

SPRING 2019: The Truth

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WISE OLD TREES

The science behind
the stories Pg.24

10 Truths & a Lie

It can be hard to
tell the difference

Pg.32

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The
Unreliable
Narrator
Remembering is
a subjective act



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Leisure Care

Chris Lucero
VP, Sales & Marketing

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Created by Wise Publishing Group
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Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
Max Wells
mwells@wisepublishinggroup.com

Managing/Copy Editor
Carol Pearson
carol@wisepublishinggroup.com

Art Director
Mike Inks, MLI Design
www.mlidesign.co
mike.inks@wisepublishinggroup.com

Ad Sales
ads@wisepublishinggroup.com

Production:
MLi Design
www.mlidesign.co

Printing:
Journal Graphics
www.journalgraphics.com

Contributing Authors

Dave Cuzzolina
Nancy Gertz
Mazduda Hassan
Robert Horton
Pam Mandel
Skye Moody
Carol Pearson
John Pearson
Chris Peterson
Misha Stone
Arica VanGelder
Jeff Wozer
Rabbi Elana Zaiman

Proofreaders

Cheryl Knight
Diane Smith

Truth:

What we know as our truth may change over time.

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THOUGHTS FROM THE HOME OFFICE

A Fresh Perspective on Truth



It's good to be back in the saddle after a great holiday season. I hope you all had a chance to spend time with family and friends, enjoy some delicious seasonal cuisine, and recharge your batteries.

This issue of LIV FUN is centered on the concept of truth. It's interesting that something that seems so absolute (it's either true or false, right?) can be so complex when we look closer. Rudy Giuliani was in the news late last year for saying in an interview, "The truth is not the truth. It's just someone's version of the truth." Although I'll stay away from the actual content of what was being discussed in that interview, the statement presents an interesting notion.

We all have somewhat different frames of reference when it comes to life, and although there are many absolute truths in life, we inherently frame what we believe to be true with our own perspectives. Consider some of the things you may have thought were true about your parents when you were a child, only to realize that

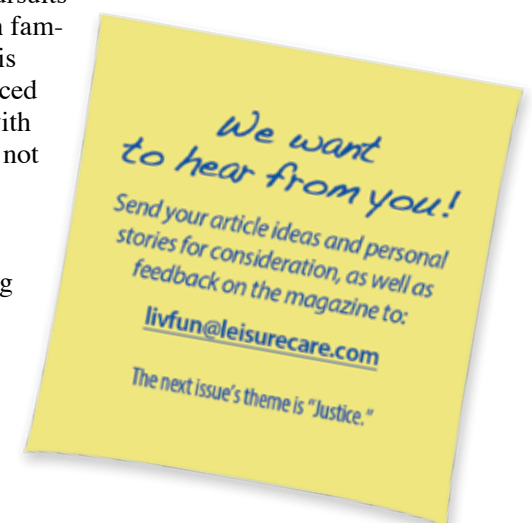
there was much more to it when you became a parent or grandparent. Our understanding of the truth can and does change over time based on individual experiences, societal changes, and life lessons we've learned.

Truth and peoples' perception of what is true are not always aligned because of the frame of reference and personal perspective. It's called bias, and it's completely natural to have. In the senior-living hospitality business, we see this in a pronounced way in a couple of areas. An example we see often is the change of what people believe to be true about aging when they begin working in a retirement community. It's hard for a 20-year-old person to have a deep understanding of what it is like to be 80 years old. A 20-year-old's frame of reference doesn't take into account the experience and knowledge gained through those 80 years, personal and societal challenges faced during that time, and, certainly, the current day's challenges with being 80. That's a big generation gap that begins to come together when a younger person begins working closely with older people. It's fun to see the lights come on and the relationships develop as the staff in our communities learns about our residents' lives and who they really are. The bias that exists throughout our society fades, and a deeper understanding shapes how people see the elderly and what they believe to be true about the elderly — because the elderly are not all the same. Just like teenagers are not all the same — and being a "teenager" only spans seven of our earliest years!

Another example is the perceived truths people have about retirement communities when they first shop around for one — or move into one. Many times, the perception is that life in a community will be more limiting than life at home was — or that it will be an "old folks' home." Most often, our residents and their families find the opposite to be true! The things they were doing at home were important things that needed to be done, but many were tasks that are just taken care of by the staff in a community. The time that frees up allows for new and different pursuits that are available through the community. Sometimes deeper relationships with family are developed because time spent doing errands or chores for Mom or Dad is replaced with time spent visiting or doing new things. When I was first introduced to retirement communities in my 20s, these were two of the things that stuck with me. Not all seniors are the same, and Leisure Care retirement communities are not "old folks' homes!"

I hope the articles in this issue provoke some thought about what we see as truths, or reality. It so often depends on perspective. I'm pretty sure that what I believe to be true in life and what Keith Richards believes would have some big differences!

Happy New Year,
Greg Clark
Executive Vice President
Leisure Care





Fashion CRISIS on the Yoga Mat

Maybe style
does help answer
some eternal questions
about ourselves.

by Carol Pearson

Writer, editor and somewhat fashionable beach walker

© yacobchuk

“I feel a bit like Melania in some ways (although without the Trump-size budget to restock my closets).”

“Sat nam.”

Sitting cross-legged on our yoga mats, we repeated the mantra to ourselves; I tried to wrap my unquiet head around the literal meaning of the Sanskrit term. “Truth is my name.”

I deepened into my practice, focusing on the breath, intent on shaking off the remaining bits of chaos from earlier that morning.

I had woken up late, with about 20 minutes before I had to leave for yoga class. And I was in the midst of full-blown clothing meltdown. Everything I put on made me feel frumpy, old, saggy — even stupid and childish were words that came to mind. This certainly isn’t the first time I’ve had to dress for a yoga class. I possess a drawer full of togs for tennis, yoga and beach walks; comfy and colorful stretch capris nestle next to tank tops and quick-dry skorts, with a couple of silky sarongs I rarely wear but love to own.

Today, though, nothing I put on felt “right.” Nothing seemed to speak my truth.

After finally donning a three-quarter sleeve black scoop neck and a pair of soft and ratty leggings with a black-and-white elephant design, I slipped into my flip flops and flew out the door — still feeling disheveled but hoping to clear my head, and my soul, on the mat.

“Sat nam.”

Truth is my name.

I slowly calmed down, at least enough to begin to process my unease. In the big picture, it doesn’t really matter what I wear — there were all varieties of stretchy, comfy outfits in the room. Some of the women had their hair just so; others in the classic “messy buns” that call out those of us who are too busy to be bothered. One had diamond earrings; another a multi-layered bracelet of crystal prayer beads. All, at some point that morning, had to decide what to wear.

I wondered what conversations went on in their heads as they dressed.

Beyond the practical decision of how to cover our bodies, there is the spiritual aspect. Isn’t beauty inside?

Don’t they say that confidence is the most important element to attractiveness? Seeking a more spiritual experience in this life should, one thinks, lead to less focus on worldly things ... yet a massive commercial industry has sprung up to sell piles of stuff to all us “soul seekers.”

Does Personal Style Have a Place in Our Quest for Spiritual Awareness?

“Fashion has always been an important part of how people define themselves and others. As such it can be a powerful tool of influence,” explains Alasdair Donaldson, a senior policy analyst and editor for the British Council. (Donaldson, 2016) “Fashion’s influence can also be indirect and constitute a form of soft power. From Wellington’s boots to Gandhi’s shawl and Mao’s ‘Mao-suit’; from Elizabeth I’s ruffs to Diana’s dresses to Thatcher’s handbags, famous individuals become associated with certain clothes, which they often consciously use to project an image of themselves or their country.”

That’s obvious for the royals and holds true in politics as well, as we’ve seen so clearly over the past few years.

“Clinton paid homage to both suffragettes and her own generation of mid-century feminists when she accepted the Democratic Party’s nomination for the U.S. presidency wearing a white pantsuit,” explains Misha Pinkhasov writing in *Vogue*. “Leagues of women turned out on Election Day in white, or pantsuits, or both to vote for the candidate they hoped would become America’s first female president.” (Pinkhasov, 2018)

Meanwhile us more common folk adopted political style in a big, colorful way.

“The Donald Trump campaign’s red trucker cap, emblazoned with the words ‘Make America Great Again,’ became a symbol of the working-class, nationalist rejection of the intellectual globalism proposed by Clinton,” Pinkhasov continues. “Then, the day after Trump’s inauguration, images of the Women’s Marches across the

U.S. showed human rivers speckled with knit and pink caps — the new symbol of feminine resistance against alpha-male dominance.”

Our personal style works on one level to visibly express the truths about who we are, what we believe, who we associate with, and how we feel about ourselves and the space we inhabit. It also allows others to make judgments about us — both real and perceived. Take Melania Trump, for example. Never can I remember a woman being so constantly and ruthlessly criticized for everything she dons. Surely there have been missteps (exactly where were her advisors the day of the fateful jacket incident?), but there have been many moments when she looked beyond elegant, as if channeling Jackie O. She has style; of this there can be no doubt.

I feel a bit like Melania in some ways (although without the Trump-size budget to restock my closets). We are both creatures in a new setting, in a time of change and upheaval in our lives, making our places in our new communities — so if our clothes don’t demonstrate our full truths yet, I suppose that can be forgiven.

The answer might not be in a new tote bag of goodies from your favorite local boutique. I do believe that the fashion industry stokes the fires of discontent so that we continue to buy more, often without thinking. But we have to wear something; and that something is our own personal style. It’s not entirely out of the question that a few new glad rags — especially during times when you are feeling the stress of change and extra chaos in your life — just might soothe your soul. ♦

Read more:

Donaldson, Alasdair. (2016). “The Power of Fashion.” *British Council*. Retrieved December 14, 2018, from www.britishcouncil.org.

Pinkhasov, Misha. (2018). “The Power of Fashion: Decoding World Leader’s Sartorial Choices.” *Vogue Magazine*. Retrieved December 14, 2018, from en.vogue.me.

