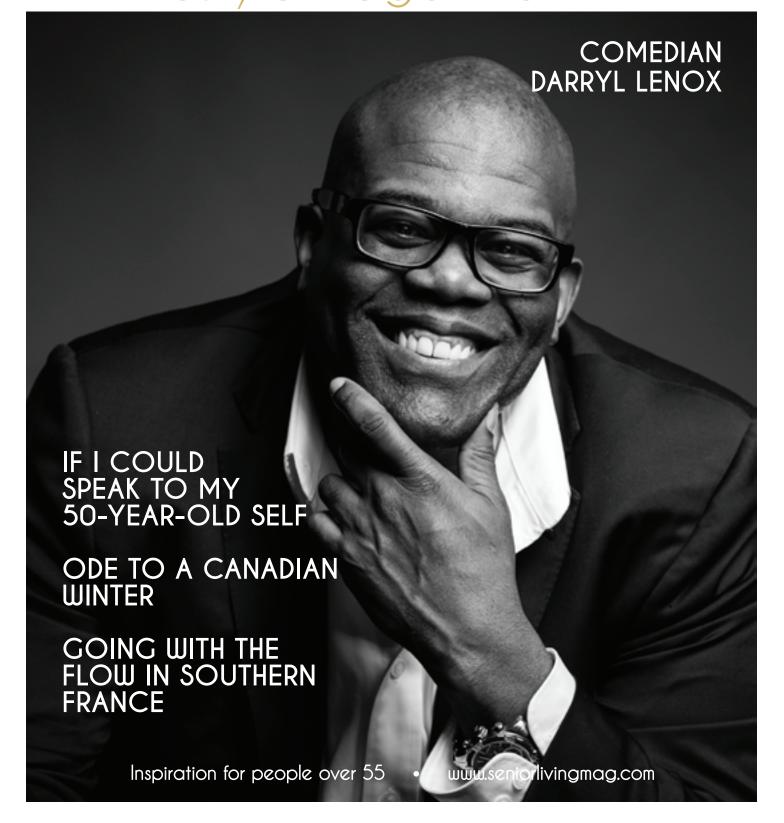
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#### Cover DARRYL LENOX

Truly gifted is someone who can not only weather life's challenges, but find humour in them and share that humour with talent and grace. Photo: Chris Brown Photography

# INSPIRED

55+ lifestyle magazine

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#### **THRIVE BEYOND 55**

by BARBARA RISTO, PUBLISHER





Here we are, with this issue, ending one year and beginning another.

Life is a constant cycle of endings and beginnings. We close one chapter and open another.

What did 2022 bring for you? Did it reveal some surprises? Some delights? Something to celebrate?

What were the blessings you experienced? The benefits? What made you smile?

Perhaps a difficult situation got easier? Or you learned something new? Maybe a fresh face arrived on the scene to brighten your day or lend a helping hand? Did you discover greater depth or meaning in your relationships or your activities?

If we take a few minutes to consider the last 12 months, there's surely many things for which to be grateful.

Undoubtedly there has been the opposite, too. Times of challenge and struggle, of pain and sorrow. We've certainly had those crucible moments in 2022, haven't we? Collectively and individually.

And yet, we can often still glean a kernel of goodness from these solemn events. Wisdom, patience, renewal and strength are forged from these most desperate occasions.

Each year we leave the legacy we have built behind and start anew. It's the way of our world; bidding goodbye to the past and stepping across the threshold on January 1st into a blank canvas – searching for fresh ideas, new experiences, stronger faith and greater vision.

So, here we are, embarking on another year – with more promise and adventure waiting to envelope us.

What will we welcome into our experience in 2023?

How will we show up in response?

As we look out into the world, we may be dismayed by the many challenges we still face - but an equivalent force of opportunity awaits on the horizon. New discoveries. Answers to baffling questions. Success over previous failures.

Perhaps this is the year we put some of our grievances aside in order to find more in common with one another. Perhaps this is the year that more people decide to work together, in harmony and goodwill, instead of destroying the fabric of our society with pettiness and one-upmanship.

Perhaps this is the year we adopt a set of values that gives everyone a shot at being their best – for when we are all at our best, the worst can happen, and we can overcome it together. We've proven that, over and over. That is what makes humanity so unique! The ability to rise again and again from the ashes of ruin and despair – to be stronger, healthier, more temperate and harmonious.

May this season of transition greet you with a sense of completion of the past even as it invigorates you with uplifting thoughts and inspiring ideas for the future.

May you be nurtured by hope and infused by goodwill.

Season's greetings to all.



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~ Elf, Will Ferrell

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# **DARRYL LENOX: BLIND AMBITION**

#### by JOHN THOMSON

Stand-up comedian Darryl Lenox, born in America but now living in Canada, regales the audience at Vancouver's Vogue theatre.

"You love the word humble. In Canada it's a good day if somebody calls you humble. Nobody calls us Americans humble. They always call us arrogant. I mean there's no Real Housewives of Burnaby, you know what I mean?"

The crowd laughs uproariously. He continues.

"Race was never an issue with me in Canada. You never made me feel like just a black guy. You always treated me as a man first, a black dude second, and sometimes a CFL football star third."

More laughter and a round of applause.

Totally blind since 2020, Darryl, 56, is still packing them in. He's sightless but not defeated - he's just come back from gigs in Anchorage, New York, Winnipeg and Toronto - and he doesn't let his visual impairment get in the way of his drive or ambition.

Darryl's a performer but he's also on a mission – to resurrect the comedy scene after years of pandemic restrictions. And to that end, he's trying to purchase the Yuk Yuks comedy club franchise from founder Mark Breslin and expand it into the US.

"I would like to buy him completely out. I would like to take over the entire franchise," he says. "I think people would like to see more diverse acts, so I want to open it up."

Expensive? Sure, but Darryl says a lot of existing clubs closed during the pandemic and the properties are available.

"I think it's the perfect time now for the comedy industry to really launch back into the entertainment world."

And who's to say he's wrong? Darryl's always dreamt big. As a kid, he wanted to be a basketball star and when his comedy career took off, he wanted to be famous. It's been an epic journey, rocky at first, but ultimately rewarding.

Born in Las Vegas, Darryl moved to Seattle and then back again to Vegas when he was four. His Dad was an Army vet who had trouble settling down.

"Ultimately, he didn't want to be tied down to family stuff," says Darryl. His mother re-married and Darryl and his four sisters were raised by a stepfather. It left a hole.

"I loved my stepfather immensely but knowing my real father was out there, I kind of wanted to know why I was the way I was. I kind of wanted to know where my DNA was at." So, Darryl moved to Seattle at age 19.

"I chased him down and I found him. He wasn't ready to have me around, so I just stayed there, played a little college basketball and started my career. One day, I found myself on stage at a comedy club in Seattle. It was open mic. I walked up and told a story I made up and I did really well. Then the manager of the club said, 'I want you to audition for a comedy club competition tomorrow' and that was it. Once that happened, I said I'll never do anything else for the rest of my life. I had the ambition of a wolverine."

He played the clubs, got married for a short time and, in 1994, accepted an offer to come to Canada.

"I had one week of work in Surrey at a club called The Comedy Cave. I came up and after the show they said, 'you can stay here until you get your stuff together,' so I stayed here for a while."

In fact, Darryl stayed for years, and Canada became his base. Schooled in the humour of his heroes Chris Rock and Richard Pryor, Darryl found joking about racial tension in America didn't play so well north of the border and he had to adapt.

