



When I Grow Up . . .

Ballerinas & Firetrucks

By Ted Pease

When I was about 10, my best friend's little brother knew exactly what he wanted to be when he grew up.

Jimmy was about 4. "A firetruck!" he said. Last I heard, Jimmy had an MBA. I wonder if he wishes he'd been a firetruck.

As a kid, I always wanted to be Jacques Cousteau, even though my mom said that job was taken. I grew up on the Atlantic and loved oceans. I thought Cousteau, the patron saint of all things fishy and underwater, was way cooler than firetrucks.

I never lost my love of the sea, but a perforated eardrum kept me on the surface, and I soon wandered into areas better suited to my C-minus math and science grades. I am a recovering English major, and words are my game.

So we asked the Senior News Editor's Brain Trust — a couple-hundred loyal readers — to fill in these

blanks: "*When I was young, I really wanted to be a _____. Instead, I became a _____.*" More than 50 responded; as many as we can fit are reported here, in no particular order.

Alex Stillman, once-and-future Arcata City Council member, wanted to be a ballerina, but went into business and sales.

Patty Harvey of Willow Creek: "I really wanted to be Smokey Bear," but became a French teacher.

Dr. Steve Kamelgarn wanted to be a paleontologist. In retrospect, he's still not sure if medicine (and, now, writing) was a good decision: "I'll figure it out eventually."

Mary Keehn of Fieldbrook wanted to be a marine biologist, but instead founded one of the world's best goat cheese companies, Cypress Grove. A "brilliant" decision, she says (and I agree). **Continued on Page 21**



SUMMER HARBOR — The Trinidad Pier is always busy in summer, as on this July morning in 2010 with boats coming and going, the water taxi circling and the venerable Shenandoah awaiting the morning charter trip. Ted Pease photo

Never Too Late for Something New

By Patty Holbrook

Little kids are traditionally asked what they want to be when they grow up, usually answering ballerinas, fire-fighters or rock stars.

For me, piano lessons be-

gan at 10, leading to playing piano throughout my school years in orchestra, glee clubs, school assemblies and week-end dance bands. I wanted to become a professional musician.

Bobby Short, the king of cocktail lounge pianists, was my inspiration. This tuxedo-clad, debonair recording artist was the toast of New

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HSRC

POETS' CORNER

Sr. News

Published monthly since 1981 by



Humboldt Senior
Resource Center

Circulation 10,000

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Submissions: Senior News may accept unsolicited readers' stories, up to 400 words. Contact the editor, Ted Pease, at 707-443-9747, x1226, or tpease@humsenior.org at least one month prior to publication.

Advertising: Contact Elizabeth Whitley at 707-443-9747, x1227, ewhitley@humsenior.org or visit www.humsenior.org.

Subscriptions: \$25 a year. Call 707-443-9747 or mail to Senior News, 1910 California St., Eureka CA 95501.

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TEDtalks: The Other Fork

Yogi Berra, the famed baseball manager and philosopher, always had down-to-earth advice.

"When you come to a fork in the road," he said, "take it." He was giving broadcaster Joe Garagiola directions to his house in New Jersey. It seemed to make perfect sense to them.

Poet Robert Frost had a different take on navigating life. When he came upon two roads diverging in a wood, "I took the one less traveled by. And that has made all the difference."

Decisions we make when confronted by such choices can have significant and lifelong consequences. Mostly, because they have led to the life we are living, we have to think they were good decisions. And they are: if I hadn't taken that job teaching at the University of Dayton in 1983, I'd never have met my wife. I think I'll keep her!

Thinking back on those cusps, however — those moments when a fork in the road might have made all the difference — it's hard not to wonder how things could have turned out differently. A theory called the "Butterfly Effect" holds that even a small change can result in hugely different outcomes, and Stephen King wrote a (very long) book exploring how "life turns on a dime" ("11/22/63" — I recommend it).

This month, Senior News takes a couple of small steps down some of those roads not taken, asking what people wanted to be when they were kids.

"Ballerinas & Firetrucks" (page 1) reports

some of these childhood dreams. Taking a few at random . . . think about how much poorer lunch would be if Mary Keehn had become a marine biologist, instead of creating Cypress Grove Goat Cheese.

Attorney Elan Firpo "really really" wanted to be an artist. Instead she became an engineer and then went to law school. Now, she's wandering back to that artistic road not taken.

Kay Mehren could have led a marching band in the Rose Bowl Parade; instead, she started working at the San Diego Zoo, becoming the head veterinarian at the Toronto Zoo (page 4). Libby Maynard, founder of The Ink People, wanted to be a cowgirl or psychologist.

And so on. The point is that life is full of diverging roads and choices. What might have been if you'd taken that other fork?

...

This month's Poets' Corner is occupied by Peter Mehren, a writer who splits his time between Toronto and Pacific Grove. In "Mumbling in the Corner," Peter reflects on how many of us live increasingly in the past as we get older (see page 23).

...

Next month's Senior News is looking for some advice — good or bad: lessons from your grandma, or stories your crazy Uncle Bob told you. Send 'em along (see page 24).

Ted Pease majored in English because he thought he was bad at math.

On Page 1: The painting at the top of the page is by Maureen McGarry, who teaches "Art for the Young at Heart."

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60 Years Later, a Long-Awaited Star Is Born

By Steve Pence

Youth believes it can do anything. Time, aging and the voice in our heads that asks, “What will people think?” teaches us we cannot. Sixty years passed between trying out for a part in a school play and finally stepping onto a stage and acting in a scene.

At age 12, I saw the poster announcing tryouts for a musical comedy. Instantly, I penciled my name on the audition call sheet.

Never mind I had no experience as an actor and no training as a singer. But I had been hanging around with Jackie Copley, whose family let me sing along during their amateur bluegrass band jam sessions. They said I had “potential.” I loved their company and the screaming fiddles.

I took their high praise as proof of an innate talent for music so exceptional that humility forbade me from fully imagining the heights to which it might take me.

The audition call announced 23 parts. Only 25 students showed up on that fateful Friday. Two of us walked away, unchosen.

“Don’t take it personally,” the music teacher said.

Options other than “not taking it personally” were not presented to me. I got over it. Mostly.

Over the ensuing years I came to love live theater in its varied forms, more than almost anything else

I did with my spare time. While I didn’t continue to imagine a future on stage, I grew to respect acting and actors, and resolved someday to study the craft.

Leira Satloff is an enthusiastic ambassador of everything theatrical. Among her many worthy endeavors, she teaches drama and beginning acting at The College of The Redwoods.

I may have been her unlikeliest freshman student this past term. Maybe not; Leira may be the least judgmental person I’ve ever met.

Even so, I soon found myself far out of my comfort zone, but in a safe place with fellow students mostly younger than my oldest grandchild. That, too, was a little daunting.

Who knew that acting involved breathing techniques, perfecting relaxation and stretching routines, enunciating tongue twisters, practicing strange vocal exercises, and jumping rope? Who knew that before an actor could play a character, he needed to study the play and learn the motivations, the inner needs, of his character?

As for that long-delayed solo, yes, I got to deliver that, *a cappella*. Even I preferred my singing voice when it was enhanced (some might say obscured) by a fiddle. Does that mean my sixth grade music teacher is forgiven? No, it means both she and Leira should’ve provided me accompaniment.

Perhaps the highlight of the class was performing a scene with another student, Dhar, and her obvious joy at being on stage. That was a plus, playing off of someone with high energy and a robust confidence.

As we left class that day, one of the youngest drama students, Kai, handed me a “graduation present,” a sketch of Dhar and me, playing Kate and Joe Keller from Arthur Miller’s classic “All My Sons.”

Turns out, some people thought I did just fine.

Steve Pence, a recovering attorney, practices his *dramatics* in Ferndale.



YOUNG ARTIST Kai Vaughn’s drawing of the author and his co-star in their CR acting class.

‘O Beautiful!’ — A Collaboration That Sings

By George Ingraham

“O beautiful, for spacious skies and amber waves of grain . . .” Somewhere in our grammar school days, if we grew up in the United States, we sang it in a classroom — off-key, almost certainly, and mumbly in



parts (“stern impassioned stress” is a mouthful, and what does it mean anyway?).