Entertain Your Brain: Books

by Misha Stone

Readers' advisory librarian & Booklist Magazine blogger

“The daily hummingbird assaults existence with improbability.”

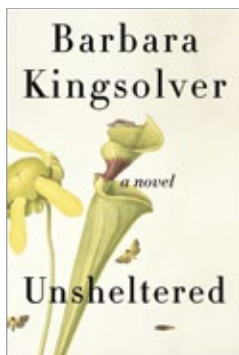
— Ursula K. Le Guin



Becoming

by Michelle Obama (Crown Publishing, \$32.50)

A good memoir invites you into another person's experiences and provides a sense of intimacy into their life, the challenges they have faced, and how they navigate the world. Michelle Obama's lovely, clear-eyed memoir does just that while lifting the veil on the woman who has lived much of her adult life in the public eye. Michelle Robinson grew up in Chicago's South side where her hard-working parents provided and sacrificed for Michelle and her brother in support of their dreams. Michelle's tone is pragmatic, open and searching as she shares stories about her determination in school, college and career and the whirlwind of her life as partner to the equally determined and unflappable Barack Obama. The former First Lady reveals vulnerability alongside her usual poise as she relates the challenges of navigating the contentious White House political terrain.



Unsheltered

by Barbara Kingsolver (Harper, \$29.99)

Kingsolver's new novel captures our current moment — both the politics and the erosion of the middle-class ideal of attaining a better life than one's parents. The book shares the story of two main protagonists: Willa, a freelance journalist with a lot on her plate, and Thatcher, a public school science teacher 100 years before. When Willa's freelance journalism gig dries up and her son's life implodes, leaving her to care for her grandson and an ailing father-in-law, she realizes that her life has taken on a seismic shift. Meanwhile Thatcher is a newly married man whose work to educate the youth in his town is thwarted by a narcissistic town founder and toady principal who believe Darwin's theories are heretical. These lives unfold in the same home in Vineland, New Jersey, providing a clear view into the human condition and unshakable truths, regardless of the time. A marvelous storyteller, Kingsolver brings her characters vividly to life while asking us to consider how the ground beneath all of us may be shifting.



No Time to Spare: Thinking About What Matters

by Ursula K. Le Guin (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, \$22.00)

Novelist, poet and translator Ursula K. Le Guin won numerous awards over the course of her career, from the highest honors for science fiction and fantasy to a lifetime achievement National Book Award. She also wrote brilliant, wide-ranging essays on books, art and aging. This book of essays, following *Words Are My Matter*, was published shortly before her death in January 2018, and its title and content feels prescient. In one essay, she ruminates on the now-wild idea that then-President Harry Truman presented after the war — that Americans all eat less meat each week to help the starving people in Europe — and comments: “I wish the ideals of respecting truth and sharing the goods hadn't become so foreign to my country that my country begins to seem foreign to me.” Le Guin laments the world as we see it now — the impending climate change and rancorous politics — while she revels in the power of literature and art. Her disobedient and energetic cat, Pard, also appears with spirited regularity in this collection, illustrating Le Guin's delight in everyday brushes with magic and animal-kind. Le Guin's voice will be missed for its singularity, wit and stubborn insistence on righteousness.

Entertain Your Brain: Movies

by Robert Horton

Member, National Society of Film Critics

*“I want to see movies I can walk away from and say,
‘Wait, what happened there? Hold up, what did I just see? What?’”*

— Lee Daniels



Spotlight (2015)

An Oscar-winning account of the *Boston Globe's* Pulitzer Prize-winning investigation into child sex abuse — and the efforts of the Catholic Church to cover up the scandal — *Spotlight* is, in many ways, a throwback to a kind of newspaper movie that has ceased to exist. (It might also serve as a reminder that many newspapers themselves have vanished or have transformed into something different online.) One of the gratifying things about the film is the way it portrays professionals doing their job, a job that by definition is the objective pursuit of the truth; except for one outburst by Mark Ruffalo's reporter (anguished about delaying the report when lives are at stake), the journalists realize that in order to find facts, what's required is a dispassionate, detached method, despite the emotional story they're working on. Like the previous generation's *All the President's Men*, *Spotlight* makes journalism seem as gripping as a detective story, well-rendered by an amazing cast. The newspaper's revelations shake the institutions — church, politics and business — that have flourished for decades because of the suppression of truth. (Available streaming on Netflix, Amazon Prime, iTunes, GooglePlay and YouTube.)



Rashomon (1950)

Here's an acknowledged film classic that really earns its reputation. In a grove in 12th-century Japan, three people cross paths; an assault and death follow. In the aftermath, each tells a different version of what happened to the bewilderment of onlookers — one of the participants speaks from the afterlife through a ghostly medium. The great director Akira Kurosawa (*Seven Samurai*) scored his first international success with this film, which also brought its electrifying lead actor, Toshiro Mifune, worldwide acclaim. The film's central idea, that truth will always be elusive when the human ego is involved, is brought to life in an incredibly dynamic way — so much so that the word “Rashomon” has become a synonym for conflicting, unreliable memories. In the film's framing story, disillusioned strangers sift through these contradictory accounts and are shaken by the process. The movie may alter the viewer's way of seeing the world too. (Available streaming on Amazon and iTunes.)



45 Years (2015)

Andrew Haigh's quietly overwhelming film begins with a revelation that seems to spring from a fairy tale: A man (Tom Courtenay) receives a letter informing him that the body of his onetime love, lost decades earlier in an icy Swiss crevasse, has been recovered. His reaction tells his wife (Charlotte Rampling) the truth that has been buried in their marriage for the past 45 years: that he was likely always attached to his dead lover, a realization that changes everything for her — and that comes just as she is preparing the party for their wedding anniversary. This is a film built on small looks and gestures, right up to the devastating final seconds, but we are never left in doubt that something large has happened in this marriage. You don't catch Rampling or Courtenay “acting,” but these seasoned pros are flawless in conveying the layered experience of so many years together — and the depth of what lies beneath that experience. (Available streaming on Netflix, Amazon, Google Play, iTunes and Vudu.)

Entertain Your Brain: Music

by John Pearson

Retired musician and lifelong enthusiast

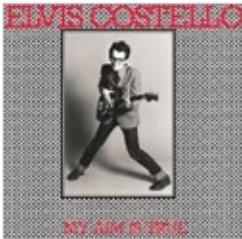
“My ultimate vocation in life is to be an irritant.”

— Elvis Costello



Kathy’s Song (Album cut) — Simon and Garfunkel, 1966

From the album *Sounds of Silence* with the nearly eponymous breakthrough hit single, we are pleased to review “Kathy’s Song.” This relatively early effort by Paul Simon is a solo performance consisting of a bare melody line atop the crisp rhythmic finger-picking of an acoustic guitar — no bass, no drums, no Garfunkel. Nevertheless, it possesses a depth of reserved emotion and introspection that teeters on the edge of melancholy on the one hand and wistful dreaminess on the other. Simon has captured a moment of uncertainty in his life as embodied in the powerful line that he directs to Kathy: “The only truth I know is you.”



Alison (Single) — Elvis Costello, 1977

This intriguing number provided the title for Elvis Costello’s debut album in the repeated lyric “My aim is true.” One has to wonder why this single did not chart. It is safe to say from at least one perspective that, from clear to opaque, a large number of his compositions would be categorized closer to the darker side of that spectrum. “Alison’s” lyric, in contrast, is relatively clear. In any case, its remarkable aspects outweigh any concern over ultimate meaning. Considerably less strident than the bulk of his work, we find “Alison” to be mature and soothing in the concern expressed for a former friend or partner. The song continues to be a favorite of this reviewer for a number of reasons: Costello’s originality of phrase and structure; the short but sweet harmony on the chorus line; the semi-chromatic guitar riffs — all these contribute to enduring enjoyment.



Love Minus Zero / No Limit (Album cut) — Bob Dylan, 1965

Filled with complex early-Dylan imagery, this cut from the album *Bringing It All Back Home* has been described by some as containing a list of contrasts or opposites while suggesting references to classic poetry, the *Bible*, analytical psychology, and more. This reviewer takes exception. Certainly no one knows what conscious and/or subconscious sources Dylan drew upon during the creative act, but it seems clear that the object of his love — whether muse, actuality or dream — is consistently and repeatedly drawn as an exceptional person. A better example could not be found than in the lyric “She’s true like ice, like fire,” in which ice and fire are not portrayed as opposite in any sense, but as being identical in their purity. ♦



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Out and About: Journeys Completed or Contemplated

The Unreliable Narrator

When memory is your only source, the past has a fluid truth of its own.

© Artasia Wells

by Pam Mandel

Freelance travel writer and photographer

I could not have taken the ferry from there — there is not, nor has there ever been, a ferry dock at that particular location. Not only that, the landscape is completely different. It is not the arrowhead-shaped flat bit of land that I remember; it would have been a rocky coastline instead. It's like my memory has redrawn the story so it fits what I see now when I look at a map of the Sinai Peninsula — a triangle shape of land in the fork of the Red Sea.

I'm not lying, not in the literal sense of the word anyway. There's no benefit to a lie. I just want to tell this story set in a geographically specific place that is, perhaps, easy for you to picture

if you are the kind of person who likes maps, who knows them. When I unspool this memory for you, I only need you to know that I was in this place, and it looked a certain way. I don't need you to think better or worse of me; perhaps my only goal is vanity. "You were where, when?" I might want you to ask, and I might want you to think me especially adventurous, which I did not feel at the time.

The editor told me how wrong I was; she was an expert on the geography of the region. "You could not have been there, and plus, it is far from flat." She named the place it would have been, the place it still is, and I looked it up, and of course she

was right, because she was working in the present and I was working from memory only.

I have spent the past year working on a memoir about some travel I did in the early '80s. I have very little to go on. A few letters sent to a high school friend; he returned them to me after some recent house cleaning. They are useless, flirty, frivolous ramblings that say very little about what I am actually doing in the Middle East, in India. A stack of photos, browned with age but free from any kind of notation.