"It was by necessity," he says. "I came up here and they go, 'huh?' When I'm in Vanderhoof, I'm the only black guy there, so how can I get them to understand the black-white plight in the US? Then when I do some urban shows in Toronto or Montreal, I'm not talking to African Americans, I'm talking to Haitians and Jamaicans. I'm talking to a diaspora."

His new routine focused on Canadian issues like living in the shadow of our big neighbour.

"It doesn't matter where you go, people in Canada love to beat an American in anything. I don't care if it's rock/paper/ scissors or a rock concert, you guys are going to have a medal ceremony and a parade afterwards."

Or this bit on Canadian decorum.

"I picked up a couple of new moves living here. I learned something called sentence structure and deep, cognitive thought process. A few please and thank yous."

He credits his second wife, Claire, a Canadian, with turning his dreams into reality.

"Everything I dreamt of doing she just said, 'Well, let's do that' and I never had that before. I was learning more about

# Snapshot with Darryl Lenox

If you were to meet your 20-year-old self, what advice would you give him?

"Be mindful that
while you're going
to be ambitious,
you're going to hurt
some people, so be a
little more patient and a
little less aggressive. When you hurt
people, you're going to be okay, but
you don't know if they're going to be
okay."

Who or what has influenced you the most and why?

"If I hadn't chased my dad, I would never have got on the microphone and if I hadn't got on the microphone, I would never have become what I am now. I was inspired by them all, Richard Pryor, George Carlin, Chris Rock, Dave Chapelle. I just loved them all."

#### What are you grateful for?

"The list is forever. I'm grateful for each person that showed up to help me get to the right direction: I get my work ethic from my mom; I get my dreaming from my pops; Jill taught me how to be a man; Claire taught me it's not impossible; and Canada taught me to be a whole human being."

What does success mean to you?

"If I can make this industry not so much feast or famine – you either have to be Eddie Murphy famous or sleep in your car – and if I can make people laugh and really love laughter, then I'll have done something." | myself and I was learning how to be a better comedian and I loved it. And then my eyes began to deteriorate and, all of a sudden, it was about my vulnerabilities. So, now I'm here sans Claire (they

divorced in 2019) and extra vulnerable."

Going blind was a progressive deterioration spanning decades. An injury to his left eye in 1994 went unattended and slowly robbed him of vision. His routine changed once again. It was now about him, his feelings and how he was coping. He had no trouble

sharing.

"You know what I can't wait to be? I can't wait to be an eyewitness. I've been dreaming about this ever since I was a little boy. I can't wait to show up at a crime scene."

Then acknowledging his one good eye, he drops the punchline.

"I saw the whole thing officer. Okay, not the whole thing. I saw everything on that side over there."

Or this bit about searching for a surgeon to remove a cataract from his remaining good eye.

"I found a Canadian surgeon who was willing to do [the surgery]. He told me, 'It's risky and there's a chance you could end up totally blind. Are you prepared for that?' I lied. 'Yeah, I'll be okay.' I couldn't imagine two eyes being gone. I didn't think I'd have the strength or courage to do it. I thought I couldn't live that existence. I didn't think I was

strong enough. I started having these serious, suicidal thoughts in my head."

Personal, serious stuff but there's still a joke.

"The minute I heard a voice go would you really off yourself if you were totally blind? I said, 'Yep.' I heard that same voice go, 'How? You'd be totally blind.'"

His cataract surgery was problematic. He developed glaucoma in his remaining good eye and the medicine he took to treat it made matters worse. Now he was facing total blindness. On top of everything else, his biological father was diagnosed with cancer, his first wife, Jill, died and his second marriage to Claire ended in divorce. Emotionally, he hit rock bottom.

"I felt like I was trying to be Atlas and carry the world on my back while going blind at the same time. It didn't make sense to me. I didn't understand why things were happening at that time. And then when I heard the story about the super bloom, it kind of made sense."

Super bloom is an explosion of flowers caused by a rapid change in the weather. Think of a severe drought. The drought starts wildfires. Homes are destroyed, lives are lost. Heavy rains follow causing massive flooding and more despair, a cataclysmic event, to be sure, but out of the ashes, new life emerges. Darryl continues the story in stand-up.

"There were droughts that cause great fires in LA County and what happened was the fire oxidized the soil and the rain flood was so strong that it caused a growth of poppies so beautiful that people all around the world came to see those poppies. It resurrected the commu-



nity's economic growth, and they called it a super bloom."

The story struck a nerve. Darryl not only identified with the concept of a super bloom, but he embraced it. He would emerge from the wreckage of his life a new and better version of himself.

Today, Darryl lives alone in an apartment that has been equipped with a special range, a voice-activated telephone, and smart devices that can be operated remotely. He thanks the CNIB for helping him with the transition and has mastered the art of independent living. He relies upon others only when needed, such as travelling for work and pleasure.

Earlier this year, he participated in *This American Life*, a revealing podcast on his transformation from skepticism to trust. There's talk of a book. His album *Super Bloom* is doing well across all platforms, and he continues to work on his dream of taking over the Yuk Yuks franchise. Dad survived the 2019 cancer scare and he and Darryl reconciled.

"I wrote him a letter and said, 'let's just be friends' and that seemed to resonate with him," says Darryl. "We've been pretty good since then."

His mornings start with meditation.

"I get up and I establish that first thought – this is who I am, this is where I'm going and then I come here and sit in my living room and do some breathing exercises and do some energy shifting stuff. Once I've done meditating, I lay on the couch and that's when I do my visualizations."

He says his disability has become a positive influence, taking him out of himself and being more reflective. In the early days, he was flippant and sarcastic. Today, he's more considerate. Don't be afraid of me or my disability he advises fans in this clip from his Super Bloom album.

"Don't be embarrassed. I can't see your handshake, so you're going to have to ask me to put your hands on me, so I can shake your hand. Otherwise, I'm going to miss your handshakes and I'll step on some toes."

Ever the jokester, he pauses to reflect.

"I feel I'm supposed to have a bigger impact this way. I feel I have a better grip on the future and the energy I'm projecting and receiving by not having eyes," he says. "Life isn't about me anymore."

"You know what's made the big difference? Not being selfish. I'll say it again, stop being selfish. One more time, stop being selfish. It's not about what's wrong with you, it's about accepting what's wrong with you and allowing time for people to adjust because once they accept you can be comfortable with you, they'll be comfortable with you."

He's blind but he's still ambitious. Blindness, he says is just another element in his journey.

"I like the idea of trying to make people feel good. I chase dreams. I'm very, very 'let's go get it.' I do dream big, so if people find it inspiring or role model, I'll take that, but I really think there's a lot more in all of us that we could be doing, so I try to push as hard as I can. I got a lot in me. My blackness, my blindness, those things are part of it, but neither one defines me." |

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# ROAMING GREAT BRITAIN

#### by KATE ROBERTSON

The forlorn screech of gulls is constant, and kestrels hover above the cliffs without twitching a feather. I welcome the brisk breeze from the North Sea, as even Britain, known for its cool, grey weather, has experienced heat waves this year, evidenced by the parched, golden fields.

I'm walking the Cleveland Way, a 175-kilometre trail, officially opened in 1969. It starts at the small inland market town of Helmsley and travels over various hills and dales across the romantic moorlands of the North York Moors National Park, to the coast, where it then follows the North Yorkshire coastline from Saltburn-by-the-Sea to Filey.

The path is part of the new English Coast Path, a national trail that when completed, will go around all of England's coast (4,500 kilometres), making it the longest managed and waymarked coastal path in the world.

The Coast Path routes are based on history (like Liberty Way), famous literary persons (like Bronte Way), or locations. The Cleveland Way was a route dreamed up by the Ramblers

Association (a UK walking charity founded in 1935 to protect and expand the places people love to walk), to run along the edge of the North York Moors National Park and link up the Cleveland Escarpment and the Yorkshire Coast.

