Reader's digest

CONTENT CANADIANS TRUST
JAN/FEB 2018

How to Banish the Winter Blues

PAGE 30

LOVE ON THE TRANSPLANT LIST

PAGE 40

SNOW WALKER: LOST AND ALONE IN A WHITEOUT

PAGE 48

SAY GOODBYE TO BULLIES

PAGE 78

10 STRATEGIES FOR A QUIETER LIFE

PAGE 66

INSIDE THE DOOMSDAY SEED VAULT

PAGE 88

Pain Relief for Men with Know-How

You were the top guy. No one could figure stuff out better than you. Guys marvelled at your skills. You don't call the repair-man.

But lately, pain and stiffness are getting in the way. Untwist your joints. Try **Lakota Joint Care** for pain relief. The choice for men with know how.

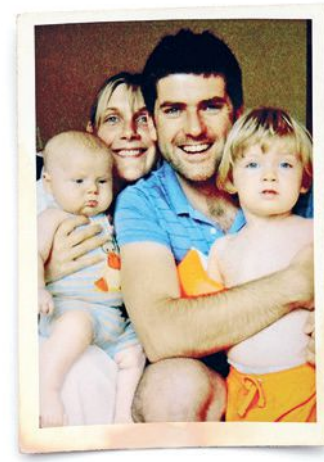
Get Medicine that Works!

Women, help your guy be the top man again. Get him Lakota Joint Care. And Lakota Joint Care is strong enough for a woman's joint pain.

Lakota Joint Care provides miraculous pain relief the traditional way, with natural pain relievers. Try it for 30 days to see if it works for you. Money back guarantee.

Contents

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2018



P. | 96

ILLUSTRATION BY JEFF KULAK

JOHN COGILL/JC PICTURES LTD.

Vol. 192 | No. 1,146
JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2018

P. | 84

READER FAVOURITES

JOE BRYKSA / *WINNIPEG FREE PRESS*

P. | 10

ART OF LIVING

GET SMART!

JESSICA DEEKS

Editor's Letter

Guiding Light

IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME to figure out that I have seasonal affective disorder (SAD)—not least of all because I'd loved winter for decades. No matter the temperature, I went out for daily walks, admired snowfalls and didn't let the elements interfere with my plans.

Then, several years ago, there was a shift. It began subtly enough, with a diminished enthusiasm for winter. Over time I began to feel burdened by the effort of trekking through drifts, navigating slush puddles and clearing the car. Eventually I was warding off the early sunsets by winding down my social life and staying home to watch TV. I turned into a seasonal hermit, which made me feel blue. When even British period dramas couldn't lift my mood, I knew I had a problem!

Luckily there are a number of effective ways to manage SAD. This month's cover feature, "How to Banish the Winter Blues" (page 30), explores the effects of the condition, its underlying causes and how to treat it. In my case, a light-therapy box helped ease my winter doldrums. Next up: a return to cross-country skiing.

To lift your spirits, we've also included some inspiring features in this issue. Don't miss "Love on the Transplant List" (page 40) by Winnipeg writer Susan Peters and "A Recipe for Success" (page 56) by essayist Adam Gopnik for a reminder of what truly matters: our connections to others. Enjoy! R

Dominique

Send an email to **dominique@rd.ca**

ROGER AZIZ

Reader's digest

Published by the Reader's Digest Magazines Canada Limited, Montreal, Canada

Christopher Dornan **Chairman of the Board**

Dominique Ritter **Editor-in-Chief**

Ashley Leon **Advertising, Head of Sales and Sales Strategy**

Executive Editor Stéphanie Verge
Senior Editor (on leave) Sarah Liss
Senior Editor Micah Toub
Associate Editor Megan Jones
Editorial Intern Meagan Boissé
Contributing Editor Samantha Rideout
Proofreader Katie Moore
Senior Researcher Lucy Uprichard
Researchers Martha Beach, Andrea Bennett, Alyssa Favreau, Katherine Laidlaw, Nicole Schmidt, Leslie Sponder
Copy Editors Chad Fraser, Amy Harkness, Richard Johnson
Web Editor Brett Walther
Assistant Web Editor Robert Liwanag

Art Director John Montgomery
Assistant Art Director Danielle Sayer
Graphic Designer Pierre Loranger
Content Operations Manager Lisa Pigeon
Circulation Director Edward Birkett

Contributors: Roger Aziz, Andrea Bennett, Anne Bokma, Alexandra Caufin, Nishant Choksi, Matthew Cohen, Michelle Crouch, Matthew Daley, Marcel Danesi, Jessica Deeks, Aimée van Drimmelen, Andrew Duffy, Simon Fitzmaurice, Elinor Florence, Thomas Fricke, Adam Gopnik, Patricia Gould, Danielle Groen, Steven P. Hughes, Alyssa Jung, Roderick Kimball, Jennifer Cockrall-King, Susan Camilleri Konar, Jeff Kulak, Dominique Lafond, Corinne Langston, Sydney Loney, Andre Mayer, Vanessa Milne, Joe Morse, Dilia Narduzzi, Trish Newport, Jacqui Oakley, Finn O'Hara, Christina Palassio, Paul Paquet, Susan Peters, Ian Riensche, Darren Rigby, Courtney Shea, Beth Shillibeer, Fraser Simpson, Sébastien Thibault, Conan de Vries, Victor Wong

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION (CANADA) ULC

President Brian Kennedy | **Legal** Barbara Robins

Product Manager, Magazine Marketing Mirella Liberatore

Production Manager Lisa Snow **Advertising Account Managers**
Toronto Marjorie Callaghan, Sandra Horton, Kathey Stanton
Montreal Linda Desrochers, Pat Tramley **Vancouver** Robert Shaw.
Head of Marketing Solutions (on leave) Melissa Williams
Head of Marketing Solutions (acting) Marcus Reiner

121 Bloor Street East, Suite 430, Toronto, ON M4W 3M5

TRUSTED MEDIA BRANDS

President and Chief Executive Officer Bonnie Kintzer

Editor-in-Chief, International Magazines Raimo Moysa

Print subscriptions, $32.97 a year, plus $8.99 postage, processing and handling. Please add applicable taxes. Outside Canada, $53.96 yearly, including postage, processing and handling. (Prices and postage subject to change without notice.) ISSN 0034-0413. Indexed by the Canadian Periodical Index. Single issue: $4.95.

Canada **We acknowledge with gratitude the financial support of the Government of Canada. / Nous remercions le Gouvernement du Canada pour son appui financier.**

vividata Alliance for Audited Media The New Audit Bureau of Circulations Magazines Canada

Reader's Digest publishes 10 issues per year and may occasionally publish special issues (special issues count as two), subject to change without notice.

HOW TO REACH US

CUSTOMER SERVICE customer.service@readersdigest.ca
Reader's Digest Customer Care Centre, P.O. Box 970 Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 0K2

EDITORIAL OFFICE 1100 René Lévesque Blvd. W. | Montreal, QC H3B 5H5 | editor@rd.ca, rd.ca

FOR SERVICE TO SUBSCRIBERS Pay your bill, view your account online, change your address and browse our FAQs at rd.ca/contact.

MAIL PREFERENCE Reader's Digest maintains a record of your purchase and sweepstakes participation history for Customer Service and Marketing departments, which enables us to offer the best service possible along with quality products we believe will interest you. Occasionally, to allow our customers to be aware of other products and services that may be of interest to them, we provide this information to other companies. Should you wish, for any reason, not to receive such offers from other companies, please write to: Privacy Office, Reader's Digest, P.O. Box 974, Station Main, Markham, ON L3P 0K6. You may also write to this address if you no longer wish to receive offers from Reader's Digest or should you have any questions regarding your record or wish to examine or correct it.

Contributors

ALEXANDRA CAUFIN
(Writer, "The Quieter Life," page 66)

Home base: Toronto. **Previously published in** *enRoute* and *Azure*. **One of the reasons why people often appear** unfocused, nervous or irritable is that they haven't given themselves the time to process all the audio and visual stimuli they experience in a day. **Settling into moments of quiet** can be difficult—it's an exercise in control and perseverance.

BETH SHILLIBEER
(Writer, "Word Power," page 117)

Home base: Montreal. **Previously published in** the *Calgary Herald*. **Who wants to waste away in a vocabulary desert?** Discovering new words is like finding a spring of fresh water. We need to drink deeply. **My new favourite term is** "hygge." The Danish word describes the feeling you get when you come in from the cold or sit by the fire with loved ones. Life doesn't get better than that!

JEFF KULAK
(Illustrator, "How to Banish the Winter Blues," page 30)

Home base: Vancouver. **Previously published in** *The Walrus* and *Nouveau Projet*. **It's good to be reminded of** the role sunlight can play in moderating wintry moods. When the weather is fair, I make a point of getting outside. **My favourite cold-weather activities are** baking bread, wearing sweaters and spending a stormy weekend at a cabin with friends.

JACQUI OAKLEY
(Illustrator, "Mahmoud and the Mint," page 36)

Home base: Hamilton, Ont. **Previously published in** *The New York Times* and *The Guardian*. **Gardening is a lot like art.** You have to find plants of different sizes, hues and textures to interest the eye. **Although I tend to colour in my work** digitally these days, I like producing a hand-drawn look—drawing with ink gives me that satisfaction.

(OAKLEY) JEFF TESSIER

Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES

A FULLER PICTURE

Reader's Digest was a staple in my household when I was growing up. However, about seven years ago, I picked up a copy and I couldn't help but notice what was missing from its pages. The stories, while they were about the human condition, didn't feature families that looked like mine, or many of the families in my city. I stopped reading the magazine. A few weeks ago, I was drawn back to the publication, intrigued by the photo of Buffy Sainte-Marie on the November cover. As I flipped through the pages, I was pleasantly surprised to see a new *RD*, one that is far more reflective of my experience and the diverse city I call home. I believe the media has an important role to play in creating communities that are welcoming and tolerant. Thank you for capturing a fuller snapshot of what it means to be Canadian in 2017.

NADIA C., ***Vancouver***

MATT BARNES

LIVED EXPERIENCE

Jann Arden shared some beautiful memories in "Cooking With Love" (November 2017). Her description of how Alzheimer's crept into her mother's life and how she, in turn,

had to find a way to understand and cope with the illness, was poignant. My mom also suffered from this confusing disease, and I appreciated hearing how Jann dealt with a parent's memory loss.

DOROTHY CLOET, *Tilden Lake, Ont.*

BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

I was touched by "Green Eggs and Sam" (November 2017). It's so sweet how Sam, the blind chicken, bonded with Ping the cat. Perhaps their connection is charming in part because they hadn't yet learned to be afraid of one another. I love stories like these, about animals who develop unlikely, loving friendships.

HOLLY HAMILTON, *Calgary*

MEANT TO BE

After reading "I Want to Forgive" (October 2017), I kept thinking about how difficult a journey it must have been for Wilma Derksen to come out of the darkness following the murder of her daughter. I was struck that a chance encounter with a taxi driver helped her understand what it means to truly forgive. Their sincere conversation about the importance of embracing the present was profound. What an inspiring article. Thank you so much for including it in your 70th anniversary issue!

SHAYLA DUBILOWSKI, *Winfield, B.C.*

BIRTHDAY BUDDIES

I was born around the same time as *Reader's Digest* Canada: October 13, 1947. During our seven decades together, I'd like to think we've both brought joy, love and humour into the lives of those we've touched. In my 40 years as a teacher, I've always appreciated exploring a variety of topics and discovering something new. My teaching philosophy involves staying up to date with relevant information so as to keep my students captivated and hungry for more. I'm happy that *RD* has done the same for its readership. May we keep going strong and never, ever slow down!

CAROLYN WIEBE, *Vancouver* R

Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

WRITE TO US!

We want to hear from you! Have something to say about an article you read in *Reader's Digest*? Send your letters to letters@rd.ca. Please include your full name and address.

Contribute Send us your funny jokes and anecdotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader's Digest*, we'll send you $50. To submit, visit rd.ca/joke.

The one New Year's resolution I kept was to...

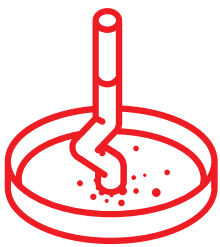
...always have fresh flowers

and chocolates at home. Resolutions like these add something valuable and upbeat to life.

DIANE DAKERS, VICTORIA

...learn at least one new word every week.

ABDULLAH TANZEEM ANSARI, HAMILTON, ONT.



...stop smoking.

NORMA ARMSTRONG, CAYUGA, ONT.

...get my blood-sugar surges under control.

M. EVELYN WAKE, CAMBRIDGE, ONT.

...travel

to every province and territory in Canada in 2017.

CALEIGH ALLEYNE, TORONTO

...be kinder to myself.

DEBBIE BROWNE, SPRUCE GROVE, ALTA.

Visit the **Reader's Digest Canada** *Facebook page for your chance to finish the next sentence.*

After being diagnosed with breast cancer in the same week, two Ottawa sisters are raising money for state-of-the-art equipment that will help women like them

Screen Test

BY ANDREW DUFFY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSICA DEEKS

REBECCA HOLLINGSWORTH and Mary Ellen Hughson are used to sharing everything. Born four years apart, the sisters grew up as the best of friends in Ottawa before pursuing careers in education and becoming mothers. More recently, they've spent early mornings, late evenings and weekends together at the ice rink, watching their five children play competitive hockey.

So when Hollingsworth was diagnosed with breast cancer in November 2016 at the age of 44, she immediately thought of her younger sister, who had discovered a small lump on her breast a few months prior.

Hollingsworth took Hughson aside that day. "I said, 'Mary Ellen, you have to get checked out—I didn't even have a lump.'" Less than a week later, Hughson was diagnosed with the same disease as her sister: invasive ductal breast cancer.

Healthy eaters and avid volleyball players, the siblings were shocked by their diagnoses, especially since there was no family history of cancer. Extensive DNA testing revealed that their cases weren't genetic but rather unlikely accidents of fate.

Together, the sisters endured chemotherapy and radiation, lost their hair, and recovered. They've since joined forces to raise money to help

An estimated one in eight Canadian women gets breast cancer in her lifetime. Rebecca Hollingsworth (pictured) and her sister, Mary Ellen Hughson, want to collect $250,000 to help fight the disease.

bring the best in screening technology to the Ottawa Hospital Breast Health Centre, including a specialized imaging machine—the 3 Tesla MRI, which costs $4 million—that's particularly effective for people with dense breast tissue.

Dr. Jean Seely, head of breast imaging at the Ottawa Hospital, says the state-of-the-art technology can help doctors detect cancer in its earliest stages: "This is the best tool that's available, and it's particularly effective in difficult cases." With its ability to find tumours through dense tissue, the imaging machine can significantly cut down on wait times between diagnosis and treatment.

The sisters aim to raise $250,000 through their Tree of Hope campaign by sharing their story and organizing special events, such as an online auction and a partnership with local hair salons. They've already gathered more than $125,000.

"We feel very blessed," says Hughson. "We had great care and we want to give back. Screening technology can make a difference for someone who finds herself in our position."

Hughson and her sister were fortunate to discover their disease before it spread—and it was all thanks to a hockey tournament in Boston.

On a Saturday night in early November 2016, Hollingsworth's 13-year-old son, Owen, was prepping for an early morning game and insisted that everyone turn out the lights at 8:30 p.m.

Without the usual distractions, Hollingsworth decided to conduct a breast self-exam. While she didn't find a lump, she did notice that her right breast felt different—"thicker"—than her left. A mammogram later that week revealed a tumour; five smaller tumours then showed up on an MRI.

Hughson's cancer was trickier to diagnose: her first mammogram didn't reveal anything definitive, but a follow-up ultrasound and biopsy were conclusive. The cancer was nearing Hughson's lymph nodes when it was discovered; doctors told her it was about a month away from spreading.

While Hughson credits her sister with saving her life, Hollingsworth thanks Owen: "If my son had let me watch Netflix that night, I wouldn't have done a breast exam."

Going through treatment at the same time was both difficult and comforting. For eight months, the sisters talked every day and took turns lifting each other's spirits.

"I wish Mary Ellen had never experienced cancer, but on some level, it was beautiful that we did this together. She's my dearest friend," says Hollingsworth. "It's unbelievable that such a thing could happen. But it did, we got through it and now we're on the other side." R

Life's Like That

"And tonight we have a special guest lecturer with a particular interest in climate change."

SUSAN CAMILLERI KONAR

TIMING IS EVERYTHING
Please don't start pretending to like me just because I'm sick or dying. Please start pretending to like me now, when I can use it.

@REDISDEAD

SEEMS UNFAIR
Oh, what, so only roosters are allowed to start the day with screaming?

@FIGGLED

I'M WATCHING TWO CROWS fight over a toothbrush. Crows don't even have teeth; it's just capitalism making them want things they don't need.

@ALAN_MAGUIRE

ATM DRAMA
Please insert your card.
Do not remove card.
Do not remove card.
Do not re-
REMOVE CARD NOW! REMOVE IT NOW! OH MY GOD, ARE YOU CRAZY? GET IT OUT!

@INFINITESIMULL

I WROTE A HORROR STORY. It's called "I just lost my phone in my blankets for six minutes."

@HASHTAG_STACKS

Send us your funny stories! They could be worth $50. See page 8 or visit rd.ca/joke for more details.

Workin' Moms creator Catherine Reitman on being imperfect, tackling controversial topics and focusing more on dads

Modern Motherhood

BY COURTNEY SHEA

ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN

We've been saying that women can have it all for a long time now, but your show isn't always so optimistic. What's your take?
I think the most honest answer I can give is that you can have degrees of it all as long as you're willing to compromise. You can have a foot in motherhood and career and relationship, but there are going to be days when your relationship is stronger and others when you feel like you're killing it as a mom. In my experience, women don't tend to get everything on the same day.

The show has resonated with a lot of actual working mothers. Is there one scene in particular they most often want to talk about?
At the end of the pilot, my character, Kate, is struggling after returning to

her job as a PR exec following her mat leave. Her co-workers don't see her as the kick-ass professional she used to be, and her husband is telling her that she can always just stay home. She misses her child's first word because she's stuck at the office and, the next day, she's jogging in a park with her son when she stumbles upon a bear, which roars at her. Even though your first instinct would most likely be to turn and run, she steps in front of her child and screams back. For me the scene is a battle cry for working mothers and, really, for any human being who's in the middle of an identity crisis.

At the end of Season 1, a major character decides to terminate her pregnancy. Why was telling that story important to you?

I wanted to show that this is a completely acceptable and legal thing for a woman to do if she has an unwanted pregnancy. I read somewhere that the majority of women who receive abortions already have children, and I thought, Wow. Who better to realize the strain of having a child—whether it's emotional, financial or professional—than a person with a family already?

I wanted to show a woman who was content with her choice and is looking forward to her future with her husband and her children.

Your mother, Geneviève Robert, has worked as an actress. Did her relationship with her own career inform yours?

My mom, who is amazingly talented, could have continued to work but she sacrificed her career when she had me and my siblings. On the one hand, I'm so grateful to have had this incredibly present, generous mother. But a part of me has always wondered, What if she kept going? A lot of women my age feel guilt and wonder if our mothers regret quitting. And now, of course, there's a new expectation, and financial reality, for most homes to be dual income, which is just a different kind of pressure.

In Season 2 the focus will not just be on moms, but working dads, too. How come?

I wanted to explore the idea that a working father is just as connected to his child and loves his child just as much. My husband is one, and he experiences the same pain I do. The difference is that less is expected of him. It's okay to be a father who is sometimes missing in action, whereas women are expected to be present—and put together handmade Halloween costumes. R

A special episode of *Workin' Moms* airs on December 19, ahead of the Season 2 premiere on January 9.

Our top picks in books, movies and TV

RD Recommends

BY DANIELLE GROEN

1 THE LEISURE SEEKER

Helen Mirren puts on a wig, a South Carolina accent and an expression of bemused determination for the role of Ella, the wife of a retired English teacher battling Alzheimer's. Resolved to have one last adventure, she and her husband, John (Donald Sutherland), pile into a Winnebago and nose their way from Boston to Key West. As with all good road trips, the pleasure here is in the journey—and the acting in this comedy is a wonder to watch. *Jan. 19.*

DID YOU KNOW? Donald Sutherland pops up on the small screen this month, as well. In Danny Boyle's FX series *Trust*, he plays oil baron J. Paul Getty during the 1973 kidnapping of Getty's grandson.

2 FEEL FREE
Zadie Smith

The British writer applies her fierce intellect and considerable wit to essay subjects that swing from German paintings to Italian gardens, from existentialist Martin Buber to singer Justin Bieber, from banal Facebook interactions to the six times Zadie Smith has experienced unadulterated joy. Her examinations of Brexit and climate change feel vital and urgent, while her celebration of Joni Mitchell is a sentimental delight. *Feb. 6.*

(*THE LEISURE SEEKER*) ENTERTAINMENT ONE FILMS; (SMITH) DOMINIQUE NABOKOV/PENGUIN PRESS

3 THE CURRENT WAR

In the late 19th century, electricity was just a glimmer in two inventors' eyes: Thomas Edison (Benedict Cumberbatch, who has cornered the market on prickly geniuses) and George Westinghouse (Michael Shannon). This period flick dramatizes their race to light up the world, and director Alfonso Gomez-Rejon brings polish and style to the proceedings. *January.*

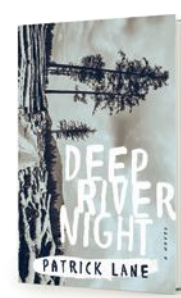
4 CRAWFORD

CBC's newest comedy begins with a familiar situation—a down-on-his-luck son moves in with his idiosyncratic family—before taking a sharp left turn once that son discovers his lucrative talent as a raccoon whisperer. *Crawford* was created by *Trailer Park Boys* alumni and written by staffers nabbed from *Baroness von Sketch Show*, so it's pretty much a given that it would offer up plenty of laughs and plenty of quirk. *January.*

5 DEEP RIVER NIGHT

Patrick Lane

Hidden away in a remote British Columbian village, a Second World War veteran spends his time patching up injured workers at the local sawmill and blunting his PTSD with vast amounts of booze. But he's not the only haunted person in this town: a teen runaway, a residential-school escapee and a survivor of the Rape of Nanking take turns shaping Patrick Lane's atmospheric novel. *Feb. 13.*



(THE CURRENT WAR) DEAN ROGERS/THEWEINSTEINCOMPANY; (CRAWFORD) CBC

Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

I couldn't be gone from my children's lives for six to nine months. I had a challenging childhood, so I didn't feel like I could trust somebody else to raise them.

Actress **MEG TILLY**
on why she left Hollywood

With reconciliation, Canadians have learned a lot of that history; you have a feeling that they are listening to you, that they want to know and that they want to see justice.

