A Good Time for Growing

I Have My Greens and Eat Them, Too

By Marna Powell

I am a lazy gardener, but an excellent chef. That said, my garden is abundant and I can’t follow a recipe.

The garden is prolific because I grow things that grow themselves, and I’m not exactly an actual chef. My cooking depends on the season — what I’ve put up, what others have given me, what was on sale in bulk at some point, how well the local fishing season was, who’s coming to dinner bringing what particular food allergy, and about a kazillion other factors.

Most everyone loves my cooking, and I can invent new things for any palate or allergy, but I don’t measure stuff and I don’t use recipes, and I don’t write it down, and the process is always very dynamic.

Living so close to the ocean, we are socked in with fog during July and August, and a lot of the rest of the time, too. Unbelievably, we’ve got the best, blackest, thickest topsoil you can dream of, and it’s sitting on a big bed of red clay imbedded with tons of rocks, so it has good drainage.

This soil is a serious gardener’s dream and a lazy gardener’s lifestyle. The lazy gardener doesn’t hurry to pull old plants, ensuring that they go to seed, resulting in random cruciferous vegetables, peas, lettuce, arugula, dill, oregano, parsley, potatoes, ground cherries, tomatoes

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Growing Food, Building Community

By Ted Pease

The cold, heavy rain mixed with hail stopped just as I pulled down a puddled lane into the sprawling community garden at Potawot Health Village in Arcata. Despite the stormy weather, more than a dozen volunteers and staff were buzzing around the greenhouses and fields.

The Potawot Community Food Garden was a spring riot of greenery, flowering fruit trees and tilled fields planted with potential in the 40-acre United Indian Health Services (UIHS) facility off Janes Road.

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www.humsenior.org
TEDtalks: Being Green

May is national Older Americans Month, whose theme is “Age My Way.” Fact is, that’s our theme every month: recognizing and celebrating how we may get older, but we’re no less talented and interesting than we ever were. I’d say we get a lot better with age.

May is also the greenest time of year — a time of planting and sprouting and growing not only in gardens, but in the loamy soil of our hearts and souls.

Michael Pollan, the prolific foodie author of such works as “This Is Your Brain on Food,” understands this connection. “As long as the sun still shines and people still can plan and plant, think and do,” he wrote, “we can, if we bother to try, find ways to provide for ourselves without diminishing the world.”

Connecting to the soil and to each other is nowhere more vibrant than in community gardens, such as the one at Potawot Health Village in Arcata, but also at community plots all over Humboldt. Touching nature is a way to “plant, think and do” — which is what our contributors do every month.

Speaking of new growth . . . Senior News has recently taken a leap into the 21st century with the quiet launch of a new online e-edition. Find it through the Senior News tab at humsenior.org. Check out the new e-edition and let us know what you think.

Next stop: A dedicated website. Who says you can’t teach an old dog new tricks?

Another new wrinkle this month: Andrea Bruhnke’s piece about her Argentinian grandmother (“Muy Abuela Mecha,” page 16) appears in both Spanish — Andrea’s native tongue — and English. We hope to provide more multilingual content in the future. The new e-edition, by the way, will translate the entire paper into multiple languages.

This month’s “Poets’ Corner” features Kristy Hellum of Arcata, a “fiercely compassionate poet, dancer, ocean swimming mermaid who plays deep and loves enormously.”

Poetry Editor Peter Pennekamp selected Kristy’s haiku this month in a deliberate departure from our first two, more traditional poets. “Kristy is from a different part of our senior experience,” he said.

Kristy’s photos also grace the top of page 1 and illustrate her haiku on page 25.

Reader feedback on last month’s humor issue: “I fell out of the car laughing,” a reader said. Thankfully, she was parked in her driveway at the time.

Ted Pease is editor of Senior News.
Why Did the Worm Cross the Road?

By Mark Larson

Not long after I moved to Humboldt County, I noticed an interesting behavior of people on rainy days. They often would stop and pick up earthworms from the sidewalk and move them safely into the grass or dirt nearby.

I like that I live in a community of people willing to “rescue” small wriggly, slimy lifeforms from being crushed underfoot.

In March 2020, I decided to adopt the earthworm-rescuing habit as my wife and I went out on our rainy-day COVID-inspired walks. We had planted multiple fava bean starts in four backyard containers. I thought our garden would be a perfect place to transplant wandering earthworms to enhance soil fertility.

On the next rainy day, I tucked a large plastic bag into my pocket and we set out up the street. I thought maybe I’d find a dozen or so earthworms on the wet sidewalks or in gutters, but bagged dozens of small earthworms and the very lively and larger nightcrawlers.

Returning home, I placed handfuls of earthworms from the bag into each of the garden pots and watched them quickly dig in among the fava beans. By June, we had an outstanding crop. I was able to sell all the seeds I got in an offer from one of my comic books. Our soil on Little Lake Road in Mendocino was hard pan, but I did get some nice flowers.

In later years, I created a larger garden — Mom had some better soil hauled in — but then I went off to college, so little came of it but an overgrowth of comfrey.

I lived in Trinidad for around 17 years and came to be involved with the 4H garden at Camelot, a therapeutic horseback riding program, in a rather roundabout way. While walking in the forest, I met Carol, a Camelot volunteer who was riding one of the therapy ponies for handicapped and special-needs riders. She said volunteers were needed, so I enrolled as a side walker. The rest is history.

I learned that horse manure is fine fertilizer, all organic and high in nutrients. The drawback is weeds, which survive a horse’s digestive system.

Working in a garden provides many blessings — exercise, fresh air, productivity, vegetables and flowers to share, subjects for my drawings, and, best of all, abundant opportunity to stand for a bit, looking up at the blue of the sky and the surrounding trees against it.

Yes, a garden is a little piece of heaven on Earth with a mighty reciprocity of nurturing.

Fedding the FAVAS — Backyard gardener and earthworm rescuer Mark Larson adds a handful of worms to his fava beans in Arcata. Sydney Larson photo.

Back to the Garden

By Naomi Silvertree

According to the Bible, human life began in a garden. Never mind that there were a few glitches along the way. As the song says, we all are still trying to “get back to the garden.”

My grandfather was a wheat farmer in North Dakota. He raised and plowed with his own draft horses, even training a second team to follow his furrow without a driver. Farming sort of skipped over my mom, though she loved her patch of ice plant in front of our trailer.

I started gardening at an early age, digging up a sunny spot in the front yard since I was not able to sell all the seeds I got in an offer from one of my comic books. Our soil on Little Lake Road in Mendocino was hard pan, but I did get some nice flowers.

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Mark Larson is still looking for earthworms to help out with this year’s fava bean crop in Arcata.

Naomi Silvertree tends her gardens in Trinidad and Arcata.
It’s no looker, this tree — not a picturesquely gnarled ancient on an abandoned farmstead. This is a beast: a standard, poorly pruned from the get-go, with crisscrossing branches, a certain amount of rot, hundreds of watersprouts, its bark filigreed by countless generations of woodpeckers, home to bugs and birds, fungi and lichen, overgrown.

The tree was most likely planted around 70 years ago with other varieties by someone remembered only as “The Old Italian Guy.” Bless his heart. It’s the sole survivor.

Renting this property in Myrtletown in 2004 and finding a generous apple tree in residence seemed like cosmic largesse, especially as it boasted large but lightweight fruit — golden with russeting on most and a comely blush on the south-siders. They had a crisp, almost foamy texture and a sweet-tart, citrus-adjacent flavor — not like any apple I’d had in my many years of dedicated munching.

Over the years, I conferred with experienced apple growers like Kristi Wrigley and David Martinek, schlepped samples to growers at various farmers’ markets, looked at a lot of photos online . . . but could never identify the apple, as there was never a true match.

