

AUTUMN 2018: Our Hearts

livfun

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love their kids more?

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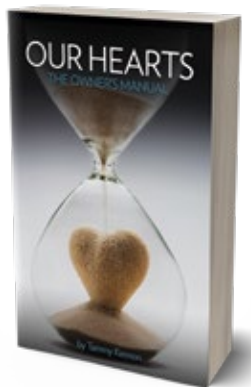
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Let's fall in love with life again.

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THOUGHTS FROM THE HOME OFFICE

The Heart of the Matter...



I hope you had a great summer and took advantage of some of the great opportunities the summer season offered! In the last issue of LIV FUN, we explored the different aspects of the brain – how it works, how to give it a kick-start, and how to keep it functioning at the highest level possible. It's truly never too late to start putting these tools to use to sharpen our brains — and it's never too soon either! I hope you got some good tips on what foods are best for brain health, how getting the right amount of exercise improves and maintains brain function, and ways to actually exercise your brain. There's a new program we've introduced at our communities called BrainHQ that can help; ask your General Manager about it.

In this Autumn issue, we look at our emotions, and the profound influence they have on all aspects of our lives. They have so much to do with who we are as people; with our ability to thrive, survive and make decisions; and how we generally think and behave. They're a complex and beautiful part of who we are, and when we understand what's happening with our emotions — and the emotions of those around us — we gain a truer understanding of nearly every situation. Our hearts help us connect with one another and promote caring and healing when needed.

When I started working in the senior living industry, I didn't know what I was getting into, having come from restaurants and hospitality. As I settled in and started to get to know the staff and residents, I quickly realized that what I had found was something amazing. With the countless interactions I had on a given day, I experienced a wide array of emotions — happiness, sadness, anger, surprise, fear, love, and just about every combination of these. Sometimes these emotions were my own, and sometimes they were the emotions of the person or people I was working with — a new resident experiences most of these emotions at some point in the first two weeks living in a community, often quite strongly.

What I learned is that we are emotional beings at our core, and this is what helps us connect and relate to each other, to understand and love each other. There are few other workplaces that afford so many rich emotional experiences and so many heart-filling rewards as this industry does. We have an opportunity to grow our emotional IQ and continue to build a sense of community where we support, heal, love, and care about each other. It's a magical thing, and I hope you feel it like I do.

I also hope you enjoy this issue of LIV FUN and find something that resonates with you — maybe even sparks an emotion or two!

Have a great fall, and thank you for your trust and friendship.

Greg Clark
Executive Vice President
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THE ICONIC COMPETITION HAS, UNTIL NOW,
FAILED TO KEEP UP WITH CHANGING ATTITUDES
ABOUT WOMEN.

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

*“We are witnessing a real movement
toward a woman’s right to be recognized
as a whole person.”*

Glory be and hallelujah! A woman’s body is no longer criteria for winning the title of Miss America! The pageant, which began in 1920 as an “inner-city beauty contest” to select “The Most Beautiful Girl in American” is no longer even a “pageant.” Organizers say it is now a “competition” to select the young woman who will be named 2019’s Miss America.

Sorry, guys. No more bum ‘n bust-baring girls strutting their stuff in high heels and bikinis. That wasn’t the highlight anyway, according to the chairwoman of Miss America’s board of directors, Gretchen Carlson. She says the most highly viewed section of the television show, watched by millions of viewers, is the talent competition.

And while the pageant has always held a little “question and answer” segment, purportedly to judge the contestant’s ability to say something ... *anything* ... of value before the public, no part of the pageant ever really homed in on the contestants’ brain power or values. Just a quick silly question, a batting of the false eyelashes while attempting to appear soulful, witty and intelligent, and the brain is considered mined for what’s in there.

Many, if not most, of the young women who have participated in the Miss America Pageant over the decades were, and are, extremely intelligent and worthy of the scholarship handed out to the winner; problem was, the structure and design of the pageant never really let that shine. While Miss America adhered to its origins, it has (until now) failed to keep up with changing attitudes about women, misogyny and sexism. This time around, more women will surely participate in the competition without fear of having to expose the majority of their physical anatomy to millions of viewers, their bodies

bared in bikinis and poured into racy evening gowns many prospective candidates might find uncomfortable, if not outright insulting.

The evening gown segment will also undergo a “complete revamping,” according to Carlson, although specific changes haven’t yet been determined. Carlson adds that, “We have always had talent and scholarship” in the pageant, “and we need to message that part of the program better as well.”

In an interview on ABC, Carlson adds the changes are intended to transform “the very nature” of the program to one that is “open, transparent and inclusive to women who may not have felt comfortable participating in our program before.”

Perhaps an IQ segment might make an interesting substitute for the bikini bod segment. But IQ numbers don’t register much about a person’s values, lifestyle, civic contributions, or attitudes toward living a wholesome, successful life while improving the state of the world. Maybe a “Values and Lifestyle” segment would reveal more to the judges than early cellulite and physical bodies that too often resemble intentionally starved baby lambs for the sake of a good veal cutlet.

Surely, someone (maybe former pageant owner Trump?) will compensate by creating a new “bathing beauty” pageant, but who cares? The nation, led by the active feminist Carlson and Miss America’s board of directors, is witnessing one of the most powerful, amazing and *real* actions toward women’s integrity and a woman’s right to be recognized as a whole person, not simply a “hot babe.” Leave that to some money-grubbing misogynist (male or female) to create a new body-baring event; meantime, the entire world is witnessing one great step forward for women.

If they’d only do the same for baby lambs. ♦

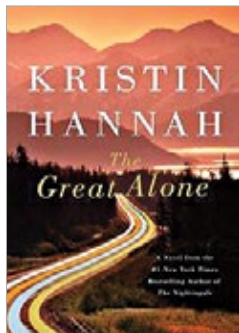
Entertain Your Brain: Books

by Misha Stone

Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

*“Good books, like good friends, are few and chosen;
the more select, the more enjoyable.”*

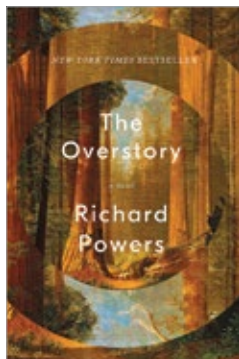
— Louisa May Alcott



The Great Alone

by Kristin Hannah (Holtzbrinck Publishers, \$28.99)

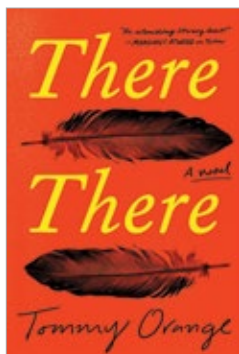
Leni Allbright is 13 when her parents take her to a remote town in Alaska to live in the rustic cabin left to her father by a fellow soldier in Vietnam. As Large Marge, the woman who owns the town's store, tells them when they arrive: “Up here you can make one mistake. The second one will kill you.” Ernt Allbright, a former POW, is broken, volatile, and suffers from night terrors; his wife, Cora, has learned to acquiesce to Ernt's moods and demands to keep the peace. In close quarters in their adopted cabin, her father's volatility rips through Leni's life and colors her days and her prospects for the future. Hannah, a Washington author and bestselling author of the WWII novel *The Nightingale*, conveys the stunning and dangerous beauty of Alaska's harsh winters and brief summers. Leni must find her own strength amidst the violence and isolation, calling on the resilience and tenacity of the human heart.



The Overstory

by Richard Powers (W. W. Norton & Company, \$27.95)

What if the trees connected us to a single, beating heart? What if we could hear the trees speaking to us? This symphonic novel introduces a rich host of characters whose stories and lives become intertwined by a love of trees and a growing understanding of the nature of their intelligence and power. This novel asks the age-old questions: Why don't we see the forest for the trees or see that the trees are the view? Spanning decades and locales from New England to the Pacific Northwest, this epic ecological fable for our times offers characters who converge to fight for the virgin forests that are being plundered by law and commerce. While there is a preternatural magic to the storytelling, it is rooted in science, reality and character. Through the dawning awareness of each character's place in the Earth's ecosystem, Powers asks us all to reach inside and connect more deeply with our planet's soul.