Filmmaker **ALANIS OBOMSAWIN,**
in *The Globe and Mail*

What moves us to serve humanity, to achieve meaningful change, is genuine empathy; the capacity to feel the pain of others, to experience an intimate shared humanity, to accept discomfort and sacrifice in the path of a greater cause.

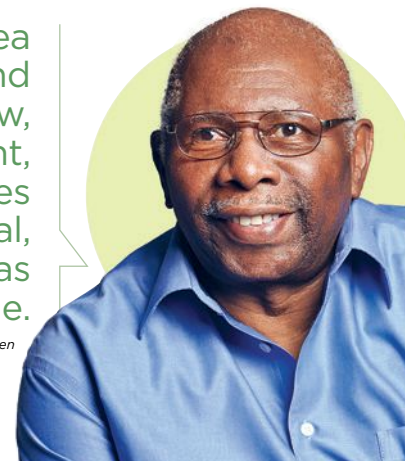
PAYAM AKHAVAN, ***law professor and 2017 CBC Massey lecturer,*** on CBC Radio's *Ideas*

A beautiful house in a place where we don't feel welcome is barren. A hovel in a loving community is a thing of great beauty and power.

Author **LOUISE PENNY,**
in *The New York Times*

The music itself, the idea of being able to find something new, something different, something that identifies you as an individual, that's what jazz has always been to me.

Jazz pianist **OLIVER JONES,** in the *Ottawa Citizen*



PHOTOS: (TILLY) © LAURIE CAMPBELL 2012; (JONES) PIERRE ARSENAULT QUOTES: (TILLY) *PEOPLE* (JUNE 5, 2017); (OBOMSAWIN) SEPT. 5, 2017; (JONES) MAY 16, 2016; (AKHAVAN) JAN. 6, 2015; (PENNY) AUGUST 24, 2017.

The shift to digital has been really key to having access to communities that we didn't have access to in the same way. Indigenous people, in particular, have adapted really quickly to using social media as a tool.

Cree CBC journalist **CONNIE WALKER**
on how digital journalism is helping make new connections with Indigenous communities

A stock price is nothing but an accumulation of investors' expectations as to what will happen in the future. It's a very ethereal thing. It's all about peoples' imaginations.

Businessman **ROGER MARTIN,**
in *The Globe and Mail*

I think certainly within our current immigration numbers we could find a place for DREAMers. I think Canada can show the world that in our small way, we can be accepting in a way that others can, too.

Senator **RATNA OMIDVAR,**
in reaction to President Donald Trump's cancellation of the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals Act

I've written 30, 31 books and I would like to do something else. I think I might be able to offer something. I was asked by friends to apply and I said, "Well, okay. I'll do this and see what happens."

Writer **DAVID ADAMS RICHARDS**
on how he became Canada's newest senator

Life is an aircraft journey. You're ascending when you're young. You're cruising when you're in your 40s, 50s, 60s, 70s or whatever. At some point you descend. I'm descending but I'm fighting it.

Ninety-two-year-old B.C. billionaire **JOSEPH SEGAL,** in *The Globe and Mail*

[Palliative care] is about providing a good death, if I can put it that way—about optimizing the dying process for a patient and their family. So in a way, it's always about living.

Palliative care physician
DR. SANDY BUCHMAN, in *Maclean's*

PHOTOS: (WALKER) YWCA TORONTO - 2017 TORONTO WOMEN OF DISTINCTION AWARD WOMENOFDISTINCTION.CA; (SEGAL) GREG EHLERS/SIMON FRASER UNIVERSITY.

QUOTES: (WALKER) CBC NEWS (MAY 18, 2017); (MARTIN) FEB. 7, 2016; (OMIDVAR) CBC NEWS (SEPT. 8, 2017); (ADAMS RICHARDS) CBC NEWS (AUGUST 30, 2017); (SEGAL) JULY 23, 2017; (BUCHMAN) AUGUST 15, 2017.

What it is and how to treat it

Non-Allergic Rhinitis 101

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

ISTOCKPHOTO

WHEN YOUR NOSE is acting up but allergies have been ruled out as the cause, non-allergic rhinitis (NAR) is the diagnosis that usually follows. Typically, your eyes, nose and throat won't itch when allergies aren't at play, but NAR can involve a runny nose, congestion, postnasal drip or sneezing. These discomforts can drag on and on and become a hindrance to your quality of life.

The long list of possible triggers for NAR includes infection, temperature changes, chemical fumes, alcohol, stress and a hormonal imbalance (resulting from puberty, pregnancy, hormonal replacement therapy or birth control). Even getting older can do it: a sub-type of NAR known as senile rhinitis stems from an age-related dysfunction of the nerves inside the nose.

Medications can also set off NAR, from beta-blockers and NSAIDs to decongestant nasal spray. The latter may reduce swelling and unclog your nose during a cold or an allergic reaction, but when taken for more than five to seven consecutive days, it can trigger new swelling. For some people, taking nasal decongestants to counter decongestant-related symptoms becomes a vicious cycle.

Obviously, eliminating the root cause of NAR is the best way to rid yourself of the condition. However, for roughly half of NAR patients, there isn't a clear cause. A recent study published in the *Journal of Allergy and Clinical Immunology* found that many of those sufferers could clear their symptoms by spraying with capsaicin, which happens to be the molecule that gives chili peppers their heat. The ingredient interacts with over-sensitive nasal nerves and has an effect that was first observed when patients from

North America or Europe migrated to India, started eating spicy foods and noticed their symptoms fading, says Dr. Peter Hellings, a professor of rhinology at the University of Leuven, Belgium, and the University of Amsterdam. Capsaicin isn't sold as a drug, but some doctors or pharmacists may be able to order it and prepare the spray.

Approximately **one quarter** of chronic rhinitis cases are not caused by allergies.

Other types of NAR can be treated pharmaceutically, as well; for instance, senile rhinitis, the age-related variant, responds well to nasal sprays containing a drug called ipratropium bromide. Your family doctor should be able to help you figure out which medications, if any, make sense for your particular case. R

News From the World of Medicine

Lean but Metabolically Unhealthy People Are at Risk

A paper from the University Hospital Tübingen in Germany reports that about a fifth of adults whose body mass index (BMI) falls into the "normal" range are metabolically unhealthy, meaning they have at least two of the components of metabolic syndrome (high blood sugar, high blood pressure, high blood lipids, etc.). This group carries three times the risk of heart damage and/or death, compared to their healthy-hearted counterparts in the same BMI range. The takeaway: being lean doesn't mean you don't need cardiovascular monitoring.

ADAM VOORHES

Acid Reflux: Mediterranean Diet as Effective as Drugs?

A study published in *JAMA Otolaryngology* examined the medical records of people with acid reflux in the throat. One cohort had been treated with proton-pump inhibitors and

asked to avoid foods that exacerbate the problem (carbonated beverages, alcohol, spicy or greasy meals and so on). The second group avoided the same items, drank only alkaline water and ate a Mediterranean-style diet wherein 90 per cent of the food came from plants. After six weeks, the two cohorts saw roughly the same improvement.

Mindfulness Training Helps Heavy Drinkers Consume Less

Earlier this year, a University College London experiment recruited "heavy drinkers" (men who imbibe more than 21 drinks per week and women who consume more than 14). Half were given a short training session in "mindfulness": an awareness of the feelings and bodily sensations—e.g., the cravings—of the present moment. The other participants were taught relaxation techniques such as deep breathing—a treatment intended to appear equally credible so as to control for the placebo effect. During the following week, the mindfulness group cut back by an average of 9.3 drinks, whereas the relaxation group continued their previous habits.

Self-Perceived Memory Loss Often a Symptom of Stress

The Sahlgrenska memory clinic in Mölndal, Sweden, serves middle-aged and older people who have become concerned they're losing memory function. However, upon thorough testing, about a third of the patients don't reveal any symptoms or biomarkers for cognitive decline. A researcher followed this group for an average of four years, during which time only 10 per cent developed dementia. As for the rest, the belief that their memories were failing them was correlated with severe stress, clinical burnout or depression. R

TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

Capillary refill time is the time it takes for...

A. one of the heart's ventricles to fill with blood following a contraction.

B. colour to return to the nails after they've been pinched.

C. the bladder to fill up after emptying.

D. a prescription drug to be available after a shortage.

Answer: B. Capillary refill time refers to how long it takes for a nail to regain colour after pressure is applied and released. It can be used to measure the strength of blood circulation, since the fingers and toes are far from the heart. Normally, colour returns within two seconds.

"Does your bladder leak underwear fit this beautifully?"

Depend Silhouette

Always Discreet Boutique

Always Discreet Boutique. Fits closer. Keeps you drier, too.*

*vs. Depend Silhouette Small/Medium. Depend Silhouette is a trademark of Kimberly-Clark Worldwide.

Recognize and neutralize the effects of mental and emotional strain

Eight Signs of Stress

BY ALYSSA JUNG

1 Unusual Weight Changes

"Stress triggers the release of the hormone cortisol, which changes the way you metabolize fat, protein and carbs, leading to weight gain or loss," says Dr. Shanna Levine, a primary care physician and clinical instructor of medicine at Mount Sinai's Icahn School of Medicine in New York. Stress can also cause you to overeat or undereat.

WHAT TO DO: Snack on nuts. The protein will help if you're undereating, and the fibre will fill you up if you've been bingeing.

2 A Fuzzy Brain

Too much cortisol can make it harder to concentrate and cause memory problems, anxiety and depression, says Levine.

WHAT TO DO: Try to relax until you regain your focus. Practise closing your eyes and concentrate only on your breath.

3 An Outbreak of Hives

When your body experiences stress, it releases a chemical called histamine and then—boom—hives galore. Also, if your immune system is weakened by worries,

YASU+JUNKO; (PROP STYLIST) SARAH GUIDO-LAAKSO FOR HALLEY RESOURCES.

your skin can become irritated as a result of new sensitivities to things such as heat, lotions or detergent.
WHAT TO DO: Place a cool, damp towel on the affected area. If that doesn't work, take an antihistamine.

4 Headaches

It's common for your muscles to tense up when you're under pressure, which can cause a pounding head. Prone to migraines? Stress can trigger them or make them worse.
WHAT TO DO: If you don't want to take ibuprofen, try inhaling lavender essential oil or dabbing peppermint oil—diluted in a carrier oil—on your temples when the pain starts.

5 A Sour Stomach

Stress can cause the body to produce more digestive acid, resulting in heartburn. "It can also slow the emptying of food from the stomach, which causes gas and bloating and may even increase the number of times your colon contracts, leading to cramping and diarrhea," says Dr. Deborah Rhodes, a Mayo Clinic internal medicine physician.
WHAT TO DO: Take an over-the-counter antacid or drink ginger tea.

6 Hair Falling Out

Stress may push your hair follicles into a resting phase, causing the hair to fall out a few months later. It can also cause the body's immune system to attack your follicles.
WHAT TO DO: Be patient. Once your stress level returns to normal, your hair should start growing back.

7 A Cold That Won't Quit

When stress suppresses the immune system, it's harder to fight off bugs. Researchers at Carnegie Mellon University infected volunteers with a cold virus; those who reported in a survey that they were dealing with many stresses were twice as likely to get sick as those with fewer problems.
WHAT TO DO: One study found that zinc supplements or lozenges can shorten the length of a cold by about a day if taken within 24 hours of feeling sick. Regular exercise—although nothing too strenuous if you're still feeling ill—and plenty of sleep can also give your immune system a boost.

8 Acne...Again!

Cortisol is the culprit here, too—it causes skin glands to make more oil. Along with dirt and dead skin cells, the oil can get trapped inside hair follicles, producing pimples.
WHAT TO DO: Topical creams containing benzoyl peroxide, which has antibacterial properties, or salicylic acid, which can keep pores from clogging, may clear up acne if applied regularly. For a more natural approach, wash your face with green tea or apply pure aloe. R

How to handle dandruff

Don't Be a Flake

BY DILIA NARDUZZI

ESTIMATES VARY, but between 10 and 50 per cent of the population develops dandruff at some point in their lifetime. Marked by an itchy, irritated scalp and the obvious flakes that come along with it, you know dandruff by sight. But what is it exactly, what causes it, and what can you do to control it?

"The medical term for dandruff is seborrheic dermatitis, and it's a type of inflammation of the skin that's associated with oily or greasy scales," says Dr. Peter Vignjevic, a dermatologist in Hamilton, Ont., and an assistant clinical professor of medicine at McMaster University Medical School. While it most often affects the head and scalp, it can also occur on the eyebrows, eyelashes, eyelids, on and around the nose, the ears and sometimes behind the ears, says Vignjevic. In men, beards can also be affected.

Core Causes

Over the last century, medical opinion has shifted regarding the reasons for seborrheic dermatitis, explains Dr. Roderick Hay, a consultant dermatologist and professor of cutaneous infection at King's College in London, England. Early 20th century medicine pinpointed a fungus on the skin as the culprit, but in the 1950s and '60s, according to Hay, "It was regarded as a proliferate disorder, a condition in which the epidermis

ISTOCKPHOTO

replicates much faster, so something like psoriasis." In the last 30 years, the fungus theory has resurfaced because doctors realized anti-fungal medications reduced dandruff.

The particular yeast—a kind of fungus—associated with dandruff is called Malassezia. "Our skin is covered with literally millions of bacteria," says Hay, and for the most part they are harmless. In some people, though, the Malassezia yeast can produce enzymes that irritate the skin by either stripping it of its natural fats or by triggering the immune system, which then develops a proactive response. "The two together are probably part and parcel of what we call dandruff," says Hay. People who are stressed and tired are often more prone to the condition, and while cold weather can aggravate dry, scaly skin, dandruff is not usually seasonal, says Hay.

> ***"Non-steroid creams can be used to manage the symptoms, but here's the trouble with dandruff: there is no cure."***

Flake Management

The first line of defence is choosing an anti-fungal shampoo that contains either ketoconazole or zinc pyrithione, which fight the yeast overgrowth itself. You can also use a coal tar shampoo, says Hay, which he describes as very old-fashioned, but it is a potent anti-fungal. In addition, there are medicated anti-fungal lotions for seborrheic dermatitis that appears on the face and beard, says Vignjevic, which you can get over-the-counter or by prescription.

If the anti-fungals aren't working, you might consider a prescription for a steroid, which addresses the inflammation the yeast triggers, says Hay. There are shampoos, creams and lotions, though long-term use of steroids can cause thinning of the skin, says Vignjevic, and therefore requires caution. A mild steroid can be applied for months, but with anything stronger you may notice stretch marks, bruising or tearing of the skin if you use it long enough, according to Vignjevic.

More appropriate might be non-steroid creams called calcineurin inhibitors—they can manage symptoms without causing thinning of the skin. "In my opinion, they're safer for long-term use because this tends to be a long-term problem," says Vignjevic. Which is the trouble with dandruff—there's no cure. Rather, you simply need to learn how best to control it. R

What's Wrong With Me?

BY SYDNEY LONEY

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR WONG

THE PATIENT: Robert, 67, a veterinarian
THE SYMPTOMS: Shortness of breath
THE DOCTOR: Dr. Thomas Bauer, a thoracic surgeon at Jersey Shore University Medical Center in New Jersey

ONE MORNING IN MAY 2014, Robert was attending to a sick mare on a ranch in the U.S. Midwest when the animal lashed out, catching him in the neck with a back hoof. Robert lost consciousness and doesn't recall the ambulance ride to the ER. He spent several days in the intensive care unit on a ventilator—the blow had fractured the C3 and C4 vertebrae near the base of his neck. The veterinarian's recovery was slow and painful, and he required a cervical brace to allow his bones to heal.

When he was finally able to return home, a few weeks after the accident, Robert still had difficulty breathing. Any exertion left him struggling for air. He couldn't bend over to lace up his boots and wasn't able to lie flat, so he slept in a reclining chair. Working was also a challenge, and he had to scale back his practice. At first he thought his shortness of breath would fade as he healed more fully, but when three months had passed since the accident and his condition was no better, he visited his family doctor. Robert was overweight and had diabetes—his doctor told him it was likely his poor general health that was causing his respiratory issues.

Robert, who had been carrying extra weight for a long time, wasn't convinced that was the problem. Many months after returning home, he was still sleeping in a chair, so he sought a second opinion. After being given the same diagnosis, he tried at least one more doctor and

still had no answer. Finally, in the spring of 2016, he convinced a physician to take an X-ray. The test showed that Robert's diaphragm was elevated and not working properly. When he broke his neck, the nerve roots supplying his phrenic nerve were severed or compromised, causing paralysis of the diaphragm. Doctors told him there was nothing they could do to fix it.

It was Robert's wife who took to the Internet in search of a better answer. She discovered Dr. Thomas Bauer and his colleague Dr. Matthew Kaufman, a plastic surgeon, who had teamed up to develop a diaphragmatic regeneration program at Jersey Shore University Medical Center. In November 2016, the two doctors reviewed Robert's medical records and consulted with him remotely.

After considering the options, the team decided on plication, which is a minimally invasive procedure that involves reshaping and repositioning the diaphragm to create more room in which the lungs can expand. "When the diaphragm is elevated, there's less room for air to move," Bauer says. "When patients bend over or lie down, the diaphragm goes even higher, making breathing difficult." Bauer treats patients like Robert who have sustained injuries, as well as those whose diaphragms are paralyzed by tumours, cardiac surgery or progressive disc disease. "We tailor the treatment to each patient," Bauer says. "Unfortunately, many patients are dismissed because their doctors don't think they can be helped, but the sooner it's addressed, the better the outcome, as over time the diaphragm begins to atrophy."

Robert flew to New Jersey and had the surgery the following day. The procedure lasted an hour and a half, and he remained in the hospital for the next two days before checking into a local hotel. There, he noticed the results of the operation immediately. "Just being able to lie in a normal bed again was a tremendous improvement for him," Bauer says. Without the surgery, Robert's breathing problems would have persisted, permanently affecting his quality of life and increasing his risk of developing complications like pneumonia because his lungs weren't ventilating normally.

A week later, Robert returned for a final follow-up appointment, and his surgeons were pleased with the results. Although his breathing will never be as effortless as it was before the accident at the ranch, he was so delighted by the results that he vowed to share them with his physicians back home. Robert resumed his veterinary practice—and began once again sleeping horizontally in his own bed. R

If you suffer from seasonal affective disorder—or if the darker, colder months just get you down—there are many ways to brighten your mood

HOW TO BANISH THE WINTER BLUES

BY VANESSA MILNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JEFF KULAK

WHEN TED JABLONSKI was growing up in Winnipeg, he could often be found on winter days hanging out in the sun. "I would always sit at the top of the staircase by the window—it was my favourite place," the 58-year-old remembers. "And even on the most frigid days, I would insist on walking to school."

As he grew older, what had started as a seemingly benign preference for sunlight took a darker turn. By the time he was an adult, Jablonski began to go into every winter with a sense of dread. "It was a visceral feeling of gloom," he says. "I'd work longer hours in order to distract myself from my feelings; I just tried to hang on until it passed in the spring."

Then, in the winter of 2002, Jablonski slid into a depression. He recognized then that he'd been struggling with seasonal affective disorder (SAD)—depression that occurs every year, most often in the darker months—for most of his life. Ironically, Jablonski, who is now a family doctor in Calgary, treated many people with the disorder before he accepted that he suffered from it too. "It took me a long time to admit that this was more than just hating winter."

A lot of us go into hibernation mode every time the cold comes around, socializing less and feeling like we only have enough energy for binge-watching TV shows. But for the 15 per cent of Canadians who suffer from SAD, it goes beyond that—they oversleep, overeat, and feel guilty, irritable and hopeless. The symptoms usually come on in the fall, peak in late January, and go away in the spring.

About three per cent of Canadians acquire a more severe form of SAD, which can have a devastating impact. Before Diana Lillo, a 54-year-old entrepreneur who lives near Guelph, Ont., sought treatment for her more serious case, the effects of it were debilitating. "My life was just falling apart," she says, explaining that her marriage and career deteriorated, and she was plagued with suicidal thoughts. After the sun went down every day, simply going outside was a struggle; most of the time, she says, "I would get to the door or to my car and just turn around and go back home."

IN 1981, THE *Washington Post* ran a story about a 29-year-old woman who suffered from depression every winter, only to have it disappear in the spring—or two days into a vacation to Jamaica. Researchers explained how they had helped her with light therapy—a treatment during which a person sits in front of a light-emitting

box for a set time every day—and invited stories from others who experienced a seasonal drop in mood. More than 2,000 people responded, which informed the first paper to identify SAD in 1984.

But while the condition is now widely known, more than 30 years later we still don't know exactly what causes it. The prevailing theory is that long winter nights throw off your circadian rhythm—the internal clock that regulates when you feel sleepy and when you're alert. "As the days get very short, some people have difficulty adapting to that change, and the body's rhythm is thrown out of sync," says Robert Levitan, a psychiatrist at the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health and professor of psychiatry at the University of Toronto.

That would explain why people who live closer to the equator, where the days are the same length year-round, are much less likely to acquire SAD; only one per cent of people living in Florida have it, for instance.

Another hypothesis is that the lack of sun changes your brain activity. "When light touches your retina, all kinds of chemicals are released that make you behave differently," says Jablonski. If you don't get enough light, your body produces fewer neurotransmitters like serotonin, which helps keep your mood stable, and too much melatonin, the hormone that makes you feel sleepy.

SAD may also be hereditary; having a relative with the condition increases your chances of getting it by up to 17 per cent. And a University of Iceland study that screened Winnipeggers for SAD found that those with Icelandic genes were significantly less likely to have the disorder, suggesting that people whose ancestors are from climates with less sun may have built-in resistance.

THERE IS LIGHT at the end of the tunnel—and not just spring. For people who suffer from SAD—and really, for anyone made grumpy by 4:30 p.m. sunsets—a combination of lifestyle changes and doctor-recommended treatments can reduce symptoms and provide lasting relief.

LIFESTYLE ADJUSTMENTS YOU CAN MAKE RIGHT NOW

LET IN THE LIGHT. Jablonski was onto something with his favourite spot by the window: exposure to as much sun as possible helps. Keep your curtains open all day, and rearrange your furniture so you're regularly in bright places in your home. Install skylights if you can. Also, while artificial light

isn't as good as the real thing, adding more lamps to dark areas in your home is better than nothing.

If you can afford it, head to the lands of minimal SAD near the equator. A sunny vacation will offer a welcome, if temporary, respite from the winter blues.

■ **RELY ON ROUTINES.** Winter's long nights throw off your sleep cycle, but keeping a regular bedtime and wake time can help regulate it, and prevent both insomnia and oversleeping. Also, dim your lights at night and avoid screens for about two hours before heading to bed.