But this song, “America the Beautiful,” has a peculiar history. I ran across it in some program notes for the All Seasons Orchestra.

In 1882, Stephen Ward, a church organist, composed and published a hymn, “Materna,” the opening lyric of which was, “Oh mother, dear Jerusalem.”

Ten years later, Katherine Lee Bates, a professor of English literature at Wellesley College, took a summer job teaching in Colorado. Traveling on the recently completed transcontinental railroad, she

saw — you guessed it — amber waves of grain, fruited plains and, on a weekend wagon trip up Pikes Peak, a truly majestic mountain, which I reckon might have looked a bit purple in the morning. A side trip to the Chicago Exposition showed her the nearest thing to an alabaster city the United States could boast in 1892.

Combining all of these memories of what must have been the trip of a lifetime for a youngish single lady of that era, she wrote a poem, “Pikes Peak,” the opening lyric of which was, “O beautiful for . . .” But you already know the rest.

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Drum Major or San Diego Zoo? An Easy Choice

By Kay Mehren, D.V.M.

I didn't have to flip a coin to make my choice!

At 5'10", I was invited by the high school band director to be matched with Mickie, another 5'10" female, to be matching drum majors, leading the band in the Rose Bowl Parade.

But I'd also been accepted into a work-study program that would let me and a few other students from San Diego city high schools work afternoons in the animal hospital at the San Diego Zoo.

Let's see: march in the school's parking lot two hours weekday afternoons for the chance to march up to seven miles, likely in rain, on New Year's Day. Or fulfill my ambition to work with zoo animals.

Hmm.

And the Zoo's new veterinarian was a young man in his 20s, a recent grad from UC Davis's School of Veterinary Medicine — enthusiastic, friendly and eager to take care of all of the creatures that walked, flew, swam or just sat there in the Zoo's collection.

I'd been going to the San Diego Zoo ever since I could ride city buses alone. I wanted to be a zoo-keeper, but learned that females were hired only to work in the Children's Zoo, a facility into which domestic animals or baby zoo animals were put on display.

Otherwise, Zoo workers were usually military veterans — San Diego was still a "Navy town"

filled with men who appreciated that the city didn't get as much snow as back in their home states in the Midwest or East Coast. They had their 20-year pensions and were happy to follow orders.



PRETTY PANGOLIN — The author with one her charges at the Toronto Zoo, a young pangolin. Submitted photo.

I stretched the student job into full time for the summer and afternoons for the entire school year before I enrolled at UC Davis.

One afternoon, a young orangutan was getting a bath in the hospital, and I was assigned to hold her playmate, a gorilla youngster of about the same age. She was curious about what was happening with her playmate, however, so she wriggled on my lap as I held her. And then she turned her head and bit me in such a way that I wouldn't be able to wear a strapless dress to the prom.

I, being a modest maiden, slapped her, as I would have done to any male who treated me that way. She climbed off of my lap, crossed to the tub, looked at her friend, and then walked back and climbed back up on my lap. No hard feelings, at least on her side.

I went to UC Davis and, to my eternal delight, got accepted at the Vet School, and earned my doctor's degree. And after serving in the Peace Corps for 2-1/2 years in Kenya, I went back to San Diego, did an internship, and eventually was hired by the Metropolitan Toronto Zoo.

Of course, had I chosen the other route, perhaps I'd be an 80-year-old drum major today.

Dr. Kay Mehren, who splits her time between California and Toronto, was senior veterinarian at the Toronto Zoo for nearly 30 years.

Celebrating Uncle Chub's Magic Number

By Dave Rosso

My Uncle Chub celebrated his 100th birthday in April. He is in assisted living in Petaluma and doing well. I contacted him by email.

Dave: "Uncle Chub, how are you? It is now 10 days before the 100th. What are you thinking about your century?"

Uncle Chub: "Hi, Dave. Good to hear from you. My century was just a

run-of-the-mill one as far as centuries go. The coming 100 [years] will be the 'ball breakers,' with the inevitable climate change and the nuclear 'toy' for politicians to play around with."

Uncle Chub also said his kids, Toni and Steve, visit when COVID conditions are favorable. "The visits sometimes even include homemade food, which is always welcome. I am

in reasonably good health and expect to reach the magic number, but who knows?"

Well, Uncle Chub did reach his magic number on April 5, but died June 16.

Dave Rosso hits his magic number every day in Eureka.



Uncle Chub at 100.



ASK THE DOCTOR

BY JENNIFER HEIDMANN, M.D.

Sleepless? Don't Worry

One of the most common concerns people bring to their doctors is "insomnia." But doctors learn very little about sleep during medical school and residency unless they become sleep specialists (usually neurologists).

Often, physicians' response to "I can't sleep" is to prescribe a sleeping pill. I could just stop here, because everyone might be happy with this solution. But as I study more about sleep, I must question whether we should ever prescribe sleeping pills, and especially for long-term use.

If you are someone who struggles with sleep, read "The Sleep Solution" by W. Chris Winter, M.D. He is a neurologist who specializes in sleep, and the book is pretty entertaining.

Do not expect an easy fix, however. Probably its biggest take-away for me was that we worry too much about our sleep.

It is true that not sleeping is terrible for our health, but the reality is that most people sleep a lot more than they think they do. Not sleeping is what occurs when you literally stay awake — like medical residents who do 36-hour shifts without break. Or when you stay up all night for any reason. Eventually, not sleeping is actually impossible. Our brains do it in the same way that we breathe, and without sleep we cannot survive. So another take-away point from this book is to stop saying, "I don't sleep," because you do.

Sleep center studies can evaluate

sleep and determine stages of sleep. Electrodes measure brain activity, and scientists know what brain waves look like in different stages of sleep. They also measure eye movements and muscle tone. When in REM (rapid eye movement) sleep, we have no muscle tone and our eyes move rapidly. In deep sleep, which comes after a couple of stages of light sleep, we have very slow brain waves.

Sleep studies can show how well you sleep, and whether you go through the appropriate stages of sleep. It is one method to determine if you have a sleep disorder, such as sleep apnea (frequent episodes of stopping breathing that make your brain panic and wake you up multiple times a night, thus denying you adequate sleep).

Other sleep disorders that can truly disrupt sleep include restless leg syndrome and narcolepsy. The good news is these disorders have treatments that can significantly improve sleep quality and reduce the risk of sleep-related health problems.

What is the role of sleep medications? Almost none. Sleep medications are sedatives. But they do not guarantee truly functional sleep and can even worsen sleep quality. Not to mention the potential harms, such as with over-the-counter antihistamines that can increase confusion, falls and possibly the risk of dementia with long-term use.

Prescribed sleep medications like zolpidem can cause people to act out dreams, sleep-eat, sleep-drive

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HOMEGROWN BY JULIE FULKERSON

A Time for Swearing

At an early age, I took a shiny chain with a tub plug from a hardware store. When I pulled it from my pocket, my father took note and we walked directly back to the store, where I returned it.

I am not sure I knew what stealing was, but I learned in that moment: Don't take things that are not yours.

At 12, a friend used the word "cruddybutt" in casual conversation. When I used it later at home, I learned it was not OK to use bad words.

When my eighth grade class took a trip to San Francisco, the teachers and escorts had a big responsibility for us. I hadn't thought about that much until a small group of us wandered off on our own. I still remember the serious lecture that followed.

The part addressed to me was, "You do not have to follow the leader. You have a mind of your own." It was humiliating and I still remember the words and expression on my teacher's face.

Even if the most popular person in the room asks me to break the rules, I decide on my own what is the right thing to do.

Seventy years later, I reflect on these early lessons. As I watch the Senate hearings on the Jan. 6, 2021, Capitol attack, I am truly baffled how so many people missed these kinds of early lessons. Do not steal. Do not lie (I never did this). These two rules show up in religious teachings as well.

Getting in trouble by following the leader is easier to understand. Many are taught to mindlessly, unquestioningly follow those in power.

