



Heroic 1920 Rescue!
See Page 20

Facing Fear

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt once told us that, “The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.” This month, Senior News writers face their fears by writing about things that scare them, and how they get around them — or not.

Don't Look Down

By Mark Larson

Growing up as a “flatlander” farm boy in South Dakota, I had a normal and natural fear of falling — out of treehouses, off moving vehicles and out of bed.

But one frosty fall morning in my early teenage years, my father, who was nursing an injury, asked me to climb the exterior ladder on our 50-foot-tall silo, normally his job, to attach the silage-blower pipes at the top.

It wasn't long after I began the ascent on the narrow ladder's slippery metal rungs that I stopped to catch my breath and looked down . . . to my regret. I discovered one of my legs uncontrollably shaking (called the classic “sewing machine leg” in rock climbing) and I was experiencing other symptoms of acrophobia, or the fear of heights.

Later in life, I learned that approximately 2% to 5% of the population has acrophobia, with twice as many women affected as men. But the problem I faced for the first time in life halfway up that silo ladder was a great reluctance to

move either up OR down.

Since that moment, my fear of heights has negatively influenced my enjoyment of rappelling off a 100-foot cliff in a rock-climbing class, riding in glass-enclosed elevators in high-rise hotels, climbing the steep and narrow 463 steps to the view deck at the top of the Florence Cathedral, ascending multiple wooden ladders in the Balcony House tour in Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado, and climbing the hundreds of stairs to the galleries on the outside of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

What has helped me to overcome my relatively minor fear of heights has been the presence of significant others. On that silo ladder, I looked down again and saw my father, who was counting on me to accomplish an important task. So after several deep breaths, I finished the climb and the job.

On my travels for the past 34 years, it

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100 FEET IN THE AIR — This suspension bridge at the new Redwood Sky Walk at Sequoia Park Zoo in Eureka can be a challenge to those with a fear of heights. Even if you don't, it's breathtaking to walk high in the trees. Mark Larson photo.

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ASK THE DOC

HSRC

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Humboldt Senior Resource Center

TEDtalks: Facing Our Fears

After 18 months of COVID, we thought Observing International Face Your Fears Day (Oct. 9) would be a useful exercise.

Because, as the intrepid Eleanor Roosevelt once said, "You gain strength, courage and confidence by every experience in which you really stop to look fear in the face."

It's ironic that only one of the articles in this month's Senior News even mentions COVID. But who needs a deadly global pandemic? There are plenty of more fears that need facing:

- Acrophobia: fear of heights.
- Pteromerhanophobia: fear of flying.
- Claustrophobia: fear of enclosed spaces.
- Entomophobia: fear of insects.
- Ophidiophobia: fear of snakes.
- Cynophobia: fear of dogs.
- Astraphobia: fear of storms.
- Trypanophobia: fear of needles.
- Thanatophobia: fear of death.

Then there's fear of clowns, owls, polyunsaturated fats, buses, loneliness, flying, water, climate change and so on.

Some 30% of American adults suffer from phobias. I can't say that I'm one of them, although I do lose sleep every month over how to fill the newspaper.

Over time, I have confronted my deadline fear, and learn again each month just how many friends I have out there in Senior Newsland who want to help.

This month is no exception. Mark Larson leads off from atop his family's grain elevator

in South Dakota, which is a bad place to find out that you have acrophobia. But photographers go where the photo is, and Mark is undaunted, recently documenting Eureka's towering new Redwood Sky Walk at Sequoia Park Zoo (page 1).

Sheila Donnelly grew up in a devout Irish Catholic household in Minnesota, and is still haunted by the picture of St. Thérèse of Liseux that hung above her bed (page 3). Saintophobia?

Health fears? A Kneeland woman prompted an outpouring of community anxiety on the neighborhood chat site Nextdoor.com with a desperate post about her partner's medical problems (page 5).

Bob Fornes of McKinleyville (page 4) and Roy Grieshaber of Eureka (page 17) both write about a pretty universal fear: dying. Clare Greene surely isn't alone in her fear of drowning (page 7), and devoted hiker Gail Popham has been leery of windstorms ever since a branch struck her during a big blow in the Arcata Community Forest (page 6).

None of us is alone in having fears. But, as Eleanor Roosevelt went on to say, "You are able to say to yourself, 'I have lived through this horror. I can take the next thing that comes along.'"

What we reaffirm this month is that although there is plenty to fear in the world, we have more friends willing to help than we know. And that's comforting in these uncertain times.

—
Ted Pease is the fearless editor of Senior News.



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COMING NEXT MONTH
Books

The Saint in My Bedroom, St. Thérèse Haunts Me

By Sheila Donnelly

A picture of St. Thérèse of Liseiux hung above the bed I shared with my sister, Maggie, in the farmhouse where I grew up in southern Minnesota. St. Thérèse was garbed in a brown robe, a halo circled her veiled head, and she clutched rosary beads, roses and a crucifix in her arms.

St. Thérèse's eyes stared at me no matter what direction I moved. Embarrassed to undress in front of her, I changed my clothes in the closet. The year was 1962 and I had just finished first grade.

I shared the bedroom with two sisters, Kate and Maggie; baby brothers Tim and Kevin nestled in cribs.

Two older sisters, Geraldine and Joann, had a similar picture of St. Thérèse in their bedroom. In theirs, St. Thérèse's lips were one thin line pressed together. Her look said, "Don't even think of messing with me." I avoided my older sisters' bedroom.

One night, I dreamt that St. Thérèse stepped out of the picture and stood beside my bed. She smiled, reached out her hands for me to join her, and stepped onto a moving stream of light that poured from an open window. I

watched her float to heaven as if on an escalator.

I woke up shaking, wanting to snuggle next to Maggie. But Maggie marked an imaginary border in the bed each night. "Don't cross this line, Sheila, not even your big toe." My dream had frightened me. I hid my head under the blankets out of St. Thérèse's gaze.



The patron saint of young girls.

I rose early to speak to mom. With so many people in the house, time alone with her was rare. She was in the kitchen drinking coffee.

"Why do we have pictures of St. Thérèse in our bedrooms?" I asked. "When I change my clothes, St. Thérèse watches me. I'm afraid of her. Pat, John, Dan and Steve have a crucifix on their wall. Jesus is

not staring at them. His eyes are closed."

Mom said, "You are lucky to have St. Thérèse

in your bedroom. She is the Little Flower of Jesus and the patron saint of young girls. She is in my daughters' bedrooms for protection. Instead of being afraid of St. Thérèse, you should pray to her for guidance."

I knew from mom's answer that I would never get St. Thérèse out of my bedroom. I walked around the house. There were statues of the Infant of Prague, St. Anne, St. Francis of Assisi and framed prints of Jesus and Mother Mary showing their bloody hearts.

When Kate and Maggie came downstairs, they told how they had seen a light in the shape of an angel hovering in their room during the night.

As my older brothers and sisters entered the kitchen. Kate and Maggie told everyone they had seen an angel.

"Why would an angel be floating around your bedroom?" John teased.

"You've read too many holy books," added Joann.

I didn't tell anyone about my dream. I was relieved that it was Kate and Maggie who had seen the angel and not me.

I still didn't like the pictures of St. Thérèse, but became less afraid of her dragging me to heaven.

—

Sheila Donnelly, 64, lives in Manila.

On the Humboldt Coast, Beware the Dreaded Fog Drip

By John Meyers

My wife, Sheryl, was sitting quietly reading one dark and foggy night when she heard a tap-tap-tap noise outside of the window.

She listened carefully and the noise repeated. Tap-tap-tap.

It seemed to be coming from our gutters so she assumed that there was enough fog mist to drip down, causing the sound. At least she hoped that was what it was.

There had been a news story earlier about an

escaped axe murderer in the general area, but he wasn't supposed to be in our neighborhood.

Tap-tap-tap

Should she take a look outside? No. But she decided it might be prudent to lock the door just in case.

Tap-tap-tap

She walked to the door and, as she reached for the handle, there was a scream outside and a loud thump on the porch! She ran for the phone to call

911, but before she could dial, the door swung open with a crash and . . . I limped in.

"Did you not hear me banging on the gutter? The stupid ladder fell over and I tried to climb down the drainpipe, but it couldn't hold me and I fell. I'm never cleaning those stupid things after dark again."

"Oh," she replied, "so it was the fog drip."

—

John Meyers, 72, scares his neighbors — and annoys his wife — in Trinidad.

When Your Time Comes, the Final Fear Is a Choice

By Bob Fornes

A long and healthy life; good friends, many gone by now; great partner; happy times on an amazing and beautiful planet in a vast and enthralling universe. No real complaints — just thanks.

Now, clearly, it was time.

So happy that our society had become mature enough to allow anyone who chose to say “enough” to have both the physical means (a simple bye-bye pill) and an understanding attitude that nonjudgmentally allows one to pick one’s own time of exit. Existential freedom and responsibility.

With very little time left, none of which would be physically enjoyable, and while I still had the ability, it was time to plan the last day. As there would be no further consequences of whatever indulgence I pursued on my final day, why not go for the gusto?

A final meal. I’m thinking a dozen jumbo prawns with lemon and good spicy seafood cocktail sauce, plus a very hot veggie curry and rice and chapatis, and a bottle of red wine that cost up into double figures. The man ate a nifty dinner, some might say.

Music would include Dylan’s “I Shall Be Released” with the Band, John Coltrane’s “My Favor-

ite Things” (extended version) and Emmylou Harris singing “Tulsa Queen” and “Poncho and Lefty.”