During the day, regular aerobic exercise can help you manage stress, feel more alert and increase your emotional resilience. "When you exercise, your dopamine and serotonin levels rise," explains Jablonski. "Just 20 to 30 minutes, five or six days a week, can really change the chemistry in your brain." A brisk noon-hour walk can do double duty, as you'll get some sunlight, too.

■ **CONNECT WITH OTHERS.** "When people become depressed, they also start to pull away from things they like doing, and the more you withdraw, the less pleasure and sense of accomplishment they feel in general. It's a downward spiral," explains David Dozois, a psychologist and chair of clinical science and psychopathology at Western University in London, Ont.

He suggests making a point of finding wintertime ways to do whatever brings you joy during the summer, whether that's socializing, playing a sport or being in a band. "I encourage patients to 'fake it 'til you make it.' Just do it, even if you don't feel like it at first," he says.

TREATMENTS TO TALK TO YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT

■ **GO WITH THE GLOW.** Light therapy using an ultraviolet-filtered lamp is the most common treatment for SAD. "Patients prefer it, and doctors like it because it works quickly and it's very potent," says Levitan. People typically are encouraged to use their illuminated unit for at least half an hour a day in the morning, which essentially tricks their body into thinking it's already spring.

"I found immediate relief with my light box," Lillo says. "When I sit in front of it, my mood changes, I feel more energetic and more at peace. The anxiety and depression just slip away."

Some people with SAD also find "dawn simulation" helps—this is usually accomplished with a

custom alarm clock connected to a light that gradually becomes brighter before your set wake up time. Its effectiveness has not been studied as much, but it works for many people and is easier to squeeze into a busy schedule.

■ **MAKE A THERAPY APPOINTMENT.** Cognitive behavioural therapy (CBT) is an effective way to combat SAD, or any depression, says Dozois. The treatment usually takes between 12 to 16 weeks to complete, and involves setting up tasks that challenge your behaviour—resisting the natural tendency to socialize less during the winter, for instance.

CBT practitioners also coach people to address the negative automatic thoughts that might, for example, keep a person from staying connected. "If someone passes me at work and doesn't say hello, my thought might be, He doesn't like me. Okay, that's one possibility, but what's another? Maybe he's stressed about a deadline or maybe he didn't see me," explains Dozois. "It's putting that thought on trial, and coming up with an alternative, more valid one."

■ **FIND EFFECTIVE MEDICATIONS.** Antidepressants are also used to treat SAD, often alongside light therapy and CBT. "Typically we use medications that are activating, rather than those with a sedative effect," explains Jablonski. He usually prescribes Bupropion—which, unlike many other antidepressants, doesn't usually cause sleepiness or weight gain—but selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors (SSRIs) are also common. Those people who are already taking these drugs may simply increase their dose starting in the fall.

COMBINING ALL THREE of the above treatments has turned winters around for Lillo. "My depression will always be with me, but having a toolbox that helps me feel better and deal with my emotions makes a huge difference," she says.

Jablonski, who swears by his light box and regular exercise, tells his own SAD story often in the hopes that it will inspire others to seek help. In 2010, he even ran and biked all the way across Canada to raise awareness of the disorder.

"The existence of SAD is well-known now," he says. "What isn't as well-known is the extent of how disabling it can be—and that you can actually treat it and get better. My plea to those with SAD is: You don't have to dread winter and lose months out of every year. You don't have to suffer unnecessarily." R

How a man and his plant became a symbol of hope in battle-weary Mosul

Mahmoud and the Mint

BY TRISH NEWPORT FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

ILLUSTRATION BY JACQUI OAKLEY

LAST SPRING, as I planted mint seeds in the Yukon soil, I thought of Mosul, Iraq.

Eighteen years ago, when I moved to Whitehorse after graduating from university in Thunder Bay, my dream was to live sustainably in the wilderness without electricity or running water. I pitched a canvas tent in the bush and cleared land for a large garden. I envisioned growing a bounty of vegetables, but that first season introduced me to the harsh realities of gardening in the Canadian North. I struggled with the cool, dry climate, the short season, the constant risk of frost and the incredibly long summer days.

After a few years of yielding minimal quantities of kale, cabbage and carrots, I hung up my gardening gloves. Humanitarian aid called to me, and I began working for Médecins Sans Frontières/Doctors Without Borders (MSF) as a nurse and, eventually, as a project manager.

For the past nine years, my projects with MSF have placed me in Africa and the Middle East. My time in the Yukon has shrunk to only a few precious months a year—not long enough to get my hands dirty planting anything.

But in March 2017, in the depths of the ugly Battle of Mosul—a military campaign to take back the city from the Islamic State (IS)—one Iraqi man and his mint plant brought gardening back into my life.

THE DAY THAT I first met Mahmoud*, he was walking down a road in West Mosul. Only two kilometres away, the fighting was intense—the sound of explosions pierced the eardrums and the constant gunfire rattled the nervous system. But then, in the middle of all that, there was Mahmoud, mint plant in hand.

At the time, my team and I were in the middle of searching for a large room to set up a trauma-stabilization clinic. We wanted to be close to the front line, where we could care for the wounded and increase their chances of surviving the hour-long ambulance journey to the hospital. But suitable spaces were hard to find, as most large buildings had been destroyed.

We stopped Mahmoud on the side of the road to ask if he knew where we could find a room that would work. In Mosul, you need to be careful about whom you trust, but we were all drawn to Mahmoud and his mint plant. He agreed to take us on a tour of various buildings where we could set up our clinic. And wherever we searched, he brought the potted plant.

> ***MAHMOUD PROMISED HIS DAUGHTER HE WOULD KEEP THE MINT WITH HIM AT ALL TIMES UNTIL SHE RETURNED.***

Once we selected a good location, we hired Mahmoud to be one of our guards. Every day, he came to work with his mint plant. It was endearing but also odd. Later, I would learn the story behind it.

SINCE THE SUMMER of 2014, IS had controlled Mosul. And during that time, Mahmoud educated his three children at home so they would not be exposed to the IS school curriculum. He taught his kids how to garden and his youngest daughter grew mint. She loved that plant.

During the Battle of Mosul, which lasted almost nine months, the Iraqi army slowly reclaimed areas from IS. When they took control of the street where Mahmoud lived, it was finally safe enough for him to send his family to a camp south of the city for displaced people. Being there meant they

would be protected from the gunfire and would have access to food, water and health care. Mahmoud stayed behind to guard their house.

Before she left, Mahmoud's youngest daughter asked her father to take care of her mint plant. He promised he would keep it with him at all times until she returned. And he did.

That plant grounded all of us. On days when the bombing or fighting was intense, I would look outside the clinic to see Mahmoud sitting calmly in his shelter—with the mint in his lap. When injured people arrived with their families, he often kept the children outside with him and would introduce them to it.

Mosul was a dangerous place for anyone to live. The constant gunfire and bombing threatened people's lives and homes. Mahmoud's house was still standing, but the debilitated infrastructure meant it didn't have running water or electricity. So at the end of every day, Mahmoud would fill up two bottles of water from the clinic. The first bottle was for him and the second for all the plants in his house. While the mint came with him everywhere, it wasn't Mahmoud's only plant; his family had a house full of greenery, and he was dedicated to making sure it all survived.

Long ago, when I gardened in the Yukon, my beloved plants captured all my attention. As I lived off the grid and without plumbing, I had to haul buckets of water many kilometres to nourish them. I was always dreaming of building irrigation systems and finding ways to protect them from the early frost. In Mosul, Mahmoud's challenges were on a totally different level. He struggled to keep his plants alive while keeping himself alive as well.

I LOVED WORKING in Mosul, but the time eventually came to head back to the Yukon. As I prepared to leave, Mahmoud brought me some mint seeds. He asked me to take them home with me, where they could have a better life.

So, when I planted them in the sandy, dry soil back in Whitehorse last year, I thought of Mosul. I thought of Mahmoud, his children and all the other people affected by the war. R

**Name has been changed.*

* * *

CHANGE THE SCRIPT

Flipping fear into curiosity is a gift.

CORY RICHARDS, adventure photographer

During his lengthy wait to receive a new heart, **Russell MacDougall** met cardiac patient **Sherene Wright**. Together they found friendship, solace and an unexpected romantic bond.

LOVE on the Transplant List

BY SUSAN PETERS

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS FRICKE

IN A PRIVATE WING of Winnipeg's airport, an air ambulance was prepping to take Russell MacDougall to Ottawa, where a new heart was waiting. Until this point, the 35-year-old—convinced that a donor wouldn't be found in time to save him—had been focused on spending his last remaining weeks with his family. That morning, April 29, 2015, after recovering from the shock of the call about the imminent transplant, MacDougall said goodbye to his 14-year-old son, Declan, and 11-year-old daughter, Kaylyn. He was now absorbed by the upcoming high-risk operation, but he had one more important thing to do before he left. "Let's go for a walk," he suggested to his girlfriend, Sherene Wright, 36, leading her outside. Dropping down to one knee on the warm pavement, he pulled out a white-gold diamond solitaire ring.

"I'll marry you, but you're probably not going to remember proposing to me when you wake up," Wright teased. She knew all about the brain fog caused by anesthesia. Three years earlier, Wright had received her own transplant. In fact, a broken heart is what led to the love of her life.

ON AVERAGE, fewer than 200 people receive heart transplants in Canada every year, according to the Canadian Institute for Health Information (CIHI), which tracks the statistics. The odds of cardiac failure turning into a meet-cute are astronomically low—patients are more likely to die waiting for a heart transplant, as 25 of them did in 2016.

"If your kidney fails, there's dialysis. With hearts, you don't have that kind of option," explains Michael Terner, the program lead of the CIHI's Canadian Organ Replacement Register. And unlike kidneys and livers, a heart can't come from a living donor. Wright and MacDougall not only beat the odds to find a match, they got a soulmate in the process.

Even before they met, Wright was aware of MacDougall. Jolene Scharikow, a nurse at the cardiac unit of St. Boniface Hospital in Winnipeg, had become friends with Wright, who returned regularly to the hospital for follow-up care and to volunteer. Scharikow told her that the two patients should meet: "You're the same age, and he's in the same situation you were in. Go talk to him."

In the end, their first encounter, in May 2013, was arranged as part of a mentorship program that pairs an experienced cardiac patient with a newcomer. MacDougall had been admitted to the hospital to wait for a left ventricular assist device (LVAD), a pump implanted to help a weak heart circulate blood until a transplant is possible. As a former LVAD user, Wright was asked to describe the experience of carrying the piece of medical equipment everywhere.

When Wright first walked into MacDougall's room, she did a double take at the handsome guy sitting on the bed, playing a Fender Stratocaster guitar and filling the cardiac unit with the sounds of Metallica.

Wow, MacDougall said to himself as he caught sight of the wavy-haired Wright. Then he pushed away the thought—he was married.

The pair ended up talking for hours. They discovered that they each had a nine-year-old daughter and that the girls, named Kaylin and Kaylyn, were born within two weeks of each other. They made jokes about how numerous patients walked down the hallway with their backsides hanging out of hospital gowns, and started a competition for bragging rights over which of them had faced the worst medical procedures.

Whenever MacDougall let self-pity take hold, Wright told him to focus on what mattered.

Wright had been hospitalized for five months with ventricular tachycardia in 2010, while she was pregnant with her second child. When she was readmitted two years later in cardiogenic shock (when multiple organs begin to fail because the heart isn't pumping enough blood), her lips were blue, her face was grey, and her body was bloated in some places and rail-thin in others due to an inability to keep down food.

On July 1, 2012, Wright got the call: a new heart was waiting for her in Edmonton, one of a handful of cities in Canada where the transplants are done. Before heading to the airport, she grabbed her go-bag, jamming in a few last-minute items, including an orange sundress. "With an LVAD, you can't wear a dress because of the wire coming out of your side," she says now. "I was determined to wear one home."

But Wright didn't have the chance: six weeks later, in the midst of a tough recovery, she flew back to Winnipeg and was brought to St. Boniface Hospital to regain her strength. She remained there until the end of November and focused on getting well enough to care for her two young daughters, return to her job as a mammographer and regain her driver's licence. As for love, Wright was done looking. A single mom, she told her friends, "I'm not going to meet a guy. Nobody's going to want me. I have a map of scars all over me now."

EVENTUALLY WRIGHT AND MacDougall's friendship moved out of the hospital, onto Facebook and then

into the wider world. They began to meet for coffee or movie nights with other members of HeartLinks, a small group of Winnipeggers who have received a heart transplant or are waiting for one. Being around others with cardiac issues left MacDougall, a burly six-foot-two man, wondering what his future might hold. "I kind of expected that I wouldn't get a heart because of my size," he says now. "When they determine what heart you're going to receive, it has to come from somebody similar in height and weight. The odds of that happening for me were low."

For patients who do receive hearts, there are concerns regarding the health of their kidneys—which are affected by the anti-rejection medications—in addition to a vulnerable immune system, a greater risk of developing cancers and a potential resurgence of cardiac issues. But whenever MacDougall let worries and self-pity take hold, Wright would tell him to cut the negative thinking and focus on what really mattered to him.

He resolved to do just that. After receiving the LVAD on August 19, 2014, MacDougall separated from his wife in hopes that ending their rocky relationship would lead to a more stable environment for their children. His heart issues had forced him to temporarily leave his job as an aircraft maintenance engineer, so he had a lot of time to think about the ways in which he wanted his life to change.

Seven weeks after his separation, MacDougall decided to ask out Wright. For their first date, they drove to a gun range to shoot rifles at water bottles. "I was skeptical at first, but I got the hang of it and started to hit them!" recalls Wright. After a dinner of filet mignon at a local steakhouse, the pair returned to Wright's apartment, where she admired the dozen red roses he'd given her earlier. Over a glass of wine, MacDougall asked Wright if he could kiss her.

The upcoming transplant altered the timeline of the proposal. The moment was now.

Once she had said yes, he gave his date a little peck.

Is that it? Wright thought. She leaned forward and kissed him back.

ON THAT FATEFUL spring morning in April 2015, MacDougall was resting at home when the transplant coordinator called to tell him a heart was available. MacDougall asked about the donor immediately. He was told the person's age and sex, but other information was kept private, as per transplant policy.

"I don't know if it's a feeling of guilt or what, but I wanted to know," says MacDougall. "A new heart is a gift in some ways, but it's also sad. It means somebody is losing their life."

While his flight was being arranged, MacDougall phoned Wright at work. The procedure worried him, and she offered up comforting words of encouragement: "You're not going to Ottawa to die—you're going to Ottawa to live."

After ending the call, Wright finished up two more mammograms, then told her boss she had to leave. She needed to see MacDougall.

"Romance didn't change who we were," says MacDougall. It did, however, in conjunction with news of the new heart, speed matters along. MacDougall had been texting Wright photos of empty ring boxes for some time (she joked back: "Just do it!"), but even though he had bought the ring two months into their relationship, he planned to pop the question once they'd been dating for a year. The upcoming transplant altered the timeline of the proposal. The perfect moment was now.

IF THIS were Hollywood, Wright would have climbed aboard the air ambulance with MacDougall following his proposal. In real life, she left to pick up her kids from school and departed for Ottawa, ring on her finger, a few days later. With the help of MacDougall's sister, Krystal Penner, she even began planning the wedding, giving everyone a happy event to focus on while MacDougall struggled with post-surgical renal failure, respiratory failure and the right side of a heart that wasn't pumping efficiently. When MacDougall finally woke up, Wright checked in: "Do you remember what happened before you left?"

She thinks I've forgotten, MacDougall thought. He hadn't, he promised his fiancée as her eyes filled with tears.

While it's not unusual for patients waiting for a heart to come together in support groups or on social media,

How to DONATE

Nearly every province and territory runs its own registry of voluntary organ donors (the Northwest Territories and Nunavut are folded into Alberta). If you want to donate, sign up in your area, then inform loved ones of your decision in case of emergency.

Having a serious illness (some types of cancer, for example) doesn't disqualify you from being a donor. Neither does age: the oldest Canadian organ donor on record was 92. "We look at physiological age, not chronological age," says Ed Ferre, the provincial operations director for B.C. Transplant. "We have people in their 60s, 70s and 80s who are in great health, and their organs are, too."

it's rare for those connections to turn into something more. "This is really an extraordinary love story," says Dr. Shelley Zieroth, a Winnipeg cardiologist and the director of heart failure and heart transplant clinics for St. Boniface, who has treated both MacDougall and Wright.

Fifteen months after his surgery, MacDougall returned to work. And on a sunny day in September 2016, he and Wright were married as 110 loved ones looked on. One of the bridesmaids was Jolene Scharikow, their friend from the cardiac unit, and the guests included fellow HeartLinks members. Kaylin and Kaylyn, 12 and fast friends, were junior bridesmaids; Declan, 15, was a junior groomsman and watched over his new baby sister, six-year-old Averie, a flower girl.

Today the blended family shares a home in a quiet residential neighbourhood, spending time together at the beach, camping and watching movies. For Wright, it's a relief to be with someone with whom she can commiserate on the difficult days, who is stubborn enough to make her rest when she's sick and whose laid-back nature balances out her whir of activity.

FOLLOWING the transplant, when MacDougall was intubated, unable to speak and desperately thirsty, he took out his frustrations on his bed. He kicked it so hard that a healthcare aide came into the room to offer hope—and a dose of perspective. "Once you're feeling better, you can go have a drink," the aide told him. "I just came back from Cuba and I went to the bar where they invented the mojito. I'll tell you what. This time next year, you're going to be in Cuba. You'll be having a mojito and thinking about this moment."

Two years later, MacDougall and Wright—on their first overseas holiday together—took a taxi to a bar in Old Havana that smelled like rum, polished wood and cigar smoke. As Wright pushed through the crowd to order a couple of mojitos, MacDougall couldn't believe his luck. Here I am, he thought, with the woman I love and have dreamed about, the woman who treats me so well. Later, when it came time to leave the bar, MacDougall stood still for one final moment, watching the bartender crush mint leaves, and vowed to hold the memory close. R

* * *

IN ON THE JOKE

Laughter is an instant vacation.

MILTON BERLE

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD BY DARRYL ORR

I see a lot of people wearing T-shirts that say "NO FUN" on them. I was considering getting one until I realized it already says that on my face. People would be like, "Why does it say no fun on that guy twice?"

Darryl Orr has been performing stand-up comedy for 10 years. You can follow him on Twitter @fishinadarryl

I DON'T PUNDERSTAND YOU

A friend and I were enjoying a coffee in our local haunt when an acquaintance stopped at our table and said, "Hi, Ken. Can I join you?"

"Why, am I falling apart?" I replied.

KEN MACKAY, *Langley, B.C.*

SPIRITUAL SPROUTS

Green beans are the most Zen of all the vegetables because they've found their inner peas.

ANDRE BATISTA, *Toronto*

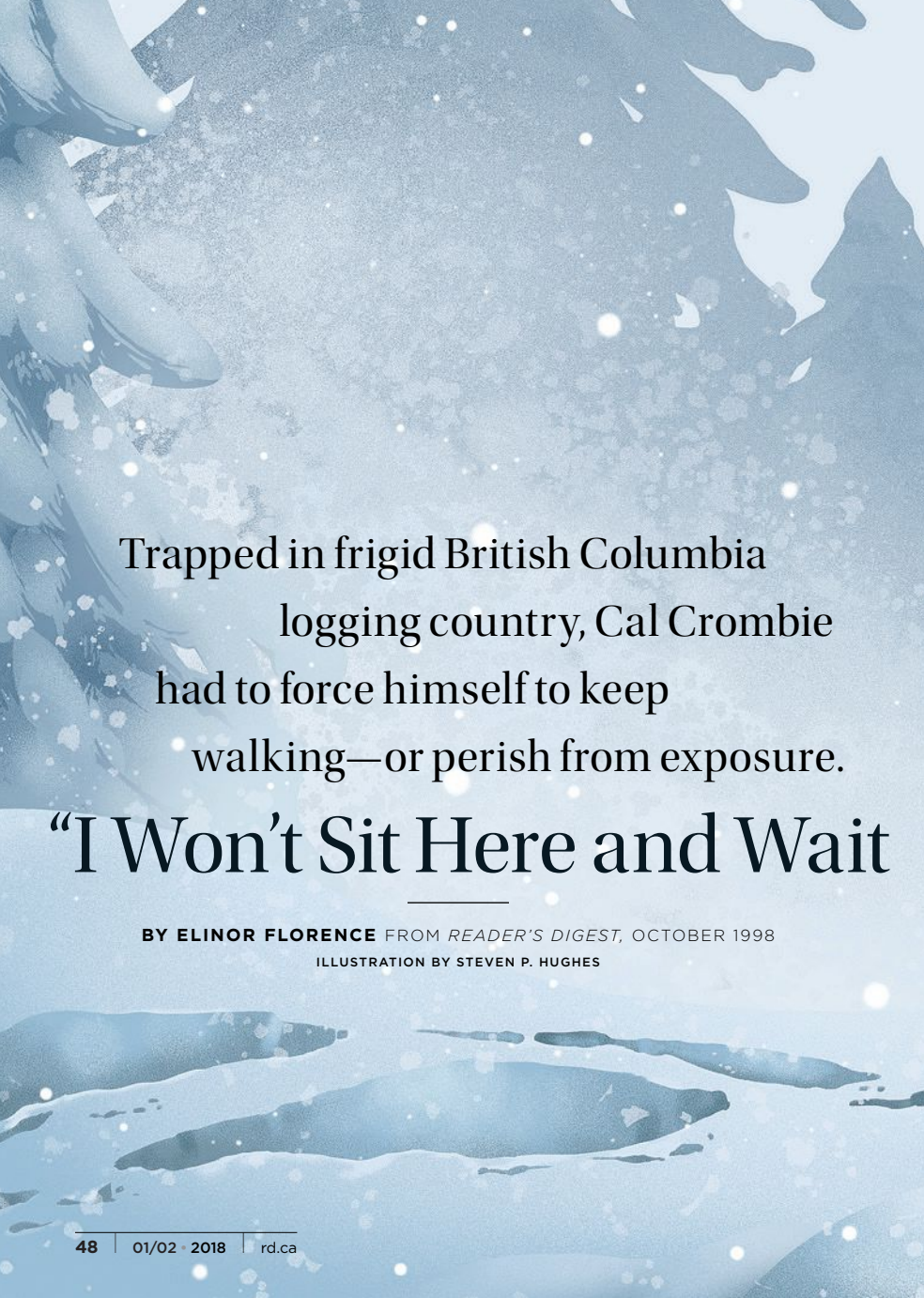
THAT KIND OF NIGHT

After working late one evening, I stopped at the drive-through on my way home. I approached the speaker and placed my order: a Big Mac, large fries and a chocolate shake.

