



Look Who's Laughing

The Funny Papers

By Jim Slade

"Don't take life so serious, Son . . . it ain't nohow permanent." —"Pogo," 1950

Humor's a funny thing. The trouble is that humor is not universal.

What tickles your funny bone may mean absolutely nothing to someone else. After publishing more than 900 issues of *The Gadfly* ("A weakly good humor co-op"), I've sensed some trends in humor.

I am convinced that people try to laugh at what scares them most. Getting older and forgetting things — or thinking about, seeking, having or not having sex — both seem to generate a lot of nervous laughter and tittering. Combine getting old with sex and you get something like this from a recent issue of *The Gadfly*:

"Harry and his wife Maude were sitting in the back of the presentation room at the retirement home. The speaker was a very cheerful, full-of-life social worker who specialized in making older folk feel better, even enthusiastic about, sex after 65.

"The presenter stood up and started her spiel with a determined voice, a glint in her eye and a welcoming smile. 'Today's topic is one we should all embrace — super sex!'"

"Harry raised his hand and yelled back, 'I'll take the soup!'"

See?

A subcategory is marital relationships. There are endless variations on good old household friction

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KEEP LAUGHIN' — "Professional laughers" (from left) Joanne Fornes, Val Hall, Kathleen Krauss, James Flower and Bonnie Lesley, with funny dog Della, engage in a little group therapy. Ted Pease photo.

The Power of Laughter

By Ted Pease

No one pays them, but Kathleen Krauss and Joanne Fornes are "professional laughers."

For them, a good guffaw or a quiet chuckle is just money in the bank of their psychological,

emotional and physical health.

Although their regular laughter yoga group at the Church of the Joyful Healer in McKinleyville hasn't been able to meet

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Humboldt Senior Resource Center

TEDtalks: 'The Saving Thing'

At the last meeting of the Senior News Community Advisory Council (SNCAC), one of our advisers reported that she and some of her friends had found March's "Aging & Ageism" issue a little depressing.

We're hoping that this month's Senior News, in observance of April Fool's Day and National Humor Month, can perk them up.

As my mother always used to say, there's no accounting for taste, so we can't guarantee readers will find everything — or even *anything* — funny here, but there's plenty to choose from: Ole & Lena gags (page 14); Tom Donnelly's nanny goats (page 17); Jim Slade's lessons learned from his 934+ weekly editions of The Gadfly (page 1) and oh, so much more!

Mark Twain, who had a fine sense of whimsy, said, "Humor is the great thing, the saving thing after all. The minute it crops up, all our hardinesses yield, all our irritations and resentments flit away, and a sunny spirit takes their place."

During these trying times, we all need some sunny spirit. Even a mild chuckle is therapeutic in the face of all that's going on in the world. (And if you don't know what's going on, good for you! I'm sure not going to wreck your day by telling you.)

I defy anyone to look at the page 1 photo of five local laughter yogis doing their thing without smiling. Some scoff at the concept of "laughter yoga" — after all, yoga's inward-looking mindfulness does seem at odds with howling like a hyena — but researchers

confirm the physiological and emotional benefits of laughter.

A good guffaw can actually improve your health, as Dr. Stephen Kamelgarn discusses in "The Best Medicine" (page 4). Laughter prompts the body to make endorphins, dulls pain, delivers extra oxygen to the heart and other organs, and combats stress and anxiety — it's like a free health spa you carry with you. And laughter is contagious, so you can infect others. In a good way.

On the other hand, science may be a waste of time when it comes to something as natural and individual as humor. I have to agree with writer E.B. White, who observed, "Analyzing humor is like dissecting a frog. Few people are interested and the frog dies of it."

Point taken. So without further dissection, let's get laughing.

...

Poets' Corner: We're proud to welcome Jerry Martien of Elk River to the Poets' Corner this month (page 23). Since coming to Humboldt a half-century ago, Jerry has been a bookstore clerk, carpenter, poet in the schools, instructor at the former Humboldt State University, and writer and poet-at-large. He's about to re-issue his third collection of poetry, "Infrastructure," and is working on a fourth.

Ted Pease is laughingly referred to as editor of Senior News.

Page 1 Photo (top): Lupine along a foggy Bald Hills Road, May 2018. Ted Pease photo.

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The True Story of Joanie and the Bull

By Janet Ruprecht

At a certain point, when all her kids were of an age but not reproducing, my mother went on a breeding frenzy. She persuaded my economist/cheapskate father that breeding the mares was a good tax dodge, and bought my teenage sister a stallion.

She also trawled her little dog in season through the streets of Trinidad, looking for a male dog with hair that was longer and curlier.

And, in 1983, she bought a bull.

Paul and I had recently moved in with my parents. One morning, I got up and found mother dressed for work, looking distraught.

“What’s the matter?” I asked, yawning.

“The bull is missing.”

“What bull?”
It was the first I’d heard of it.

“Your father doesn’t know. And now it’s gone.”

I woke up in a hurry. “What bull?”

My father was opposed to the idea of a bull, preferring to hire an artificial inseminator. It turned out that my mother had bought a young bull at auction and somehow snuck it onto the property without any of us noticing.

“I have to go to work,” she announced. “I’ll be late.” Abandoning all responsibility, she fled.

I woke Paul up. “We have to find the bull.” Like my father, Paul was not enthusiastic.

Then the sheriff called. For some reason, deputies called us any time livestock was loose. My father answered, and pretty soon he was apprised of the situation. The bull had been reported about half a mile down Stagecoach Road.

“Where’s your mother?” my father demanded, tight-lipped.

“She said she was going to be late for work.”

The three of us set off in pursuit. Half a mile later, we encountered a pair of gentlemen who were most displeased. They had some rare, pedigreed cows they’d bought for breeding stock. My mother’s bull had jumped the fence and spent the night with the cows. When they discovered him in the morning, he jumped the fence again and moved on down the road.

We found him at last, trespassing on the property of my father’s sworn enemy (that’s another story). The young bull was fast asleep, exhausted from his exertions. Stealthily, hearts in our throats, we woke him up and drove him back to Stagecoach Road, where he proceeded to run up every driveway between there and home.

When we finally got him into the

cow pasture, he immediately jumped the fence. We drove him into the cow barn and slammed the door.

So here was my mother’s dilemma when she finally came home from work: an angry husband and a bull in the barn that couldn’t be turned loose in the pasture because he would just jump back out.

She stewed over this for several days, leaving the bull in the barn in the dark — a kind of isolation chamber. Then she took a cow halter and a very long, strong rope inside. We thought she’d be killed, but there was no struggle. She haltered the bull and led him out, tying the rope to a big tree in the middle of the field.

Amazingly, this worked. The bull settled in. He never jumped a fence again. When the time came, he bred the cow.

Janet Ruprecht lives on Dow’s Prairie. No bull.



Embarrassing!

By Suzanne Simpson

Years and years ago, I helped start the Sacramento Film Festival, and had a desk in the sedate Chamber of Commerce office.

One memorable day, I was running late (as usual). As I galloped across a busy street with a huge armful of files, a car screeched to a stop, nearly hitting me. Suddenly, I felt my half-slip slither down my legs and get tangled in my fancy stiletto high heels.

As I was ungracefully doubled over in the middle of the street, I heard a car door open. When I looked up, Gov. Jerry Brown was standing there, handing me — a lady in distress — my petticoat.

Rather than sinking into the pavement, and being a bit gutsy, I told the governor about the film festival, featuring local independent filmmakers. As I hopped around, trying to get my shoe back on, I asked him if he would come to the grand opening and make the opening introductions. He said, “Yes!”

So at the opening of the first annual Sacramento Film Festival, Jerry Brown told the crowd all about how we’d met, and they howled with laughter!

Suzanne Simpson of Arcata doesn’t embarrass easily.

One-Liners

- Ad for a radiator repair shop: *Best place in town to take a leak.*
- Is an argument between vegetarians still called a “beef”?
- Only in math problems can you buy 65 cantaloupes and no one asks what the heck is wrong with you.
- Sign on a septic tank truck: *Caution! This truck is full of political promises.*
- Bumper sticker: *My karma ran over my dogma.*
- What do you call a pig with laryngitis? *Disgruntled.*
- At the vet: *Back in 5 minutes. Sit! Stay!*

The Best Medicine

By Stephen Kamelgarn, M.D.

I haven't read "Reader's Digest" for many years, but I remember a column called "Laughter, the Best Medicine." If I remember correctly, it featured short anecdotes with a funny punchline. They would always raise a smile from me when I read them.

But is laughter truly "the best medicine?" Well, actually it is. Over the past 25 years, a surprising amount of research has focused on the health effects of laughter.

The Mayo Clinic reports that laughter can provide a number of health benefits. In the short term, laughter:

Stimulates many organs. Laughter enhances your intake of oxygen-rich air, stimulates your heart, lungs and muscles, and increases endorphins released by your brain.