Most people walk the Cleveland Way coastal path from north to south, to keep the prevailing winds at their backs, but for me, the gateway is Filey, at the south end. The taxi driver who has brought me here from the York train station, an hour away, tells me that Filey is his favourite seaside village. It's less crowded and touristy than some of the other towns up the coast, and where he likes to take his family for beach time, mini golf and boutique shopping. And, of course, for the fish and chips – there's a shop on every corner.

ABOVE | The author overlooking the Esk Valley from the moors.

RIGHT | Owners letting their sheep out on the moors. TOC | Whitby town with Whitby Abbey in background. *Photos: Kate Robertson* 

Marked by signs with distinctive black acorn symbols, the icon for the national paths, the Cleveland Way aims to stay as close to the coast as possible, usually on natural-surface trails. On day one, most of my 17-kilometre walk is easy-going, atop the cliffs overlooking the sea and alongside hay fields and grazing sheep.

I overnight in Scarborough, the largest seaside resort on the Yorkshire coast, snuggled next to a high rocky promontory atop which sits the mid-12th century Scarborough Castle.

The next morning, after a long promenade walk to circumvent town, the coastal route to Robin Hood's Bay is more challenging, with many more ups and downs through lush ferny headland valleys. These parts are slow going, and it takes six hours to complete the 26-kilometre section. My feet are sore by the time I walk up the steep hill through historic Robin Hood's Bay to catch a taxi to nearby Whitby, where my next hotel room is booked.

In Whitby, I join an HF Holidays group tour for another two days of walking, the first day another section of the coastal Cleveland Way, and the final day, a walk in the North York Moors National Park, which boasts one of the largest expanses of heather moorland in England and Wales. You can walk the British paths any time of year, but the best time in the moors is mid-August to mid-September, when the heather is blooming.



I'm used to hiking in the mountains of BC, where if you get off the trail, you can become dangerously lost. As it turns out, getting lost is also a problem on the moors, as the signage is often unclear, but our group leader and her trusty GPS keep us on track.

The sheep wander freely in the moors, laying along the side of roads and haphazardly crossing in front of moving vehicles. They are extremely passive, and barely look at my group as we tromp through their fields. Cows, however, are another story, and the experienced Brits in the group advise they always carry a hiking pole to fend off angry cows, which sometimes gang up to protect their herd (I'd already read that five people a year are killed by cows in the UK).

In the park, there are over 800 "scheduled monuments" (a site that's legally protected because of historical importance, like archaeological sites and ancient burial grounds), and we come across burial sites and boundary stones (stone markers that were

a landmark, or others where the meaning is unclear), some from as far back as Neolithic times.

Unlike Canada, where the federal government owns national parks, the UK National Park authority owns less than one per cent of the moors with 80 per cent owned by private estates and farmers who manage the land to support grouse shooting and sheep.

Historically, private moors were highly guarded by landowners for these purposes. Since 2000, however, due to public pressure, the government legislated a Countryside & Rights of Way Act, which gives the public the conditional right to walk in certain areas of the privately-owned countryside, including the moors.

Moorland owners continue to invest heavily in their grouse moors, employing gamekeepers to manage the land with the best interests for grouse preservation. Guests, including international hunters, pay exorbitant per diem rates for the privilege of a day's shooting.

"Whichever way you feel about grouse hunting," says Helen, our group guide, "without it we would lose the heather to invasive species like bracken. Grouse like the heather shoots and flowers, so they are carefully tended."

As we cross through our third moorland of the day, along a well-worn trail sandwiched by swaths of heather blazing in a smoky pink fashion show, I see her point.

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# WALKING MEDITATION TO REDUCE STRESS

#### by. NANCY J. SCHAAF

A recent survey by Nanos Research found that 46 per cent of Canadians feel more stressed, up from 21 per cent prenandemic.

Stress is a natural response to any event in our lives, and triggers may include work, family, finances or health. And while it is crucial to reduce and eliminate everyday stress, no one can avoid it entirely. When stress becomes overwhelming, it affects us with detrimental consequences to our well-being. It manifests in physical, mental and emotional symptoms such as abdominal and intestinal upsets, frequent headaches, body aches, high blood pressure, depression and anxiety.

How do we relieve stress in our lives and become happier and healthier? Stress management strategies can be tremendously helpful. Perhaps the best approach is to combine the stress relievers of meditation and exercise using a walking meditation. We relieve some of the physical stresses by walking, and meditation is a means of calming our inner spirit. Integrating our spirit, mind and body, we can use walking meditation to explore our life's purpose and the next steps on

Meditating while walking means we are essentially asking our mind to participate in what our body is doing. When focusing on the present moment, we reach a deeper connection with our body and surroundings, bringing awareness to what is happening within and around us.

Imagine how many more memories we could create, how many more details we may notice if we are actively experiencing life as we live it. Walking meditation is a way to experiment with this sort of awareness because we continuously navigate and interact with our environment for the duration with our eyes open, absorbing everything.

Walking meditation is more than just strolling around. Remember that you are training to be as mindful as possible. This practice is about being aware of your body and physical sensations as you move, and your mind and body are rooted in the present.

Choose when and where to practice. Most people prefer to practice walking meditation in a natural environment like a trail, park or by an ocean or lake. Set aside time for a planned walking meditation in nature, activating all your senses.

BC is home to 10 major mountain ranges, innumerable lakes, rivers, waterfalls, plus the ocean, the strait and countless bays. Your neighbourhood and local park areas also offer suitable locations for walking. Of course, going for a walk around a local park encompasses other elements that can give your mood a boost. Spending time in nature, being exposed to sunlight, and taking an interesting view can all help lift spirits.

What do you do in inclement weather? A cold, snowy, or rainy day or even a sweltering, humid day can test your desire for walking meditation. Try mall walking. Shopping malls of-





Every year from November till February thousands of eagles descend on the Harrison River to feed on the spawning salmon.

Spend a few days in Harrison, take a river boat tour, see the eagles and reconnect with nature.

ten open their doors early for walkers, and it is common to see people circling the mall on foot before the stores open.

Mall walking offers an indoor environment to avoid harsh weather and to walk on level ground, reducing the risk of trips and falls. Restrooms, water fountains, and benches to sit and rest are a bonus.

Before you begin your walk, take a moment to stand still, close your eyes, and breathe deeply, preparing yourself to let go of outside worries. Walk at a comfortable pace. How does your body feel moving? How do your feet feel planting into the ground on each step? As much as possible, walk at a steady pace. Decide what feels comfortable. Connect with your breath and be present.

Consider rolling your neck gently from side to side, letting go of tension in your shoulders. If the mood strikes, stop walking at a scenic location and take in the surroundings. What do you see in the distance? What is directly in front of you? How does the sky look? Do you hear birds or water? If you start worrying about your to-do list or other things, try focusing on your breath.

Before you finish, take a few deep breaths. As you inhale, be aware of how alive you are. Thank your senses for all the experiences they have allowed you to enjoy.

Walking meditation can leave you feeling calm and centred and help you connect to the experience of being in your body. Many people practice this form of meditation because it makes them happy and brings joy to their lives.

I walk every day, but after researching for this article, I realized I needed more focus for my thoughts. I tried the above suggestions and now my morning walk fills me with joy to calmly begin my day.

Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "It's not the destination, it's the journey."

Walking meditation is a powerful exercise inspiring the mind, body and spirit. Enjoy the journey and live in the moment.