That segues to strong language. I do use four-letter words with greater impact and percussive sounds than "gosh" or "gee whiz" or "cruddybutt." I am not sure how I can get through this time of my life without those words.

Recently, my worries about swearing were assuaged by the Jennifer Fumiko Cahill's article in the North Coast

Journal headlined, "It Might Be Time to Get Totally Motherf***ing Unhinged" — about gun violence in schools.

Then I read Arthur Brooks's Atlantic article, "The Case for Mindful Cursing," and how swearing can make you happier — as long as you do it for the right reasons.

I don't follow the leader without asking myself first, Is this a good idea? What will the outcome be if I do? How will I feel when I wake up the next morning? I still make a lot of mistakes, but I am not happy about it the next morning.

If there was ever a time in my life for swearing, this is it. At least I don't steal or lie.

Julie Fulkerson is watching every minute of the Jan. 6 hearings . . . and swearing loudly. Contact: juliefulkerson@mac.com.

Life Lessons

Grand Jury Report

A new Humboldt County Civil Grand Jury report on aging offers troubling assessments about challenges facing seniors, focusing on under-addressed problems of elder abuse, housing and senior homelessness.

"Humboldt County is a great place to retire," the report begins, "if you have good health, a home to live in, medical insurance, a social safety net and people that care about you."

"Silver Tsunami Warning: Safeguarding Our Seniors," released in mid-June, says elder abuse and lack of affordable housing threaten Humboldt County's seniors, who make up 18.6% of the local population.

As the senior population increases, so does elder abuse, the report says. Although law enforcement, Adult

Protective Services and the district attorney's office are charged with protecting seniors, the jury found the process for reporting and responding to elder abuse is "needlessly difficult" in Humboldt County.

Financial insecurity can lead to health and food insecurity and, ultimately, to homelessness, which the report calls a form of elder abuse. The jury reports "overwhelming demand" and long waiting lists for senior housing. During the first quarter of 2022, the county's 2-1-1 call center received two calls per day concerning a homeless senior.

The report lists senior resources, including Humboldt Senior Resource Center, and orders the district attorney, sheriff and local law enforcement to respond within 90 days on improving senior services.

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Fuzzy Forks in the Road

By John Meyers

I've been fortunate in my working life, enjoying four great careers.

Straight out of high school, I was offered a job as a wildland firefighter. I could have said, "Let me check out the possibilities and weigh my options before plunging down that path" . . . but, come on — a glamorous job as a firefighter? I took it without a second thought.

I had no idea what I was getting into, but that fuzzy fork in the road was calling my name. I fought fire for 12 years and wouldn't change a thing about it.

Then my wife, Sheryl, and I decided to do some traveling. We quit our jobs and were on the road for about a month before I figured out that we were going to need money to do this. Oh, yeah.

We could have taken the clear path and returned home to our old jobs, or looked for similar jobs in another area, but we said, "Nah, let's go down that other fuzzy path and see what's there."

We took our vast experience in community theater and started performing a two-person melodrama show, touring successfully for six years. The fuzzy fork of fun.

Then we settled here in Humboldt

County and I took the first open job I saw — supporting adults with developmental disabilities. That job lasted eighteen years and was the most interesting thing I've ever done.

Again, the obvious fork would have had me looking around for a choice of higher paying job opportunities, but the fuzzy fork just looked good to me. Leap before you look, I always say.

The last fork in my road was when I retired. I could either enjoy my "golden years" or I could do something worthwhile. This one was harder . . . recliner chair or something worthwhile. When I came to this fork in the road, I took it. I do both.

I spend a lot of quality time in my recliner, but I also write books. My disability resource books have done well, and most of my close family members enjoy my fiction and other nonfiction books.

Which part of this life do I wish I had done differently? Are you kidding? I wouldn't change a fuzzy darned thing.

John Meyers, 73, still uses fuzzy forks at his home in Trinidad. Wait, that doesn't sound right . . . He has just completed a book of essays, "Growing Up John." Contact: jmeyers.mosscañon@yahoo.com.

A Toothsome Visit

I once worked for an organization that delivered meals to elderly folk at their homes, and often took my 4-year-old daughter, June, on my rounds.

The clients loved having her visit. Every time he saw her, one man said, "June, you're a welcome as the flowers in May," which made everyone laugh.

June was unfailingly intrigued by the various appliances of old age — the canes, walkers and wheelchairs.

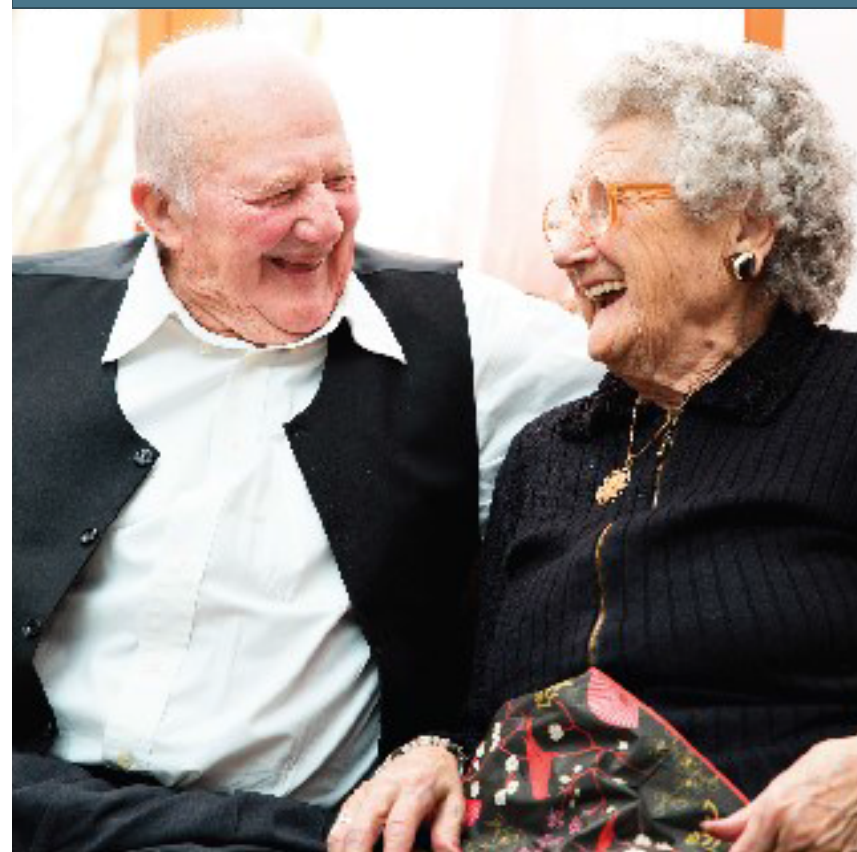
One day, I found her staring at a set of dentures soaking in a glass. I braced myself for the barrage of questions, but she just whispered, "The tooth fairy will never believe this."

Michelle Blecic, *The Gadfly*

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PAINTING THE OCEAN

BY MARGARET KELLERMANN

A Horse

Several years ago, my big brother the consultant agreed with me on a business trade.

Since I felt paralyzed over whether to concentrate on my books or my paintings, he would help me figure out how to laser-focus my business model. In return, I would edit his future book manuscript on his Coast Guard helicopter piloting adventures. Deal!

His first question in our initial phone consultation: “Marg, when you were 5 years old, what did you want to be when you grew up?”

“A horse,” I said, with no hesitation.

“I remember that,” he said.

“Wow,” I said. “I couldn’t have asked for a more suitable business consultant than one who knew I once wanted to be a horse.”

“You think I wasn’t aware at the time?” he asked.

In my kindergarten mind, if I were a horse — especially a wild palomino mustang I’d seen on a TV Western — I could gallop across prairies as fast as a thunderstorm. I could jump any fence, snap any rope, escape anything keeping me from my bliss.

It’s hard, as adults, to recall how important freedom is to a 5-year-old. But one morning in the 1980s, my kindergarten son told me his nightmare, about his principal chasing him with a bazooka.

“Why would you dream that?”

“Well, maybe because yesterday I was tired of school,” he said. So I walked away from the playground. The principal dragged me back.