Activates and relieves your stress response. A rollicking laugh fires up and then cools down your stress response, and it can increase and then decrease your heart rate and blood pressure. The result? A good, relaxed feeling.

Soothes tension. Laughter also stimulates circulation and aids muscle relaxation, both of which can help reduce some of the physical symptoms of stress.

Some long-term benefits include:

Improves your immune system. Negative thoughts manifest into chemical reactions that can affect your body by bringing more stress into your system, decreasing immunity. In contrast, positive thoughts can actually release neuropeptides that help fight stress and, potentially, more serious illnesses.

Relieves pain. Laughter may ease pain by causing the body to produce its own natural painkillers.

Increase personal satisfaction. Laughter can also make it easier to cope with difficult situations and helps connect with others.

Improve your mood. Many people experience depression, perhaps due to chronic illnesses. Laughter can lessen stress, depression and anxiety, and may make you feel happier. It can also improve self-esteem.

Laughter yoga is a fun way to laugh and take yourself less seriously [see "The Power of Laughter," page 1]. The yoga part involves movement and breathing techniques to take your mind off the daily stress and be more "present." Laughing with a group can increase social connectedness and bonding.

The good news is that it doesn't matter what causes you to laugh — a joke, someone slipping on a banana peel, your grandchildren — it's the act of laughing itself that produces all the good effects. The therapeutic effects of laughter derive from both spontaneous and self-induced laughter, with or without humor. The brain is not able to distinguish; therefore, similar benefits are achieved with either type of laughter.

Laughter, no matter the reason, is good for you. Unfortunately, laughter does not improve aerobic exercise capacity, but it can't hurt.

The bad news is . . . there isn't any. Laughter, like therapeutic touch, has no adverse effects.

So go out and laugh to your heart's content — the more the better.

Dr. Stephen Kamelgarn is a retired physician who does most of his laughing at home in Kneeland.



I am Tiffany Hunt Nielsen and I am running for Humboldt County Clerk/Recorder & Registrar of Voters. I have over 20 years of experience working with real estate documents, at a local title company and within my current position as a Senior Recorder with the county.

I've also worked in the elections office and have first-hand experience checking ballots for clarity.

The focus of my office must be to meet the needs of those living here in a fair and impartial manner. Under my supervision and guidance, each election will be conducted with integrity, in a uniform, consistent and accessible manner.

I would appreciate your vote June 7th

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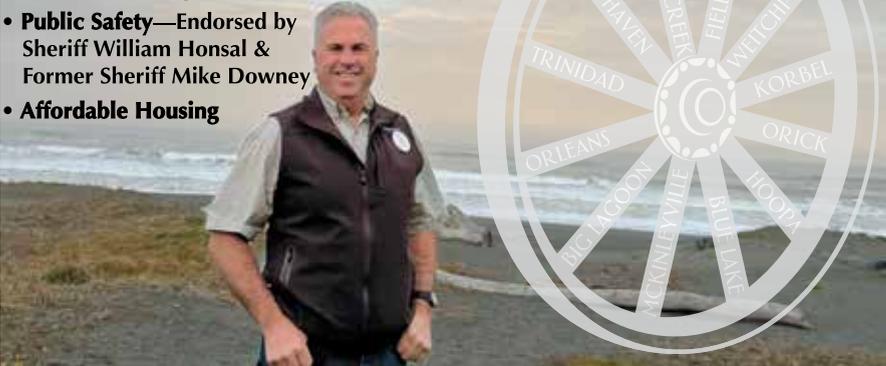
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I'm Larry Doss and I'm asking for your vote on June 7th.

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ASK THE DOCTOR

BY JENNIFER HEIDMANN, M.D.

About Probiotics

Probiotics are microorganisms that we like (thus the “pro” part), as opposed to *antibiotics*, which are drugs to get rid of microorganisms we don’t like.

Why might we use probiotics? Potentially, they can get our good bacteria population back on track and perhaps reduce inflammation. But not all probiotics are created equally, nor have they been well studied.

They are considered food additives/supplements, not drugs, so they don’t require FDA (Food and Drug Administration) approval to be sold. As a result, probiotics are a big business, despite the fact that there is a lack of good data to support their use.

One common reason people reach for probiotics is diarrhea. Unfortunately, studies do not show much benefit in adults or children with acute diarrhea. And in the case of *C. difficile* colitis (or *C. diff*), a dreaded diarrheal disorder of the large intestine often associated with antibiotic use, probiotics have not been proven effective.

What about probiotics as a preventive agent, for someone taking antibiotics, or someone traveling in a place with risk for traveler’s diarrhea? One study showed a possible decrease in incidence of traveler’s diarrhea with the use of a specific strain of lactobacillus, but it was a small study and there are many different probiotics available, unmonitored by the FDA.

While it is possible that probi-

otics may reduce side effects and development of *C. diff* with antibiotic use, the data remain unclear. If used for this purpose, probiotics should be started as soon as possible in the course of antibiotics. And it is unlikely that use of probiotics will cause harm (other than to your pocketbook).

It is likely that chronic use of proton pump inhibitors for gastric reflux (like Protonix or Prilosec) increase the chance of *C. diff*. It is a good idea to limit the use of these medications and, when needed, get off of them as soon as possible.

When someone has a case of *C. difficile* colitis, one of the most successful treatments is reconstituting the friendly flora in the gut with a fecal transplant. This is using the same concept as probiotics (adding in good bacteria), but works better. Obviously, it is a more involved process than going to the local store and buying some pills.

The bottom line is that probiotics might have a place in promoting the health of our gastrointestinal system, but more studies are needed, and without oversight by the FDA, the wide variety of products available makes it hard to know which ones actually work for what condition.

Probiotics *might* help a little in reducing risk of antibiotic-associated diarrhea. They might be a helpful therapy in people with constipation (specifically *Bifidobacterium longum*). In ulcerative colitis, probiotics

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As Virginia Bass said on February 3 when introducing and endorsing me as **the best choice for the next 4th District Supervisor**: “What sets Mike apart from the others is his experience at the County level with his years on the County’s Measure Z Committee and Planning Commission. He can take the ball and run with it without having to learn the plays.”

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If you share my vision of Eureka and Humboldt County where families can flourish and government works for the people, vote for me June 7th.

mikewm4supervisor@gmail.com • 707-845-7070
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HOMEGROWN BY JULIE FULKERSON

Not Funny

Every day, I am challenged to find threads of sanity and relative normalcy in the face of a world gone mad.

At the very beginning of the pandemic, two years ago now, I read about a man who moved to a remote piece of land. He left his radio, TV, computer, subscriptions and electronic devices behind to cut himself off from all news. He didn't want to hear about what was going on in the world.

Years ago, I visited a monastery in France. The monks had taken a vow of silence, and had no outside news or contact with the public. Their sole, soul work was to restore and protect Gregorian Chant.

Most of us do not make such stark choices. All we have to do is figure out how to balance input from headlines, social posts and street conversations with reality, and preserve our personal sanity and health.

When I bought a television last year, I thought it would help me get through the pandemic. Now I'm wondering if it was such a good idea.

Here is a tiny sampling of the news that seeps into my brain in a steady stream. How do we protect ourselves from stuff like this? Should we?

• Sixteen percent of Americans — about 41 million people — believe parts of QAnon conspiracy theory. Satanic pedophiles in government and other major institutions run a global child sex-trafficking oper-

ation; Democrats murder and eat children; and the government created AIDS, polio and Lyme disease.

• An airline passenger punched a flight attendant and knocked out her teeth. In 2021, airlines reported 5,981 cases of violent passengers, a sad record.

• One-third of local election officials feel unsafe, prompting widespread resignations and retirements.

• Local school board members and officials are attacked, get hostile messages and are run out of office.

• Despite zero evidence of voter fraud, more than 40% of Americans don't believe that Joe Biden won the 2020 presidential election.

• Americans owe roughly \$1 trillion dollars in unpaid taxes, funds that could be invested in infrastructure, health care, housing, international partnerships and peace-building.

Once in a while, an amusing tidbit surfaces — like how the ex-president thought Finland was part of Russia, according to his former national security adviser.

I wonder how many of us read the Pledge of Allegiance anymore. Surely we all remember the words “with liberty and justice for all.” It is not complicated. Kindergartners know this.

Children and monks can be our models for a saner world.

Julie Fulkerson watches TV against her better judgment in Eureka. Contact her at Juliefulkerson@mac.com.

JUAN PABLO CERVANTES

FOR CLERK, RECORDER & REGISTRAR OF VOTERS

During the last 3-years of exceptionally challenging elections, I have had the honor of working alongside our current Clerk, Recorder and Registrar, Kelly Sanders, to overcome the hurdles that we faced.

I've proven myself by training poll workers, creating and tabulating ballots, developing new policies and security protocols, revamping voter guides, providing candidate services, and overseeing the acquisition and development of our elections systems and equipment.