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# IF I COULD SPEAK TO MY 50-YEAR-OLD SELF

#### by MARTIN DONNER

For those of us in our 70s and beyond, it seems like just yesterday we were 50! If time travel or other scientific marvels would allow us to send a message back to our 50-year-old selves, what would that message be? What have we learned in the last 20 or so years we wish we had learned earlier? I reached out to several people whose judgment I value, and here is what they say.

Educator Cynthia Prasow says, "I would remind myself to play, which is not childish in the least!" Paraphrasing from Stuart Brown's book Play: How It Shapes the Brain, Opens the Imagination, and Invigorates the Soul, Cynthia adds, "Play is the lubricant that enables us to work and be close to each other. Without it, it would be hard to live together."

Paul C., a successful businessperson, says at 50 he "was focused on goal-setting and achievement." He was clearly successful in that regard, but if he could go back, he says he would tell his 50-year-old self "to balance goal setting and achievement with community engagement and making time for meaningful friendships."

Making sure we make time for the people in our lives, especially family, was one of the common themes. A retired librarian says she would implore her 50-year-old self to "make more memories with family and friends. After all, there is always the chance some of them won't be here in 10 or 15 years."

Many say they wished they hadn't worried so much. Beverly Rossoff, a bone-marrow transplant survivor, who for decades worked with special needs children, says she would tell her 50-year-old self, "no matter how bad things are, don't worry. Life will happen for better or worse. Just remain strong and be positive - things will work out." Quoting writer Erma Bombeck, Beverly says, "Worry is like a rocking chair; it gives you something to do, but never gets you anywhere."

Lesley Larscheid says when she was in her 50s, she didn't worry about health issues, but now, "even though I know worrying doesn't help, I do worry about health issues, especially Tom's [her husband]."

Knowing Lesley, I expect she used the word "worry" instead of "concern" because as the author Harold Stephens noted, "there is a great difference between worry and concern. A worried person sees a problem; a concerned person solves a problem." Lesley says she and Tom, both avid golfers, follow the advice of the legendary golfer Walter Hagen, "you're only here for a short visit. Don't hurry, don't worry. And be sure to smell the flowers along the way."

Several years before his retirement from the practice of law, Tim Sehmer was keenly aware of the importance of planning for the future. He recognized the need for activities to replace the many long days spent at the office. For Tim, a lifelong sailor, that included purchasing several years before he retired a "new" sailboat (new for him, but actually 35 years old), which allowed him to set sail for Alaska shortly after retiring. Tim appreciated the importance of planning with his wife activities they could enjoy together following his retirement. He also

> recognized the need to replace work with other avenues of social interaction - these will be different for each of us, but for Tim they included bridge and getting involved in discussion groups.

Leonard Shane, a retired teacher, would urge his 50-year-old self to "not be too hard on himself." He adds, "don't put others or yourself down. Instead, be encouraging, say positive, uplifting things to yourself and others. If you do, the end results will surprise you." Another retired teacher, David Ellis, says he would encourage 50-year-



olds, "to walk away from people who don't value you because they don't know your worth, but you do."

Frosty Wooldridge, the 74-year-old cyclist/adventurer, says he would give his 50-year-old self the same message he gave his 20-year-old self, because that is when he "roared into each day with a sense of excitement, whether it was to climb a mountain, bicycle 100 miles or canoe into the sunset," all of which he says gave him great joy. Frosty adds, "cherish each moment because it will never come again. What we leave behind is not as important as how we have lived."

A few offered practical advice. One retiree says she would tell her 50-year-old self, "retirement isn't too far away, so start preparing! Think about how you will finance the (hopefully) 30 to 40 good years following retirement. Robertson Tait, the romantic/comedy novelist of *Scot Free in Hollywood* put it even more succinctly: "Buy Amazon stock!"

Investment portfolio manager A. Dattani advises, "retirement isn't about playing golf every day. It's having a number of interests, to be engaged in life, to cultivate and explore different things to enjoy, and to stay active both physically and mentally." Finding what those interesting activities are or taking those art, dance or acting classes you wish you had taken 30 years ago is as important as any other life-changing decision one can make because those choices could affect the rest of your life.

As someone in his 75th year, I can attest to the fact that life moves at an amazing speed, and as we age, it seems to move even faster. However, at whatever age, we can always learn from others.

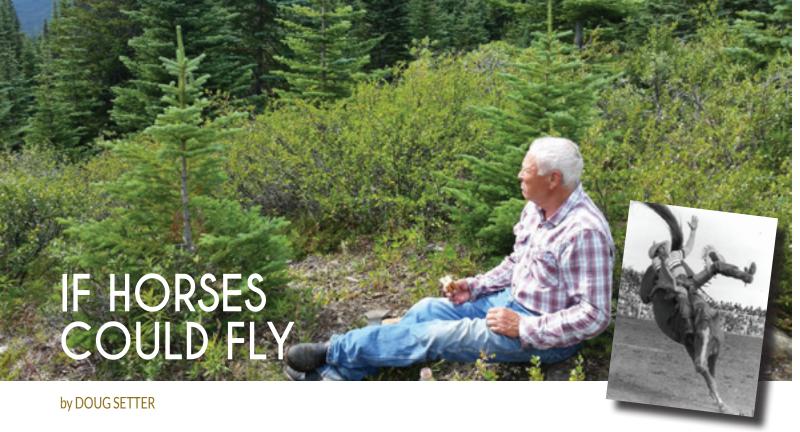
The clarion call of Mary Ann Evans (George Eliot), "It is never too late to be what you might have been" is as true today as it was when she said it. Today, we may not have a 50-year-old self with whom to share these thoughts, but I expect there are family members, friends and acquaintances in their 50s with whom we can. And let us not forget, as long as we're still breathing, we can make the most of this life!

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As the outfitter and his chief pilot shivered by their small fire, they could hear an angry bull moose grunting and crashing through the bush 25 metres away.

At the tail end of another 100 days of flying daily in the remotest part of BC, the Cessna 185 floatplane experienced an engine failure and the men had to conduct a forced landing (read "crash") through trees and into a lake along the BC/Yukon border. They forced their way out of the sinking plane and swam to shore.

Being experienced woodsmen, they immediately started a fire and hung their wet clothes to dry while they waited for help. Everything went down with the airplane, except their clothes, an axe, and a lighter.

Having grown up in the northern bush, they had a healthy respect for the wilderness. The outfitter, Nic Weigelt, 55, a former Canadian army paratrooper, lawyer, and pilot, is the manager and part owner of Jennings River Wild Adventures. He figured the fire would keep an angry visiting bull moose and local wolves away. But prepared a "safety tree" just in case.

The pilot of the ill-fated Cessna was 74-year-old Dale Trottier (pronounced Trotter), but everyone north of 55 degrees latitude knows him as "Trapper." If you ever fly into a ranch, float plane base or remote airstrip north of 55, from Churchill to Scoop Lake, from Fort Simpson to Yellowknife, and ask, "Hey, you seen Trapper around?" chances are the people will know exactly who you are talking about.

Lots of guys in the North are called Cowboy Smith or Trapper Joe, but there is only one Trapper. At age 15, he ran his own trapline and hence the nickname "Trapper" took hold. But it was horses that made him famous. Not the trotting or showy kind. The kind that bucked. This love of rodeo led him to become Canada's most winning professional rodeo cowboy, with seven national bareback titles.

Born in Black Diamond, Alberta, Trapper began his rodeo career in 1963. From 1968 to 1980, he placed fourth or higher in the Canadian standings. In 1970, he was the only Canadian to compete at the National Finals Rodeo held in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Later, Trapper taught and coached young bareback riders and acquired his commercial pilot's license. After retiring from the Pro-rodeo circuit, he began operating his own airplane service, which spread the cowboy's legend further.

