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PHOTOGRAPH BY YASU+JUNKO
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FROM TOP: CHRISTIAN TYLER RANDOLPH/NEW YORK TIMES. ILLUSTRATION BY JOANA AVILLES



Dear Readers

FOR ALMOST 100 YEARS, *Reader's Digest's* editorial philosophy has boiled down to eight words: This is your magazine. We just work here.

No other editor's job is built so completely on communion with readers. You not only pay the magazine's bills, but you also write a lot of its jokes, contribute many of its stories, and tell us through your feedback, in not so many words, what we should curate and what we should leave aside. Even big changes we make rely on your guidance. Next issue's bold new look, for example—

What????!!!! You are changing RD?!?!?

Yes, we are changing your magazine, gently, starting in November. And I'm confident you'll be fine with the result. For starters, the pages will carry a fresh, classic design. The shifts will religiously follow the suggestions in the 15,000 surveys that many of you have filled out since 2014. Most important, our departments will add more content contributed by you—including, for the wits among you, a monthly caption contest.

So while you savor this valedictory issue of one iteration of *Reader's Digest*, please help out with the

next by entering the most amusing caption you can think of for the photo-bomb masterpiece above. We'll show the winning caption on the last page of the December/January issue.

As devoted readers, you know that *RD* didn't become timeless by sitting still. "If we want things to stay as they are," said novelist Giuseppe di Lampedusa, "things will have to change."

Wait—I should save that line. Someday it'll make the drollest photo-caption entry ever.

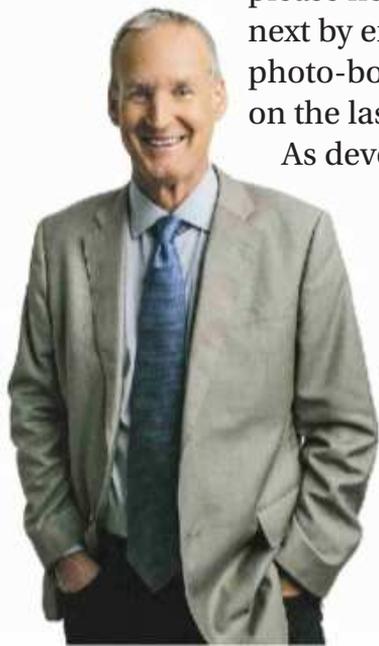


Bruce Kelley, editor-in-chief
Write to me at letters@rd.com.



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Letters

COMMENTS ON THE JULY/AUGUST ISSUE

The Best Advice I Ever Got

As a stressed-out college freshman, I was having trouble with the work, so I went to my professor's office. He had a rough reputation, but I needed help. As he was trying to explain the graphs, I muttered that I was stupid for not getting it, to which he gently replied, "Don't say that. You're not stupid. You're just new at this." I think about that line all the time, and he became one of my favorite professors.

REBECCA PFEFFER,
Allentown, Pennsylvania

I would like to see a follow-up article entitled "The Worst Advice I Ever Got." Think: "I know the road looks flooded, but you can make it!" or "Get married even if you are having second thoughts; it's too late to call off the wedding!"

DENISE DENTON THIERY,
Alexandria, Kentucky

The Medical Case Against Kids Smoking Pot

Legalization has helped many ill people lessen their pain without



fear of being jailed. But the laws set a minimum age of 21, so any teen smoking pot is not buying it legally. Teen pot smoking should be stopped just as underage cigarette smoking and alcohol drinking should be stopped.

BRUCE ROTTER, *Escondido, California*

Now ... While There's Time

As I was rereading this article, my youngest daughter, not yet three years old, removed the *Reader's Digest* from my hands and gave me one of her beloved books. Though I really wanted to reread the article—and finish the whole magazine while I was at it—here was an opportunity to put my daughter first. Thank you for such a timely and timeless piece.

JESSICA DEROSIER,
West Palm Beach, Florida

8 Almost States

Currently in California there is a ballot initiative to split into three separate states. Yes, the state of Jefferson could rise once again.

RHONA HANLEY, *Maricopa, Arizona*

Why I've Decided Not to Write My Memoirs

How I wish I could have read my mother's stories and discussed them with her when she was alive, as Allison Arlene Hansen did with her grandmother. Until my mother's death at age 98, I didn't know she had written stories about her life. After she retired from teaching, she wrote more than 100 of them, each typewritten and from one to five pages long. Those are now my only memories, but that treasury allows me to live with her again.

MARVIN CASE, *Battle Ground, Washington*

Your Winning Pet Shots

I enjoyed Bruce Kelley's fun facts about his dog. But I object to the sentence "We didn't need a dog." Everybody needs a dog, whether they know it or not. **S. A.**, *via e-mail*

We thought you might enjoy this picture of our dog, Rosie. I was doing bills in the home office and had just placed the *Reader's Digest* on the floor to take out to the family room. Rosie fell asleep with her nose pointing right at the cutest pets story line.



CHRIS KALISCHEFSKI, *Hampshire, Illinois*



HOME RUN OR FOUL BALL?

We thought we had hit it out of the park when we noted that phrases from baseball were more celebrated than lingo from any other sport, but many readers balked:

I'm champing at the bit to prove that horse-racing idioms beat baseball idioms, not by a whisker or a nose but by a mile. Right out of the gate, the fastest two minutes in sports would prove in the home-stretch that we have a winner. No one can say that's lame. Ready to place your bets?

—**Jeanne Agner** RICHMOND, VERMONT

I had to come out swinging with boxing phrases. No way would I take a dive or throw in the towel; I'm no lightweight. I just have to roll with the punches so I won't be down for the count.

—**Gary P. Gawel** HOUSTON, TEXAS

I Fought My Insurance Company—and Won!

Did you successfully push back when your insurance company denied your claim? We'd love to hear your story—we might even print it in a future issue. Go to RD.COM/INSURANCEWIN to describe your dispute and how you resolved it.

TELL US
HOW YOU
DID IT



Rivers Prather, left, with Jimmy Gilleece, says, "I'd be sitting in a cell right now if it weren't for Jimmy."



EVERYDAY HEROES



A bar owner's determination to find a lost wallet helps a young man change his life

Mercy for a Thief

BY JEN MCCAFFERY

~ A FRANTIC CALL came into Jimmy Gilleece's bar this past March. A newly married woman who had spent the afternoon at the dive beach bar in Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina, couldn't find her wallet. She didn't care about her ID, credit cards, or \$150 in cash—but her wedding ring was tucked inside.

Gilleece, 42, didn't like the idea that a theft could have occurred at his place, Jimmy's at Red Dogs. So he set out to find the wallet. He spent hours scouring footage from 16 different surveillance cameras, watching the woman's every step

in the bar until she went to sit on a bench outside and left when her ride arrived. Within minutes, a young man in a hoodie approached the bench, shoved something in his pocket, and walked off. Gilleece posted a clip on the bar's Facebook page. "I didn't want to crucify him," he said. "I just asked if anybody knew who the guy was."

Within hours, Gilleece got a text from 17-year-old Rivers Prather, who'd heard about the post from his sister. Prather owned up to having taken the wallet and told Gilleece he'd done it because he hadn't eaten

in two days. He said he saw the ring but thought it was fake, so he took the money and threw the wallet off the public docks into the ocean. Then he bought a sandwich.

Gilleece, unsure whether he believed Prather, told the teen to meet him at the docks. There, they got to talking, and Prather revealed that he wasn't getting along with his family and had been living in the woods for a week. Gilleece, a father of two with another on the way, took stock of Prather—his small stature, his ruddy cheeks—and saw him for what he was: more of a kid than a criminal.

But the stakes were high. The police were already on the case, and because of the missing ring, Prather could be facing felony charges. "He would be going to big boy jail, all 130 pounds of him," Gilleece says. "I had to help him somehow."

Gilleece recruited two local divers to search the waters where Prather had thrown the wallet. Meanwhile, the police had heard that Gilleece and Prather had spoken and wanted Gilleece to bring the teen down to the station. Instead, Gilleece called the police and told them, "He's going to be at the docks with me tomorrow."

A detective was waiting for them

there the next day at noon. A crowd had gathered to watch the two divers search in the strong current. More than an hour passed, with no sign of the ring. Gilleece grew worried, especially when the detective began peppering Prather with questions, trying to get him to admit to keeping the ring. Each passing minute increased the chances that she would arrest the young man.

And then a diver popped up. In his hand was the wallet, and inside was the ring. Cheers erupted from the spectators. Even the detective was happy.

When Gilleece called the wallet's owner, she

burst into tears. She promptly dropped the felony charges against Prather for stealing the ring, and he was permitted to go through a misdemeanor diversion program for the theft of the \$150.

But it wasn't over for Gilleece. He'd been troubled about Prather sleeping in the cold woods. Gilleece knew his home was big enough to give Prather a place to live for a while. He told the teen he could stay with his family until the boy got on his feet again. He also gave the kid a job at his bar.

"Most people would have given the footage to police, and he chose to help me," Prather told CBS News. "I say thank you to him every day." 

“
*Gilleece saw
Prather for
what he was:
more of a
kid than
a criminal.*”

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The Mama-Bear Instinct

BY ANDY SIMMONS

ANGELA MCQUEEN has a routine when she's on lunch-monitoring duty. The longtime math and phys ed teacher at Mattoon High School in Mattoon, Illinois, keeps an eye on the hundreds of students in her charge by walking laps around the school cafeteria.

In September 2017, McQueen, then 40, had finished only one lap when a 14-year-old freshman standing not far from her pulled out a gun.

Oh, crap! she said to herself. He's going to start shooting.

School employees had been trained on how to handle active shooters: Attack their ability to aim. So with the shooter's finger on the trigger, McQueen lunged at him. Grabbing at his arm, she forced the gun barrel into the air, but not before he got off a couple of rounds, striking one student in the hand and chest and grazing another. As students ran for the exits, McQueen subdued the shooter with help from the school resource officer, who disarmed the student and took him into custody until police arrived minutes later. Afterward, McQueen went outside



Teacher Angela McQueen chats with some of “her” kids in the lunchroom where the shooting took place.

to dole out hugs and support to her shaken students.

“It’s the mama-bear instinct,” she told the local paper, the *Pantagraph*. “I don’t have kids of my own, but these are still ‘my’ kids. You’re not going to do this to my kids.”

And so, thanks to McQueen, a story that has played out tragically at far too many schools across the country had a relatively happy ending. “If it hadn’t been for her, the situation would have been a lot different,” Police Chief Jeff Branson said at a news conference. (The one seriously wounded boy was released from the hospital soon after the incident.)

As one impressed student told CBS News, “Ms. McQueen is Chuck Norris, basically.”





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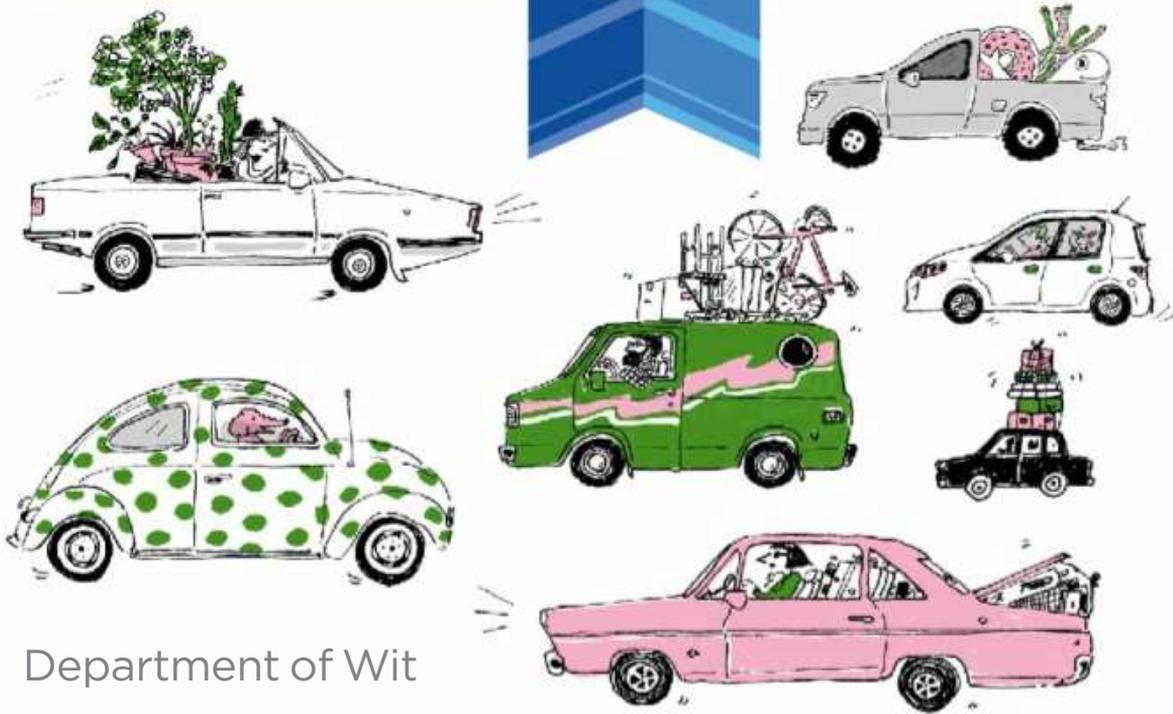
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2. Martínez-García MA, de la Rosa Carrillo D, Soler-Cataluña JJ, et al. Prognostic value of bronchiectasis in patients with moderate-to-severe chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. *Am J Respir Crit Care Med.* 2013;187:823–831.

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VOICES & VIEWS



Department of Wit

Four-Wheel Dives

BY ROZ WARREN FROM HUMOROUTCASTS.COM



ROZ WARREN is a librarian, a writer, and the editor of the humor collection *When Cats Talk Back*.

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED that with some friends, when they offer you a ride and you get in their car, the first thing they say is “Sorry about the mess,” even if the car’s interior is so antiseptic you could perform surgery in there? On the other hand, I’ve been in cars that more closely resemble the inside of a hamper than a vehicle—and the owner doesn’t seem to notice.