The person on the other side of the intercom replied, "Pardon me?" so I repeated myself.

Then they responded, confused, "Excuse me, ma'am, but you're at Tim Hortons." **WENDY SINGEDONK,** *Calgary*

Send us your original jokes! You could earn $50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 8 or rd.ca/joke for details.



Trapped in frigid British Columbia logging country, Cal Crombie had to force himself to keep walking—or perish from exposure.

"I Won't Sit Here and Wait

BY ELINOR FLORENCE FROM *READER'S DIGEST*, OCTOBER 1998

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN P. HUGHES

for Death”

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Cal Crombie stuck his head out the door of his camper. "Wow! We really got a dump of snow last night!" It was the morning of December 29, 1996. Two days prior, Cal and his brother Roy had returned to their logging camp after spending Christmas with their families. They had a contract to cut timber near the Coquihalla Highway, some 160 kilometres northeast of Vancouver in the heavily forested mountains of British Columbia.

On his way to camp, Crombie had stopped in Kamloops to pick up a new crystal for his two-way radio, the men's only contact with the outside world. The shop had been closed for the holidays, but while there, Crombie had gone down the street and bought himself a belated half-price Christmas gift: a heavy-duty fleece-lined jacket.

Fifty-two-year-old Crombie had red hair, piercing blue eyes, and a moustache touched with grey. Long days of hard labour had left him in excellent shape. Pulling his new jacket over his muscular shoulders, Crombie prepared to drive from camp into Merritt, 90 minutes away, to buy diesel fuel for their logging machines—the men had run out during their first couple days of work.

Snowplows usually cleared the road to within about 10 kilometres of the Crombie camp, but that stretch had always been passable by truck. Even if the next part isn't plowed either, the Tulameen—a secondary road that leads to Merritt—will be clear for sure, Crombie thought.

"Don't try to get back if the roads are too bad," warned 44-year-old Roy. "I've got enough groceries for a couple weeks. I'll be fine."

Though the two loggers didn't realize it just yet, a record snowfall had covered the southern half of the province, closing roads everywhere—including the Trans-Canada and Coquihalla highways.

CROMBIE HUMMED a tune as he put chains on the tires of his blue four-wheel-drive pickup. Then he checked his fuel: nearly full. It was -20 C and snowing lightly. "See you later!" he called back to Roy as he pulled away at about 10 a.m.

The road he was on, a single lane bulldozed through the forest, was rolling and hilly, with several hairpin curves, and Crombie quickly realized he had a tough drive ahead of him. Even on the level stretches, the truck could barely push through the deep snow. Thank goodness it's mostly downhill, he thought.

On the uphill grades, Crombie had to back up and accelerate forward. When the wheels began to spin, he'd get out to shovel the snow piled up in front of the truck, then move another few metres.

Soon the engine overheated, and Crombie could smell transmission oil. He shovelled snow into the back of the truck, hoping more weight would improve traction. But the dry, fluffy snow was too light to make a difference. Sweating, Crombie reflected that it was a great way to work off Christmas dinner.

Back behind the wheel, he glanced at the fuel gauge and was surprised at how quickly he was burning up his supply of diesel. He roared down one long hill and then slowed as he tackled another uphill grade. The knee-deep snow piling in front of the pickup broke the grille.

Again Crombie had to shovel, back up, force the truck ahead, then shovel some more.

Finally, he reached the top and headed down the other side. He strained his eyes to see if the road ahead was plowed. It wasn't.

At noon he stopped, disappointed, and decided to eat. He finished off leftovers from the previous night's supper at the camp: a thick soup he'd poured into a jar that morning.

Then Crombie resumed his effort, moving so slowly that snow melted by the exhaust pipe turned to steam, fogging the windshield. He rolled his window down and stuck his head outside to see where he was going.

More than six kilometres from the Tulameen Road, the fuel gauge hovered at empty. Dismayed, Crombie shut off the engine. It was 3 p.m. and getting colder.

I COULD WALK in the truck tracks back to camp, he thought, but that's mostly uphill. He could stay in the truck, but days might pass before this logging road saw another vehicle.

Crombie still wasn't terribly worried. Having cut down his first tree at the age of 11, he was at home in the bush. The self-employed contractor was used to working alone and making his own decisions. Growing up in a family of 11 children had fostered an independent spirit. His father, a logger of Scottish descent, had taught his eight sons and three daughters the value of hard work, a lesson Crombie had taken seriously.

HAVING CUT DOWN HIS FIRST TREE AT THE AGE OF 11, CROMBIE WASN'T WORRIED. HE FELT AT HOME IN THE BUSH.

He'd experienced setbacks in his life, but Crombie never wasted a minute on self-pity. Falling timber prices and machinery breakdowns had brought him close to bankruptcy more than once. Yet he saw each new problem as a challenge.

Weighing the odds, he decided his best bet was to walk to the Tulameen. From there, he thought, I'll surely be able to flag down a car.

Crombie checked his clothing and supplies. Besides his new jacket, he wore heavy windproof pants, a warm toque and mitts. He tucked an orange into his jacket and slipped a book of matches into his pants pocket. Then he gathered up paper, a flashlight and a red plastic gasoline container, which holds about two litres of fuel.

Wading through the powder, Crombie noticed a faint impression of tire tracks, probably made by his own truck on the way in to the logging camp. The compacted snow of the tracks was a little easier to walk on.

An hour after he set out, night fell. To save the batteries, he turned the flashlight on just long enough to find the ghostly track, then switched it off and lumbered forward into the darkness.

As the day drew to a close, Crombie's wife, Fay, and his 17-year-old daughter, Sara, finished supper at their home in Lillooet, B.C. "Want to play backgammon, Mom?" Sara asked.

"Not tonight," Fay answered. "I have a funny feeling about your daddy." Ordinarily Fay refused to worry unless her husband didn't show up when he said he would. But tonight she paced around the house, staring out the windows. The mercury was falling—it was already -25 C.

> IN THE SILENT NIGHT, CROMBIE HEARD NOTHING BUT HIS OVERWORKED HEART. THE SWEAT ON HIS FACE FROZE SOLID.

AS THE COLD WORSENED, Crombie stopped more often. His flashlight beam picked out a sign: Tulameen Road, three kilometres. At the rate he was going, the road was still more than three hours away. He tried to pick up the pace, but the snow sucked at his feet like quicksand.

In the silent night Crombie heard nothing but the pounding of his overworked heart. Sweat rolled down his face and froze solid. Icicles

hung from his red moustache like the tusks of a walrus.

Another hour passed. Two kilometres to go. Then another hour. As Crombie's footsteps slowed, the road seemed to stretch into infinity. In the darkness, with only the faintest track to follow, he doggedly put one throbbing leg in front of the other.

Another half a kilometre, then a hundred metres. Crombie plunged on, straining his eyes. Finally! There was the road, dead ahead. He turned on his flashlight, ready to wave it if he saw a vehicle coming, and urged his reluctant feet to move faster.

Then he saw it: the Tulameen Road hadn't been plowed.

Ahead Crombie could distinguish a dim glow in the sky: the reflection against the clouds of the Coquihalla tollbooth lights, another eight kilometres past the Tulameen Junction. He had pushed his body to the limit to get this far. Now he was exhausted and half frozen.

All right, he told himself, as long as I have fire I can survive. He broke off some dry balsam limbs, put paper underneath and poured fuel on top. Tearing off his wet mitts, he reached into his pocket for the matches. They were soaked with sweat. Still, he tried one, then another and another.

IN A HAZE OF FATIGUE, CROMBIE SAW A BODY LYING IN THE SNOW. HE WAS HALLUCINATING HIS OWN CORPSE.

For the first time Crombie felt real fear. He was now almost halfway between the highway, eight kilometres ahead, and the truck, some six kilometres behind him. Blindly he retrieved his orange, which was frozen solid. He gnawed the skin off and chewed up the frozen segments.

In a haze of fatigue, he stared down the road—and saw a body lying in the snow. It wore a red jacket and a blue and white toque, just like his. Crombie stared harder. A wave of horror passed over him: he was hallucinating, seeing what the next traveller on this road might find—his own frozen corpse.

Crombie climbed a snowbank and sat hunched in the darkness, facing down his own death. He thought of Fay. All I'm going to leave her is a few pieces of logging equipment and a pile of bills, he thought.

With a deep breath he gritted his teeth, mustering what his wife called his "red-headed Scots stubbornness." I won't sit here and wait for death, he decided. I'll walk until I die. He opened his eyes and looked up into the dark sky. "God, I need help," he prayed.

Tossing aside his gas canister, he set out again. Within minutes, the wind began to howl. It tore the freezing snow off the trees and flung it into Crombie's face. Now he could see nothing but swirling snow. To protect his stinging skin, he walked backward.

As Crombie struggled on, the wind abruptly died down. Strange, he thought. The air felt different. He brought his mitt up to his face. I have feeling in my skin! With each breath, blessedly warm air rushed into his lungs. There could be no doubt: inexplicably, the temperature was rising—and quickly.

With the first flicker of hope, Crombie forged forward. The sugar from the orange gave him a tiny boost of energy. He paced himself by stopping to rest every 200 steps.

But still he wondered whether his legs would hold out. When he sat down, they were too rigid to relax. He lay down on his stomach and rested his face on his left forearm—just for a moment. Soon he was fast asleep.

Crombie awoke in a panic. He wasn't sure how long he'd slept, but in a nightmare he'd once again seen himself as a corpse in the snow. He clambered to his feet, shook his head and stumbled on. The sky grew lighter as he dragged himself along, managing only a few dozen steps between rests. He passed a sign: Coquihalla Highway, five kilometres.

CROMBIE LAY HIMSELF DOWN TO REST ON A LEVEL PATCH OF ROAD. HE FELT DREAMY AND PEACEFUL.

COQUIHALLA LAKES LODGE was filled with 40 stranded travellers, including snowmobilers Martin and Julie Lucas from Chilliwack. They had returned to the lodge that morning after getting stuck once too often on snowmobile trails covered with deep drifts. In the lobby, Martin struck up a conversation with two fellow snowmobilers. "Let's try one of those logging roads up the mountain," one of them suggested.

It was another two hours before Crombie finally reached a sign that

read: Coquihalla Highway, four kilometres. From the mountainside, he could see snowplows, as small as toys, working below. Either he would make it to the highway and survive, or he would collapse from exhaustion and die of exposure.

The air had cooled again, and Crombie walked on a thin crust of ice, breaking through with every step. Now he could take only 10 steps between rests. He floundered over a small bridge onto a level patch of road. Then he lay down. He felt dreamy and peaceful.

Crombie was only semi-conscious when he became aware of a faint buzzing sound. With an effort, he forced his eyes open just as three snowmobiles roared over the edge of the hill and drove straight towards him.

The first two swerved to miss him, but the third driver, Martin, stopped. Nothing of Crombie was visible except his face and toque in the deep powder. Even his footprints had been erased. Did this guy fall out of a plane or what? Martin wondered.

"You're the answer to my prayers," Crombie mumbled.

Crombie was found before noon on December 30, nearly 20 hours after he had set out. He was taken to the Coquihalla Lakes Lodge, where he immediately telephoned Fay.

That afternoon, a Ministry of Transportation and Highways truck swung by to give Crombie a lift to Merritt, where he met his sister and brother-in-law for dinner at a local restaurant. He never saw a doctor after his ordeal. Though his legs were stiff and sore, he made a full recovery within days.

And the sudden warming that helped keep him going? The scientific explanation is that the Arctic air mass that had plunged the temperature to close to -30 C had suddenly been supplanted by warm air sweeping over the continent. In the higher altitudes, the temperature rose almost 30 degrees in a single hour.

Crombie and his family feel his prayers were answered. "I don't believe that it was just a coincidence," he says. R

* * *

FOOD FRENZY

I can't turn water into wine, but I can turn ice cream into breakfast.

@LOUISPEITZMAN

The fondue? You mean my drinking cheese?

@ALIGARCHY

Adam Gopnik discovers that in matters of food and fights, the key to marital bliss is finding the middle ground

A Recipe *for* Success

FROM *AT THE STRANGERS' GATE*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOMINIQUE LAFOND

WHEN, IN LATER DECADES, I would tell people about the size of the small New York apartment that my wife, Martha, and I lived in for three years after moving from Montreal, they'd always ask the natural questions: How did you get on together at all? How come you didn't get furious with each other, or come to hate each other?

From a non-, or anti-, romantic angle, the apartment—a place we had called "the Blue Room," in honour of an old Rodgers & Hart song—had the look of one of those experiments that bad social scientists run with underpaid student volunteers: How long before they go crazy when forced to live together in a space not big enough for one person, let alone two?

We didn't fight, though. One reason we didn't fight was that the studio was so small that you could never get sufficient perspective for the fighting to happen. In order to really have a quarrel, you had to sort of step back three paces and eye the other person darkly. There just was no room for that. We were on top of each other, not in that sense—well, in that sense, too, at times—but we were also *colliding* with each other all the time. I don't have any mental image of Martha from those years, except as a kind of Cubist painting—noses and eyes and ears. You always say when you're having a fight with someone, "I saw him or her from a new perspective." But there was no new perspective from which to see in a nine-by-11 room. There was only one, and that was always close up.

But we did have one fight, I have to confess—we had it often, and it was about food. My theory about marriages and fighting is that—well, everyone knows Tolstoy's thing about how all happy families are alike and how unhappy families are unhappy in their own way. *My* theory is that all unhappy marriages have many different quarrels in them, while all happy marriages have the same quarrel, over and over again.

And that is how you know it's a happy marriage—that there's one quarrel that two people have from the day they're married to the day they die. It's not that they don't have a quarrel; it's not that that quarrel is not, on its own terms, often quite violent. It's just always the same—so that the couple comes to know all the steps in the dance of that particular quarrel. It becomes their ritualized

PREVIOUS PAGE: (FOOD STYLIST) CAROLINE DUMAS

steam valve, their anger dance, their shake-a-spear moment.

And the standard repeated quarrel of every happy marriage is more often than not some kind of quarrel about food. It's human nature to turn a mouth taste into a moral taste—to make a question of how something feels in your mouth into a question of what it says about your world.

MY UNCLE RON and my aunt Rose, for instance: They spent most of their life together, through about 60 years of marriage, having the same argument about food. My uncle Ron insisted that the reason they give you large portions at restaurants is to charge you more. And my aunt Rose insisted that the reason that they charge you more at restaurants is that they give you such large portions.

And they carried this argument along like a Beckett play, from Philadelphia to Florida and then into the hospital, where my uncle Ron had surgery on his vocal cords and would say, forced into a high falsetto, "The reason they charge you more is because they want to. And they trick you with the large portions." And Rose would say, "No, Ron. That's not the reason at all. They have their costs. They have to charge for them."

So it shouldn't be a surprise that my fight with Martha in the Blue Room was about food, too. For reasons that were both generational and peculiar, food already had an undue importance for us then. Or at least it did for me. The restaurants of New York enraptured me—we didn't go to any, but I loved the idea of them.

I would stand at our tiny three-burner gas stove, creating pillars of smoke.

I would lie in bed, after we unrolled and enwrapped the "triple fold" sofa every night, and read what was then the premier guide to New York dining out, Seymour Britchky's *The Restaurants of New York*.

No one remembers Britchky now, but at the time he was the terror of the New York restaurant scene—his tone scathing. I turned Britchky's pages over and over in bed, relishing the authority of his judgment, reading about restaurants where we could never go.

The only restaurants we could (very occasionally) afford were a hamburger joint on Second Avenue, or else pork schnitzel and potatoes at the old Ideal Restaurant on 86th Street. So if great food were to be had—fine food, French food—I would need to cook it.

I USED TO TRY every night; my mother was a wonderful cook, and she taught her sons how to cook. For our wedding, she had given me a series of haute French cookbooks: Simone Beck's *Simca's Cuisine* and a book of Roger Vergé's and something of Michel Guérard's. Inappropriately haute—inappropriate for the space and my skills, I mean—their recipes demanded poaching and roasting and marinating and above all sautéing, even flambéing, along with all the other high-heat and smoke-making procedures of a French country kitchen.

We had a tiny three-burner gas stove, with a matching Easy-Bake–style oven beneath, to produce all this. (We had to haul crisply baked cockroach bodies out of the oven when we first cleaned it.) But I have never cooked so ambitiously, before or since. I would stand there in that corner, creating pillars of smoke and flame, which would then go pouring out the single window and onto the street. Everyone was convinced we were running a crack den. But that was the only way I knew how to cook. Sometimes, hard as it is to believe, we had people "over" and I made them *côtes de veau Foyot* and Grand Marnier soufflés.

And so I would sauté the little bit of filet of veal, with its nicely reduced sauce, and put it out there on the dining table. Then Martha would come along and, bravely waving her way through the veils of smoke, sit down and cut into it and make that face—you know that face—and say, "Oh, can I have this a little better done?" because, yes, that was her nature. She was a well-done person. And she had married a rare husband.

My wife was a well-done person. And she had married a rare husband.

THIS WAS A HUGE abyss, much larger than any religious abyss that could divide the two of us. *She actually*

liked well-done meat! When you're courting someone, you don't really believe that when they say "well done," they mean it—you think it's a kind of affectation they've developed and one they will obviously give up the moment you start living together. (She had, I found out later, felt the same way about my Sinatra records.) I had, in our college years, believed that was true for Martha's taste for "well done," that it was just a kind of flirtatious gesture.

When offered something pink she said, "Can you take this back and change it?"

Until I went to her parents' place for an outdoor barbecue, and I saw her father put a hamburger down on the grill and leave it there for the appropriate five minutes, and then another five, and then another five, and then another five… Fifty minutes went by; the thing became as dense as a hockey puck, just sitting there, sizzling miserably on the grill.

Of course, there was a reason Martha came from a well-done family. Two generations back, her ancestors had been Icelandic peasants. And, basically, *everything* for them was rare—they had no fire, they had no trees, they had nothing to do but hack off a small piece of raw lamb or pry open a rock mussel and eat it and then wait a day and hack off another bit of the lamb or pry open another mussel. So moving toward well done was, in her family, a sign of escaping your peasant past.

Now, my parents were rare people. But it was exactly the same kind of generational mechanism that had made them so. They had grown up in Jewish families where there was nothing but pot roast and meat loaf. Things that were cooked past blood, things cooked not just past rare, but beyond recognition.

And I believed in rare as a moral principle because, well, my parents had brought me up to believe in it just as passionately as Martha believed in well done as a moral principle. When I offered my young wife something that was beautifully pink and bloody, she would make a face that said, "Can you take this back and change it?"

SO, ONE NIGHT in that first bleak-cozy winter, I went off to a fishmonger's

on 86th Street and I bought some tuna. Now, the early '80s were a kind of pivotal moment in the history of North American cooking, because it was then that we passed from tuna fish to tuna. Tuna fish was, of course, the thing that comes in cans; you mix it with mayonnaise and you have it in sandwiches. Tuna, on the other hand, is the beautiful pink thing that is the fish eaters' substitute for filet mignon, the thing you cook very rare and serve in the French style.

I went back to the Blue Room and I sautéed this beautiful piece of tuna and I gave it an *au poivre* sauce made with brandy, filling the place with black fumes. Martha pushed her way through the dense thicket of smoke to the table, gracefully breaststroking aside the dark cloud, and cut into the tuna. It was properly rare.

"I can't eat this," she said.

It was a crystal-goblet moment—that moment when something precious is about to fall off the table and break and you know it even before the fall is finished, the break actually made. You know you're going toward disaster. You feel the real risk. You know that, while in most of the petty squabbles of early marriage resolution is coming right after the quarrel, this quarrel is something more.

I succumbed to the moment's potential because the rejection of the rare tuna seemed to me so fundamentally hostile. I did what I've never done before or since: I got up from the table and I grabbed my raincoat and I headed for the door like a bad husband in a '60s sitcom.

Headed for the door... There really wasn't very far to go, what with there being only three steps between the table and the entrance. Still, I went there, and I opened it.

We knew that this was a fateful moment in the history of our marriage.

Then Martha—with a show of force and conviction and inner authority that I would not see again even during childbirth, summoning up a spirit all the more impressive for rising from such a gracious and fundamentally non-contentious person—went to the door and stopped me.

"You are going back and you are going to finish *cooking that fish*!" she said.

We looked each other in the eye and we knew that this was a fateful moment in the history of our marriage, and I went back and I finished cooking the fish.

About a week later, the super, Mr. Fernandez, appeared at our door and explained that everyone was complaining about the amount of smoke coming from our little basement apartment. Apparently, it was rising right up through the six storeys of the building, setting off smoke alarms. I suddenly realized that in order both to keep our lease and to save our marriage I would have to change my approach to cooking.

One way we could help ourselves was through a magic word of common invention but of our special use. And that magic word was "medium." The beautiful thing about "medium" as a word is that it slides over insensibly toward its near companion—to "medium well" or "medium rare." Your partner hears the "medium," and the waiter alone hears the "rare" or "well," and you get to belong to two categories of moral taste simultaneously.

Everyone was complaining about the smoke coming from our apartment.

It is a wonderful word, "medium," and it can save any marriage if you use it properly. Even if the only place you ever go is out, once a week, for a hamburger.

The truth, in retrospect, is that what Rose and Ron did not know, or quite see, is that if you make a good marriage, the prices may stay the same. But the portions mysteriously grow larger. R

* * *

NEGATIVE SPACE

Cynicism masquerades as wisdom, but it's the furthest thing from it.

STEPHEN COLBERT

Check out these exceptional employee benefits!

Work Perks

FROM *THE ONION*

GREAT WORK-HOME RATIO

Laid-back organization allows employees to work from home after 6 p.m.

GRESHAM, ORE—Underscoring the benefits of working for a relaxed company like SocialFire Marketing, founder and CEO Matt Avalon told reporters Tuesday he'd instituted a policy permitting employees to work from home anytime after 6 p.m.

"If it helps them be efficient and get more done, I have no problem with people working remotely once they've left the office," said Avalon. "That's the kind of relaxed culture we strive to create—one where you can even be working from your living room couch at 2 a.m. if you'd like." Avalon added that employees may work from home on weekends and holidays as well.

SYMPATHETIC CO-WORKERS

Helpful colleagues advise woman on strategy for speeding ticket

HAGERSTOWN, MD—Local sales manager Patricia Carson reportedly received astute counsel Tuesday from a veritable legal dream team of co-workers, who dispensed invaluable advice on how to get out of a recent speeding ticket.

"You should totally fight it," said junior marketing director Gregory Castle, widely regarded as one of the legal community's pre-eminent scholars. "It's a total racket."

NISHANT CHOKSI

"Half the time, the radar gun is busted," said software developer Mark Schreiber, laying the groundwork for a flawless defence that would hold up under the scrutiny of even the most ruthless prosecutor.