The letters from my travel companion are gone, destroyed in a bid to erase his fingerprints from my past. I had not yet

decided I was a writer when I made this trip, so there is no journal. Any letters I sent to my father are long gone, tossed in the numerous moves he and his wife made before he died. The same with those I sent my mother. She kept my letters from later years, but from this particular era, there is nothing.

That leaves me with memory as my sole source. My story wants to be comprehensive, but it wants to focus also; it cannot include every single anecdote, every moment. My story wants mostly to be kind. Even if everyone doesn't come off looking like a hero, it wants to show a certain understanding of the forces that make people do less-than-honorable things. My story wants

to be of its era, so it has a certain coloring, an anchoring sound track.

If this is vague, well, try squinting back through 40 years to see the border crossing between India and Pakistan. Am I lying when I tell you that the train conductor invited me into the engine to see where he shoveled the coal into the blazing fire and then handed me a drink of pepper and lime? We were waiting for the all-clear from customs to continue on to Amritsar, and I was bored, and it was hot, and I paced the platform until this lanky man in a turban asked me if I would like to see the engine. Was his turban blue or wine colored? Blue, I think, though I cannot be sure.

When I am done, my story will not be quite true, but it won't be false, either. It will be the truth that my memory allows me to write, as close to true as I can make it. My readers will have to trust that the parts at the center of the story, the parts that matter, the parts excavated to reveal the foundation of who I am today are true. Some parts I can fix through research or through the words of an editor who says, "No, the port is north of there, and it has a different name." I can look at a map for that.

For the rest, I have only what I remember to be true. And it will be true enough. ♦

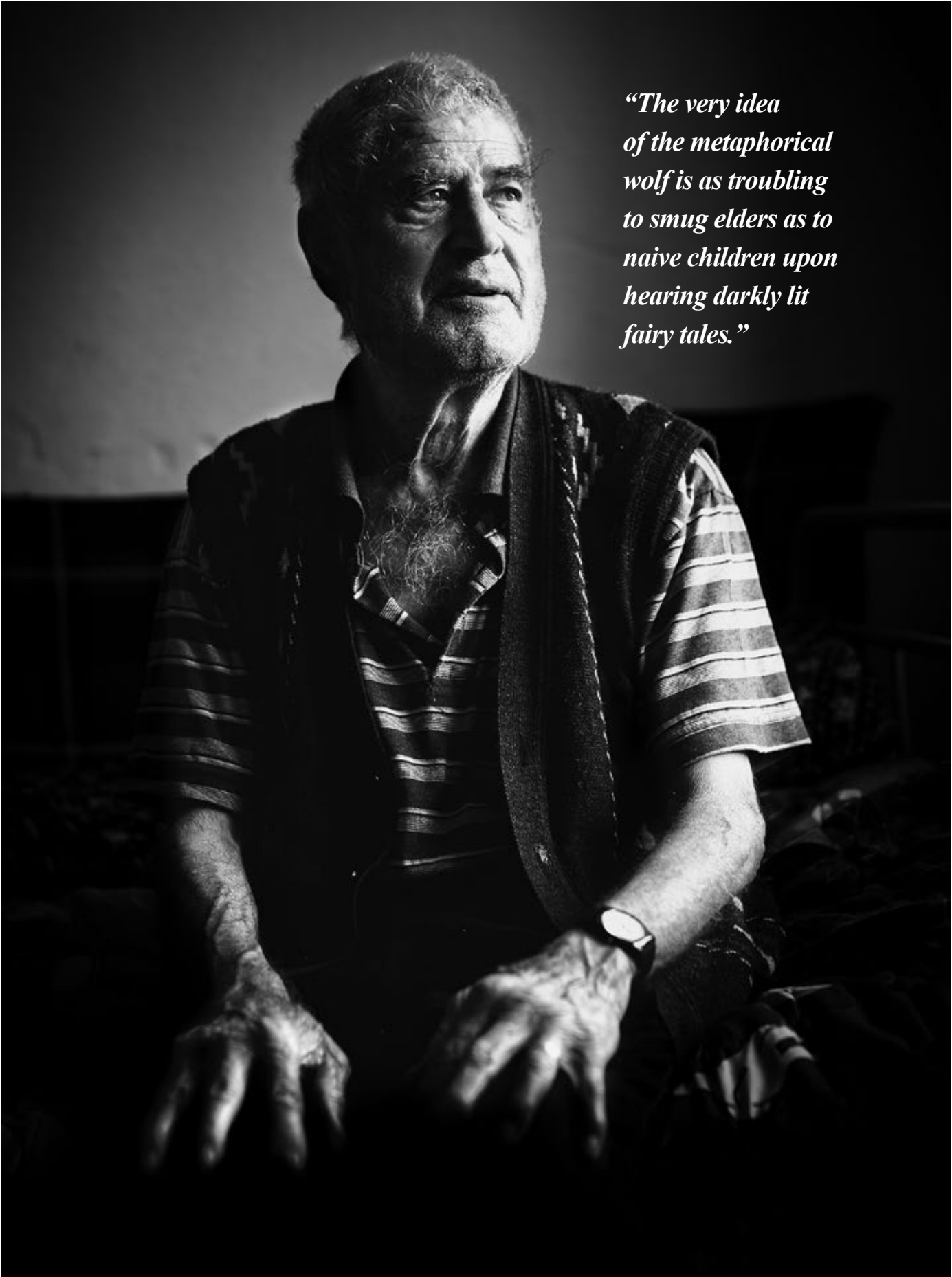


The Wolf is at the door

by Skye Moody

Novelist, essayist, photographer and world traveler

It's the inescapable truth rife with myth and lore ...
but we don't have to be paralyzed by our fear of the Big Bad Wolf.



“The very idea of the metaphorical wolf is as troubling to smug elders as to naive children upon hearing darkly lit fairy tales.”

“The wolf is at the door!” exclaims the 73-year-old man I’ll call Bud, nearly levitating off his recliner chair.

“Unless he’s disguised as the UPS man,” I say, “I think he just wants to leave a package.”

The package is Bud’s latest supply of medications, imported from Canada because they’re cheaper. The UPS guy doesn’t bite, growl or maul when I accept it.

Bud sinks back into his worn leather recliner, by now embossed with his rear-view image. It’s a sunny afternoon, and through the windows I watch palm trees sway in a gentle breeze against an electric blue sky. Inside Bud’s tiny apartment it’s stuffy and dark as we suffer through another version of the same miserable conversation we’ve had off and on for months.

“You get old,” Bud declares. “I’m old. Every day, the cost of living goes up. What if I end up under a bridge?”

“The 70s are the new 50s,” I counter. “You’re young, Bud.”

I hope he’s kidding when he speaks of dying at age 73; he has no such medical diagnosis, no great malady, just aches and pains from leather recliner syndrome.

He isn’t kidding. Bud is terrified of what he identifies as “the two inevitabilities” looming over his life: the wolf at the door and/or insufficient savings to last until the beast comes knocking.

It’s *Red Riding Hood* with a twist. The fairy tale reverses the wolf’s position at the door, but the lesson’s the same: Bud’s demise looms certain.

O, fear, how much time you waste! I think, watching Bud reach for the remote control and click channels on his flat screen to settle on yet another newscast. On today’s menu: a mass shooting, the usual political falderal, and football scores. Anything to divert his addled mind from the big knock.

“Maybe I’m the wolf in sheep’s clothing,” I tease him.

“You just wait. He’s coming for you, too, one day.”

The problem with retirement is while, to a few retirees, it means doing whatever pulls your chain, many elders like Bud aren’t equipped

with a fat bank account and so enjoy downgraded options. No Bali-Hai, no Princess Cruises for Bud. Lately, he’s stuck on listening to Dylan’s “When the Deal Goes Down” ... and the fact that he can’t count on anyone to be with him when it does.

Retirement, for Bud, generates boredom, hour upon hour to dwell on his aches and pains and concoct dark armchair prophecies. Alcohol and recreational marijuana curb the edge, and so he indulges from the moment he hauls out of bed in the morning until he inevitably passes out in his recliner shortly after a lonely dinner.

I ask Bud, “If you spent all that worrying time and energy on something else, what would it be?”

“I have no more aspirations,” Bud declares, pushing back in his recliner. “Why should I? I have no more value. If you mean, should I go out and find a job, forget it. At my age, life gets dicey, you know? There’s age discrimination. I’m weaker now; can’t defend myself against these young gangbangers who rob old people ’cause we’re easy marks. And there’s my bowels. They don’t work so good anymore. Yesterday I barely made it home in time. I’m no good for public consumption.”

“Next time, at the grocery store,” I try, “maybe pick up some adult, uh ...”

“Diapers?” He snorts. “Don’t coddle me. No way. They chafe.”

I roll my eyes. He might notice, but I’m long past caring what Bud thinks of me.

“Been to the golf course lately?” I ask tactfully. I know Bud used to golf several times a week, and he lives near three inexpensive public courses. He can afford a game once or twice a month.

But, no.

“My knees,” he complains. After years of carrying around 100 extra pounds, Bud’s knees are indeed shot. He refuses to consider knee replacements.

“I came into this world with these knees,” he avows, “and I’m goin’ out with ’em too. These days, I watch golf.”

I’m finding Bud has ripened into a classic bit of a curmudgeon and half-jokingly josh him about this. He retorts, “Who the hell wouldn’t be

Stay Young at Heart ... and Give the Wolf Pause

Besides contributing financially to charities, society offers many opportunities to interact with those less fortunate and perhaps lonelier than yourself. Not only can you offer companionship, you can create fond memories for someone who is neglected, lonely and hungry for companionship.