There There

by Tommy Orange (Knopf, \$25.95)

Orange's powerful debut delves into the lives of Native Americans in present-day Oakland, California, as Dene Oxendene takes up a project his alcoholic uncle started — documenting the lives of the urban indigenous. Jacquie Red Feather helps those struggling with alcoholism, even though she is barely in recovery herself and abandoned her children to her sister. Edwin Black still lives at home and struggles to restart his life. Orvil Red Feather secretly dons tribal regalia but is forbidden to do so openly by his caretaker aunt. There is a poetic beauty to the introduction of each character — their memories, thoughts, fears and dreams accumulate to kaleidoscopic effect. Each voice and story adds dimensionality to the challenges that Native Americans face living in a society that renders them invisible. Their lives and fates converge at a powwow in a conflagration that is as fraught as our very history. Orange's literary voice is distinct, mature, bold and unforgettable.

Entertain Your Brain: Movies

by Robert Horton

*Hearty congratulations to our own Robert Horton, recently elected to the prestigious
National Society of Film Critics.*

*“To truly laugh, you must be able to take your pain,
and play with it!”*

— Charlie Chaplin



The Kid (1921)

By 1921, Charlie Chaplin was the most famous man alive, his signature Tramp outfit and his slapstick genius having been seen in every corner of the world. When he mounted his first feature-length picture, Chaplin invented a story that added enormous emotional wallop. In *The Kid*, the Tramp adopts a homeless waif (Jackie Coogan) and provides street-smart tutelage — and a family, of sorts. While the comedy here is dazzling, what sticks with you is the film's depth of feeling, especially when the authorities threaten to separate the Tramp from his adopted son. In this portrait of a vagabond who develops an unshakable emotional bond with his defenseless ward, Chaplin holds nothing back. Perhaps the great comedian remembered his own London boyhood, marked by poverty and parental upheaval. He's aided by a wonderfully spontaneous performance from Coogan, the child actor whose unlikely life would eventually lead him to a regular role on TV's *The Addams Family*. (Available streaming on Amazon, YouTube and Google Play.)



Starman (1984)

The ranks of science-fiction films are full of stories about aliens who discover the delicacies of human emotion. Few have navigated this formula better than *Starman*, John Carpenter's tender character study. Modest (by comparison) on special effects but long on the need for connection, *Starman* tells the tale of an extraterrestrial visitor (Jeff Bridges) who lands in the Wisconsin farmland, where a young widow (Karen Allen, not long after *Raiders of the Lost Ark*) takes him in. The alien will die if he doesn't get across the country, and a road trip ensues, as do lessons in humanity. Naturally, the government would like to get their mitts on this intergalactic voyager, so the film becomes a chase picture as well. It succeeds on all fronts, and Bridges gives a fine, gentle performance as the starman in search of a heart. (Available streaming on Amazon, YouTube and Google Play.)



Things to Come (2016)

At a mature age in life, Nathalie is hit with a cascade of tough breaks; marital separation, her mother's illness, a sense that she may be getting outdated in her profession (she's a philosophy professor). This is a lot to handle, but in the warm vision of writer-director Mia Hansen-Love and the unflappable spirit of actress Isabelle Huppert, these calamities are presented as challenges rather than disasters. There's just a hint that Nathalie had been on autopilot for a while and that being outside her comfort zone could actually deepen her experience with the world. Yet the film offers no earth-shaking fixes; even Nathalie's visit to a commune, which might be expected to stir memories of her own radical youth, only reinforces her belief that things are not as black and white as the young organizers believe. Huppert, one of the great French actresses, gets to the core of the character without a trace of sentimentality in her performance. Still, when we reach the final scene, Nathalie's no-nonsense journey through hardship brings us to a very moving fade-out. (Available streaming on Netflix, Amazon, YouTube and Google Play.)

Entertain Your Brain: **Music**

by John Pearson

Retired musician and lifelong enthusiast

“I sing my sorrow, and I paint my joy.”

— Joni Mitchell



In the Wee Small Hours (Album) — Frank Sinatra, 1955

Sinatra actively participated in song selection and track order of this mono studio recording, rightly regarded as one of the first concept albums. Created after, and quite possibly inspired by, the breakup of Frank and wife Ava Gardner, *In the Wee Small Hours* offers the Sinatra enthusiast a consistent package, right from the blue-tinged evocative sleeve art through each and every one of the 16 melancholy selections. Some of the phrasing and rhyming sounds dated and strained to this reviewer’s ear, but one cannot argue with the success the release received initially and the status that it has garnered since. We have a mature Sinatra at the peak of his vocal powers audibly opening his heart to his listeners.



Blue (Album) — Joni Mitchell, 1971

In the year 2000 the *New York Times* chose *Blue* as representing one of the “turning points and pinnacles in 20th-century popular music.” In 2012 *Rolling Stone* rated it the 30th best album ever made. In 2017 NPR called *Blue* the greatest album of all time made by a female artist. This reviewer cannot disagree with any of these accolades. Aside from the strong vocal performance on each of the tracks, one is struck by the originality and openness of the compositions. Mitchell is allowing us to peer through a stunningly clear window into her psyche. One source reports Kris Kristofferson as commenting, “Joni! Keep something of yourself!” The world is fortunate that she didn’t.



Rumours (Album) — Fleetwood Mac, 1977

Out of discord comes harmony. And sometime, huge commercial and critical success. Written and recorded during a turbulent period for the bands’ members, *Rumours* won the 1978 Grammy Award for Album of the Year and spawned a quartet of hit singles. The band has had a number of personnel lineups over its long history; the *Rumours*’ roster, seemingly well-matched and professionally in tune, was in fact undergoing internal romantic pairings, splittings, and alternative re-pairings during the ’70s. As can be imagined, emotions ran high, and one wonders that any cooperation on a recording was possible. And yet it was not only possible, their collaboration resulted in a spectacular, sparkling, high-quality gem. ♦

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Heart-Shaped Map

Why is it so easy to
fall in love away from home?

*“All the best journeys,
I have always felt,
are like love affairs ...”*

by Pam Mandel
Freelance travel writer and photographer

We joke that we met on a reality TV show, but the truth is just as unlikely. He showed up at sunset at Ayers Rock, and I recognized him right away as the person who'd come for my heart. He doesn't talk much, but when he does, he says it was the same for him. Neither of us is from Australia, but there we were in the golden hour light at that place and time, open to whatever was going to happen. That was more than 20 years ago. We're still married, and now we share a house and a dog and a life in Seattle.

What is it about traveling that cracks open the hard shell of our hearts and makes it easy to fall in love? And this falling, it's more than your cartoony summer romance — and it's not just with people; it's with place too. The relentlessly informal fall in love with Viennese cafes and their tuxedoed waiters. The most committed of night owls will rise at dawn to hear the call to prayer be swept across the rooftops and up into the rising light of a Cairo dawn. A Type A overachiever steps out into the chaos of Hanoi and finds joy in noise of scooters piled high with merchandise, shop fronts uncontained, spilling their merchandise out into the sidewalks, the mess such that they have to step off the high curbs into the street, laughing about a situation that would enrage them back home.

Poetic travel writer Pico Lyer wrote: “All the best journeys, I have always felt, are like love affairs, not least because they turn you inside out and leave you within a darkness where you can't tell right from left or good from bad. And all love affairs are like jour-

neys, deep into a foreign country, where you can't read the signs, and you don't know the language and you are drawn into a wilderness alive with mystery and possibility, and the knowledge — certain knowledge — that who you were is irretrievable.” (Lyer, 2000)

Inveterate traveler friends agree that there's a romance in travel that they find nowhere else in their lives. Single or in committed relationships, it doesn't matter. Once set free from their home lives, they find a depth of feeling in their adventures that feels like falling in love.

“The structures of your everyday are stripped away, and with it some of the assumptions about who you are and how you do life,” says my friend Tara. “It's like your protective coating is the thinnest it's ever going to be. So yeah, it's easy for things to get closer than they would at home when we're fully ensconced in our lives and habits and ideas about who we are and how things work.”

There's the implied pressure of time too. We have 48 hours. Ten days. Maybe we're lucky and have three weeks to let a place and its people into our hearts. How much richer are our experiences when we act as though we are already open to loving the madness of places and people we don't understand? How much better our adventures become if instead of being confounded by the new and unknown, we decide to embrace it in all its messy glory.

