised him to take some time off. Let the swelling go down. Drink more water. This man is now back to running, cross-fit training and spinning, and while he may be moving a little less quickly, **he is still moving**, and his body and his soul are better off.

In her late **70s**, my mom — who practices mindful movement through the Feldenkrais method, walks on a daily basis, and cycles on a stationary bike — fell and broke her hip. She used a walker for a while and went through physical therapy. I happened to be visiting when she was getting into the pool for the first time. Dad and I were already in the pool, and as Mom began to enter, Dad saw me move toward Mom to help. He told me

not to move, not to help — this is something Mom needs to do on her own. She needs to prove to herself that **she can still do it**.

I know an active woman in her 90s with an old esophagus. She has trouble keeping down her food. Her doctor suggested a feeding tube. She refused. Her doctor recommended mashed food. She agreed. That is, until she got to her dining table in her retirement community and decided she wanted to eat what everyone else was eating and socialize with those at her table — even if it meant not holding down her food. Her personal choice to eat has enabled her to take charge of her life and how she wants to **continue to still live it**. And her positive attitude has enabled her to hold down more food than others thought possible.

There are things we can do to **appreciate what we can still see or hear or taste or feel** even as our bodies fail. We can choose the clothes we wear, dress up, or dress down. We can walk even if we cannot run. We can use our favorite soaps and luxuriate in our favorite creams, even if our skin is a little more wrinkled. We can hold a hand or enjoy the smell of the flowers, even if our senses are not quite as sharp as they once were. Yes, each of us has our limitations, and the key is to recognize our strengths within our limitations.

My New Year recommendation: Leave your ailing body parts at the organ recital; call an Uber or a Lyft, and go enjoy the opera instead. ♦

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 20

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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

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to mentor when guidance is sought and
to create opportunities for better lives. }



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