Maybe it’s because I grew up in Detroit, but I believe that the condition of your vehicle says something about you. Is your car the mobile counterpart of the kitchen junk drawer, an area designated for chaos, a place to speed away from responsibility? Or is it a sanctuary from the chaos of your home, your job, your family, a self-contained

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (WARREN)

space where order is easily attained and maintained? After all, cars are all about escape, starting with that first solo drive out of your parents' driveway and into the world. So I recently asked my Facebook friends: Is the inside of your car clean and tidy, or is it a disaster area? Here are some of the more telling examples from my personality driving test:

▶ I have four dogs, one of whom is chronically carsick. You really wouldn't want to get into my car. Unless you're a dog.

▶ I keep a duster in the door pocket and use it at lights. And I shake out my floor mats once a week. There's nothing wrong with that. There ISN'T.

▶ I divide people into those who brush off my passenger seat and hop right in and those who grimace, then get in with a look of determination and pity.

▶ I always carry lots of bottled water, just in case I break down in a desert. Even though I live in Philadelphia.

▶ If I ever disappear due to foul play, the cops will easily be able to trace

the last six months of my life from the junk on the floor of my car.

▶ My car is spotless. I just wish the rest of my life were this beautiful and well-ordered.

▶ I think of my car as my pocketbook on wheels. It contains everything I need for daily survival.

▶ Food wrappers. Books. Thermoses. Coffee cups. Sunglasses. Jackets. Blankets. Troll doll in a nurse uniform. Emergency apocalypse backpack. Flashlights. Hair ties. Reading glasses. Newspapers. Receipts.

Grocery lists. Stuff for Goodwill ...

▶ We call my husband's car Meals on Wheels because he has stashed so much snack food in it.

▶ Last week, I found a squirrel in my car.

▶ I'm a teacher, which means my car is full of school supplies. If times get tough, I'll just sell pens, markers, and construction paper out of my trunk.

▶ My husband has stashed an ax under the driver's seat of my car. Yes. An *ax*.

“

*I keep a duster
in the door
pocket and use
it at lights.
There's nothing
wrong with that.*



On a Good Friday long ago, a curious boy was determined to witness God's mysterious ways—in all their forms

Heaven Can't Wait

BY JOE RAO

EVERY SO OFTEN, the celestial wanderings of the sun, earth, and moon will cause our nearest neighbor in space to become completely immersed in the earth's shadow, in turn producing one of nature's most beautiful sky shows: a total eclipse of the moon.

In my lifetime, I've watched the moon become "just a shadow of its former self" 18 times. But for me, the eclipse of April 12, 1968, stands out above all the others.

I was not quite 12 years old and living in the Bronx. The midpoint of the eclipse was to occur around midnight, but since it was a Friday night I had no worries about homework or going to school the next day. I had received a telescope for Christmas and was so excited that I had already set it up in my backyard that afternoon. It was a perfect early spring day, with promise of a beautiful, clear night.

But there was a catch. April 12,

SERGEY NIVENS/SHUTTERSTOCK

1968, also happened to be Good Friday, and there was no way my mother was going to let me skip church.

So I did the math. The service at St. Benedict's Church started at 9 p.m., and the eclipse would commence at 10:10 p.m. I knew from experience that the average service in our parish lasted about 45 minutes. I had plenty of time.

A Good Friday ceremony is a very somber affair: Everything is draped in black, and there are long periods of absolute silence. On this particular night Father Patrick O'Kada felt a need to make it an especially drawn-out and mournful affair. Add the fact that on this particular night the packed service started late, and I was anxiety-ridden. I squirmed with uneasiness as I eyed the big clock at the back of the church. By 9:45, Father O'Kada was still deep into his homily. I kept whispering to my mother that if the sermon didn't end soon, I'd miss the eclipse.

My mother, unmoved, just stared straight ahead and said nothing.

Finally, just before ten, I did something that to this day I am surprised did not land me in the netherworld roasting on a spit: I bolted out of my pew and hightailed it for the exit.

"Joe! Joe!" my mother whispered between gritted teeth. My fate was

already sealed, so why stop now? The only sound other than Father O'Kada's voice was that of my church shoes slapping against the marble-floored center aisle as they propelled me toward the exit. Every eyeball—shocked, horrified, envious—was on me as I threw open the massive wooden front doors and let them slam behind me with a resounding boom.

Adrenaline kicked in as I raced toward East Tremont Avenue and caught sight of the full moon glowing brightly in the southeast sky. Dodging cars and pedestrians, I crossed three streets and two major thoroughfares and arrived home with only minutes to spare. I was consumed with glee and had not yet considered the potential consequences of my display back at St. Benedict's.

When the service finally ended, my mother and sister took their places in the line of people filing out of the church. Waiting near the front entrance was Father O'Kada, along with the other priests, greeting the parishioners as they left.

When Mom finally reached Father O'Kada, she apologized profusely. "For some stupid reason, Joe just had to see the moon eclipse from the very beginning," she said, before promising to



JOE RAO is an associate at New York's Hayden Planetarium and a meteorologist for Verizon Fios1 News in the Hudson Valley.

severely reprimand me as soon as she got home.

Father O’Kada’s response, which my mother shared with me later, saved my life.

“If your son wanted so badly to see this wondrous spectacle of nature—an event that God himself has brought to all of us tonight to enjoy—then I cannot fault him at all.” Looking in the direction of the other priests, he continued. “We were all discussing the eclipse before tonight’s service, and we, too, are interested in seeing it.”

Then, taking a few steps outside, the priests, as well as my mother, my sister, and a coterie of parishioners, gazed upward toward the moon. A small scallop of darkness had made itself evident on its left-hand edge. “Isn’t this an amazing example of the precision of the universe?” Father O’Kada asked no one in particular. Even Mom was impressed.

Back at home, I was a wreck. As I watched the eclipse through my telescope, I considered the implications of my mini-rebellion at St. Benedict’s. In retrospect, maybe I should have stayed to the end of the service. Retribution, I knew, was nigh.

So when my mother’s car pulled up in front of our house, I kept my

right eye firmly pressed against my telescope’s eyepiece as the moon slowly morphed into a burnished coppery-red ball. Surely, I thought, this would be my last view of the event before all heck broke loose.

I heard the front door creak open and shut. I heard my mother’s foot-

falls grow louder as they came closer and closer until she reached the backyard. I soaked in the night sky’s performance, hoping to imprint it on my brain before being dragged away by an ear.

My mother stopped behind me.

I braced myself.

She leaned in.

I leaned away.

And then she ... gave me a peck on the cheek. With my sister in tow, she headed inside, saying merely, “Enjoy your eclipse.”

On Sunday night, January 20, 2019, in a play whose celestial script was written eons ago, the moon will once again plunge completely into the earth’s shadow, producing a spectacular total eclipse of the moon. Totality will be particularly dramatic for those of us in North America, where the ruddy moon will burn high overhead against the backdrop of a cold and starry winter sky.

I hope all of you enjoy your eclipse.



*Every
eyeball—
shocked,
horrified,
envious—
was on me.*

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OF LASTING
INTEREST

Their Corner of the Sky

The Altai region of southern Siberia is famous for things that fly. Those white specks are butterflies, some of the more than 150 species attracted to the area's humid summers. The hulking metal objects on the ground were airborne once too. They are pieces of rockets that plummeted to Earth after launching from Russia's Baikonur Cosmodrome. Having a rocket remnant land in your yard isn't for everyone, but the locals make the best of it. These men are scavenging for high-grade titanium and aluminum alloys to sell. Some locals have recycled the pieces into garages, sheds, and fences. It just goes to show that one person's space junk is another person's treasure.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS BENDIKSEN

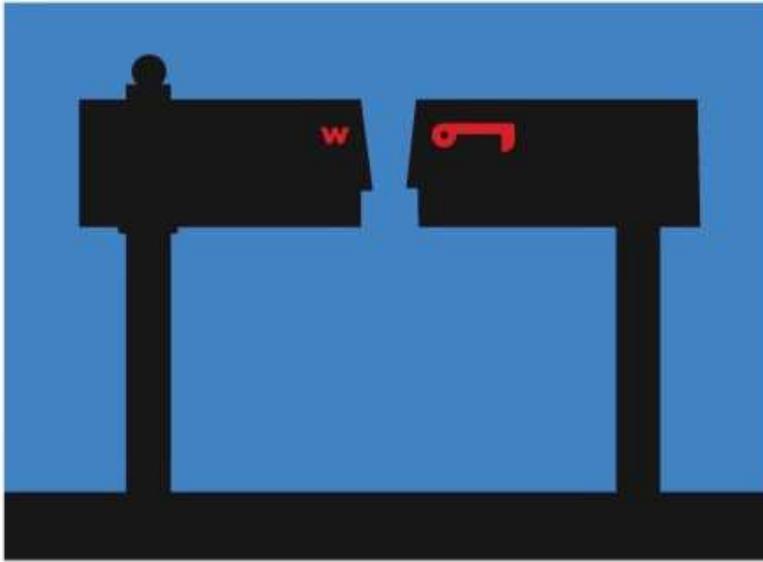


MAGNUM PHOTOS



When does a homeowners' association rule go too far?

The Case of the Expensive Mailbox



BY VICKI GLEMOCKI

When Keith Strong's mailbox started to look shabby, he replaced it with one he bought at a hardware store for \$35 and installed himself. He knew exactly which one to get. The mailbox was a new version of the "cedar, slatted" model that his homeowners' association (HOA) had approved 13 years earlier for his tony neighborhood of Woodmore, located in a Maryland suburb outside of Washington, DC.

But not two months after he'd installed the new mailbox, he and his neighbors received a notice

from the HOA. On August 26, 2009, the HOA board had voted that those wooden mailboxes were no longer acceptable. Instead, the association now required each homeowner to buy a new mailbox that was "rust-proof, cast-aluminum" and monogrammed with a *w* for Woodmore. The HOA also mandated that residents install the box on a matching aluminum post purchased from the same manufacturer. The cost: about \$500. Homeowners had two years to complete the upgrade. Those who did not would be fined \$100 ➔➔

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every 30 days until they complied.

Strong and some of his neighbors were angry. It wasn't just about the cost. As a retired solar physicist who lived in a \$1.5 million home, he could cover the bill. He took issue with the process. Strong and other residents complained that the HOA had violated its own rules when the board passed the new mailbox specifications, first because it did not alert members at least 30 days before voting on the new regulation, and second because the bylaws didn't give the board the authority to revoke approval for the first mailbox.

Strong decided to take a stand. "It wasn't just about a mailbox," he told the *Washington Post*. "The issue really here is property rights." He

refused to buy the new mailbox, and in July 2013 he was officially cited by the board for noncompliance. In November 2014, he and his wife replied by filing a civil complaint in the Circuit Court for Prince George's County, asking for an order to stop the HOA from requiring homeowners to buy and install the new mailboxes.

In response, the HOA pointed to the same bylaws, claiming that it had the power to adopt guidelines "to obtain harmonious architectural design" and to "secure the erection and maintenance of high type and quality improvements."

Did the HOA have the authority to require homeowners to buy \$500 mailboxes? You be the judge.



THE VERDICT

No, it did not. In his ruling in January 2017, Judge Leo E. Green Jr. explained that "by being able to mandate a specific mailbox, the board could mandate other things." He considered this to be a slippery slope. "What if the board decided tomorrow that the homeowners all needed slate roofs that cost \$50,000?" asked the Strong's attorney, Matthew Skipper. The judge ruled the mailbox regulation "null and void." Strong didn't have to pay the \$1,600 in noncompliance fines. He did, however, have to pay his own \$33,000 legal fee—roughly the cost of 66 of those cast-aluminum mailboxes—plus his fraction of the opposing attorney's fees, which were paid out of HOA dues. "A lot of people have said congratulations for standing up for us," Strong told fox5dc.com. "Some people even offered to help pay our legal expenses." Other folks felt differently: Two months after the ruling, Strong found his old wooden mailbox on the ground and the post smashed in half. 

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Your True Stories

IN 100 WORDS

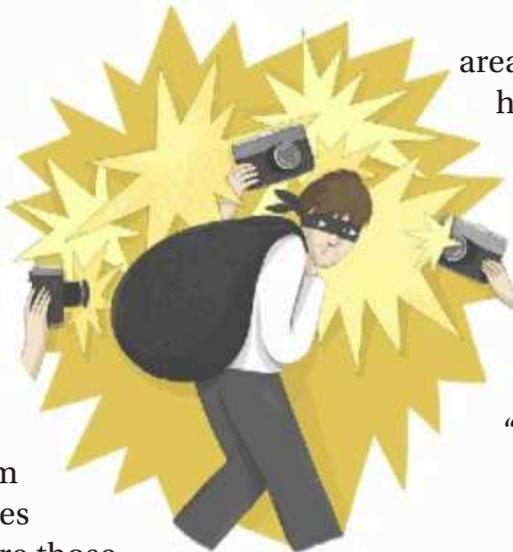
THE BAD GUYS

My son was almost five when we took a trip to the post office. As I filled out my return receipt form, my son looked around at the many people in line. I noticed him staring at the pictures on the wall. “Who are those people on the wall?” he asked. I explained to him they were bad people that the police were searching for. My son looked up at me with the sweetest face and asked, “Then why didn’t they keep them when they took their pictures?” I was without words.

KITT SWANSON, *Land O’ Lakes, Florida*

STRANGER LOVE

One month after we moved to the United States from halfway around the globe, I drove to Dulles International Airport in Washington, DC, with my wife to pick up her boss’s guest. When we got back to the parking lot, our car was dead. It was an unexpected and embarrassing situation. Since we were new to the



area, we were stuck. We had no one to call.

Then a gentleman who parked his car a few spots over came to help us jump our car. “Next time, it might be me in your position,” he said. “Spread the love.”