Then, a random Atlas Obscura article led me to The Temperate Orchard Conservancy, The Lost Apple Project and David Benscoter, a retired FBI and IRS Criminal Division agent who now hunts innocent orphaned and abandoned apples.

After making contact, I shipped them the biggest and best of the crop in the fall of 2020, and some scionwood last spring and more fruit last fall. It was determined by several batches of experts to be an outlier with no match to any in their “library” of 4,000+ apple varieties.

Therefore, I got naming rights for my apple, which I seized after their suggestion of “Lemon Toad.” I pointed out that only an actual toad would want its offspring to bear such a name, and so “Golden Quincey” was christened. (Many of these apples are the color and shape of quinces).

This spring I offered scions of Golden Quincey for grafting onto existing trees, and new rootstock, via Nextdoor.com and the Humboldt Permaculture Guild. Sadly, few respondents actually came to collect them.

Golden Quincey deserves to become a widely propagated Humboldt County favorite. As I have no human offspring, I consider my attempts to rescue this wonderful tree to be my legacy.

It’s just a matter of time before rot or development fells the tree, so, if you’re interested in scionwood, contact me (lionessaloft@gmail.com). Let’s give Golden Quincey many new homes.

Jean Paulson communes with her beloved apple tree in Eureka.
The days are getting longer, the garden is calling, the birds are active and there is a faint smell of hope in the air. For me, this time of year feels like the best time to set new goals and evaluate what is most important.

Health is about more than just disease or lack of disease. It is about creating a community and environment for ourselves and for each other that we want to live in, fully, each day. As we tend to our home and garden, we should also tend to our own well-being. Vaccines, masks, exercise, good food, planning ahead for emergencies and cleaning our physical space are all powerful ways to impact our health.

From a health standpoint, spring is a great time to start exercising more. You can go outside for a walk and enjoy the rhododendrons and azaleas. An after-dinner stroll is possible now that the sun doesn’t close up shop at 5 p.m. (sunset is after 8 p.m. in May).

As long as the pandemic is less intense, you can go to the gym with less anxiety — though I still recommend masking up in public places with lots of people, not only to protect yourself, but to make these places more welcoming to those of us who may have risk factors for a severe case of COVID-19.

And speaking of COVID-19, second boosters are available to people 50 and over or those with immunosuppression issues. We have two great preventive tools against this ever-changing virus: masks and vaccinations. Why not use the tools we have, and help keep everything from shutting down again or our hospitals becoming completely overwhelmed?

Spring cleaning can also involve sorting through things and simplifying life a bit. It can be a good time to reduce clutter, which can be a major risk for falls in the home. As you walk through your house, ask yourself if there are wide pathways from place to place without obstacles sitting there waiting to trip you, like rugs, electrical cords or general clutter.

It is a good time to make sure smoke detector batteries are functioning, and that the undergrowth around the home is cleared. Spring is a good time to make sure you are stocked up for emergencies like earthquakes or fires. Having stores of water, nonperishable food, first aid items and flashlights is a great place to start.

One of the best parts of this time of year is the excellent produce just about to fill our markets. Shopping for local, in-season produce is sensible from a health and financial standpoint. We have many local farmers’ markets to visit, which is a nice way to see others in the community, get in a nice walk and support our farmers. (Arcata’s Saturday market opened in April, with others soon to follow. Visit northcoastgrowersassociation.org for details.)

For those who enjoy gardening

Continued on Page 19
HOMEGROWN BY JULIE FULKERSON

Transitions

We begin and end life with major transitions. What we do in between becomes our story. Sometimes we even get to choose.

Often, we barely notice the changes, which accumulate into a life direction. As we grow, there are more opportunities to influence transitions. Fortunately, I had parents who encouraged me to experiment, succeed and fail. I was dropped into unfamiliar and strange situations, and learned early on how to manage myself and create an inner world of opportunities.

I remember early fantasies and acting on some of them. I organized neighborhood plays and parades. My early education put less value on getting answers right, directing learning toward teamwork and creating solutions. This taught me that it was fine to explore, seek answers, change my mind, and plan for mistakes, but not worry excessively about them. I might have even thought I was invincible, as do most young people.

Every work/life experience and transition I’ve had holds the same threads of imagination, encouragement and amplifying success. As with most of us, I was completely unprepared for each new experience. I plunged in, asked questions and watched my teammates for clues.

The truth is, I love change. My résumé looks like I didn’t have a plan. In fact, the underlying values and threads that tie my life transitions together are crystal clear to me (if not to anyone else).

As a waitress, my job was to make dining a great experience. As a teacher, I knew that every single kid in my classroom had talent, often hidden, and it was my role to give everyone a chance to uncover possibilities. Later, when I worked with unemployed ex-felons and drug addicts, I knew that every single person had talents and capabilities. When I opened each of three retail stores, I chose every location because the neighborhood had been neglected. Again, I knew there were hidden attributes that, with a little dust kicked up, would stir up inspiration.

Threads underlying each transition of my life tie this together and make it all seem seamless. If the activity had the potential to support the rare talents of the individuals I work with, I could imagine taking on the task. Working with students, employees, organizations and community members provided me opportunities to be a “radical cheerleader,” as one colleague labeled me.

Can I stir the pot? Can I encourage people to come together to improve the workplace or community, mutually solve problems, celebrate successes and encourage each other? The answer is “yes.” I know I will continue to stir the pot and support others to do the same. I’m already in the middle of my next transition.

Julie Fulkerson of Eureka is always deciding what to do next.

Growing Season

By Wendy Pickett

“What is a weed? A plant whose virtue hasn’t been discovered.”

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

SPRING! It’s growing season again. I love watching for the sprouts of peas, beans and all the other lovelies I’ve tugged into the ground. Yet, when weeds pop up, they can make a mess of things.

I’m more than a gardener of plants. Living in the forest and being a self-mastery coach, I see how nature offers us lessons about our lives and our own nature as humans as well.

Like the uninvited invaders of our gardens, weeds also pop up in our lives. Many are more than nuisance; they threaten our health and well-being. Sudden or slowly declining health, loneliness, more money going out then in, injured relationships, or dark nights of our spiritual souls can be devastating.

We can no more keep these things from happening than we can keep the weeds from growing. I’ve learned that trying to use poison isn’t as effective as intentionally planning and planting a garden. This is also true of managing the ups and downs of life. If we begin anything — a relationship, new job, health habits — or face any change with our intentions clearly defined, we’ll make fewer mistakes and have more success.

This is my current personal self-mastery refresher course. You see, four days ago, my husband had back surgery. Of course, we expected pain, but complications have been brutal to every part of our lives. We were knocked off course.

It’s unrealistic to believe we can flip a switch and put our lives back together tomorrow. We can, however, identify the “weeds” in our thoughts and actions, and begin the process of making our minds, body and lives stronger through bringing back the process of intentional thinking, living and loving.

For me, I’ll intentionally take part in both his healing and my self-care, while he uses his intentions for smaller steps such as resting, taking in nutrition, and allowing himself the grace to be loved and cared for.

I love watching my garden sprouts push out of their shells and up through the soil. I also watch my husband and myself push out of the darkness of our challenges. Through it all, we all can nurture ourselves with intentional love, gentleness and the grace to know we’re not perfect as we face each growing season.

Wendy Pickett is a certified self-mastery coach for women at Willow In The Wood (willowinthewood.com) in Eureka.

“If you’ve never experienced the joy of accomplishing more than you can imagine, plant a garden.”

—Robert Brault, writer.
Finding New Ways to Grow

By Peter Jermyn

I didn’t really want to grow, but Annie’s death allowed me to consider it.

At her memorial, there were so many things that I wanted to say, but the room was so full that I was tongue-tied, too shy to say anything. Afterward, I regretted not taking the chance.