The pill was small and easy to swallow. The morning would arise without me. (Being a longtime nonbeliever in human centrality to our universe, the afterlife fiction that humans invented was not a part of my cosmology.)

However, not all went as planned. My supine body in my bed was aroused by a Voice that said it was time for me to make a choice. Did I want to go around again, reincarnated as a human sometime within the next month, or just become undifferentiated particles in the universe? I had five minutes to choose.

I rarely like surprises, and this choice was not from my reality set. Don’t rush me; I’m a chess player and think too much. It seemed like this was the Final Fear — not what I wanted.

Quickly I asked questions of the Voice — where? Reincarnated as whom? What circumstances? The answer helped not at all: “When you pop out again, you, for that brief moment, will be the newest human being on Earth. You will be about number eight billion (I had been number about 2½ billion).

And it could be anywhere and to anyone. A total roll of the dice.”

Very little time left now . . . a bit of panic. Let’s try to be logical. The life I had just completed began at the end of WWII, to good parents living on the California coast, with an upper-middle class and educated background. That time period on Earth eventually became known as the Great Acceleration of the Anthropocene — a period of great abundance for many humans (obscenely so for some) and destruction for Earth.

We were now beyond the end of that period. The Anthropocene was now bringing to Earth a great mass extinction with horrific climate chaos and billions of refugees (homeless, no real access to food or water, no help in sight or even possible on a planet made very sick by us humans and our heedless insistence on more . . . of everything).

Time’s up. Going not for more gusto, but for a green burial and reabsorption into Earth. Final choice.

Bob Fornes, an OLLI bridge instructor and retired chiropractor, has lived in Humboldt County since 1998.

FOOSH! A Moment’s Distraction Can Send You To The ER

By Susan Buckley

It was a training hike. I was getting ready for a couple of days hiking in the Siskiyou wilderness. Mark and I chose the South Side Trail at Headwaters Forest Preserve outside of Fortuna, a beautiful seasonal trail, narrow and hilly.

In a moment of distraction, my foot caught on a root, and I was down.

FOOSH is medical shorthand for a fall on outstretched hand. In this case, it was my left, and — oh boy! — did it hurt!

Please just be a sprain, I thought. That hope drained away at the sight of the slightly odd angle of my wrist. I longed for an ice pack or a very cold stream.

After a mile-and-a-half hike to get back to the

car, I was dizzy from pain. We drove home and then to the Emergency Department.

The physician assistant came and fetched me straight from X-ray — he’d seen the digital images and knew what he was dealing with: a FOOSH, one of the most common reasons for emergency room visits by people of all ages.

I am 69. I hike, bike and practice Pilates and yoga. I can hold balancing poses with the best. My mantra is, “Don’t fall!” What went wrong?

As we age, we are at increased risk for falls and the broken bones, brain injuries and hospitalizations that can result. Regular exercise helps prevent falls, as does viewing falls as controllable. I have noticed many more hikers with trekking poles out there on

the trails — I’ve already invested in some.

My FOOSH required a short surgical stay to insert a plate and a few screws to repair my wrist. Then a cast for seven weeks, plus physical therapy once the cast is off.

I’ve had plenty of time to ponder my FOOSH and strategize to avoid future falls. I wonder how my distracted state of mind may have contributed, and I’m going to make an effort to bring mindfulness to my walks and hikes.

Susan Buckley, 69, is planning her next fall-free hiking trip from her home in Eureka.



ASK THE DOCTOR

BY JENNIFER HEIDMANN, M.D.

Avoiding Hepatitis C

In ancient Greek, “hepar” means liver. So hepatitis means “inflammation of the liver.”

This can be caused by infection, autoimmune disorders, toxins (including alcohol and drugs) and obesity (where fat infiltrates the liver and damages it). Viral hepatitis is named with letters (A-E), with hepatitis A, B and C being most common in the United States.

Hepatitis A is spread by contact with contaminated surfaces, food or drink. Hepatitis B and C are transmitted by contact with infected bodily fluids (especially blood). This can occur with sharing drug injection equipment, sexual contact, sharing anything that might transmit one person’s blood to another (including non-sterile equipment for tattoos), birth of a baby to an infected mother, and accidental exposures such as in the healthcare field. Both hepatitis A and B have vaccines to prevent them. Hepatitis C does not.

Humboldt County has the highest rate of hepatitis C in California. And, along with this, a higher rate of death from liver disease than much of the state. Nationally, hepatitis C is so prevalent that it is recommended all people get at least a one-time screen with a blood test starting at age 18, and for those with risk factors, regular screening. Screening is also recommended with each pregnancy.

The good news about hepatitis C is that there is an effective treatment, with a high percentage of people cured with an 8-12 week course of medication.

After the initial or “acute” hepatitis infection, more than half of people will develop chronic infection. People who have chronic hepatitis C may not have any symptoms (which is why screening is so important). But chronic viral infection can lead to cirrhosis (scarring and failure of liver functions) and liver cancer. Hepatitis C is the most common reason for liver transplantation in the United States. Chronic hepatitis C can also do damage to other organs in the body.

What does the liver do? It is our central metabolic processing plant. It receives the blood from the stomach and intestines, and does clean up and waste management, building of nutrients and metabolizing medications. It helps store glucose as energy for use later. It helps blood clot normally. It removes toxins.

Because the liver has a lot of reserve function, it can undergo a lot of damage before we notice a problem, and at that point it is often too late to fix. Therefore it is best to protect the liver from harm.

Certainly, those with chronic hepatitis from any cause must be especially careful about their livers, avoiding any alcohol or other toxins, and maintaining a healthy weight. But everyone should be aware that the liver is crucial to overall well-being, so it deserves to be treated nicely.

Some things that support liver health include exercise, avoiding a high-fat diet, alcohol and drugs, and, with your doctor, monitoring

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‘I Don’t Know What to Do’

By Ted Pease

A recent conversation on the online website Nextdoor.com gave voice to a pressing fear for many Humboldt residents — their health and local access to medical care.

The topic was launched by a plea from a 78-year-old woman in Kneeland. “I don’t know what to do,” she posted. “Six months ago, my partner was actively healthy, although a senior like myself.”

Then came sudden trips to the ER and a series of frightening ailments — shortness of breath, blood clots and surgery. And then . . .

“Minimal contact or advice from primary care doctor,” she wrote. “His legs are swelling, he cannot walk well, sleeps a lot and no one will return his calls or emails. I am frightened at his state of health, he is worried.”

A former Baltimore hospital emergency department worker who asked to be called Jane, she was at a loss.

“Who can he turn to? Who can I call?” Jane asked. “My partner is a shadow of himself. They just don’t respond to his concerns and I am frantic, HELP!”

From the more than 150 comments — advice, shared frustration and commiseration — over the next few days, Jane’s situation clearly touched a very sensitive nerve among Humboldt County residents.

“Go to UCSF!” several urged. One man offered to drive Jane and her partner to San Francisco. “Seriously. Free of charge,” he said, including his phone number. Another offered to dog-sit.

A Fickle Hill woman said, “This whole thing is too much like what I went through with my husband. It is

so hard to get anyone to actually pay attention to what is going on. Get him to UCSF, pronto!”

Many studies show that people are increasingly fearful of illness as they age. This anxiety is high in Humboldt, where frustration with limited healthcare options is nothing new. As a Eureka man commented in the Nextdoor conversation, “I’ve known multiple people who moved only to access better care. It shouldn’t have to be that way.”

Local physicians acknowledge both the staffing shortages and their patients’ concerns, but point out that there are many excellent and dedicated healthcare professionals in Humboldt County [See “The Health of Humboldt,” Senior News, June 2019].

“The reality of our care here is more complex than good or bad,” said Dr. Jennifer Heidmann, medical director for Redwood Coast PACE (Program of All-inclusive Care for the Elderly) at Humboldt Senior Resource Center. “I think people assume there is ‘better’ care elsewhere. This may or may not be true in any given case.”

There are advantages to living in small towns, she said, where doctors and other healthcare providers are members of the community themselves. “I have seen colleagues help out with patients in ways that would NEVER happen in urban centers. Not in a million years.”

But Humboldt’s healthcare staffing shortages are longstanding, from nurses to primary care doctors to specialists.

The coronavirus pandemic has increased strain on health care everywhere, especially during the current Delta variant surge. “COVID-19

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HOMEGROWN BY JULIE FULKERSON

What Am I Afraid of?

Twenty years ago, Dr. Robert Mauer said, “Your brain cannot reject a question.” That’s always been a useful concept for me. Then last month, the editor of this publication invited us to write about what we’re afraid of. So for a month now, the question, “What am I afraid of?” won’t leave my mind.

My parents were cautious and made me aware of the dangers of the world. I learned not to take candy from strangers and I paid attention to wave action at the beach. Neither warned me about drugs, sex and rock ‘n roll, though my mother was worried about mind-numbing lyrics until the Beatles came along.

They didn’t want me to break any of my body parts, so I was careful not to jump off of high ledges or use blades carelessly.

My father had a fear of heights, but my mother loved rollercoaster rides; I fall somewhere in the middle.

I realize there are dangers in the world, but I’m also not going to limit my behavior based on extremist views. I’ve traveled abroad alone, hitchhiking in my early days. I have Band-Aids and a fire extinguisher. I lock my doors and try to have gas in my tank. I have an irrational response to snarling, barking dogs that are not leashed.

I remember a fun test from years ago. The question was, “Would you rather walk across a bed of hot coals or walk into a room of angry people calling you names?” I remember at the time thinking that’s easy — angry names. I’ve had plenty of

experience with people calling me names.

I use a potholder when I bake. I avoid potholes.