Where to share your time and talents:

- Soup kitchens and rescue missions, serving meals to the hungry.
- Homeless shelters, where there are many ways you can volunteer assisting those staying there.
- Children’s hospitals, storytelling, visiting with and reading to hospitalized youngsters.
- Senior community centers, playing chess, Mah Jongg or other games, or simply socializing with other elders, many who are without partners and often lonely.
- Seafarers’ welcome centers. Many coastal communities provide a hosting facility for the world’s mariners to welcome them to their city. Volunteer serving meals, providing language translation, or providing information or tours of the city.
- Hotlines: Mental health, domestic abuse and suicide hotlines always need volunteers to serve on telephone switchboards.
- The Red Cross has many ways to help in your community.
- The Salvation Army and many local nonprofit organizations like animal shelters, food banks and fraternal organizations would be happy for your help.
- Virtual Villages, following the model of the Beacon Hill Village in Boston, where members engage and grow with a community. Find a village near you at tiny.cc/V2Vnetwork.

curmudgeonly when you're an old fart living alone with nothing left to live for?"

Really? Gloom hangs heavy in his untended apartment. And, I might add, untended heart. I fight the urge to flee. He's my friend, after all. I wonder if he has other friends, though refrain from asking lest it trigger more misery.

I'm not suggesting Bud, or any elder, forget about the wolf's advent or ignore the justifiable fear that accompanies its certainty. That certainty is why in most U.S. states, including California, where Bud lives near the ocean, Medicare provides free mental health counseling for recipients like himself. But to even suggest he's depressed or that counseling might boost his joy barometer? Forget it; Bud's self-medication routine works just fine, he insists.

In a way he's right to be skeptical of smug elders who brag they're unafraid of the Big Bad Wolf: That baddie can huff and puff all he wants; they're strolling pain-free and joyful all the way to the Pearly Gates. Right. It's no good concealing the genuine inner fear branded on the hearts of all sentient beings, including the naysayers and frauds. At least Bud is honest. The very idea of the metaphorical wolf is as troubling to self-congratulatory elders as to naive children hearing those darkly lit fairy tales.

The wolf as a cautionary tale has been around since at least 600 BC, and its deadly predation carries many interpretations, all metaphors for fearsome darkness. In Norse mythology, the evil wolf is believed to swallow the sun. (Guerber, reprinted 2007) Aesop's fables often adopt the wolf as herald of the Grim Reaper. Shakespeare to Disney, just about every mythologist in the dark tale business eventually adopts the wolf as a harbinger of dreadful portent.

The Grimm brothers, literally the grimmest of them all, spoke truth when they spun tales of suffering and ultimate demise. Trickery and disguise are the wolf's favorite tactics in a Grimm story, such as "The Wolf and the Seven Young Kids." (The young are also susceptible to the trickster's charms.) (Grimm, reprinted 2011)

It's safe to conclude that in the deep, dark forests of our psyches, we have always feared the devious predator, who at any moment might leap from behind a tree and grab us by the juicy entrails. But to keep our ultimate demise at the forefront of our consciousness grants it the power to haunt us every time we gaze upon an innocent tree, or even our own front door, where,

vulnerable to every knock, the UPS guy could inadvertently deliver a massive heart attack.

As we wrestle with Bud's fear-filled mindset toward a bleak future, I wonder aloud how he might utilize his many gifts and talents within his local community. He scoffs, "Old people have no value, none whatsoever. They hate us. It's not our world anymore."

If he'd just listen, Bud would hear a vast chorus of voices calling his name, pleading for his help, for his presence, to share his gruff humor with his ilk, his elder wisdom with hungry young minds, his kind hand at a soup kitchen, for his friendly presence in another elder's lonely life or his tale-spinning to young children (PG-13 no doubt; parents strongly cautioned).

I've got a prescription for what ails timorous Bud: Become a hospice or hospital volunteer, accompany terminally ill patients as they face their own fears, regrets, dark shadows, unfulfilled dreams. Hold the hand of a fellow human and promise to be at her side when the wolf arrives at her door. Bud might surprise himself, I venture, by confronting someone else's wolf; might even shake off some of his own trepidation. At the very least, Bud would be focusing on someone else's inevitabilities instead of on his own fantasies of how, and when, and why, this time, the wolf has arrived at *his* door.

As he stares through the television screen, I can't resist. I start singing.

"Fairy tales can come true, they can happen to you ..."

Bud turns to glare at me and snaps, "They *will* happen to you and *me*, and everybody else. Now, will you shut up. I'm trying to hear the news."

"... if you're young at heart." (Richards and Lee, 1953) ♦

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Crossword Puzzle

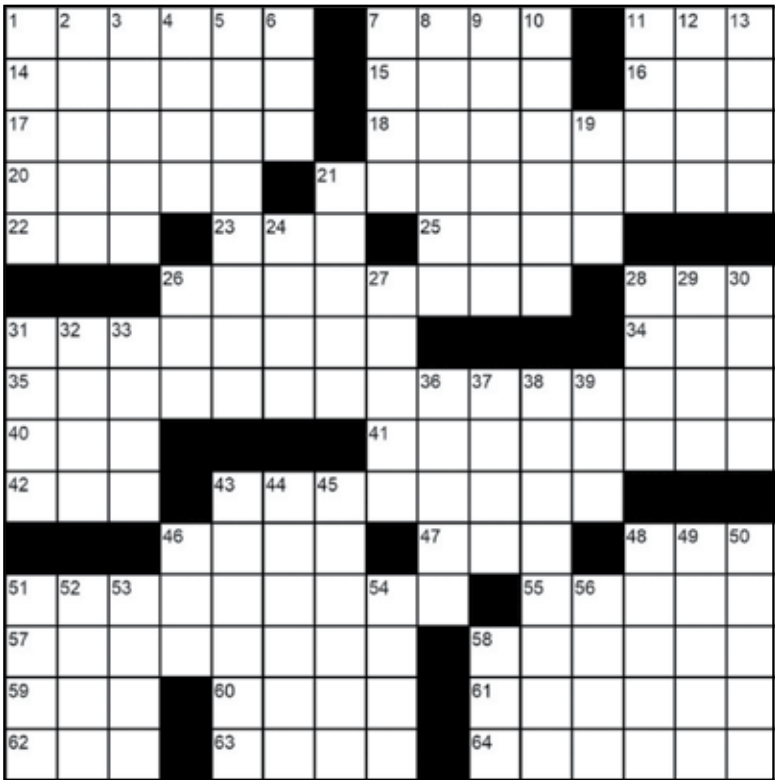
“Liar, liar, pants on fire!”

ACROSS

- 1 One of the Seven Dwarfs
7 They may be gaping
11 Printer's measures
14 Vilify
15 Something you might work without
16 ___ King Cole
17 Smartness, as in business
18 First part of a Shakespearean quote
20 A type of parking
21 Elba for Napoleon, for example
22 Entity concerned with oil spills
23 LBJ pet beagle
25 Dudley Do-Right's girl
26 Possible career option for an ecology major
28 Number-cruncher, initially
31 Second part of quote
34 Casual greetings
35 Heritable traits
40 Moray, for one
41 President before Lincoln
42 Cowboy first name
43 Looks something like a man or woman
46 Wicked ____ (TV show)
47 One of the compass points
48 A seat on Sunday, perhaps
51 Last part of quote
55 Shirt size
57 Stretch
58 Look up to
59 Pirates' bottle, maybe
60 Plays for a sap
61 Made a fashion border
62 Prospector's goal
63 Fresh
64 Puts into effect

DOWN

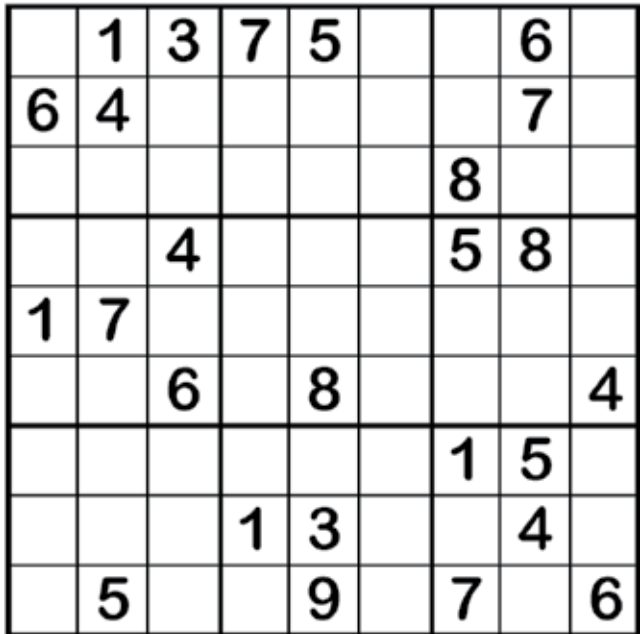
- 1 Very serious
2 Summary
3 Palate extension
4 Act out silently
5 Superabundance
6 Hankerin'
7 Cat or Celtic people from the Isle of Man
8 Bless
9 RoboCop actor
10 Dan of music
11 Bambi's mother and others
12 Salt in class?
13 Eye trouble
19 Dodgers' great Hodges
21 Put up
24 Little Mermaid's love
26 On board with
27 Biblical queen
28 Where to take one?
29 Typesetting unit
30 Part of NCAA (abbr.)
31 Adjective with coffee or tea
32 Popular butter or stadium
33 Polio research hero
36 Possible complaint about eggs
37 Ubiquitous screen image
38 Protected
39 Little bit
43 Responded to a telemarketer?
44 Discomposure
45 Have power over
46 Unit for bricks or coal
48 Preen
49 Heron
50 Something to hide in
51 Prefix with space or naut
52 Have trouble speaking
53 Condo or apartment, for some
54 Kind of match in cricket
56 Snowballs or BBs, briefly
58 "Gotcha!"