SHUAI TANG,
Arlington, Virginia

SPELL CHECK

I learned from an early age that my name is spelled oddly, so I make a point of bringing it up to others if they need to spell it. When I bought my first set of furniture, the salesperson asked for my name to put on the contract. I said it was Philip, one *l*. He then asked me for my address. “Don’t you want my last name?” I asked. He looked confused and said that I had already given it to him. I looked at the contract and there it was, just as I’d told him: “Phillip Wannel.”

PHILIP NICKISCH, *Bellevue, Nebraska*

To read more 100-word stories and to submit your own, go to rd.com/stories. If your story is selected for publication in the magazine, we’ll pay you \$100.

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FINISH THIS SENTENCE

My favorite

Tacoma, WA

My wife told me to stop impersonating a flamingo.

I had to put my foot down.

LEAH TAFF

Love is blind,

but marriage is a real eye-opener!

GINNIE HOSTVEDT

Meridian, ID

I tell my friends that
I run things at my house ...

the vacuum cleaner, the garbage disposal, etc.

GARY WILSON

Fresno, CA

You might be an Alaskan if

“There’s a moose in my driveway” is an acceptable reason to be late to work.

KIMBERLY SZCZATKO

Wrangell, AK

one-liner is ...

I like to hold hands

in the movie theater, which really startles strangers.

ROBERT JONES

The best thing about the good old days is

we weren't good and we weren't old.

SHARON WILBER

Kentwood, MI

Waterloo, NY

Middleburg Heights, OH

Fieldsboro, NJ

Pekin, IL

"Incontinence hotline. Please hold!"

RITA DESOLLAR

I named my two dogs Rolex and Timex.

They're watch dogs.

RAYMOND HERZOG

Duluth, GA

Never trust an atom.

They make up everything!

INDY FRY

I was raised as an only child,

which really annoyed my sister.

EILEEN EGGERT

Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



“And if you fall behind on payments, it drives itself back to the dealership.”

WHEN THE BOX with my Halloween costume arrived, it was empty. I called the company and asked where my Maid Marian costume was.

“We’re sorry, ma’am. We’ll send your costume tomorrow,” the representative said. “In the meantime, feel free to keep the Lady Godiva costume you got by mistake.”

KAREN ATANASOFF,
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

WHOEVER SAID “Don’t bite off more than you can chew” has never been to a buffet with my family.

🐦@ATSUKOCOMEDY (ATSUKO OKATSUKA)

AS MY WIFE AND I prepared for our garage sale, I came across a painting. Looking at the back, I discovered that I had written “To my beautiful wife on our fifth anniversary. I love you ... Keith.” Feeling nostalgic about

a gift I'd given her 25 years earlier, I showed it to her, thinking we should rehang the picture. After gazing at my message for a few seconds, she replied, "You know, I think a black marker would cover over all that so that we could sell it."

KEITH CHAMBERS, Maitland, Florida

PARENTHOOD

■ I like having conversations with kids. Grown-ups never ask me what my third-favorite reptile is.

🐦@SIMONCHOLLAND

■ My two-year-old has a superpower: Everything he touches gets sticky.

🐦@A_PANIAGUA

■ We could live inside the school bus and my son would still find a way to make us late for it every day.

🐦@DADANBURIED

AFTER DOING some DIY projects around the house, I have a new motto: Do your best to do things right the first few times.

THOMAS NGO, Lynwood, Washington

TO SAVE MONEY, I suggested to one of my grown sons that we all live together in one house. I could tell he didn't think it would be cost-effective when he asked, "Who's going to pay the therapist?"

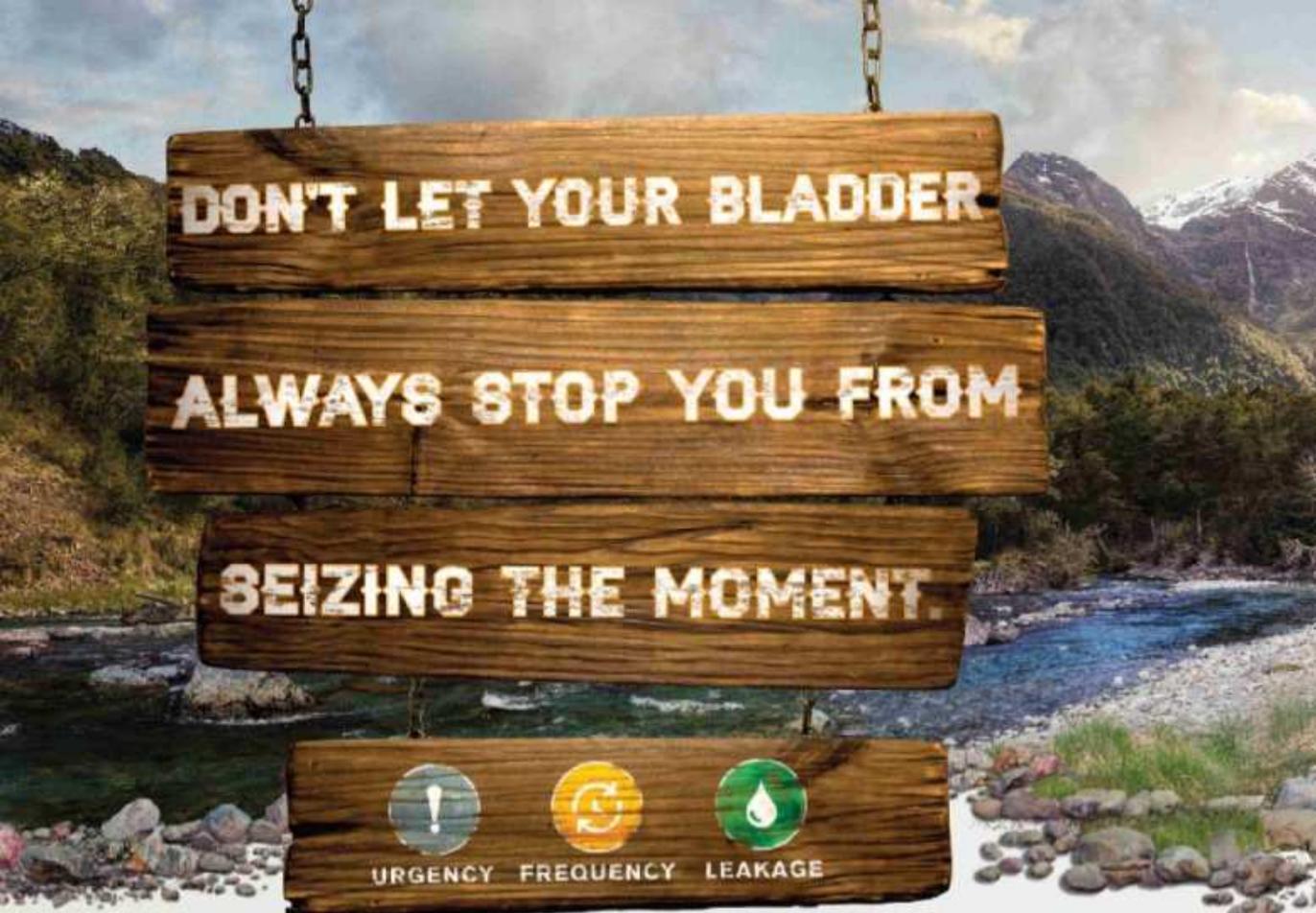
VIRGINIA DAVIES, Newport Beach, California

Got a funny story about friends or family? It could be worth \$\$\$\$. For details, see page 3 or go to rd.com/submit.

A TRICK OR TREAT FEAT

No one does Halloween quite like Josh Sundquist. At nine, Sundquist lost a leg to cancer. Now, each October 31, he creates an amazing costume that shows there's no limit to what he can do.





DON'T LET YOUR BLADDER

ALWAYS STOP YOU FROM

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Ask your doctor about Myrbetriq® (mirabegron), the first and only overactive bladder (OAB) treatment in its class.

In clinical trials, those taking Myrbetriq made fewer trips to the bathroom and had fewer leaks than those not taking Myrbetriq. Your results may vary.

TAKE CONTROL OF YOUR OAB SYMPTOMS BY TALKING TO YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT MYRBETRIQ TODAY.

USE OF MYRBETRIQ (meer-BEH-trick)

Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) is a prescription medicine for adults used to treat overactive bladder (OAB) with symptoms of urgency, frequency and leakage.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

Myrbetriq is not for everyone. Do not take Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any ingredients in Myrbetriq. Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq. Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream.



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IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION (CONTINUED)

Myrbetriq may cause allergic reactions that may be serious. If you experience swelling of the face, lips, throat or tongue, with or without difficulty breathing, stop taking Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take including medications for overactive bladder or other medicines such as thioridazine (Mellaril™ and Mellaril-S™), flecainide (Tambocor®), propafenone (Rythmol®), digoxin (Lanoxin®) or solifenacin succinate (VESIcare®). Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Before taking Myrbetriq, tell your doctor if you have liver or kidney problems. The most common side effects of Myrbetriq include increased blood pressure, common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis), dry mouth, flu symptoms, urinary tract infection, back pain, dizziness, joint pain, headache, constipation, sinus irritation, and inflammation of the bladder (cystitis).

For further information, please talk to your healthcare professional and see Brief Summary of Prescribing Information for Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) on the following pages. You are encouraged to report negative side effects of prescription drugs to the FDA. Visit www.fda.gov/medwatch or call 1-800-FDA-1088.

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and visit Myrbetriq.com



 **Myrbetriq®**
(mirabegron)
extended-release tablets
25 mg, 50 mg



Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) extended-release tablets 25 mg, 50 mg

Brief Summary based on FDA-approved patient labeling

Read the Patient Information that comes with Myrbetriq® (mirabegron) before you start taking it and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This summary does not take the place of talking with your doctor about your medical condition or treatment.

What is Myrbetriq (meer-BEH-trick)?

Myrbetriq is a prescription medication for adults used to treat the following symptoms due to a condition called overactive bladder:

- Urge urinary incontinence: a strong need to urinate with leaking or wetting accidents
- Urgency: a strong need to urinate right away
- Frequency: urinating often

It is not known if Myrbetriq is safe and effective in children.

Who should not use Myrbetriq?

Do not take Myrbetriq if you have an allergy to mirabegron or any of the ingredients in Myrbetriq. See the end of this summary for a complete list of ingredients in Myrbetriq.

What should I tell my doctor before taking Myrbetriq?

Before you take Myrbetriq, tell your doctor about all of your medical conditions, including if you:

- have liver problems or kidney problems
- have very high uncontrolled blood pressure
- have trouble emptying your bladder or you have a weak urine stream
- are pregnant or plan to become pregnant. It is not known if Myrbetriq will harm your unborn baby. Talk to your doctor if you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.
- are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed. It is not known if Myrbetriq passes into your breast milk. Talk to your doctor about the best way to feed your baby if you take Myrbetriq.

Tell your doctor about all the medicines you take, including prescription and over-the-counter medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements. Myrbetriq may affect the way other medicines work, and other medicines may affect how Myrbetriq works.

Tell your doctor if you take:

- thioridazine (Mellaril™ or Mellaril-S™)
- flecainide (Tambocor®)
- propafenone (Rythmol®)
- digoxin (Lanoxin®)
- solifenacin succinate (VESIcare®)

How should I take Myrbetriq?

- Take Myrbetriq exactly as your doctor tells you to take it.
- You should take 1 Myrbetriq tablet 1 time a day.
- You should take Myrbetriq with water and swallow the tablet whole.
- Do not chew, break, or crush the tablet.
- You can take Myrbetriq with or without food.
- If you miss a dose of Myrbetriq, begin taking Myrbetriq again the next day. Do not take 2 doses of Myrbetriq the same day.
- If you take too much Myrbetriq, call your doctor or go to the nearest hospital emergency room right away.

What are the possible side effects of Myrbetriq?

Myrbetriq may cause serious side effects including:

- **increased blood pressure.** Myrbetriq may cause your blood pressure to increase or make your blood pressure worse if you have a history of high blood pressure. It is recommended that your doctor check your blood pressure while you are taking Myrbetriq.
- **inability to empty your bladder (urinary retention).** Myrbetriq may increase your chances of not being able to empty your bladder if you have bladder outlet obstruction or if you are taking

other medicines to treat overactive bladder. Tell your doctor right away if you are unable to empty your bladder.

- **angioedema.** Myrbetriq may cause an allergic reaction with swelling of the lips, face, tongue, throat with or without difficulty breathing. Stop using Myrbetriq and tell your doctor right away.

The most common side effects of Myrbetriq include:

• increased blood pressure	• dizziness
• common cold symptoms (nasopharyngitis)	• joint pain
• dry mouth	• headache
• flu symptoms	• constipation
• urinary tract infection	• sinus (sinus irritation)
• back pain	• inflammation of the bladder (cystitis)

Tell your doctor if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away or if you have swelling of the face, lips, tongue, or throat, hives, skin rash or itching while taking Myrbetriq.

These are not all the possible side effects of Myrbetriq.

Call your doctor for medical advice about side effects. You may report side effects to the FDA at 1-800-FDA-1088.

How should I store Myrbetriq?

- Store Myrbetriq between 59°F to 86°F (15°C to 30°C). Keep the bottle closed.
- Safely throw away medicine that is out of date or no longer needed.

Keep Myrbetriq and all medicines out of the reach of children.

General information about the safe and effective use of Myrbetriq

Medicines are sometimes prescribed for purposes other than those listed in the Patient Information leaflet. Do not use Myrbetriq for a condition for which it was not prescribed. Do not give Myrbetriq to other people, even if they have the same symptoms you have. It may harm them.

You can ask your doctor or pharmacist for information about Myrbetriq that is written for health professionals.

For more information, visit www.Myrbetriq.com or call (800) 727-7003.

What are the ingredients in Myrbetriq?

Active ingredient: mirabegron

Inactive ingredients: polyethylene oxide, polyethylene glycol, hydroxypropyl cellulose, butylated hydroxytoluene, magnesium stearate, hypromellose, yellow ferric oxide and red ferric oxide (25 mg Myrbetriq tablet only).