“OK,” my brother said, dragging me back to the present. “Besides becoming a horse, did you have any other vision for your future self? Anything work-related, possibly on the human spectrum?”

“A writer or an artist,” I said. “Actually, both. I wanted to illustrate my own books.”

“You were writing with a crayon at the time,” he pointed out.

“Exactly,” I said. “My writing was very colorful.”

“So,” he said, “weren’t you afraid that you couldn’t do both writing and art?”

“No, the paralysis came later,” I said. “Remember in our high school, students in the arts could either take a creative writing or visual art program? I chose writing and loved making up whole worlds. But whenever I passed the art class, people always looked ... contented.”

“Contented?” he asked.

“Like no matter what you did, you couldn’t ever make mistakes. It was all good.”

“OK,” he said. “My work is done here. You owe me a manuscript editing job.”

Seven years later, I’m tapping my red pen, still waiting for his manuscript. Meanwhile, I’m still thinking about illustrating my own book.

Margaret Kellermann just received a California Department of Housing REAP grant to build an arts installation, a full-scale model unit she’s designed for homeless families. Reach her at bluelakestudio.net/contact.

Pondering My Many Paths

By Naomi Silvertree

When I was really young I wanted to be a horse. They symbolized strength, wildness and freedom — all things I was denied as a female, though I would not have articulated it that way at the time.

I also wished to be a boy, I guess for the same reasons. Quite illusory in both cases.

When I was older I wanted to be a symphony flutist and later a folk harpist, but for various complicated reasons that did not work out. I still love music and am still learning to play the harp. My hands are a little weak now for holding up either a flute or an oboe.

At 72, I am not sure whether going into musical instrument repair is tenable. Of course, only about 10% of people in music (or sports) can earn a living at it, and you have to be really top notch. I certainly never was.

I’ve been a dishwasher, assistant breakfast cook, gardener (I still do that), elder care provider, babysitter,

medical transcriptionist and Sun Valley floral worker. Primarily, I earned my living as a house cleaner. I liked medical transcription, but office politics tend to get introverts in the neck, and now that’s a defunct profession anyway.

My last job was 7½ years as a high school special needs aide. I had once moved in the direction of becoming a teacher, but College of the Redwoods dropped the program. Just as well, I think, since teachers need to be extroverted. Otherwise the kids just walk all over you (at least, the third graders I once subbed for did).

I’ve gotten three degrees over the years and still hope to develop an OLLI class on the history of Western religion with emphasis on the Nag Hammadi Library and the Dead Sea Scrolls, but that’s a far longer story and still very much in the wings.

Naomi Silvertree of Arcata is still exploring multiple realities and potentials.

Maybe a Meteorologist?

By Louise Bacon-Ogden

As a kid, I often gazed into the sky and watched the clouds. “Ah, I see a dragon over here. And look, there’s an angel!”

I loved the outdoors. Still do.

Our local television station’s weatherman was John Quill. Something about him was wonderful. I often came in from playing to watch the 6 o’clock news ... mostly for the weather report.

Mr. Quill made predicting the weather so fun and fascinating. I learned that the “dragon” clouds were cumulonimbus. I recall begging my dad to order Mr. Quill’s homemade

weather kit.

When it arrived, I was so excited. It came with many parts that my Dad and I assembled. We had a barometer, wind directional and other weather tools.

Perhaps Mr. Quill retired, or I just became a teen, and my weather fascination dwindled. But I never lost my interest in “dog,” “giraffe” or “big chair” clouds.

Should I have studied meteorology? Sometimes, I think so.

Louise Bacon-Ogden pursues her many fascinations in Eureka.

Before You Go: Tips on COVID and Summer Travel

By Mark Larson

Thinking positively about testing for COVID while traveling can be a challenge, even though overseas travelers no longer need a negative test within 24 hours of their flights to re-enter the country.

Based on recent personal experience (I tested positive for COVID in early May while traveling in Norway), here's some advice about traveling in this COVID era. This is not medical advice; contact your medical provider and consult the Centers for Disease Control website (CDC.gov) prior to travel.

You should also research the latest COVID positivity rates and quarantine requirements for anywhere you plan to travel.

Before your trip, get vaccinated (twice) and boosted (twice, with the second booster two to three weeks before travel to maximize effectiveness). Next, consider taking the following items:

- **Multiple K95 or KN95 masks.** Wear them anytime you travel on a plane (no longer required on U.S. flights) or mass transit, and anytime you go

indoors (except while eating).

- **An oral thermometer.** Use it regularly and at any sign of a fever.

- **Multiple COVID home tests.** Do self-testing every two to three days so that if you do test positive, you'll know approximately when you were infected — helpful knowledge for any quarantine plans and airline travel requirements.

- **Online testing service.** Purchase two or more online COVID-testing services per person from outfits such as eMed.com for online testing anytime and anywhere wi-fi is available.

- **Extra personal medications.** Bring an extra supply of any regular medications or a means of getting prescriptions refilled on the road.

- **Contact information for your medical provider.** Multiple acquaintances who tested positive while traveling in the U.S. have called their doctors for prescriptions of the antiviral treatment Paxlovid. Your doctor cannot prescribe medications overseas.

- **Buy travel insurance.** Keep receipts for every expense for filing your claim.

In my own case of testing positive for COVID in Oslo, after waiting 10 days, I obtained a “documentation of recovery” letter from a doctor attesting that I felt well enough to travel. To do this, I made an online appointment with a U.S. doctor with one of the internet medical service options (QuickMD.com). It cost \$75 and involved a five-minute cell-phone interview about when I had tested positive and my symptoms. I received the “documentation of recovery” letter in an email within minutes, and printed a copy to show at the airport for my flight home.

One last piece of advice — wash your hands a lot.

Mark Larson has recovered from COVID and his extended stay in Norway, and is glad to be home in Arcata.

Caring for a loved one with dementia or another disabling condition?



There are many challenges that friend or family caregivers face every day, and the COVID-19 pandemic has created an especially complex situation. There is support—caregivers do not have to go on this journey alone!

Redwood Caregiver Resource Center offers free and low-cost support throughout Del Norte, Humboldt, Lake, Mendocino, Solano, Napa and Sonoma Counties, serving unpaid friend or family caregivers regardless of income.



Services Include:

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Sign up for a CareNav™ account to receive customized resources and to connect with a family consultant.



AGING IS AN ART — BY JOHN HECKEL

Wasted Moments

The amount of time and energy I spend searching for things has me at a breaking point!

I know we all get frustrated looking for misplaced keys, lost shopping lists or that tiny medical appointment card your doctor's receptionist was kind enough to write out for you. All a normal part of aging, right?

We all feel the panic that ensues when we discover we left our credit card at the restaurant, and we all have vowed to find a way *never* to let that happen again, as we drive back to that restaurant with the hope of retrieving that credit card. All a normal part of being human, right?

But the amount and degree of frustration and resentment I experience trying to find my cell phone has reached a not-so-normal Malcolm Gladwell "Tipping Point." I spend more time looking for my cell phone than I do using it!

Like everyone else, I have moments of frustration looking for my keys and find myself swearing on Montessori's grave that I will return them to their proper place, never to be lost again. I am also struck with the Becket-like irony that, as I age and confront having less time left, I spend ever more time looking for things.

But it is undeniably the cell

phone that is the chief cause of my resentment.

There are moments in my life in which physical reality transcends the normal and demands a metaphoric investigation and interpretation. Such is the case with my cell phone. What does it mean if for every minute I actually use my cell phone, I spend three minutes trying to find it?

'Wasting time searching for something I'd be better off without.'

A major part of my resentment is that I am wasting time searching for something I might really be better off without, something I really do not need, something that may, in fact, get in the way of what I could be doing with the limited amount of time I have left.

It isn't the loss of the cell phone that bothers me — that is an object that is easily replaced. It is the actual time I spend looking for it that causes my distress. It is in the exact moment of searching that I internalize, "This is absolutely not the way I want to be spending my time!" and that I so resent not being able to let go.

Those are moments I will never get back. They are gone forever.

John Heckel, Ph.D., 75, is a retired HSU theater and film professor with a doctorate in psychology. Contact: jh2@humboldt.edu.