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Life In a Rear-View Mirror

By *Tim Henney*

When one attains the ripe age of 90, odd things occur. Visits to the market, just five miles from home, become road trips — maps, coffee, snacks, water bottle — and replace whatever social life we once had.

Some of us have taken morning showers with our bedroom slippers on, unaware until our feet felt spongy.

We wake in the night and remember long-gone pals, parents, sweet-hearts, mentors. We ponder why we didn't get done so much of what we wanted to before geriatric ailments slammed the door.

Then, dozing off, we tell ourselves to stop regretting beloved people, places long-lost and hoped-for goals unaccomplished. Rather, remember life's cherished chapters and those who were in them.

At dawn we say, "Yippee, huzzah! I'm still here!"

Not every chapter is cherished. In 1935, I was 4 when future bone-crushing fullback Jack TenEyke slugged me in the nose. We were en route home in Long Beach from Mrs. Gossum's nursery school with surrogate driver Mr. Gossum at the wheel. Approaching Bixby Road, Mr. Gossum asked me, in the back seat, to point to my house.

Jack yelled, "There it is!" And I yelled back, "It's my house, I'll tell him!" And Jack, from the front seat, swung around and bashed me in the nose.

A decade later, my ragtag junior high tackle football team (no coaches, officials, emotional parents or uniforms except for the occasional helmet, one of which was on my head) engaged Jack's team from his upscale Los Cerritos neighborhood.

The battlefield was a vacant lot, of which SoCal had plenty in those days. Being the smallest guy on our team, I played center, the least-sought position.

Jack, maybe twice my weight, took the first snap and, assuming I'd leap aside in terror, rumbled toward me. Vengeance smoldering since the brutal 1935 attack on my face, I dove for his ankles. Jack crashed to the ground and left the game for several plays. My teammates were jubilant. And surprised. Seldom have I felt so full of myself.

A life of despair after being busted in the nose at age 4? Yeah, but only until age 14, when I got revenge. Regrets? No. *Gratitude!*

Tim Henney *relives the glory days from his home in Sandpoint, Idaho.*

Little Free Art Galleries

Modeled after Little Free Libraries, Little Free Wildflower Art Galleries will sprout in communities from Trinidad to Fortuna from April 1 and until Mother's Day, May 8.

These "Take One, Make One" galleries feature 3"x3" artworks of wildflowers by community members. This can include you! Draw, paint, sculpt, crochet! — and place your artwork

in a gallery for others to enjoy. If you see a piece you love, take it!

For information, including gallery locations, go to northcoastcnps.org and click on Wildflower Show & Art Share 2022, or email artshare@northcoastcnps.org.

We look forward to seeing your wildflower art!

— *Susan Penn*

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PAINTING THE OCEAN

BY MARGARET KELLERMANN

Mosaic from Shards

One Saturday 33 years ago on Governors Island, a tiny asphalt-covered patch in the middle of New York Harbor, I was feeling fragmented and lonely. Watching my two young sons climb the monkey bars at the playground, I was concerned about all the boxes I had to unpack in the apartment.

We had just moved there from Palo Alto, a place of palm trees and fountains. I was missing something, but I couldn't name what it was. Though the island was only a stone's throw from Manhattan, it had no bridges — only a ferry. To me, it felt like Alcatraz.

While my sons were playing, I dug in the sand and came up with a piece of blue and white pottery. I dug some more and found lavender, white and blue shards. The boys came over to watch. "What are you finding?" they asked.

"Pieces of a puzzle," I told them. "These were plates and cups from centuries of people who lived on Manhattan Island." I told the boys the story of how the little island came to be made almost entirely of discarded ground from Manhattan.

To make space for the web of subway tunnels throughout New York City, workers had carved out tons of soil, rock and accumulated refuse. They dumped the loads just behind our small island, more than doubling its size.

"Come help me look for more

pieces," I said. We dug like archaeologists, finding more pottery shards. We piled them all on a big rock.

"Now what do we do with all these pieces?" asked my practical son, the scientist.

"Make them go together," said my other, practical son, the inventor.

"What should we glue them onto?" I asked.

"Well, we could put them around a picture frame," suggested the inventor.

So that evening we sat around the kitchen table, gluing the

washed pottery around the border of a white wooden frame. "It's like a puzzle, so it needs something to go inside the frame," decided the scientist.

The inventor searched the room. "I know!" From an open packing box, he grabbed what was on top: a blue and white ceramic sign. I hadn't remembered to hang it inside the new house. Fitting into the frame just right, the sign was the last piece to our puzzle. It said:

Just to be with those we love is enough.

Margaret Kellermann can be reached at bluelakestudio.net/ contact. Parts of this article were previously published in *Made With Love* (Tyndale: 1997), under her previous name, Margaret Smith.

'I was feeling fragmented and lonely.'

 **Natalie Arroyo**
FOR COUNTY SUPERVISOR DISTRICT FOUR



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Dating for Seniors

By *Patty Holbrook*

There comes a time when the single, divorced or widowed lady of advanced years decides that living alone is for the birds. Weary of toting yet another broccoli casserole to another potluck, or another night out with girlfriends, she wishes for dinner at a nice restaurant with a guy wearing a shirt with a collar, a sports coat and no baseball cap.

Wanting to kick up her heels (or sneakers) while she still can, she wants to start dating again. But how? Where does a nice elderly single lady go to meet a nice older man? Perhaps she is a non-churchgoer or long out of the workforce, and she finds barhopping unappealing and blind date setups among the elderly are rare.

Hoping to update her flirting skills, she watches how younger people cavort with each other. The girls seem preoccupied with their hair, continually tossing their long tresses back and forth — is that part of a flirting ritual or are they testing their expensive hair extensions for strength and durability?

Patting her short, tightly permed hair, the older single woman realizes that perhaps her appearance could use a little updating, but she draws the line at a nose ring or tattoo.

There is an art to striking up a conversation with a total stranger, so a good opening line is essential. Openers like, “Do you work out?” or “Do you come here often?” are perhaps passé. More age-appropriate questions might be, “What’s your favorite flavor of Metamucil?” or “What kind

of heart monitor do you use, arm or wrist?” Or, the most common ice-breaker: “Do they give senior discounts here?”

Some ladies try finding the man of their dreams on the internet. Some have, but TV’s Dr. Phil has exposed the perils of that route. So many of his guests have been elderly widows with heartbreaking tales of being fleeced out of their savings. Some deny they have been swindled, despite the mountain of evidence proving the photograph of their “lover” is a fake, that the address to which she has been sending thousands of dollars is non-existent, and that she is one of 56,000 men and women who were bilked out of over \$547 million last year by cyberspace bandits operating out of South Africa.

Then there is senior speed dating. Set up like musical chairs, men and women rotate from table to table with limited time to get acquainted until the whistle blows. But friends who have tried it report the old men usually grouse about how they were taken to the cleaners by ex-wives, and the grannies talk incessantly about their brilliant grandchildren.

Perhaps a single senior gal should reevaluate the perks of living alone. She is in charge of the TV remote. She can eat a bag of Oreos for dinner. And, while still keeping an eye out for that man in a sports coat, she can buy a new cookbook anytime, brimming with the newest casserole recipes.

Patty Holbrook enjoys her solo broccoli casseroles in Eureka.

Fun fact: Women spend more time wondering what men are thinking than men spend actually thinking.

‘Schirle, You Can’t Be Serious’

By *Jane Hill*



THAT’S ENTERTAINMENT! Performer extraordinaire Joan Schirle at Dell’Arte in 2019. Mark Larson photo.

That joke line from the 1980 spoof film “Airplane!” had a long life, and was sometimes addressed to performer Joan Schirle, the founding artistic director of Dell’Arte International in Blue Lake who made her final exit stage left in February.

Over more than 40 years in the theatre as an actor, director, playwright and teacher, Joan had an amazing range, from tragedy to farce. Her attitude toward her life and work may have been expressed in a Rube Goldberg quote she used in her email signature: “A touch of art may nourish the soul, but a good laugh always aids the digestion.”

She had a sly sense of humor and

knack for catching fellow performers by surprise. In 1988, she and I performed as two elderly friends in “Save Me a Place at Forest Lawn.” Waiting for my luncheon companion, I walked upstage toward the wings in the Carlo Theater, where I saw Joan preparing for her entrance — with her dress up over her head in an effort to break my concentration. It worked, and I turned upstage to recover from the fit of giggles her joke prompted.

She is missed for her passion, dedication and consummate skill as an artist, and for her gentle humor, loyal friendship, inspiring integrity and sense of humor.

Jane Hill is co-founder of Dell’Arte.



AGING IS AN ART — BY JOHN HECKEL

Understanding

Some time ago, I reached out to former high school colleagues who admitted on Facebook that they had voted for Trump. I voted for Clinton, and then Biden.

I was *obsessed* with trying to understand how people come to such diametrically opposed worldviews, so I reached out and asked if they would share their stories. Silence! No one would engage in any honest and open dialogue.

I posted my disappointment on Facebook.