Trapper is famous. A few years ago, Nic sent Trapper south to Kamloops and lost contact with him. One hour away from the mandatory 24-hour reporting period before calling SAR (Search And Rescue, which, of course, they have on speed dial), some ranching folks phoned Nic to say that Trapper had just topped up on fuel and had departed.

When he arrived back at Nic's hunting lodge, Trapper explained that strong head winds had "burned most of the fuel," so he had landed at a float plane dock at a ranch near Prince George. The ranch owners invited Trapper in for dinner and put him up for the night. The following day, they fueled up the plane and Trapper was off. When he arrived at his employer's dock, Trapper explained, "They knew who I was, I didn't know them at all. But really nice people. You owe them 350 bucks. Adios."

Such is the way of the Northern courtesy and candour.

One time, north of Clinton (former gold rush town between Vancouver and Prince George) Trapper's plane ran out of fuel, forcing him to land on the highway and park the plane at a rest stop. So, he took out his jerry cans and started hitchhiking. As he walked along the Cariboo Highway, a group of Satan's Angels bikers rode up on their motorcycles and began teasing Trapper.

They asked Trapper if his horse had run out of gas. He bluntly replied, no, his airplane was out of gas.

When they looked over at the Rest Stop and saw his airplane, the bikers invited Trapper to hop on and gave him a ride to the gas station, and then back to his airplane.

"I ran into them guys at Falklands stampede a couple of weeks later and had a few beers with them in the beer garden. Nice guys."

Even at 74, the cowboy pilot still hand pumps thousands of gallons of fuel, sometimes 100-gallons a day. Standing 5'8" and weighing only 160 pounds, he lifts 150-pound moose quarters in and out of the airplane and is not averse to fighting bigger men or telling a police officer to "get the f... off my airplane." You do not mess with Trapper.

Friends find that Trapper is an enigma, a walking contradiction. The things Trapper does, he's a master at. It's not that he says he's better than anyone, he just does it – 'it' being anything to do with airplanes, the bush or bucking horses. For instance, if you can't tie a proper bowline, you might be considered "dumber than a day-old coyote." If the tail of the knot is on the right, instead of the left, you are only worthy of a shake of the head.

When Trapper says, "I don't mean to be ignorant," fasten your seatbelt, because he's about to be unapologetically blunt. If you offer your opinion, like the bowline with a Yosemite finish is an even better knot, well, you better have your big boy pants on when he comes back at you.

One night, Nic went down to his dock and retied all the float ropes as rewoven figure 8s, which is a pretty reliable knot. By 7 a.m., they were all back to bowlines. "He's the hardest man I know and I know quite a few," says his friend and employer. "If he's ever been scared, he wouldn't show it. Not surprising, coming from a guy whose favourite line is: 'Shut up and die like a man."

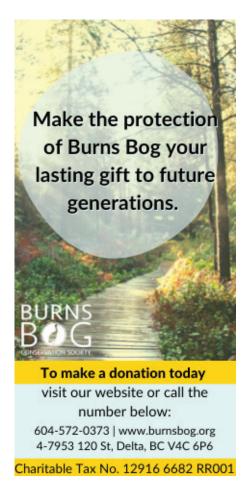
But under that hard, sometimes foul-mouthed, often sarcastic exterior is a sophisticated, highly intelligent, honourable man of merciless wit who is worldly wise and even had the opportunity to dine with the Queen.

As for being stranded, shivering, injured, listening to the wolves coming closer throughout the night and next morning and being visited by a couple of bull moose, Trapper and Nic managed to stay alive through the minus-seven-degree night. Fortunately, the aircraft's emergency locator transmitter's signal was picked up by a satellite.

Half-frozen and falling into hypothermia, they were finally located by 442 (SAR) Squadron and rescued. On the helicopter flight back into the town of Teslin, when they were told they were being MedEvaced to Vancouver, Trapper said, "Well, that ain't gonna happen." It was the end of the hunting season and, banged up as they were, they still had camps to tear down, horses to bring in and a whole bunch of other work to do. CAT scans could wait.

Such is the way of the North.

Doug Setter, BSc is a former soldier, paratrooper and competitive kickboxer. He works as a fitness trainer and is the author of seven books, including Flat Gut After 50. He can be reached at www. dougsetter.com





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# ODE TO A CANADIAN WINTER

#### by J. KATHLEEN THOMPSON

Travel having lurched to a near standstill these past few years, those winters spent under a palm tree in Mexico or a golf cart in Arizona are, for some of us, but distant memories. The list of those sun-lit pleasures we shelved in the name of a pandemic - walking barefoot on long, sandy beaches, reading under palm-thatched palapas, painting en plein air – forced us to confront what we truly needed to survive a Canadian winter. Perhaps it needn't be all about hammocks and poolside margaritas, perhaps it could simply be relishing the warmth we mustered by just staying home.

As a former snowbird now content to winter at home, may I refresh your memory of hibernations you 'endured' in winters gone by that were more than bear-able. Likely it started with the ritual harvesting and collecting in the summer and fall. Do you remember how important it was to be the 'ant' and not the improvident 'grasshopper' in your story, and the pride you felt in carefully stocking the provisions you needed to heat, clothe, feed and entertain yourself while in situ and housebound for an entire season?

The joy you experienced in gathering the things to bring warmth and hygge to a long winter's night – firewood, coloured lights and candles, an assortment of teas and soup

recipes, a library of good books and films and board games? And when you were well and truly buried for the winter, how those projects you always wanted to finish - the quilt, the woodcarving, the memoir you were writing, the Beethoven sonata you were learning – became cherished companions on a winter's day.

And do you recall that moment in a northern winter that always had a touch of magic to it; the one where you realize the snow cascading down in front of your window wasn't going to end anytime soon? And when you awoke, everything had succumbed to a blanketing of white, and one step outside had you knee-deep on a snowy Russian steppe waiting for Omar Sharif to arrive?

You would stand there transfixed, treasuring the brief time before that 'vast and soundless similitude that interlocks all' (thank you, Walt Whitman!) disappeared under the blades of shovels and plows, and a world that just wanted to get back on its feet again.

Eventually you would venture outside, donning those colourful handknit hats and mitts and sturdy fur-topped boots that all other hardy winter folk had also just pulled out from their winter chests. Winter wear wasn't just about comfort, it was about solidarity.



Yes, after the ease of southern living these past winters, you might find that the nostalgia aroused by all this stayat-home time recently is the one for your Canadian roots. For that toughness that nudges warmth and beauty out of unfriendly winters and unhuggable terrain. For that exclusive and hard-earned citizenship in the 'true north strong and free' that you are beginning to see is worthy of honouring and renewing each year.

And should you need any further convincing that you are truly a northerner-at-heart, perhaps you have yet to try forest-bathing a la Canadian? All you need to do is choose a slope of towering evergreens, strap on your snowshoes, and set forth, under a bower of spruce and fir, into a shimmer of snow, silence and sweet aromatic air. I don't think you'll miss those noisy air conditioners and mosquitoes on that walk into heaven on this side of the 49th parallel!







# KAMEHAMEHA THE GREAT: HAWAII'S FIRST KING

#### by RICK & CHRIS MILLIKAN

Exploring the life and times of Kamehameha the Great often enriches our sundrenched holidays on Hawaii Island...

A lifelike statue in little Kapa'au town honours this extraordinary king. Heading west, we find his secluded birthplace near Mookini Heiau, a 5th century temple outside Hawi. Born circa 1758, auspicious year of Halley's comet, Kahuna priests prophesied a noble infant like Kamehameha would become island king. Threatened, the ruling chief ordered his execution.