An old friend once wanted to sing in a band, but she just didn’t feel confident on stage. So she went to Toastmasters. When she sang at our wedding, we were so happy for her, and the change in her confidence stuck with me. I wondered if Toastmasters could offer anything for me.

The Lunch Bunch is a Toastmasters group in Eureka that meets twice a month. The first couple of meetings, I was kind of quiet. I still didn’t want to stand in the front of the room, even in such a supportive audience.

Here’s how it works from my point of view. The group creates safe boundaries and a respectful atmosphere in which to practice public speaking. They ask every member to participate in each meeting.

There are lots of roles to fill and, even more importantly, a built-in evaluation process. Someone serves as a timer, and there’s an “ums and ahs” monitor, a grammarian and an evaluator for each speech. It’s this immediate feedback that makes the experience transformative.

So I started making Toastmasters a regular part of my life, and took chances to stand up and say things out loud in public. All the while, I watched myself grow. When another person close to me died and I was asked to contribute to the memorial service, this time I didn’t hesitate. I was as nervous as ever, but that didn’t stop me.

Making connections is an additional benefit of Toastmaster meetings, where we meet as a group of friends who support and encourage each other in our lives.

For me, regret after Annie’s memorial service was what motivated me to take a chance and do something I didn’t think I could. Now my outlook is different. Just last week, Claudia and I were enjoying a weekend day playing tourist in Trinidad, and came upon a group of folks singing together. They invited us to join in. My first grade teacher convinced me that I couldn’t sing. It was about time I proved her wrong.

There’s still plenty of room to grow a bit more.

Peter Jermyn does his growing at home in Bayside. Visit Toastmasters at 6561.toastmastersclubs.org.

“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.”

—Alfred Austin (1835-1913), English poet.
Painting the Ocean

By Margaret Kellermann

Raw Material

“What can artists use but materials, such as they are? What can they light but the short string of their gut, and when that's burnt out, any muck ready to hand?”

— Annie Dillard, “Holy the Firm”

Occasionally, I envision heaven for artists. In my imagination, it’s a place where you can genuinely create art, not just prop up an easel, paint a representation of a flower vase, and call it good.

In this heaven, you can invent an actual new flower . . . or something newer. You can truly MAKE music, my friend: superphonic excellence in zero gravity. Your words become beautiful creations just by speaking them to the air.

But as Annie Dillard wrote in her book of essays, “Holy the Firm” (1977), an artist on this planet needs to use raw, earthy material, including the artist’s own gutsy life. Which is what Dillard opted to use when writing her book.

In an island cabin on Day One of her idyllic assignment, all was well as she recorded every small experience, moment to moment: sun hitting dust motes and so on.

Then a small plane crashed into her backyard, injuring a young passenger. Dillard was forced to reassess everything, especially God’s strange timing.

With less ferocity, I’ve been forced to reassess my own art — an assignment I began Jan. 1. In my at-home artist residency, as I told friends and family, I planned to spend the year 2022 — at least one hour a day, six days a week — working or playing at the arts. I could glue popsicle sticks together to make a house, I could finish my novel, or something in between. Most of all, the focus was fun. I made it through the end of February, not missing a moment.

Then on March 1, I spent 12 hours in the emergency room and stayed overnight, with stroke-like symptoms. After 36 hours, doctors determined it was (only) Bell’s palsy, a temporary but exhausting condition.

Another doctor recently told me, “Your Bell’s palsy seems cleared up, but your exhaustion and other symptoms sound like long COVID.” Oh, whatever!

Anyhow, art activity has been curtailed. Gluing popsicle sticks together sounds too challenging. I sit here in bed typing this, thinking about God’s ineffable timing.

Maybe my lackluster practice of doing nothing, my non-residency, is raw material for inventive art down the road: music, color and language flying out of thin air. Maybe I’ll collaborate with a friend in a not-too-distant land. That will be fun.

Margaret Kellermann, a convalescing artist and writer, can be reached at bluelakestudio.net/contact.
Blue Lake Rancheria Community Garden Is Blooming

By Andrea Marvin & Daniel Holsapple

The Blue Lake Rancheria Tribe’s Daluviwi’ Community Garden is gearing up for a busy spring and summer full of opportunities for the greater Humboldt community to get involved in gardening — including volunteer opportunities, agricultural workshops and available garden plots.

The tribe recently received a federal grant to expand its composting program, which includes composting spent grains from the tribe’s brewery, food scraps from the tribe’s elder nutrition program and restaurants, and spent coffee grounds from Honeycomb Coffee, a local coffee shop in Blue Lake. So far, the tribe has composted over 770 pounds of food scraps and coffee grounds along with over 2,500 pounds of grain used by Powers Creek Brewery.

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The compost is a valuable soil amendment in the tribe’s garden and reduces the need for chemical fertilizers, while also reducing nutrient runoff and helping the soil retain water. Our gardens grow produce such as broccoli and kale for the tribe’s food programs.

The elder nutrition program serves about 80 native and non-native elders in the Humboldt/Trinity region, delivering about 20,400 meals each year.

The Blue Lake Rancheria Tribe’s community compost program is a model for tribes and small communities on how to reduce waste while also promoting sustainable agriculture and gardening.

Anyone interested in learning about composting can sign up for garden workshops over the next few months.

In other community programming, community garden plots are available for Native Americans in the greater Humboldt region. Participants will be able to grow and harvest their own produce at no cost, with opportunities to sell their fresh produce at the garden’s farm stand at 504 Chartist Road in Blue Lake (open Tuesdays and Fridays, 2-6 p.m.).

The garden project aims to support and expand food systems in local Native communities, funded through a Native American Agriculture Fund grant.

The community garden is also always looking for volunteers to help plant and harvest produce, prepare garden beds, water plants and learn about plant propagation. All these activities then benefit the tribe’s food programs that serve the region.

To learn more about the Blue Lake Rancheria’s community garden or the upcoming workshops, contact community garden manager Daniel Holsapple at dholsapple@bluelakerancheria-nsn.gov. Volunteers can sign up on the Daluviwi’ Community Garden website: tea.bluelakerancheria-nsn.gov/pathmakers/daluviwicommunitygarden/volunteer-opportunities/.

Andrea Marvin is communications manager (amarvin@bluelakerancheria-nsn.gov) and Daniel Holsapple is community garden manager at Blue Lake Rancheria.
Aging is an Art — By John Heckel

Step Up

It’s May. While we ruminate about our gardening skills, argue the benefits of daylight saving time, or plan our summer solstice rituals, let’s also find some time to give thanks to the outgoing Humboldt County Civil Grand Jury, and fret over where the next group of volunteers will come from.

“In the spirit of full disclosure,” as they say, I volunteered twice for Civil Grand Jury service, once being selected foreperson. I found it to be a fantastic learning experience.

Soon, the current grand jurors will complete their terms. Due to the pandemic, this group will have served 18 months instead of the usual prescribed term of 12 months. We owe these volunteers our gratitude. They have more than served us well.

May is Let’s Fret About Where the Next Humboldt County Civil Grand Jury Comes From Month!

Let the fretting begin!

It’s not about politics, or being Republican, Independent or Democrat. It’s not about whether you believe the roads department is doing a good job, or that the board of supervisors is not, or that it’s time for McKinleyville to incorporate. It is about having a genuine curiosity and desire to make a difference in your community and, of course, having the time.

It’s not about how you voted. It is about wanting to make life better for the residents of Humboldt County.

It’s not about having a Ph.D. or a law degree. It is about having an interest in county government, whatever your educational level. Dedication, curiosity and common sense may well be worth more than that MBA.

Please consider serving if you have the necessary interest and the time to serve.

Now, it just so happens that folks who have the desire, expertise and time tend to be elders in the community. Maybe that is exactly how it should be. As elders who have lived in Humboldt County for much of our lives, we have much to be grateful for, and many of us have a desire to give back to this beautiful community that has been our home for all these years.