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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



Seeing Green

The surprising health benefits of having plants in your life.

by LIV FUN editorial staff

A new scientific study has shown that getting more green in your life — and we aren't talking about vegetables — can have long-term health benefits. These intriguing findings came from a study published in the scientific journal *Environmental Health Perspectives*, which revealed that the benefits of living around green vegetation go far beyond that good “fresh-air” feeling we get when we go outdoors. (James et al., 2016)

The study, conducted by the Harvard T.H. Chan School of Public Health and Brigham and Women's Hospital, followed more than 100,000 women over an 8-year period, using satellite imagery to observe and measure plant life around the participants' homes. The findings were startlingly definitive: Living near green, natural environments reduced mortality risk factors, increased social and physical well-being, and lowered stress.

“These findings suggest that green vegetation has a protective effect,” explains Linda Birnbaum Ph.D., director at

the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences, speaking to Senior-Journal.com. (2016) The researchers reported that deaths from kidney disease, respiratory disease and cancer were all lower in homes surrounded by higher levels of vegetation.

But does this prove that the lower mortality rates were caused by the plants? To address that question, the researchers did two things. First, they took out the effects of other variables that might impact mortality rates in their test group — things like age, race, ethnicity, smoking and socioeconomic status.

“This enabled them to be more confident that vegetation plays a role in reduced mortality, rather than these factors,” noted the Dr. Birnbaum.

Second, they looked at other mediating factors that could explain the effects. They had a lot of data to work with because the 100,000 women were part of the Nurses' Health Study, which began in 1976, and the study is among the largest investigations into the risk factors for major chronic diseases in

women. They found that lower mortality could be explained by more physical activity and social engagement and lower particulate matter in the air and less depression.

Of course, living in the 21st century is far from the Garden of Eden. That's why research like this could be so important in supporting the trend toward building green spaces in our communities. At the very least, it should give us all some incentive to grab a friend and take a nice long walk in the nearest park. ♦

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Into the Great Unknown

The question we had to answer was not whether we had enough money to retire, but whether we had enough courage.

by Dave Cuzzolina

Freelance writer, retired journalist, and marketing/communications professional

© Sam Edwards

“I needed to hear the numbers sing the ‘Hallelujah Chorus,’ announcing that retirement was unquestionably the right move for me and the right time was right now.”

If you are like many retirees, your decision to retire took considerable soul-searching and rigorous number-crunching. It was likely one of the hardest decisions of your life.

Besides ensuring your emotional readiness, you needed to know you were ready financially. You demanded nothing less than total assurance that you could meet your monthly bills and still have enough left over to enjoy life a little. I know I did.

I chased that assurance unicorn doggedly in a tortuous process that rivaled plucking out nose hairs on my list of least favorite things to do. Working my trusty No. 2 pencil with one hand and a smoking calculator with the other, I ran the numbers so often that even they were exhausted and confused.

So many variables, so many twists and turns, made the task seem impossible. Do I take Social Security now or wait? When do I start drawing my pension? Do I take a smaller amount so my spouse can collect benefits after I die?

But I didn’t quit. I endured and persevered because I needed that Holy Grail of pre-retirement decision-making: absolute certainty. I needed to hear the numbers sing the “Hallelujah Chorus,” announcing that retirement was unquestionably the right move for me and the right time was right now. Hallelujah.

Then it hit me. I was replacing my calculator battery for the third time when I realized why this exercise had become such a frustrating jigsaw puzzle. I was missing a pivotal piece: I had no idea how long I needed the money to last.

What if, God forbid, I live to be 100 and could still travel and enjoy life? It seems wrong that a long and healthy lifespan should be entered on the debit side of any ledger, but there it was. Not knowing how long we will live forces us to accept a good news / bad news proposition. The good news? Any doubts about whether our money will last in retirement will finally, one day, be laid to rest. The bad news? That point will be laid to rest when we are.

Fear followed closely on the heels of this epiphany. It warned me I was foolish to toss away a secure job and regular paychecks without total confidence in my budget numbers. It assaulted my weary brain with all those petrifying news and advertising headlines. You know the ones:

- Will you outlive your retirement savings?
- Can you count on Social Security?
- How will you like living under your kid’s roof for a change?

Is it just me or does that last one have fangs?

The truth is that the decision to retire was, for a good many of us, a leap of faith into a chasm of uncertainty. The question we had to answer was not whether we had enough money to retire, but whether we had enough courage.

In the face of this, thousands of Baby Boomers take that same leap of faith and retire every day. I took it. Many of you took it too. We overcame the paralyzing doubt and confusion and fear and mustered the mettle to venture forth into the great unknown with hope as our only safety net.

So how’s it working out for you?

If your answer is “Jim-dandy!” congratulations. But remember, you’re not out of the woods yet. Whether you’re a retirement newbie like myself or a veteran of 10 or 20 years or more, if you haven’t already needed a mid-course correction or two, you still could. Maybe an unexpected major expense throws you a curveball. Maybe that overly expensive cruise to Bermuda is just too hard to resist.

Or maybe something unrelated to finances — something you overlooked in your soul-searching — blindsides you. It can happen. It happened to me early on. All that free time had me feeling like a loafer. A part-time writing gig patched things up nicely. I felt valuable again, and I didn’t object to the extra money.

More important, I still felt retired. Take some comfort in that if you find yourself re-entering the job market (which is usually pretty good for seniors, by the way). It is possible to work a little and still enjoy your retirement.

My need to work again taught me about making mid-course corrections. Just roll with the punches. Know you’re not alone, and forge ahead with the same courage it took to make the difficult decision to retire in the first place. Compared to that experience, a mid-course correction should be a piece of cake.

Unless, God forbid, it means moving in with your kid. ♦

Wise Old Trees

A look at the science behind the stories of these majestic natural wonders.

I look at the trees, and the trees look back at me. Until recently, I did not understand the latter was possible, that the trees could look back at me. I never guessed that these silent, soulful creatures quietly listen, standing there like mute, old saints, knowing exactly what kind of thoughts we are thinking.

Science is now proving what the ancient wisdom traditions taught — that plant life can resonate with our thoughts in mysterious ways that we humans have yet to figure out.

by Mazduda Hassan

Writer, poet and activist in Dhaka, Bangladesh



The Ancient Tales

Since the ancient times, trees have existed as a silent friend of healing and wisdom to cultures and religions, especially Buddhism. Each stage of the Buddha's life unfolded in the shadow of trees. According to Buddhist legend, Queen Maya gave birth to her son Siddhartha in a miraculous manner in a grove of trees. Later in life, when the young prince set out in search for truth, he attained enlightenment while sitting under a Bodhi tree, still revered today in India as the locus of Buddha's spiritual awakening. When death approached, Buddha retreated to a grove of Sala trees where he breathed his last.

Around the world, traditional cultures and mythologies have carried the stories of trees as powerful, sacred symbols endowed in mystery. The Mesoamerica cultures believed in

the power of the Ceiba Tree, while for Native Americans it was the Cedar. In India they honored the wish-fulfilling divine tree Kalpavriksha, or Kalpa tree. The Babylonians believed in a magical tree that grew in the center of Paradise, which they called the Tree of Life, while the Egyptians had their sacred tree Sycamore that connected life and death, the heavens and the Earth. In shamanism, trees are believed to provide a ladder on which the shamans ascend and descend between the spirit world and the underworld.

In the stories of enlightenment and awakening, in the lives of great men and women, across civilizations and religions around the world, trees have often played a significant role. And, as modern science has now pointed out, there is yet more to perceive about the trees.



What Science Says

It was in the late 1800s when Sir Jagdish Chandra Bose discovered that plants would respond to shock the same way as an animal's muscle would, and thus concluded that plants are alive in some conscious way. (Bose, 1906) In the 1960s, Cleve Backster (a former CIA specialist and expert polygraph analyst) proved that plants are not only alive, but receiving input from and responding to their environment as well. (Backster, 2003)

The story goes that one day Backster was experimenting with registering a plant's reaction using a polygraph. He wanted to see if he could provoke the kind of anxiety response that a human might when faced with a fearful question or idea. He had the thought of burning one of the plant's leaves to test this idea. As soon as he had that thought — before he ever struck the match — the polygraph attached to the plant spiked in a fear-like response.

The discovery that plants could register and respond to people's thoughts and emotions — known today as the Backster effect — began to profoundly change the scientific community's perception of plants.

It should be mentioned that many of Backster's results were never replicated by other researchers. However, contemporary scientists have found other evidence of plant communication, and there is an emerging field known as "plant neurobiology." It turns out that plants do not lead disconnected, solitary lives; they like to hold "conversations" with neighboring plants by producing sound waves and sending off electrical signals. It was primarily thought that plants did so only in case of dehydration or urgent needs, but further experiments made it evident that plants produced these signals independent of situation or need, which indicates that they have produced the signals by will. (Baluška et al., 2010)

Meanwhile, a research team from University of Western Australia showed that plants also have long-term memories to certain triggers. (Gagliano et al., 2016)

Just think: Those houseplants that you water every day or the ones you walk by in your garden, maybe they recognize you and chuckle every time you walk by or share a quiet thank you for the care.





Spirituality of the Trees

Even though plant life can communicate and seems to somehow connect with our thoughts, it's still somewhat ambiguous why spiritual leaders have given such importance to their presence. The plant life must carry out a purpose that is still hidden from our ordinary vision. While searching for the answer, I came upon an insightful excerpt from the Indian yogi and mystic Sadhguru:

"If you do your sadhana under that tree, it creates an atmosphere, it becomes like a meditation hall by itself. If you create the necessary energy, plants are very sensitive to it. If you have lots of trees and lots of meditation going, it is much easier to preserve the meditative quality in that area because plants and trees retain that quality very easily." (Sadhguru, 2018)

Spiritual masters and sages have felt the power of trees since the beginning of time; in most meditative cultures or enlightenment practices, sages secluded themselves in forests to meditate among the trees. Somehow the truth was known to them — that trees are sensitive to our emotions and thoughts and can perhaps communicate in ways

other life forms cannot. And they are, on a basic biological level, necessary for our human existence.

"As you breathe, what you exhale, the trees are inhaling. What the trees exhale, you are inhaling. Only one-half of the respiratory equipment is in your chest. Another half is hanging up there on the tree. If you do not take up the other half, this half will not exist by itself," as Sadhguru explains.