It is not for cowards, this breaking our hearts open to the unfamiliar. But when I think back on my own travels, I am grateful even for the sadness that overwhelms

me as I feel the plane lift from the tarmac. I leaned my head on the oval window and cried as the Big Island of Hawaii got smaller and smaller, disappearing into the Pacific at the same rate my plane disappeared into the sky. I was devastated upon leaving Mississippi after road tripping solo through the Delta. That noisy apartment in the East Village, it would never do, but still I lingered before dropping the key back in the mailbox. Could we not somehow work out an arrangement? Surely my Seattle home would understand.

English is a poor tool for encapsulating this feeling. There's wanderlust, the need to roam. That's not quite it; though it's handy it's got the word “lust” in there. There's *fernweh*, the German version, which means a desire for faraway places. I like the Portuguese word, *saudade*, because it includes both nostalgia and melancholy, but it's not a feeling we should avoid — it's one to be embraced.

I think of it as a bit of heartbreak combined with the knowledge that whatever it was you fell for — the smell of seaweed on the Spanish beach, the cranberry color of the Alaskan tundra, or the hands of that Hawaiian aunty flying across the strings of her ukulele — are not yours to keep. They're yours for the moment only, and then they become memories of that time you gave your heart to the world. Again. ♦

Read more:

Lyer, Pico. (2000). “Why We Travel.” Retrieved July 11, 2018, from www.salon.com.



READY ... AIM ... OUCH!

We play this crazy game
all our lives ... maybe it's
time to stop already.

by **Skye Moody**

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler



© photoschmidt

It's an easy game; we all play it at times. I've been playing it like a pro my whole life. You can play laying down, sitting up, even standing.

Here's how it starts:

Take your position. I usually choose standing near and/or speaking to one or more persons I want to impress in my professional or personal life.

Next, grab a proverbial gun. Make sure it's loaded. Now fire the proverbial bullet into your foot.

Congratulations, you've won the game. You've just shot yourself in the foot and lost the respect of the observers in the process.

The game is called Self-Sabotage.

The Nickel or the Dime

Learning to worry about what others think begins early. I'm around four years old. My father calls me over to where he sits in his chair, holding out two coins in his hand.

"You're old enough now," he says, "to earn a weekly allowance."

Of course, I feel very grown up.

"One of these coins," he says, "will become your allowance. Then, every year, we'll double the amount."

One is a rare Buffalo nickel, its head engraved with the image of a male Native American, wearing feathers and looking both fierce and handsome.

The other coin, a dime, is much smaller, but shinier than the nickel; the face side bears the "Winged Head Liberty." She's strong, beautiful, and reminds me of a woman who attends our church every Sunday, always wearing interesting hats.

My father explains that the smaller coin, the Mercury dime, is worth twice the amount of the larger Buffalo nickel. He explains this to me twice for emphasis, to be sure I understand. I study the two coins lying side by side in the palm of his hand.

"Take your time," he says gently.

"Think carefully about it. The smaller coin will buy you twice as much candy as the larger one."

I point at the Buffalo nickel. My father is amused that I hadn't worked out this simple mathematical equation. But that isn't the reason for my choice.

At the time, I'm a TV Western fan. I'd choose a buffalo over the woman in church any day.

The combined load of a lack of experience with money, an immature ability to reason ("Is Daddy playing a trick on me?"), and making the "wrong" choice contribute to a high anxiety petri dish in which my self-sabotaging instincts will grow.

Self-Sabotage, or Self-Defense?

If, as many psychologists maintain, fear and low self-esteem are two

roots of self-sabotage, other elements figure into the process of allowing oneself to fail. We often hear about fear of success, but not much evidence indicates this is a real condition. More often, it's a fear of failure, of making a fool of oneself, or a fear of punishment (a defense mechanism) that drives us to aim the gun at the foot. The fear shows up in many more disguises, including fear of banishment from the tribe, of losing one's job or social status. All result in making bad choices as we try to rescue ourselves from our fear of being judged, disowned and unloved — by ourselves or by others.

There is also evidence that the human preference for pleasure over pain may help us sabotage our success; in most endeavors, it's harder to succeed than to fail. Failing is ultimately less painful. But does self-sabotage originate from these elements, or vice versa?

Will Bratt, psychologist and therapist in Victoria, B.C., Canada, substitutes the term "self-sabotage," and its implication that we are acting against our own interests, with three behaviors that actually serve us well, at least in the short term: (1) "resistance to adversity," (2) "defense mechanisms," and (3) "resisting expectations imposed by others." (Bratt, 2015)

*“By now, half the audience is asleep,
and I have become so anxious that I’ve done justice to
a second bottle of champagne.”*

An example of the first behavior is displayed by Kris, one of Bratt’s clients. Kris explains his decision to play video games rather than study for an exam as being motivated by a desire to maximize the experience of pleasure and avoid the stress (resistance to adversity) associated with studying.

Another client, Robyn, spends a lot of time at home alone and feels isolated. Yet venturing out and attempting to connect could be risky, as it may result in rejection. So, she stays home, watches TV, and goes on the Internet to distract herself from her loneliness. Through the lens of “self-esteem” her actions might be interpreted as some insufficiency in what she thinks she deserves for herself (friendship). But through the lens of “defense mechanism” she’s making the choice to stick with what comforts her (TV and surfing the Web) rather than face rejection.

Many famous and gifted writers victimize themselves this way. Writer’s block might simply be a positive form of self-sabotage, saving us from experiencing the pain of rejection. Ultimately, it’s not a great way to build a career as a writer, but in the present moment, preserving dignity and self-esteem may seem worth the trade-off. I have experienced this firsthand more than once, and if challenged, probably couldn’t count the number of times I’ve shot myself in the professional foot until Park Avenue ran red with blood.

The third type of so-called “self-sabotage” comes about when we are expected, by parents, spouses, or society in general, to follow a particular path in life, or perform certain tasks, and it may not be

safe to overtly resist those expectations. But if those imposed ambitions don’t fit with our interests and desires, in order to have a say in our own lives, we sabotage the plans imposed by others.

The Envelope Please ...

Over time, the behaviors and motivations become so tightly interwoven, as we learn to compensate for old injuries, that it may take years of self-reflection to tease them apart.

A few years ago, I was the “girl with the envelope” for a major writing awards event in NYC. I was to open the envelope and hand the card to the author chosen to read out the winner’s name.

This event is legendarily long and tedious, much like the Oscars of old, often lasting four or more hours in a hot, cramped, ballroom where upwards of 500 dinner-suited men and women in ball gowns sweat at their assigned tables and, for lack of dining service, sip their complimentary bottle of champagne, but can’t get the waiter to bring a glass of water. Like it’s rationed. The final award, for “Best Novel of the Year,” is announced dead last. By now, half the audience is asleep, and I have become so anxious as my turn on stage approached that I’d done justice to a second bottle of champagne.

Then my little turn finally came, and someone shoved me, near-comatose, up on the stage.

Let’s just say ... I blew it. Short version: After nattering for 10 minutes about how hard it was to select the winner, I quote Leonard Cohen, his words bearing thin relevance to the award. Then I open the envelope, remove the card,

and read out the winner’s name instead of handing the card to the author who was supposed to read it. My desire to impress the very important audience members (unlike my coin-bearing papa), my anxiety over public speaking, and the champagne robbing me of my self-control combined — bang, bang, bang. The woman who organized the event never spoke to me again.

Getting On With It

I’m aware enough now to know what triggers my own self-sabotaging behavior, define it, find solutions for changing it (counseling, talking to a trusted friend), and decide to make positive changes. It is, and probably always will be, a work in progress.

But the only solution to becoming your best self is to continue that work; to convert all the mental and emotional energy it takes to be afraid — of being judged by others, of failure, of success, of whatever form your particular fear takes — into healthy behavior, self-care and self-forgiveness. No matter where it came from, the concept of “self as victim” ought never be in your vocabulary.

Self-sabotage blocks your way to fulfillment, however you choose to play it. Counteracting self-sabotage requires volition. *I must choose to act against my own negative forces affecting my life.* That’s how to ultimately give up this foot-and-gun game. ♦

Read more:

Bratt, Will. (2015). “The Hidden Value of Self-Sabotage.” Retrieved on June 21, 2018, from www.willbrattcounseling.com.