Mostly, my fears are community-based: I worry about speeding drivers, gas-guzzlers and global warming, children missing school, juggling parents, stressed front-line workers . . . and I worry about people who do not have the vaccine, yet.

I’m clear that if I screw up, it’s my responsibility. That’s why I’m not a thief and avoid a few other things that I consider unacceptable. I’m not afraid of being locked up in a cell (but having my mugshot in the Senior News? That would really scare me).

I think mistakes are valuable. For many years, I have believed that mistakes are very important and I encourage them. In my business, we even celebrated them. Most of us have learned that unless they are life-threatening, mistakes are useful. Increasingly, I am aware that the color of my skin gives me privilege and latitude to make mistakes that I do not deserve.

Fear and excitement feel pretty much the same. When possible, I choose excitement.

Dying? I’m not really sure how afraid I am. I don’t want to die anytime soon, but I hope it’s not messy. I might not be able to choose.

—
Julie Fulkerson *confronts her fears at home in Eureka. Contact: juliefulkerson@mac.com.*

Against the Wind

By Gail Popham

Before I retired, I looked forward to the opportunity to go hiking every weekend. Saturday, Dec. 31, 2005, was a rainy day. I had hiked in the rain before, it was just a matter of having a good raincoat and boots.

Despite the rain, I decided to go for my usual six-mile hike in Arcata Community Forest. When I got there, I encountered only one other hiker who was also willing to brave the wet weather.

It was probably around 10:40 a.m., about halfway into the hike, near the top of Trail 12, when the wind really began to pick up. I decided to call my daughter in Portland and share the blustery experience with her.

Then I heard what sounded like trees crashing down nearby, and branches and even large limbs began to fall all around me.

I was more mystified than afraid—what the heck was going on? I said a quick goodbye to my daughter so I could focus on a course of action. Suddenly, a long redwood branch about 3 inches in diameter fell on my shoulder. It didn’t knock me down, but surprised and stunned me.

I decided it would be wise to get out of there ASAP! I knew Fickle

Hill Road was not far from where I was in the Forest, so I headed through the trees in that direction. I could still hear the crashing of falling trees behind me.

When I got to Fickle Hill Road, I managed to wave a man and his daughter down for a ride back to my car on 14th Street. My shoulder was beginning to hurt now.

The man drove me to my car and I tried to get on Highway 101 to head back home to Eureka. But 101 was closed by water on the roadway, so I took the 255 route through Manila.

I decided I’d better go to St. Joseph Hospital and get my shoulder looked at. They X-rayed it; the clavicle was fractured, but they said it would heal on its own.

Of course, this turned out to be the infamous New Year’s Eve 2005 storm that toppled trees all along the coast. For me, the whole episode was a surreal experience.

I still love to hike regularly in Arcata Community Forest, although now I always check the weather forecast to see if it is going to be a windy day.

—
Gail Popham *is an avid hiker and Trail Steward in Eureka.*

Online Art Classes

“Art for the Young at Heart” returns this month with online art classes for those 55 and older.

With support from the California Arts Council, low-income seniors can enroll at no charge, and receive supplies. The fee for others is \$200.

The first of four 10-week sessions runs Wednesday, Oct. 6, through Dec. 8, with other sessions running through

August 2022. Classes cover drawing and basic design; beginning watercolor; storybook workshop to create original children’s story eBooks; and a summer multigenerational hand puppet workshop with your grandkids.

For more information and to sign up, email Maureen McGarry at maureen@inkpeople.org or call The Ink People at 707-442-8413.

I'll Stick to Hot Tubs, Thanks

By Clare Greene

I'm not a good swimmer. I've been afraid of drowning my whole life, after being rescued by a lifeguard at the local pool when I was 8. I don't know what happened, but I remember being underwater and scared.

In my late teens, I was violently tumbled by ocean waves in Mexico and didn't know which way was up (where the air is). I couldn't believe what was happening for what seemed like forever, plus I didn't know how to say, "Help!" in Spanish if I could have gotten air. When the wave receded and the water became like a foot deep, I stood up. Whew!

Now, living on the coast, I'm satisfied just watching those waves and knowing they can't get me.

I've been dragged over a waterfall by a dumped canoe on the Trinity River. Despite my life jacket, I was sure I was going to die — on my 31st birthday, no less.

My fellow canoers had made it to shore and were yelling to me to, "Save the canoe!" I (stupidly) did — hence the waterfall incident — but the canoe eventually ended up wrapped around a rock farther on. We floated down the river in a steep canyon for what seemed like miles until we could get out. I kept my legs drawn up close to my body the whole time for fear of fish bites.

I really thought my *compadres* knew what they were doing (I surely didn't), but their decision to put in *above* the recommended spot on the map cost them the canoe and all our gear, and amplified my hydrophobia. I dubbed the spot "Know-It-All Falls."

These scary events left me with a residual fear of drowning. The trapped underwater scene in "Sometimes a Great Notion" petrified me. The towering wave in "The Last Wave" almost made me cry in fear. Comedies only for me, thank you, and hot tubs are as deep as I go.

I thought I was clear of the fear. Ha! Alas, I developed a recurring nightmare that I was drowning. It wasn't every night, but often enough to make me look askance at my bed. This went on for years.

But then, one night I dreamed I could breathe water. I don't recall directing my brain to do that; I didn't consciously "face my fear," but it worked. I never had another drowning nightmare.

But I still limit my immersions to hot tubs! —

Clare Greene, 75, is a landlubber who lives in McKinleyville. She is a retired university administrator and the manager of the McKinleyville Community Choir.

Worrisome Diagnosis

A worried senior phoned her doctor's office.

"Is it true that the medication you prescribed has to be taken for the rest of my life?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm afraid so," the doctor told her.

There was a moment of silence before the woman said, "Then I'm wondering how serious my condition is, doctor?"

"Why?" he asked.

"Because this prescription is marked 'NO REFILLS.'"

—The Gadfly

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PAINTING THE OCEAN

BY MARGARET KELLERMANN

Oh, Father Thomas!

"Life is tough, my darling, but so are you."

—Stephanie Bennett-Henry

On our usual Sunday phone call last January, I dreaded my mother's weekly question, "Did you go to church?"

I replied as usual: "Mom, I just haven't found a truth-telling pastor who delves into things and comes up with treasure."

She recounted the wonders of her Anglican priest: "Oh, Father Thomas! He's creative, spiritual, funny. And deep!" For 12 years I'd heard about "Oh, Father Thomas!"

"Riiiiight," I sighed. "But y'all are in Tennesseeeee...."

She giggled at my attempt at a Southern drawl. "Just try it, Marg." She'd said this 50 years ago about liver and okra. But her weekly invitation to watch her church service on Facebook finally hit its mark.

I feared the worst: abysmal disappointment. But watching just one online service, I was hooked. After processing to the altar in ornate chasuble, and before delving into a profound sermon, Father Thomas waved wildly at the camera, "Hello, Facebook parishioners! Hey y'all, welcome to this here church."

Spreading his arms, he asked, "Whoooo's ready to exegete?"

On each Sunday phone call, through the perils of 2021, Mom and I debriefed joyfully about the latest sermon by "our" Father Thomas.

Afraid to show myself, I finally dared to call Father Thomas last June to say thanks for everything. For an hour we discussed why pastors often fear telling the gospel

truth: "Too much German theology in seminary," he said. "The truth is too miraculous," I agreed. We discussed books we still wanted to write. "Go for it!" we told each other.

But every sudden ending shocks. Two months ago, Father Thomas and his daughter died in a car accident on the first morning of his 12-week sabbatical. Embarking on a road trip together, they'd planned to drop off the collegiate daughter. Then he planned to hike Spain's 500-mile pilgrimage, Camino del Santiago.

Mom relayed the tragic news. I returned to Father Thomas's final Sunday sermon, an exceptionally sober one, the day before he and his daughter died. "Sometimes things around you are going to fall apart," he told us. "And that does not mean that the thing that falls apart is God's will that it fell apart. God does not will evil upon you. And at the same time, God literally uses anything to mold the soul."

Oh, Father Thomas! Only lately did I hear your words of grace and gusto, delivered in sacred fragments like a drawn-out Southern story on a wraparound porch, letting each last bit slam not like the fearful crash of a hammer-fisted *repent or die*, but more like the good soft slam of a wood screen door.

Margaret Kellermann leads Art Hike Adventure Tours in Humboldt through Ferndale Music Company, weekly through October. See ferndalemusiccompany.com.

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Arcata Woman, Turning 100, Recalls a Life Well Lived

By Sara Turner

Friendships grow incrementally, as do our expectations in life.

When I began attending the Arcata Presbyterian Church a decade ago, I met Sarah Franklin at her 90th birthday luncheon, hosted by the Presbyterian Women (PW). Most of them had known each other a long time. Warm smiles predicted, for me, inclusion and weekly greetings at Sunday services.

As months merged into years, older church members died or moved to live closer to relatives, leaving Sarah a role model for those of us not far behind her. She attended services in person as long as possible, but COVID isolated us all for most of 2020.

Born in 1921, Sarah turns 100 on Oct. 11, and her life deserves a spotlight:

Her grandparents came from England seeking a better life, eventually settling in southern Humboldt/Mendocino counties. Born at home in 1921 in a now-gone village near Laytonville, Sarah was lactose intolerant. Until goats' milk was introduced, she brought her parents many sleepless nights.

Her childhood was a happy time. She attended a one-room schoolhouse and graduated from a consolidated high school in the Piercy Valley in 1939. Math was her favorite subject. Sarah was determined to go to college, and lived with an aunt in Chico for her freshman year at what was then Chico State College, transferring to Humboldt State in 1941. She graduated with a degree in elementary education.