"Even if you're over the limit, you're totally allowed to drive at the rate of traffic. As long as you weren't passing a bunch of cars, you should be good," said manager Sarah Gilchrist, 26.

Company sources confirmed that Carson's meeting with her workplace's esteemed law experts proved even more valuable than the life-saving medical opinions she received earlier in the year after presenting a mole on her neck to the office's top oncological researchers.

KID-FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE

Woman thinks she can just waltz back into work after maternity leave without bringing baby to office

KENWOOD, OHIO—Saying she has a lot of nerve to try to pull something like this, employees of insurance agency Boland & Sons told reporters Wednesday that co-worker Emily Nelson seems to believe she can just waltz back into work after her maternity leave without once bringing her baby into the office.

"I don't know where she gets off thinking she doesn't need to come in here with that baby strapped around her in a Björn," said Greg Sheldrick, adding that Nelson is out of her mind if she seriously believes showing off a few measly pictures is an adequate substitute for bringing him around to meet everyone in the department.

"She needs to come in with that baby in a stroller, roll it by my desk and say 'Somebody wants to say hello,' or, frankly, she might as well never show her face here again."

MOST OPEN-MINDED

Progressive company pays both men and women 78 per cent of what they should be earning

SEATTLE—Stressing the importance of treating all of its staff members equally, technology firm Northstar Solutions described to reporters Wednesday its strict policy of paying both male and female workers 78 per cent of what they should be earning.

"At Northstar, we believe that employees who contribute the same level of hard work for the same duties should earn the same fraction of a reasonable wage, regardless of whether they're men or women," said the company's CEO, Jack Stargell.

The chief executive also noted that every staffer's compensation package is routinely reviewed to ensure that personnel with comparable experience and job responsibilities are being equivalently underpaid. R

THE QUIETER LIFE

In a world full of digital distractions and constant clatter, carving out time for contemplation and tranquility is a must. Here, 10 Canadians share their simple strategies for finding peace.

BY ANNE BOKMA FROM *BEST HEALTH*
ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY ALEXANDRA CAUFIN
ILLUSTRATION BY MATTHEW DALEY

SOMETIMES it seems impossible to find a little peace and quiet.

Our days are marked by clatter and clamour. We turn on the radio when we get in the car. Everywhere we go, people are chatting on their phones. There's muzak in the elevator and, no matter whether you live in the city or the burbs, the traffic's getting worse. With the endless stream of 24-hour news, emails and social media competing for our attention, it can be a struggle to find even one minute to meditate, or just sit back and stare at the sky.

Addicted to productivity, we go to sleep with visions of to-do lists dancing in our heads. It's no surprise that in 2014, almost a quarter of Canadians aged 15 or older said that most of their days were "quite a bit" or "extremely" stressful. Even on vacation, or in retirement, we can have a hard time relaxing and calming our minds.

All this sensory input has a harmful effect on us. The World Health Organization reports that excessive noise can lead to high blood pressure and fatal heart attacks, hearing loss, insomnia and increased rates of anxiety and depression. And Statistics Canada cites "smoking, overconsumption of alcohol and less healthy eating habits" among the consequences of a stressful life.

Meanwhile, we're so distracted that a Microsoft study of 2,000 Canadians in 2015 found that the human attention span has fallen to eight seconds from 12 in the last 15 years. (Even a goldfish, they report, can now best us by one second).

PRACTISING 20 MINUTES OF SILENT MINDFULNESS EXERCISES EVERY DAY CAN IMPROVE YOUR NIGHT'S REST.

Thankfully, there is an antidote to this cacophony: quiet time. Studies show that carving out more room for silence and solitude is a balm for the body, calms the mind, boosts creativity and makes us smarter and happier. One of them, a 2015 University of Southern California study of people over the age of 55 who experienced disturbed sleep, found that practising 20 minutes of silent mindfulness exercises every day can improve your night's rest. Dr. Leo Chalupa, a neurobiologist and vice-president of research at George Washington University, has

even advocated for "a national day of absolute silence," which he says would do more to improve our brain functioning than a full day of the mind-stimulating exercises we're often prescribed.

The fact is, most of us operate on a massive deficit of quiet. But, as we discovered by talking with 10 tranquility-seeking Canadians, it's entirely possible to find moments of stillness in a busy life. Here are their simple strategies.

Talk Less, Listen More

Fiona Heath, a Unitarian minister in Mississauga, says she spent years feeling guilty and embarrassed about being someone who is happy just staying home and reading a good book. When the 49-year-old finished *Quiet: The Power of Introverts in a World That Can't Stop Talking*, by Susan Cain, she was finally able to articulate the benefits of her reclusive side. "Silence is a source of nourishment, and I appreciate the insight, calmness and listening skills it brings."

Heath was inspired to incorporate more time for quiet in her work, adding two minutes of silence to her worship services each week. She has even organized small groups at the church for congregants to practise listening.

"Listening is hard," she says. "It's a skill that takes time to develop because we are used to spending our energy speaking and sharing. Listening well is a strong way to connect, and it's one of the most supportive things you can do for someone."

Turn Down the Volume

A few years ago, Cheryl Breukelman, an executive and health coach for Epiphany Consulting, stopped taking short-haul flights to see clients and now opts for hours-long drives from her home in Hamilton to visit cities that include Kingston, Ottawa and Sudbury. And when she's behind the wheel, she never turns on the radio.

"As a business owner, mom and wife, I rarely get any silence, so I've found that this time in the car is incredible," Breukelman says. "It brings peace and calm; it makes me feel centred and relaxed; and I can contemplate all sorts of things." In fact, she now advises her clients to book regular quiet time to ensure peak performance.

"Quiet increases our self-awareness on every level," she says. "When we're quiet, we can gain a clearer sense of how tired we are, of an ache or pain that requires attention, of stress we need to resolve, of how we are feeling emotionally, of how hungry we are or of how eager we are for a good stretch or walk. The quiet informs us and gives us the opportunity to act positively."

Meditate—Even for Five Minutes

"Gone are the days when meditation was seen as a 'hoo-ha' idea," says Good+Hec founder and director Chris Hecimovich, a Nova Scotia native who travels between Canada and the United States teaching mindfulness in corporate environments and to professional sports teams. And he's right: yoga's favourite cousin was among the most prominent wellness trends of 2017.

Once a successful sales exec, Hecimovich succumbed to full-scale burnout in 2010. "I felt dead and lonely and without purpose," he explains. After 15 years of relying on his sharp business instincts, that same inner impulse took him instead to India.

"I had never practised meditation, but I knew I needed space and peace," says Hecimovich. "For 30 days, I sat on my cushion every morning and chanted in my head: 'May I be filled with loving kindness. May I be well. May I be peaceful and at ease. May I be happy.' Those four verses changed my life." He ended up staying on, living in an ashram for two months.

Now a pro helping people bring quiet mindfulness to their day-to-day lives, Hecimovich explains that you can't really do meditation wrong and that the most important thing is to be consistent. First-timers can ease into the practice by trying a morning meditation in bed or over coffee at the kitchen table. "Start with being comfortable sitting with yourself for five minutes," he says. "It will evolve from there."

> IN HER BOOK *THE CALL OF SOLITUDE*, AUTHOR ESTER BUCHOLZ DUBS ALONE TIME "FUEL FOR LIFE."

Take a Solo Sojourn

A trip on your lonesome doesn't have to be lonely. There's freedom in not being beholden to others and in having the ability to do what you want when you want. In *The Call of Solitude*, author Ester Bucholz dubs alone time "fuel for life." That's something Cheryl Paterson, a 53-year-old teacher and mother of three in Dundas, Ont., has taken to heart.

Paterson says she recharges by taking regular solo treks. Her favourite

destination is Ontario's Algonquin Park, where she'll swim, read, paddle a canoe and hike or run in the woods every day. She even packs an ergonomic chair for meditation.

"Getting away on my own is awesome," Paterson says. "I love removing myself from my normal routine and just having the opportunity to reflect on life."

Find Calm in the Community

Toronto photographer Ben Freedman spends a lot of time in hushed art galleries. As artistic project coordinator at the Scotiabank Contact Photography Festival, installing exhibitions and checking out shows are a major part of his job. As Freedman explains, though, the intense creative energy that surrounds him on a daily basis is almost always paired with relatively minimal noise.

Like libraries and history museums, art galleries provide quietude that isn't solitary. You're in the company of other people, but it's generally understood that these places are for quiet conversation only. "I always prefer my second visit to any exhibition over opening night," Freedman says. "When I enter a gallery, my intention is to learn or experience something, not dissimilar to the goal of meditation. And today, looking at anything for an extended amount of time in silence is a gift."

Take a Break From Social Media

Uzma Jalaluddin was an "unrepentant Luddite" until she got her first smartphone five years ago. To begin with, she used it only for phone calls and texts but soon was sucked into the digital vortex, compulsively checking her Facebook timeline and trying to keep up with more than a dozen WhatsApp group chats. A teacher, mother of two and biweekly columnist for the *Toronto Star*, the 37-year-old says spending time on social media meant she was more distracted, read fewer books and found it harder to concentrate on her writing. She uninstalled Facebook from her phone (she still checks it on her laptop) and muted her WhatsApp notifications so she ends up viewing messages less frequently.

"It was easy to disengage," Jalaluddin says. "I crave quiet, and I realize I need at least 30 minutes of silence a day to feel balanced and energized—and that extends to social media." She finds these moments of peace in the morning, drinking tea and reading the newspaper. "It makes me a calmer, happier person."

Take a Forest Bath

"We need the tonic of wildness," Henry David Thoreau wrote in *Walden*. Now, more than 150 years later, an emerging profession of certified forest guides is answering

that call, helping people gain the best benefits from wooded walks by encouraging them to move quietly and deliberately, covering as little as 400 metres over three hours.

"Many of us had a special spot to go sit in the woods, or somewhere else in nature, as children," says 34-year-old Sky Maria Buitenhuis, a trainer for the Canadian chapter of the Association of Nature and Forest Therapy Guides and Programs. "It's something we've lost in our adult lives. We often believe we can think or worry our way out of a problem, but what we really need is quiet time in nature so our inner wisdom and intuition can arise."

Forest guides engage participants in a series of "invitations" to soak up nature's hushed sounds, evocative scents or the sensation of running their fingers over the veins of an oak leaf. This contemplative practice originated in Japan, where *Shinrin-yoku*—"forest bathing"—was recognized for its therapeutic value in boosting the immune system and improving peace of mind.

"FOREST BATHING" IS RECOGNIZED FOR ITS THERAPEUTIC VALUE IN BOOSTING THE IMMUNE SYSTEM.

Silence the Family Circus

One of the reasons why many of us have a hard time relaxing into quietude is that we're not used to it; no one ever showed us how. That's why James R.C. Smith, the Vancouver-based Brit behind the daddy blog socialdad.ca, has made sure to integrate this lesson into his parenting. "I grew up in the English countryside, which was always quiet," Smith says. "I learned to listen to the sounds of nature over everything else." Now he's trying to replicate that experience for his two-year-old daughter in an urban environment.

Lesson one: flexibility. "She's a toddler. If she doesn't want to be quiet, she's not going to be," Smith explains. "But it's not always about lower volume; it's about less distraction."

Smith always has blocks and art supplies handy, making it easy to break away from noisy toys and iPads with an activity that's still stimulating. He limits television to one hour a day and encourages a low-volume household. "If music is on, it's not too loud. There's no shouting, and we take turns speaking," says Smith. "Quiet

periods benefit my daughter the same way they benefit us all. They are times for calm thoughts and understanding. We're free to let our minds wander."

Sign Up for Quiet Yoga

Thirty-six-year-old Anna Muzzin lost more than 100 pounds 10 years ago, but she continued to think of herself as a heavy person—that is, until she took up Mysore-style Ashtanga yoga. In this type of class, students work independently within a group setting on a particular series of postures under the hushed one-on-one guidance of an instructor.

"When you've been overweight for your whole life, you keep seeing yourself in the old way," says Muzzin, who now teaches Mysore Ashtanga in Hamilton. "This type of yoga helped make me lean and strong, but the main benefit was that it helped me limit the fluctuations of my mind that had me thinking about myself in a certain way. The quiet nature of this physical practice allows us to hear what's going on internally and helps us better understand ourselves."

Walk a Labyrinth

Labyrinths are ancient, circular, winding pathways found in cultures worldwide and are often used as a form of walking meditation. By slowly following the labyrinth to its centre and then back out again, says Holly Carnegie Letcher, an occupational therapist in Qualicum Beach, B.C., we allow ourselves to be present in the moment and can clear our mind of worries.

Letcher uses the practice of walking labyrinths—most often found painted on the ground in public spaces—with her clients as a tool to lower blood pressure and manage stress. She also sees it as a metaphor for life's journey: "This walk of reflection through the twists and turns of our days will bring us to our centre if we simply put one foot in front of the other, breathe and take time to truly listen through the noise and chaos. Trust that you are exactly where you are meant to be," she says. "The labyrinth represents a way to create quiet—and to listen to the voice within." R

* * *

WEATHER THE STORM

Trying to stop it from raining has never worked, but eventually the rain does pass.

TRACEE ELLIS ROSS, actress

Gould began using her current address book (below) when Louis St. Laurent was in office.

The time-worn log on the table in my front hall may not be as convenient as a smartphone, but its history can't be deleted

My Address Book

BY PATRICIA GOULD
FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

MATTHEW COHEN

A YEAR OR SO AGO, while my granddaughter was visiting, I asked if she had her brother's new address. She scrolled through her phone and I marvelled again at the convenience of technology. A phone, not an address book? While I'm not entirely techno-illiterate—I type, after all, on a laptop—I find it hard to grasp the changes that happen so quickly.

"Here, Gran," said Carly when she found the address. "I'll write it down for you."

"Will you put it in my book?" I asked, pointing her to the phone table in the hall.

Carly picked up the well-worn address book and looked inside, a curious expression on her face. "There's hardly any room left to write numbers," she said with a laugh as she wrote what I needed in the margin. "And it's full of names you've scratched out."

"Well, dear, those are people who've passed on," I explained.

"Dead?" said Carly.

"Dead," I echoed. "I can't press 'delete,' so I just scratch out the names."

"Oh," she said, looking a little horrified. "That's so sad."

AFTER CARLY LEFT, I picked up my address book and took it into the living room with a cup of tea.

I flipped the pages to the beginning and found a date: 1955. That's a lot of years ago, I thought, and while I never considered this book as being sad, I also never looked at it as anything more than a place to store information.

But opening the pages, I could see the bank of stories it represents, a repository of lives lived and lost, marriages, births, friendships, changes.

HERE'S MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. I REMEMBER HOW HER DAD AND I FRETTED WHEN SHE MOVED TO NEW YORK.

I'm 92 years old and I've outlived all my siblings. Two sisters and five brothers, with a history of where they lived and how to contact them neatly written, then gradually scratched out as they succumbed to whatever ailment took them to the next world.

But their offspring live on, and the K pages, for Kirkpatrick, bleed over into the L pages, as there are so many nieces, nephews, grandnieces and grandnephews to carry on the family name.

Here's my youngest daughter. I remember how her dad and I fretted when she moved to that apartment in New York. She was just 18 and determined to make it in the theatre world.

Jay, my husband, took a trip a few months later to check on her. He phoned home with the proclamation that no daughter of his was going to live in such a rat-infested dive!

I'm sure the rats were an exaggeration, but West 11th Street was scratched off the page and a new apartment was found, along with a small monthly allowance from home.

THERE ARE NO ACTIVE ENTRIES FOR MY FRIENDS FROM VANCOUVER; SOMEONE HAS TO BE THE LAST "MAN" STANDING.

There follows a page of crossed-out entries tracing her moves to Hoboken, New Jersey (scratch); Weehawken (scratch); West Orange (scratch); West Caldwell (scratch); Lincoln, Massachusetts (scratch); and Bedford, Massachusetts. Each has a story.

Turning the pages, I find my best friend, June, who died three years ago and whom I miss every day. We had such fun when we were younger in Vancouver (address 1), so when she moved to Salt Spring Island (address 2), I wasn't sure how I would get along without her.

That move is a smudge in my book; perhaps I cried as I wrote her new address. I remember feeling bereft.

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, I also left Vancouver for Salt Spring after my husband died, and June and I shared 10 more happy years as friends. That was before address 3 signalled her move to a nursing home and the end of life as we knew it.

There are no active entries for my friends from Vancouver; it's inevitable that someone will be the last "man" standing, I guess. No one exists anymore outside of a memory and a crossed-out name in an old book.

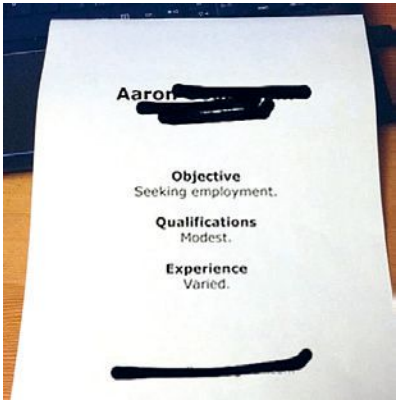
More recent entries herald a different kind of life. They paint a picture of the community I found on this little island in the Pacific. Fewer friends, perhaps, and those I do have are all younger, though I don't mind being the "grande dame."

My handwriting is a little shakier than the bold strokes that marked the addresses I included 60 years ago (oh my, has it really been that long?), but the stories are as vivid.

I close the book and feel the well-worn leather cover. A smartphone is convenient—I keep thinking I should buy one if my grandchildren will have the patience to teach me how to use it—but it can't replace the memories held in these pages. R

@ Work

THE JOB HUNTER



thechive.com

OPTIMISTIC OUTLOOK

A friend of mine is a trauma counsellor who helps people who've had dramatic experiences on the job. One day she was lamenting to her daughter that she hadn't had much work of late. Her daughter urged her to look on the bright side.

"Cheer up, Mom! Something bad is bound to happen."

PAULA PARK, ***Ottawa***

HOW DARE THEY

My boss says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. We'll see about that.

humorthatworks.com

VALUABLE EXPERIENCE

I used to be a hot-tar roofer. Yeah, I remember that day.

Comedian **MITCH HEDBERG**

I HAVE A LOT OF JOKES

about unemployed people but none of them work.

humorthatworks.com

IN THE EVENT YOU SURVIVE

Life insurance agent to would-be client: "Don't let me frighten you into a hasty decision. Sleep on it tonight. If you wake in the morning, give me a call then and let me know."

workjoke.com

WORKPLACE REJUVENATION

I love pressing F5. It is so refreshing.

laughfactory.com

DOES NOT COMPUTE

The human brain is a wonderful thing. It starts working the moment you are born and never stops until you stand up to speak in public.

humorthatworks.com

Are you in need of some professional motivation? Send us a work anecdote, and you could receive $50. To submit your stories, visit rd.ca/joke.

How to spot—and neutralize—a bully

Taking a Stand

BY ANDRE MAYER ILLUSTRATION BY SÉBASTIEN THIBAULT

GIVEN THE HEIGHTENED awareness around bullying nowadays, most of us think we know what it looks like. But even experts are sometimes surprised by the way this social scourge manifests, especially among adults.

Susan Wenzel, a relationship counsellor and sex therapist in Winnipeg, recently worked with a common-law couple that had fallen into a destructive pattern: the woman would regularly wake her partner up in the middle of the night to rehash an incident that had upset her. She would fixate on some perceived slight—that he ignored her at a party or that he failed to defend her when his mother voiced a criticism—and berate him.

Wenzel says the woman's rationale was that "your time is my time, so I can wake you up." Her haranguing would last several hours, and the relationship turned toxic. Once, the couple argued so fiercely that a neighbour called the police (no charges were laid). This played out over several months, and in addition to being sleep-deprived, the man felt emotionally drained and depressed. At first, says Wenzel, he saw his partner's nocturnal

grievances as a bad, unwanted habit. But eventually, she adds, "He started seeing it as emotional abuse."

Bullying can come in many forms—from physical intimidation to online harassment to mind games. "It can cross gender lines and often doesn't follow a predictable pattern. That makes it very hard to label," says Anna Richards, a conflict coach and counsellor at the Neutral Zone, a counselling agency in Vancouver.

The end result, however, is typically the same in all instances of harassment: harmful relationships and potentially dire effects on the victim's mental and physical health. Thankfully, there are strategies for dealing with intimidation.

IDENTIFYING BULLIES

Simply put, bullying is a systematic, repetitive abuse of power. When we think of classic examples of harassment, such as children being bullied in school, power is often derived from physical strength, or higher social status. The victims are usually people who are seen as weak or different.

But bullying doesn't always follow this stereotype, or automatically stop once you age. "The playground just becomes a bit more sophisticated," says Tracy Vaillancourt, a psychology professor at the University of Ottawa. There isn't much data available on the incidence of bullying, but Vaillancourt cites a 2006 Canadian study reporting that 40 per cent of adults are regularly bullied at work.

We know it also happens in close personal relationships, such as those between family members or romantic partners. Wenzel says that because each family is unique, victims might not identify a parent or sibling's relentless digs as bullying—they might just see it as part of an established household dynamic.

Bullying can be deliberately subtle, such as withholding affection or questioning someone's intelligence or life choices. Another example is exerting control in a relationship by constantly insisting that your partner is misremembering key moments or lying about them, to the point where they start to question their own sanity, a practice that has come to be known informally as "gaslighting."

"That is a psychological mind game that happens in an abusive cycle where it's not right there in your face, which I think is even more dangerous—it's harder to detect," says Wenzel.

Bullies often feel helpless in other aspects of their lives, says Richards: "People might feel disempowered at work and come home to unload on their partner."

When bullies take aggression out on their co-workers, the intimidation tends to be more overt. The typical notion of a workplace bully is a boss who continually berates employees in front of their peers.

"Normally speaking, [harassment] comes from the top down," says Jacqueline Power, a management professor at the University of Windsor. "But there are cases where people bully their boss."

Power says employees who are uncooperative, openly defiant or insulting might believe they have leverage because their boss falls into a less privileged category—perhaps they are younger, female or a visible minority—or because they feel their superior is unqualified or ineffectual.

FACING THE PROBLEM

There are ways to push back against bullies. If a person constantly belittles a colleague's ideas in meetings, for example, the victim should first step back and take inventory of their feelings, says Dorothy Kudla, a Toronto-based facilitator who runs workshops on organizational effectiveness at Full Circle Connections. To boost their confidence, she says, they should remind themselves that they have the qualifications necessary to do their job. Then they should decide on the best of course of action.

That could mean finding an ally who will support their point of view in the next meeting. It could also mean approaching the bully privately and gently telling them that their behaviour isn't productive. Kudla recommends emphasizing that "your projects are important to both of you, and if you're going to be successful, you need to be working toward a common goal."