What is overactive bladder?

Overactive bladder occurs when you cannot control your bladder contractions. When these muscle contractions happen too often or cannot be controlled, you can get symptoms of overactive bladder, which are urinary frequency, urinary urgency, and urinary incontinence (leakage).

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Falls send more people, especially younger folks, to the doctor than any other injury. The best protection?

Learn to Not Fall

BY NEIL STEINBERG FROM MOSAICSCIENCE.COM





ALCIDES MORENO and his brother Edgar Moreno were window washers in New York City. On December 7, 2007, the brothers took an elevator to the roof of a 47-story apartment building. They stepped onto the 16-foot-long, 3-foot-wide aluminum scaffolding designed to slowly lower them down the black glass of the building. But the anchors holding the platform gave way,

plunging it and them 472 feet to the alley below. The fall lasted mere seconds.

Edgar tumbled off the scaffolding, hit the top of a wooden fence, and was killed instantly. But rescuers found Alcido alive, crouching amid a tangle of crushed aluminum in the alley next to the building, breathing and conscious.

Falls are one of life's great overlooked perils. We fear terror attacks, shark bites, Ebola outbreaks, and other remote dangers, yet each year an estimated 646,000 people die worldwide after falling. Falls are the second-leading cause of death by injury, after car accidents. In the United States, falls caused more than 33,000 fatalities in 2015.

Falls are even more significant as a cause of injury. More patients go to emergency rooms in the United

States after falling than for any other form of injury, including car accidents, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. And while elderly people with fragile bones certainly need to be careful, they may not be the group at the biggest risk of injuring themselves in a fall. In a study published last year in *PLOS One*, nearly 18 percent of men ages 18 to 44 had reported a fall-related injury in the prior three months, more than double the percentage of men 65 and older.

Falls can happen anywhere at any time to anyone. Spectacular falls from great heights outdoors, such as the plunge of the Moreno brothers, are actually extremely rare. The most dangerous spots for falls are not rooftops or cliffs but the low-level interior settings of everyday life: shower stalls, supermarket aisles, and stairways.



Any fall, even a tumble out of bed, can change life profoundly, taking someone from robust health to grave disability in less than one second. It's no wonder that scientists are now encouraging people of all ages to learn how to fall to minimize injury, to view falling not so much as an unexpected hazard to be avoided as an inevitability to be prepared for.

Training may even have been a factor determining the outcome of the Moreno brothers' fall to earth. One theory was that Alcides lived because when the scaffolding gave way, he lay flat and clung to the platform, as professional window washers are taught to do. As the scaffolding fell into the narrow alley, air resistance may have built up against the platform, slowing it down. Deceleration is the key to surviving falls and reducing injuries. As the joke goes, "It's not the fall that gets you; it's the sudden stop at the bottom." Alcides ultimately underwent 16 surgeries and was in a coma for weeks. But after a long regimen of physical and occupational therapy to strengthen his legs and restore his

balance, he can walk again. "I keep asking myself why I lived," Alcides told the BBC. "I have a new baby—he must be the reason, to raise this kid and tell him my history."

Given the tremendous cost of falls to individuals and society and the increasing knowledge of how and why falls occur, it pays to learn how to prevent them—and what you can do to lessen harm in the split second after you start to fall. Some of the following tips are just common sense—and too easily brushed aside until the oversight has caused an accident. A few suggestions might require a bit of training, or at least some practice. They're all worth thinking about, no matter how steady you may feel on your feet.

■ PREPARE YOUR ENVIRONMENT

Secure loose rugs or get rid of them. Make sure the tops and bottoms of staircases are lit. Clean up spills immediately. Install safety bars and put down traction strips in showers, and treat slick surfaces such as smooth marble floors with anti-slip

coatings. If there's ice outside your home, clear it and put down salt.

■ BE CAREFUL, EVEN IN THE MOST ORDINARY PLACES

Watch where you are going. Don't walk while reading or using your phone. Always hold handrails—most people using stairways do not. Don't have your hands in your pockets, as this reduces your ability to regain your balance when you stumble. Remember that your balance can also be thrown off by a heavy suitcase or backpack.

■ IMPROVE YOUR GEAR

Wear good shoes with treads. On ice, do not wear high heels. Wear a helmet when bicycling, skiing, and skateboarding. Use a cane or a walker if required. Hike with a walking stick. And get a hearing aid if you need one. "Individuals with hearing loss had more difficulty with balance and gait and showed significant improvement when they had a hearing aid," says Linda Thibodeau, a professor at the University of Texas at Dallas's Advanced Hearing Research Center, summarizing a recent pilot study.

■ LISTEN TO YOUR BODY

Drugs, alcohol, and even sleep deprivation can affect balance and coordination, making them a factor in falls. If you feel light-headed or faint, sit

down immediately. Don't worry that someone might think you are weak or that you are being rude; you can get back up once you've established you are not going to lose consciousness. Eat a balanced diet to support bone density and muscle strength, especially if you are older, so that you are less likely to be injured if you do fall. A study of more than 12,000 elderly French people in 2015 found connections between poor nutrition, falling, and fractures. Strength training helps too. Lower body strength is important for recovering from slips; upper body strength, for surviving falls.

■ IF YOU FALL, ROLL

Scientists studying falls are developing "safe landing responses" to help limit damage. If you are falling, first protect your head. Fight trainers and parachute jump coaches encourage people not to fall straight forward or backward. The key is to roll and try to let the fleshy side parts of your body absorb the impact.

"Don't reach back for the floor with your hands," says Chuck Coyl, fight director at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, describing how he tells actors to fall onstage. "Distribute the weight on the calf, thigh, into the glutes, rolling on the outside of your leg as opposed to falling straight back."



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Onion Skin

When skinning an onion, hold on to those scraps, which contain a high level of quercetin, a phytonutrient that fights inflammation, reduces blood pressure, prevents arterial plaque, and keeps the heart healthy.

Red onion skins contain more quercetin than white ones.

“Add them along with the rest of the onion to soup, stock, or sauce, then discard before eating,” says Popeck.

Banana Peel

Most of us eat bananas without giving the peel a second thought. Here’s why that’s a mistake: “Banana peels contain tryptophan, which boosts serotonin, ‘the happiness hormone,’” says Popeck. To use the peel, go ripe. “Riper peels are softer, thinner, and tastier,” she explains. She recommends boiling them for at least ten minutes to soften. Then add to smoothies, stir-fries, or soups. Or puree and add to muffin or cake batter. For a treat, slice and bake a banana with the skin on.

Citrus Zest

Don’t just squeeze lemon over fish and toss the rind. According to Popeck, there are some great nutritional benefits hiding in there, including “more than a gram of fiber in two tablespoons of zest, nearly three times as much vitamin C in the peel than in the flesh, and other

essential vitamins and minerals, such as folate, vitamin A, calcium, and potassium.” Grate the colored part of the peel and sprinkle on green beans; blend into smoothies, vinaigrettes, or marinades; or stir into yogurt, cottage cheese, or oatmeal. Orange, lime, and grapefruit zests also add flavor and nutrition with few calories.

Watermelon Rind and Seeds

The delicious red insides of watermelon make for a refreshing snack, but there are powerful nutrients in the rind and seeds as well, says Popeck: The white part of the rind “contains the amino acid citrulline, which is converted into arginine, which helps to increase blood flow, improve heart health, boost immunity, and reduce muscle fatigue.” Add watermelon rind to smoothies; chop and add to fruit salads, salsas, chutneys, or slaws; mix into soups with potatoes and carrots; or pickle it. As for the seeds, which contain magnesium, iron, folate, and other key vitamins and minerals, toss them in olive oil and salt and roast at 350°F for 10 to 15 minutes. Then sprinkle on salads or add to trail mix.

Celery Leaves

Celery leaves are rich in magnesium, calcium, and vitamin C. “You can use them in salads, as part of vegetable stock, or as a garnish,” says Ilyse Schapiro, MS, RD. 

The soldier never forgot his childhood crush, and once they reunited, neither war nor illness would keep them apart

From Kindergarten To Cancer: A Love Story

BY TAMMY LA GORCE

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

✧ JAMES GARISH IS NO spelling bee champ—in fact, he dropped out of school at 14 and spent more than half a decade in dead-end jobs before enlisting in the Army in 2008. But Garish never forgot the tricky string of letters that added up to the last name of his kindergarten crush, Elizabeth Stipkovits. He also never forgot the girl behind the name, which is why he typed it into his laptop one lonely night in 2010 while serving in Iraq.

“I started wondering how life had turned out for her,” said Garish, 34. He found her still living in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, the working-class city where they had grown up. So he sent a friend request on Facebook.

Stipkovits had no idea who he was. She was half a world away, a single mother raising her six-year-old daughter, Maleena. But her mother did recall a James Garish.

“She told me I was in kindergarten with him. Then I remembered,”

Stipkovits said. “He was ‘Little Bad Jimmy,’ the class clown, the one always getting yelled at by the teacher.” That the onetime five-year-old handful remembered her and her hard-to-spell name stopped her in her tracks.

That was eight years ago. The relationship that unspooled from that friend request has bound together Garish and Stipkovits in a foxhole of brokenness, determination, and love.

In 2014, four years after they reconnected, 31-year-old Stipkovits received her first breast cancer diagnosis. The cancer returned twice and metastasized. At the end of 2017, she was being treated for cancer in her femur and lung. In January, it had spread to her brain. “Little Bad Jimmy,” now a supervisor at a McKeesport Rite-Aid, never left her side.

“Chemo has taken a lot of my memory,” said Stipkovits. “But he always reminds me he’s been



Garish and Stipkovits's wedding was organized by the nonprofit Jamie's Dream Team.

in love with me since kindergarten.”

Garish had only six months left in his three years of active duty when he friended Stipkovits on Facebook. Her calls brought relief from his high-stakes job as an escort for explosive ordnance disposal specialists, the military experts who get rid of explosive weapons.

“We would go out on up to seven missions a day. It was stressful, and I was sleep-deprived. One of the things I looked forward to most was talking on the phone with Liz,” said Garish, who was deployed with the third infantry division out of Fort Stewart, Georgia.

Stipkovits knew how he felt, far away from friends and family. Her

dad is a retired chief in the Navy and served in Kuwait. “Sometimes you just really need someone to vent to,” she said.

Stipkovits was delighted to be his someone. When Garish impulsively bought a plane ticket home for Christmas in 2010, she was even more delighted by the surprise of him on her front porch.

“It was dark out and he pulled me close, and it felt good,” Stipkovits said.

By the following summer, Garish had completed his service and moved back to McKeesport. He spent most of his time at Stipkovits’s house, coloring and playing games with Maleena while Stipkovits, then still healthy, worked as a medical secretary.

Reintegration to civilian life took time. “The neighborhood I lived in wasn’t the safest, and I had to give myself time to readjust to the point where I could be in groups of people and not freak out,” Garish said.

He had never been married and had no children, but Garish had shown an inclination to care for them. Before he and Stipkovits reunited in 2010, he’d donated much of his first Army paycheck, around \$600, to Jamie’s Dream Team, a local charity. The money helped a six-year-old boy suffering from the genetic disorder Marfan syndrome go on a long-wished-for camping trip.

On August 20, 2017, three years after her first cancer diagnosis, Stipkovits was being fitted with a portable defibrillator at UPMC Shadyside Hospital in Pittsburgh. “I think we deserve something good to happen,” Garish said out of the blue. “Will you marry me?”

Stipkovits laughed. “It was just so funny,” she said. “I was in a hospital bed, dying. I looked at him and said, ‘You just want the insurance money.’”

But behind the laughter was elation. “I had the same wish every little girl does of a fairy-tale wedding, the crystals and the Cinderella ball gown. And I always told myself that if I found someone who bonded

with my daughter in the manner he did, I would marry him.”

She said yes.

The fairy-tale fantasy, though, was far out of reach. The hospital bills were adding up, and Stipkovits had long been too sick to work.

But there are those around

McKeesport who believe in making dreams come true. Doctors had not told Stipkovits how long she could expect to keep fighting. But in late 2017, Lori McKown, an oncology social worker at the hospital, started contacting charities. A colleague told her about

“*I had the same wish every little girl does of a fairy-tale wedding.*”

Jamie’s Dream Team. “Little did I know her fiancé had donated his first paycheck there,” she said.

Jamie Holmes, the founder of Jamie’s Dream Team, hadn’t forgotten Garish. “I was like, absolutely we’re going to put on a wedding for them,” she said.

On February 17, two months after Jamie’s Dream Team rallied more than a dozen Pittsburgh-area vendors to donate things such as flowers, a wedding cake, and a photo booth, Garish and Stipkovits were married before 200 guests at Old Stone Church in Monroeville, Pennsylvania.

Stipkovits, flanked by four bridesmaids and Maleena, her maid of honor, wore a full-length white

dress sewn with Swarovski crystals provided by the Exquisite Bride in Murrysville, Pennsylvania. Her hair, full despite years of chemotherapy, was swept into a side ponytail. Garish, in a black tuxedo instead of his Army uniform, still wore a buzz cut.

The ceremony was punctuated by pauses so Stipkovits, who was on dialysis, could catch her breath and dab at her tears.

Guests didn't seem worried at the reception when Stipkovits fell after Garish playfully pushed a piece of red velvet cake toward his new wife's face. She quickly got up. Her father said, "This is the most energetic I've seen her in quite some time."

Stipkovits and Garish had already



The couple's first dance brought some wedding guests to tears.

endured more than most married couples. Before the wedding, Stipkovits told Garish, "When we say our vows, the only thing we'll have left to accomplish is till death do us part."