Teachers were in great demand in the 1940s. Her first job was in Richmond, with a class of 53

students that met for a long half-day; she worked another job — food service — in the afternoon. She didn't believe she was overworked.

Most of her students were from Midwestern families who had migrated in search of better jobs, and the military and war-related industries were magnets. Sarah thought they were truly appreciative for whatever education was offered.

Sarah shared an apartment with two other girls, each working split shifts because they needed the money. Her pay for teaching was less than \$100 per month.

Plenty of opportunities to date servicemen kept them busy weekends. She remembers going to a movie with her roommates, meeting three Marines seated nearby, then accepting their invitation to a dinner dance. They went home, changed to dancing clothes and had a wonderful time. They never saw

the Marines again.

Sarah met her husband-to-be, William Franklin, in Garberville, where both were visiting. He was a service station manager/owner for Chevron Oil. They had four children, and enjoyed dancing at county granges and occasionally when Big Bands came to Eureka.

Bill's hours at the service station were long, but his hard work paid off. He retired and sold the business, which still bears his name. His death left Sarah alone, but with two of their children near and very supportive, her life has been comfortable.

On Oct. 11, children and extended family will bring birthday greetings from Portland and Seattle, as well as Willow Creek and Arcata. At (nearly) 100, Sarah remains in good spirits and good health. She expresses no regrets in life and considers herself a fortunate woman.



Sarah Franklin, whose 100th birthday is Oct. 11, is still going strong. Submitted photo.

Happy Birthday, Sarah!

—
Sara Turner, 94, of Arcata is a retired Humboldt State University professor of social work.

DON'T LOOK DOWN . . . From Page 1

has been my wife, Sydney, who has been supportive, reminding me to breathe and enjoy the view. She is among those who have little fear of heights or falling — helpful for climbing mountains or the stairs inside church domes. Sometimes it's described as having a "head for heights" — an asset for jobs such as steeplejacks or wind turbine mechanics.

Luckily for me, true acrophobia is uncommon, because it can trigger a panic attack and strand

people in high places, unable to move up or down a ladder or exposed location. My symptom level is typically called "visual height intolerance." And indeed, through continued practice, I have learned to tolerate a lot of places with "visual height" exposure.

For example, I recently have traversed the Redwood Sky Walk high up in the redwood forest at Sequoia Park Zoo in Eureka multiple times without much anxiety . . . as long as I didn't look

down and stayed busy making photographs.

But don't ask me to join you on the Angels Landing hike in Zion National Park, described in the guidebook as "the exposed and thrilling hike in Zion National Park, suitable only for those who can control their fear of heights."

—
Mark Larson, 74, photographer and emeritus HSU journalism professor, keeps his feet on the ground, mostly, in Arcata.



AGING IS AN ART — BY JOHN HECKEL

Good Apologies

Good apologies are ones that transform. They are difficult because they scratch the soul, and heal because they manifest real self-reflection.

Part of my aging process is to understand fully that I need to be capable of initiating and responding to such apologies, on a personal *and* a cultural level. The very healing and coming together of our country may depend on our ability to do just that — find and participate in meaningful apologies!

The older I get, the more I hope I have learned the art of initiating the good apology when I have done wrong, and to accept an apology graciously when I have been wronged.

Studies indicate that meaningful apologies are comprised of anywhere from four to six essential elements. I find these three most helpful:

1. Say you're sorry, and do so without any "ifs, ands or buts." A well-intentioned "sorry" with no hesitations or conditions is critical.
2. Acknowledge your impact. Instead of focusing on what you didn't mean to do, or never intended on doing, simply describe and acknowledge the impact you had on the person or group you have wronged.
3. Last, and maybe the hardest, change your behavior. Change your behavior to minimize the possibility the event will happen again. One study suggests, "An apology is something we do, not something we say. And we carry it forward by

changing our behavior to minimize opportunities for future harm."

I think these current times indicate that we are all participating in long-overdue and much-needed soul-scratching apologies. Maybe what we are all experiencing is the trauma of initiating or accepting some long-overdue apologies.

An apology can be an excellent start to redefining relationships, those with ourselves, with each other, and with our culture as a whole. Sometimes an opportunity comes along that allows us to experience the healing aspects of an overdue apology.

The California State Parks, for instance, is seeking public feedback on a proposal to change the name of Patrick's Point State Park to Sue-meg State Park to honor the original place name for this area by the Yurok people, a meaningful and overdue apology that asks for my participation.

A good apology that includes a change in behavior and rights a wrong is an action that becomes both more important and sometimes more difficult to initiate the older I get.

There is, however, great healing in the apologies that are difficult.

—
John Heckel, Ph.D., 74, of Eureka is a retired HSU theater and film professor with a doctorate in psychology. To learn more about the proposed name change of Patrick's Point State Park to Sue-meg State Park, see parks.ca.gov/NewsRelease/1040.

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HSRC News

Redwood Coast PACE's Unquenchable 'Dr. K'

By Ted Pease

If he could do it, Dr. Stephen Kamelgarn would remake the American medical system from the ground up.

"The way medicine is set up now, it's really not for the convenience of the patient, or even the convenience of the physician," said "Dr. K," as he was known during his five years at Redwood Coast PACE (Program of All-inclusive Care for the Elderly) at Humboldt Senior Resource Center.

Kamelgarn, who retired in June after a 43-year medical career, said he has always prioritized the patient, which is what drew him to PACE in 2016.

"I think it's a great program," he said, "and I wish that all of American medicine was organized along similar lines."

It is the "all-inclusive" nature of PACE, which employs a team approach to focus on helping chronically ill seniors remain in their homes instead of nursing facilities, that Kamelgarn believes is an ideal model for all health care, and not only for seniors.

"As I started doing PACE and realized what it was," Kamelgarn said, "I became more and more of a proponent behind the whole philosophy that governs PACE — the holistic approach, the fact that we're not governed by time constraints, that we have the time to develop the relationships with patients that we need to take good care of people."

"I wish I had the ability to snap my fingers and not worry about the expense, and turn the entire American medical establishment into that, and get away from this crazy neo-Capitalist model that has taken over the whole profession in the last 40 years."

Dr. Jennifer Heidmann, PACE's medical director, said it was Dr. K's passion for the patient that made him such a good fit as the front-line physician who evaluated new PACE participants.

"He has been a great supporter of PACE," Heidmann said. "Patients and staff loved working with him, and his experience and many talents were very appreciated."

"I also really appreciate how he has always spoken up for what is right in health care, and advocated for the vulnerable."

The doctor-patient connection has always been of primary importance to Kamelgarn in his practice, and that passion comes through loud and clear in his regular columns during his 25 years as edi-

tor-in-chief of North Coast Physician, published by the Humboldt-Del Norte County Medical Society.

"I'm still naïve and knight-errant enough to

believe that there is a personal mystical bond between doctor and patient that carries its own therapeutic touch," he wrote in a recent column. "I feel that the doctor-patient interaction is the core and crux of any medical visit. It is this relationship that forms the core of a therapeutic relationship that extends beyond 'pushing pills' and giving injections."

Now, at 70, Dr. K has turned in his medical license and is making his transition to civilian life as he focuses on writing a novel at home on Kneeland Hill. His novel is

about a physician who gets "blown back in time" and helps cure Shakespeare of a bad case of writer's block.

"I think at some level I'm always going to be involved in medicine," he said. Good news for patients and readers alike.

Ted Pease is editor of Senior News.



DR. K: 'I'm always going to be involved in medicine.' Submitted photo.

HSRC, CVS Offer Flu & COVID Shot Clinics

The Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) and CVS Pharmacy will partner to provide flu and COVID shots Oct. 5-6 at HSRC Senior Dining Centers in Eureka and Arcata.

CVS pharmacists will administer flu and COVID vaccines on Tuesday, Oct. 5, from 12:30 to 2:30 p.m. at the HSRC Eureka campus, 1910 California St., in the garden area and parking lot at the south side of the building, weather permitting.

The Arcata clinic will be on Wednesday, Oct. 6, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. at the Senior Dining Center

at the Arcata Community Center, 321 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Parkway in the parking lot nearest the community center playground, weather permitting.

Reservations are not required. Flu shots will be available to anyone age 3 and older, in order of arrival, administered to walk-up clients and those wishing to remain in their vehicles. Face coverings and physical distancing, as well as identification and insurance card, are required. Most insurance plans cover flu vaccines at no cost to the recipient.

COVID shots — including boosters for eligible individuals — will also be available at both clinics. COVID boosters and flu shots can be administered at the same time.

To find out more information regarding the vaccine types offered, contact Tina Messenger at CVS inside of Target at 707-442-0549.

For more information, call Tasha Romo, HSRC Nutrition and Activities director, at 707-443-9747, x1228.



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One-Time Low-Cost Firewood Voucher Sale Scheduled in October

Although the Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) canceled its Senior Firewood Program earlier this year, a one-time, low-cost firewood voucher sale will take place in October.

This firewood voucher offering will be different from prior HSRC voucher sales. Because only 100 cords are available, those eligible to purchase a voucher will be chosen randomly.

Vouchers cost \$125 each and can be redeemed for one cord of wood per household. Vouchers are available for those 55 or older only; no income restrictions apply.

Those interested in purchasing a firewood voucher must submit their name and phone number no later than Friday, Oct. 15, by calling 707-445-5171, x1241, or emailing activities@humsenior.org.

HSRC Activities staff will select 100 names at random and notify those

who are eligible to purchase a firewood voucher during the week of October 18. Notifications will continue until all vouchers are sold. Payment for vouchers may be made by cash or local check only.