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HSRC News

Adult Day Health Care — ‘Just About Anything I Need’

By Andrea Bruhnke

At the mention of Adult Day Health Care (ADHC), most people probably wouldn't picture Daniel Moors, a 58-year-old with piercings and tattoos, wearing a Carhartt vest, printed t-shirts, camo pants and a jovial smile.

Daniel, however, is one of the many walks of life represented in the ADHC program.

Daniel has spent most of his life in Humboldt County. He was a commercial fisherman, worked for Pacific Lumber Company, and raised his three children in Scotia. On July 10, 2005, while crossing the street to pick up cigarettes at the gas station, he was hit by a Volvo traveling at 40 miles per hour. He sustained a brain injury and was in a coma for more than six weeks.

Daniel has never fully recovered. The next years were difficult. Daniel remembers “playing pool, getting drunk, and getting kicked out of my apartment. I was down.”

He had been attending Brainstormers, a program for adults with traumatic brain injuries, which closed in 2010. Familiar with Adult Day Health Care because his mom and her husband met while working there, he decided to try it out. He's been enrolled ever since.

Daniel attends the day center three days a week and takes regular advantage of exercise groups, individual therapy and activities. He enjoys working on his computer skills, and often brings in his laptop to get help.

Multiple chronic health conditions related to his brain injury require frequent medical attention. The ADHC care team of nurses and social workers help him navigate his health care, including scheduling Careappointments, communicating with his provid-



DANIEL MOORS connects to others at HSRC's Adult Day Health Care program. Ted Pease photo.

ers, and assisting with medication management.

A few years ago, Daniel was hospitalized and intubated for an upper respiratory infection. The ADHC staff provided valuable information and advocacy to inform his treatment while he was in the hospital.

“Without Adult Day Health Care, I'd be dead!” he said.

Daniel's living arrangements are about to change. For five years, he's been on the waitlist for new Section 8 housing. In the meantime, his social worker and the Humboldt Senior Resource Center's Housing Program coordinator are helping with the search — a daunting task in the current housing market that he could not manage on his own.

Adult Day Health Care does “just about anything I need,” Daniel said. The program offers meaningful relationships with staff and participants, and he likens the structure it provides to attending school or going to work.

Despite his challenges, Daniel says he's happy, loves life, and attributes part of that to the support network of Adult Day Health Care.

ADHC has centers in Eureka and Fortuna serving those 18 and older who have chronic conditions or disabilities. If you're interested in learning more about our services, call 707-443-9747, x2217, or e-mail adhs@humsenior.org.

Andrea Bruhnke is director of HSRC's Adult Day Health Care & Alzheimer's Services.



Helping make every day your best day

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adhs@humsenior.org

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If possible, call 7 days in advance.

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Fortuna
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Heritage Café Dine-in Days • Meal Pick-up Days					
	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
Arcata 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m.	Café closed	Café closed Meal Pick-up Day 11:30 am-12:15 pm	Café open	Café open	Café open
Eureka 11:30 a.m.-1 p.m.	Café open	Café open	Café open	Café closed Meal Pick-up Day 11:30 am-12:15 pm	Café closed
Fortuna 12 noon-12:30 p.m.	Café closed	Café open	Café closed	Café open	Café closed Meal Pick-up Day 11:30 am-12:15 pm

No senior 60 and over will be denied a meal. \$3.50 is the suggested contribution. For those under 60 there is an \$8 fee.

Monthly menus can be found at humsenior.org or by calling your closest Heritage Café.

The HSRC Activities calendar can be found at humsenior.org, or call 707-443-9747.

Find the Senior Center Near You

The Healy Senior Center in Redway
www.healyseniorcenter.org/

Fortuna Senior Center
3000 Newburg Road, Ste. B, Fortuna
www.Fortunasenior.org

McKinleyville Senior Center
Azalea Hall, 1620 Pickett Road, McKinleyville
facebook.com/mcksenior

MSSP's Service Area Expands

As of July 1, the area served by HSRC's Multipurpose Senior Services Program (MSSP) is expanding to include all of Humboldt County.

MSSP's nurses and social workers assist eligible adults age 65+ on Medi-Cal in arranging for supportive services that will help them remain in their own homes. There is no cost to participants for this service.

Please see the contact information below.

Commodities Distribution

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

Eureka
Wednesday, July 20, 10-11:30 a.m.
HSRC, 1910 California St.

McKinleyville
Thursday, July 21, 11 a.m.-1 p.m.
Family Resource Center, 1944 Central Ave.

MSSP is *Now Enrolling*

MSSP provides care management that helps eligible elders 65+ on Medi-Cal anywhere in Humboldt County to stay living in their homes

Call 707-443-9747
www.humsenior.org



Humboldt Senior Resource Center
MSSP - Multipurpose Senior Services Program



Intern & Seniors Connect

By Meg Maestretti

I have had the chance to spend part of my final undergrad year at Cal Poly Humboldt as an intern with the Multipurpose Senior Service Program (MSSP) at Humboldt Senior Resource Center.

As I approach graduation and the end of my internship, I can't help

but reflect on this wonderful experience. Through MSSP, I was able to learn how to communicate, support, advocate and assess senior needs. I discovered that the best way to support someone, build connections and bridge the age gap is by listening to them.

At the start of my internship, I was 20. Some may wonder how a 20-year-old could connect with seniors. I wondered that, too. But it came as a happy surprise how much a 20-year-old and an 80-year-old can have in common.

Our participants find ways to relate to me because they lived through their 20s. They always have tips to share about growing up, or their favorite stories from when they were my age. You forget about the age difference when the conversation is flowing like a friendship's.

Sharing a story, a laugh, or a memory is a way to build relationships and connections. I have heard interesting stories from some of my MSSP friends. One told me about following

the Mick Jagger and Rolling Stones on tour. Other participants have shared their creativity and shown me some amazing artwork. I envy our participants and hope to be more like them.

Another thing I love is when participants tell me about the different places they've lived.

As someone who has only lived in California, I want to experience other beautiful places. When participants share stories of places they have been, they create this imagery of places I have yet to discover for myself. They give me ideas on where I am going to travel or live next.

As I embark on my journey ahead, I will remember my time at MSSP fondly. This is the place where I made connections and learned how to deepen my relationships with seniors. I have enjoyed all the connections and amazing people I have met, and will always be so grateful for this experience.

Meg Maestretti of Sacramento graduated last month from Cal Poly Humboldt with a degree in social work. MSSP is a federally funded care-management program designed to help seniors remain in their homes. Find out more at humsenior.org under the "Programs" tab.



Meg Maestretti



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'O BEAUTIFUL' . . . From Page 3

Fast forward to 1910, and some bright spark in the music business noted that, "Oh mother dear Jerusalem" scanned about the same as, "O beautiful for spacious skies." So he combined Ward's melody with Bates's poem, and published the result as "America the Beautiful." It was a hymn that soon had been played and sung by everyone who went to church or school in this country.

Stephen Ward and Professor Bates never met, and Ward was never to hear "America the Beautiful" — he died in 1903. The song was considered for the United States national anthem, but was passed over in favor of

"The Star-Spangled Banner," which became our official anthem in 1931.

Nobody knows the second and third verse of either song, but "America the Beautiful" is easier to sing.

And so a New Jersey organist and a Boston professor — a man and a woman — contributed different but equal talents to what has become a lasting part of our heritage.

It is an American truth that the whole is indeed greater than the sum of the parts.

George Ingraham *lived and worked in Eureka for more than 51 years before moving to Hillsboro, Oregon, last year.*

Humboldt's July 4th Events



Humboldt County celebrates America's 246th birthday on Monday, July 4. Some of the festivities:

• **Arcata's July 4th Mini Festival** for families and kids on the Plaza, 11 a.m.-2 p.m., followed by the Crabs game at 2:30. Arcata Marsh 4th of July 5K run/walk at Klopp Lake, 9:30 a.m.; registration at 7:30 a.m. Visit Arcata Main Street on Facebook.

• **Eureka's 4th of July Festival**, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. in Old Town, and fireworks over Humboldt Bay at 10 p.m. Information at Eureka Main Street on Facebook.