A DJ played "Because You Loved Me" by Celine Dion for the first dance. The lyric "You were my strength when I was weak / You were my

voice when I couldn't speak" had onlookers in tears while Stipkovits and Garish held each other. **R**



EDITOR'S NOTE: *A day before the couple's two-month wedding anniversary, Stipkovits died at home, surrounded by her family, with Garish holding her hand.*

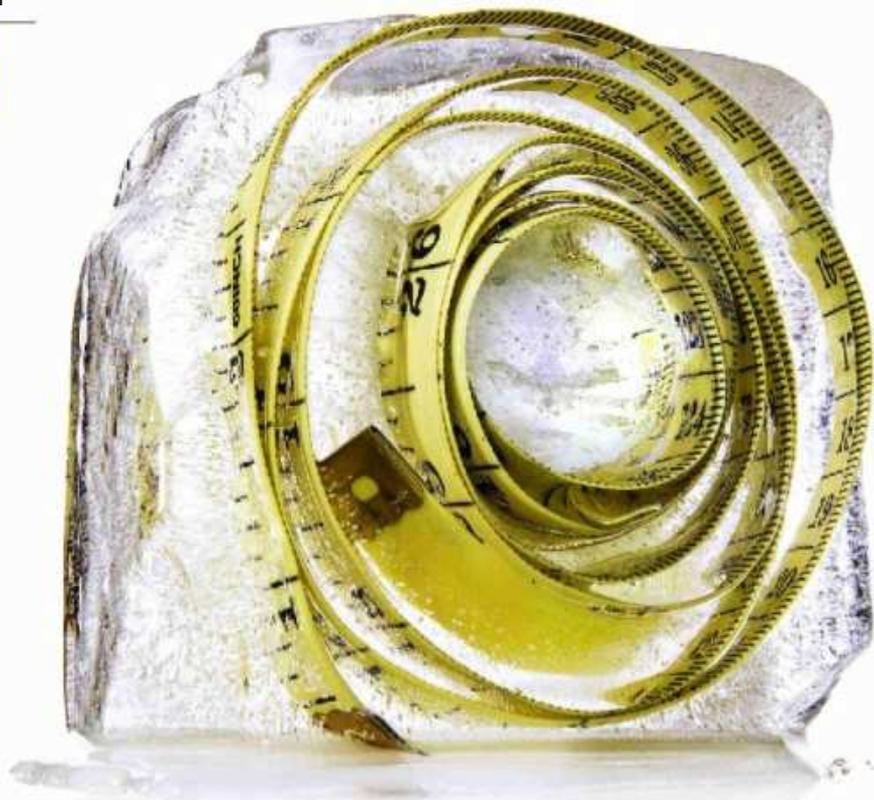
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Around the World In ...

The human body has an estimated 60,000 miles of blood vessels—that's more than two times the circumference of Earth.

SOURCES: NATIONAL INSTITUTES OF HEALTH AND NASA



We think of winter as cold and flu season, but the chilly temperatures have powerful biological upsides too

7 Surprising Ways Cold Weather Helps Your Body

BY ISADORA BAUM AND JEN MCCAFFERY

1 BOOSTS YOUR BRAIN Colder temperatures can help you think more clearly. Studies have found that people perform some cognitive tasks (such as making decisions) better when the temperature is cooler. Research has also shown that people are less inclined to tackle complex tasks in the summer than in

the winter. The brain requires glucose to function, but the body uses more of it in warmer temperatures to keep the body cool. That leaves less available fuel for reasoning and recall tasks.

2 BURNS CALORIES When it's cold, your body works harder to maintain your core

temperature, which is typically about 98.6 degrees. “Our bodies use a considerable amount of energy to keep us warm and to humidify the air we breathe when we’re out in the cold,” explains Stacy Tucker, RN, cofounder of Almeda Labs in Kansas City, Missouri. So lace up your boots: A recent study of 53 people showed that participants burned 34 percent more calories when they hiked in 14- to 23-degree temperatures than they did hiking on 50-degree days.

3 ACTIVATES HEALTHY FAT We know accumulating too much ordinary fat (sometimes called “white” fat) can endanger our health. But adults also have small amounts of beneficial “brown” fat that can stoke their metabolism to burn more calories—and cold temperatures can activate this brown fat. One study showed that participants who lowered their body temperatures simply by placing one foot in cold water revved up their brown fat cells fifteenfold.

4 ALLEVIATES ALLERGIES If spring and summer make you sneeze, winter might be your new favorite season. Pollen counts are virtually nonexistent in cold weather. Indoor allergies, however, can be worse during the winter, according to Tucker. To keep mold and dust mites to a minimum, use

a dehumidifier to maintain the humidity at home below 50 percent.

5 ENCOURAGES BETTER SLEEP Your body’s core temperature drops when you’re trying to sleep. This process can take up to two hours in the summer, but it’s much faster in winter, says Tucker. Plus, with darker mornings, you naturally sleep later.

6 FIGHTS INFECTIONS Yes, you might get more colds during the winter. However, studies have shown that the immune system can be activated by colder temperatures, which enhances our ability to fight infections, explains Tucker. That said, the flu virus thrives in cold, dry air, and time spent indoors increases your chance of infection. To reduce risk, get your annual flu shot, wash your hands frequently, and go outside.

7 STRENGTHENS YOUR HEART In cold weather, the heart works harder during exertion to pump blood and maintain the body’s core temperature. That’s a good thing. “Exercising in the winter makes heart muscles stronger,” says Tucker. Once you warm up, you may be able to go farther than when it’s hot outside. But if you are at risk for heart disease, be careful when exercising outdoors in the cold; the extra stress can be problematic. 

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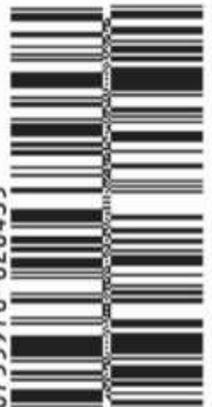
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NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

How to Live Longer

To test the assumption that a healthy lifestyle really adds years to your life, researchers devised a simple study. They looked at the life span of more than 123,000 Americans and then checked to see who had stuck with these five daily habits: eating well, exercising regularly, maintaining a healthy weight, avoiding smoking, and drinking in moderation. Sure enough, the folks who followed all five lived longer, but even the researchers were astonished by how much longer. Women at age 50 who followed all five healthy habits lived 43 more years on average, compared with 29 years for women who didn't follow any of them. Men who maintained all the habits lived an additional 38 years beyond 50, compared with 26 years for those who didn't.

A Good Mood Helps Your Flu Shot Work Better

In any given year, the flu shot is estimated to be effective in only 17 to 53 percent of older adults, compared with 70 to 90 percent of younger people. Simply being in a good mood, however, appears to help older adults get the vaccine's

benefits. In a study of people ages 65 to 85, those who were in a good mood on the day of vaccination had higher levels of influenza antibody in their blood up to 16 weeks later.

Plant-Based Milks Are Not All Equal

Cow's milk is nutritious for those who can digest it properly, but as many as 65 percent of the world's adults cannot. What about plant-based milks, which are much more widely tolerated? Scientists from McGill University in Montreal compared unsweetened soy, almond, coconut, and rice milks and concluded that soy milk offers the most nutritional value. Why? It contains a balanced blend of the three macronutrients—carbs, proteins, and fats—plus isoflavones, compounds that may help prevent hormone-related cancers by binding with estrogen receptors.

A Nasal Antidepressant Works Quickly

Esketamine, currently used as a general anesthetic, could prove to be a powerful weapon in the fight to prevent suicide. In a small study, volunteers with severe depression who used an esketamine nasal spray

reported greater improvements in their symptoms (including feelings of sadness, difficulty concentrating, and suicidal thoughts) just four hours after their treatment, compared with volunteers who used a placebo. This is significantly faster than the four to six weeks it takes for most antidepressants to take effect. No benefits were observed after 25 days, however, suggesting that the spray works for only a short time.

Ibuprofen Negates Strength Training's Benefits

A small study of young, healthy volunteers who followed the same weight training program revealed that those who took a low dose of aspirin (75 mg a day) had twice the muscle development and a bigger increase in strength than those taking high doses of ibuprofen (1,200 mg a day). If you want to build muscle mass, consider alternatives to ibuprofen.

Charting Cancer Pain

During a five-day trial with nearly 2,000 patients in 19 different cancer

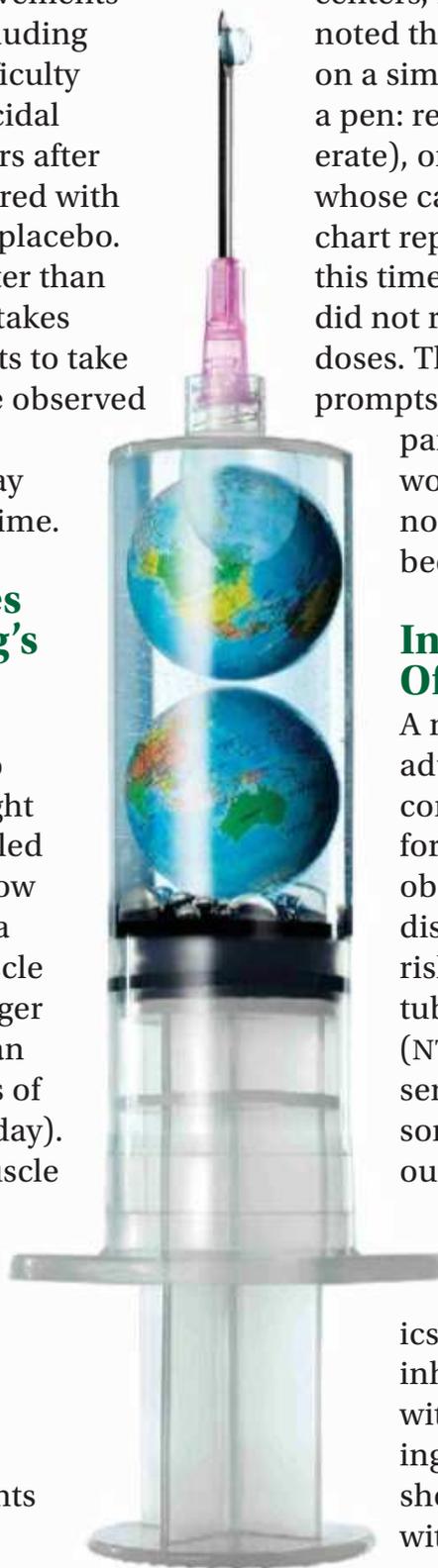
centers, medical staff regularly noted the level of patients' pain on a simple paper chart with a pen: red (severe), yellow (moderate), or green (mild). Those whose care included use of the chart reported less pain during this time, even though they did not receive higher medicine doses. The chart apparently prompts doctors to review which pain medications are working and which are not before patients' pain becomes unbearable.

Inhalers Raise Risk Of Infection

A new study suggests that adults over 65 who use corticosteroid inhalers for asthma or chronic obstructive pulmonary disease (COPD) raise their risk for infection with non-tuberculous mycobacteria (NTM). NTM can cause a serious lung infection in some people that is notoriously difficult to treat

because it is resistant to a number of common antibiotics.

People who use an inhaler (especially one with fluticasone, the active ingredient in Flonase) should discuss the risks with their doctor. 



ALL IN

A Day's Work



"Most people use the cloud. We just stuff paperwork in the ceiling tiles."

WE UBER DRIVERS never know whom we're going to end up with as a passenger. One day, I was driving over a new bridge, the design of which was very confusing. Completely confounded, I muttered, "I'd love to meet the genius who designed this mess."

With that, my passenger extended his hand in my direction and said, "Well, today is your lucky day. My name is Mike, I work for the county engineer's office, and

I'm the genius who designed this!"
Surprisingly, he still gave me a tip.

PATRICK GRILLIOT, *Bowling Green, Ohio*

SCENE: A graphic artist consulting with a client.

Client: I'm not too sure about the blue ...

Me: Actually, that's green.

Client: Who's the client?

Me: You.

Client: And what color is it?

Me: ... Blue?

Client: Right. Now let me see what other shades of blue we have.

We settled on pine tree “blue.”

Source: clientsfromhell.net

RANDOM THOUGHTS from office drones counting the hours till the weekend:

■ Today is the one-year anniversary of this six-week project.

■ I keep hoping they’ll put the two perfectionists on the same project and they’ll correct each other to infinity and stay out of everyone else’s way.

■ Just once I’d like to spend more time discussing the project on a conference call than we spend asking “Who just joined?”

Source: meetingboy.com

MY MOTHER was browsing in a store when a saleswoman offered assistance. Mom admitted she didn’t have anything particular in mind, and the pair started chatting.

The woman quickly learned that Mom was retired. Interested, she confessed that she, too, was considering retirement. Mom immediately started telling her how much she liked no longer working and how the saleswoman would enjoy it too.

Finally, convinced by Mom’s enthusiasm, she asked, “How long have you been retired?”

Mom said, “This is my first day.”

LEE BEACHAM, *Pickens, South Carolina*

Your funny work story could be worth \$\$\$.
For details, go to rd.com/submit.

ST. PETER: Why should I let you into heaven?

Me: Once, a coworker said “supposably” seven times in a meeting, and I just let her.

St. Peter: Get in here.

🐦@ABBYCOHENWL



HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

In honor of National Boss’s Day (October 16), here are actual quotes from the men and women who hold our careers in their hands:

- ◆ “Am I the only one around here with half a brain?!”
- ◆ “I know your performance review is due today, but let’s wait until tomorrow. I’m not in the mood for all that negativity.”
- ◆ “I think you prefer your idea just because it’s better than mine.”
- ◆ “We passed over a lot of good people to get the ones we hired.”
- ◆ “It has come to my attention that your salary is well below the industry average. Therefore I am changing your title.”
- ◆ “OK, you bunch of crybabies, what’s this I hear about poor morale?”

SOURCE: INC.COM

Old-Time Doctor Remedies *That Work*

BY JEN MCCAFFERY AND TINA DONVITO

HONEY TO HEAL a wound. Cherries for gout. Cod-liver oil—*blech!*—to keep your eyes healthy. Your grandmother and her doctors probably swore by these fixes, and now science is catching up with them. Researchers have produced hundreds of studies in the past five years about the effectiveness of home remedies. But not all the old-time solutions really help. That's why this list focuses on treatments with evidence to back them up.