Once purchased, firewood vouchers can be redeemed at the Humboldt County Sheriff's Work Alternative Program (SWAP) lot in Eureka (off 23rd Street) beginning Saturday, Oct. 23.

A pick-up day will be assigned at the time of purchase or a delivery driver can be assigned for an additional fee. If using a delivery

driver, a fee is paid to the driver when wood is delivered and is based on location. Drivers will deliver from Rio Dell to Patrick's Point.

For more information, call Tasha Romo, HSRC Nutrition & Activities director, at 707-443-9747, x1228, or the Activities desk at x1240.



COMMODITIES DISTRIBUTION

Arcata
Thurs., Oct. 21, 10:30-11 a.m.
Arcata Community Center
321 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Pkwy.

Eureka
Wed., Oct. 20, 10-11:30 a.m.
Humboldt Senior Resource Center
1910 California St.

McKinleyville
Thurs., Oct. 21, from 11 a.m.-1 p.m.
McKinleyville Family Resource Center, 1944 Central Ave.

News

Arcata
 Martin Luther King Jr. Parkway
www.humsenior.org

Fortuna
 3000 Newburg Road

HSRC Programs Are Enrolling

All HSRC programs are open and operating as follows:

Administrative Services: Open as usual, but please call 707-443-9747 before coming to our Eureka campus or Fortuna Center and we will assist you remotely if possible. Our doors are locked, but staff are available for on-site assistance.

Activities Program: See the Calendar at humsenior.org for activities updates. Senior Home Repair is open for Eureka residents. Call the Senior Services Office at 707-443-9747, x1240, for information about Dial-a-Ride tickets. All other activities are suspended.

Adult Day Health & Alzheimer's Services: Open in Eureka and Fortuna. New referrals are being accepted.

MSSP (Multipurpose Senior Services Program): Services continue, but contact with clients is primarily via phone. Staff are available by phone. New referrals welcome.

Redwood Coast PACE: Open in Eureka and Fortuna. New referrals are being accepted.

Senior News: Open as usual. Free copies available at area groceries and businesses. Available online at humsenior.org. Subscriptions, \$25/year. Call 707-443-9747 with credit card info, or mail a check to 1910 California St., Eureka CA 95501.

Nutrition Program: Status of HSRC Nutrition services:

Home Delivered Meals service continues.

Senior Dining Centers continue to provide take-out meals via weekly drive-by pickup only. Meals are available by **reservation only** for those 60 and older and their spouse. Reservations must be made no later than seven days prior to pick-up day. Call the Senior Dining Center of your choice below for reservations or for questions about menus.

Each package includes a variety of five meals. Pick-up schedules:

Arcata: Arcata Community Center, 321 Martin Luther King Parkway, Wednesdays 11:30 a.m. to 12:15 p.m. Drive to the main entrance on the north side of the building; an Arcata city staff person will direct traffic, and provide directions for those on foot. **Reservations: 707-825-2027.**

Eureka: 1910 California St., Tuesdays 11:30 a.m. to 12:15 p.m. Enter the parking lot from California Street and staff will direct you. **Reservations: 707-442-1181.**

Fortuna: Gene Lucas Community Center, 3000 Newburg Road, Thursdays from 12-12:30 p.m. in front of the Fortuna Senior Center wing; staff will bring the meals to you. **Reservations: 707-725-6245.**

Information may change without notice. For questions regarding any HSRC program, call 707-443-9747.

We thank community members for their flexibility during this time as we continue to offer modified services.



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Remembering the Hey Days of Troop 9

By Ron Fritzsche

Editor's Note:

Prompted by the photo on the front page of July's Senior News of Troop 9 scouts marching in Arcata's 2019 July 4th parade, contributor Ron Fritzsche reflects on the long life of the now-disbanded troop.

Arcata Cub Scout Pack 44 at Sunset School had two Webelos Dens in 1986 — 16 boys ready to graduate into Boy Scouting.

These boys crossed over the bridge into Boy Scout Troop 9, which was chartered to American Legion Post #274 and met in the Scout Hall of the Arcata Veterans Memorial Building on J Street. I had been the cubmaster of Pack 44, and the parents asked me to continue as scoutmaster with Troop 9.

First chartered in 1931, Troop 9 had long been active and successful, for many years under the leadership of Marino Sichi.

As with many organizations, however, things go in cycles, and Troop 9 lost its Scoutmaster in 1980 and was down to around four scouts. They recruited Richard DuBrau to be their scoutmaster, and he stabilized the troop and recruited some new members.

I succeeded Richard as scoutmaster in 1986. We added new graduates from Pack 44 and from Pack 95 at Pacific Union School. Before long, Troop 9 was the largest in Humboldt County, with over 30 scouts.



SCOUTMASTER Ron Fritzsche with Troop 9 Eagle Scouts Todd Sakai and Patrick Sise in about 1990. Sakai graduated from Stanford and is now a manager at Chevron, and Sise, a U.S. Naval Academy graduate, is a Marine Corps lieutenant colonel at the Pentagon. Submitted photo.

The keys to the successful reinvigoration of Troop 9 were a very active and fun program and the involvement of parents. The American Legion Post, especially Marino Sichi and Virgil Freeman, were very supportive. We organized monthly camping trips, participated in Camporees, Scout-O-Ramas, and went to summer camp every summer.

The scouts helped with the annual American Legion Easter Egg Hunt on the Arcata Plaza, served as ushers during the visit of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial visit to Redwood Park, and won the Best Troop Award at the American Legion Regional Camporee at Lake Mendocino.

Troop 9's first Eagle Scout was awarded in 1934, and ended with 55 Eagles. Eagle Scout Aaron Eklund (1992) attended West Point, and Eagle Scout Patrick Sise (1995) went to the

U.S. Naval Academy. Of course, other scouts had successful careers in the military, as architects, attorneys and in many other fields.

Two notable Eagle Scout projects during my tenure were those of Steve Arrowsmith and Josh Millwood. Steve's project entailed designing and building the accessible ramp at the front of the Arcata Veterans Memorial Building. Josh took on the task of identifying and mapping all the veterans' graves at Greenwood Cemetery in Arcata. Troop 9

always placed American flags at these gravesites during Veterans Day and Memorial Day.

In 1989, I moved to local Scout Council and District level positions, so John "Grondo" Grondalski became scoutmaster of Troop 9. The troop continued to grow and thrive under Grondo and his successor, John Erikson, for several more decades.

Unfortunately, Troop 9 ceased its existence a couple of years ago. The troop was dwindling and in need of active sponsor support, but the American Legion had another idea for the Scout Hall, which is now a canteen/bar in the Veterans Memorial Building.

—
Ron Fritzsche of Arcata is a former scoutmaster who has served in Boy Scout leadership positions over the past 40 years.

Got Staples?

By Evan Kopald

I had two pieces of paper I wanted to staple together and was eager to use the new electric stapler my son Reid bought me. It was so efficient and the clicking sound it made was pleasing. I was in stapler heaven.

I stuck the papers in, it made the clicking sound, but it didn't staple. I tried it again.

"Duh," I thought. It was out of ammo.

No problemo. I recalled finding many boxes of staples in my desk when I was looking for something else. But now that I wanted them, they were nowhere to be found.

I went through all my drawers and file cabinets. Frustration. I looked into the deep recessed shelves of my closet, in the garage and the storage shed. Nothing. Where were they?

Dilemma: Buy another 5,000 staples or resort to paper clips?

As I drove over to the stationery store on F Street, I wondered if this was a symptom of the early stages of Alzheimer's.

On returning home, Reid and I had a chat about staple misplacement and dementia.

"Dad," he said, "you've been misplacing your stuff for as long as I've known you."

I decided to put the other 4,900 staples where I could find them — with the cat food.

—
Evan Kopald, 77, misplaces things at home in Eureka.

Briefs . . .

New CA Benefits Portal

The State of California has launched a new website to provide a one-stop destination for a range of state benefits from health care to nutrition. BenefitsCal.com is a unified website covering CalFresh, CalWORKS, Medi-Cal, County Medical Services Program, and General Assistance/General Relief programs. For information, call 1-877-410-8809.

OLLI Brown Bags

OLLI will offer four free online Brown Bag Lunch presentations Mondays in October from noon-1:30 p.m.: Oct. 4: Michael Fields, "A Life in the Theatre"; Oct. 11: Meghan Gallagher, "New to 60: Tips to Help Plan for the Future"; Oct. 18: Coriinne Frugoni & Patty Harvey, "Medicare for All: The Time Has Come"; Oct. 25: Anne Braak Katz, "Social Justice Philanthropy: Giving to Make Systemic Change." For details and to register for Zoom, go to humboldt.edu/olli and click on Brown Bag Lunch.

Attention, Artists

Artists and craftspeople are encouraged to submit grant applications for the 2021 Victor Thomas Jacoby Award, which includes \$10,000 in funding for four recipients. The award supports Humboldt County visual artists and craftspeople, and encourages new ideas, materials, techniques and mediums. To apply, please visit hafoundation.org. Applications are due Nov. 1.

Wine by the Screen!

Raise a glass to coastal conservation on Saturday, Oct. 2, during Friends of the Dunes' annual fundraiser, Wine by the Screen! Previously known as Wine by the Sea, the online event permits supporters to enjoy music, art, local food and wine, and silent auction from the comfort of their own homes. Visit friendsofthedunes.org/wine-bythescreen for details and to order your Brett Shuler dinner by Tuesday, Sept. 28.