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LivFun Brain Games:

John Pearson, Puzzle Editor

ACROSS

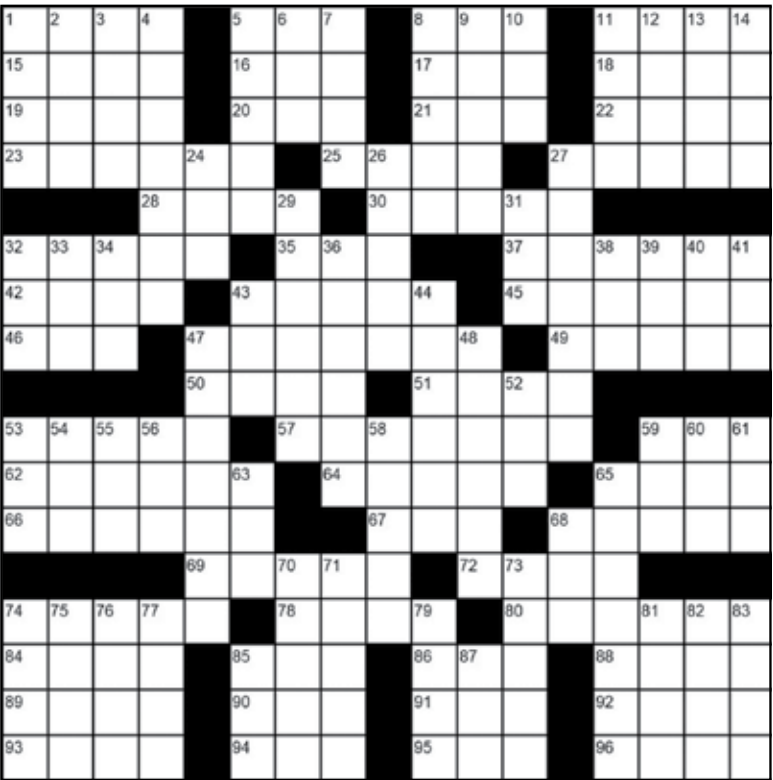
- 1 Equestrian favorite
5 Kitten's cry
8 First part of featured quote
11 Becomes unstable, maybe
15 Bird shelter
16 Expression of distaste
17 Owns
18 Continental crow
19 Lump (of earth)
20 Pooh pal
21 Tear
22 Needle case
23 Capital whose name means "place to dig potatoes"
25 Be next to
27 Second part of quote
28 Third part of quote
30 Jose's friend
32 Gave the once-over
35 Crunch targets, at the gym
37 Go too far
42 Recognize
43 Fourth part of quote
45 Famous tragedy setting
46 Faberge item
47 Toys (with)
49 MASH character
50 Notion
51 One may be crimson
53 Autumn showoff?
57 Stole livestock
59 Fifth part of quote
62 Sixth part of quote
64 Uncooperative
65 Detective's focus
66 Where to buy expensive popcorn?
67 Item in Tiger's bag
68 Navajo hut
69 Christian monastic residence
72 A noble craving attention?
74 Classic italic language
78 Tale
80 Last part of quote
84 Sign of business?
85 Show one's humanity
86 Linguists' suffix
88 St. Vincent Millay or Ferber
89 Gretzky venue
90 Trouble
91 Exam test, for short
92 Foster title character
93 Kind of root beer
94 It may be dead or bitter
95 Dennis, Doris or Green
96 "Orinoco Flow" artist

DOWN

- 1 Fidelity Inv. holding
2 Chocolate candy brand
3 On
4 Morning grass condition
5 Wall art
6 It may need a boost
7 Command to Dobbin
8 Rhythmic humming sound
9 Hispaniola republic
10 Additional sense?
11 Linden, for example
12 Small particle
13 Serve wine
14 SNL segment
24 Billy was called one
26 Fundamental
27 Hung (over)
29 Provisions' place
31 State exec.
32 Pamplona cheer
33 A type of reflex
34 Schlep
36 Smear
38 Victorian or prohibition
39 Laver or Serling
40 CSI staple
41 Row
43 Nod off at auction?
44 Ma or Pa
47 Boy's career aspiration, maybe
48 Luxurious
52 Ottoman ruler
53 Start of a preschool song
54 Indian honorific
55 Quantity of bricks?
56 Stretch to make do
58 Forest god
59 Papa may have a brand new one
60 American Ninja network
61 Score for Nadia or Mary Lou
63 Apprehend, slangily
65 Meet
68 _____ Polloi
70 See 74 down
71 Dog _____
73 Poetic lament
74 With 70 down, the author of the featured quote
75 Capital of Samoa
76 Look after
77 Art supplies
79 Absolute requirement
81 U.K. Prime Minister Anthony
82 Just
83 Lion King character
85 One in a herd
87 Caribbean or Caspian

Crossword Puzzle

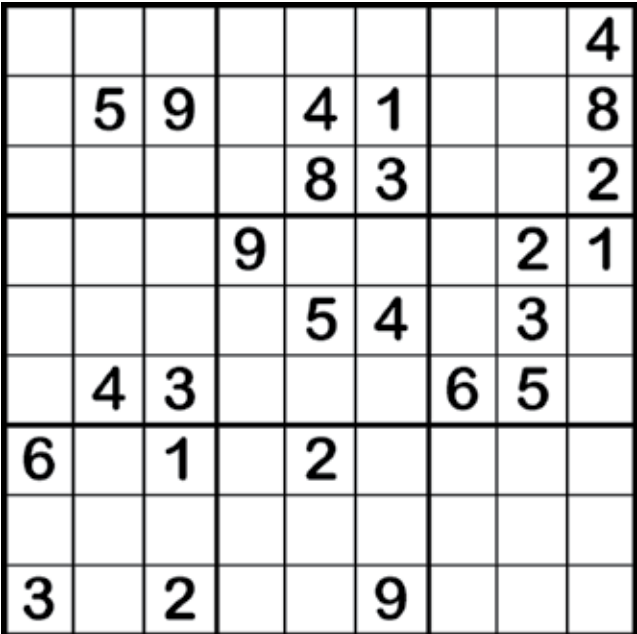
"Filling That Empty Space."



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Sudoku

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



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DIFFICULTY ★★☆☆☆

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS ON PAGE 42

Healthy U: Good Health 101 and Beyond



An 'EyeOn' the Ones We Love

A simple solution to let everyone know you're OK.

by LIV FUN editorial staff

As we age, our support network becomes more important than ever. Fortunately, staying connected and safe is much easier now, thanks to new apps on our smartphones and tablets.

According to Sara Garland, writing in the *New York Times*, the EyeOn App can help seniors who live alone or don't have family nearby find some peace of mind. She describes how Sara Peveler, 71, uses the app to maintain her support network.

"With a brother on the West Coast and no nieces or nephews to step in, Ms. Peveler has, through her church and several civic activities, developed a surrogate family of friends and neighbors, many of them several decades younger, who keep tabs on her," Garland writes. "For added protection, she signed up for a service, EyeOn App, that signals three friends if she does not reply within a half-hour to scheduled alerts on her cellphone."

"Once, I didn't respond, and everyone called me," Ms. Peveler explains. "My next-door neighbor sent her daughter over."

EyeOn is easy to set up, and you decide how often to be notified — every few hours, every day, once a week, whatever you choose — just to make sure everything is OK. All you have to do is push the big green button on your screen when the notification comes in. If you don't respond within 30 minutes, the app will automatically contact your chosen caregivers, family members or friends to let them know you didn't respond.

Maybe your adult children live nearby but are prone to worry. EyeOn will put their minds at ease — and probably yours too. Your kids can relax and be sure that everything is fine, even if you miss a phone call or are too busy to chat. Or maybe you don't have family

nearby and tend to feel isolated. With EyeOn, you can decide who will get the notifications. A faraway family member, a next-door neighbor, a caregiver or a nurse — anyone you choose.

"Set it and forget it. It's comfortable knowing someone is looking after me," said one app user. Another user describes worrying about her grandmother, who was alone most days, and family members calling home on work breaks to make sure everything was OK. With EyeOn "we know we'll be contacted if she doesn't respond, so we don't worry!"

No matter where our loved ones live, we don't have to feel they are out of reach in an emergency. This is a great tool to help you maintain your independence *and* your connection to the people who are most important. Learn more about this great little app at www.eyeonapp.com. ♦

The Real Cost of Love

In terms of financial commitment, it might be said that today's parents love their children more than any previous generation.

by Mark DiGiovanni

Certified Financial Planner

Do parents today love their children more than our generation ever could? I would argue they do. Before you take offense, indulge me a little.