A new Grand Jury of 19 dedicated Humboldt County residents will be empaneled at the end of June. If you have the inclination to participate, you will need to fill out an application, available on the county website (humboldtgov.org), or go down to the courthouse in Eureka and find the Civil Grand Jury Office.

Step up. One can fret for only so long!

John Heckel, Ph.D., of Eureka is a former Humboldt State University theater and film professor with a doctorate in psychology.

Juan Pablo Cervantes

FOR CLERK, RECORDER & REGISTRAR OF VOTERS

I am the Only Candidate with Elections Administration Experience

Our last 3-years of challenging elections highlight the need for an experienced Registrar of Voters. Working as an Elections Official under our current Registrar, Kelly Sanders, I played a key role in preparing us for a challenging recall election process and pivoting our elections system to adjust to COVID safety mandates so that your vote could be heard during the 2020 election.

ENDORSED BY:

National Union of Healthcare Workers
Humboldt and Del Norte Counties Central Labor Council
Building and Construction Trades Council of Humboldt and Del Norte Counties
Bonnie Neely, Former Humboldt County Supervisor
Julie Fulkerson, Former Humboldt County Supervisor
Garry Eagles, Former Superintendent of Schools
Susan Seaman, City of Eureka Mayor
Mario Fernandez, Eureka City Schools Trustee
Sarah Schaefer, City of Arcata Vice Mayor
Meredith Matthews, City of Arcata Council Member
Cat Koshkin, Former Arcata Planning Commissioner
Jane Callahan, Nonprofit & Community Leader
Greg and Carol Conners, Small Business Owners, Fortuna
Maya Conrad, Realtor & Community Leader, McKinleyville
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And More....

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Help! In the Garden (and Life)

By Sara Turner

The Beatles, who wailed, “Help me if you can, I’m feeling down,” had it quite right — although I don’t think they were talking about gardening in one’s old age.

While I am definitely “not so self-assured” these days and admit to feeling down at times, I am seeing success in the blue lithadora that blankets my yard. Getting rid of grass was a good idea; I did appreciate the landscape contractor who did the work.

Now I cope with the fact that my raised beds, constructed 15 years ago with used 2x12” redwood, are literally rotting away. Simultaneously, my aging self balks at kneeling and reaching, pulling and hoeing. I do often “feel so insecure,” given that it is almost impossible to kneel and weed with a cane or walker within reach.

Why did I not anticipate this? Plain and simple, I never thought it might happen to me, that I would “change in so many ways,” as the Beatles foresaw in 1965, as “my independence seems to vanish in the haze.”

Like most teachers, I firmly believe that reading about problems can often help to solve them. I have been reassured by “Gardening for a Lifetime” by Sydney Eddison, an American-born writer/gardener whose words of wisdom come from her woodland garden in England. That her garden was created 20 years prior to mine makes some of her advice not helpful. But there are a few staff members at local nurseries who know a lot and willingly share information and give advice. Seek them out! That’s my advice.

Here’s some more advice: Forget that perennial that failed to return the following spring. Try another. When friends offer a start of something, take it. My friend’s gift of three violet plants has now spread to a fragrant blanket of purple. The “dwarf” that outgrew its place can be kept low with pruning, but it might be better to move (or discard) it. Calculate the worth of each plant to your enjoyment — that’s why we do this.

Trying to “get my feet back on the ground,” I think it best to let nature take its course. As the boards of my raised beds disintegrate, they will be removed. Eventually, I will have four mounds with flowers scattered haphazardly on the top. Those violets will soften the edges.

Sara Turner, 94, does her gardening and hums Beatles tunes in Arcata.

OUT IN THE GARDEN is where Sara Turner loves to be, tending her raised beds and enjoying swaths of brilliant blue lithadora. Ted Pease photo.
Tough Lessons About Life, Liberty & Justice

By Paula Levine

Mr. Smith lectured about evil Communists conquering the world. The noblest people on Earth (Americans) had the best kind of government, Democracy. Sen. Joe McCarthy had heroically worked very hard to get rid of the Communists in our country.

The air raid alarm went off. We dived under our desks in case Russians had launched atomic bombs.

The class nerd (me) went to the public library to do research. The next day, Mr. Smith asked if we had any questions about Communism or Democracy. I raised my hand and explained that government systems were not simply all good or all bad. Kibbutzim in Israel owned land and businesses in common. Decisions were made by consensus or by leaders picked by popular vote. Their government mixed Democratic and Communist principles. Democracy wasn’t perfect. Most people in the South once voted for slavery.

Kids tittered in my all-white class. Mr. Smith said I was too young to understand Communism.

After school, classmates surrounded me on the playground. The biggest girl kicked my a** amid the cheers of “Commie Jew! Commie Jew!” Not one kid attempted to intervene. A teacher came out and dispersed the mob.

I thought my attacker should be punished and my schoolmates should be given a lecture on freedom of speech, tolerance and non-violence. None of that happened. So I decided to sit quietly during the Pledge of Allegiance because there was no “liberty and justice for all.” Besides, I couldn’t honestly say “one nation under God” because I was agnostic.

Mr. Smith sent me to the principal, who advised me to respect my teacher and the flag. I replied that Mr. Smith was paranoid and didn’t understand politics. “You’re headed for trouble if you don’t learn some manners, young lady!”

Next stop: school psychologist. I interpreted a Rorschach inkblot as the brain of a confused psychologist. No follow-up. Maybe she couldn’t figure out what would fit my misfit personality.

I compromised on my allegiance to Truth and Justice by standing quietly for the pledge. Mr. Smith looked the other way, maybe because I was usually such a “good” student, and he had his hands full with rowdy kids who were flunking tests and not doing their homework.

Justice is the name of my miniature poodle. When he runs off on the beach and disappears behind a boulder, I am amused by the worried glances from tourists when I suddenly wave my hand in the air, yelling, “Justice! Justice! Justice! . . .”

Sad to say that Justice is no longer running on the beach, exploring hideaways behind boulders. He was recently diagnosed with dementia, doesn’t wag his tail much anymore, has a vacant look in his eyes, and is beginning to lose his balance. Getting old can be tough.

Paula Levine, 70, lives in Trinidad.
Colleen Sullivan is an energetic 72-year-old who joined Redwood Coast PACE in 2016. Her love for the program is apparent whenever she talks about it.

Colleen exudes energy and warmth when she comes in for her weekly physical therapy sessions at the Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) Day Center in Fortuna. Often, you will find her walking on the trails behind the center while chatting with staff members.

The horizon was not always so bright for Colleen. In fact, looking at her now, you would never guess that she was wheelchair-bound when she first joined Redwood Coast PACE (Program of All-inclusive Care for the Elderly), which provides comprehensive care for those 55+ with chronic health conditions to help them maintain their independence.

“I was in a predicament where I had no help, and needed it,” she said. “My family was unable to help me because they live so far away and had health issues of their own. I was baffled at being at this point where I could not do anything, considering I had always been so independent.

“It was frightening,” Colleen added. “I needed two hip surgeries and could not walk.”

When her physician said she would have to be in a wheelchair until those surgeries were complete, she cried. Colleen’s sister came from Missouri to stay with her for a few months after her diagnosis, and saw an ad in the Senior News about PACE. Colleen enrolled in the program soon after. Her sister was able to return home with peace of mind, knowing that Colleen had the help she needed.

When it was time for her first surgery, Redwood Coast PACE organized the entire trip to the University of California-San Francisco, including transportation and hotel accommodations. During the next year, while she was awaiting her second hip surgery, Colleen had in-home support and guidance on how to navigate life without walking.

“PACE helped me get to the pool, where I could practice physical therapy and keep my muscles from atrophying,” she said. “PACE saved me, completely.”