• **Ferndale's 4th of July Parade**, noon on Main Street, followed by a community BBQ at the Veterans building. Check out visitferndale.com.

• **Fortuna Fireworks Festival**, Sunday, July 3, 5:30-8:30 p.m., Newburg Park. See Fortuna Fireworks Festival on Facebook.

Humbugs VW Car Show

The Humbugs VW Car Club will be "Cooling It in the Redwoods," its 16th annual Car Show at Pierson Park in McKinleyville, Saturday, Aug. 6th from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

VWs from several Western states will be displayed at this year's show. Enter your 1991 or older VW (in any condition) for \$20 (including an optional Humbugs membership).

Spectators enter free. Raffle prizes and a silent auction are open to all. No alcohol is permitted at the show.

See the Humbugs VW Car Club Facebook page for more details or email humbugsvw-club@gmail.com.

Online Summer Art Classes

"Art for the Young at Heart" is offering a summer 10-week online course for those 55+ from July 5-Sept. 6.

The California Arts Council provides funding for low-income seniors at no charge; \$200 for all others. Additional funding is provided by Coast Central Credit Union.

Classes meet Tuesdays and Wednesdays in drawing and design, beginning watercolor, inter-generational hand puppet workshop, and storybook workshop.

For more information and to sign up, contact maureen@inkpeople.org, or call The Ink People at 707-442-8413. A project of the DreamMaker Program of the Ink People Center for the Arts.

Camping with OLLI!

Ready for a new OLLI adventure? Join other OLLI members for a week-long camping adventure full of walks, talks, campfires, storytelling and classes at the Wolf Creek Education Center at Prairie Creek, Aug. 1-5. Go for the entire week, or half- or full-day classes, transportation provided.

See the full OLLI Summer 2022 catalog online at humboldt.edu/olli, or call 707-826-5880 to get one by mail; also available at Wildberries, libraries and other local venues.

OLLI membership is \$35/ year beginning July 1. Regular OLLI classes offered July 18-29, with Brown Bag lunch talks on July 18 and 25.

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A program of the Humboldt Senior Resource Center

Chicago to Rural Humboldt — No Regrets

By Roy Grieshaber

The decision came down to playing it safe and staying in Chicago or risking everything by moving to the wilderness of southeast Humboldt County for an adventure.

My partner Bob Fasic and I had lived in Chicago for almost 20 years. I was a marketing manager for a small company, Bob had a private law practice, and we owned residential rental properties together. Life was good, but our long-term goal was to earn our living by working together instead of separately.

We were searching for a small business in Chicago to purchase when Bob noticed a classified ad in “Psychology Today” that read, “Resort conference center for sale in Northern California.” Bob asked if he should call the number. I said, “Why not?”

We had an infatuation with California and longed to live there, but had recently decided to stay in Chicago because our lives there were complicated.

The property for sale was not a conference center, but rather a small hippy residential massage school called Heartwood in the southeast corner of Humboldt County. It sounded unusual and tweaked our interest. We decided to visit.

We found a teaching community in a rustic facility on 200 acres near Island Mountain, in the hills about an hour east of Garberville. The school trained students for careers in massage therapy and natural healing arts, and provided accommodations and organic vegetarian meals for students, faculty and staff who worked and studied there.

We were intrigued. There was a romantic appeal to living in a holistic teaching community in the wilderness

of Northern California. We did our due diligence: market research and financial analysis, but found no clear yes or no answer. It was obvious that owning the school would likely be a financial struggle given our resources and the investment the facility needed.

We cast the *I Ching* (or Yi Jing), an ancient Chinese divination method used to provide guidance for moral decision-making, searching for additional guidance, but as is often the case, the interpretation of the resulting hexagram did not provide a clear answer.

In our deliberations, I recalled conversations over drinks with older business associates who spoke about their regrets about opportunities they had not taken, wondering what life would have been like if they had been willing to take the risk.

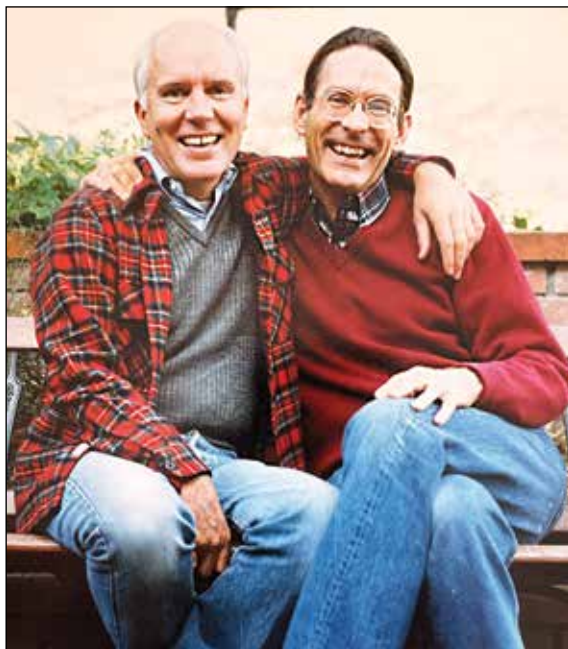
Bob and I decided we did not want to look back later in our lives and wonder what our lives might have been if we had moved to California. We made the leap.

Within a year of our first visit to Heartwood, we had negotiated a deal with the owner, closed our lives in Chicago and moved to Northern California.

Living at Heartwood was the adventure of our lifetime. Our perspective of the world changed. There were difficult times, but our lives were enriched by the many loving and caring people who worked and studied there over the 19 years of our ownership.

Had we not taken this fork, we would never know what we missed. Having taken it, we have no regrets.

Roy Grieshaber enjoys retirement in Eureka.



A GREAT ADVENTURE — Bob Fasic and Roy Grieshaber moved from Chicago to start a new career together in Humboldt. Submitted photo.

“To awaken quite alone in a strange town is one of the pleasantest sensations in the world. You are surrounded by adventure.”

—Freya Stark (1893-1993), British explorer.

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Back to Camp:

Lifelong Learning in the Redwoods

August 1-5

Explore, learn, and adventure!

OLLI at Humboldt will host a camping experience at the Wolf Creek Education Center, in Redwood National Park.

Choose daily activities for a personalized education and camping experience, designed for OLLI members only.

Happy Campers can register for the full program before July 12 for the best class and activity options. Class registration opens for non-camping Day Trippers during the OLLI Open House on July 12.

Class and activity topics include: Riverwalking; Bird ID/Drawing; Painting; Yoga; Redwood Rising; Bike Tours; Nature Connection; Forest History & Hikes; Walking Sticks; Field Journals; Nature Journaling; Surf Fishing; and more!

Come back to camp with OLLI!
humboldt.edu/olli/camp



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Back on the Road — Artie Gets a Camping Lesson

By Joan Rainwater-Gish

Due to the pandemic, Bob and I hadn't been camping for over a year. So in May, we decided it was time to get back out on the road.

We had a new challenge, however. Something we had been dreading. We were taking Artie along with us.

We inherited Artie from our friend, Maryn, who passed away last year at the age of 95. She had rescued Artie when he was just a puppy, and she a mere 87.

Growing up with an older woman with hip issues resulted in Artie not getting much exposure to the outside world, thus making him fearful and prone to bark at just about everything that moves. Plus, every time he was put in a vehicle, he would down-right panic.

So we knew Artie might be challenging on a four-hour drive to a campground full of people and dogs that would be totally foreign to him. And, yes, most every camper has a dog.

On this trip, we were travelling to Fort Bragg with a group called the Redwood Roamers. All together, we totaled 12 rigs heading south on 101.

Bob and I were looking forward to spending four days seeing the sights and socializing with fellow Roamers.

On this trip, socializing included competing in miniature golf. Bob and I hadn't played miniature golf for more than 50 years, and we weren't sure we wanted to this time. But getting out of our comfort zone proved to be fun. After all, how can one not laugh when down on one's belly looking for a stuck golf ball, or teetering on one leg while gripping a fish net attempting to retrieve a ball from the water feature, or the excitement and total surprise of a hole in one?