Let's say a child is born in a middle class American family in 2018 to your average 30-somethings. If they're typical parents, they will spend roughly \$250,000 raising their child to voting age. (Picchi, 2018) By the time that child is ready for college, a bachelor's degree at a public university is estimated to cost another \$250,000. (Fay, 2018) If they're lucky, the expenses will end there.

These new parents know that raising this child will be expensive ... but the true extent of the cost becomes clear if they look at what else they could do with that money. If these parents took the money they'd spend on their child over the next 22 years (\$22,000 average per year) and instead invested it at a 7% annual return, when they retire at age 70 they'll have over \$3.6 million. That chunk of change is known as the *opportunity cost* — the in-

dustry term for what you give up when you choose something else.

A child carries a huge opportunity cost for parents today. As couples weigh these costs, many are choosing to have fewer children or none at all, a trend that is reflected in current birth rates, the lowest in more than 30 years. (Chappell, 2018)

Throughout human history, parents had children, in part, out of self-interest. Parents had many children, hoping one or two might survive and care for them in old age, while helping on the farm or in the family business. Before SSI and 401(k)s, one's children were the primary source of old-age security.

Today, we can save and invest. We have professional, high-quality senior care. Having children isn't necessary for the senior security of this newest generation of parents — especially if you have well over \$3 million saved by the time you plan to retire.

I believe that choosing to have a child today is more selfless in many ways; it's less an act of selfishness and more an act of love.

Cost of Love: Continued on page 43

"Money is like love; it kills slowly and painfully the one who withholds it, and enlivens the other who turns it upon his fellow man."

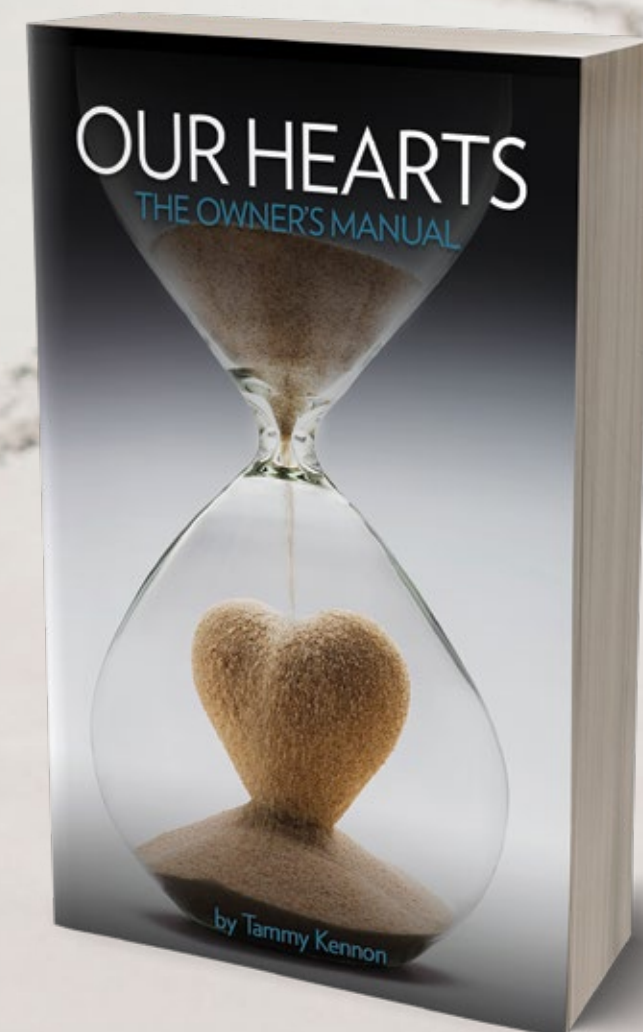
— Kahlil Gibran

OUR HEARTS

Well-being is so much more than a physical phenomenon.
Now, science is showing us how our emotional connections
help guard us against physical decline.

by Tammy Kennon

Writer, journalist, sailor and traveler



“There isn’t time, so brief is life, for bickerings, apologies, heartburnings, callings to account. There is only time for loving, and but an instant, so to speak, for that.”

— Mark Twain



We’ve entered a new frontier — we are the first generation to have a life expectancy of 65–79+ years. Technological and medical advances are largely responsible for this “Third Age,” and fortunately scientists have come along with us, continually finding actionable ways to extend our good health — and our good humor — in these newfound decades.

HEART MATTERS



Harvard scientists have officially found the fountain of youth. In a quest to find the secret to living a longer and happier life, they spent a whopping eight decades studying the life trajectory of 268 Harvard sophomores.

Over those decades, the Harvard Study of Adult Development expanded to include the wives and now children of their initial subjects, eventually adding a control group of 456 inner-city Boston men. The researchers have conducted hours of interviews, hunted through piles of medical records, and documented the triumphs and tragedies of careers and marriages. It is science’s longest (and probably most quoted) study of adult development.

With 80 years of data, they have found

a single factor that contributes more than any other to health, happiness and longer lives. It isn’t diet, career success or fame, not exercise or access to healthcare.

“Good relationships keep us happier and healthier. Period,” says Robert Waldinger, director of the Harvard Study of Adult Development. “At 50, the men satisfied in their relationships were healthiest at 80.”

We have always known that close relationships provide a blanket of comfort and warmth, but this study shows that the same blanket serves as a shield. It protects us from the onslaught of discontent and guards us against physical decline. Healthy relationships are a better predictor of happiness and longevity than IQ, fame, social class, wealth or even genes.

Equally compelling, the same data shows that loneliness kills. Those who lived isolated lives were consistently less happy, experienced greater decline in mental and physical health, and — wait for it — didn’t live as long. (Waldinger et al., 2017)

While the Harvard study stands out as the most revelatory discovery in recent years, it is not unique in its findings. Countless studies have found that social support fights the ravages of stress, boosts coping skills, strengthens the immune system, and wards off depression.

Perhaps most compelling, those who engage in healthy social relationships have a lower incidence of heart disease.

The science is clear. Our physical hearts are inextricably tied to our emotional hearts.

LET’S FALL IN LOVE



Is there really a happily ever after? Maybe. And “healthily” ever after as well?

Another study at Harvard Medical School looked at the health and happiness of almost 50 octogenarian couples and found that the happily married among them were more content with their lives, somewhat buffered from declining happiness. Happy couples were less susceptible to mood swings and had little fluctuation in the way they

perceived their health, an outcome that was not found in rockier relationships. Those in the unhappy relationships experienced more emotional and physical pain than their happier counterparts. (Waldinger and Schulz, 2010)

Assuming that romance includes sexual activity, late-life couples can reap cognitive benefits as well. Researchers at Coventry University in England collected data from almost 7,000 50- to 89-year-olds and found a significant

association between cognitive function and sexual activity. Sexually active participants scored higher on cognitive exercises, such as word-recall and numerical tasks, than their less active counterparts. (Wright and Jenks, 2016)

Senior sex has been shown to have physical health benefits, including better bladder control, decreased risk of prostate cancer, improved sleep, a boost in beneficial hormones, and lower blood pressure.

WIDEN THE NET



© eclipse_images

A number of studies have shown that Third Agers benefit from many types of relationships, not just the romantic kind — or even the human kind.

For instance, in the human category, an oft-cited study looked at the potential benefits of caring for grandchildren. Although previous research had looked at the detrimental effects of custodial grandparenting, this study focused on less comprehensive caregiving (formerly known as babysitting). Evaluating more than 500 70+ seniors, researchers found that those who provide care for grandchildren have a significantly lower risk of death than those who do not.

Caregiving activates the same neural and hormonal system that kicks in with parenting, positively impacting physical health and reducing mortality — in this study by 37 percent. (Hilbrand et al., 2017)

Friendships across generations can also be life-affirming. The Eisner Foundation conducted an expansive study of

programs that build connections between generations and found that older adult participants who spent time with children felt less lonely and dementia patients exhibited increased levels of engagement. Ninety-seven percent of the adult participants reported that the interactions made them feel young, happy, loved and needed. The children benefitted as well, exhibiting a greater sense of empathy and improved regulation of their own behavior. (Generations United and The Eisner Foundation, 2018)

In perhaps the oddest study about the favorable nature of intergenerational contact, biologists at University of Iowa conducted an experiment using fruit flies, which are apparently fairly social creatures. The scientists genetically decreased the lifespan of a group of fruit flies by editing in a genetic mutation linked to Alzheimer's in humans. This shortened their lives to two weeks, one-fourth of their natural lifespan. However,

when housed with more youthful fruit flies, the mutants not only became more physically fit, they lived for about 30 days, more than double their life expectancy. The authors say their results offer a convincing case that social interaction has a positive effect on lifespan. (Ruan and Wu, 2008)

And, pets count too. A plethora of studies have shown that owning a pet comes with a surprising assortment of healthy side effects, such as fewer doctor visits and lower blood pressure and cholesterol. Dog owners, in particular, are more likely to exercise and fraternize with other pet owners at the dog park.