The concept of universal spiritual unity has been emphasized by mystics since the beginning of time. Life is not an isolated state, but connected and completed only as a whole. When we, as part of this life, submit ourselves to this connection, it is only natural that our state of mind and spirit reaches new heights. Be it animals, mountains or forests, returning to nature revives us as nothing else can.

Spiritual or scientific or both, whatever your belief system, from now on you can actively enjoy the company of these silent, soulful living beings with a new awareness. Water the plants and feel their happiness, or pass your silent hours beside them. In full awareness, feel the same life running through ourselves and them. ♦



"A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees."

— William Blake



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Advice for the Journey: Personal Advice and Expert Opinions

Changing Fortunes



by Arica VanGelderén, LLMSW

Clinical social worker and therapist

Question: I grew up in a small, close-knit town. After high school, I went to work at my dad's auto repair shop that he built from the ground up when he was just 18. My dad built a loyal clientele that returned year after year, mostly because of the close relationships they had with my father and all of us. After he passed in 2005, I inherited the business. I did my best to run it with the kind and generous spirit my father had.

For almost 10 years I kept the business running and even managed to grow, thanks to some new de-

velopment in town. Then three years ago, a big chain franchise opened on the same street and put us out of business.

It's been a year now since I was forced to close my dad's shop after more than 60 years in business. I've lost something I could always count on, the one thing that has always been constant since I can remember. The worst part is how angry I feel toward the customers who chose "them" over "us." I can't help feeling betrayed. How do I let this go and move on?

Answer: I am sorry to hear you had to close your family's business after such a long time serving the community. I imagine it would feel more like the death of a loved one, not simply the closing of a business. It sounds like you have experienced a large amount of transition in meaningful parts of your life over the past few years, which can cause anyone to feel a loss of control. The stress of this can lead to feelings of emptiness and sometimes loss of hope for the future. You are grieving the loss of an immense driving force in your

life. This will take time to process and overcome. This type of loss and subsequent transition calls on your ability to accept, adapt and shift your perspective into a new gear.

What we believe to be our "purpose" in life often evolves in the inevitable ebb and flow of our environment and circumstances. Take all the time you need to process and overcome your grief, but also try to maintain a sense of hope for what is to come. There is always the opportunity to learn and grow regardless of age or life stage, and these transi-

tional events are part of the growth process.

I suggest holding some kind of commemorative gathering for the shop, inviting all your old customers and friends for a final goodbye. This could help provide some sense of closure for you, which is necessary to move through the grieving process and start the next chapter. It would also give you the chance to say a heartfelt "thank you" to each of them for their support over the years. Gratitude is a sure way to let go of that anger we are so good at holding onto. ♦

“The great advantage about telling the truth is that nobody ever believes it.”

— Dorothy L. Sayers

10 TRUTHS & a LIE

A roomful of strangers, a blank sheet of paper, and an intensely personal task.

by Nancy Gertz

Health and well-being coach in Boston

I learned to play “Ten Truths and a Lie” at a writing retreat. I had flown from the East Coast to San Francisco, then wove my way north on the switchbacks to Bolinas, a small community — a relic of the ’60s — known for its residents’ practice of removing town signs so nobody can find the place. I had no idea where I was headed or if I was going to get there anytime soon. It was an apropos metaphor for this daring journey I had embarked upon.

I followed the scanty GPS commands until, finally, I drove down a long, narrow path through wide cow pastures on either side. There it was, Commonweal, a retreat center perched like a pelican high up on the cliffs above the crashing waves of the Pacific. This peaceful cloister of a few buildings and many dusty paths is sheltered by a canopy of aged towering pines.

This is where people come to unveil and declutter some of the emotional and spiritual messes lurking in their hearts and minds. I was terribly nervous about the bold decision I had made to come to this remote place with a bunch of strangers to do deeply personal and probably painful work of the soul.

The retreat topic was “Grief, Loss, Uncertainty and Change.” I had signed up months before, when the realness of it was far off in the future. As the travel date loomed closer, I thought perhaps I didn’t really “need” to go anymore — that the difficulties I was experiencing related to my separation and impending divorce were easing and therefore this whole endeavor seemed like overkill. I guess that happens with some frequency to the workshop participants, because it was

right around then that I received a letter from the teacher saying, “Perhaps you’re having second thoughts and don’t think you should come. It’s normal to feel that way. Now here’s the packing list.”

That clinched it for me — I must be just like everyone else, a combination of curious, courageous, scared and intimidated.

By the time we’re well into middle age and beyond, most of us are pretty skilled at making social appearances. We can cover up our doubts and insecurities at neighborhood cocktail parties, and we know how to say the right things when we’re meeting our child’s new beloved. We answer the question “How are you?” with some filtering, knowing that not every inquiry is on par with another. There are those who want to hear the truth and those who don’t, people with whom we want to disclose what’s real and others with whom we are more guarded.

If this retreat had a banner, it would have said, “Prepare to Tell the Truth, The Whole Truth, and Nothing But the Truth.” Everyone in the room knew the deal — that without honoring our deep and sometimes painful truths, we wouldn’t reap the rewards of coming in the first place. But how to start?

After our inaugural dinner with 20 strangers making small-ish talk, we were gently ushered into the ice breaker called “Ten Truths and a Lie.” Our teacher described the process — write down 10 things that are true about your life and one thing that is a lie. She demonstrated by reading down her own list.

The room was totally silent as she shared what were probably, at least at some point, significant secrets. I was astonished by her collection of what

had to be truths, and there was absolutely no way I could discern which among them was a lie. This list rolled right out of a Hollywood suspense thriller. Nobody could make this stuff up.

When she finished, one by one, each of us had to guess which numbered item was the lie. We failed miserably, but at the same time, we began to peer behind the facade of our own lives to reveal our own deep truths.

Everyone went into their private corners to craft their list. I surprised myself as my list grew longer with a run of some pretty crazy things too. The teacher’s list was an invitation to go big, to curate some of the greatest and most devastating, sweet and sour, painful and glorious highlights of my life. The hell with making a good appearance, she was saying ... just go for it, tell it like it is, and let’s see if anyone can detect the one declaration that is patently false.

We went around the room, each person slowly reading. Everyone voting. It was nearly impossible to separate the lie from the truths in all the lists.

There were stories from the mountaintops of nirvana and horrible retellings from the pits of hell on earth. There were laughs, tears, fears realized and hopes achieved. Looking around the room, there was no way anyone could have imagined the stories that each of us held about our lives. We bonded over the shared common ground of life’s ups and downs, the undeniable truths of our rich and varied lives. Compassion filled the room.

It turns out, the truth can be nearly impossible to believe — especially our own. Speaking them out loud proved a profound exercise in honoring what is real. ♦



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Let's Get Fit for *Philanthropy*

by **Chris Peterson**
Leisure Care Media Manager

The February Fitness Frenzy is the hallmark of the One Eighty Foundation's philanthropic work with Leisure Care's communities. It's an opportunity for Leisure Care's residents and staff to stay active after the winter holidays, as well as a great way to get reacquainted with friends and neighbors.

We recently sat down with Lisa Guise, Project Manager for the One Eighty Foundation, to talk about the goals of the Fitness Frenzy and what keeps her coming back year after year.



Willows at Wildwood enjoying their indoor Pro-Am Golf Tournament.



Fairwinds Desert Point staff kicking off Fitness Frenzy.

An interview with Lisa Guise of the One Eighty Foundation on what makes February Fitness Frenzy such a force for change.

LIV FUN: What is the February Fitness Frenzy?

Lisa: The Fitness Frenzy is all about getting active in the month of February. Shedding off the holiday pounds is kind of the goal. Also, February is a hard month — it's right after all that holiday cheer. Families go away, and everything dies down. People tend to migrate into their homes and can go into a slump, so Fitness Frenzy is meant to motivate you to get you moving at home. Whether that's just walking, yoga, doing house chores, or doing yard work, depending on where you live, you are getting your heart rate up and just getting your bones moving.

The second goal is raising funds for the One Eighty Foundation. We call it "Getting Fit for Philanthropy."

LIV FUN: So there are lots of social and health reasons for the Frenzy?

Lisa: Yes, for sure. During the holidays — Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, and into New Year's — there's lots of social interaction and contact with other people. And then

that all suddenly goes away, and you realize how much you miss some of that crazy chaos.

So the Fitness Frenzy brings your everyday social circles back to a regular schedule so people who enjoy doing the same types of things can come together for a common purpose. That's also healthy for the brain and good for the soul. That is really what the Fitness Frenzy is built on — getting out and active, being social, and doing everything healthy for the spirit, mind and body.

LIV FUN: I know some of the communities really play up the fun aspect and make it really special. How do the communities get their teams and residents excited?

Lisa: Oh yes! They crank up the fun and inspire their residents and staff into being joyful. Some of the communities create teams with residents that become the [Fitness Frenzy] matriarchs of the community. They'll take residents and staff and create resident-staff teams and go against five or six other teams that have residents and

staff. The other residents follow along, or they join without the competitive part and just have fun.

There are activities where both the staff and residents team up, including ping pong and water volleyball. Sometimes, there are really keen residents who want to have their own competition. And there are employee competitions. In some communities, if the weather is nice, they have putting contests, water balloon-tossing contests, or even egg-tossing contests. And don't forget the employee teams who challenge each other to hike in the mountains where it's either snowy or hot.

LIV FUN: That sounds pretty intense.

Lisa: Some do a polar plunge, and some of the residents actually participate in that.

"There's this lifestyle that our entire company lives by, and we take it very seriously — so seriously that we have our own foundation."

LIV FUN: What is a polar plunge?

Lisa: They go to the beach — and in February the water's not warm in most places — and they dunk themselves into the cold water for about 30 seconds and then come out.

LIV FUN: Tell me a little more about how the communities get into the Frenzy.