Yes, it was good getting back on the road, enjoying the scenery, experiencing new places and socializing with friends.

As for Artie, on a scale from 1 to 10, I gave him a 4.5 and Bob gave him a 5. It wasn't a perfect outing — yes, he did bark at everything. But as we headed for home, seeing his little head sticking out of the truck window, his ears flapping in the wind, we knew it was just a matter of time before he would score a 10 on our next camping excursion.

Joan Rainwater-Gish and Bob are planning their next trip with Artie in Eureka.



THE CAMPING LIFE suits Joan Rainwater-Gish and first-time camper Artie just fine. Bob Gish photo.

Don't Forget to RSVP!

By Lauren Miller

RSVP (Retired Senior Volunteer Program), a program that lets seniors 55+ make a difference in their community, is looking for new volunteers.

RSVP volunteers help at the local food bank, assist in disaster relief, and drive those who can't drive themselves to appointments or deliver meals. There are many ways to help out. The work enriches the lives of both volunteers and communities where they live.

Some current opportunities are:

- **Area 1 Agency on Aging (A1AA)**, with the Health Insurance Counseling and Advocacy program (HICAP) advising seniors about Medicare and other insurance.

- **Humboldt/Del Norte/Trinity Red Cross:** Emergency preparedness and disaster relief training with schools, senior facilities and other groups; education on fire and safety issues.

- **McKinleyville Senior Center:** Teach and connect seniors to new skills or refine ones they already have.

- **Mattole Watershed:** Environmental awareness and efforts to maintain the watershed and promote environmental goals.

RSVP volunteers make a huge community impact. For more information, call 707-440-9338, visit ncoinc.org or email lmiller@ncoinc.org.

Lauren Miller is program coordinator/Humboldt County for North Coast Opportunities.

“And then there is the most dangerous risk of all – the risk of spending your life not doing what you want, on the bet you can buy yourself the freedom to do it later.”

—Randy Komisar, technology executive.

Call of the Sea: Youthful Dream Is Fulfilled

By Ron Fritzsche

I was greatly influenced by spending summers on the beach in Capitola, on the north shore of Monterey Bay, where my family had a cottage. I read that the best marine biology program in the nation was at Scripps Institution of Oceanography, so attending SIO became my goal.

After graduating from Johnson Senior High School in Sacramento in January 1963, a good friend asked where I was going to college. I told him SIO, because I wanted to be a marine biologist and it was the best. He pointed out that SIO was a graduate school, and that I needed a bachelor's degree first. He recommended Humboldt State College (HSC), since it had a good reputation in the marine sciences. I had never heard of Humboldt State College. I was a real airhead.

So, in the fall of 1964, I enrolled at HSC as a zoology major — zoology was an AB degree that required fewer units than a BS in biology. My goal was to complete a bachelor's degree so I could go SIO.

I arrived in Arcata that fall and moved into Redwood Hall having never been to or seen the campus before.

My academic advisor was Dr. Jake Houck. I took three courses from him: Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrates, Natural History of the Vertebrates, and Marine Mammals. A freshman botany class got me very interested in botany, and Dr. William Vin-

yard's phycology class hooked me on marine algae.

I took ichthyology from Dr. George Allen, chemistry with Dr. Bob Wallace and physics from Dr. Bob Astrue, and two years of Russian from Thelwall Proctor (who was also HSC's fencing coach).

My roommates and I were all biology or zoology majors aiming for professional or graduate school. We took the Graduate Record Exam, including the Advanced Biology section, and all scored over the 90th percentile (I was actually in the 99th). Shows what an excellent education we received from HSC.

I applied for admission to Scripps in 1967. My professors wrote recommendation letters, but said my chances of getting into SIO were slim to none, since no

HSC student had ever been accepted.

I considered applying to Stanford University as a backup, but they were interested in whether my mother or grandmother had attended Stanford. I didn't like the question, so threw out the application. (Actually, my grandmother had attended Stanford.)

I thought my dream to attend SIO was dead, but then I received an offer of an assistantship and I was in. I began the marine biology Ph.D. program in Fall 1967. Dream achieved.

Ron Fritzsche is an emeritus professor of fisheries biology at Cal Poly Humboldt.



ONE OF THE BENEFITS of a marine biology career — Ron Fritzsche with dinner in Belize.
Submitted photo.




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Trinidad resident Janine Volkmar

has been using her pass to take friends to Sue-Meg State Park (formerly Patrick's Point). "I loved using the park pass for the two-week check-out period!" Janine said. "Several folks who find it difficult to park outside and walk in (the other free alternative) enjoyed touring our beautiful Sue-Meg Park."

To find out more, visit parks.ca.gov/?page_id=30806 or ask at your Humboldt County Library. While you're there, check out a book, and check in to your local California state park.

ASK THE DOCTOR . . . From Page 5

and sometimes do very embarrassing things while completely unaware. There are a few specific situations that might warrant their short-term use, such as severe jet lag, where your brain’s sleep clock gets thrown off by a change in time zones.

Those who really have the worst sleep are people on nontraditional work shifts (i.e., not 9-5), especially when they switch back and forth between shifts. It has been demonstrated that this kind of shift work can lead to health problems and may shorten lifespans.

For those of us without diagnosed, treatable sleep disorders, what can we do to feel like we sleep better? Again, I turn to sleep specialists, who recommend regular wake-up times (even more important than exact bedtimes), a dark, comfortable room, reducing noises (which might mean not sleeping with a loudly snoring spouse), avoiding alcohol and caffeine, avoiding big meals before bedtime, and exercising regularly (morning might be best). A warm bath at night might help. And *don’t* take your computer or cell-phone to bed.

Bed is for two things only — sleep and sex. Sleep specialists really mean this.

If you feel you don’t sleep well, please consider trying all of these things. Also, avoid long daytime naps.

The medical literature names cognitive behavioral therapy as the number one treatment for insomnia. This always seems to frustrate people when mentioned, but it can be powerful, as it helps us look at why we feel we don’t sleep and how we react to it. As with so many things in life, our reaction is in our control, and we can choose how bothered to be by something.

It is not life-threatening to feel like you can’t sleep. Try to enjoy being in bed. If you can’t sleep, just lie there and get some rest. Don’t worry about it, as worrying worsens perceptions of sleep issues. There are definitely bigger things to worry about. But I won’t list them, so as not to affect your sleep tonight!

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

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Crossword Puzzle on Page 20

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



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Crossword Puzzle

Left Out by Paul Steinberg & Karen Steinberg
Sponsored by Sherman Schapiro Edited by David Steinberg

1	2	3	4		5	6	7		8	9	10	11
12				13		14			15			
16					17				18			
19								20				
21				22			23					
24			25			26			27		28	29
			30		31	32				33		
34	35	36			37				38			
39					40				41			
42			43		44				45		46	47
			49		50			51	52		53	
54	55					56			57			
58					59							
60					61				62			
63					64				65			