Seeing that post, an undergraduate university fraternity brother of mine emailed and suggested we reach out and get a group together via Zoom to explore those diametrically opposed worldviews. Success!

Now, every two weeks, a group of 12 men (average age 74), all fraternity brothers in undergraduate school sometime between 1964 and 1973, meet via Zoom to discuss and share their different worldviews openly. We listen to each other in an attempt to understand what events occurred in our lives to create and shape such conflicting views.

During our meetings, we first share our perspectives on a particular topic — Trump, Biden, critical race theory, January 6, immigration, police reform — all the issues that seem to divide our country. Each of us gets two minutes to share his view. We then get three minutes to share what life events may have cre-

ated or shaped that view. We follow up with clarifying questions that attempt to deepen understanding.

Two major learnings have emerged. 1. If you want to be able to discuss and understand differences, you first have to honor what you have in common. And 2. Most of our worldviews were actually created and shaped by life events that occurred long ago.

'Becoming more accepting of the views of others.'

Without finding and spending time genuinely honoring what we have in

common, no vulnerable sharing of our differences will occur. To really understand what divides us, we need to first openly express what unites us.

When we passionately state an opinion, or we get upset when someone else expresses a viewpoint we disagree with, we can remember that it is very likely that those perspectives and opinions were created and shaped based on life events from long ago.

Understanding why we see things the way we do might be the first step in being open to change, and very likely is an important step in being more tolerant and accepting of the views of others.

Imagine if we could create thousands of such groups!

John Heckel, Ph.D., 74, of Eureka is a retired HSU theater and film professor with a doctorate in psychology.

Octogenarians in Space

By Bob Fornes

Winding our way into (somewhat) post-COVID days, thinking of fun and unique things to do, I came up with a great one: Octogenarians in Space.

Picking up on the Branson, Bezos & Musk fun guys stuff. Our very own oligarchs. In the past year, billionaires Richard Branson (Virgin Galactic), Jeff Bezos (Blue Origin) and Elon Musk (SpaceX) have blasted into the field of space tourism in a big way. "Demand is very high," says Bezos.

What a better way to hit 80 than to view the Earth from almost-outer space?

The only way for me to achieve this treat, however, will be to sell the house and buy a small, sleepable vehicle — which we will use, post almost-outer space, to travel the USA, visiting senior centers in red and blue states, urging the old farts to sell their homes and take a space trip.

I figure that we will go viral — trending on all social platforms (of which I know nothing but what I hear, as living in the 21st century without a cell phone or any social media tends to put one in a separate world). Maybe we'll get on the Colbert show!

This will enable us to receive com-

missions on all the space flight tickets we sell to other seniors, and a kick-back from the realtors we recommend for them to sell their homes to pay for their space trips. We may enlist our grandson, now only 10, to be our IT/social media specialist for our post-space U.S. tour.

Early 2024 will be our blastoff (have to get to 80 first). And we have to get the house ready for sale.

We will miss Humboldt County and our cool, clean ocean air. Such a fine place in which to pass the 2020s. (Except for the deep drought and fires: anthropogenic* accelerating climate chaos is the new reality for all of us, no matter where on Earth one calls home.)

The generalized American craziness is observable from here in Humboldt County, but largely from a safe distance, shrouded by our coastal fog, for which we are thankful.

Please note: should you want to buy a ticket to space, you will have to show proof of vaccination, as we should keep our diseases to ourselves.

Bob Fornes, 78, plans his intergalactic future from his home in McKinleyville. *Anthropogenic: human-caused.

Any Questions?

By Mark Larson

True story: When I moved to Humboldt County more than 45 years ago, I had to search for a local doctor. Work colleagues recommended Dr. Ed Olsgaard at Eureka Family Practice.

When I reached age 50, even though I was in good health, Dr. Olsgaard recommended a physical and blood tests. After sharing the good-

news results of the checkup, he ended by asking if I had any questions.

Being a man, and of Norwegian descent, I replied that I had none.

His response, with a smile: "Okay, so what questions did your wife tell you to ask?"

Mark Larson of Arcata still has no questions for the doctor.

HSRC News

In-Person Dining Resumes at New Heritage Cafés

By René Arché

After more than two years of pandemic closure, Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) is reopening for in-person dining, starting Monday, April 4.

Each of HSRC's three Senior Dining Centers — Arcata, Eureka and Fortuna — has been renamed Heritage Café.

The change reflects more than just a new name. The long closure of our dining sites, since late March 2019, has given the HSRC Nutrition staff the opportunity to evaluate how services to our diners could be improved. They determined that changing to a café model would create a better dining and socialization experience for our participants.

What is a “café model”? It means a place to gather, interact with others, enjoy a meal on one's own schedule, and also have the chance to benefit from other HSRC resources — such as social work assistance, information about healthy aging, and access to helpful services.

Menus have been updated for the new Heritage Café, and meals will now be available during a service period versus at one set start time. Diners at the 1910 California St. loca-

tion in Eureka will find that the dining room and lobby of the old Washington School building have undergone an upgrade and modernization to make the space more functional — a warm, inviting and inclusive environment for all.

Meals at HSRC's dining centers have always been important to participants both for the nutrition they provide, but also as an opportunity for friends to get together and socialize, said Tasha Romo, director of HSRC Nutrition and Activities.

“We are excited to welcome our regular dining center participants back. We've missed you!” she said. “And we hope our new facilities and the new Heritage Café atmosphere

will attract new friends as well.”

Naturally, the safety of diners and staff is still of utmost importance.

Visitors to all HSRC sites must wear a mask while on the premises. Diners at Heritage Cafés will be screened before entry and will be asked to wear masks except while eating.

All three Heritage Café locations will open on a part-time schedule and will also

provide grab-n'-go meals one day per week. Reservations are required, preferably at least 7 days in advance; this helps us to have the necessary number of meals prepared.

- Arcata: Tuesday-Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; grab-n'-go meal pick-up on Tuesdays.

- Eureka: Monday-Thursday, 11:30 a.m. to 1 p.m.; grab-n'-go meal pick-up on Thursdays.

- Fortuna: Tuesdays and Thursdays, noon to 12:30 p.m.; grab-n'-go meal pick-up on Fridays.

See page 12 or visit hum senior.org for the calendar of menu offerings.

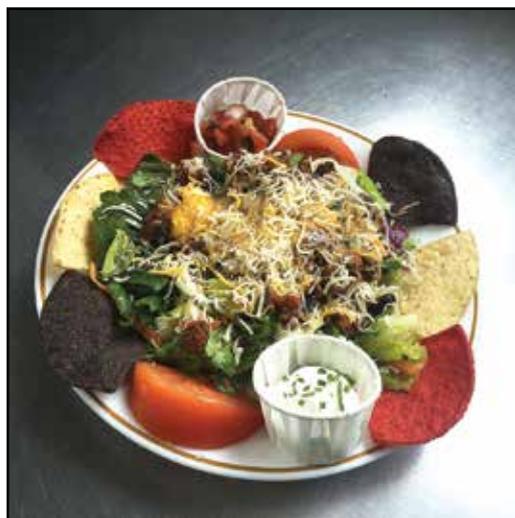
For those receiving Home Delivered Meals, the schedule also will change to match Heritage Café hours in your community. McKinleyville deliveries will follow the Arcata schedule.

The Eureka Senior Services office will be open during Heritage Café hours, and staff will remain available by phone during HSRC's normal business hours.

“We are delighted to be reopening for in-person dining, and excited to debut our Heritage Café,” Romo said. “It will be wonderful to see our friends again.”

For more information about HSRC's Senior Nutrition program, call 707-443-9747.

René Arché is HSRC's director of communications and marketing.



A delicious Taco Salad is just one of the many nutritious Heritage Café menu items. See page 12 for the menu.

Stay Connected with New Technology Classes

Do you wish you had a way to stay connected but aren't familiar with new technology?

Area 1 Agency on Aging (A1AA), in partnership with Humboldt Senior Resource Center and Tri-County Center for Independent Living, will offer five technology lectures and classes to help you connect on the Internet and

take advantage of interactive technology.

The sessions are starting in April:

- How to Spot Fake News
- Telemedicine and How to Use It
- Online Health Resource and How to Find the Best Information
- Chromebook Essentials Class (5 weeks)

- iPad Essentials Class (5 weeks)

Learn how to fact-check the news. Connect online to your medical providers, and find reliable health information.

Chromebooks and iPads will be provided to participants during class. Those who qualify and are interested in participation in a study will receive

iPads and a data plan for home use during the course of the study.

All participants must show proof of COVID-19 vaccination, including booster, to attend lectures or classes.

Space is limited. If you're interested, call Robert at A1AA today at 707-442-3763, x220.



Heritage Café

HSRC Nutrition & Activities Program

Arcata

321 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Parkway
707-825-2027

Eureka

1910 California Street
707-443-9747

www.humsenior.org

Fortuna

3000 Newburg Road
707-725-6245

Call for reservations.