Dialogue on Race

The 23rd Annual Community/Campus Dialogue on Race takes place Monday, Oct. 25, through Friday, Oct. 29. This year's conference, Dismantle and Heal: Building Coalition Against Forced Division, features keynote speaker comic Hari Kondabolu, and Satsuki Ina, a documentary filmmaker who was born in the Tule Lake Segregation Center, a WWII detention camp. For information: dialogue.humboldt.edu/.

Pumpkin Carving Contest

The Clarke Historical Museum in Old Town Eureka will sponsor a virtual pumpkin carving contest, with winners announced on Halloween. Enter by Oct. 14 at clarkemuseum.org/events, and find out how to upload images of your Jack 'O Lantern in one of four categories, and see the prizes for winners. Suggested entry fees from \$5 to \$15 support the Clarke Museum.



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How We Live with Fear

By Jane Woodward

An older woman with long white hair flowing over her shoulders, fair complexion and a lovely gentle expression was sitting on a bench in front of the store, two filled grocery bags at her feet.

Her attire suggested homelessness. She was resting, perhaps, or waiting for someone? I nodded as I entered the store, and she smiled back.

When I exited and approached my car parked in front of where she rested, she asked if I could take her to Samoa and Union. I asked her if she had had her vaccination, and she responded that no one had ever asked her that question. The answer was no. She wore no mask.

I told her that my husband was 81 and immune-compromised. I realized that I was afraid. Afraid to take her into the car and risk exposure to a virus that I might then take home with me. Not really fearful for myself, but for my spouse.

Her response was incredible. She said she was 78, and it was clear that she observed my dilemma. She then said, "I absolve you of any guilt." I climbed in the car and left.

I'd been musing about the topic of fear since it was posted for this issue of Senior News, believing that fear had not been a major driver in my life thus far. Somewhere along the line, I'd learned that the way to tackle fear was to do what you were afraid of if that activity was important to do.

I wasn't afraid to change jobs or careers, move to new cities, travel by myself across Europe at 23, learn to fly a plane, whatever. Whether from naïveté or curiosity, I'd followed my interests and opportunities as they presented themselves most of my life.

When I awoke that night at 1 a.m., I realized that I was indeed afraid to take the risk of endangering my husband. Not afraid for myself, but for "the other." And I did feel guilt. Why hadn't I simply given her a mask, put her in the back seat, opened all the windows, and driven her the four blocks she needed.

But in the spur of the moment, I didn't really think of that, and fear prevailed. I did what my husband would have wanted me to do, but . . . I regret my decision.

They say when you are near death, you don't regret what you did, but what you didn't do. This will be one of my regrets. I like to think of myself as a kind person. That decision was perhaps wise, but not kind.

It's important to distinguish between fear for oneself, and fear for one's loved ones. The difference is huge, as well the how we respond. I'd act differently next time, I suspect.

Jane Woodward, 76, of Arcata is an active member of the OLLI Curriculum Committee setting up the weekly Brown Bag lunch talks.

"I fear the disappearance of journalists and the demise of journalism, and dread the day there are no more newspapers to read with morning coffee."

—**Joanne Fornes, Senior News reader.**

‘Only One?’

By *Patty Holbrook*

In the Wild West of the 1800s, unescorted women were banned from restaurants or saloons. Things have changed of course, but restaurants still do not seem to welcome the single female diner.

It’s clearly evident that couples are the predominate occupiers of cafe tables, and a woman dining alone is rather a rare sight. My women friends say they would be uncomfortable dining out alone, and others wouldn’t even consider it.

Years ago, I was working in downtown Los Angeles and had just received a raise. This called for a celebration. I decided it was a good time to face my fear of eating alone in an expensive restaurant. I wanted white tablecloths, crystal water goblets and a dry martini in an iced glass.

Walking into a famous steak house on Figueroa Street, I was greeted by a tuxedo-clad maitre’d, who gave me an imperious look with one raised eyebrow and asked, “Only one?”

“Guess so,” I shrugged, feeling I should apologize.

He frowned, then asked if I would mind sitting at an occupied table, otherwise there was a 45-minute wait. I could wait at the bar and have the dry martini I craved, but every stool

was occupied, so I opted for sharing the table. Who knows? Maybe a Sean Connery-type might be sitting there, full of wit and charm.

I was led to a booth where an obese man with a goatee was intensely focused on buttering a dinner roll. I smiled and said, “Good evening,” but he only grunted, not looking up, and dove into his salad with such gusto he scattered croutons across the tablecloth.

I sat glumly as the fat man crunched his croutons and wondered why no one had come with a place setting or to bring me a glass of water. I was so hungry I was tempted to grab one of the fat man’s rolls, but feared he’d stab me with his steak knife.

As the minutes dragged by, my discomfort grew, and I decided this was a bad idea and fled, ending up at McDonald’s.

Formica tabletops, molded plastic chairs and eating out of a cardboard carton wasn’t so bad, I suppose. At least the cashier didn’t ask, “Only one?” as I stepped up to the counter.

If only they served McMartinis.

—
Patty Holbrook *enjoys fine dining in Eureka.*

Facing My Thanatophobia*

By *Roy Grieshaber*

As a young adult and until my middle age, I feared dying. I would lie awake at night and think of dying, with a cold, tight, physical ache of fear in my gut.

Harold S. Kushner, a prominent American rabbi and author, once wrote, “I am convinced that it is not the fear of death, of our lives ending, that haunts our sleep so much as the fear that as far as the world is concerned, we might as well never have lived.”

Over time, I have realized that my fear was not exactly of death, but of becoming nothing, as Kushner described, of no one knowing who I was or of my life and my accomplishments. I would likely die very old, demented like my mother, and perhaps not even knowing who I am myself.

If it is true that you live only as long as the last person who remembers you, then in my case, without children or grandchildren, my life will be short-lived indeed. There will be no one left to make a fuss, perhaps not a single person to spread my ashes, no service, no memorial.

I often used a technique to evaluate the strength of my attachment to

my life. My mother had compiled a photo album of my early life until young adulthood. I would imagine being dead, and someone who didn’t know me going through my belongings and tossing this photo album onto the bonfire of my life’s trash. I would watch that album burn with images of my life curling and consumed by the flames. The magnitude of the cold feeling in my gut would indicate the intensity of my attachment.

I have not felt this fear for some years now. I am not sure when it stopped. At some point, I must have embraced the inevitability of my death, realizing that it was my unwillingness to welcome my eventual nothingness that caused the pain.

Instead, this welcoming approach has become my philosophy of life: To embrace whatever the universe sends my way, both the enjoyable experiences and those I would prefer not to have . . . and the final nothingness.

—
Roy Grieshaber, 78, is a marketing professional and former small business owner who still enjoys living in Eureka.
**Thanatophobia: fear of death and dying.*

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When Your Distant Dad Needs Help

By Christy Chandler

This evening I had a very scary experience on the phone with my dad, who lives in another part of the state.

We were talking and he suddenly started to show signs of having a stroke (mainly not able to form coherent words, lots of gibberish). I kept him on the line while desperately texting my siblings, also all over the state.

My brother told me he tried 911, but since my dad is in a different area altogether, it wouldn't go through. So I was desperately trying to Google it and not panic.

I ended up calling our Humboldt 911, and the operator looked up the number I needed.

I can't express the helplessness and fear of hearing your loved one who lives alone having a stroke. My reason for writing is to strongly advise anybody who has parents living far away, and especially alone, to research now who to call in case of an emergency.

Find the emergency contact numbers now — neighbors and especially local emergency operators like medics and fire — for where they live and put them in your phone or somewhere easily accessible. I assumed just calling 911 would connect anywhere easily, but that precious time dialing the direct number for help could mean everything.



Then I had to call the actual ambulance service to find out where they took him, and the operator told me they couldn't tell me due to patient privacy, and to try a specific hospital (thank you operator...).

My dad is home from the hospital. It was a TIA (transient ischemic attack) stroke, and he has recovered, but the MRI also found an enlarged pituitary, so more follow-up is needed.

Thanks for reading. Take good care of each other.

—
Christy Chandler lives in Trinidad. Her dad, 78, lives in La Mirada and is doing well.

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New Treatment for Painful, Numb Feet by Ed Handl

Do you have painful, numb feet? You may be suffering from a nerve disorder called peripheral neuropathy.

An estimated 15 million people nationwide suffer from this painful disorder. The symptoms can be burning, sharp and aching pains, cold feet or hands, tingling and numbness that gradually progresses from the toes or fingers to involve the feet or hands.

Another common experience is that the severity of the symptoms increases at night. Some people eventually begin to lose their balance as nerve signals become poorer.

There are many different causes of peripheral neuropathy. Diabetes is the most commonly recognized but not the most commonly diagnosed.

Idiopathic peripheral neuropathy is the most commonly diagnosed form. Idiopathic means that it is of unknown origin.

Whatever the cause, the effects on the peripheral nerves are similar and cause insufficient blood and nutrient supply to those nerves. This can result in loss of the nerves' protective barrier (myelin sheath) and widening of synaptic gaps (junction points from one nerve to the next). This damage is what causes the symptoms of peripheral neuropathy.

Most people suffer from sensory nerve issues — burning, tingling and numbness. Fewer have motor nerve involvement, with muscle weakness, cramping and loss of balance.

TREATMENT

The treatment for peripheral neuropathy has mostly consisted of a multitude of medications, from narcotics to antidepressants and anti-seizures. Popping pills is not what most people want anymore.

But there is a revolutionary new

treatment for this painful nerve disorder. It is called the Sympathetic Therapy System (STS). At Humboldt Hand and Foot Therapy in Eureka, we have introduced a successful program designed to treat peripheral neuropathy patients with the STS (Sympathetic Therapy System) and infrared lights.