Fish count too. One unusual study looked at the effect of fish tanks on Alzheimer's patients and found that the mere presence of an aquarium in the dining room improved the patients' eating habits, decreased agitation, positively impacted social behavior, and created a greater sense of community and belonging.

NURTURE FRIENDSHIP



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Late-life romance is beneficial but not critical. Friendship, on the other hand, is essential. As we age, many of us go through a natural process of narrowing and deepening our friendships, and this focus on quality rather than quantity has been shown to improve our health and lengthen our lives. Many studies have found that close friendships can have a moderating effect on concrete measures of health, such as obesity, inflammation

and high blood pressure, all of which can lead to heart disease, strokes and cancer.

However, as with romantic relationships, it pays to choose carefully. Contentment — and its opposite — has been scientifically proven to be contagious. One study used an innovative way to quantify how attitudes and moods spread through social networks much like disease. They found that each contact with a happy person “infects” your

own probability of happiness by .02% per year. Simple math would imply that interacting with a happy friend every day for a year would increase your probability of happiness by 7.6%. Perhaps not surprisingly, unhappiness is twice as infectious. Each contact with a malcontent drags you down by exactly twice that of a happy interaction. (Hill et al., 2010)

Attitude is contagious. Act accordingly. ♦

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Advice for the Journey: Personal Advice and Expert Opinions



Finding the Help You Need in Unexpected Places

by Arica VanGelderren, LLMSW

Clinical social worker and therapist

Question: About a year ago, I started having health issues related to an autoimmune disease. I was diagnosed with it almost 15 years ago but only recently began to have problems managing the symptoms. I've been in and out of the hospital quite a bit over the past year with a whole slew of ailments; it seems like mostly trial and error with treatments.

I live alone, and I need more assistance managing even the basics. I reached out to my daughter, assuming she would be willing and able to help. She lives less than 10 minutes away from me, and she is also a nurse. She agreed, but keeps canceling every time she is sup-

posed to come over, complaining about "fitting" me into her busy schedule.

I feel anxious about asking her for anything at this point and keep over-extending myself so I won't have to call her. I feel guilty because it has always been my job to take care of her, not the other way around. I don't want to cause distance or conflict between us because I love her more than anything. I can't bear the thought that she might start avoiding me or that I'm creating stress for her. I feel lonely, sad and helpless. I feel like no one cares about me or my health, not even the ones closest to me.

Answer: First of all, remember that the way others treat you is a reflection of them, not you. Naturally, it's both painful and disappointing to be treated like a burden, but your daughter's reaction does not have to define your emotional reality. The way we process emotions often determines how well we are able to heal physically; continuing to feel this way (lonely, sad and helpless) could ultimately affect your health severely. Your health is most important in this situation, and your ability to

stabilize is the top priority. There will be many opportunities to heal the relationship with your daughter once you regain some stability.

When our emotional health wanes, it's hard to see our options in situations like this. Have you considered all the other people in your life besides your daughter who might be willing and able to help? For most of us, these people do exist, even if they aren't close family or someone we'd normally turn to. Think of your neighbors, members of your church

or synagogue, even an old golf buddy or sorority sister. Reaching out to them could be emotionally restorative for you as you realize how much compassion is out there for you. And it could be good for them too, as their friendship with you will be validated by your request, and they'll be eager to make a difference.

We all go through times when we simply can't meet our own needs, and reaching out for help is an act of love — for yourself and for the people who would be happy to help. ♦

How Heavy a Heart?

What to do when our hearts become laden with the enormous love we have for those who have passed.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach
in Boston

“Show up, show up, show up. The little things matter. Always open your door and offer a cup of tea or a word of comfort.”

Two months ago my world shifted because my beloved Aunt Sandy died. By the time anyone reads this column, it will have been more like six months since her funeral. I am sure — while life will have been full, with all kinds of wonderful and challenging day-to-day experiences — that I will still be grieving. My heart will still be heavy with this devastating loss.

These losses come more frequently now that I am in my 60s. The forecast for improvement isn't good either. My mother shares “sad news” on a weekly basis, and sometimes more than once in the same week. And no matter the frequency of the death announcements, we get hit, and sometimes we get hit very hard. Like I did when my aunt died.

I experienced my first whack to the heart when my best friend Carla died when we were 12. I was away at summer camp, completely unknowing that she was being treated for leukemia — still today I don't know how long she was sick. We used to walk to Newport Creamery at the nearby shopping center and gab over the ultimate duo of French fries with ketchup and dusty sundaes, a swoony combination of ice cream and hot fudge with malted milk powder on the top. I can still taste it now — the pleasure running through me as I envision her endearing smile. I had no idea then that the harshness of life would cut short our young-girl indulgences.

When Carla died, my parents didn't tell me — perhaps they thought it better to wait till I got home from camp. But my younger sister, seized by her own grief, thought differently. As if on a secret mission, she walked to a pay phone down the street to call me at camp. I don't remember much of what happened next, other than me grabbing my heart, which suddenly felt too heavy for my small self. I don't think there was anyone around to comfort me. When I returned home from camp, to the best of my memory, not a word was ever said. It was as if Carla simply moved away. Nobody spoke of her. I never got to say

goodbye, didn't know how to deal with my sadness, and worse than anything, the world just kept turning even though mine was on its side.

As is true for all of us, there have been more losses. Years ago, when I served as president of my congregation, I attended every funeral that was held over those two years of my term. We were a young congregation, so most of the funerals were for our parents and elders. For the most part, I didn't know the person who died, and I personally wasn't grieving. This allowed me to be present in a way that many others couldn't be. I thought a lot about how my presence could be of benefit, and along the way, I started searching for the things I could learn from the eulogies and remembrances. If I had known them, what would they have taught me? What was their legacy?

After the ritual was over, I wrote down the three things I learned from the stories and reflections shared by loved ones, and I sent my takeaways in a condolence note to the mourner. This was more than 10 years ago, and I remember one in particular. I sent it to my friend, Steve. He was grieving the death of his father, Philip, whose legacy was a proclamation: “Show up, show up, show up. The little things matter. Always open your door and offer a cup of tea or a word of comfort.” Years later, Steve's sister wrote to me to say she was marking the anniversary of her father's death and came across my note (Steve had passed it on to others in the family), and she wanted me to know how comforting my words were, even years later. I had learned a lesson from her dad — I showed up, did a little thing, and offered a little comfort. His legacy got passed down, and how lovely that his daughter wrote to acknowledge that to me.

With this most recent loss, I have needed comfort myself. I don't live near my aunt's immediate family or my relatives. My friends may have met her, but she wasn't present often enough for them to be reminded that she's gone. And though I mourned with my loved ones and eulogized her, I have been far

too lonely in my grief since the week after her death. I know this is true of so many of us; we feel alone with grief. And it extends beyond the recent loss to the ongoing remembrances year after year, when we are alone with the memories and the as-if-it-just-happened weightiness of grief.

It sure seems as if the heart just keeps getting heavier and heavier with the weight of the losses; the massiveness of the love has no place to go other than our own hearts. Yet maybe it's not so much that my heart is getting heavy, I tell myself, but rather expanding — widening and broadening — to accommodate all the love that gets held there for all of our beloveds who are gone.

Finding Ways to Carry Your Heavy Heart

Megan Devine, a psychotherapist who writes about the cultural ideas around grief and loss, says that grief cannot be fixed — it can only be carried. I carry mine in my heart. My huge, ever-expanding, so heavy heart.

Our grief is too hard to carry alone, and there are many ways to get support, both from the people we know and from professional resources. Dr. Devine writes in *Psychology Today* and is the author of *It's OK That You're Not OK: Meeting Grief and Loss in a Culture That Doesn't Understand*. She offers a blog and an online community for support, companionship and connection on her website at www.refugeingrief.com.