If possible, call
7 days in advance.

\$3.50 is the suggested
contribution.

No senior 60 and over
will be denied a meal.
For those under 60
there is an \$8 fee.

- Lowfat or nonfat
milk is served with
each meal.

- Menus are subject
to change without
notice.

- A vegetarian alter-
native is available
daily by reservation.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
	April 2022 Menu				Teriyaki Chicken 1
Spaghetti w/Meatballs 4	Brunswick Stew 5	Lemon Herb Fish 6	Chicken Fried Steak 7	Chicken Marsala 8	
Salisbury Steak 11	French Toast Bake w/Syrup 12	Macaroni & Cheese 13	Ham & Bean Soup 14	Pineapple Baked Ham <i>Holiday Meal</i> 15	
Coconut Chicken w/Rice 18	Baked Fish Dijonnaise 19	BBQ Pork Rib 20	Taco Salad 21	Braised Beef Brisket 22	
Meatloaf w/Gravy 25	Split Pea Soup w/Ham 26	Green Chile Egg Bake 27	Soul Smothered Chicken 28	Shepherd's Pie 29	

Dine-in Days & Pick-up Schedule

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
Arcata 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m.	Closed	Pick-up Day: 1 Fresh + 4 Frozen	Café open	Café open	Café open
Eureka 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m.	Café open	Café open	Café open	Pick-up Day: 1 Fresh + 4 Frozen	Closed
Fortuna 12 noon-12:30 p.m.	Closed	Café open	Closed	Café open	Pick-up Day: 1 Fresh + 4 Frozen



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Email
adhc@humsenior.org

What's for Supper?

A friend recently said she had spent the weekend working in the garden, “trying to decide what I want to eat this summer.”

It's that time of year for the backyard gardener — time to turn over the soil, add compost and lay out lines of hope for future meals. Beans? Lettuce? Zukes? (If you have lots of friends!) For the brave, even tomatoes!

This is the time of year for rejuvenation and hope: “Life begins the day you start a garden,” as the Chinese proverb says.

And as English poet Alfred Austin said, “The glory of gardening: hands in the dirt, head in the sun, heart with nature. To nurture a garden is to feed not just the body, but the soul.”

But not everyone can be a grow-it-yourselfer. Those of us lacking green thumbs or a sunny patch in the backyard can still look forward to a bountiful summer of fresh produce and nourishing greenery.

Professional farmers all over Humboldt County are gearing up for summer, and farmers' markets open soon. Very soon, in the case of the North Coast Growers' Association (NCGA) flagship Saturday market in Arcata, which expands into summer hours in April (9 a.m.-2 p.m.). Nine other farmers' markets from Garberville to Henderson Center and Old Town to Willow Creek open in May and June.

Of course, we can't expect those fresh tomatoes for a while, but the spring strawberry crop will start showing up soon, along with goodies from lettuce to asparagus and spinach to broccoli and artichokes (see the month-by-month produce list at northcoastgrowersassociation.org under “seasonal recipes”).

As always (since the 1980s), the NCGA partners with CalFresh to help everyone get fresh produce onto their tables, and to stretch food dollars while they're at it. You can use your CalFresh EBT (electronic balance transfer) card at farmers' markets, and the NCGA's Market Match program means you can double the first \$10 you spend.

CalFresh's monthly benefit varies depending on income, household size and expenses, and other factors, and ranges from \$20 to as much as \$250 for a one-person household.

Eligible households are issued an electronic benefits transfer (EBT) card that works just like a debit card and can be used at most grocery stores and farmers' markets.

To apply for CalFresh benefits, go online to GetCalFresh.org, call 877-410-8809, or go to the Department of Health and Human Services (DHHS) CalFresh office at 929 Koster St. in Eureka.

Ted Pease is editor of *Senior News*.

COMMODITIES DISTRIBUTION

Arcata

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

Eureka

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

McKinleyville

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

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DAILY All Day Books & Puzzles, Lobby

MONDAYS

8 a.m. Walk the Riverwalk Levee (meet at the Riverwalk)
 10-11:30 a.m. Tai Chi, Main Room
 11 a.m.-noon Computer Class
 1-2 p.m. Beginning Ukulele, Main Room
 2-3 p.m. Book Club, Main Room (1st Monday only)

TUESDAYS

8 a.m. Walk the Riverwalk Levee
 10-11 a.m. Aerobics for Seniors, upstairs
 1:30-3 p.m. Recorder, Art Room
 2-3 p.m. Seated Tai Chi, Main Room

WEDNESDAYS

8 a.m. Walk the Riverwalk Levee
 10-11:30 a.m. Tai Chi, Main Room
 12-1 p.m. Brown Bag Lunch (bring your lunch) followed by sing-along with music
 1-3 p.m. Art, Art Room (supplies provided or BYO)

THURSDAYS

9-11 a.m. Cribbage, Upstairs
 10-11 a.m. Aerobics for Seniors, Upstairs
 12:30-3:30 p.m. Mah Jongg, Upstairs
 1-4 p.m. Pinochle, Main Room

FRIDAYS

9 a.m. Bike Club (call Pat Greene, 707-725-3602)
 9 a.m. Hiking Group (call Lynn Crosthwait, 707-725-7953)
 9:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m. Pinochle, Main Room
 1-3 p.m. Scrabble, Main Room
 7-9:30 p.m. Camera Club, Art Room (last Friday only)

THE FUNNY PAPERS . . . From Page 1

humor to ease spousal tension.

Because it's reassuring to see somebody in more trouble than us, we love to see others take a fall. For proof, watch some Laurel and Hardy movies. Nobody slapped a stick any harder or was more popular.

Everybody knows a bartender joke. Bars and what happens there can be hilarious, but nobody wants to be a drunk. So, we laugh at them instead.

Kids are funny. They are innocently honest and, since you can't blame them, you have to laugh. For instance, combine a kid with religion:

"James (age 4) was listening to a Bible story. His dad read, 'The man named Lot was warned to take his wife and flee out of the city, but his wife looked back and was turned to salt.'

"'Concerned, James asked: 'What happened to the flea?'"

You can't beat that.

Short and topical subjects cut through the fog. Who's going to argue with:

"I had my patience tested. I'm negative."

Uff Da!

On their 50th wedding anniversary, Lena complained, "Ole, you never say, 'I love you.'"

"Lena," Ole said, "ven ve got married, I told you I love you. And I also said dat if anything changes I'll let you know."

...

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed Ole standing in the church foyer staring at a large plaque of names and small American flags.

The old Norwegian had been

Or this: *"If you think things are bad now, rumor has it that the next variant plays the accordion."*

And puns! Detractors call puns "the lowest form of humor," but I submit that whoever says that never tried to write one.

The very first pun I received at The Gadfly was, "The fattest knight at King Arthur's roundtable was Sir Cumference. He acquired his size from too much pi."

That took thought, but my all-time favorite is, *"Mahatma Gandhi walked barefoot most of the time, which produced an impressive set of calluses on his feet. He also ate very little, which made him rather frail and, with his odd diet, he suffered from bad breath. This made him a super-calloused fragile mystic hexed with halitosis."*

We laugh at (or through) our fears. Mostly, that's a good thing. See you in the funny papers.

Jim Slade, the merry proprietor of *The Gadfly*, collects his material in Morgantown, West Virginia. Contact: jimsnyder309@gmail.com.

staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up and said, "Good morning, Ole."

"Good morning, Pastor," he replied. "Pastor, vat is dis?"

"Well, it's a memorial to all the men and women who died in the service," the pastor said.

They stood somberly looking at the names.

Finally, barely audible, Ole said, "Vich service, Pastor, da 8:30 or da 10:45?"

"Laughing deeply is living deeply."

Milan Kundera, Czech writer.

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Famous Face Plant

By John Meyers

Spray soaked my face as I bounced over the boat's swelling wake. It was a gorgeous 1960 summer day and we were water skiing on Lake Almanor.

At 11, I was a practiced skier. I enjoyed the adrenalin rush of jumping wakes as I gracefully and athletically crisscrossed the lake. Dad's boat wasn't very big, and its Evinrude outboard wasn't very powerful, but it was enough to pull my brother Jim and me.

My signature ski move was the "Face Plant." I had developed various ways of performing it — shaking off the skis to ski barefoot . . . Face Plant; dropping one ski to slalom on the other . . . Face Plant; skiing backwards . . . Face Plant. And so on.

When we were through with our run, we'd signal dad to steer close to shore, letting us glide in, sinking in shallow water so that we could wade to the beach. On this day, though, I wanted to try something new. At the end of my run, I signaled dad like always, but as we drew closer to shore, I kept hold of the tow rope, trying to judge how close I needed to be to glide right onto the beach standing up.

The closer we got, the more frantically Jim and dad waved at me to let go, but I stuck to my plan. About 10 feet from shore . . . or maybe it was five feet . . . I turned my skis toward land and let go of the rope. This was gonna be spectacular! I'd never seen anyone do it before.