The real work began after her second surgery. “Through the guidance of physical therapy, the help from my caregivers, and me just being so bullheaded, I was able to start walking again,” she said. “It was slow progress, though. I remember using a walker and getting so frustrated I would have to go outside and pound on the dirt with a garden hoe. I did end up putting flowers in, though.”

For Colleen, the best thing about PACE is the people and how they truly care about the participants.

“PACE was everything to me,” she said. “It still is in many respects. These people gave me something I could never give myself — security in a world where there is very little security.

“I know that no matter what, I have backup,” Colleen said. “It frees me up to be a part of the community and to care for others. We all need each other, especially in these uncertain times.”

Emily Stoller is outreach and marketing coordinator for Redwood Coast PACE at Humboldt Senior Resource Center (estoller@humsenior.org).
For more information, visit humsenior.org or call 707-443-9747, x4231.

BEFORE & AFTER
— A few years ago, Colleen Sullivan was confined to a wheelchair, alone in her Fortuna home and looking at two hip surgeries. “It was frightening,” she says. Then she discovered Redwood Coast PACE, which helped her through her surgeries and rehab. Today, Colleen still comes to the PACE Day Center in Fortuna — to visit with friends and walk the trails behind the facility on Newburg Road. Submitted photos.
All programs will be closed Monday, May 30th in honor of Memorial Day

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 alternative is available daily by reservation.

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<th>Monday</th>
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<td>Biscuit &amp; Sausage Gravy 2</td>
<td>Hot Roast Beef Sandwich 3</td>
<td>Fish w/ Sundried Tomato Pesto 4</td>
<td>Cinco de Mayo Tamale Pie 5</td>
<td>Mother’s Day Brunch Spinach, Ham &amp; Cheese Quiche 6</td>
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<td>Chicken w/ Fire Roasted Tomato 9</td>
<td>Beef Stroganoff w/ Egg Noodles 10</td>
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Heritage Café Dine-in Days • Meal Pick-up Days • Activities

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<th>Arcata 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m.</th>
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DAILY
Books & Puzzles, Lobby

MONDAYS
Closed Memorial Day, May 30th
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
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
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
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
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. Pinocle, Main Room
1-3 p.m. Scrabble, Main Room
7-9:30 p.m. Camera Club, Art Room (last Friday only)

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Muy Abuela Mecha
Por Andrea Bruhnke

En junio voy a Argentina, mi país de nacimiento, de visita muy atrasada. Quiero pasear por la ciudad de Buenos Aires y visitar el campo. El menú incluirá mis deleites favoritos incluso asados, empanadas, y alfajores. Pero la atracción principal será festejar los 90 cumpleaños de mi abuela Mecha.

La abuela Mecha es modista (prefiere ese título sobre costurera) y pasó gran parte de su carrera en Buenos Aires y después más de 20 años en Nueva York. Por transporte público y a pie, frecuentaba depósitos llenos de telas importadas de alrededor del mundo. Hacía vestidos para modelos, prometidas, damas de honor, bautizmos, y Bat Mitzvahs innumerables. Cuando yo visitaba, ella tomaba mis medidas y hasta me cocció el vestido de prom.

Hace más de una década regresó a Tornquist, un pueblo en el sudeste de la provincia de Buenos Aires, donde crió sus hijos y continúa su artesanía. Pasa el tiempo cocinando ropa (se levanta a las 5 de la mañana), entretiene desfiles de clientes y visitantes, y charla por teléfono con parientes y amigos de todo el mundo. ¡Espero contagiarme con su longevidad!

Su vigor es una inspiración para que yo continúe el trabajo del Centro de Recursos Para Personas Mayores de Humboldt (Humboldt Senior Resource Center) de promover la independencia y calidad de vida de mayores en nuestra comunidad, y también reconocer sus contribuciones únicas, sean cerca o lejos.

In June, I’ll be taking a long-overdue trip to my birth country, Argentina. I look forward to walking the streets of Buenos Aires and visiting the countryside.

On the menu will surely be asado, empanadas and alfajores, among other Argentine delights, but the main attraction will be celebrating my grandma (abuela) Mecha’s 90th birthday!

Abuela Mecha is a dressmaker (a title she prefers over seamstress), and much of her career was spent in Buenos Aires and later in New York for over 20 years. Using public transportation and on foot, she frequented warehouses overflowing with imported fabrics. She made dresses and clothes for runway models, brides-to-be, bridesmaids, baptisms and countless Bat Mitzvahs. During my visits, I would get my own fittings, including for my prom dress!

Over a decade ago, she returned to Tornquist, a small town in the southeastern corner of the Buenos Aires province, to the same house where she raised her children and continues her craft. Her time is spent making dresses (she gets a 5 a.m. start), entertaining a parade of clients and visitors, and talking on the phone with friends and family all over the world. I hope to catch a dose of her longevity!

Abuela Mecha’s vigor is an inspiration to continue the work I do with the Humboldt Senior Resource Center, promoting independence and quality of life for older adults in our local community and recognizing the unique and ongoing contributions of elders near and far.

Andrea Bruhnke, director of Adult Day Health & Alzheimer’s Services at HSRC, offers this in Spanish and English in honor of her grandmother and Older Americans Month. Contact: abruhnke@humsenior.org; 707-443-9747.
Hospice of Humboldt, the North Coast leader in caring for the seriously ill for 43 years, is expanding its services to include home-based palliative care.

Those confronting life-threatening illnesses — and their families — face so many challenges, all while feeling ill and anxious. Hospice of Humboldt is now able to offer medical and social support right at home.

“Hospice of Humboldt is uniquely positioned to fill the large gap in care for those suffering from late-stage cancer, pulmonary disease, heart failure and other life-limiting illnesses,” said Karen Ayers, clinical director of palliative care.

Currently, these individuals often need to go to the emergency room and endure hospital stays in order to obtain the support they need,” Ayers said. “Once their symptoms are controlled, they are discharged home and, sadly, this cycle recurs, causing much suffering and stress for the ill individual and their family. Home-based palliative care breaks this cycle of suffering.”

The palliative care team consists of a provider, nurse, social worker and administrative coordinator to work with patients, their families and doctors “to meet the needs of the patient and family at home, and support them in defining the goals they have for their care and their life,” said medical director John Nelson.

Hospice of Humboldt was founded on the mission to provide heartfelt end-of-life care and bereavement services, envisioning a community in which no one dies alone or afraid, and where all who grieve are comforted.

“The focus on someone as a whole person, rather than a disease to be cured, is what sets palliative care providers apart,” Nelson said.

For information on home-based palliative care, call 707-267-9880, or visit hospiceofhumboldt.org.

Amy Bruce is program director in Palliative Care at Hospice of Humboldt.
Jude Marshall manages Potawot’s Community Nutrition Program, including the 3-acre community garden, several greenhouses, an herb garden and 100-tree orchard.

“Part of the reason we’re here is as an educational garden for the nine tribes that are part of UHIS, and to be able to offer affordable healthy produce for native clients,” he said. “We want people to learn how to grow their own food and strengthen the food web.”

Potawot Health Village offers medical and social services to 12,000 members of North Coast tribes — Yurok, Wiyot, Mattole and Tolowa, the Table Bluff Reservation, Bear River band of the Rohnerville Rancheria, and Blue Lake, Trinidad, Big Lagoon, Resighini and Elk Valley rancherias.

A key component of the UIHS vision of “healthy mind, body and spirit for generations of our American Indian community” is access to fresh, healthy food, Jude said.

“We have high rates of diabetes and heart disease,” he said, “so we look at this garden as preventive health care. Food is good medicine.”

Garden manager Ed Mata, the “wise elder” of the Potawot community garden, started doing land restoration and planting fruit trees on the property in 1998, before construction had begun on the UIHS facility. “Then I branched out,” he said.