Dealing with bullies in our personal lives can be harder, because the circumstances are often complicated by love or a sense of duty. Nonetheless, calling out a bully can be an important step in neutralizing their behaviour. Richards says there's a diplomatic, non-aggressive way of doing so, and it follows the acronym DEAR: describe the incident in a non-judgmental, calm way; explain how it made you feel; ask the bully what they were thinking at the time; and request how you'd like to be treated in the future.

If repeated attempts at communication don't bring a change in behaviour, it's a good sign that you should sever ties—the perpetrator isn't respecting boundaries and feelings, and the relationship may be irreparable.

But overall, Richards tries to encourage her clients to let the bully explain themselves: "If you can actually suspend judgment long enough to hear the words coming out of their mouth, if you can ask open-ended questions in a way that invites them to share their perspective, and if you can hold on long enough to reflect back to them what you heard, you've done 99 per cent of the work of resolving this conflict."

What makes listening effective, she says, is that you're setting up a tone of collaboration, not an argument. R

As Kids See It

"I got into a fight with Emily over what colour we should make our friendship bracelets."

ONE MORNING WHILE visiting his grandparents in Calgary, my three-year-old son, Graham, asked his grandmother if he could pick berries in the backyard.

"Not in your PJs!" she responded. Two minutes later, she heard the screen door close and turned to find Graham's PJs in a tidy pile by the door. **MARILYN PENLEY,** ***Oakville, Ont.***

YOUNG CHILDREN HAVE a unique superpower: place a toddler in a queen-sized bed and they will find a sleeping position that ensures no one else can fit in there with them.

RITA HICKEY, ***Brampton, Ont.***

PARENTING IS LIKE being a juggler except all the balls are screaming.

@KALVINMACLEOD

CONAN DE VRIES

MY THREE-YEAR-OLD great granddaughter, Nora, doesn't know me very well, as we live in different provinces. So when she came to visit one day, she kept her distance, communicating only through cautious looks. Later that evening, though, when I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth, I heard her call from down the hallway, "Good job brushing your teeth, Great-Grandma!"

BERNICE LUND, *Calgary*

FOUR-YEAR-OLD: Mommy, you're just like a Disney movie. We should play pretend.
ME: Aww! Sure!
FOUR-YEAR-OLD: You can be the Beast.
ME: ...
FOUR-YEAR-OLD: Or the fat sea witch!

@MARLEBEAN

MY SON AND I were playing catch when I made a completely terrible pass that sailed over his head. "Sorry, that was a bad throw," I said.

He shot me a kind look and responded, "No, Daddy, that was a wonderful toss."

Then, taking two steps toward the ball, he stopped, turned around and continued, "When we say something nice, even when we don't mean it at all, that's called being polite, right?"

thoughtcatalog.com

[5:45 A.M., IN A HARSH WHISPER] Daddy, don't worry, you can sleep. I'm making my own breakfast. How do you turn on the oven?
ME: I'm up.

@SIMONCHOLLAND

A LITTLE BOY was sitting beside me in the hospital waiting room. He looked at all the rings on my fingers, then exclaimed, "You must have had a lot of husbands!"

ESTHER DAWSON, *Battleford, Sask.*

ME: I brought some books for us to read.
FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY I BABYSIT: *suspicious* Let me see.
ME: *Lays out books*
FOUR-YEAR-OLD: Well, this is disappointing.

CHELSEA LARSON, *Nanaimo, B.C.*

ECONOMICS 101
FIVE-YEAR-OLD: I wish we all had infinity dollars.
ME: That would wreck the economy.
FIVE-YEAR-OLD: I just—
ME: Go to your room until you understand inflation.

@XPLODINGUNICORN

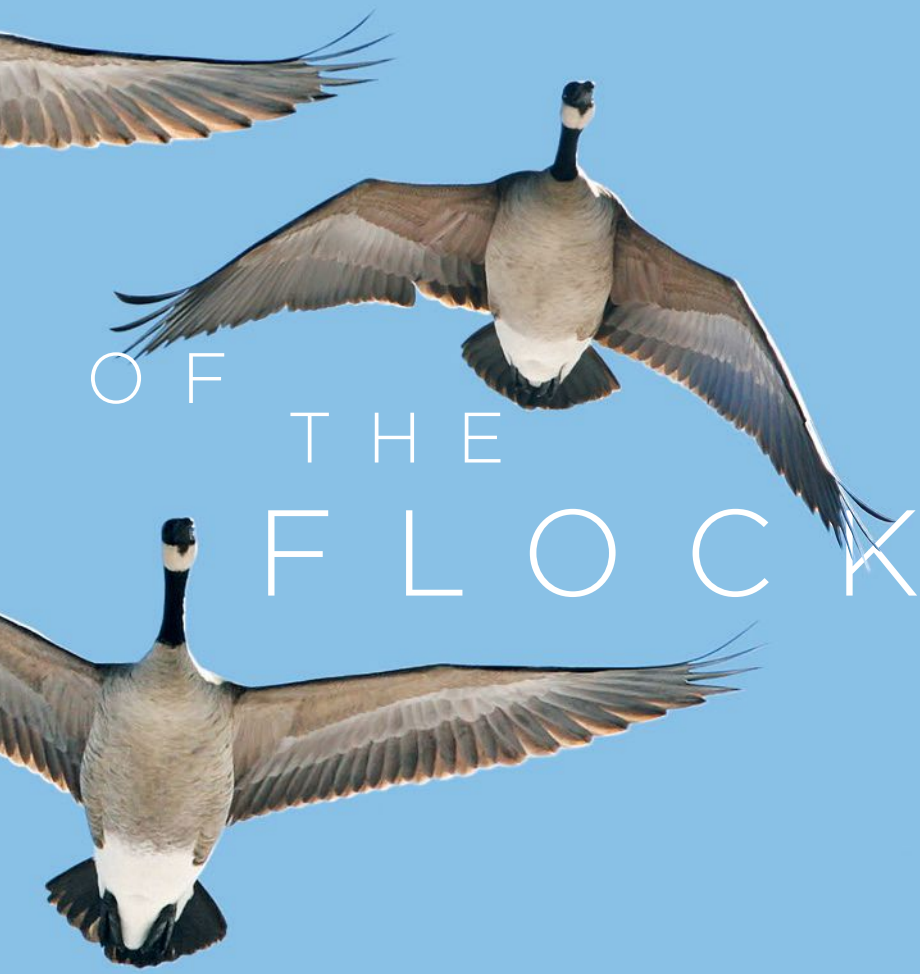
Are the children you know fluent in funny? Tell us about them! A story could earn you $50. For details on how to submit an anecdote, see page 8 or visit rd.ca/joke.

WISDOM

Over the course of his life, my father's fascination with geese was the subject of teasing. When he was gone, the birds became a source of comfort.

BY CORINNE LANGSTON FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*

MEMOIR



OF THE FLOCK

SOME PEOPLE MAY complain Canada geese are dirty, spread disease and multiply too quickly, but to my father they were magnificent birds. As a boy in Greenwood, Man., hearing them streak across the sky at night, he'd leap from his bed to the window to watch black arrows shooting through the stars. At dawn, he'd pause from milking the farm's cows to listen as great honking families headed north in the spring or south in the fall.

Later, as a grown man in Winnipeg, my father looked for them each morning as he walked over the bridge to the warehouse where he worked for 30 years. In fall, crunching home through carpets of coloured leaves, he'd sigh, "I saw them leaving—maybe 50 in formation. They don't hang around; they know winter's coming."

For weeks in September and October, the sky would resound with their wild cacophony, thrilling those who heard and saw them, particularly against a scarlet and purple prairie sunset. But there was always the sense of loss, too, of being left behind to face the inevitable. Time to hunker down and bring out the heavy coats and boots for six long months of cold and blizzards.

My dad waxed poetic about these birds. He kept out-of-date geese calendars hanging in the kitchen. "See, that's a barnacle goose and this one's a Taverner's. Here's a cackling goose, the smallest, only a quarter the size of the big guys, mainly out in B.C., and up in Alaska. She looks slightly different and her honk is higher but she's a Canada goose all right. You can't mistake them."

"Invite them down, Dad. Put out some grain. Dig a pool in the backyard," my two brothers and I would tease him.

"Laugh all you like," he said. "But when I retire, we're going to build a nice little cottage near a lake where the birds can fly in, fill up on corn, have a drink and rest before taking off again."

My mother preferred the comforts of the city. The only birds she enjoyed were roasted until crisp and served with green peas and mashed potatoes. After her death, my father hadn't the heart to leave the home they'd built together.

We kids left Winnipeg and settled in other parts of the country in the 1980s and '90s, sending Dad birthday cards and books about Canada geese and the subspecies that had caught his fancy. He never tired of tracing their flight patterns, nesting habits and habitats around the world. "Some of them even go as far as Greenland!"

WHILE DRIVING ME back to the airport on one of my fall visits home, my father stared, astonished, up at the sky: "Look at those damn geese! What're they doing flying north? They should be heading south."

(PREVIOUS PAGE) JOE BRYKSA / *WINNIPEG FREE PRESS*

His eyesight was failing and we'd just missed colliding with a transport truck as he veered from side to side. I hadn't the heart to tell him he was watching an airplane dragging a string of advertisements.

It was our last drive together.

The next year, on a layover in Winnipeg, I had a few hours before my flight home to Toronto. I rented a car and drove to the cemetery, the trees gold and crimson against a clear blue sky. I had the plot number and section, and although I hadn't been back since my father's funeral, I expected no difficulty finding his grave.

Somehow, I missed the designated section. I tried another road with no success, passed new plots, then an older division, reversing and circling, seeing the same stone angels and sarcophagi from different angles.

Despite my searching, I couldn't find where my father was buried. As it was Sunday, the cemetery office was closed and no groundskeepers were in sight. I had to get to the airport. In despair, I gave up, pulled over to the side, covered my face and wept.

It was only a few moments before I heard a strange snorting sound. Opening my eyes, I saw I was surrounded by black-headed birds with dark-brown wings and light-brown bellies. Their beaks were pecking at the grass and their short black tails jigging over white rumps as they fed and strutted across to a swampy patch of grass nearby. More dropped out of the sky, swooping down around my car, honking and shaking out their enormous wing feathers.

Dad's geese.

They dropped out of the sky, swooping around my car, honking and shaking out their feathers. Dad's geese.

The cemetery was on their flight path—a safe place to rest and replenish before continuing their long journey to the Gulf of Mexico. I began to laugh. My dad was there even though I couldn't find him. He'd have loved the absurdity of the situation.

I waited as long as I could, watching them feed, pushing and bunting each other aside, then I turned on the ignition and edged forward gingerly. A few geese stared inquisitively at me with their piercing black eyes, some honked and hissed but the rest, shuffling and snuffling, allowed me to pass.

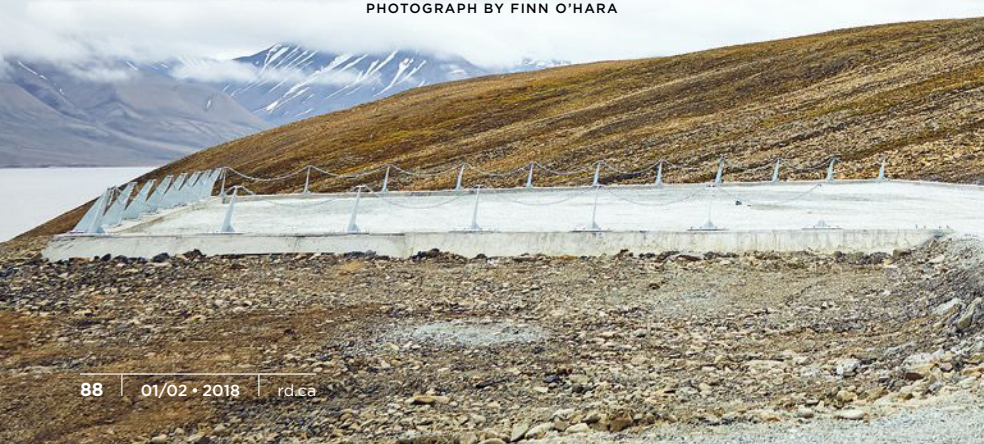
"I'll be back, Dad," I promised. "I'll be back in the spring." Then I drove away leaving him somewhere in the midst of his beloved birds. R

Deep inside a mountain on Norway's Spitsbergen Island, nearly a million seed varieties from around the world are stored for safekeeping. But is that the best solution for fending off food crises?

THE VAULT

BY JENNIFER COCKRALL-KING FROM *EIGHTEEN BRIDGES*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FINN O'HARA




Svalbard
Global Seed Vault

As my flight neared the Norwegian island of Spitsbergen—which is dogsledding distance from the North Pole—I was reminded of a BBC article I'd read listing the Svalbard Global Seed Vault as one of the world's most secretive places, along with the Vatican Secret Archives and Area 51.

The BBC stated that the seed vault was nearly impossible to get into. Yet there I was, about to land at the airport in Longyearbyen, having been assured that if I made my way to the Arctic archipelago of Svalbard in early March 2016, I would be allowed to gaze upon the frozen repository of the most important specimens of crop-seed collections from around the planet. They were locked away in a mountainside on an island that is 60 per cent glaciers and 100 per cent in the middle of nowhere. I was among a handful of lucky people who were invited that week to tour the seeds from 12,000 years of agriculture's past, present and future.

It had taken a year of back and forth with the guardians of this strange project to organize the visit, culminating in 5,000 kilometres of air travel from Edmonton to Reykjavik, then on to Oslo, Tromsø and, finally, Longyearbyen.

The site was certainly difficult to access. But flying into Spitsbergen, I could clearly see the "doomsday" seed vault's concrete wedge entrance, with its sparkly blue cap, from my airplane window. The building was remote and bunker-like, but hardly secretive. It was more like a beacon, one that begged the simple but fundamental question behind my visit: when the world builds a pantry in the permafrost and starts squirrelling away its most prized seed specimens, is this an exercise in overpreparedness, or is there something about our food supply that we need to worry about? And I mean really worry.

WE ARE IN THE MIDST of an agricultural mass extinction. In the 20th century, 75 per cent of plant genetic diversity disappeared, as farmers around the world abandoned their local heirlooms for monocrops suited merely for industrial-scale farming. It's estimated that 90 per cent of historic fruit and vegetable varieties in the United States alone have vanished. Nearly half of the western diet relies on the three big grasses of wheat, maize and rice.

The factors behind this downward trend are many and cumulative, but they include war, climate change, population growth, changes to farming practices, regional specialization in production and, of course, proprietary seed concentration in a handful of multinationals.

The enormous size of modern farms, with their economies of scale

and cheaper unit-production costs, means that more acreage is taken over by fewer crop varieties. The potential risks are great: once we've narrowed our food options for economic reasons, what will we eat when those few varieties are no longer suited to changing climate conditions? The loss of genetic diversity will make it more difficult to respond to the threats to global food production.

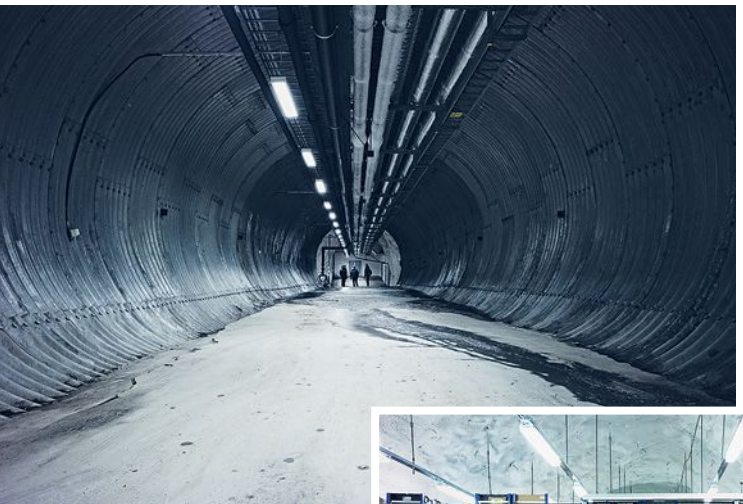
Norway, with its neutral international reputation and no major stake in global agriculture, championed the idea of a secure backup store and, in 2007, footed the US$9-million construction costs for the Svalbard Global Seed Vault. It was built out of concrete to last for tens of thousands of years, and it's engineered to withstand bomb blasts and earthquakes. Also, because it's tunnelled deep into the mountainside, the three storage chambers can stay frozen for 200 years without power in the event of an outage. The entrance pokes out of the mountain at 130 metres above current sea level, high enough if—or when—the polar ice caps melt.

That said, in May 2017, following another warm winter, water was able to seep into the tunnel entrance. The melting permafrost caused a media storm. Was the safeguard of the future of food at risk? According to the agencies that oversee the vault, the answer is no. The seeds, deep inside the mountain, were safe. However, upgrades are currently underway to reseal the entrance and create better drainage routes, among other measures.

WHEN I ARRIVED at the entrance to the vault in March 2016, there were no armed guards and no security checks—just three mangy reindeer pawing at the ice and snow, rooting for frozen lichen and grass. My guide for the day, Brian Lainoff, a lanky twentysomething American and former communications and partnerships coordinator for the Crop Trust, emerged with some potential funders from Switzerland.

> "The cold seemed to hang on the metal lining the inner passage. The fluorescent lights buzzing down the length of the tunnel added a *Battlestar Galactica* space-station feel.

Eight years into the vault's existence, securing partners with deep pockets is still a priority—the routine operating costs of the vault are US$1 million annually. As Lainoff parted ways with the Swiss group, he said to us: "It's probably the biggest biological rescue operation ever." Indeed, close to 940,000



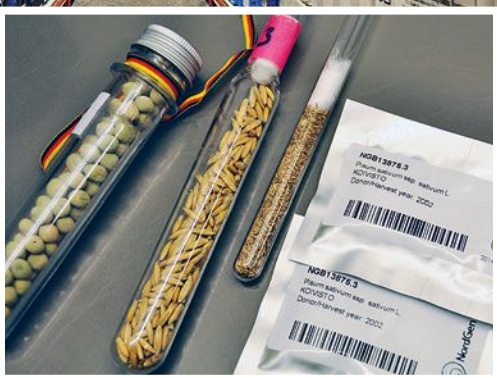
The Svalbard Global Seed Vault is intended to help guard against catastrophe when the current loss of genetic diversity—within everything from corn to coffee—threatens global food production.

seed varieties are already protected within the vault, and it's designed to hold 4.5 million, a number that the brightest minds in agricultural bio-conservation feel is a safe cushion for any number of worst-case scenarios.

After Lainoff bid farewell to the Swiss visitors, we crossed a small bridge to the entrance. He reached into his parka for the key to unlock the massive outer metal doors. Once inside, the cold seemed to hang on the curved corrugated metal lining the walls of the first inner passage. The fluorescent lights buzzing overhead and down the entire length of the 146-metre tunnel added a *Battlestar Galactica* space-station feel.

As we went further into the tunnel, the steel walls became a roughly blasted stone shaft, and it got a lot colder. (The ideal conditions in which

COURTESY OF NORWEGIAN MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FOOD



to store seeds long-term are -18 C and very dry.) After another set of locked doors, we stood in front of the three storage-chamber doors. "Guess which one the seeds are in," said Lainoff, joking. It sparkled with a thick layer of frost and ice, like the inside of an old chest freezer. The other two storage spaces, currently empty, will be filled as the vault's deposit inventory grows.

The interior of the chamber, which measures six metres by 27 metres by 10 metres, was much like a well-ordered garage. Utilitarian wire-rack shelves were filled with plastic bins, wooden crates and cardboard boxes, some barely held together with packing tape. Lainoff walked us down the aisles, past boxes labelled "Canada," "Taiwan," "The Africa Rice Centre" and "United States National Plant Germplasm System."

"This is a global effort, with 70-plus countries' institutions," Lainoff said, explaining that it includes rare shared participation by cultural or political nemeses. He pointed to wooden boxes painted red with "DPR of Korea" stencilled in white, sitting steps away from blue bins from South Korea.

The boxes are never opened here, as the seeds inside are the property of the depositor. Svalbard merely stores them and will extract them only if and when requested by the owners. Most boxes are filled with dozens of seed varieties vacuum-sealed in Mylar pouches with bar codes and labels from the depositor's own cataloguing system.

Lainoff positioned himself in front of a gap on the shelves and explained

that such empty spots are out of the ordinary. The seed boxes are always shelved in the order they are received and aren't catalogued geographically. There was an empty space because, in 2015, the International Center for Agricultural Research in the Dry Areas (ICARDA)—a non-profit consortium that conducts research in more than 50 countries—withdrew a portion of its seed bank.

ICARDA preserves unique crops of cereals, legumes and forages from some of the most agriculturally significant places in the world. During the civil war in Syria, ICARDA's Aleppo office—once one of the most important seed repositories in the world, partly due to Syria's historical relevance as the country where wheat originated—had to be evacuated. Only 87 per cent of the seed collection was saved.

ICARDA requested its seeds so that crops could be replanted in Morocco and Lebanon in order to grow them out and thus replenish seed stocks. There have since been two "redeposits" in Svalbard with seeds that have been regenerated.

As Lainoff finished off the tour of the vault, I noticed my teeth chattering. On the way out, my fingers were numb as I added my scrawl to the guest book. The first name on the very first page was that of then–UN Secretary General Ban Ki-moon. He wrote: "This is an inspirational symbol of peace and food security for the entire humanity."

WE RE-EMERGED INTO the blue light of the silent Arctic, and I realized that I felt ambivalent about the stockpile of seeds I had come so far to see. Yes, climate change is confounding our farmers, and their options are increasingly limited. And corporate interests will try to further enclose their ability to regulate seed sales and control seed genetics. The narrowing of the food system's biodiversity has nations and scientists alarmed enough to stockpile seed genetics.

But I wonder if this is truly our best option. These *ex situ* collections are just a partial shelter against an onslaught of larger forces. Svalbard has no power over the global climate or corporate interests, not to mention generational knowledge transfer. Of course, it's critical to protect the genetic inheritance of humanity, but keeping crop seeds locked up near the North Pole is a bruising reminder of their scarcity. Have we already accepted defeat? Wouldn't we be better off figuring out how to get as many of these seeds as possible into the hands of farmers who keep the knowledge of when, where and how to plant them? R

MORE GREAT READS ON

Rd.ca

HEALTH

DO YOU KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT DRINKING?

T	F	You'll get tipsy faster if you're drinking out of a curved glass.
T	F	Mixing booze with diet soda can spike your blood alcohol level.
T	F	The older you get, the more easily you become intoxicated.