Remember that even natural cures can interact with medications. If you take pills regularly or have a chronic health condition, check with your doctor before trying these.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YASU+JUNKO





A

Age Spots

TRY:
Buttermilk

You can skip the expensive skin creams. This rich by-product of butter contains lactic acid and ascorbic acid. One study showed that this combination lightened age spots more effectively than lactic acid alone. Apply to the spots with a cotton ball, then rinse with water after 20 minutes.



Allergies

TRY:
Vitamin C

Vitamin C isn't just good for the common cold; it turns out to be an effective natural antihistamine. In one study, 74 percent of the subjects who received a vitamin C nasal spray reported that their noses were less stuffy, compared with 24 percent of the patients who

took a placebo. The study's authors recommend getting two grams per day from food and/or supplements.

B

Back Pain

TRY:
Comfrey

This medicinal plant has been used for centuries

to treat joint and muscle pain. A study of 215 patients found that applying concentrated comfrey cream to the lower and upper back reduced muscle pain. You can buy it in health food stores and online.

Blisters

TRY:
Petroleum Jelly

The rawness from blisters can be painful

enough, but chafing can irritate them further. Clean a blister with soap and water, and then reduce friction by applying petroleum jelly to the inflamed area and keeping it covered with a bandage.

Bug Bites

TRY: Oatmeal

“Oatmeal has a long history—and equally solid biological basis—for its anti-itch effects,” says Adam Friedman, MD, an associate professor of dermatology at George Washington School of Medicine and Health Sciences in Washington, DC. You can find creams containing colloidal oatmeal in any drugstore, or you can make a paste by mixing equal parts oatmeal and water; apply it to the bite for ten minutes, then rinse.

Burns

TRY: Aloe

“Aloe is a very soothing remedy for burns,” says

Purvisha Patel, MD, a dermatologist and the creator of Visha Skin Care. One study demonstrated it was more effective than other treatments for second-degree burns. Make sure you use pure aloe, not a scented version. If you own an aloe plant, simply cut open a leaf and apply the liquid directly to the affected area. For serious burns, you should still see a doctor.

C

Calluses and Corns

TRY: Aspirin

To create your own corn-softening compound, crush five or six uncoated aspirin tablets into a fine powder. Mix the powder thoroughly with one half teaspoon of lemon juice and one half teaspoon of water. Dab the paste onto the thickened skin, lay a piece of plastic wrap

on top, and cover the plastic with a heated towel. Remove everything after ten minutes and gently scrub away the loosened skin with a pumice stone. Of course, you shouldn't try this if you are allergic to aspirin.

Canker Sores

TRY: Milk of Magnesia

Canker sores are ulcers of the mouth that can be caused by viral infections or injuries. To ease the pain, rinse your mouth with milk of magnesia or apply it to canker sores three or four times a day.

Constipation

TRY: Ground Flaxseed

“It's almost as if nature tailor-made ground flaxseed to relieve constipation,” says Will Bulsiewicz, MD, a gastroenterologist in Mount Pleasant, South Carolina. “It is a

great source of both insoluble and soluble fiber, which add bulk to the stool and promote the growth of good bacteria.” Ground flaxseed is an excellent source of plant-based omega-3 fatty acids, which are known to help soften stool and relieve constipation. Aim for two to three tablespoons a day as part of a fiber-rich diet.

Cough

TRY:

Thyme Tea

Thyme is a natural expectorant that relaxes the respiratory tract and loosens mucus. Studies have found that using thyme in combination with primrose or ivy relieves the frequency and duration of coughs. To make thyme tea, place two tablespoons of fresh thyme (or one tablespoon dried) in a cup of hot water. Allow it to steep, then drain out the herb. Add honey to taste.

D

Diarrhea

TRY:

Blackberry Tea

Blackberries are rich in tannins, substances that can tighten mucous

membranes in the intestinal tract. They have long been used as a treatment for diarrhea. Make blackberry tea by boiling one or two tablespoons of fresh or frozen blackberries or dried blackberry leaves in



one and a half cups of water for ten minutes, then strain. Drink several cups a day. You can also buy blackberry tea, but make sure that it contains blackberry leaves and not just flavoring.



E

Eye strain

TRY:

Cucumber

Lie on your back and place one cucumber slice (about one eighth inch thick) over each closed eye. Cucumbers contain antioxidants that studies have shown help decrease swelling and relieve pain. Replace the slices with a cooler pair every two or three minutes, for up to 15 minutes total.

F

Foot Odor

TRY:

Lavender Oil

Lavender essential oil not only smells good but also has antibacterial properties that help kill germs. Before bed, rub a few drops of oil onto your feet and massage it in. Pull on a pair of socks to protect your sheets.

G

GERD and Heartburn

TRY:

Globe Artichoke Extract

Compounds in artichoke leaves called caffeoylquinic acids stimulate the release of bile from the gall bladder, which helps relieve nausea, gas, bloating, and other symptoms of gastroesophageal reflux disease (GERD) and heartburn. Since the leaves are mostly inedible, look for artichoke extract capsules in health food stores or online.

Gout

TRY:

Cherries

People who ate about 20 cherries every day were less likely to experience flare-ups of gout, according to a study of 633 patients with the condition. Cherries contain compounds that help neutralize uric acid.

H

Headaches

TRY:

Peppermint Oil

Peppermint essential oil cools the skin, numbing the pain of a tension headache as well as acetaminophen does, according to two small studies. Mix a few drops with olive oil to prevent skin irritation, then gently massage onto your forehead and temples.

Hiccups

TRY:

Sugar

A spoonful of sugar doesn't just help the medicine go down—when it comes to hiccups (contractions of the diaphragm), it is the medicine. “Eating the grainy sugar crystals forces you to swallow harder than normal, and this resets your diaphragm” to stop the spasms, says Claire Martin, a nutritionist based in Oakland, California.

High Cholesterol

TRY:

Niacin

Studies show that taking niacin (vitamin B3) can lower LDL (or “bad”) cholesterol by 10 percent and triglycerides by 25 percent, and raise HDL (“good”) cholesterol by 20 to 30 percent. Since high doses can cause gastrointestinal problems, liver damage, and glucose intolerance, ask your doctor before taking any supplements.

Insomnia

TRY:

Valerian

Valerian, an herb, helps people fall asleep faster without the “hangover” effect of some sleeping pills. It binds to the same receptors in the brain that tranquilizers such as Valium do. Take one half to one teaspoon of valerian tincture or two valerian root capsules 30 minutes before bed.

I

Indigestion

TRY:

Fennel

Those tiny seeds that you often see in bowls at Indian restaurants are fennel. They contain carminative agents, which help expel gas from the intestinal tract. Chew a pinch of fennel to help prevent after-dinner belching.



J

Joint Pain

TRY:
Green Tea

A potent antioxidant found in green tea called epigallocatechin-3-gallate (EGCG) may put the brakes on the joint pain and inflammation of rheumatoid arthritis, according to a study in *Arthritis and Rheumatology*.



Researchers suggest drinking two or three cups a day to reap the benefits.

K

Kidney Stones

TRY:
Lemon Juice

The most common type of kidney stone occurs when oxalate—a compound found in foods such as spinach, bran, and french fries—builds up in urine and “sticks” to calcium, forming crystals. Drinking at least four ounces of lemon juice per day could help, researchers say, as citric acid can prevent the crystallization of calcium and oxalate that creates these stones.

L

Lip Cracking

TRY:
Olive Oil

When you've got chapped lips, coat

them with olive oil, a natural lubricant that will help soften and moisturize lips nicely. In fact, any vegetable oil will do.

M

Memory Lapses

TRY:
Sage

A study in healthy older adults found that taking sage leaf extract capsules improved word recall and memory.

Menopausal Symptoms

TRY:
Hypnotism

A study published in *Menopause* found that women who had five sessions of hypnosis per week experienced 74 percent fewer hot flashes at the end of a 12-week study than did a control group. Even better, the women in the hypnosis group reported that the hot flashes they did have were less severe than before.

N

Nausea

TRY: Ginger

Ginger can help alleviate nausea caused by chemotherapy, morning sickness, or

motion sickness. “Although we do not yet understand the exact method that allows ginger to be effective at reducing nausea, it is thought it may work by obstructing the

serotonin receptors in the gut that cause it,” says dietitian Erin Palinski-Wade, RD, CDE. It also may prompt the body to release enzymes that help break down food. Sip some ginger ale or tea, or chew some candied gingerroot.



Neck Pain

TRY:
Pressure

With your thumb or your fingertips, apply steady pressure on the painful spot on your neck for three minutes. Research shows that this simple acupuncture technique helps loosen tight muscles to lessen pain.

O

Osteoporosis

TRY:
Soy

A review of several studies conducted at the University of North Carolina, Asheville, found that people who ate foods rich in soy had healthier bones and a reduced risk of fractures. Scientists are still trying to figure out which active compounds may account for the protective effect, but good sources of soy protein include soybeans, soy milk, miso, tempeh, and tofu.

P

Psoriasis

TRY:
Capsaicin

Capsaicin is what gives cayenne its heat. Research has shown that applying capsaicin cream helps lessen the itching of psoriasis.

R

Razor Burn

TRY:
Avocado

Avocado is rich with vitamins and oils that soften and hydrate skin to relieve the tenderness of razor burn. Apply mashed fruit or avocado oil directly to the irritated skin.

S

Sinusitis

TRY:
Eucalyptus Oil

Give your congested sinuses a steam

treatment. Add a few drops of eucalyptus oil to a pot of water, boil, and remove the pot from the stove. Drape a towel over your head and shoulders, then lean forward so it forms a tent over the pan. Keep your face about 18 inches above the water as you breathe deeply. As the vapor rises, it carries droplets of oil into your sinuses and loosens congestion. Studies show that the main ingredient in eucalyptus oil, cineole, can help people recover faster from acute sinusitis.

Sore Throat

TRY:
Horehound Tea

Horehound, a plant in the mint family, can reduce the swelling of inflamed throat tissue. It also thins mucus, helping you clear it from your throat. To make the tea, steep two teaspoons of the chopped fresh herb in one cup boiling water for ten minutes; strain and drink.

T

Tooth and Gum Pain

TRY:
Clove Oil

“Oil of cloves can sometimes soothe an inflamed tooth,” says Saul Pressner, DMD, a dentist in New York City. Clove oil has bacteria-slaying properties and also a numbing effect. Mix a few drops with olive oil to avoid irritation, then swish it in your mouth.

U

Urinary Tract Infection

TRY:
Cranberry Juice

A study of 373 women with a history of urinary tract infections (UTIs) showed that those who drank a glass of cranberry juice daily had a 40 percent reduction in the number of UTIs compared with those who drank a placebo. While other studies

have been mixed about the effect of cranberry juice on UTIs, scientists think a compound in cranberry juice can prevent bacteria from sticking to the walls of the urinary tract.

V

Varicose Veins

TRY:
Horse Chestnut

Horse chestnut seed extract improves blood vessel elasticity and seems to strengthen the valves inside veins, thanks to an active ingredient called aescin. Take a 250-milligram pill of horse chestnut seed extract twice a day for three months.

Vision Problems

TRY:
Cod-Liver Oil

This oil is a rich source of omega-3 fats, which increase blood flow to the eyes and decrease the risk of developing glaucoma and possibly macular degeneration. Take one teaspoon daily.

W

Wounds

TRY:
Honey

Since ancient Egyptian times, people have used honey as a salve for wounds. Pure honey contains the enzyme glucose oxidase, which causes a chemical reaction that releases hydrogen peroxide, an antiseptic. Honeys range widely in their antibacterial potency, however. For best results, scientists recommend manuka honey, from New Zealand, which contains an additional compound that increases its effectiveness. Apply honey directly to a wound every 12 to 24 hours and cover it with sterile gauze.

Warts

TRY:

Duct Tape

Although doctors aren't sure why it works, one study found that putting duct tape on warts and replacing it every six days was 25 percent more effective than freezing them—and much cheaper.

Y**Yeast Infection**

TRY:

Sea Salt

Sprinkle a cup of sea salt in a tub of warm water, then take a nice soak to relieve itching and pain.