For five years, an uncle hid Kamehameha, secretly raising him in north Kohala's mountains. He and his father then moved into the lush Waipio Valley. As a youngster there, he practiced lifting and carrying heavy rocks. Along a quiet road outside Kapa'au, Kamehameha Rock demonstrates his astonishing boyhood strength.

When his father died, another uncle reared Kamehameha as his royal son. On their way to Kau, they stopped in Hilo at the sacred 12th century Naha Stone, an artifact now fronting the public library. Its plaque recounts how toddlers placed on the stone proved their chiefly bloodlines by simply not crying. When 14-year-old Kamehameha overturned the 5,000-pound lava slab, he far surpassed that standard! Attending Kahunas confidently foretold his future as the king who would unify Hawaii's Islands.

At Kealakekua Bay, we contemplate the white obelisk acknowledging Captain Cook's Hawaiian discoveries. Our catamaran skipper explains, "Cook arrived during Makahiki festivities honouring Lono, god of peace and prosperity. Gathered chiefs, including a young Kamehameha, sighted Cook's magnificent ships offshore, white sails billowing. They eagerly welcomed him believing he was Lono." When they met, he bedazzled them with alien gadgetry and potent gunnery.

Later, Captain Vancouver reported on Hawaiians' robust statures and skills. Kamehameha's 7-foot, 300-pound physique stood out. As six warriors hurled spears at Kamehameha, Vancouver observed him catch three with one hand, break two with his spear... and dodge the sixth!

Nearby Pu'uhonua o Honaunau provides glimpses into old Hawaii. Strolling its royal compound shaded by coconut trees, we visit palm-thatched workhouses displaying handmade bowls, tapa cloth and stone tools. A-frames shelter dugout canoes and fishing gear. Green turtles bask in the sandy cove where the ali'i launched outriggers. Lava-slab tables are set to play an ancient strategic game. By moving its coral pieces and lava bits wisely, Kamehameha became a renowned konane champion.

A huge basaltic stone wall separates Place of Refuge. At the ocean's edge, fierce ki'i guard Hale o Keawe, a mausoleum holding 23 revered chiefs' bones. Desperate kapu breakers

ABOVE | Place of Refuge.

RIGHT | Statue of Kamehameha the Great. Photos: Rick and Chris Millikan

swam to the adjacent rocky shore and entered the refuge. Eventually exonerated, Kahunas encouraged their return to village life. Even Queen Ka'ahumanu escaped here after quarreling with husband Kamehameha. Our map pinpoints the boulder she hid under.

The 1782 Battle of Moku'ohai occurred close by. Straddling outriggers in Ke'ei Bay, warriors threw spears, flung rocks, and clubbed foes. A shark-toothed knife killed warring cousin Kiwala'o. Leaderless, his warriors fled to Place of Refuge. Although subduing the chief of Maui, Molokai, and Lanai in 1795, Kamehameha had yet to subjugate another combative cousin who undermined his governing of Hawaii Island.

North of Kohala coast resorts, an immense reconstructed



temple tops Hill of the Whale. Storyboards tell us Kahunas counseled Kamehameha to summon his war god's support to defeat cousin Keoua. He built Pu'ukohala heiau, dedicating it to Ku. The construction strengthened his soldiers, who passed heavy stones hand-to-hand over 23-kilometres to the site. Considering Pu'ukohala's early completion a good omen, Kamehameha dispatched his army to crush Keoua at Kau.

Signboards on Kau Desert Trail illustrate the furious fighting along Moana Loa's slopes. One pictures the volcano's untimely eruption that devastated Keoua's army. Volcanic ash preserved their footprints. Convinced of his gods' disfa-







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vour, Keoua journeyed to Pu'ukohala to be sacrificed and secure peace. Kamehameha now controlled Hawai'i Island.

In Kailua-Kona, King Kamehameha Hotel showcases this eventful era. The lobby's large canvas pictures Kamehameha's royal compound, at one time encompassing hotel property. In the hallway, glass cabinets display feathered capes and helmets, shields, and bone-tipped spears.

Hawaiian artist-historian Herb Kane's paintings vividly portray village life, mythology, Kamehameha's key battles, and accomplishments. One represents 'law of the splintered paddle.' Responding to a shameful incident, Kamehameha's 1797 decree protected commoners from chiefs' aggressions and human sacrifices believed to enhance their mana, spiritual power. His proclamation renounced these brutal acts.

Our favourite depicts Kamehameha's fleet of 800 doublehulled war canoes. Carved from giant koa trees, they hoist European-style sails; some mount swiveling cannons over forward crossbooms.

The most dramatic work conveys Kamehameha's final triumph. Landing at Honolulu's original site, his veteran warriors drove Oahu's army upward through Nu'uanu Valley. Using long pololu spears, Kamehameha's phalanx of men pushed Oahu's defenders off high ocean cliffs... tumbling into swirling mists.

The chief of Kauai and Niihau agreed to peacefully join the Hawaiian kingdom in 1810. In uniting Hawaii's islands, Kamehameha fulfilled early prophecies. Two years later, he returned to live in his royal Kailua compound.

Beyond the hotel's white sand beach stands a replicated heiau once devoted to Lono. Healing golden plover ki'i flank Ahu'ena's entrance. Kamehameha administered his islands from its thatched drum house.

One problem involved Vancouver's gifted cows. Their feral calves were wreaking havoc in surrounding villages. He assigned a former sailor to wrangle these rampaging critters. John Parker's success led to Hawaii's profitable cattle industry. Still exporting beef and leather, Parker Ranch exemplifies a long-term success of Kamehameha's reign.

South of Kailua at Keauhou Bay, a small park's monument marks Kamehameha's second son's birthplace. He celebrated his birth by creating a Holua for land-sledding. Royal riders like his sons sped down this slick, pili-grass-covered track splashing into He'eia Bay a kilometre below!

Upon Kamehameha's 1819 death, Queens Ka'ahumanu, Keopuolani and eldest son Liholiho ruled the kingdom. They soon broke the kapu on women and men eating together. Just south of their Kailua compound, a stone cairn in a rugged lava field indicates the consequence.

Just above Kuamo'o Bay, Kamehameha's traditions-bound nephew and wife led their warriors into the bloody Battle of Kuamo'o to defend and reinstate ages-old practices. Using English firearms, Liholiho's forces overwhelmed these rebels. This victory ended restrictive religious and social conventions; heiaus were abandoned. Three months later, Queen Ka'ahumanu authorized missionary landings.

A New England-style church dominates Kailua's historic

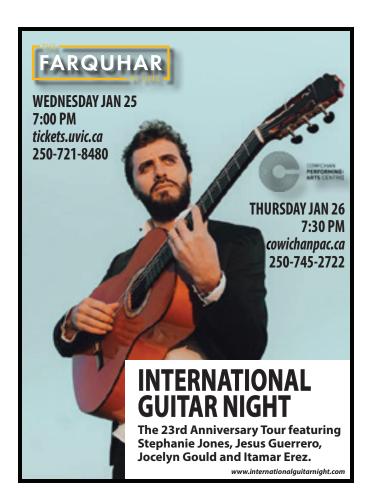
heart. Artifacts inside include a model of the *Thaddeus*. This first missionary ship landed here a year after Kamehameha's death. A newspaper clipping states that whaling deserters had replaced their small, thatched church by 1837. Salvaging coral and lava blocks from 15th century heiaus, they built stately Moku'aikaua, Hawaii's first Christian church.