Find the answers at
rd.ca/health/healthy-living/weird-reasons-got-tipsy-quickly

ISTOCKPHOTO

MORE *READER'S DIGEST*—STRAIGHT TO YOUR INBOX

Want a daily dose of great Canadian stories? Sign up for our free e-newsletter at rd.ca/newsletter

HUMOUR

What do you get when you run an ad for exotic travel destinations that ends up reading "erotic travel destinations"? A cool $10 million in damages. We're counting down the most expensive typos in history at rd.ca/features/heart/most-expensive-typos

Following a devastating diagnosis, a young filmmaker and father pushes ahead—for his future and his family

"I Am Not a Tragedy"

BY SIMON FITZMAURICE FROM *IT'S NOT YET DARK*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MORSE

I am driving through the English countryside in 2007 when I get the call. It's my producer and she is excited. She's just heard from the Sundance Film Festival: they would like to screen our new short film, *The Sound of People*, in Park City, Utah, that December.

Something shifts inside me. We exchange words of jubilation and say goodbye. I am driving down the rural road and I am changed.

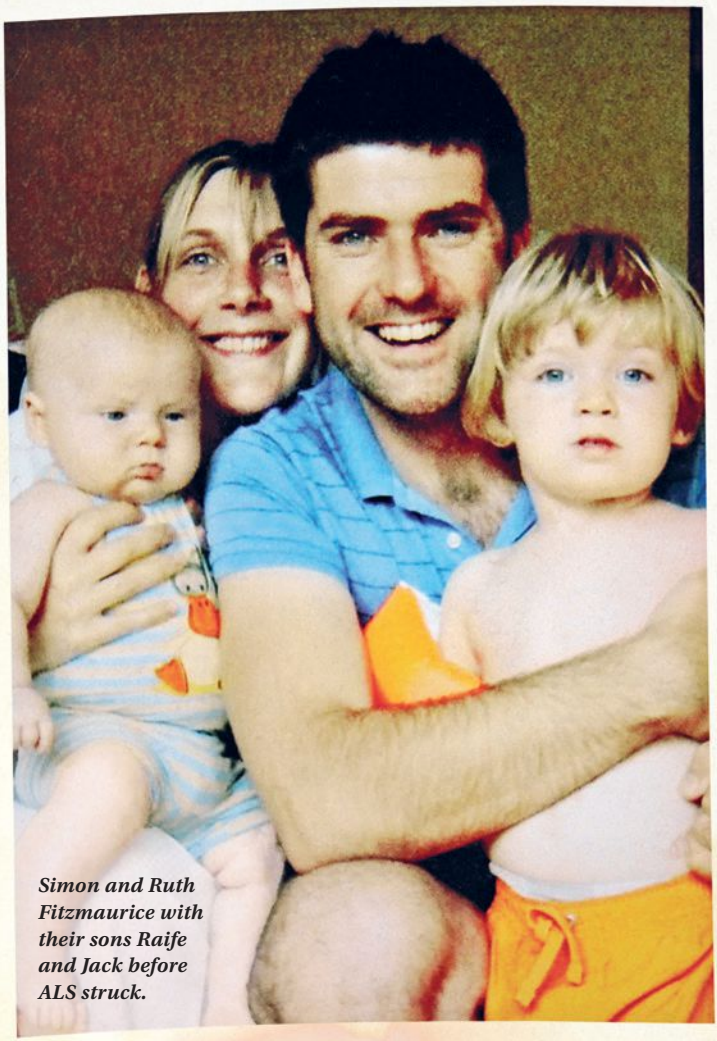
I have been to other film festivals. I went to film school at University College Dublin in Ireland, my home country, and was invited to screen my work at NYU Film School in New York. This film, my second effort, was made while I was working at an advertising agency. Sundance, founded by the legendary actor and director Robert Redford, is a major step forward.

I've often wondered if this was the moment amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), also known as motor neurone disease, began in me—that I had been holding my breath for years and suddenly let go, and that something gave in that moment.

WALKING THROUGH Dublin, I hear a slapping sound: my foot on the pavement. It's a strange thing, like my foot has gone to sleep and is limp. It passes. I immediately relate it to the shoes I'm wearing, funky, flimsy things. I even wonder if I damaged my foot during a mountain climb last year.

So I stop in at an outdoors shop to try on running shoes, determined to give my foot support. I ask the salesman for assistance, confident he will understand: I explain how I'd climbed a Himalayan mountain last

JOHN COGILL/JC PICTURES LTD.



Simon and Ruth Fitzmaurice with their sons Raife and Jack before ALS struck.

year but I'd been wearing these awful shoes and now my foot has started to flop in them. Had he seen something like that before?

"No, I've never seen anything like that before," he says. The look in his eyes becomes a twinge in my stomach.

My first diagnosis is courtesy of a shoe salesman.

MY WIFE, RUTH, and I buy a 200-year-old cottage in the Irish countryside. Fields stretch in every direction to the horizon. We have eight apple trees, an overgrown herb garden and a separate building—a garage—with a loft.

I'm standing in the garage. It has bare concrete walls and a window looking out to the garden. It's a perfect place for a home office and a home cinema.

I'm painting the bathroom in the cottage. My arms feel funny, like it's hard to hold them up. It passes. I stand in the bedroom, the double doors open to the garden. There's no sound but the movement of the wind. We settle in and name our new home North Cottage.

IN DECEMBER, I travel eight hours transatlantic, then five more to Salt Lake City, Utah. Nighttime at Sundance. The dramas and documentaries I see knock me down and pick me up. Because I am here with a film, I'm forced to question whether mine will move anyone the same way.

I'm invited, along with the other directors, to Robert Redford's house in the mountains. I meet him and we talk about Dublin. Later, following a screening of my film, I trudge through the snow on the street. I feel like a filmmaker for the first time. I step under a walkway and call my parents' house. My mother answers, and I listen to her voice as I watch the cars pass by. I tell her that my foot is hurting, that there's something wrong with it. But we talk normally, neither of us worried.

> **I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER FELT THIS ANGRY. AND SO I SAY SOMETHING. I SAY, "I HOPE THIS HURTS." IT WAS A MISTAKE.**

RUTH AND I have two young children, Jack and Raife. Upon my return from Sundance, she has a miscarriage. It devastates us both. The day after, I'm driving from North Cottage to Dublin for a muscle and nerve test

called an electromyogram. My foot has been constantly on my mind.

I'm in the car on the highway by myself and I'm angry at the pain the miscarriage caused Ruth. I don't think I've ever felt so angry, and yet I feel detached from it. And so I say something. I say, "I hope this hurts. I hope this procedure I'm about to undergo hurts me, because I want to be hurt—for Ruth, for me, for this loss we've suffered."

It was a mistake.

I STEP INTO THE WAITING ROOM AND STAND BEFORE RUTH, HER FATHER BESIDE HER. THE COLOUR LEAVES HER FACE.

The procedure turned out to be the most painful thing I have experienced in my life.

The doctor sticks long needles into my nerves, needles in my legs and arms. And once inside the nerve, inside the white blindness, he asks me to move the limb attached to that nerve. Then it's a pain that makes my body wish for a blackout.

MY YOUNGER SISTER gets married in March 2008. It is a beautiful wedding. I wear a brace under my sock to keep my foot upright. During the festivities, I get a text to say that my film has won an award at the Belfast Film Festival. I dance for the last time.

We go on holiday with my parents and my older sister's family. No one is talking about my foot. It's like a deliberate holiday into innocence.

One day it rains and I pick up Jack and carry him. There's a fragile boundary between strength and weakness, between holding Jack and letting him fall. I feel it. I'm running in my sandals across soft earth and leaves, focusing all my energy on not letting go. There is no one else around. He trusts me completely. We make it to the house.

I'M IN THE doctor's office and he tells me. Light and air leave the room. Three to four years to live. I am 34.

I get up, step into the waiting room and stand before Ruth, her father beside her. The colour leaves her face. They come into the room and the doctor tells them. Ruth starts to cry. Within 10 minutes we are out on the street. Not knowing what to do, we head to lunch.

We walk through the streets like the survivors of some vast impact.

We reach the restaurant, enter and sit down like everyone else. The waiter comes over. The place is underwater, and I can't hear what he's saying. Ruth is pregnant with our third child.

I call my parents. I tell them everything, fast, hearing the panic in my voice. Later, my parents arrive at our house. They look at me as if I'm insane and I become aware, for the first time, that nothing is the same.

WE ARE LIVING in North Cottage, where we moved so we could afford the life we wanted. I was working on my films. We had a plan and it was going well. We were happy.

But that was before. This is after. Ruth and I cry a lot, at night, in bed.

My family and I are determined to prove the diagnosis wrong or find a treatment. We pursue every thread, every possible mimicking illness, alternative blood test and experimental trail.

Ruth and I go to see a healer my mother has found. I do reiki three times a week. I read books about how sickness is repressed emotion, and I start seeing a psychiatrist. I probe every private and embarrassing corner of my mind in the hope it will do some good. The result of this is that, emotionally and spiritually, I am the healthiest person with ALS you are ever likely to meet. But it does nothing to slow the progression of the disease.

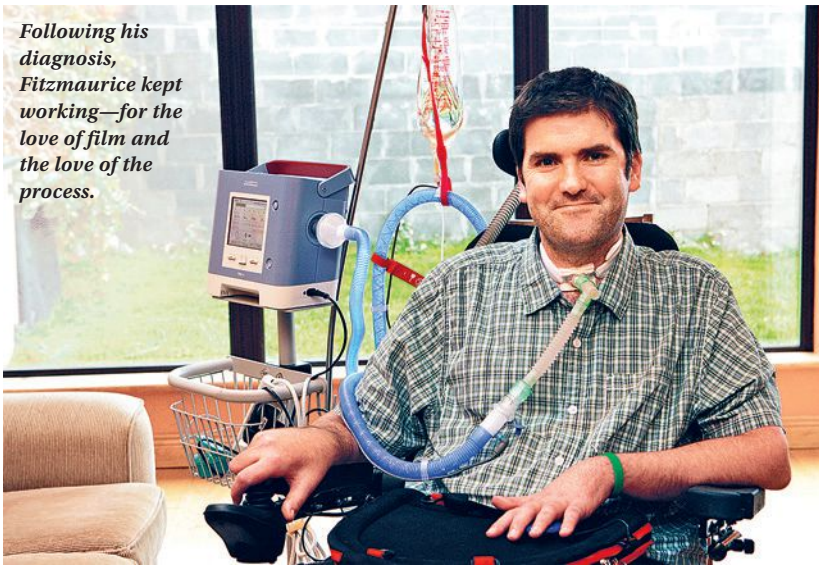
I GET THE CALL. I drive through the city, in the middle of the night. I park at the hospital. The distance across the car park is longer than I'd thought. I can make it. I have to make it. I cannot fall. If I fall, I may not be able to get back up. Ruth is up there. I make it down the corridor to Ruth's room. I brace myself and try to wipe the crazed look from my face. I go in.

ONE DAY I FALL, BADLY. MY BODY FOLDS BENEATH ME, MY BACK BENDING TO MEET MY LEGS. I MAKE QUITE THE NOISE.

Ruth smiles in the breathlessness of a contraction. I sit in a chair beside the bed, take her hand, smile. I feel like I've climbed a mountain.

Arden is born. Our third perfect, beautiful little boy. A war baby, Ruth and I call him.

I HAVE A bad limp now. Everything is in the shadow of my health, and



Following his diagnosis, Fitzmaurice kept working—for the love of film and the love of the process.

we grow more haunted by the day. I have been making myself walk up and down the hall with a walker twice a day, fighting to stay on my feet. One day I fall, badly. My body folds beneath me, my back bending to meet my legs. Our hall is tiled, and I must have made quite a noise because Ruth comes running. When I see her face I know it's bad. I never walk after that.

And yet we live. I work on the studio. I buy cinema gear and crawl on my hands and knees figuring out the exact positions for the cables and the speakers. I import a giant screen from Japan and put a desk under the window looking out to the garden.

When the children are asleep, Ruth and I come out to the studio. I'm in a wheelchair, and we have ramps around the house. In the dark, Ruth helps me out of the chair and we watch films.

I WHEEL INTO the studio. The boys are playing in the garden. I start writing my new film.

But ALS does not let you rest. I keep losing more of my life. Every time Ruth and I take a moment to breathe, we are knocked back.

I am getting weaker. I now have an electric wheelchair, as I no longer have the strength to push the manual one. I race around the garden with

IRISH TIMES

the boys. In the evening, I introduce my boys to my love of cinema, as my father passed his on to me.

As much as we adore North Cottage, the more ALS progresses, the more living in isolation becomes difficult. We decide to move.

I get pneumonia in September 2010, the first sign that ALS is affecting my breathing. Most people with the disease die of respiratory failure. I spend a week in hospital.

She pumps my chest. "Help me," I say, and the world tilts.

I WENT INTO respiratory failure, collapsed unconscious and was put on a ventilator. I now have a tube up my nose and a tube down my throat. One for feeding, the other for breathing—both of which keep me from speaking. ALS prevents me from moving my arms and legs. I communicate through text messages on my phone.

FOR THESE PEOPLE, THE QUESTIONS THEY ASK ARE RHETORICAL. TO THEM IT IS INCONCEIVABLE THAT I WANT TO LIVE.

North Cottage is sold. We find a house in the town of Greystones, where I grew up and where my parents still live.

My breathing is getting worse, and my voice has fallen to a whisper. I contract pneumonia again and go to hospital. Ruth sleeps on the couch in the room. I am terrified. I can hardly breathe.

I'm moved to intensive care. I'm drowning. I turn to Ruth and she starts pumping my chest, helping me breathe. "Don't stop," I say, panic in my voice. We share a moment of perfect fear. "Ruth, help me," I say, and see utter helplessness in her eyes.

A man visits me, an anesthesiologist for the ICU. He tells me they do not advocate invasive ventilation for ALS patients, that it is time for me to make the hard choice. Ruth and my mother start crying. I cannot reply.

While he looks at me, my life force feels unequivocal. I want to live. I feel no fear in the face of this man. We find out that Ireland's Health Service Executive (HSE) covers the home ventilator.

The next day, a neurologist walks in the door. He gives me the history of ALS. You are only going to get worse, he says. At the moment, you can use your hands, but the paralysis

will get worse. Why would you want to ventilate?

For these people, the questions are rhetorical. They have made a decision about my standard of living. To them, it is inconceivable that I would want to live. But I have many reasons to live. I want to live for my wife, for my children, for my love of friends and family and life in general. ALS is a killer, but so is life: everybody dies. But just because you are going to die in the future, does that mean you should kill yourself now?

In Ireland, ALS patients are generally not invasively ventilated. They are kept as comfortable as possible, counselled and eased into death. I do not speak for all people with ALS. I only speak for myself. I want the choice.

After four months in hospital, I am set to leave with a home ventilator, one of the first patients in the country to go home ventilated with the support of the HSE. An anesthesiologist I have gotten to know during my hospitalization comes to say goodbye. He stands there, clearly wanting to say something of meaning to me. It is an emotional moment. When he finally does speak, he tells me to go home and teach my children many things.

Then the consultant who told me that I would have to switch off the ventilator came in and said I had come a long way and that he had learned a lot.

I AM NOT a tragedy. I neither want nor need pity. I am full of hope. Life is a privilege, not a right. I feel privileged to be alive. That is hope. I am home, in my bed.

THERE IS A NURSE IN OUR HOUSE DAY AND NIGHT. RUTH STARTS TO SLEEP, TO LEAVE THE HOUSE WITHOUT FEAR.

I recover, but everything is changed once more. My hands are weak. I use my touch phone as a mouse for my laptop so I can write. My voice is low, but I can still speak. I'm on a ventilator, with a little box beside me that generates my breath, fills my lungs with the air my weakened muscles can no longer provide.

There is a nurse in our house day and night. I no longer have to wake Ruth through the night. She starts to sleep, to leave the house without fear.

I start to write again, this time on a feature script.

Not long after, my hands stop moving. My voice has become unintelligible. My eyes remain, along with some of my facial muscles. I use my eyes with my new computer, and it produces a voice. I can still move a tiny muscle in my left hand, just a twitch. Ruth and the boys like to hold my hand while I move it, ever so slightly. It is a physical connection.

I've now had ALS for almost four years. The prognosis of three to four years did not figure in the ventilator. I am into the unknown, just where I want to be. But I count forward now, not back. When I hear someone's age, I subtract mine from theirs. Sixty-seven. Thirty more years than me. I look at older people with awe. You did it.

I'M SITTING IN a café. I have a pipe over my shoulder for air. Ruth walks toward our table, carrying our coffee. She is pregnant with our fourth child and our fifth. The love of my life is pregnant with twins.

My willy works. It's that simple. The day I found out that ALS didn't affect my penis was a red-letter day. The disease doesn't take away any feeling from my body. It removes my ability to send messages to my muscles to move, but as the penis is not a muscle, it is unaffected.

Ruth and I treasure the physical connection we still have, and we had decided to try for another child. It's the ultimate expression of being alive.

RUTH IS GLORIOUSLY big. Rest-a-cup-of-tea-on-her-bump big. It's cold. It's Christmas 2011. We go down for the Carol Mass. I'm all wrapped up. As we make our way in the darkness, the cold crispness, moving with the people toward the yellow light of the church, I realize I'm as far from hospital as I can possibly get. I've made it. Out.

I've written a number of short poems to tell the story of the nativity, interspersed with carols. Sitting there, in the coolness of the marble, as the children give life to the poems, I am truly happy.

THIS TIME MY mother is driving—like a madwoman. We are on our way

SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW HOW I WILL GO ON. AND THEN ONE OF MY BOYS LOOKS AT ME AND SAYS, "HI, DADDA."

The Fitzmaurices and their five children in 2013. Front row: Sadie and Raife. Back row: Jack, Arden and Hunter.

JOHN COGILL/JC PICTURES LTD.

to the hospital for Ruth's Caesarean They're waiting for us.

Ruth is on the table. The medical team is beyond amazing, ushering me in, helping me get into the best possible position beside Ruth. They start. Ruth holds my hand. Sadie, our daughter, comes out feet first, screaming. Then Hunter, bum high in the air but silent. Ruth and I look at each other. They lay him beside Sadie and he lets out a roar. Ruth and I start to cry.

Six months now. Sadie and Hunter are fat, beautiful balls of life, with hands that reach to touch my face. ALS fought back these last few months, leaving me terrified, drowning for air.

I bit the bullet and admitted myself into hospital. I don't know how other people handle ALS, but sometimes it lays me so low that I don't know how I will go on. I feel like I'm being tortured. And then one of my boys comes to the doorway, looks at me and says, "Hi, Dadda." And I remember.

And I write. Writing is my fighting.

RUTH AND I struggle. We worry about each other, about our children. We have a different life from many, and it is isolating. We wake up often and think, How did this happen?

And there is a sadness with it and a memory of a different life, lighter, like a dream. Then it's gone, and we slip back into the stream of now, where our children are. I like being alive.

I have lost so much and yet I'm still here. I can let this life crush me, bearing down on me until I am dead. Or I can bear the weight.

I finish the script and start looking for a producer. I find two, and we get to work. The film, *My Name Is Emily,* is a story of redemption involving a 16-year-old runaway girl. I have a simple, raw desire to make the film, not as a statement, not to prove I can, not out of ego—out of love for film and the process.

ONE EVENING, RUTH and I go to the Wexford Festival Opera. I wear my tuxedo. She wears a simple black dress, and I feel that familiar pride at being in her company. My dad drives us down. But as we make to go inside, my wheelchair won't turn on. I'm stuck.

I resign myself to going home, but Ruth doesn't give up. Men in tuxedos come from the theatre offering their help. Ruth is by my side, pushing with the others, propelling me across the road.

Suddenly I'm in the packed opera house, in my place. We go to turn on my computer but it's overheated. I have no voice.

Ruth is exhilarated after the mad dash in here. She whispers in my ear, "It's just you and the music." She kisses me.

The lights go down as the orchestra plays its introduction. I'm in the dark with all these people, as alive as everyone else. The timbre of the live instruments fills my senses. In the darkness, it's just the music and me. R

My Name Is Emily *was released in early 2016, followed a year later by* It's Not Yet Dark, *a documentary narrated by Colin Farrell that tells the story of Simon Fitzmaurice, his family and life with ALS. Fitzmaurice died on October 26, 2017, at the age of 43. He had surpassed his original prognosis of survival by five years.*

* * *

A SONG TO REMEMBER

Music expresses that which cannot be put into words and that which cannot remain silent.

VICTOR HUGO

GET SMART!

13 Things Exterminators Wish You Knew

BY MICHELLE CROUCH
ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY ANDREA BENNETT

1 Bedbugs are on the rise in North America. If you're worried you have them, Mississauga-based entomologist Alice Sinia recommends checking your linens, mattress, mattress seams and headboard. Look for dried blood stains and red-brown fecal matter, which will both be about the size of a sesame seed.

2 When you have trees or shrubs touching your house, an exterminator's job becomes much harder. "Branches provide highways into the home for ants and rodents," says Cindy Mannes, vice-president of public affairs for the American National Pest Management Association.

3 After trimming back trees, look for other avenues of entry. Consider installing door sweeps and repair all screens, vents and openings in chimneys. Make sure to caulk or stuff steel wool around gaps made by air conditioning units, utility lines and hoses.

JOSHUA SCOTT; (PROP STYLIST) ANGELA CAMPOS FOR STOCKLAND MARTEL

4 "Pests are attracted to food, water and shelter," says Mannes, "same as us." Clean crumbs and spills immediately and scrub under fridges and stoves regularly.

5 Put all the food in your pantry in plastic or glass containers with sealed lids. Critters such as mice, rats, moths, ants and weevils can easily eat through paper and cardboard.

6 Leave rodents to the professionals, says Mannes. Exterminators can determine where the pests are coming from and how best to trap them. If you have pets, exterminators will lay traps in a way that doesn't endanger Fido—or his snout!

7 Worried about harmful chemicals? Every homeowner has the right to ask for information about the treatments being used. If a pest control professional is unwilling or unable to provide details about the safety of the treatment, it's time to move on, says Mannes.

8 When searching for an exterminator, get two or three quotes. The provider should be licensed and insured. They should also guarantee their treatments.

9 Clean up clutter. When a professional visits, they may need to access crawl spaces, attics and any other areas affected by the infestation. Make sure they don't have to move stacks of boxes or an overfull utility shelf to get at what they need.

10 Don't sweat what the neighbours will think. In a 2016 study conducted by the National Pest Management Association, one-third of respondents claimed that, if confronted with a pest control truck in the adjoining driveway, they'd feel their neighbour was being proactive with pest protection.