- ACROSS**
- 1 Kids' summer spot
 - 5 Taxi
 - 8 Lambs' mothers
 - 12 Bit the dust
 - 14 Bemoan
 - 15 Tinker's receiver in baseball
 - 16 Spewing fumes, say --> Moping
 - 18 Michael of Monty Python --> Nuisance
 - 19 Word before "group" or "rate"
 - 20 Moves like a crab --> Slaw and fries, for two
 - 21 Golf ball stand
 - 22 Get 40 winks
 - 23 Diamond side
 - 24 "Same for me"
 - 26 Six, in Italy
 - 27 Send, as a package
 - 30 Modernized
 - 33 Actress Longoria
 - 34 Biblical wise men
 - 37 Skating jumps ... or, read as two parts, a theme hint --> Graph lines
 - 38 Gem that may be black
 - 39 In the past
 - 40 Alerts in advance
 - 42 Hit with snowballs --> Ferret, e.g.
 - 44 Cleaning pad brand
- DOWN**
- 1 Per ___ income
 - 2 Makes amends
 - 3 Got soupy, maybe --> Handed (out)
 - 4 Heap --> It can be savory or sweet
 - 5 Like a good apple
 - 6 Relative who might be great
 - 7 Implore
 - 8 Dodges
 - 9 "Anyhoo ..." --> Barnyard symbol of anger
 - 10 Noted canal or lake
 - 11 Sensitive IDs
 - 13 Soviet first lady Gorbacheva
 - 14 Statistic
 - 15 Letter before omega
 - 16 Go-to M.D.
 - 17 Paris or Kathy --> Discover suddenly
 - 18 Military muckety-muck
 - 19 "My intent is ..."
 - 20 It really sucks --> It does the heavy lifting
 - 21 Dishonor
 - 22 Argument, to a Brit
 - 23 Smooths in woodworking
 - 24 ___ Stadium (L.A. Rams' home)
 - 25 Accept responsibility for
 - 26 W, directionally
 - 27 Birds-feather connector
 - 28 Pats down
 - 29 Judo mat
 - 30 Apple product with a notch
 - 31 Nearly boils --> Oodles
 - 32 Source of college credit, in brief
 - 33 It's not what you say but how you say it
 - 34 Large shrimp
 - 35 Anatomical pouch
 - 36 Angry cat's sound
 - 37 Texter's POV lead-in
 - 38 Spread a dandelion --> Curtsy counterpart
 - 39 Fiona of "Killing Eve"
 - 40 Sis' sib, say

Crossword answers are on page 19.

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BALLERINAS & FIRETRUCKS . . . From Page 1

Scott Binder, the director of the McKinleyville Senior Center, wanted to be a race car driver, but became an outside sales professional. A wise decision, he said.

Wendy Pickett: “I really wanted to be a mermaid. Instead, I became a captain’s wife.”

John Meyers: “When I was young, I really wanted to be a bigger kid. Instead, I became an adult. In retrospect, that was a really stupid idea.”

Cyndy Phillips also wanted to be Jacques Cousteau. The English faculty member, like me, regrets the way it worked out. We’re talking about a Cousteau Wannabe Society.

Peter Pennekamp: “I wanted to be a koala. Instead, I became an arts and philanthropy administrator. I have been told I really did become a koala. It was an incoherent decision.”

Michele McKeegan: “My consuming ambition was to be a cowboy. In retrospect, it wasn’t very practical, but would have been fun for a while at least.”

Jim Waters wanted to be a mountain lion. Instead, he is a retired Humboldt State biology professor. Probably for the best.

Wendy Platt Hill, editor of Humboldt Historian, wanted to be the first woman president. “Apparently, 60 years later, the United States is still not ready.”

Mary Ann Madej: “When I was young, I really wanted to be a dog breeder. Instead, I became a geomorphologist.” Look it up.

Julie Fulkerson wanted to be a choreographer. “Instead, I became a community organizer. In retrospect, that was predictable.”

Bob Felter: “This is probably stupid, but my 2¢ . . . I planned to be a geologist. Life didn’t spin in that direction and I was hired to work in the freezer room of a frozen vegetable plant.” There’s more to that story.

Jane Hill is the only person in this group who stuck to her path: “When I was young, I really wanted to be a theatre artist.” As we all know, Jane — co-founder of Dell’Arte — went into the theatre and never looked back.

Kay Escarda wanted to be an ice skater, but her family moved to California (“No ice!”) and became a teacher and professional volunteer. “If roller derby had been a thing, I would have been awesome.”

Dr. Jennifer Heidmann wanted to be a concert pianist but became a physician — “a bittersweet decision.”

Clare Greene came from a family of engineers, but “my high school counselor advised me (in 1963) that engineering was not for girls, and I bought it. I often wonder — if I had stuck with STEM, would I have won a Nobel Prize by now?”

Daniel O’Shea of the Cal Poly Humboldt Oceanography Department wanted to be an ambulance driver. “It was a long, winding and fortuitous decision.”

Mark Larson, a photographer, journalist and emeritus university professor, “spent my childhood on a farm in South Dakota and spent every day planning to be anything but a farmer.”

Michael Fields, formerly Dell’Arte artistic director and now (among other things) owner of the Logger Bar in Blue Lake, “really wanted to be a senator.”

Bob Doran: “I really wanted to be a cowboy, like the ones on TV, and then an artist of some undetermined type.” An artist, photographer and radio host, he’s still undecided.

Vanessa Kibbe said life decided for her. “I wanted to be an entomologist. Instead, I became a freelance violinist and then a general contractor.”

Libby Maynard, co-founder of The Ink People, wanted to be “a cowgirl/research psychologist. Instead, I became an artist and arts administrator.”

There were many more, but we’re out of room. As Lewis Carroll wrote, “Any road will get you there if you don’t know where you’re going.”

Ted Pease is still on the journey.

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NEVER TOO LATE . . . From Page 1

York society, playing piano in the city's toniest cocktail lounges. Much sought-after by Manhattan's wealthiest socialites, it was a major coup to get him to grace their Steinways during catered dinner parties in their elegant penthouses overlooking the city skyline.

But as I began playing with various jazz trios and quartets in clubs around Los Angeles, I soon realized I disliked being around people who drank too much. Somehow, alcohol convinced folks they could sing, grabbing my mic to prove they could not.

One night a drunk woman snatched my microphone and began to warble a dismal, waverling, off-key rendition of "I Left My Heart in San Francisco."

That did it. This business was not for me and I got out of it.

Fortunately, I found behind-the-scenes jobs in the Hollywood entertainment industry, which suited me to a tee.

I've asked some retired people if they were happy with their career choices. Surprisingly, few were.

One friend became a real estate mogul, renovating some of Chicago's blighted neighborhoods, bringing in boutiques, gourmet grocery stores

and upscale restaurants, turning them into a yuppie paradise. But she loved chemistry and wished she had made that her career.

Her husband, a nuclear physicist, dreamed of being a symphony orchestra conductor, but his parents discouraged him from pursuing that career path.

Another friend's parents were both professors at UCLA with plans for their daughter to enter the world of academia, but her love of music prevailed, and she became a professional jazz musician, playing in top clubs around San Francisco.

Recently, I became entranced with the exquisite images created by children's book illustrators, some by the authors themselves. Their artwork is creative and beautiful, especially the



THE UMBRELLA GIRL is one of Patty Holbrook's new illustrations, looking for a children's story to go with it.

vintage paintings.

Alas, my career ship has sailed, but I'll keep paddling anyway, attempting to paint walruses in tutus, octopi in opera gloves on each of their eight arms, or chorus lines of dancing ducks until I get it right.

This is the career I want. Unfortunately, I'm about eight decades too late. But who's counting?

Patty Holbrook is a pianist, artist and writer catching up with her career in Eureka.

Poets' Corner

MUMBLING IN THE CORNER

How do you occupy your days and nights?
 Do memories now dominate your thoughts?
 Do you keep putting information in?
 Has faulty wiring made the efforts fail?
 Has optimism any chance at all,
 against the micro and macro foes?
 To be a hermit, hiding from the world,
 is harder with our daily intrusions.
 Can you somehow feign retrogression well,
 sit in your corner, mumbling to yourself
 and to your ghosts, your people now long gone,
 until, perhaps, they start to reappear
 with you in their thoughts, meeting in between?
 Will that be heaven or will it be hell?

Peter Mehren, *Toronto*

The Poets' Corner welcomes submissions of original poetry. Submissions may be 21 lines max, including title, open lines and author's name/town; each line may be 50 characters max, including spaces and punctuation. Send submissions to Poetry Editor Peter Pennekamp, Senior News, 1910 California St., Eureka, CA 95501, or by email (preferred) to henkswords@gmail.com. Please include full contact information.

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You Can Be in Senior News

- **AUGUST** — This month, share the best advice or life-lessons you received ... from your grandma, first boss, childhood friend, father, fishing buddy, dog. How has that lesson stuck with you and (maybe) changed your life?
- **SEPTEMBER:** How did you get to Humboldt? Some of us trace our ancestors back millennia; some to the late 1800s; some arrived here last month. Either way, tell us your family stories about why you're here — and why you stay. Contact SN editor Ted Pease: tpease@humsenior.org. Call 707-443-9747, x1226.

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