Princess Ruth resided across the street in two-story Hulihe'e Palace. Like her great-grandfather, she presented a commanding figure. Among precious heirlooms, a sturdy bed and chairs accommodated her regal 400-pounds. Signifying hospitality, engraved pineapples embellish her finely crafted koa hardwood furniture. Family portraits of five distinguished Kamehameha kings and queens adorn living room walls.

Another great-granddaughter, Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop became Kamehameha I's last descendent. Believing Hawaii's future depended on education, she founded Kamehameha Schools applying her enormous inheritance. Through reinvestments, financier husband Charles increased her endowment to over nine billion dollars. And to preserve Hawai'i's cultural heritage, he established in her memory Bishop Museum.

In pursuing Hawaii's storied past, we deepen our understandings of Kamehameha's remarkable legacy.

For IF YOU GO information, visit www.seniorlivingmag.com/ articles/Kamehameha-the-Great-Hawaii



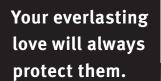




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# GOING WITH THE FLOW IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

by JANE CASSIE

When Mother Nature opens her floodgates, all you can do is go with the flow. Pre-Covid, my husband and I were on a Viking European River cruise from Budapest to Amsterdam, but because of high water levels, we ended up being bussed more than we were boated. Although it had been disappointing, the company did everything they could to make sure the trip was memorable and gave us a partial refund to be used on a future booking. We are back in Europe on this cruise to Southern France.

"The Saône River is too high," the pony-tailed cruise rep explained after we entered the train station at Chalon-Sur-Saône. "So, we'll be shuttling you to Lyon, the second stop on your itinerary." It was impossible to hide our shell-shocked faces. "Are you kidding?" It felt like instant déjà vu. "Not to be concerned," she said, nonchalantly. "It will all work out."

Clearly these unplanned occurrences happen more often than we realized. And it was not boldly outlined when we booked both pricey holidays. But there was no point shedding tears over it – no need to add more water around us!

The bus trip to Lyon took an hour and a half, during which time we quickly made new friends with a couple from Baltimore and another from Vancouver. The six of us soon became inseparable travelling buds.

When we arrived, the cruise staff seemed laissez-faire

about the situation, brushing it off with cordial service. Checkin was organized, and within short order, we were introduced to our stateroom, our floating (hopefully) oasis for the next eight days.

Every night, prior to dinner, the ship's director gave us the following day's itinerary and an outline of tour options for us to choose.

Because they didn't want to veer off promised plans, all original tours were a-go. We could get on another bus for a two-hour ride back to Beaune, in Burgundy, where we'd partake in a wine tasting tour. Or we could go to Cluny, which was even further, for a paid optional tour. Lastly, our choice, was a leisurely day on board with shopping in nearby Lyon. No bustle, no busyness and NO busses!

Even though we would rather be cruising, there was plenty to do over the next three days in France's third largest city. We wandered the crooked streets that veered away from large courtyard squares where the likes of Louis XIV and other historians were immortalized in bronze.

ABOVE | Tournon-sur-Rhône Steam Train ride. RIGHT | Group photo Avignon Bridge backdrop. TOC | Old Town Lyon. *Photos: Brent Cassie* 

Trendy shops and boutiques bordered these pedestrian pathways and nearly two thousand restaurants offered gastronomical delights. As well as luring the gourmands, Lyon is known for its textiles and silk production. I walked away after our first day with three colourful scarves.

With so many historical and architectural wonders (some dating back to Roman Times), it's no surprise that Lyon has been deemed a UNESCO World Heritage Site. On our second day, we toured the oldest area, Vieux Lyon, that snuggled up to the right side of the Saône River.

A labyrinth of ancient streets led us away from the epicentre where the Roman-Gothic cathedral of St. Jean still proudly stands. And connecting these laneways are over 300 passageways, known as traboules. "These were used to transport looms during the era of silk production," our tour guide tells us. "They also came in handy during the Second World War as escape routes."

Speaking of escaping, on the third day we finally cast off and were soon breezing by villages, scooting beneath bridges and dipping down into concrete locks. Over a dozen of these engineered marvels were lodged along our route, making the river levels passable.

Despite the hiccups, Viking maintained their reputation for cuisine excellence throughout our voyage, from breakfast buffets to full-course meals, topped off with complementary wine and beer. They were even able to accommodate my special dietary requests with delicious and beautifully presented meals.



Although we were finally cruising, a lot of water travel on this route was done at night, so there was little opportunity to enjoy that iconic river cruise experience. And even when we were coasting, because of the higher water levels, the top-viewing deck never opened while we were on the move.

We had three ports of call over the next three days and all the land tours were great. In Vienne, we explored its ancient roots by checking out the amazing Roman museum. In the town of Tournon-sur-Rhône, we boarded a steam train and got postcard



Handyman. *Bill* was able to make just about anything with his hands until chronic illness and a stroke robbed him of his ability to work and care for himself. Your donation to Eldercare will give seniors like Bill the chance to be creative and work with their hands again by funding art and gardening therapy programs.

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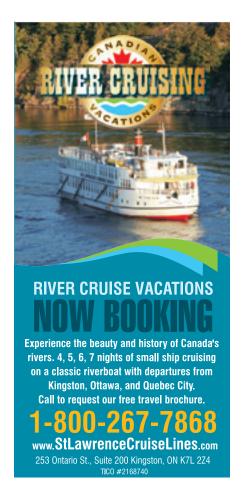
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views of lush valleys and flourishing gorges. And in Viviers, we wandered the twisted lamplit streets and learned about life in this community that dated back to the Middle Ages.

While spending the final two days docked in Avignon, we were bussed to Arles, the place of inspiration for Vincent Van Gogh. And as a grand finale, we ended up cruising one more time up the Rhône, to the famous Avignon bridge.

Lights illuminated the four surviving arches on this structure that was built in 1345. It was a perfect backdrop for one last group photo and a final au revoir to new-found friends. Though there were glitches along the way, some wonderful memories and friendships were made. And over the past eight days, while voyaging Southern France, we all managed to go with the flow.

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# DEBBIE & RANDAL

"I had to believe that love still existed," reflects Debbie, widowed nine years ago from her high school sweetheart, whom she met at age seven, dated at 17, and eventually married.

"We had been married for 32 years when I lost him to cancer at 50."

The writer and retired lawyer said she eventually started dating because she felt there would be someone else out there that would be right for her. But she had only ever been with her late husband, so she had a thing or two to learn.

Debbie tried out different dating sites, started blogging about her various experiences, and eventually wrote a memoir-style book about it all.

"I liked being married and I really wanted another forever," she says, "so I persevered."

In her fifth year of online dating, after she had learned how to short-cut prospective dates that didn't align with her "forever" goal, she was messaged one day by Randal. He had not only taken the time to read much of her blog about dating, but also noticed and liked her VAN shoes, and then invited her to tea for a first date.

"He was chivalrous and respectful," says Debbie, "and he gave us time to get to know each other. First, we decided to try being friends, and we had a lot of fun together. When we later started going on weekend trips, he always booked two rooms."

Randal also accepted her late husband into their growing relationship. "He likes George, too," she says, and made room for his memory in their life together.

"And when my AC broke down," she adds, "he cared about helping me deal with it. He was interested in me and my life and not just in our romance."

The couple kept separate residences, 35 minutes apart in different towns, for a long time. They would see each other on weekends and during the week, while he was still working, and she was completing an MFA in creative writing.

"We missed each other a lot," they echo.

Three years into their relationship, they decided it was time to live together.

"We were tired of driving back and forth."

They each sold their houses and found one, seaside, they both loved.

"I had been in my home for 27 years and moving on from it was really a good thing to do," says Debbie.

Now, four years after their initial date, and both retired, they are happy to have found each other.