Now Ed and two other fulltime staff, Christine “Tee” Griffin and Johnny Giovanetti, manage both the garden and its volunteers, including four from nearby Lazy J Ranch senior community and several from the YES (Youth Educational Services) volunteer program at Cal Poly Humboldt. The intergenerational combination is one of the strengths of the Potawot garden, participants said, cultivating community along with cukes, tomatoes, chard, kale, beets, squash and fruit.

Paul Johnson was a newly retired state park naturalist in 2010 when he ran into a fellow Lazy J resident who volunteered at the community garden.

“I wasn’t a gardener, and don’t consider myself a gardener,” he said. “My girlfriend, Sonja Lane, is an ardent gardener, so we came over one day and joined in. It’s a nice bunch of friends.”

Paul’s main interest is plants and insects — “I’m sort of the naturalist of the group. I’m getting old enough that the heavy digging is not a real big part of my life anymore.”

On this day, Paul, Sonja and several YES students were putting together hundreds of little starter plants for a “starts and seeds giveaway,” color-coded for clients in Klamath, Weitchpec, Crescent City and elsewhere.

“I hear so many awesome stories about people who grow their own food, start sharing with neighbors and then learn how to can, and bring their produce to our ceremonies to share with people,” Jude said.

This is one of the garden’s best “crops,” he said.

“The sense of community, working together to serve our tribal people — that’s what brings people back to work the land,” he said. “A lot of prayer and hard work went into planning and developing it. You feel the love and the healing of this place.”

For information visit Potawot Community Food Garden on Facebook.

Ted Pease is editor of Senior News (tpease@humsenior.org).
ASK THE DOCTOR . . . From Page 5

but cannot do heavy labor or don’t have yards, it is a good time to get some simple planters, dirt and seeds or starter plants to grow a few things at home, like lettuce or tomatoes or beans or strawberries or whatever you enjoy and might grow well in our climate.

After two years of pandemic, it has been hard to feel like looking forward with hope or even to do simple things like spring cleaning. We don’t know what the future holds (nor have we ever), but I am choosing to let this spring fill me with gratitude for the way the Earth keeps turning and so much beauty surrounds us, even in hard times.

But spring is also a chance to pause. To sit and listen to the birds. To notice the flowers and the bees. To smell the fresh air and taste that first spring strawberry, exploding with sweetness in a way that no enormous Styrofoam strawberry shipped in from far away can ever equal. May we help each other to stay healthy this season, and find hope in the small, beautiful things.

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.
### Crossword Puzzle
Sponsored by Sherman Schapiro
Edited by David Steinberg

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**Across**

1. “Let’s get this show on the ___”
5. Covered up
8. Greeting to a matey
12. R&B star India._
13. Exalting poem
14. Leia’s twin
15. Designation for the Nelson-Atkins Museum’s ~19-foot-high shuttlecocks
18. 2009 Miranda Lambert song about a cheater
19. Scared
22. Game spelled by removing “w” from “Twister” and rearranging the rest
26. “Birds of ___”
27. Third-smallest country
31. Prefix for “dynamic”
32. Group of whales
33. “You serious?”
35. 2021 WNBA champs
36. Roster of people hoping to be admitted
39. The ___ (New York City borough)
41. Donkey, biblically
42. Far from excitable
45. West African currency units
47. Understands

**Down**

1. Uncooked
2. Gold, in Spanish
3. Route for a plane
4. India’s capital territory
5. Amber Ruffin, for “The Amber Ruffin Show”
6. Inactive
7. “I accept your offer!”
8. Organisms in birdbaths
9. Labor leader Dolores
10. Signs off on
11. Thus far
12. Failed to
13. Religious ceremony
14. Grindr, e.g.
15. To’s counterpart
16. Silicon Valley location named for a tree business
17. “Don’t worry ...”
18. Annoy
19. ___ latte
20. Piece in an opera
21. Vases with bases
22. Authorities’ rules, for short
23. “There, it should work now”
24. Oct. 20 zodiac sign
25. Author Moody or Bronte
26. Wooden strip
27. Didn’t stay colorfast
28. Kept for another season
29. Tool for making yarn by hand
30. This, in Spanish
31. Japanese wrestling form
32. Clarified butter in biryani
33. Mexican money
34. Novelist McMillan
35. Aspiring attorney’s exam
36. Scottish no
37. “Acid”
38. Music holders in cases
39. Didn’t stay colorfast
40. Kept for another season
41. Tool for making yarn by hand
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Crossword answers are on page 22

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**Re-Elect Madrone for 5th District Supervisor**


Paid for by Madrone for Supervisor 2022, FPPC#1398884 Don Allan, Treasurer

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**A Good Time for Growing**
Memorial/Decoration Day

The month of May, the glorious culmination of spring, concludes with Memorial Day on the 30th, the unofficial start of the summer season.

In my youth, Memorial Day meant parades of troops and twirlers and bagpipe marching bands, and what seemed like the entire town of Andover, Massachusetts, turned out. Some years, our entire family marched — Dad as a Navy vet and reservist, the rest of us with various Scouts.

For some, Memorial Day is still known as Decoration Day, a holiday dating to the Civil War when families would visit the graves of fallen soldiers to remember their loved ones.

Decoration Day was a very important holiday for my wife’s family in central Tennessee, a reunion of far-flung family members who otherwise rarely saw each other. Weekend decoration observances took place throughout May so families could visit deceased in rural cemeteries all over Tennessee.

Brenda’s parents drove from Dayton, Ohio, the car packed with elaborate sprays of flowers her mother painstakingly created to decorate the gravestones of the dear departed.

The first Memorial/Decoration Day may have been observed by former slaves in South Carolina, less than a month after the Confederacy surrendered in 1865. Waterloo, New York, celebrated on May 5, 1866, and is considered the holiday’s birthplace.

This year, we honor family, friends and — sadly — the newly fallen in Ukraine and elsewhere.

—Ted Pease
A NETWORK OF VOLUNTEER SUPPORT FOR SENIORS

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The Village takes the old idea of neighbors helping neighbors — but now your neighborhood is a whole lot bigger!

HAVE MY GREENS . . . From Page 1

(and probably a bunch I left out) growing all over the property, and sometimes even in the actual raised garden beds.

Most Left Coast folks don’t know what collard greens are. They grow like crazy, and it’s all I can do to keep cutting them back. Because collard is so prolific, I’ve found a lot of yummy ways to eat it. You can use it like spinach (kale, too). You can eat any part of it raw — the little leaves and the flower heads are yummy, but I try to save the flowers for the bees. I tear out the thick stems and use the big leaves as wraps.

Then there’s shakshuka! My version is to make any kind of stew, beginning with caramelized sweet onions and jalapeños on the stovetop in a big Dutch oven, then cover with any cheese and chop a bunch of greens on top. Put the lid on to steam briefly.

Now make little holes in the floating steamed greens and plunk some eggs in them sunny side up. Put the lid back on and cook until the eggs are a perfect “easy,” with cooked whites and runny yolks. Or you can follow an actual recipe.

Another yummy thing to do with greens: Caramelize/grill sweet onions in butter, and then add in some pine nuts (or other nuts) so they get toasted. Set aside. Then sauté chopped greens in olive oil. Toss in chopped garlic and minced preserved lemon. Add or subtract anything along the way — for instance, Parmesan cheese and dried cherries, or bacon. Eat ’em up. Yum!

Or just boil everything to death, Southern style. If you do, don’t forget the bacon or it’s not Southern.

Marna Powell does her freestyle cooking in Orick.
Grounded: In Pursuit of Personal Growth

By Jane P. Woodward

When Ted suggested an issue on “growing gardens,” leaving open the idea of including personal growth, my mind wandered. My initial response was, “What I grow in my garden is tired.”