Did I mention that I was 11? I was too young to know anything about physics, but I got a lesson in "bodies in motion" that day.

Even though dad had slowed the boat when he saw what was about to happen, I was still moving at a pretty good clip when I hit the beach. Upon contact with land, my skis came to an immediate stop. My body didn't.

It stayed in motion and I performed a memorable execution of my signature move — Face Plant right into the ground, then tumbling over and over on the pebbly beach, grunting with each roll and wondering, "What went wrong? That shoulda worked."

I'm not sure how far up the beach I rolled before finally coming to a stop, but apparently it was an impressive sight. People came running from all over to get a look at the dead kid's body.

Only I wasn't dead. Nothing was broken, but everything was skinned and bruised and hurt like the devil. By the time my mom came running up, I had struggled to my feet, wiping away tears and trying to smile. She looked at me and said, "Well, are you happy now?"

No, not really.

But I did learn why no one skis onto the beach.

John Meyers, 73, still practices his patented Face Plant at home in Trinidad from time to time.

I Love to Laugh

By Patrick Cleary

Most of my life, I have been known for my laugh. My wife describes it as a cackle. People recognize me across the room at parties or in offices because of my laugh. If that is how I am remembered, I'll be happy.

As the song from "Mary Poppins" goes, I love to laugh. But what makes someone laugh? In his wonderful autobiography "Born Standing Up," comedian Steve Martin associates laughter with the release of tension. A comedian builds tension or suspense with the joke setup, he says, and releases it with the punchline.

Martin goes on to describe how his style was to continue to build tension without a punchline, until the audience has to pick their own spots to laugh just to have a release.

For me, I find surprise is the trigger for laughter. I like to answer someone's question with an off-the-wall answer, essentially to surprise them. Presenting them with something unexpected breaks them out of whatever automatic pattern they may be in.

I remember my dad telling me that when someone asks you to say something funny, answer them with "bellybutton." See? You weren't expecting that.

Although I can surprise myself and laugh out loud alone, laughter is contagious and feeds off other people. Research has shown that most people's laughter trigger is not necessarily a joke or a funny story, but simply the sound of another person laughing — which explains why TV sitcoms have laugh tracks.

Researchers have also determined that laughter enhances oxygen intake, which stimulates the lungs, heart and muscles, and increases the release of endorphins (the "happy hormone"), which boosts the immune system. It also helps relieve tension and stress, combats depression and anxiety, and now they think it can help guard against heart attacks.

Given that, my advice to us all is to laugh more. Spend more time with children, who laugh more than adults and are a great source of amusement. My dogs often make me laugh, too. Watch more comedies, and hang out with your funniest friends. It will make you healthier and happier.

Patrick Cleary does his laughing at Lost Coast Communications and at home in McKinleyville.

Spousal Encouragement

A tourist bus stopped at a Florida crocodile farm, where the owner showed off a pond full of evil-eyed crocs.

"\$1 million to anyone who can swim to the other side and survive!" he said.

No one moved. Then, a man in a Disney t-shirt leaped in and desperately thrashed his way across, chased by the crocodiles.

The crowd cheered, and the owner was amazed. "I've never had anyone crazy enough to jump in," he said.

Soaked and shaking, the man said, "I didn't jump — somebody pushed me!"

His wife smiled . . .

Moral: Behind every successful man, there's a woman pushing him.

—Charlie Chico, *The Gadfly*

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Eureka Transit Service (ETS) Monday thru Saturday ALL BUSES HAVE WHEELCHAIR LIFTS TOKEN TRANSIT app now available	Southern Humboldt Intercity Monday thru Saturday 707-443-0826 www.hta.org

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Marijuana Chickens

By Louise Bacon-Ogden

As I pulled out onto the street, I noticed my husband's pickup was gone. Omg! The truck was stolen!?

We called the Eureka Police and provided the necessary information to help locate the vehicle. They told us that stolen vehicles are often returned within 48 hours. That was a relief, but I didn't buy it. Probably designed to keep victims from hysterics, I thought.

Well, I'll be — within two days, our truck was located in Arcata. We received the call as we were headed to bed. So we slipped back into our clothes and headed north.

We met the Arcata officers at the location of the truck and were introduced to an officer who "spots 'em every time." Yes, there it was. But the back of the pickup was piled with stuff.

"It looks like the thief went camping," we thought. In the bed was a cooler (with food), a tarp, a new camp stove (still in the box) and other items. On the front seat was a gun-cleaning kit.

"It's in your truck, so you now own this stuff," the officer said.

Jokingly, I said, "So I may be accepting stolen goods!"

Upon a late arrival home with a loaded truck with a broken window, we unloaded our free stuff. Cooler, camp stove and then the tarp. Underneath was what looked like a pillow and trash bags.

The pillow came first. Wait, it was making a crinkly sound. Under the porch light, I saw a sweatshirt with arms and hood tucked inside. It was full of POT! The trash bags, too.

The next morning, for curiosity sake, I weighed my stash. Nine-and-a-half pounds! It was legal, but we didn't want it. We were going on vacation in a few days. I had to get rid of it.

The smell was very strong, possibly strong enough to be detected on the street. I called EPD.

"We can't take it," the officer said. "Why don't you burn it?"

I laughed. "And get the neighborhood high?" And if I put

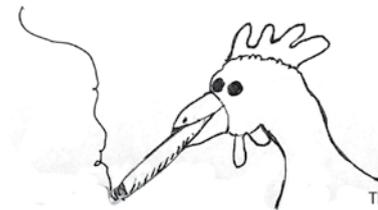
it in my trash can, it wouldn't get picked up until next week. Just from the smell, my house would surely be targeted as a grow house.

I decided the best disposal method would be to bury it. I dug WAY down into my compost bin in the chicken yard, dumped it, and refilled it with compost.

My neighbor cared for my chickens while we were gone (no, it's not what you think . . .). Upon our return, she was concerned about a funny smell when feeding the chickens. She wondered if we might have a gas leak.

Pot was never my thing, but for a day, I had 9½ pounds of Humboldt's best!

Louise Bacon-Ogden tends her chickens in Eureka.



A termite walks into a tavern:

"Is the bar tender here?"

The April Nanny Goats

By Sheila Donnelly

In late November, I asked my husband Tom to get a nanny goat. I wanted them because our 60 ewes would have lambs in April. Sometimes, when a ewe gives birth for the first time, the mama will walk away from her newborn, so I wanted some extra colostrum on hand to feed those lambs.

Lambing was a busy time on our farm in Minnesota, especially when temperatures dipped below zero.

Tom went to the weekly livestock auction and felt lucky when three young goats came bouncing into the livestock arena. He raised his hand to bid against one other bidder.



“Why are you bidding on these goats Tom?” our neighbor, Dale, asked.

“Sheila wants goats,” he answered.

“Well, she won't want those goats,” Dale said

Tom disliked being questioned and got huffy. He was sensitive, as he had been raised on army posts and knew little about farming or livestock.

Tom glared at Dale. “Sheila asked me to get goats.”

“Well, she won't want these goats,” Dale insisted.

Ignoring Dale, Tom purchased the three young goats at \$15 each. Sharon, another neighbor, was at the auction, and she offered to bring the goats to our farm and the use of her Billy goat, Lucifer, for breeding.

Tom built a fortress of a pen in a corner of the barn next to our draft

horses, high enough that the goats couldn't jump out. When Lucifer arrived, the goats ran into a corner, shaking. Lucifer paid no mind and went right to mounting them.

As the days went by, Tom took on the rich, stinky stench of Lucifer; it clung to his hair and clothes. I made him change out on the front porch before he entered the house.

The three goats huddled in a corner of their pen, wary of Lucifer. Tom

was wary also, especially when he cleaned their pen. If he turned his back, Lucifer would ram 110-pound Tom, lifting him off his feet.

One day two months after we got Lucifer, Tom

came into the kitchen, sat down and threw his hat on the floor. He put his head on the table and moaned.

“What's wrong?” I asked.

Tom didn't lift his head. “Remember when I bought the goats, and Dale insisted I not buy them?”

I nodded.

He took a deep breath, “I just watched one of them urinate, and saw for the first time that none of them are female.”

I showed Tom the calendar. It was April 1st. All we could do is shake our heads and laugh.

Lucifer went back to Sharon. The goats became hot dogs and sausage.

Sheila Donnelly celebrates spring in Manila.



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THE POWER OF LAUGHTER . . . From Page 1

in person since the onset of the pandemic, they have developed a pod with some fellow laughers, staying connected through many joyful activities — birding, gardening, hiking, Joanne’s Zoom Pilates class, and dogwalks on Clam Beach. Laughter is always involved.

“Laughter is contagious and such a good stress reliever,” Joanne said. “It’s been therapy over the two years of COVID and lockdowns. Thanks to these friendships, maintained either in person or via ZOOM, the pandemic has been much easier to navigate.”