"I liked her because she was always herself," adds Randal.

Available As Is: A Midlife Widow's Search for Love, by Debbie Weiss, is now available on Amazon.

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# **FOREVER FIT**

by EVE LEES

# SHOULD YOU EXERCISE WHEN ILL?

Feeling under the weather? Let your symptoms decide whether to skip your workout.

Light exercise is generally safe, especially if you're a reasonably fit person with 'above-the-neck' symptoms of illness, such as a running nose, sneezing and no sign of fever.

If you have 'below-the-neck' symptoms, however, rest and get over the illness before working out. These symptoms include extreme fatigue, muscle aches, vomiting, diarrhea, chills, swollen glands or a hacking cough. And never exercise with a fever. When your body temperature is above 37 C, your body is fighting a virus. Exercise during this time will increase the risk of dehydration, heatstroke and possible heart failure for the very susceptible.

Heavy endurance exercise increases stress hormones that will impair the immune system. Between three and 72 hours after a tough workout, a weakened immune system can't fight viruses and bacteria. A sore throat may indicate an infection, and your immune system won't be as strong to fight it if you continue to stress it with vigorous exercise.

Feeling rotten indicates your body is shutting down everything except essential functions so your energy is used to fight the invading viruses. The body needs to use all its available protein to strengthen it, not rebuild exercised-stressed muscles. You can't "work out" the illness with a strenuous exercise session. You'll just make the sickness worse.

Light to moderate activity is fine for a mild cold, so if your symptoms are minor and you decide to exercise, lighten the intensity of the workout. Gentle exercise may help increase your circulation enough to help the body remove the offending virus or bacteria. But don't let your heart rate or body temperature increase too much.

Even if your symptoms are mild, don't infect others. A crowded gym is not the place to be if you're sneezing and

coughing. Exercise at home or outdoors as weather permits.

Don't let temporary illness discourage you and cause you to stop your exercise program permanently. Instead, do gentle stretching exercises at home while you rest and drink plenty of fluids. Think about returning to exercise when your body is ready. When you return, allow at least two days at a lower intensity for each sick day. Give your body time to get back into a regular routine.

Also, consider exercising sensibly so you won't become sick - especially during flu season. Physical activity of light to moderate intensity can keep your immune system strong. Researchers have linked regular exercise to an improved immune function response. During light to moderate exercise, immune cells circulate more quickly throughout the body and are more efficient at destroying viruses and bacteria.

Highly intense exercise will temporarily "shut down" your immune system and weaken it over time. Therefore, hard trainers should get sufficient rest after a gruelling workout. A healthy, well-balanced diet will also help fight disease. In addition, "carb-up" before, during and after prolonged and intense exercise. Carb-up means eating carbohydrate-rich foods like whole grains, fruit, vegetables and root vegetables.

Also, keep your stress levels to a minimum; for example, space out your more strenuous workouts throughout the week, such as alternating light workouts with the more vigorous

ones.

Generally, the fitter and healthier you are, the stronger your body will be, even during illness. Mild activity can still be pursued. But if you're really feeling run down, especially for those who are less fit, take a few days off.

**Eve Lees** has been active in the health & fitness industry since 1979. Currently, she is a Freelance Health Writer for several publications and speaks to business and private groups on various health topics. www.artnews-healthnews.com





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by LAURIE MUELLER

# CHOOSING THE 'RIGHT' MUG

Each morning, my husband makes me coffee and delivers it wherever I am: just waking up and still in bed; in the easy chair journalling; or at my desk writing a draft of something to be submitted. This morning, as I hurried into the shower because I knew he was making coffee, I started wondering how he chooses the mug he hands me each morning.

A romantic by nature, I carefully select my mug whenever I make myself a hot drink. And I spend time looking at ads for new mugs or walking through gift shops looking for the right mugs to add to my collection. When friends come over, I give them a mug I think is appropriate or ask them to choose one.

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You see, we have many different mugs. Some are functional, some are pretty, some have writing on them. Some are bigger and some are smaller.

My favourites include a hummingbird on a blue and grey background and the one I'm drinking from right now, which is white with red writing and a black line drawing of a woman lying on a couch facing us with only two red pillows in front of her naked body. The slogan says, "If you're going to make wild passionate love to me, I've only got one thing to say... HURRY!"

And my other favourite is a taller mug that my successor gave me upon retirement. It says, "Drink tea, read books, be cozy." Some days I feel like the red mug from Hawaii, other days I prefer a fancy fine China mug bought at the BC Ferries gift shop.

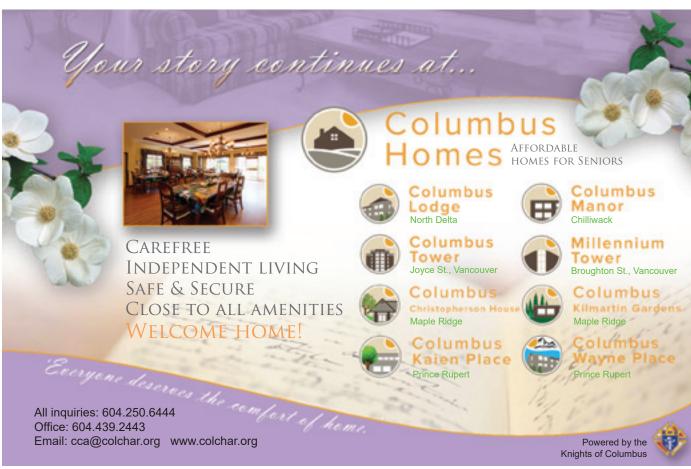
But, back to my question of the day. How does my husband choose the right mug for me each morning? Is he giving me a wish for the day? Is he influenced by his mood? Does he grab the one nearest?

And so, I asked him as he handed me the "make wild passionate love" one this morning and he stopped and looked at me, looking pleased that I asked. He raised his hands to demonstrate as he said, "I always take the back one." He motioned his hands as if moving the cups out of the way to reach one at the back.

I had to ask, didn't I? There should have been no question at all. One of the reasons he and I make such a good team is that I'm the romantic one while he is the rational (witty) one.

But now I know how to arrange the mugs in the cupboard.

Laurie Mueller, M.Ed is retired and lives in Victoria with her husband, Helmuth. She recently published The Ultimate Guide on What to Do When Someone You Love Dies on Amazon. To reach Laurie: laurie@lauriemconsulting. com or www.lauriemconsulting.com or on Facebook.





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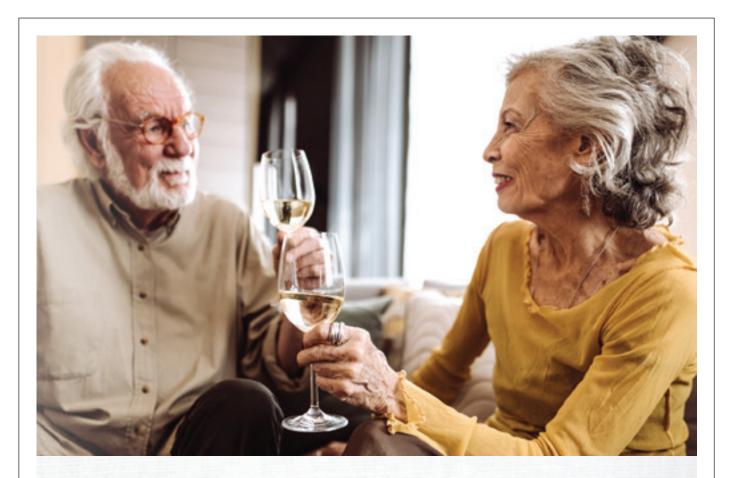
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