But I then uncovered fascinating research on the value of “earthing” or “grounding.” I’ve come to realize that spending time in nature brings me into resonance with the Earth’s energetic frequency of 7.83 Hertz.

“Mother Earth’s natural rhythm is the frequency of 7.83 Hz, also called the Schumann Resonance,” according to Infiheal, an online counseling company in India. “This frequency lies in the alpha/theta brainwave frequency in the human brain. This brainwave state is relaxed and dreamy, where healing and rejuvenation happens.”

Connecting to the Earth’s magnetic frequency can result in “stress relief, grounding, enhanced learning, balance, overall improved mental health and well-being,” Infiheal said.

Shoes and gloves matter, I’ve learned — plastic or rubber between myself and the Earth can block energy flow, so bare feet or leather-soled shoes and non-rubber gloves are preferred. Feel the earth between your fingers. Go barefoot on the beach.

Become a tree-hugger. Trees are alive and generate their own energy fields, which in turn generate a parasympathetic response in you, thus the concept of “forest bathing.”

Relaxing in a meditative or mindful state while gardening or forest bathing has been scientifically proven to grow the prefrontal cortex, the executive decision-making area of the brain, and to reduce the size of the amygdala, an area affecting emotions. You don’t have to be a Buddhist monk practicing hours of meditation to get that effect — 10 to 15 minutes a day can do the trick over time.

Mindfulness, of course, means being mindful of your environment, both external and internal, and slowing down enough to notice not just the scents of flowers, the music of birds and the bees, the whistling of the wind through the trees, but how your own body is reacting. It’s called “living in the moment.” Gardening and forest bathing can make us feel alive. It’s inexpensive, quick therapy.

Physics teaches that we are all “energy beings,” and that energy is neither created nor destroyed, but simply transformed from one form to another. Everything in our world generates an energy field: you do, I do, we all do, as do all flora and fauna and the Earth underneath our feet all the way to the planet’s core. This, in turn, generates the energy field that protects the Earth from the solar wind (the sun’s cosmic radiation).

The energy field each of us creates (measurable out to at least 6 feet) affects others, and we are affected by theirs. Some people can “see” those fields, called auras, or experience them physically. Rub your hands together and then feel the sensation as you slowly pull them apart. Reiki masters can send measurable healing energies from their hands and minds. We can control those fields with our minds with study and practice.

Meanwhile, just as you do your garden, grow the range of your curiosity. Online webinars are available on such topics as your gut and oral microbiome, Alzheimer’s, global energy healing, healing with vibrations, electromagnetic frequencies, body’s immune response, and many more. For thousands of free health talks, check out healthmeans.com.

Jane P. Woodward explores her energy field and expands her worldview in Arcata.

Life Changes

By Patti Stammer

My husband died shortly after we were married; our daughter was 3. The life I’d imagined for myself as a young woman, one of a secure wife and mother in a cute house with a white picket fence, cat, dog and a station wagon, changed in an instant.

For most of the last 48 years, I have lived a life of reimagination, reinventing my life when it seems like a good idea — when I’m restless, for family changes, or when I run out of money.

For 40+ years, I’ve lived on the North Coast — an amazing place, difficult to make a living, but supportive of entrepreneurs. I like the life I’ve created and manage to juggle multiple jobs, currently as a photographer, teacher, writer and location scout for film productions.

Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn’t. I’m often scared to leap from the precipice into something new, but in the words of a favorite old greeting card, “The irony is if you don’t go in, you can’t find out.”

Patti Stammer reimages herself daily in McKinleyville.

For any questions Call: 707-445-8404 or Email: Carolyn@tilinet.org
Letters to the Editor

Not Funny

To the Editor:

I am a longtime resident of Humboldt, a college transfer student/Orange County transplant from 1982. I am now officially a “senior.”

I just enthusiastically read your April issue [“Look Who’s Laughing”] from cover to cover. I am now looking forward to each month’s issue. Great issue topic. I work full time and pursue other activities, so to relax in bed for over an hour with a good read on a Sunday is a real luxury.

There is also a negative. I’d like to say I would have written this without a negative existing, but that would be a lie. The negative may be nothing to others. I may be guilty of being overly PC, a trend that irritates me, but for me it is important to say something.

The negative in this issue is the “Fun Fact” at the bottom of page 9: “Women spend more time wondering what men are thinking than men spend actually thinking.”

I wonder if this type of “humor” would be received without an e-mail like this one if the genders were reversed. It is no longer acceptable to employ this type of humor directed at women, and it should not be acceptable to employ it directed at men either.

It is neither “Fun,” “Factual” or “Funny.” It is, rather, propagating just more destructive, divisive and untrue gender stereotyping that women have finally decided to not put up with any more, which I strongly applaud.

Bob Billstrom, McKinleyville

Our Town

To the Editor:

Living in this community for many years, one often sees familiar faces. That was true about an elderly couple I would see from time to time, enjoying dinner together or shopping or taking in a movie. What struck me about the gentleman was he had such a warm and engaging smile. The couple seemed so happy.

The years passed by, and then I started seeing him walking in Cutten near Frye’s Care Home, now alone and clearly in assisted living.

One day I saw him in Murphy’s Market, next door to the care home, stuffing candy bars into his coat pockets. I knew then he was not of right mind, and told the cashier I would pay for the candy so he would not be confronted. She just smiled and said not to worry, they had an arrangement with the care home, and they would just settle up later.

I was so grateful that these business neighbors had worked out an arrangement so as not to embarrass or stress this elderly gentleman. If ever there was an experience that prompted me to be grateful and proud to live in this community, this was it.

Karen Suiker, Eureka

Re-Elect Madrone!

To the Editor:

I’ve lived in the Westhaven area since 1976 and have followed the performance of a succession of 5th district supervisors. Steve Madrone has been by far the most responsive and hard-working supervisor that I have seen.

Steve attends and participates in an amazing number of local meetings, often providing expert input (e.g., for future water resiliency in Trinidad), and he seems completely devoted to doing the very best job that he can for all of his constituents.

Steve is a long-time resident of the Trinidad/Westhaven area and has a deep understanding of the special scenic and lifestyle qualities of this particular area. Steve is a great listener, he educates himself on issues and bases his positions on the facts, and he tries very hard to work with people of all political persuasions.

In the current political climate where civility is apparently no longer recognized as a positive attribute, and where folks refuse to work with one another across party lines, Steve has been a wonderful breath of fresh air. His wide-ranging endorsements speak to his abilities to work across the aisle.

We are very fortunate to have Steve Madrone working for us now — let’s give him all the support we can and help him get a substantial victory for a second term!

Dave Hankin, Westhaven

Reefer Madness

To the Editor:

When I was 19 years old, in 1968, I got busted. Possession of weed was a 25-years-to-life felony.

The years passed by, and then I started seeing him walking in Cutten near Frye’s Care Home, now alone and clearly in assisted living.

One day I saw him in Murphy’s Market, next door to the care home, stuffing candy bars into his coat pockets. I knew then he was not of right mind, and told the cashier I would pay for the candy so he would not be confronted. She just smiled and said not to worry, they had an arrangement with the care home, and they would just settle up later.

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John Moore, Eureka

Steward for Judge

To the Editor:

After over 40 years as a deputy district attorney, chief assistant district attorney, criminal and civil litigator, and a partner in one of Eureka’s law firms, I have practiced before each and every judge in this county.

Although elected judicial vacancies are rare, I must observe that this time around, we are blessed to choose between two truly highly qualified candidates for this open judgeship.

Michael K. Robinson, Eureka

Why isn’t there any media discussion of how wrong that was? I’d like to read what the other oldsters have to say about it.

John Moore, Eureka

While both candidates are qualified and capable, I’m voting for Steven Steward for judge. Mr. Steward is honest, fair, hardworking and well-balanced. His broad, competent experience, coupled with his calm and steady temperament, makes him the best choice fairly to administer justice as a judge of court. Steady and steadfast, Steven Steward will be an extraordinary judge.