Find more resources about understanding and handling grief at The Center for Loss and Life Transition, a rich online site developed by Alan Wolfelt, Ph.D. at www.centerforloss.com.

If you are struggling, connect with resources like the ones above, or turn to someone nearby and ask if they'll listen quietly while you share a story, like I did just now sharing about Carla. Sharing our grief is one positive way to ease the burden of our heavy hearts. With my hand on my heart, I share my grief with yours. We are all companions on this path, despite how alone we can feel. ♦

The Light Shines Through

A story of service, dedication, and the power of a positive mindset.

by Jeff Thaxton

Prime Fit Instructor at Fairwinds-Spokane

At Leisure Care, our employees have a very special role in the lives of our residents. Not only do we serve the seniors in our care, we aim to make each day in our communities just a little better than the last. This kind of quiet commitment to our LC family fosters relationships where we can truly get to know our residents on a personal level. We love sharing stories like this one that highlight the wonderful people in our LC family, both our staff and our residents.

“Ted tells me every day how much he loves it here, how he looked all over and would never live anywhere but here.”





Ted Siekerman, second from right, was recognized for his 31 years of volunteer service at the Mann-Grandstaff VA Medical Center in Spokane in 2015. When he completed his last day of service there, he had accumulated 45,000 volunteer hours – equivalent to nearly 22 years of full-time work.

“Have a good day Ted,” I sometimes say to Ted Siekerman, a quiet, cheerful resident at Fairwinds – Spokane in Washington State after our morning exercise classes.

“They’re all good days,” is his typical response.

I had the pleasure of meeting Ted in August 2015 when he first moved to Fairwinds – Spokane. He seems to carry his positive outlook with him wherever he goes. Perhaps part of the reason is how grateful he is for life. On November 6, 1950, while United States Marine Corporal Ted Siekerman was serving our country during the Korean War, he passed out after sustaining mortar shrapnel throughout his body. He woke up once on a Jeep ambulance and then a second time in a Korean hospital. The doctor

attending to him said that he would never use his left arm again and would not work another day in his life. Imagine receiving this devastating news at 20 years old!

Instead of giving up, he refused to accept the doctor’s prognosis. Grabbing a small rubber ball he started squeezing it repeatedly to rebuild his arm strength. Through this, and range-of-motion exercises, he regained full use of his arm without anyone’s assistance. He remains grateful to the Marines, whom he served with for just over four years.

“They got me out and saved my life,” he says.

After the war Ted went to work for the Spokane Railroad, serving for 44 years as a crane operator, taking locomotives apart and putting them back to-

gether. During this time he also met Lee, his wife of 50 years, and they had five children together.

A positive upbringing from dedicated parents also played an enormous part in shaping Ted’s character. Ralph Siekerman, who also worked for the railroad, and Gertrude, Ralph’s wife of 48 years, taught Ted the value of hard work.

“They taught me to do the best you can when working on something,” says Ted. “They taught me to work together and respect my elders. They were hard workers.” Ted remembers buying his mom her first electric stove, as well as her first washer and dryer set.

About 10 years before his retirement in December 1985, Ted’s wife, Lee, convinced him to volunteer at the Spokane Vet-



Fairwinds-Spokane resident Ted Siekerman, left, carries a positive outlook wherever he goes, including to his three-times-a-week Prime Fit sessions with instructor Jeff Thaxton (right.)

erans Hospital on Fridays. One of Ted’s main duties was escorting patients into the ER, to X-rays, CAT scans, or wherever else they needed to go. This was the start of a long service there, which he continued after retiring and until he moved to Fairwinds – Spokane.

He would take 100 calls in an eight-hour shift on a normal day, and by 2015 he had accumulated an astounding 45,000 volunteer hours! His wife, Lee, also amassed an amazing amount of volunteer hours in the pharmacy and front office of the VA, about 30,600 hours to be specific. She volunteered until September 30, 2004, one day before her passing.

One example of Ted’s continued hard work and dedication lies in the strength gains he has made during his Prime

Fit Strength and Conditioning class. When he started the class just over two years ago he would use five pounds of resistance on the upper back machine and perform about 15 to 20 repetitions. He also did the leg press machine 15 to 20 times with 65 pounds of resistance.

He never missed his three-times-weekly class, and through slow and steady weight increases on the exercises, he now performs 30 repetitions on the back machine with 36 pounds of resistance and presses 210 pounds on the leg press 30 times. He also does a variety of other strength, cardio and balance exercises.

He believes exercising and maintaining a busy schedule at Fairwinds – Spokane are what help keep him going.

“Ted tells me every day how much he loves it here, how he looked all over and would never live anywhere but here,” says Kim Madore, the Fairwinds – Spokane Activities Coordinator, noting that Ted never misses a single outing.

His spirit of giving back to his community has continued since he took residency in Fairwinds. He routinely goes back to the VA to donate blood, and he can often be seen in our hallways escorting a fellow resident in a wheelchair, just as he did for so many years as a hospital volunteer.

I believe God has shined one of the biggest lights I have ever seen through Ted Siekerman and into the lives of countless others. He has certainly inspired me and the rest of the family here. Thank you, Ted! ♦

EINSTEIN AND TRAIL MIX

He just never understood how entering a deep forest with people you just met online sounds like a rational idea.

by Jeff Wozer

Humorist and stand-up comedian

Albert Einstein, in between writing equations and having heated marital arguments over his aversion to pocket combs, once riffed on the value of the mysterious.

The quote, upon first reading it, gave me pause; not the quote itself but the labeling of the mysterious as an emotion. But since Einstein is not someone to be doubted (notwithstanding hair-style choices), and since emotions (good and bad) are what lend sparks to our days, I decided to add more mystery into my life.

To make this happen I needed something new. Something challenging. Something beyond my understanding.

I decided to join a hiking Meetup group.

I realize by most conventional standards that joining a Meetup group ranks low on the mysterious scale. The fact I consider this mysterious probably is more mysterious than the act itself. I just never understood how entering a deep forest with people you just met online sounds like a rational idea. It instead has all of the dark makings of a future NBC *Dateline* episode.

Adding to the mystery is this: I've never had a problem with hiking alone, even in mountain lion country. If friends were unavailable, I'd go solo, enjoying the hike for the hike itself, not needing gratuitous conversation to validate the venture.

Friends, some with Meetup experience, applauded my decision to branch out. After spending 28 years in the mountains of Colorado, loving every waking second of it and, I suppose, even every non-waking second (Colorado is that special), I, after four years in the Eastern Time Zone, still felt awkwardly out of place. Meetup, they claimed, would widen my social circle and bond me with the community, something Meetup is famously good at facilitating.

Launched in 2002 as an online social networking site, Meetup.com currently connects people in approximately 45,000 cities and towns across the globe, offering more than 80,000 niche groups. Most groups come with self-explanatory names: Suburban Running Club; Beer and Wine Lovers; British Car Enthusiasts Club. And there are some with ambiguous names. One in particular in my area



"The most beautiful experience we can have is the mysterious. He to whom the emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand wrapped in awe is as good as dead." — Albert Einstein

Einstein and Trail Mix: *Continued on page 42*



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Woman, Artist, Mom

In her grief, a daughter begins to see her mom in an entirely new light.

by Elana Zaiman

Seattle-based Rabbi, chaplain and author of
The Forever Letter: Writing What We Believe for Those We Love

*“While they were always close,
it was in the 10 years after her dad died that Lynn and her mom
got even closer.”*

Lynn and I are pool acquaintances, reconnecting each summer in the locker room. Ours is not just a “hi, how are you” connection. We talk about health, work, family. When I first saw Lynn this year at the end of May, I stopped the car, opened the passenger window, and called out to ask how she was.

Lynn told me that her mom, Frances, (whom she would visit back East three times a year, staying two to three weeks at a time) had died in December at the age of 99. She said she had grieved deeply then and had been doing OK until April when she shipped boxes of her mother’s mementos and artwork (her mother was an artist) to her home in Seattle. Surrounding herself with her mom’s artwork and immersing herself in her mom’s mementos, she began to grieve deeply again.

Moved by Lynn’s grief, I asked if I could come by to see her mom’s artwork and talk with her about her mom, their relationship and her grief. I’m no stranger to death and grief. My father, the rabbi, was constantly officiating at funerals. My youngest brother died of cancer when he was 11 and I was 17. As a congregational rabbi, I visited the sick, the dying and their families, and I officiated at funerals. For nearly two decades, I’ve served as a rabbi and chaplain for elders, doing much of the same.