Lisa: Last year we asked our participants to channel their own inner superheroes, so everything was superhero related. Some of the residents made their own capes, and it made them feel like Wonder Woman or Superman while they were lifting weights or even doing what they do in their normal daily activity.

But what made it really fun was when they pulled the NuStep machines out of the gym and put them in the lobby. Instead of waiting around for their ride, they could get on the NuStep machine for five or 10 minutes and get a little bit of exercise instead of just sitting in a chair.

LIV FUN: How did staff and families get involved outside of the communities?

Lisa: On their own time, families took their kids to jump on trampolines and other activities like that, where they can do things with their kids so they can also stay active.

LIV FUN: We've talked a lot about the activities, but how does the Fitness Frenzy benefit the communities in terms of giving?

Lisa: The benefit is three-fold. The first benefit is putting the Foundation out in front so that each community teaches their staff, residents and their family members that we have this culture of a three-thirds lifestyle where family and philanthropy come before work. There's this lifestyle that our entire company lives by, and we take it very seriously — so seriously that we have our own foundation.

The second is to raise funds for the One Eighty Foundation to distribute not only here in Washington, but to other neighborhoods around the

United States where there are Leisure Care communities.

Finally, we ask each community to look for a nonprofit that speaks to them and, hopefully, they find a program to fund for that particular organization, if possible.

LIV FUN: Can you give me an example of some of those local programs?

Lisa: Mackenzie Place in Fort Collins has supported Mother House for the past three years. One of the programs is called "Bundles of Joy." New moms and their babies are able to stay in a safe house. The funds provide a new crib, diapers for the entire year, and formula. The mom gets to stay in a place for a year where she can get on her feet financially and into stable housing.

Fairwinds — Ivey Ranch supported Meals on Wheels in San Diego. Meals on Wheels is huge, but they specifically chose seniors that were living in a low-income bracket, so those funds went directly to low-income seniors in their area.

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“I liked its absence of screen, an anomaly in today’s tech-obsessed world, giving me the coveted look of Lance Armstrong turned Amish.”

I always thought a life-changing moment would spawn from something impossibly epic. Something with all of the sensory amplitude of standing atop a remote, sage-covered mesa watching a kaleidoscopic sunset over the Utah desert while the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, on a lark, just happened to be at the same remote mesa singing David Bowie’s *Space Oddity*. Never did I suspect it would bloom from something as banal as a used spin cycle found on Craigslist.

Especially since I was not consciously seeking a life change. Far from it. My sole intent was to find an indoor exercise device for the winter months, when snow narrows the rural roads around my house, making running, my exercise of choice, an Arctic death wish of dodging cars and occasional snowmobiles.

This was new terrain for me. Until now I scoffed at indoor exercise machines with the same disdain Whole Foods exhibits toward plastic shopping bags. I resent how every machine, before functioning, begins with an interrogation, demanding age, height and weight. Instead of working out, I feel as if I’m attempting to enter through U.S. customs, wondering if I need to declare water.

I prefer the mental rejuvenation that outdoor exercise provides. Without indoor distractions, the mind is free, better able to windshield wipe away life’s daily grit.

Still, with bias in check I considered my late aunt’s treadmill. But it was the size of an airport concourse moving walkway. I had no room for it. Even if I did, the mere sight of it made me feel I was on a permanent layover.

And besides, I’m not a fan of treadmills. The act of moving yet never advancing feels metaphorical, hitting too close to home, a sobering assessment of my life. Consequently, instead of shedding calories I feel as if I’m shedding self-esteem.

Plus, treadmills, in general, are mind-staggeringly dull. Running in place has the life-draining feel of running a marathon in a cul de sac.

A friend of a friend had an elliptical trainer for sale at a reasonable price; I had no interest. The only time I used one I kept thinking this is Nordic Track meets the Spanish Inquisition, prompting, when I finished, a strong urge to renounce heresy.

I almost opted for an exercise bike with a built-in touch screen, laden with escapism novelty. Besides the usual workout stat offerings — heart rate, time, distance, calories burned — the

screen offered a selection of high-definition video workouts featuring various Tour de France stages. With the help of a sales clerk I selected a ride that created the illusion of pedaling through Northern France, passing lush green meadows populated with grazing cows, roadside cider mills with hand-painted signs advertising Calvados and fresh oysters, and colorful coastal villages busy with traffic. Genius, I initially thought, every workout a French vacation. But five minutes into the test pedal I lost interest, turned off by the fear of feeling compelled after every workout to eat a baguette and paint water lilies.

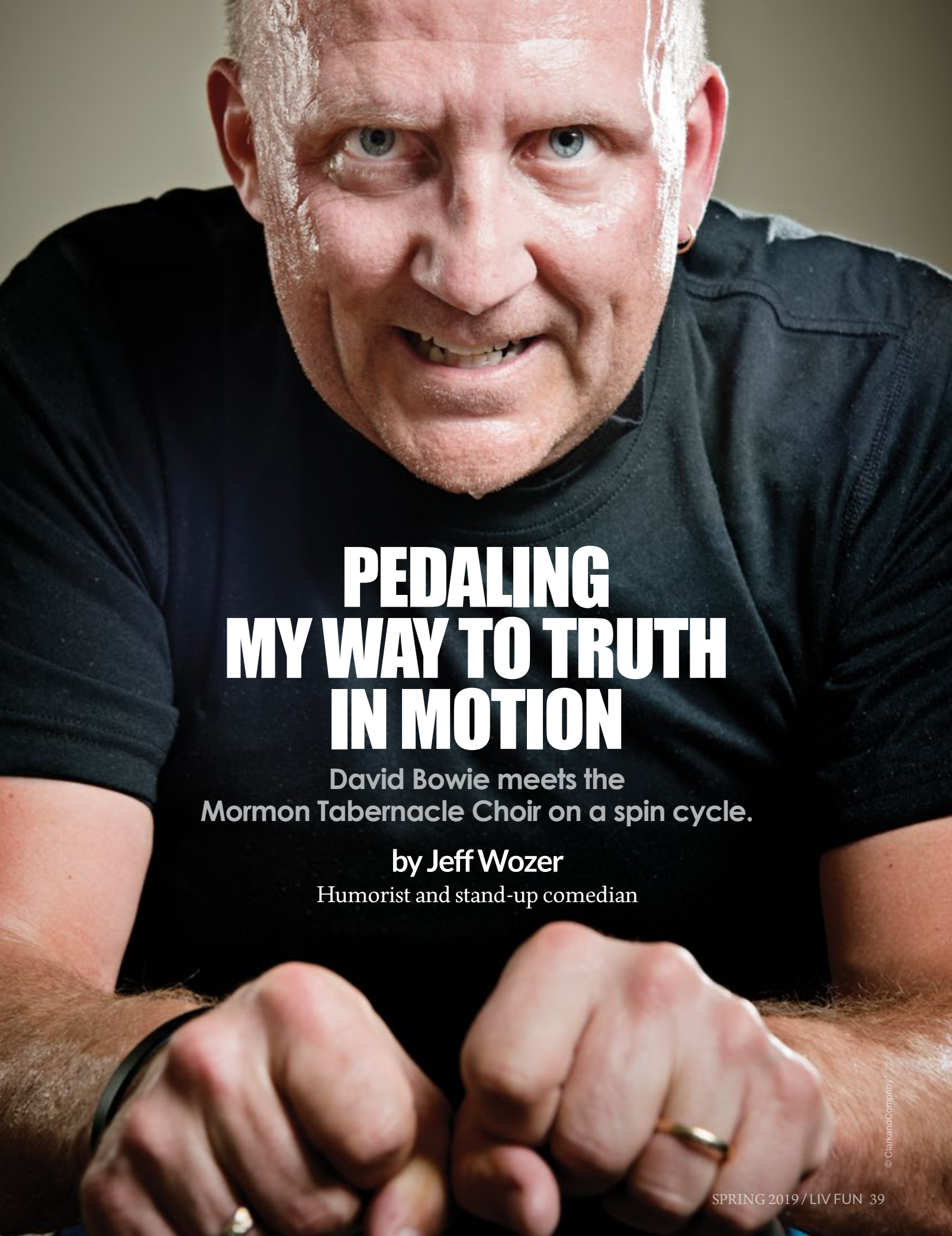
I chose the used spin cycle for its size; the compact car version of a home exercise machine, it fit easily into my space without feeling intrusive or cluttered. And I liked its absence of screen, an anomaly in today’s tech-obsessed world, giving me the coveted look of Lance Armstrong turned Amish.

It took but one day for me to declare the spin cycle as my life’s greatest purchase, making me wonder what other uncompromising biases needed to be shaken. The answer came a week later when I began skipping workouts, a perpetual struggle for me, even with outdoor running.

The problem stems from schedule ambivalence. I only workout when convenient ... which always occurs mid-to-late afternoon. Minus a set workout time, the proverbial door to a swarm of excuses flies open: I just ate lunch; I haven’t eaten lunch; I can’t decide what I want for lunch, but I better not workout so I can focus on dinner.

Frustrated, I decided to pedal upon waking. No debate. No excuses. Just roll out of bed and hop onto the spin cycle, pillow creases still embedded in cheeks. To do so meant challenging a lifelong disdain for morning workouts. Switching, within minutes, from dream-state to exhausted-state always felt too radical, akin to going from eating cotton candy at Disneyland to chugging a quart of well whisky at a Sex Pistols reunion concert.

Yet, to my surprise, it took only three days of this regimen for me to realize I had discovered workout gold. To be liberated from the day’s most dreaded hurdle — working out — by 7 a.m. was life-changing, borderline euphoric, creating a comforting sense that the days had more hours, especially the afternoons, allowing more time to plot lunches, reassess other gray-haired truths, and check if the Mormon Tabernacle Choir’s concert schedule includes any remote desert mesas. ♦



PEDALING MY WAY TO TRUTH IN MOTION

David Bowie meets the
Mormon Tabernacle Choir on a spin cycle.

by Jeff Wozer
Humorist and stand-up comedian

Hearing Ourselves Into Speech

by Elana Zaiman

Seattle-based Rabbi, chaplain and author

“As a child, the message I received was clear:

You are a girl. You are not good enough.