STS works by applying electrical stimulation over peripheral dermatome sites (areas of skin that are mainly supplied by single spinal nerves). This unique form of stimulation is unlike any used before and gives dramatically different results.

By stimulating bilaterally over these peripheral nerve sites and communicating along these nerve pathways across the spine, we can target the sympathetic nervous system, calming and normalizing it. Lowering sympathetic nervous activity dilates peripheral blood vessels.

In essence, STS asks the body to calm these overactive nerves, as well as to increase blood flow out to the hands or feet. The increase in blood flow brings back the nutrients that those damaged nerves desperately need, creating a healing environment. Most neuropathy patients respond to this treatment at some level. Treatments are Medicare and FDA approved.

These comfortable, non-invasive treatments have no side effects and can potentially reverse the symptoms of this condition.

Call **Humboldt Hand and Foot** with any questions, at 441-1931.

Ed Handl is a Kinesiologist and the Clinic Director for Humboldt Hand and Foot Therapy at 1587 Myrtle Avenue in Eureka.

Humboldt Hand and Foot Therapy is an essential and open business.

Please call for an appointment.

ASK THE DOCTOR . . . From Page 5

both prescription and over-the-counter drugs to make sure they are not doing any damage. Other measures to support the liver include getting the hepatitis A and B vaccines, and not sharing equipment with others that might have even traces of blood on it (e.g., drug paraphernalia, tattoo needles, lancets for glucose testing, toothbrushes, razors or nail clippers).

Hepatitis C can be transmitted through sex, with higher risk among those who have multiple partners, men who have sex with men or with those who have HIV infection. Reducing risk in any sexual encounter is important by talking with your partner and using protection to lessen transmission of infections (including hepatitis B and C).

Hepatitis C is not transmitted through breastfeeding (as long as there is not blood contact, as with a

bleeding nipple), through hugging or kissing, or from working with or playing sports with someone with hepatitis.

If you are 18 or older and have not been screened for hepatitis C, let your doctor know. The liver is one of our most important organs, and taking some time to think about how you treat it is worth it. I would love to see Humboldt County drop far down on the list of counties with high rates of hepatitis C.

Dr. Jennifer Heidmann is medical director and primary care provider at Redwood Coast PACE (707-443-9747). This column should not be taken as medical advice. Ask your medical provider if you have health questions. Send comments to seniornewseditor@humsenior.org.

'I Don't Know What to Do' . . . From Page 5

burnout is driving many nurses to quit," CalMatters reported in August, focusing on four "exhausted" ER nurses at St. Joseph Hospital who resigned.

"Hospitals say they are reaching a crisis point, straining under the dual forces of more people seeking routine care and surging COVID-19 hospitalizations," the CalMatters article said.

This problem is not unique to Humboldt County. Demand has been outpacing supply in health care for years.

"The United States is in the midst of a critical nursing shortage that is expected to continue through 2030," a 2021 medical school study said. The biggest nurse shortage is expected in California — 44,500 fewer than needed. Similarly, a June 2021 report from the Association of American

Medical Colleges projected a nationwide shortage of 124,000 physicians by 2034, including as many as 48,000 primary care doctors.

But it's no consolation to local residents that the medical system is under stress everywhere. Jane spoke for many when she asked, "What can I DO?"

A McKinleyville woman offered this: "My advice for all of the people who move up here to Humboldt County is to look into medical care before considering moving here," she said. "I have lived here for 53 years, and everything was great until my doctor retired. It's not easy to get decent medical care here. Prayers . . ."

Ted Pease, 66, is editor of *Senior News*.



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Play the Crossword Puzzle
on page 22



Hero Saves Bird in Thrilling 1920 Story

By Eva Janson

I grew up with this story: how my grandfather, Charles Olson, had saved a bird caught in the electrical wires and how it made the newspaper.

It was in Brooklyn, probably in the 1920s. The newspaper clipping (maybe from the Brooklyn Daily Eagle?) is yellow and crumbling. All that remains of the headline is:

Takes Risk For (missing words)

Workman Rescues Bird While (Crowd?) Watches Excitedly

“With intense excitement several hundred people watched Charles Olson, of 335 Fifty-fifth street, rescue a bird that had become entangled in a wire hanging from the ‘L’ structure on Third avenue and Fifty-second street on Wednesday afternoon, about 5:30, when the crowds were coming home from work.

“The interest and anxiety shown by the people gathered around proved plainly that there are more good people in the world than bad people. In some manner the sparrow had become entangled in the wire and hung down about three feet from the ‘L’ structure. Signs of sympathy could be heard all through the crowd and everyone

was speculating on how to get up and release the little captive. Finally Charles Olson came along on his way home from work. Without a word he deposited his carpenter’s tools on the

over the live wire of the surface cars. Several became excited and called for him to stop, but he paid no attention and went on until he had the bird in his hand. The bird’s wing was so entangled in the wire Olson had to bite the feathers to get it free. When he had freed the bird he threw it in the air, thinking it would fly away, but the little thing was too much exhausted and fell to the ground. A small boy picked it up and carried it home.

“As he climbed down, a crowd gathered around Olson and cheered him. Some tried to shake hands with him, but like a true hero he hurried away as fast as he could go. As he walked off, he held parts of his trousers together with one hand. He had torn them badly in climbing over the wires.”

He lived with us in Connecticut for a year before he died in 1953. I was not quite 4 years old but I always remember him as a kind and loving grandfather.



DARING BIRD RESCUER Charles Olson, second from right, was a construction foreman for the Brooklyn, N.Y., subway in the 1920s.
Submitted photo.

ground and climbed the pillar of the ‘L’ nearest the bird.

“Breathless suspense hung over the crowd as the heroic man climbed along the narrow ledge of the cross girder and gingerly picked his way

Eva Janson lives in Eureka.
This story was part of KEET-TV’s “Snapshots” project, which collected stories and photos from local residents about family members who influenced their lives.

we want to know!



Humboldt Senior Resource Center

Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) is planning for the future of older adults in Humboldt County and surrounding areas. We invite you to help us determine what the greatest needs will be in the coming years for seniors in our community.

Please take a few moments to complete the survey found at www.humsenior.org; click on the survey link. You can also complete this survey via phone with an HSRC staff member by calling **707-443-9747 ext. 1267**. If desired, additional comments and input can be emailed to adm@humsenior.org. We thank you in advance for your assistance in shaping the future for older adults in our community.

Letters to the Editor

'A Bit Much'

To the Editor:

I found John Heckel's article, "Guilty Privilege" [August Senior News, page 10] regarding Life Care Humboldt a bit much.

He mentions to volunteer for the organization or, "if you can, make a donation." My guess is that if you are fortunate enough to afford living there, then you are also one of the more fortunate who can afford a good health insurance policy (or a health insurance policy at all). How about pitching for causes that support affordable health care for all rather

than asking for a donation from the general public that would only support the lofty lifestyle of essentially those at the top?

Also, Mr. Heckel writes, "You might discover their work is really *your* work." Maybe he could break that statement down in simple terms, because I don't see how. For all the local causes in dire need of donations, Life Care Humboldt does not make it on my list.

Lori Toomas, McKinleyville

A Memorable Job

To the Editor:

Regarding your September issue about first jobs: Somewhere in the middle of 1970, the tree planting company I worked for hired its 20-man crew out to a lumber company to plant several billion Douglas firs in the Klamath Falls area.

It soon became too hot to plant the greenhouse-grown trees in the volcanic soil, so we switched to spraying the tips of the newly planted trees

with a foul-smelling liquid that deer didn't like.

On our backs we wore a shoulder-strapped 10-gallon tank that could be pressurized by pumping down on a lever. My teammate thought it would be a good idea to overpressurize the stinky fish-gut liquid, so the lid blew off, half soaking him in the concoction.

Harold McArthur, Eureka

2 Seconds to Save a Life

To the Editor:

Do you have two seconds to spare? That's all it takes.

If you ever (even one time) use throw-away masks, PLEASE cut the strings. You will be saving wildlife

from becoming trapped and dying, or living a short, sad life of entanglement.

This is a kind act that you can easily do. Two seconds.

Nance Naven, Fortuna

Don't Waste Time

To the Editor:

What am I afraid of? I am afraid that the situation I am afraid of is already occurring. The warning signs have been blinking double time for a long time, but somehow it just wasn't comfortable or convenient to pay any attention to them.

I am afraid that we humans do not

have the imagination to see a better future, nor the energy to help create one.

But it is silly to focus on fears, wasting time that can be spent on recreating the beautiful world of a more fruitful imagination.

Carol Moné, Trinidad

Heaven-Sent

To the Editor:

In the debate over vaccinations, I've read quotes from people declining to be vaccinated because they "believe in God."

Which makes me wonder: to which God are they referring?

I know that, during the early months of the pandemic, millions of people around the world prayed that a vaccine would be developed. I know many, if not all, scientists and

researchers of faith prayed that God would guide their hand as they devoted countless hours, days, months to develop a vaccine. I know that even nonbelievers would agree that the successful development of the vaccines in record time was nothing short of miraculous.

So I have to ask, why would any pious person decline a vaccine that is clearly a godsend?

Richard Salzman, Arcata

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OPINION: Why I Support Life Care Humboldt

By JoAnn Schuch

There are many reasons I support Life Care Humboldt (LCH), the planned senior living community.