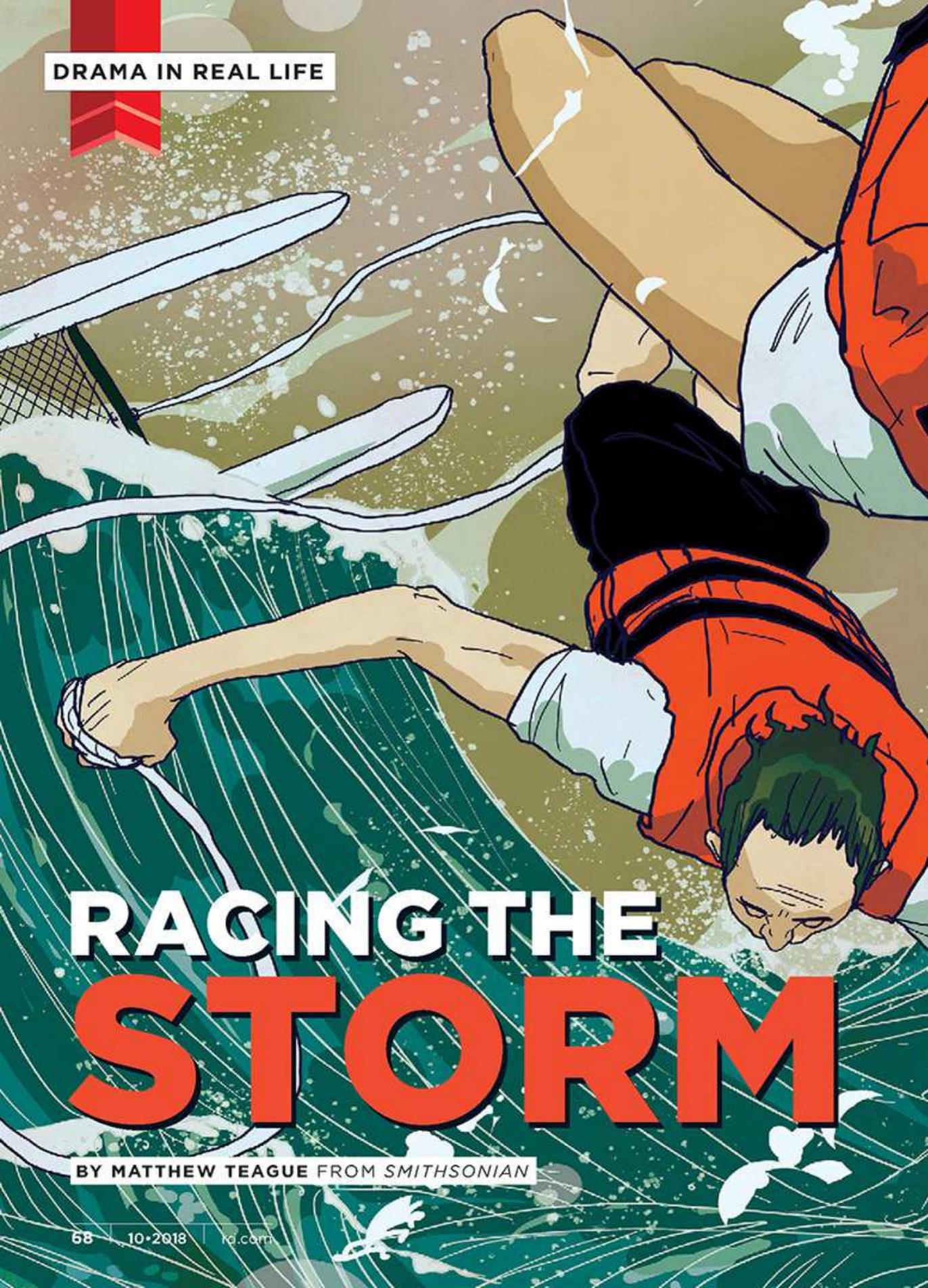
Z**Zits**

TRY:

Tea Tree Oil

In one study, a 5 percent tea tree oil gel was as effective as a 5 percent benzoyl peroxide lotion in limiting acne outbreaks—with fewer side effects. 





DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

RACING THE STORM

BY MATTHEW TEAGUE FROM SMITHSONIAN



It began as a friendly regatta for seasoned sailors and newcomers alike. But before many had finished, a brutal squall turned it into a disaster.

THE MORNING OF APRIL 25, 2015, arrived with only a whisper of wind. Sailboats traced gentle circles on Alabama's Mobile Bay, preparing for the annual Dauphin Island Regatta. On board the *Kyla*, a lightweight 16-foot catamaran whose two hulls were connected by a sturdy trampoline-like canvas, Ron Gaston and Hana Blalack practiced trapezing. Ron tethered his hip harness to the boat, then leaned back over the water as the boat tilted and the hull under their feet went airborne.

"Physics," he said, grinning.

Hana grinned back.

Ron and Hana made an unusual crew. He was tall and lanky, 50 years old, with decades of sailing experience. She was 15, tiny, pale, and redheaded, and she had never stepped onto a sailboat. But Hana trusted Ron, who was like a father to her. And Ron's daughter, Sarah Gaston, was like a sister.

There were other boats on the water like Ron's, as well as sleek race boats with oversize masts and great ocean-going vessels with plush cabins. The 18-mile Dauphin Island Regatta had long been an event focused on fun and on passing along the love of the sport from one generation to the next. All told, 125 boats with 475 sailors and guests had signed up, many in teams featuring teenagers paired with older salts. But by the end of the day, it was clear who was in charge: Mother Nature, and she offered a lesson no one would forget.

AT 7:44 A.M., as sailors began to gather on the bay for a 9:30 start, the website of the Fairhope Yacht Club, the regatta's host, posted a message

about the race: "Canceled due to inclement weather." How could that be, on such a calm and beautiful day?

In fact, at 8:10 a.m., the yacht club insisted the regatta was on. Gary Garner, the commodore of the club, said the cancellation was an error, the result of a garbled message.

The confusion delayed the race by an hour. After a false start, the boats were still circling at 10:45 a.m. when the National Weather Service in Mobile issued a dire prediction, this time for real: "Thunderstorms will move in from the west this afternoon and across the marine area. Some of the thunderstorms may be strong or severe."

Still, only eight of the 125 boats withdrew. "It's no big deal for us to see a weather report that says scattered thunderstorms, or even scattered severe thunderstorms," Garner would later say. "If you want to go race sailboats, and race long-distance, you're going to get into storms."

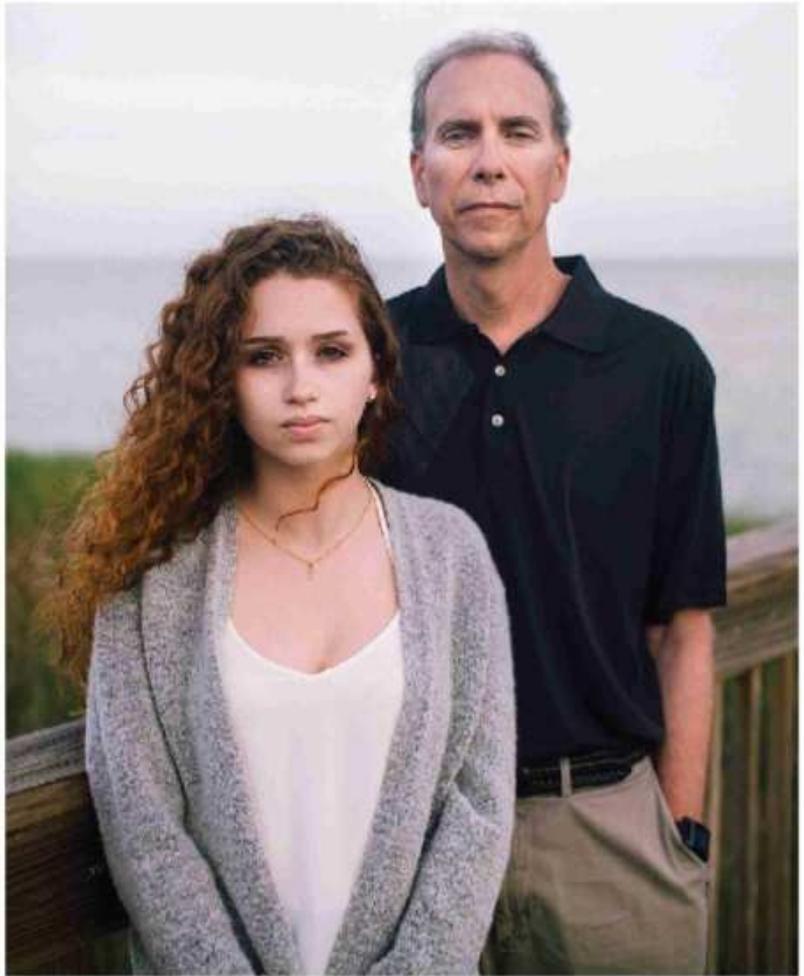
On board the *Razr*, a 24-foot sloop, 17-year-old Lennard Luiten, his father, Robert Luiten, and three friends scrutinized incoming weather reports: The storm appeared likely to arrive

at 4:15 p.m., which would give them time to cross the finish line and return to home port safely. Lennard felt thrilled. He and his father had bought the *Razr* as a half-sunk lost cause and spent a year rebuilding it. Now the crew agreed they had the boat “tuned” just right.

The *Razr's* crew members had timed their start with precision and led the field for the first half hour. The small catamarans were among the fastest boats, though, and the *Kyla* hurtled Hana and Ron forward. On the open water, Hana felt herself relax. She and Ron passed a 36-foot sailboat called the *Wind Nuts*, captained by Ron's friend Scott Godbold. “Hey!” Ron called out, waving.

Godbold wasn't racing; he and his wife, Hope Godbold, had come to watch their son race and to help out if anyone had trouble. Scott waved back.

MOBILE BAY IS about 30 miles long and half that wide. A deep channel runs up its center, but much of the



Ron Gaston and Hana Blalack were in the water for more than two hours.

bay is so shallow an adult could stand on its muddy bottom. On the northwestern shore stands the city of Mobile, dotted with shining high-rises. The mouth of the bay is guarded by Dauphin Island and the Fort Morgan peninsula. Between them, a gap of just three miles of open water leads into the vast Gulf of Mexico.

During the first half of the race, Hana and Ron chased his brother and nephew, Shane and Connor Gaston,



Ten boats were lost that day, in one of the worst sailing disasters in American history.

headed north along the bay's western shore.

Shortly before 3 p.m., Ron and Hana watched as storm clouds rolled toward them from the west. "We may get some rain," Ron said, a characteristic understatement.

By now, the storm, which had first come alive in Texas, had crossed three states to reach the edge of Mobile Bay. At the National Weather Service office in Mobile, meteorologists watched it advance on radar. Jason Beaman, the meteorologist in charge of coordinating the of-

who sailed on an identical catamaran. Conditions were ideal. The winds had steadily picked up, but the water was smooth.

"We're smokin'!" Ron told Hana.

At about 2 p.m., as they arrived at the finish line, Hana looked back and laughed. Ron's brother was a minute behind them.

"Hey, we won!" she shouted.

Typically, once crews finish the regatta, they pull into harbor at Dauphin Island for a trophy ceremony and a night's rest. But the Gaston brothers decided to sail home in their twin boats to beat the storm; others made the same choice. The brothers shared sandwiches and bottled water, then

office's warnings, noted the unusual way the storm kept gaining strength rather than blowing itself out quickly. "It was an engine, like a machine that keeps running," he said.

UNDER THE DAUPHIN Island Bridge, a three-mile span that links the island to the mainland, Ron's daughter, 17-year-old Sarah Gaston—also in the race—struggled to control a small boat with her sailing partner, Jim Gates, a 74-year-old family friend, as wind and rain came over the bay.

"We just were looking for any land at that point," Sarah said later. "But everything was white. We couldn't see land. We couldn't even see the

bridge." The pair watched as one of their sails ripped in slow motion, as if by some invisible hands.

Farther north, Ron and Hana were getting closer to the Buccaneer Yacht Club, about seven miles away. Lightning crackled. "Don't touch anything metal," Ron yelled to Hana. They huddled on their boat's fabric deck.

Less than two miles behind, Shane and Connor disappeared behind a curtain of rain.

Within moments, the rain caught up with the *Kyla*. It came so fast and was so dense that the world seemed to be reduced to a small gray room, with no horizon, no sky, no shore.

Then, without warning, the winds rose to 73 miles per hour—almost hurricane strength. Ron and Hana never had a chance to let down their sails.

The front of the *Kyla* rose from the water. The catamaran stood on its tail for an instant, then flipped sideways. The bay was only seven feet deep at that spot, so the mast jabbed into the mud and snapped in two.

Hana flew off, hitting her head on the boom, the horizontal pole attached to the mast. Ron landed between her and the boat. He grabbed her with one hand and a rope attached to the boat with the other. The fabric deck, now vertical, caught the wind like a sail.

As the boat blew away, it pulled Ron through the water, away from Hana. He faced a surreal decision: Let go of the boat—or Hana.

NEW!

**BIG
VANILLA
LATTE
FLAVOR**



**BIG FOOD
FOR
BIG DAYS**



He let go of the boat.

Hana and Ron both wore life jackets, but eight-foot swells crashed on them, threatening to separate or drown them. The two wrapped their arms around each other, and Hana tucked her head against Ron's chest to find a pocket of air free from the piercing rain.

ABOUT 30 MILES

north, a Coast Guard ensign named Phillip McNamara stood his first-ever shift as duty officer. As the storm bore down on Mobile Bay, distress calls came pouring in. Several times, he rang his superior, Cdr. Chris Cederholm, for advice about how to respond.

"By the third call, it was clear something big was happening," Cederholm said recently. When he arrived at the station, he triggered a "mass rescue operation" protocol, summoning a response from air, land, and sea.

As authorities scrambled to grasp the enormity of the storm, hundreds of sailors on the bay struggled to survive it.

The wind flipped the Luitens' *Razr*, slinging the crew—Lennard, Robert, 71-year-old Jimmie Brown, and teenage friends Adam Clark and Jacob Pouncey—into the water. Then the

boat barrel-rolled, and Lennard and Brown were briefly scooped back onto its deck before the keel snapped and they were tossed once again, this time in the other direction.

Brown struggled in a raincoat. Lennard swam around the boat, searching for his dad, whom he found with Pouncey. After about 20 minutes of

being rocked by the waves, Lennard struck out for the shore to find help.

As the *Razr's* crew struggled, an experienced sailor named Larry Goolsby, captain of the 22-foot boat *Team 4G*, was in sight of the finish line when the storm came his way. The gale rolled

the boat over twice before a much heavier 40-foot vessel appeared. It was moving with all the force of the storm at its back and bearing down on the smaller boat's three-person crew.

"They're going to hit us!" one of them shouted just as the bigger boat smashed into the *Team 4G*, running over it and then dragging it along.

The crew had managed to jump into the water just before impact. Goolsby had grabbed a rope dangling from the charging boat and swung himself up onto its deck. Reeling, he looked back to see his crew members in the water, growing more distant by the second. They weren't wearing life

“
As the boat
dragged Ron
through the
water, he faced a
surreal decision:
Let go of the
boat—or Hana.”

jackets. Goolsby snatched a life preserver from the deck of the runaway vessel and dived back into the water, hoping to save his friends.

Normally, a storm's hard edge blows past in two or three minutes; this storm continued for 45 minutes.

A DOZEN COAST GUARD ships responded, along with several airplanes, helicopters, and a team that prowled the coastline on all-terrain vehicles.