For Kathleen, laughter is like breathing.

“Why do I love to laugh?” she said. “The simplest reason is that laughter makes me happy! If you laugh for more than a few seconds at a time, that feel-good feeling can continue for hours. And if you laugh regularly, you begin to see the humor in everyday life more easily and often.”

And that’s a good thing, local laughers agreed, even as we weep for climate change, COVID victims and Ukraine. It’s a difficult time to find humor, which makes laughing that much more essential.

“Laughter, to me, is the expression of pure joy that is irrepressible, that bubbles up and out and envelopes like the best hug ever!” fellow laugher Bonnie Lesley said.

James Flower agreed. “You start

out feeling silly, then you feel how silly it is to feel silly, then you feel silly all over, in the present moment.” And besides, he added, “Laughter keeps me young in the guts.”

The concept of “laughter yoga” may raise some eyebrows, but there is considerable scientific evidence of the health benefits of laughing [see “The Best Medicine,” page 4].

“Studies show that laughter changes your physiology in multiple ways that promote mental, emotional and physical health,” Kathleen said.

Joanne added, “Laughing is physical — one’s body fills with oxygen, it brings one back to the present as a living, breathing being, a place from which to make better decisions.”

It’s a way to make a positive difference for yourself and others in hard times.

“I’m very pleased to have been called a professional laugher,” Kathleen said. “I’ve read that the Dalai Lama calls himself one, and claims that it’s helped him weather many difficult challenges.”

Laughter has always been called “the best medicine,” she said. “The world can use more of it right now!”

Ted Pease is always laughing at something. Doctor’s orders. For laughing assistance, check out laughteryogaonthephone.com/.

Language Abuse

This arrived in my email. If I find out who sent it, there’s gonna be some splainin’ to do!

Most people could care less that people say “irregardless.” This misuse should have been nipped in the butt long ago. Maybe they are just escape goats for the broader prob-

lems of the decline of education, but even though I have been biting my time here, cringing at the next foe par while they get off scotch free, it’s truly a mute point these days. Face it: it’s a doggie dog world. I think I’ll just go curl up in the feeble position. Ex cetera, ex cetera, ex cetera . . .



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ASK THE DOCTOR . . . From Page 5

may offer some help along with the usual treatments, but the evidence is scant. The same is true for irritable bowel syndrome — perhaps probiotics can help, but it remains unclear.

What is interesting to me is how, despite so much medical uncertainty, probiotics remain some of the best-selling supplements in the country. I hope more research can be done to understand these drugs better, and that in the meantime people will continue to reduce antibiotic use, maintain a healthy diet and reduce use of proton pump inhibitors (another hugely popular drug in our

country).

Also, make sure to thank the healthy bacteria that lives inside of you. They can be literal lifesavers!

Dr. Jennifer Heidmann, a regular *Senior News* columnist, 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.

The Red Cross Needs You

By Sandy Haux

Almost everybody knows that American Red Cross volunteers respond to disasters such as hurricanes, floods, tornadoes and fires. When disaster hits, Red Cross volunteers drop everything and head out to set up shelters and provide food and comfort to victims.

The mission statement says it all: “The American Red Cross prevents and alleviates human suffering in the face of emergencies by mobilizing the power of volunteers and the generosity of donors.”

Red Cross volunteers also provide many more services, including international humanitarian assistance and services to the American armed forces. During calm periods, volunteers install smoke alarms free of charge, present disaster preparedness programs to schoolchildren, and offer public classes in First Aid/CPR.

Volunteers also respond 24/7 to local disasters (e.g., house fires, vehicle vs. house, localized flooding).

You may have noted the key word here is “volunteer.” Our local Red Cross office, serving the 8,490-square-mile area of Humboldt, Del Norte and Trinity counties, has one paid staff member, and depends on about 50 volunteers. That may seem like a lot of volunteers, but it’s not. When disasters strike — such as the devastating wildfires of the last several years — we transport shelter supplies, set up and staff shelters, and take food and water to evacuees.

As the 2022 fire season approaches, your local Red Cross needs more volunteers. If you are able, please consider volunteering. Call 707-832-5480 or go online to redcross.org and click on “Volunteer.”

Sandy Haux of Trinidad became a Red Cross volunteer in December 2017 to help with wildfire recovery efforts. She is the logistics lead for Red Cross operations, Gold Country Region, Humboldt/Del Norte/Trinity Territory.



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*Please follow the recorded directions and leave the appropriate information to get your name placed on the Senior/Homebound Disabled List. Please remember to speak slowly and clearly when leaving your contact information.

Crossword Puzzle

Sponsored by Sherman Schapiro

Zap! by Drew Schmenner
Edited by David Steinberg

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9		10	11	12	
13						14					15			
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49							50					51	52	53
54							55				56	57		
58							59				60			
61							62				63			

- ACROSS**
- 1 Stereotypical math whizzes
 - 6 Harvard rival
 - 10 Org. pursuing cartels
 - 13 "Centipede" game company
 - 14 Leave out
 - 15 Crystallize
 - 16 Execs at an electric company?
 - 18 Sad piece in an alumni mag
 - 19 Malia Obama's middle name
 - 20 Poker starter
 - 21 Like mocking remarks
 - 22 Promoter at an electric company?
 - 26 Climate activist Thunberg
 - 27 Tweet written in all caps, perhaps
 - 28 Palindromic Honda model
 - 29 IOU
 - 31 ___ fail
 - 35 Drive a getaway car for, say
 - 36 Casual talks
 - 37 It may be taken out of your sails
 - 38 Netting
 - 39 Tardy
 - 40 Bulletin board fasteners
 - 41 Actor McGregor
 - 43 Urban green spaces
 - 44 Happenings at an electric company?
- DOWN**
- 1 County in Wine Country
 - 2 Prestigious English boarding school
 - 3 What controversial topics "touch"
 - 4 Nickname that drops "An"
 - 5 Knight's title
 - 6 Without gray hairs, say
 - 7 Friendship
 - 8 Classic toy with illuminated pegs
 - 9 Klingons or Ewoks: Abbr.
 - 10 Credit alternative
 - 11 Suppress, like a syllable
 - 12 Modify
 - 15 "The Daily Show" host from 1999-2015
 - 17 Singer Bareilles
 - 21 Jem, to Atticus Finch
 - 23 Concurrence with a denial
 - 24 Possible substitute for many things, briefly?
 - 25 Bits in granola
 - 26 Taunt
 - 28 Zoom call device, informally
 - 29 Cabaret singer
 - 30 Fedora or fez
 - 32 Interceptions returned for touchdowns, in football slang
 - 33 Signs, as a contract
 - 34 Sleeves : records :: cases : ___
 - 36 Group of families
 - 40 Soak up the sun
 - 42 Tiny
 - 43 Townshend of the Who
 - 44 Rhea's "Cheers" role
 - 45 Merger
 - 46 ___ road ice cream
 - 47 Possible fate for a deposed ruler
 - 48 Immoral activities
 - 52 Light kiss
 - 53 Poses a question
 - 55 Skippy alternative
 - 56 Dreadful
 - 57 Cheer in Chile
- Crossword answers are on page 22**

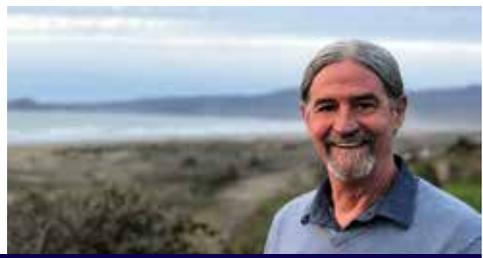


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Letters to the Editor

Rally 'Round

To the Editor:

I'm sure I'm not the only Senior News reader to have found Suzanne Simpson's story about being diagnosed with Alzheimer's powerful and touching ["Rolling with the Punches," March 2022, page 1].

At first, as I started to read her story, "a surge of fear" went through me, as Suzanne says, but her attitude is so inspirational that I was both crying and smiling by the time I finished.

I, too, have friends and family members who have been touched by

this dreadful disease, and our attitudes have always been sadness and resignation. Suzanne's advice to "let go of the ego and be in each moment," counting your blessings and the friends you have left, is wonderful.

So many of us will have dementia enter our lives. We have to rally 'round whenever it does, and be grateful for each moment.

Bless you, Suzanne.

Candace Compton,
Eureka

Perspective of Age

To the Editor:

I forget phone numbers and don't even try to jump the tennis net anymore, as I did once years ago when I finally took a set from Teditor Pease (sic). I chop wood and beat back the brambles around our old house just south of Trinidad.

After so many years of life, the prospect of death is not particularly troubling to me. However, I dutifully wear a mask, got my shots, and will be in line for a second booster. I'm very old, but I'm not very stupid. In February, about 2,000 Americans per day died of what I call "COVID-2019," just to be clear how long it's been with us. Almost none of those 2,000/day were vaccinated.