11 Save a sample of the offending insects. If you bring a professional out for ants and there are none to be found, the worker can't do a proper treatment. Different species are removed in different ways.

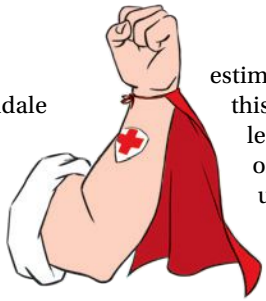
12 White porch lights attract the flying insects that spiders eat, so that's where the eight-legged critters build their webs. To reduce the number of spiders around your home, install yellow bug bulbs instead, and put your lights on a timer or switch to motion sensors.

13 Centipedes, millipedes, sowbugs and pillbugs thrive in damp environments. Reduce moisture and keep these pests at bay by removing leaf piles and grass clippings around your house and installing a dehumidifier. R

That's Outrageous!

BLOODY MIRACULOUS

BY MEAGAN BOISSÉ



PIERRE LORANGER

KARMIC JUSTICE

Calgary resident Mark Tyndale has given blood a whopping 870-plus times. For the 59-year-old, donating was a simple way to save lives. But in 2013 he found himself on the other side of the equation when he was rushed to hospital with a deadly flesh-eating disease. Fortunately, what goes around comes around. Tyndale survived after receiving 11 litres of gamma globulin that, given his prolific donor record, quite possibly contained his very own plasma.

CALL TO ACTION

In 1951, Australia native James Harrison received a life-saving blood transfusion. Inspired, he pledged to become a donor himself. It's a good thing he did: 16 years later, his blood was found to contain an antibody that was used to create a vaccine that prevents hemolytic disease of the newborn, a blood disorder in which pregnant women form antibodies that attack their unborn children. While Harrison has since saved an estimated 2.4 million babies, this year he'll be too old to legally donate. He's calling on others to step in: "Roll up your sleeve, put out your arm and save lives," he says.

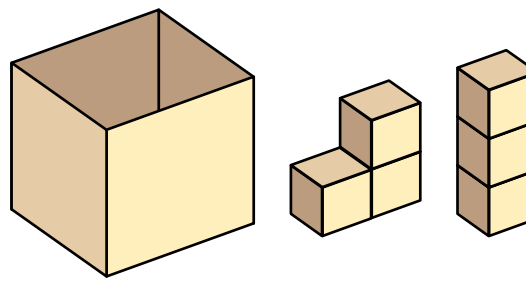
PECULIAR PROCEDURE

According to a San Francisco-based start-up, the fountain of youth really is filled with young blood. Ambrosia, founded by Stanford medical grad Jesse Karmazin, has developed a consumer-funded "clinical trial" in which participants pay $8,000 to receive an injection of blood plasma from donors who are 25 and younger. The plasma—procured from the U.S. blood supply—will make recipients feel smarter and more youthful, Karmazin claims. He attributes the benefits to growth factors and proteins, vital to cell function, which appear in greater volume in young blood. Ambrosia has completed 120-plus transfusions, but medical researchers have raised doubts over the trial, which features no control group and isn't peer-reviewed.

Brainteasers

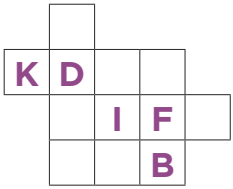
Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 114.

PACK IT IN *(Difficult)*
You must fill the three-by-three-by-three box with copies of the pieces shown, made up of three cubes each. The L-shaped pieces cost $1, while the stick-shaped pieces cost $5. How inexpensively can you completely fill the box?



SUGAR, PLEASE
(Easy)
You've gone back in time and are working as a clerk in a general store that uses a local, pre-metric weight unit known as a "pot." You have a bag of sugar, a balance scale with deep pans, a one-pot weight and a four-pot weight. You need to weigh three pots of sugar for a customer. How do you do it?

(PACK IT IN) DARREN RIGBY; (SUGAR, PLEASE) MARCEL DANESI



ALPHABET FIT

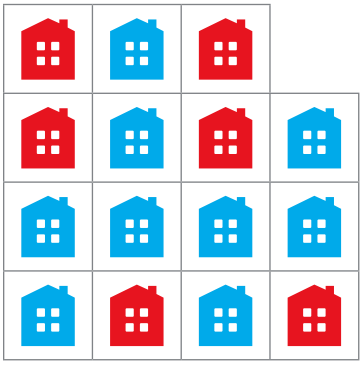
(Moderately difficult)

Insert the letters A through L, one per square, so that no two letters that are consecutive in the alphabet are in squares that touch, even at a corner. Five letters have been placed to get you started.

JERRY MANDER GOES TO WORK *(Moderately difficult)*

Your name is Jerry Mander, and you're in charge of drawing the voting-district boundaries for the town of Corruptiville. A mayoral election is coming up, and the polls indicate that candidate Anne Cyan is quite a bit more popular than her opponent, Sam Scarlet.

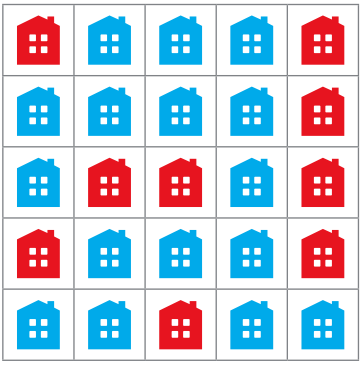
You've received a substantial bribe to draw the boundaries to help Scarlet win. Divide Corruptiville into three districts of five contiguous households so that Sam Scarlet will get the majority of the votes in a majority of the districts. For a district to be considered contiguous, each household must share a border with at least one other household, and shared corners don't count.



JERRY MANDER RETURNS

(Difficult)

Four years later, Mayor Sam Scarlet calls upon you for your shady services again. The town's limits have expanded since last time, so you'll now need to divide it into five districts of five households each. Can you help Scarlet win a second election?



(ALPHABET FIT) FRASER SIMPSON; (JERRY MANDER GOES TO WORK; JERRY MANDER RETURNS) RODERICK KIMBALL

Sudoku

BY IAN RIENSCHE

8				7		2		9
		5	1	9				
6					8		4	
		6					2	
5	1			4			8	6
	4					7		
	6		9					3
				6	7	8		
9		3		8				2

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

You have to put a number from 1 to 9 in each square so that:

- every horizontal row and vertical column contains all nine numerals (1-9) without repeating any of them;
- each of the 3 x 3 boxes has all nine numerals, none repeated.

SOLUTION

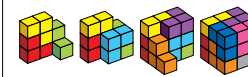
2	7	9	1	8	4	3	5	6
5	6	8	7	6	3	4	2	1
3	1	4	5	2	6	8	9	7
1	3	7	6	5	8	9	4	2
6	8	6	3	4	2	7	1	5
4	5	2	9	7	1	6	8	3
7	4	1	8	3	5	2	6	9
8	6	3	2	9	7	1	5	4
9	5	2	4	1	6	5	3	8

Brainteasers: *Answers*

(from page 112)

PACK IT IN

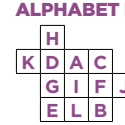
You can do it for as little as **$9**. Here is one solution, step-by-step. The other solutions cost the same or more.



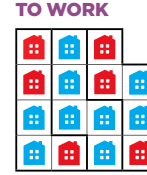
SUGAR, PLEASE

Put the four-pot weight on one of the scale pans and the one-pot weight on the other. Pour sugar into the pan with the one-pot weight until the two pans balance.

ALPHABET FIT



JERRY MANDER GOES TO WORK



JERRY MANDER RETURNS


Photo by: Andreas Trauttmansdorff Pictures

3 COMMON *beauty challenges,* SOLVED

Stylist and *Cityline* contributor Lynn Spence offers simple solutions so you can wear your age with confidence.

The challenge: THINNING HAIR

"Thinning hair is something most of us deal with as we age," says Spence. "It lacks life and volume and can make even the brightest outfits fall flat."

The solution: PULL OUT ALL THE TRICKS

When it comes to healthy hair, choosing the right shampoo and conditioner is crucial. "I've been wowed by the **Pantene Colour Preserve Volume** collection," Spence says. "I love that it helps protect my colour and keeps it radiant — and that it doesn't weigh down my hair. It's great to have a product with dual benefits!"

The challenge: DRY SKIN

"You may have noticed that as you age, your skin becomes drier and less firm. Staying hydrated is a great first step, but the real game changer is what you put on your skin.

The solution: MOISTURIZE

After cleansing, use a gel moisturizer like **Olay Age Defying Advanced Hydrating Gel.** Formulated with hyaluronic acid, this moisturizer penetrates the skin's surface and provides 24 hours of sheer and breathable hydration.

The challenge: AGING TEETH

When you're confident in how you look, you can't help but smile. Spence adds, "Your smile is what draws people to you, and stained or aging teeth shouldn't stand in your way. Put your best look forward with a healthy-looking smile."

The solution: USE THE RIGHT TOOLS FOR A BETTER CLEAN

Forty-eight percent of Canadians who haven't seen a dentist in the past year have gum disease, though this can almost always be prevented or reversed if caught early[1]. Investing in the right tools can help. Using an electric toothbrush such as the **Oral-B Pro1000 Black Cross Action** gives you a dentist-clean feeling and it removes 300 percent more plaque along the gumline than a manual brush. Spence suggests pairing your brush with **Crest Pro-Health** toothpaste to promote healthier gums & stronger teeth. "Nothing completes a look quite like a healthy, beautiful smile!"

[1]Canadian Dental Association http://www.cda-adc.ca/en/oral_health/cfyt/good_for_life/

P&G everyday

Join our community

- Exclusive coupons for Pantene, Olay, Oral-B and more!
- Recipes and how-tos for you, your home and your health
- Relevant newsletters with savings and helpful tips

SAVE UP TO $40 with coupons at somedaystartstoday.ca

NEW SEASON JAN 9

WORKIN' MOMS

TUESDAYS **9:30**/10NT
OR **STREAM ANYTIME**

Word Power

Here's a treat for you logophiles: terms used to describe language itself. How versed are you in words about words?

BY BETH SHILLIBEER

1. **oxymoron**—A: newly coined term. B: name used by Cambridge students to refer to Oxford students. C: combination of contradictory words.

2. **eponym**—A: person for whom something is named. B: pair of rhyming words. C: obsolete term.

3. **anagram**—A: personal nickname. B: word made by rearranging the letters in another. C: phrase etched on an object.

4. **cruciverbalist**—A: literary critic. B: author of novels. C: crossword puzzle enthusiast.

5. **malapropism**—A: misuse of a word that sounds similar to the one intended. B: writing that is dangerously close to plagiarism. C: bad news expressed in blunt terms.

6. **tautophonic**—A: of phonetic language instruction. B: composed of repetitive sounds. C: containing silent consonants.

7. **euphemism**—A: polite or indirect phrase referring to an uncomfortable subject. B: adopted foreign term. C: word with a feminine connotation.

8. **expletive**—A: cut out during a revision. B: instructional text. C: exclaimed swear word.

9. **epithet**—A: word that uses all the vowels. B: adjective of degree. C: descriptive phrase used with or instead of a name.

10. **acronym**—A: derogatory term. B: abbreviation formed from the initial letters of words. C: pen name.

11. **amphigory**—A: use of poetic language in prose. B: nonsense writing. C: theatre dialogue.

12. **etymology**—A: deciphering of hieroglyphs. B: origin and history of a word. C: study of accents.

13. **logogram**—A: trademarked slogan. B: single-word message. C: symbol representing a word or a phrase.

14. **lexicographer**—A: creator of cartoon captions. B: textbook writer. C: dictionary editor.

15. **polysemous**—A: with more than one meaning. B: with four or more syllables. C: with a debated origin.

Answers

1. oxymoron—[C] combination of contradictory words; as, Sarah used the *oxymoron* "bittersweet" in an effort to convey the nature of her love affair.

2. eponym—[A] person for whom something is named; as, The *eponym* for Baffin Island is the explorer William Baffin.

3. anagram—[B] word made by rearranging the letters in another; as, "Silent" is an *anagram* of "listen."

4. cruciverbalist—[C] crossword puzzle enthusiast; as, Many *cruciverbalists* get their weekly fix from *The New York Times*.

5. malapropism—[A] misuse of a word that sounds similar to the one intended; as, Uttering a *malapropism* can be embarrassing, as former Irish Prime Minister Bertie Ahern learned when he warned consumers against "upsetting the apple tart."

6. tautophonic—[B] composed of repetitive sounds; as, At age four, Lulu was fond of *tautophonic* words like "yo-yo" and "bye-bye."

7. euphemism—[A] polite or indirect phrase referring to an uncomfortable subject; as, Tim used the *euphemism* "downsizing" whenever he talked about laying off employees.

8. expletive—[C] exclaimed swear word; as, The TV executives debated whether or not to censor the *expletives* in their network's daytime shows.

9. epithet—[C] descriptive phrase used with or instead of a name; as, Wayne Gretzky earned the *epithet* "The Great One" with his outstanding career in hockey.

10. acronym—[B] abbreviation formed from the initial letters of words; as, "Radar" was originally an *acronym* for "radio detection and ranging."

11. amphigory—[B] nonsense writing; as, Mahara aspired to compose *amphigory* in the style of Lewis Carroll.

12. etymology—[B] origin and history of a word; as, Researching the *etymology* of "robot" led Jacques to the Czech word "robota," meaning "forced labour."

13. logogram—[C] symbol representing a word or a phrase; as, Advika used *logograms* to take quick notes.

14. lexicographer—[C] dictionary editor; as, Peng was overjoyed when he was hired as a *lexicographer* for the *Canadian Oxford*.

15. polysemous—[A] with more than one meaning; as, The word "break" is *polysemous*, with definitions ranging from an injured bone to a rest from work.

VOCABULARY RATINGS
7–10: fair
11–12: good
13–15: excellent

WANTED

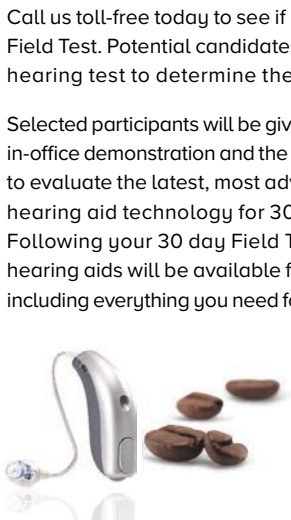
30 PEOPLE WITH HEARING LOSS

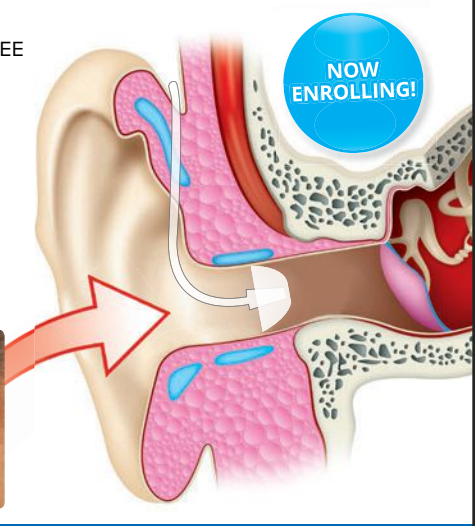
Qualified Participants Needed for Technology Field Test

We're looking for people like you, who may be experiencing difficulty hearing in noisy environments to evaluate a remarkable new digital hearing aid (1) and a rehabilitative process that could be the solution to your difficulties. There's no cost or obligation to participate!

Call us toll-free today to see if you qualify for this Field Test. Potential candidates will be given a FREE hearing test to determine their candidacy.

Selected participants will be given a FREE in-office demonstration and the opportunity to evaluate the latest, most advanced hearing aid technology for 30 days. Following your 30 day Field Test, these hearing aids will be available for purchase, including everything you need for 3 full years.





CALL NOW - Candidates are being selected.

The selection process for this test period will end March 31st, 2018.

Book your FREE appointment today! Visit **HearingLife.ca/RDIG-WNTD**

or call toll-free **1-888-697-9452**

HearingLife

Trusted Partner of | CARP | Preferred Partner | CFappreciation.ca | Blue Advantage | PVS | Legion | alumni UBC

Hearing tests are provided free of charge for adults ages 18 and older. Some conditions may apply. Please see clinic for details. (1) https://www.oticon.ca/solutions/opn

Promo Code: MAG-WNTD-RDIG

Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

If I had the choice—which I do not—I would choose better political conditions and literary obscurity.

MARGARET ATWOOD

OBVIOUSLY I ENJOY BEING WELL RECEIVED OR SUCCESSFUL, BUT MY GOALS AREN'T FOR OTHER PEOPLE TO KNOW ABOUT, THEY'RE FOR ME. LYNN CRAWFORD

UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR BONES AND YOUR SOUL.

COLD SPECKS, A.K.A. LADAN HUSSEIN

As a young husband and father, when you think about the topic of cancer, it's a scary thing. BRETT KISSEL

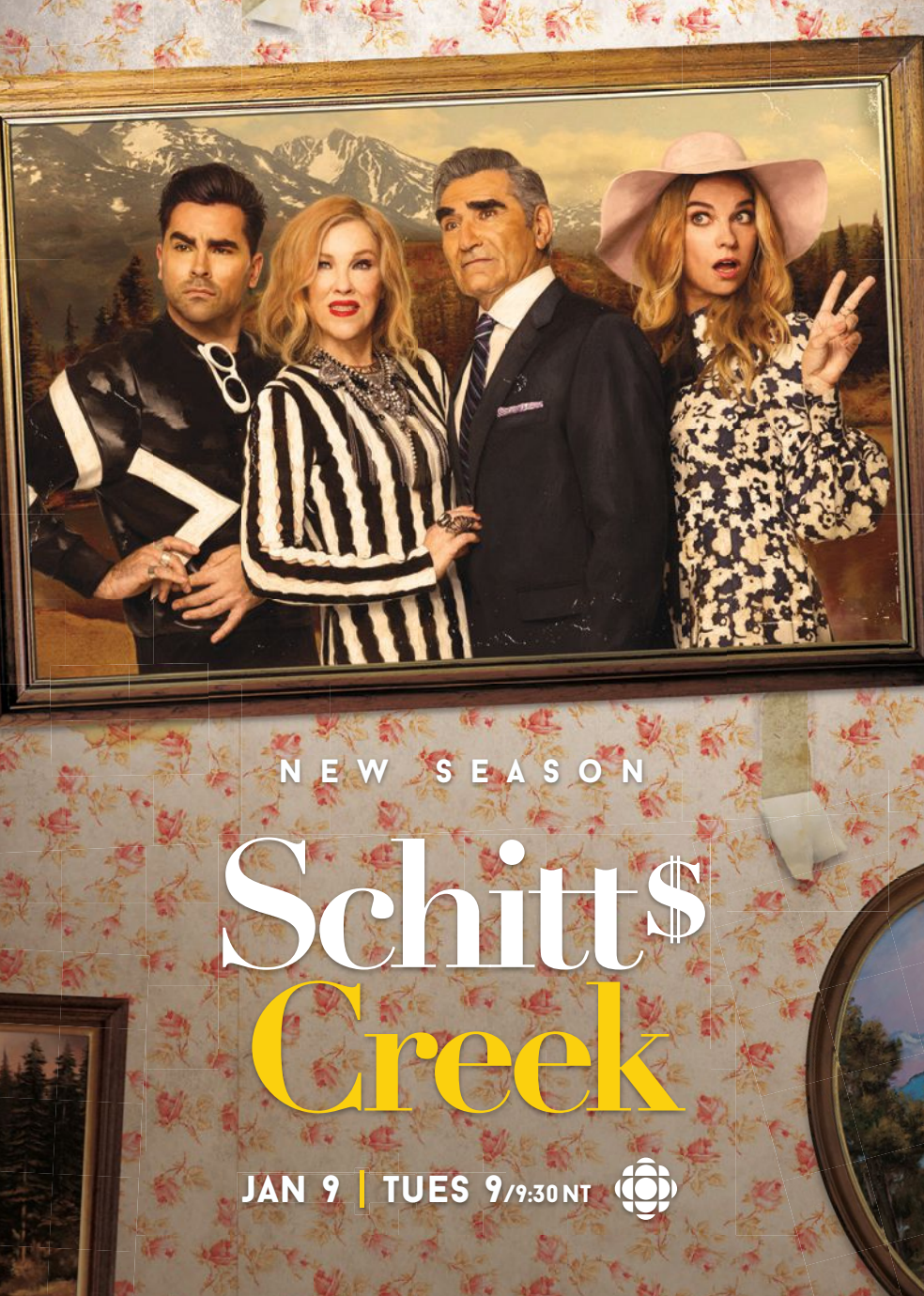
Don't worry, folks. As long as the sun is revolving around the earth, we'll be fine!

JIM CARREY

WE LIMIT WHAT WE SET OUT TO DO BY WHAT WE CONVINCE OURSELVES IS REALISTIC. BUT I BELIEVE IN POSSIBILITIES, AND SOMETIMES WE HAVE TO REDEFINE WHAT IS REALISTIC.

HEATHER MOYSE

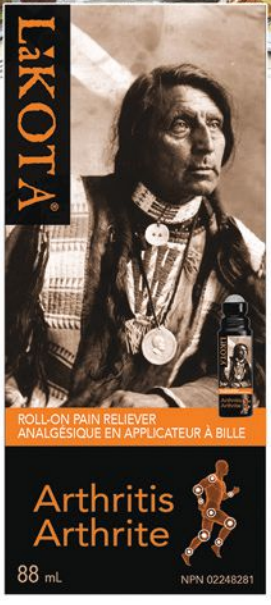
PHOTOS: (CRAWFORD) © FRANTIC FILMS; (HUSSEIN) © 2017 ZACKERY HOBLER ALL RIGHTS RESERVED; (CARREY) PAUL TREADWAY / ALAMY STOCK PHOTO. QUOTES: (ATWOOD) *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (SEPT. 1, 2017); (CRAWFORD) *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (JULY 15, 2013); (HUSSEIN) *SPIN* (JULY 24, 2017); (KISSEL) *ET CANADA* (SEPT. 2017); (CARREY) TWITTER (NOV. 9, 2016); (MOYSE) CBC SPORTS (SEPT. 11, 2017).


NEW SEASON
Schitt$
Creek
JAN 9 | TUES 9/9:30 NT

Serious Pain Relief so You can Socialize

You love being with friends or family. A sit-down for lunch, cards or laughs is right on the button. Getting with people you love is the best.

But lately, arthritis is making it harder to get around. Pain is getting in the way. Try **Lakota Arthritis Roll-on** for amazing arthritis pain relief.



Lakota Arthritis Roll-on pain reliever is odourless so your friends won't know the secret to the new bounce in your step. And it's natural.

Comes in a handsfree applicator people love. Time tested medicine proven to work - we guarantee it.

Get Medicine that Works