Michael K. Robinson, Eureka
To the Editor:

We have recently watched the historic confirmation hearings of Judge Ketanji Brown Jackson — historic as she is the first Black woman ever nominated to the Supreme Court of the United States.

What strikes me is that African American Justice Clarence Thomas and female Justice Amy Coney Barrett are already on the court. Yet they have not engendered any sense of comfort that either of them look out for my rights, or those of many of my fellow Americans.

While there is much attention being paid to Ms. Jackson as the first Black woman nominated, what I find even more intriguing is that she is also the first nominee in Supreme Court history to have served as a public defender!

That brings me to Ben McLaughlin, candidate for judge here in Humboldt County.

Most judges are former prosecutors, as is Ben. He served seven years as a deputy district attorney. But Ben McLaughlin has also served five years as a public defender. To me, this makes McLaughlin the more qualified candidate for judge. Along with his years in private practice, Ben’s 23 years of combined experience has earned the endorsements of many, including the retired police chiefs of Arcata and Eureka, Chapman and Watson, Fortuna City Councilman and former police officer Mike Losey, former DA Paul Gallegos, but ALSO Humboldt Public Defender Luke Brownfield.

Proven experience and respect for the process and for all parties is why we should elect Ben McLaughlin judge on June 7.

Go to Ben4Judge.com to learn more.

Richard Salzman, Sunny Brae

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**Poets’ Corner**

**4 Haiku**

two colors are singing
in morning light to end war
yellow and blue

whatever happens
make sure flowers grace your day
allow this small joy

standing on the shore
bathed in light between the storms
holy encircled

no fence can hold us
from starting anew today
let your joy run free

Kristy Hellum, Arcata

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**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.**
To Grow or Not to Grow
By Susan Penn

Our societal belief is that population growth — and, consequently, community growth — is both inevitable and desirable. If this is true, then our choices must revolve around how we are going to grow.

Hovering on the horizon in Humboldt County is development growth that has the potential for destroying not just the physical landscape that makes this area uniquely beautiful, but many of the characteristics that make our communities distinct. Therefore, the question is, how much can we grow and maintain our sense of place?

People lament that their children have to leave Humboldt to find work. But children leave for many reasons, and our county’s population growth rate is about the same as the nation’s. Actions being taken locally at city and county levels support the notion that we need to grow, that we need more homes, goods and services. But is this true?

I live in Eureka, and have since 1992, so I see how this growth is impacting my city, as well as the county.

Currently in Eureka, “growth” means a successful, family-owned restaurant that serves delicious, reasonably priced food is going to be bulldozed for a(nother) Starbucks. It also means the proliferation of franchise restaurants. As a person who participates in community cleanups, I can tell you that much of the litter we collect is fast-food containers and wrappers. I’m sure someone is making a lot of money from the new In-N-Out Burger, but our community is paying a price.

“Growth” also means that 80 acres of forest on the outskirts of Eureka, currently enjoyed for public recreation, will be chainsawed for housing and commercial space, while former school grounds lie fallow nearby, and large commercial buildings with their huge expanses of asphalt parking lots are empty and unused in McKinleyville.

I firmly believe that we cannot grow as a community or a society by destroying our foundations — the physical and cultural underpinnings of this home we all love. I suggest that our next phase of growth should be focused not on expansion, but on enhancing the human, economic and natural resources that make our little corner of the world a unique and wonderful place to live.

Susan Penn is a patron of locally owned businesses who loves public art in all its forms and volunteers as a trail steward in Eureka.

“The first supermarket supposedly appeared on the American landscape in 1946. That is not very long ago. Until then, where was all the food?”
—Joel Salatin, farmer.
MEDICARE IN DANGER
By Wendy Ring, M.D.

As an older person, I don’t generally look forward to birthdays, but this year — my 65th — was supposed to be different. As a physician and longtime single-payer advocate, I’ve been looking forward to the day when I could get Medicare and escape the clutches of private for-profit insurers.

But when I turn 65 this month, instead of jumping for joy, I may be leaping from the frying pan into the fire.

Medicare is going to the dark side. Private insurance companies have already captured 42% of Medicare beneficiaries and an outsized share of federal spending through Medicare Advantage. But at least Medicare Advantage is voluntary and insurance company greed is restrained by a rule requiring that 85% of premiums are spent on medical care.

Now a little-known program with the ironic acronym REACH (Realizing Equity, Access and Community Health) aims to finish the job of privatizing Medicare by removing our choice and lifting the limits on profit-taking.

Here’s how REACH works: Insurance companies and groups of venture capitalists recruit doctors and then scour Medicare claims to find all the patients they’ve cared for. Those patients are automatically transferred, without their consent, into a for-profit Medicare plan similar to an HMO. If local healthcare organizations — like Open Door Community Health Clinics and Providence St. Joseph’s — decided to sign up for one of these programs, all our local elders would lose traditional Medicare without even knowing it was happening.

Once enrollees are switched to the for-profit plan, Medicare pays the plan a certain amount per head, and if the plan doesn’t spend it all on healthcare, they can pocket up to 40% of the total. The only way out is to find a new doctor who is not in the plan — and we all know how hard it is to get a new doctor in Humboldt County.

Over 250 health and senior organizations signed a letter to Health and Human Services Secretary Xavier Becerra demanding that the REACH program be terminated. Signatories include the Physicians for a National Health Plan, representing over 25,000 U.S. physicians, the California Alliance for Retired Americans, Courage California and the California Democratic Party Senior Caucus. Please add your voice by emailing Secretary Becerra at xavier.becerra@hhs.gov to say you don’t want profiteers REACHing for your Medicare, and let your local health center and health system know you don’t want them to sign up.

Wendy Ring of Bayside is a retired physician who founded Humboldt County’s first mobile medical clinic, which continues under Open Door. She also produces a nationally syndicated radio show and podcast, “Cool Solutions,” about climate change action from the bottom up.

“A weed is but an unloved flower.”
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1850-1919), poet.
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You Can Be in Senior News

• 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 the summer? Help us celebrate!
• JULY’s Senior News asks, “If you could do it all over again, what would you do differently?” Was there a fork in your road not taken? What was it? Instead of being a ____, do you wish you’d become a ____? And why?
Contact SN editor Ted Pease: tpease@humsenior.org. Call 707-443-9747, x1226.

A local project to design and build a LIFE PLAN COMMUNITY for older adults in Humboldt County.

LIFE CARE HUMBOLDT

CHARTING OUR PROGRESS!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>2019</th>
<th>2020</th>
<th>2021</th>
<th>2022</th>
<th>2022-2023</th>
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<td>Local group led by Ann Lindsay MD begins work to gauge interest in a Life Plan Community. Feasibility study done. Began website and monthly newsletter to introduce Life Plan concept to Humboldt County.</td>
<td>Life Care Humboldt (LCH) established as a nonprofit. Researched properties. Worked with Life Plan advisor, Greenbrier to project pricing of residences. Cost of building and financing estimated at $78 million.</td>
<td>Community support increased. Surveys launched on “Design and Amenities” and “Move-In Readiness”. Negotiations began on Creekside property. Budget for development stage is estimated at $4.5 million.</td>
<td>Creekside property offer accepted. Over 950 people receive newsletter. Campaign begins to raise initial $2 million. By April, donations and grants reach over $760,000. Discussions begin with Life Plan Community affiliates.</td>
<td>“Build-it” phase: Hire architect, begin design, qualify for construction bond funding, etc. Begin Priority Club, open preview office, begin accepting deposits on entry fees.</td>
<td>Begin construction 2025 Move in!</td>
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You can help! LEARN MORE and DONATE ONLINE at www.lifecarehumboldt.org