The shots are an excellent safety net. But even safety nets are not 100% effective. Very recently, my trusting and extremely fragile 89-year-old sister got her vaccinations but died in agony of COVID. Her caretaker relative had refused shots and passed on the virus to her. He'd probably also been exposed to retrograde religiosity and the Faux News Freak Show.

If you are inclined to be anti-vaccine, beware! Stock up on guns and toilet paper. You never know when some downwind Democrat is going to sneak up on you with a long needle and scare the scat out of you!

John Wiebe, *Westhaven*

Twice Warmed

To the Editor:

Larry was making a fire using old Senior Newses. He said, and I quote, "It's just amazing what he does with this newspaper."

As I crumpled the newspaper for the fire, I noticed an article from a year ago that I must have missed, and sat down to read it again.

It struck me that, like the old adage about cutting firewood, the newspaper

warms twice. The wisdom, humor and excellent reporting that lives within that newsprint give me insight into my community that no amount of madrone or oak can provide.

Thank you, the staff at the Senior News, for the warmth and for igniting my mind (and fire!) each month.

Donna Bacon Ulrich, *Trinidad*

Named Dumpsite

To the Editor:

I read the column by Julie Fulkerson ["Naming," March Senior News, page 6] and thought that I always wanted to have something named after me.

I thought the dumpsite at the Arcata Marsh would do. But, geez! If Julie is

right, then why bother? No one would know who I was, especially since I changed my name.

But we have a wonderful asset in Arcata — the Arcata Marsh and Wildlife Sanctuary.

Alex Stillman, *Arcata*

Julie Fulkerson replies: *All the names in my word box were men — no parks or roadways or freeways are named for women — so Alex Stillman Landfill would have been a first. But it would be impossible to name any one thing for her — she has done so much: historical preservation, Arcata Main Street, job creation, support for art/film/theater/music, bird and habitat education, housing, airport development*

Editor's Note: *Alex Stillman was a fearless force on the Arcata City Council behind the 1983 transformation of the city's former dumpsite on South I Street (affectionately, "Mount Trashmore") into the Arcata Marsh and Wildlife Sanctuary. Covering 300+ acres, the Marsh is an essential part of Arcata's wastewater treatment facility.*

Letters to the Editor Policy

Senior News welcomes letters to the editor. To be considered for publication, letters should be received by the 12th of the month, must not exceed 300 words, and may be edited for space. Submissions must include the writer's full name, mailing address, phone number and e-mail address. Senior News reserves the right to reject any letter. The same requirements apply to those interested in submitting longer commentary columns (up to 400 words). Mail to Senior News, 1910 California Street, Eureka, CA 95501 or E-mail tpease@humsenior.org.

Crossword Puzzle on Page 20.



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OPINION

Cannabis Reform Initiative

By Mark Thurmond

The Kneeland community met last fall with county officials, who informed us for the first time about another large cannabis grow permitted for the Kneeland neighborhood (see Bootier and Furman, “No Pot Mega-Grow,” Senior News, November 2021).

The meeting generated considerable interest in exploring cannabis issues and problems, and in learning how the processes worked — or not. Since legalization, two general cultures have emerged: one remaining small-scale, typically out of sight and environmentally-minded, the other operating on an industrialized scale, with high energy and water consumption, and extensive use of greenhouses.

Throughout the county, common problems are voiced related to large mega-grows and the legal and illegal taking of water that has impacted neighbors, livestock, wildlife and watersheds. Water flows have become dangerously low in areas with cannabis operations, some streams drying up for the first time. Complaints also relate to dangerous driving, offensive smell, noise, destruction of scenic views, and neighborhood welfare. Residents have been disenfranchised by ordinances that exclude most of the rural public from notification and from a hearing to address grievances.

These problems motivated a group of us, mostly retirees, to file an initiative for the November 2022 ballot: the Humboldt Cannabis Reform Initiative. If approved, it will mandate new cannabis cultivation provisions,

including public notification and input into permitting processes and hearings to voice concerns.

Requirements also will include annual on-site inspections of grows and consideration of public comment; permits will expire if requirements are not met. Grows with insufficient stored water for a projected crop will have to cut crop size accordingly. Allowable diversion of water from streams will be reduced by one month, and wells found to adversely affect residents or watersheds will not be permitted.



Small-scale cannabis farming will be promoted by reducing crop size for new permits, and the total number of permits will be capped permanently at 1.05 times the current

number, instead of the County’s recommended tripling.

The initiative would represent new law created through the initiative process. If sufficient petition signatures are obtained, the initiative will appear on the November ballot for a vote of the people. If approved, its mandates cannot be changed except by another initiative by the people.

We believe the initiative will help cannabis farms be a better fit for Humboldt and better neighbors for us all. For more information, please go to www.cannabisinitiative.org or contact us at cannabisreforminitiative@gmail.com.

Mark Thurmond, DVM, Ph.D.,
a professor emeritus from the University of California-Davis, lives in Kneeland.

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Why Poetry?

By Peter Pennekamp

On Monday, Feb. 12, 1990, National Public Radio and Murray Street Productions launched “Heat, with John Hockenberry” and senior producer Ira Glass. Nelson Mandela had been released from Robben Island the day before after 27 years in prison.

During the opening program, devoted to Mandela's release, children were interviewed in Harlem, a white journalist from South Africa was interviewed in Los Angeles, Black South African singers and actors who were performing in New York talked and sang, and, finally, the African National Congress (ANC) poet-in-exile, Lindiwe Mabuza, read her grand tribute to Mandela.

Most of the NPR News staff stayed after-hours to hear the first live program. As each segment unfolded and bled into the next, tears welled from the toughest NPR reporters and hosts, and a key question was largely put to rest: what is the contribution of “culture” to “news,” and vice versa?

The answer that became unavoidable is that they are one and the same, different ways for humans to understand the world around them. News production is as culturally defined a pursuit as poetry. Western cultural separation of our senses from each other, and from our minds, artificially slices and dices information available to us as humans. We gain specificity but lose perspective. We operate in two dimensions, forsaking the third.

In the late 1980s, cultural programming was

struggling for relevance at NPR, and was considered a farce by most of the news department. More than 2,000 people — I was not one of them — applied for the position of NPR vice president for cultural programming and program services when NPR President Doug Bennet and News Vice President Adam Clayton Powell III approached me about the job. I was supremely unqualified for the position.

My critique was that NPR approached “culture” as performance, not as “knowledge.” It took three months for Doug to talk me into taking the job, and I still doubted my sanity when I did. But Doug was right.

Programs like “Heat,” “Wade in the Water with Bernice Johnson Reagon” and “Car Talk” expanded and grew the NPR cultural programming audience several hundred times over, proving my point: if we want humans to be less hostile to news producers, we need to end these weird separations. They are demeaning, stultifying and reductionist.

Senior News, by expanding to offer so many fine essays and point-of-view articles and op-eds, has laid the path to invite our other senses to participate. That's why poetry.

Peter Pennekamp of *Eureka* is a poet, former executive director of the Humboldt Area Foundation and inaugural Poetry Editor of *Senior News*.

waning moon

I got up early to let the dog out
& saw you rising in the eastern sky

beginning to go away again

now it's late morning
& you're hidden by the blaze of the sun

back in sagittarius
so soon, so many years it seems—

but then I remember the thousand
nights we've spent, you and me

all the changes our love
great & small has endured—

& here we both still are

the sun is loud & important & doesn't
seem to know it will die one day

waning moon, old dog, poet
holding the door

we're on our way to new again

—Jerry Martien, *Elk River*



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April 8th & 22nd, 9:00 am-10:30 am

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For link to join or more info contact: Erin McCann, MSW, Family Consultant

Mobile: 707-582-2360 Email: exm@redwoodcrc.org

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You Can Be in Senior News

• **MAY** is a Growing Time and gardens are coming up. Let's talk about what gardens and growing and changing mean in your life. May also is Older Americans Month and includes Memorial Day and Be Kind to Animals Week.

• **JUNE** is the start of summer. What are your favorite summer memories — family camping, fire-jumping, fishing, touring America, lolling on the beach? What's your favorite way to spend these sunny months? Help us celebrate summertime.

Contact SN editor Ted Pease: tpease@humsenior.org, or call 707-443-9747, x1226.

Senior News

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LIFE CARE HUMBOLDT

Jan Rowen

In the future I will be so ready to live at Life Care Humboldt!

I worked for many happy years as a nurse with new parents and their families. But since 2004 I have been a caregiver for older people. I've even organized teams of caregivers when someone needed more assistance. I know first-hand how hard it is to find people who will travel around this spread out county and dependably provide care. I know the costs involved as we get older... and also know it is too easy to become isolated.

While I love my house, I'm starting to get tired of paying maintenance costs, taxes, insurance, etc. I love knowing the next phase of my life will be independent living in a community of active adults with support if I need it, social connections, and no home maintenance to worry about. Already many of my friends are planning to live at Life Care Humboldt, what fun!

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