I visited Lynn the day after her 72nd birthday, her first birthday without her mom and the first year she did not receive a card from her mom with a special poem written for her inside. She missed that poem. She missed her mom.

When I arrived, Lynn ushered me into her living room that flowed into her dining room, where her mom’s paintings hung on the walls, rested

against the couch and fireplace, and where her mom’s illustrations filled the dining room table.

Lynn began to reminisce. Her mom was playful, she said. Once when her dad, Mickey, returned from a business trip, her mom gave him a yellow T-shirt with a picture of Mickey Mouse’s back on it that read, “Mickey’s back.” Every time he went on a business trip, that shirt sat on his pillow waiting for his return.

Lynn reflected on the joys of life with her mom, recalling how her mom always made her a birthday corsage with the peonies that bloomed every year in front of their Queens house; how her mom took her to see her first ballet; how from high school on they would go into Manhattan, stand in line at TKTS, and get half-price tickets to Broadway shows; and how they would sing show tunes when they washed dishes or took long car rides.

Lynn also recalled times her mom had been impatient with her, like when she was 4 and couldn’t tie her laces in a bow and when she was in grade school and got grease on the new wallpaper in her room. She also mentioned tensions between them in her teenage and early adult years.

In 1971, when Lynn was planning to move to Berkeley to live with (problem one) her non-Jewish boyfriend (problem two), tension was high. The night before she left, she went to say goodbye to her parents, who had done everything they could to convince her she was ruining her life and to talk her out of moving. Before Lynn left their home, a stunning moment: Frances took out a small plastic and stone heart that Mickey had given her in 1934 on the day he told her he loved her, and she handed it to her daughter saying: “You’ll always have our hearts no

matter where you are and no matter what you do.”

While Lynn and her mom were always close, it was in the 10 years after her dad died that Lynn and her mom got even closer. Lynn made it a point to call her mom every day to connect. “Girl talk,” her mom would say, delighting in their connection.

When Lynn visited her mom last October, she sensed the end was near. There were moments when they would look into each other’s eyes and feel the preciousness of their mother-daughter bond.

Surrounding herself with her mother’s artwork (her mom never sold her artwork, though she had worked for a time as a commercial illustrator) and mementos (letters her mom had received from people saying how much her kindnesses meant to them) led Lynn to see her mom not just as her mom, but as an artist and as a woman with a life of her own. And Lynn was able to appreciate more profoundly the woman and mom who sustained her, loved her unconditionally, and had been so involved in and attentive to all that was going on in her life.

As I reflect on my time with Lynn, I think about my mom (now 80) who is declining in health, grappling with pain in her lower back, and struggling with her balance and her memory. I think about how our relationship has changed over the years, becoming one of greater connection, understanding and love.

And, suddenly, I realize why Lynn’s words at the pool got me at my core. My mom is also an artist. Three of her pieces currently hang in my home. And I know that one day, in the not-too-distant future, I, like Lynn, will surround myself with my mom’s artwork and mementos and the memories will flow. Maybe I’ll invite Lynn over to share my mom with her. ♦

is nebulously called Fun Times With Joe, sounding more like the title of a bad 1970s soft porn movie.

Driving to my first hike I was flush with the mystery feeling; by Einstein's standards, overly emotional. Similar to a blind date, I was hit with odd and unexpected waves of nervousness.

To divert the mind I veered off on a hypothetical drift imagining Meetup event descriptions for historical moments. Had the platform existed during Colonial times, the first pilgrims, I speculated, probably would have posted:

Meetup group for religiously persecuted people with interests in maritime travel, colonization, wilderness survival, cabin building and crop growing. Duration of event: 40 years or so. Tall hats with buckles recommended. Please bring a snack to share.

Finding the group proved easier than expected. While all other hikers headed for the trail with purpose, the Meetup hikers idled next to their vehicles in the manner of shy school kids clinging to their parents while waiting for the bus.

Their idling, I learned, came with reason — the hike's organizer was late. When he did arrive he was easy to spot since he carried a clipboard.

Anyone who has attended an outdoor activity recognizes that the clipboard, more than a uniform or badge, is indicative of someone who knows what they're doing. (Note: This is not to be confused with someone who carries a clipboard in the city. They generally are seeking your signature for a petition or a scam or both.)

He introduced himself as Rob — immediately eliminating a nagging fear of getting my group inadvertently mixed up with Fun Times With Joe — and apologized for arriving late. Following a quick roll call he led our group of 11 hikers into a thick hardwood forest loud with unseen cardinals.

While most focused on the foliage, I wondered if the *Dateline* crew would be able to find my remains here. Most of the people in the group, except for one lady who carried the look of someone on Hour One of a 300-hour community service sentence, were partly to mostly pleasant. And Rob was a walking Wikipedia on trees and fauna.

It was actually enjoyable, filling me with the mystery of what took me so long to get out in the community.

Afterwards, I, out of curiosity, submitted a group for

approval with the name Hikers Who Enjoy Listening to Gladys Knight and the Pips, with the description: "This is a group for anyone interested in hiking while discussing the storied musical work of Gladys Knight and the Pips. We'll meet once a week to hike, debate what actually constitutes a Pip, and maybe sing a verse or two of 'Midnight Train to Georgia.'"

As of this writing, I've yet to receive approval or rejection. ♦



The Ways We Love ... and What it Costs Us

The ancient Greek had four different words for love: *Eros*, *Philia*, *Storge* and *Agape*. Each is a different type of love, and all use money in different ways.

Eros refers to intimate or romantic love. The term *erotic* is derived from *Eros*, and this kind of love burns intensely, though often briefly. The intensity of *Eros* can cloud one's judgment, especially when it comes to finances. Under the spell of *Eros*, you might find yourself buying expensive gifts, taking trips, or providing financial support to a lover. These expressions of love can hurt your own finances when carried to extremes. And when *Eros* dies, there are often regrets about money spent in the heat of the moment.

Philia love is often translated as brotherly love, friendship or affection. The name *Philadelphia* comes from *Philia*. Aristotle divided *Philia* friendships into three types:

Friendships of utility are typically transactional, such as a buyer and seller. Money is a key component in these friendships; without money, the relationship would likely not exist.

Friendships of pleasure are based on the enjoyment of another's company and often based on a shared activity or experience. Reciprocity is a key component in these relationships, and money is a component only if it provides mutual benefit.

Friendships of the good are based on respect for another's character. This is the highest level of friendship, what some call true friendship. People

willingly spend money on the other person, and recipients take care that givers don't give too much.

Storge love is based on natural affection. It's also called familial love, the love between parents and children and also the love between committed partners. Given enough time, *Eros* love might morph into *Storge*, as a couple goes from gazing into each other's eyes to looking outward in the same direction. Because *Storge* involves deep, long-term commitments, the financial commitments are also deep and long term, whether to a spouse, a parent or a child. *Storge* love often carries the biggest price tags but also has a high potential for emotional return.

Agape love is often considered the "highest" form of love. It is the love of God for humankind, and of humankind for God. It is also the love that is reflected in charity. *Agape* is a selfless love, one committed to the well-being of another. In *Agape*, money is given with no expectation of reciprocity or recognition. It is not given out of any sense of duty or obligation. Money moved by *Agape* love is money serving its highest purpose.

Love Beats Logic

As humans, we make most of our financial decisions emotionally, then use whatever logic we can cobble together to support those decisions. Since love in any form involves way more emotion than logic, it follows that the way love moves money is also more emotional than logical.

As a financial planner, I'm often frustrated at how emotion overrules

logic and creates financial problems. But as a human, I'm thankful the emotion of love drives so many of our financial decisions. Overall, money moved by love does so much more good than harm.

When we spend our money on people and causes we know and love, we can temper those emotions with the logic of knowing who the money is going to and how it will be used. When a couple chooses to have a child, they have no idea who that person will be or what they will become. And yet, they assume the responsibility for that outcome. They also accept an open-ended commitment — there's no stop-pay clause in parenthood.

Because we can quantify everything today, a young couple can know precisely the enormous opportunity costs to produce a happy, healthy, productive adult. And when, despite all the costs, a couple chooses to have a child, one can only marvel at such selfless love. ♦

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BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 20

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

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

Answers to Sudoku

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

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