It was an unconscious message that lived deep within my being and did not begin to surface until my early 50s.”

Exploring the inherent biases that we take on as our personal truths.

In the spring of 2017, Julie and I met for breakfast at The Essential Bakery on Madison Street in Seattle. I had asked if she and her husband, John, would endorse my upcoming book, *The Forever Letter*. It was a natural fit. The Gottmans write, speak and lead workshops on strengthening relationships, and my book is about authentic connection with those we love —deepening, healing and uplifting our relationships.

While our paths had crossed several times over the years, we had never sat down for a conversation, so we began, as women often do, by connecting. We spoke about our families, our childhoods, ourselves, and our roles as women professionals. To take a phrase from Nelle Morton, who had been an American theologian, professor of Christian Education at Drew University, civil rights leader, and feminist activist, we were “hearing each other to speech,” honoring one another’s stories through intense, fully engaged hearing.

I told Julie that I had been grappling with not feeling good enough and how, with the help of a therapist, I had traced the intensity of this feeling back to my early childhood and the patriarchal tradition in which I was raised. In elementary school, I attended an Orthodox Jewish Day School, where girls were not allowed to lead the daily service or study Talmud. I prayed probably more than most of the boys in my class, and yet leading my class in prayer was out of the question.

During these years, I belonged to a traditional Conservative synagogue where my father was the rabbi and women were not allowed to be called up to the Torah, recite Torah or haftarah, or lead the community in prayer. The only honor a woman could receive was opening or

closing the ark. I remember how difficult this was for one particular woman, then in her mid-50s, an early feminist, who when asked if she wanted an honor to open or close the ark, would say, “I’ll take a talking honor, not a walking one.” I accepted this because it was historical, it had weight, and it was all I knew.

As a child, the message I received was clear: “You are a girl. You are not good enough.” It was an unconscious message that lived deep within my being and did not begin to surface until my early 50s. Until then, I had no idea how much my male-centered, Jewish upbringing came to define my understanding of myself as a woman.

Julie nodded. She spoke about how liberating it was for her when a woman at their institute encouraged her to push against the status quo and take more credit for her writing and research. Julie said she had actually been told by publishers that it would be unwise for her name to appear solo on a book because it would not sell as well as without John’s name attached.

At that moment, I realized I was guilty of falling into the gender bias trap myself. I looked Julie in the eyes and said, “I owe you an apology. When I asked for your collective endorsement of my book, I sensed John’s endorsement would be more known in the larger world.”

Now, we were both in tears.

When I spoke again it was to say this: “Your endorsement is the only endorsement I need. Would you please endorse my book?”

My conversation with Julie happened before the African-American civil rights activist Tarana Burke’s “Me Too” slogan was popularized on Twitter by the actress Alyssa Milano with #MeToo on October 15, 2017.

Hearing Ourselves: Continued on page 42

Hearing Ourselves: Continued from page 41

Our conversation happened before the book *Women & Power*, by English scholar and classicist Mary Beard, was released. (Beard, 2017) Before I began to read the feminist, author and social activist Bell Hooks. (Hooks, 2014) Before I began to read Nelle Morton, writing about the Christian patriarchal tradition from which she had to distance herself. (Morton, 1986) And before the podcast *Battle Tactics for Your Sexist Workplace* appeared on the scene.

The truth I grew up with: Men had religious leadership positions. Women did not. Even in 1988, when I applied to rabbinical school, which was four years after the Conservative movement began to ordain women, I wondered if I would ever be seen as a *real* rabbi, if I would ever see myself as a *real* rabbi.

It wasn't easy. I was taught by a couple of professors who did not believe women should be rabbis. I was interviewed for jobs by congregations that would not hire women but understood they had to interview women candidates so they would not appear gender biased. When I worked as a congregational rabbi, I was paid far less than my male colleagues in similar positions.

A dear friend recently told me about her graduate work on women and leadership. She then mentioned a

woman staff member where she works who always uplifts women's voices in meetings. She said her voice had been uplifted many times by this woman, and she wondered out loud if this woman did so consciously.

Uplifting women's voices is something we women need to do for one another. We are reminded of this in the July 8 podcast *Battle Tactics for Your Sexist Workplace*. Tonja Jacobi, law professor at Northwestern Pritzker School of Law, interviewed for this episode, studied oral arguments for the Supreme Court for more than 15 years and found that in the early '80s, the first female Supreme Court justice, Sandra Day O'Connor, was interrupted about three times as much as her male colleagues, and that today, the three female justices are interrupted just as often. (NPR, 2018)

Julie's endorsement graces the back cover of my book. Every time I see it, I remember our breakfast conversation and feel so blessed for our connection as humans and as women who have made it in this gender-biased, male world ... and who are still finding our way.

Sources:
Beard, Mary. (2017). *Women & Power: A Manifesto*. New York:

Liveright Publishing, a division of W. W. Norton & Co.

Hooks, Bell. (2014). *Feminism Is for Everybody*. Abingdon-on-Thames, U.K. Routledge Publishing.

Morton, Nelle. (1986). *The Journey Is Home*. Boston: Beacon Press.

Read more:
Visit The Gottman Institute to learn ways to deepen your relationships at www.gottman.com.

Listen to NPR's *Battle Tactics for Your Sexist Workplace* episode "Knock Knock ... who's th—Maninterrupting Coworker" at www.NPR.org.



Philanthropy: Continued from page 37

Fairwinds – Rio Rancho supports a program that gives homeless folks water and socks. There's just a lot of work and care.

LIV FUN: How big is the Frenzy in terms of the Foundation's annual events? Is this is the only one where the entire community or our entire company participates together?

Lisa: The Fitness Frenzy raises about \$35,000 in just 20 or so days. So it's pretty important considering it's all done in the communities. It's pretty

amazing. And it's stuff that the communities are already doing or trying — we try to make it easy.

There are the residents and staff who are already going to the gym. So with a few extra steps they are tracking the money by tracking the time. We had an awesome number of participants and active minutes last year. We hit over 2 million minutes, which was awesome.

When I was hired, Dan [Madsen, Leisure Care Chairman and CEO] said, "I'm not sure what your job is going to look like as you start. We'll figure it out on the way. However, the one job I want you to

do is figure out how our entire company comes together as one to raise money and to be one cohesive movement."

And that's kind of how the Fitness Frenzy was born. I didn't think of it all by myself. It was a team of us in the office and just kind of grew from there. We didn't know what that was going to look like at first. And here we are in our fifth year still doing it just like on day one.

For more information about February Fitness Frenzy in your community, ask your GM or Activities Director ... and get moving! ♦

Our impact is growing! We are honored to have supported all of these community organizations during previous February Fitness Frenzy events.

- 2015 Non-Profit**
Realities for Children
- 2016 Non-Profits**
American Cancer Society
Arthritis Foundation
Children's Home Society of Florida
Christ's Kitchen
Joy Junction
Mother House
Realities for Children
Regents of the University of Colorado

- 2017 Non-Profits**
Joy Junction
Meals on Wheels Greater San Diego, Inc.
Mother House
Off the Front
Project Graduation Ironwood Ridge High School
Regents of the University of Colorado
Spokane Youth Sports Association
St. Louis Crisis Nursery
STEP: Student Expedition Program
The Matthews House
Tri-Valley Haven for Women

- 2018 Non-Profits**
Alzheimer's Association
Off the Front
CASA of the Pikes Peak Region
Matthew's House
Tri-Valley Haven
The Brother Benno Foundation
Sally's House
Responder Rescue
STEP (Student Expedition Program)

BRAIN GAMES ANSWERS / From Page 20

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

GRUMPY	MAWS	ENS
REVILE	ANET	NAT
ACUMEN	NOLEGACY	
VALET	EXILE	ISLE
EPA	HER	NELL
FORESTRY	CPA	
ISSORICH	HIS	
CHARACTERISTICS		
EEL	BUCHANAN	
DAK	HUMANOID	
TUNA	NNE	PEW
ASHONESTY	LARGE	
ELONGATE	ADMIRE	
RUM	USES	HEMMED
ORE	PERT	ADOPTS

Answers to Sudoku

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



Russellville Park's own Super Hero Pablo kicking off Fitness Frenzy.

OneEightyFoundation
A NEW DIRECTION IN GIVING

THE FEBRUARY FITNESS FRENZY AT A GLANCE

BENEFITTING
ALZHEIMERS ASSOCIATION
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
ARTHRITIS FOUNDATION
CASA OF THE PIKES PEAK REGION
CHILDREN'S HOME SOCIETY OF FLORIDA
CHRIST'S KITCHEN
JOY JUNCTION
MATTHEW'S HOUSE
MEALS ON WHEELS GREATER SAN DIEGO, INC.
MOTHER HOUSE
OFF THE FRONT
PROJECT GRADUATION - IRONWOOD RIDGE HS
REALITIES FOR CHILDREN
REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO
RESPONDER RESCUE
SALLY'S HOUSE
SPOKANE YOUTH SPORTS ASSOCIATION
ST. LOUIS CRISIS NURSERY
STEP (STUDENT EXPEDITION PROGRAM)
THE BROTHER BENNO FOUNDATION
THE MATTHEWS HOUSE
TRI-VALLEY HAVEN FOR WOMEN

	PARTICIPANTS	MINUTES	FUNDS RAISED
2015	1,025	1,033,573	\$32,158
2016	1,331	1,570,383	\$35,618
2017	1,329	1,945,757	\$33,116
2018	1,680	2,532,127	\$35,628
TOTAL	5,365	7,081,840	\$136,520

The One Eighty Foundation
provides grants to
non-profit organizations
that immediately impact the
lives of children and families
in our community.

{ Our mission: to give when there are needs,
to mentor when guidance is sought and
to create opportunities for better lives. }



OneEightyFoundation

A NEW DIRECTION IN GIVING

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