I witnessed my father's death in one of our for-profit skilled nursing facilities (SNF), and I swore to work toward improving care for all older people in our community. We need a nonprofit SNF-type facility for people who have memory loss, dementia, or who need additional help. LCH plans to include this kind of small-scale, compassionate care for residents who can't live independently, and also to make it available for others in Humboldt County.

Based on the Green House Project (thegreenhouseproject.org) these home-like settings are a unique model and concept that might spread through the county once people see the benefits.

The second reason I support LCH is that there are very few market-rate housing options for Humboldt

County's growing senior population. About 75% of Humboldt seniors own their own homes, and many of us are tired of the expense and labor of maintaining them. We would gladly move into a senior community that would provide social contact, care if needed and the ability to live near friends and family — a better option for seniors, more housing stock in Humboldt.

Thirdly, the nearest life care facility is 200 miles away. I have more than 30 years of friendships and connections in this area. With dementia and memory loss in my family, I will probably need help as I get older. I'd rather age here with support of friends, not start over somewhere, as many in our community have had to do.

Life Care Humboldt is not backed by a large corporation; this is a small nonprofit. Local people support this effort with their money, time and skills. Since January 2020, we have moved forward

swiftly with outreach and education, working with national life plan advisors, and evaluating several pieces of land for our campus.

Strengthened by donations from over 200 people and two local foundations, we have recently raised more than \$300,000. There has been no government funding (but if there were, we would gladly accept the help).

Overwhelmingly, this is a people-powered project, with potential residents who are paying for the development and who will pay to live there. With 25% of Humboldt's population over the age of 60, we need all options available for seniors.

Having Life Care Humboldt here would add to what makes Humboldt County a great place . . . for everyone.

—
JoAnn Schuch of Arcata is a founding member of Redwood Coast Village and Life Care Humboldt. Visit lifecarehumboldt.org.

Crossword Puzzle

Space Travel by Christina Iverson
 Edited by David Steinberg

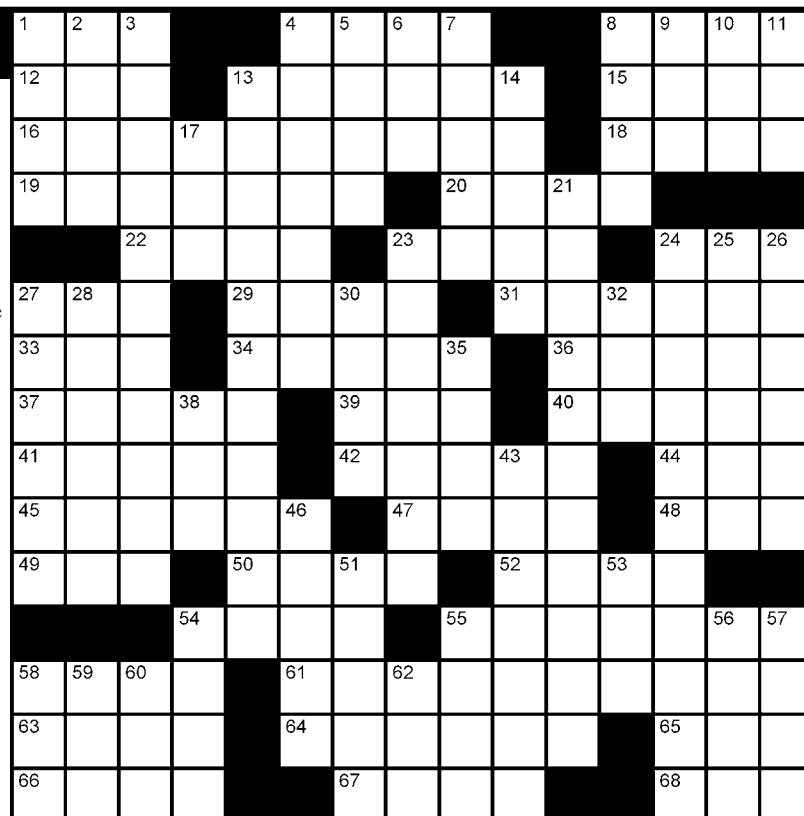
ACROSS

- 1 Is in the past?
 4 Rouse, as an appetite
 8 Introductory musical passage
 12 Addams family cousin
 13 Expresses discontent for
 15 Berry in a bowl
 16 Like a queen
 18 First in line
 19 Sets one's booty down
 20 Parrots and ferrets
 22 Tater ____
 23 "Jaywalking" comedian
 24 TV watchdog org.
 27 Guevara in Cuban history
 29 Peas, for a peashooter
 31 Outback maker
 33 Possessed
 34 Witherspoon on "Big Little Lies"
 36 Movie parts
 37 Up to one's ears
 39 Peach State airport: Abbr.
 40 Loafs
 41 Like a shabby sweater
 42 Fixtures that may contain "lava"
 44 Double ____ (extra-boozy brew)
 45 Noxious atmosphere
 47 Basis
 48 WaPo rival

- 49 Bro, maybe
 50 Four-award achievement, for short
 52 "Auld ____ Syne"
 54 Old Russian ruler
 55 Hit the slopes with a canopy
 58 Often-baked pasta
 61 They twirl batons
 63 Representative symbol
 64 Latin list ender
 65 Munched on
 66 Repressed, with "up"
 67 Cupid's counterpart
 68 Spheres on a sushi roll

DOWN

- 1 Thin lock of hair
 2 Lead in to "boy" or "girl"
 3 *Handed over one's card at the bar
 4 "Alas!"
 5 Joy Reid, for "The ReidOut"
 6 Lawyerly letters
 7 Color named for a mole
 8 Movers' vehicles
 9 ____ Hardware
 10 Min.'s counterpart
 11 Center of an olive
 13 *"I Know What You Want" rapper
 14 Awkward years, often
 17 MMA match ending
 21 *One primarily attracts vacationers
 23 *Calligraphy, say
 24 Meteor, and a hint to the word that descends in the starred clues' answers ... and this puzzle's grid
 25 ____-crawly
 26 Bombard with colorful language
 27 Bracelet trinkets
 28 Obama's birth state
 30 A square one is said to be healthy
 32 Word with "dad" or "beach"
 35 Muppet who hosts "The Not-Too-Late Show"
 38 Canonized people: Abbr.
 43 Guiding night light?
 46 One's best, to a coach
 51 Give a stump speech
 53 ____ King Cole
 54 Slight coloring
 55 Response to "Marco!"
 56 Diet with fat bombs
 57 "Got it"
 58 Close, like jeans
 59 Much of Greenland, ironically
 60 Whale's weight unit
 62 Container for tips



Crossword answers are on page 20

Fall Is Daffodil Planting Time

By Sherida Phibbs

*And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.* — William Wordsworth

Nothing welcomes spring better than the arrival of daffodils with their cheerful faces framed by their ruffled bonnets. These loved and joyous flowers are symbolic, as they represent hope and joy. Giving a bunch of daffodils as a gift is thought to bring the receiver good fortune.

Fall is the time those bulbs appear in garden centers all around town. Many of us order our supply directly from growers as early as June every year to get a head start on all of our special choices.

Here in Northern California, November is the time to plant your daffodils. Soils are not too warm, and the winter rains are right around the corner.

If you want to learn more about daffodils, join the Humboldt/Del Norte University of California Continuing Education Master Gardeners, on Thursday, Oct. 14, 6:30-7:30 p.m. during their “Ask a Master Gardener Zoom Gardening Hour.”

Master Gardener Maria Krenek will lead the daffodil discussion. Maria loves to share her knowledge and experience with daffodils. As a certified American Daffodil Society judge, she

has seen and grown many varieties of daffodils over the past 20 years.

With their increasing popularity, there are over 26,000 different daffodil cultivars coming from 56 species in yellow, pink, orange, red, green and even a combination. Daffodils also come in various sizes and bloom forms.

One of my favorite poems, “I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud” by William Wordsworth, was inspired in 1802 when Wordsworth and his sister were walking and came upon a long belt of daffodils in the forest.

*I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils . . .*

Get started on your spring. For more information on Master Gardener programs and to preregister, go online to ucanr.edu/helpmg.

—
Sherida Phibbs of Fortuna is coordinator of the UCCE Master Gardener Program for Humboldt & Del Norte Counties. Visit ucanr.edu/sites/hdnmastergardeners/



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FOR HUMBOLDT & DEL NORTE COUNTIES

AREA 1
Agency on Aging

It's Time to Review your Medicare Prescription Plan

Each year between **October 15 and December 7**, you have an opportunity to review the drug plans available in your area. Many plans change premium prices and drug coverage. You may switch to a new plan if you so choose.

It is highly recommended that all beneficiaries use Medicare's plan finder tool each year to compare the available Part D plans, as opposed to simply letting an existing drug plan auto-renew.

The Health Insurance Counseling and Advocacy Program (HICAP) can help you review your drug plan.

Contact HICAP to make an appointment:

**by phone: (707) 444-3000 or 1(800) 434-0222
or call Medicare at 1(800) 633-4227**

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You Can Be in Senior News

- **NOVEMBER** — Calling all bibliophiles! Readers, writers, publishers, librarians and booksellers. This month, let's wallow in our love of books and the written word. What makes you writers write and you readers read? What's that magic scent in the stacks of libraries and bookstores?
- **DECEMBER** — At the end of another year, let's remember gifts and gratitude, and revisit favorite holiday memories. What have been your best (and worst) gifts of the season — that fruitcake or ugly sweater? Mom's cookies? Dad's singing? Contact SN editor Ted Pease: tpease@humsenior.org, or call 707-443-9747, x1226.

Senior News
HSRC
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- To welcome all people
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- To adopt a model that ensures affordability and security
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