Near the Dauphin Island Bridge, a Coast Guard rescue boat picked up Sarah Gaston and Jim Gates. Like Ron and Hana's boat, Sarah and Jim's had bucked them into the water, though they had been able to drag themselves back onto the wreckage. Sarah had suffered a leg injury and hypothermia, and as her rescuers pulled her onto their deck, she went into shock.

Ron and Hana were still in the middle of the bay, where they had been bobbing in the water for an hour. They tried to swim for shore, but the waves and current locked them in place.

To stave off the horror of their predicament, Hana cracked dark jokes. "I don't think we're going to make it home for dinner," she said.

"Look," Ron said, pulling a phone with a waterproof cover from his pocket. At the same moment, Hana pulled out a GPS unit that she had tucked into her life preserver.

Ron struggled to dial with his wet fingers and handed the phone to

**BIG DAYS
ARE RIPE
WITH
POTENTIAL**



**BIG FOOD
FOR
BIG DAYS**



The day after the storm, rescuers found Ron Gaston's boat, the Kyla, upside down in Mobile Bay.



Hana, who called 911. A dispatcher answered: “What is your emergency and location?”

“I’m in Mobile Bay,” Hana said.

“The bay area?”

“No, ma’am. I’m *in* the bay. I’m in the water.”

Using the phone and the GPS, and watching the blue lights of a patrol boat, Hana guided rescuers to their location over the next hour and a half.

As an officer pulled her from the water and onto the deck, Hana asked, “This boat isn’t going to capsize, too, is it?”

Shane and Connor Gaston had also gone overboard. Three times the wind flipped their boat before the top of the mast eventually broke. With the other sails lost, they used the far smaller jib

sail, often used for balance, to slowly wend their way toward the western shore and onto land.

Meanwhile, the crew members of the *Team 4G* clung to their one commandeered life preserver, treading water until they were rescued.

AS THE SUN STARTED to set that evening, Scott and Hope Godbold sailed into the Coast Guard’s Dauphin Island station with three survivors of the regatta. Behind Scott’s sailboat, they pulled a small inflatable boat that held the body of a sailor not as lucky. He was one of six people who died that day. Forty more people were rescued.

After leaving Hope and the survivors at the station, Scott was joined by his father, Kenny Godbold, who

had come to bring Scott diesel fuel for his boat. Together, they continued the search on their way back to their home marina. Scott had in mind a teenager he knew: Lennard Luiten, who remained missing.

The mood on the boat was somber. Thankfully, Lennard's father had been found alive, as had his friend Jacob Pouncey, but the two other *Razr* crew members—Adam Clark and Jimmie Brown—had not survived.

By this point, Lennard would have been in the water, without a life jacket, for six hours. Night had come, and the men knew the chances of the boy being found alive were remote.

Scott eased his boat into the bay and headed north. An hour into the trip, a voice drifted over the water: "Help!"

Hours earlier, the current had swept Lennard seaward. He had swum toward an oil platform, but the waves worked against him, and he watched the platform move slowly from his south to his north. There was nothing but water and darkness, and still he hoped: Maybe his hand would find a crab trap. Maybe a buoy.

Now, in the pitch black of night, a boat slowed, and a flashlight was shone into his face.

"Is that you, Lennard?" Scott yelled out.

Yes, Lennard replied. It was. R

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**FILL UP
FOR
BIG DAYS**



**BIG FOOD
FOR
BIG DAYS**



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Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE



TOURISTS at a natural history museum are marveling at some dinosaur bones. One of them asks a guard, “Can you tell me how old the dinosaur bones are?”

The guard replies, “They are 65,000,011 years old.”

“That’s an awfully exact number,” says the tourist. “How do you know their age so precisely?”

The guard answers, “Well, the dinosaur bones were 65,000,000 years old when I started working here, and that was 11 years ago.”

Source: haha.cafe

“ADAM AND EVE: the first people not to read the Apple Terms and Conditions.”

Church sign, via *Planet Proctor* newsletter

TWO DOG OWNERS are arguing about whose pet is smarter.

“My dog is so smart,” says the first owner, “that every morning he goes to the store and buys me a sesame-seed bagel with chive cream cheese, stops off at Starbucks and picks me up a mocha latte, and then comes home and turns on ESPN, all before I get out of bed.”

“I know,” says the second owner.

“How do you know?” the first demands.

“My dog told me.”

*From the book *Laughter: The Best Medicine**

IF NATALIE PORTMAN dated Jacques Cousteau, they would win celebrity-couple nicknaming forever with “Portmanteau.”

🐦 @THENARDVARK (BRYAN DONALDSON)

A TRUCK carrying 12 tons of liquid chocolate spilled its load across a European highway. The *Week* asked its readers: If a confectioner were to scrape up and sell all that chocolate, what brand name might it have?

- Mr. Goodtar
- Literally 5th Avenue
- 3 Musketeers
- Gutterfinger
- Pave-mint
- Tobleroad
- Autobahn-Bahns

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$\$. For details, see page 3 or go to rd.com/submit.



Limericks So Good Even Girls from Nantucket Will Repeat Them

There once was a lady named
Ferris
Whom nothing could ever
embarrass.
Till the bath salts one day,
In the tub where she lay,
Turned out to be plaster of paris.

A magazine writer named Bing
Could make copy from most
anything,
But the copy he wrote
Of a ten-dollar note
Was so good he now lives in
Sing Sing.

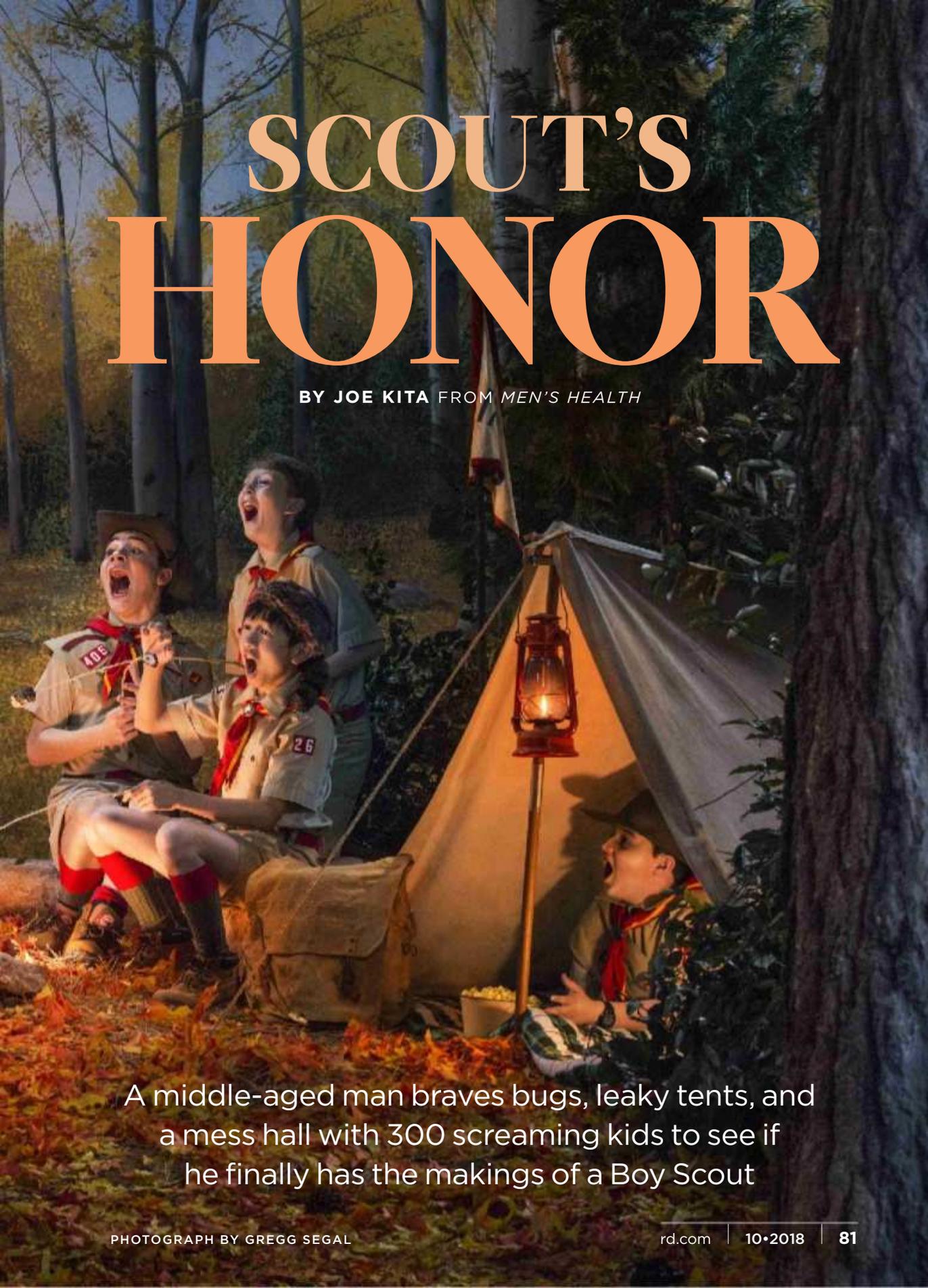
There once was a runner named
Dwight
Who could speed even faster
than light.
He set out one day
In a relative way
And returned on the previous
night.

A forgetful old gasman named
Dieter,
Who went poking around his
gas heater,
Touched a leak with his light;
He blew out of sight—
And, as everyone who knows
anything about poetry can tell
you, he also ruined the meter.

SOURCE: RD.COM

HUMOR





SCOUT'S HONOR

BY JOE KITA FROM *MEN'S HEALTH*

A middle-aged man braves bugs, leaky tents, and a mess hall with 300 screaming kids to see if he finally has the makings of a Boy Scout

“

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?” the lifeguard screams. “Do you need help?”

I’ve swallowed a lot of lake water and can’t answer. Gasping for breath, I glimpse my fellow Scouts lining the dock.

We’re at Camp Minsi in Pennsylvania’s Pocono Mountains, trying to earn our swimming merit badge. What they can’t vocalize I can see in their wide eyes: The old guy might die!

But I manage to catch my breath and paddle to the ladder without needing rescue. I climb up, embarrassed and exhausted. One boy looks up at me with a puzzled expression and asks, “What are you doing here?”

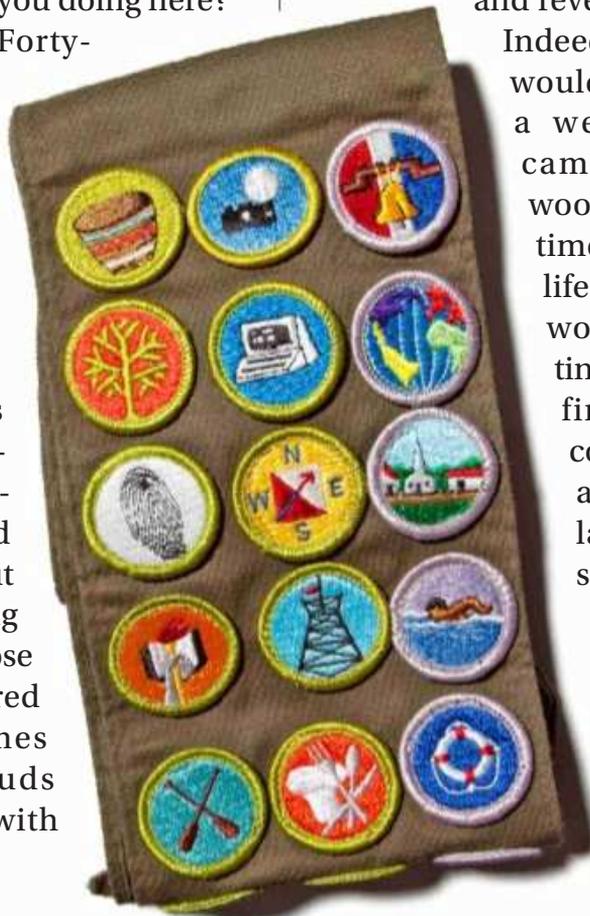
Good question. Forty-five years ago, after earning the rank of Bear in Cub Pack 47, I quit Scouting—I stank at tying knots.

However, when a man reaches middle age, funny things happen. The work-life climb is no longer well-defined and becomes more about finding a sturdy rung and hanging on. Those buds you once shared so many good times with turn into Buds you share mostly with yourself.

And if you ever happened to come across the Scout Law, you might realize that you haven’t been as “trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent” as planned.

Indeed, what grown-up wouldn’t benefit from a week at summer camp in Wi-Fi-free woods with plenty of time to whittle down life’s priorities? Who wouldn’t enjoy sitting around a campfire eating cherry cobbler bubbled in a Dutch oven and laughing until his stomach hurt?

So in an inspired moment, I approached the Boy Scouts of America and asked whether there was any



way I could take up where I'd left off so long ago. Was it too late for me to become an Eagle Scout? Yes, they said. The cutoff age for Eagle is 18, and I'm seven presidents beyond that. But I could attempt to become the world's first Bald Eagle Scout. I already had the "bald" part down. "Eagle" would take some work.

IT'S 6:30 A.M. on July 14, the first full day of summer camp, but already our troop's 17-year-old senior patrol leader is whacking my tent flap and yelling "Wake up!" as reveille rat-a-tats in the distant woods. Perhaps because of the bugling and the ache in my back from spending the night in a tent, it feels like the dawn of war.

I dutifully don my uniform shirt and neckerchief, report for morning inspection and camp flag raising, and then join my troop as we trudge to breakfast at the central dining hall.

Three times a day, nearly 300 ravenous boys descend upon this hall in an attempt to stoke their raging metabolisms. Here, in the days that follow, I will watch in horror as "Fat Joey" casually chews ketchup packets until they pop inside his mouth. I will observe another youngster consume 35 iced slushies in seven days,

each containing 28 grams of sugar, some along with a shot of Pop Rocks. (No wonder he wakes up one night screaming about a snake in his tent.)

And in this same hall, I—a grown man—will be dressed down by an irate scoutmaster in knee socks for joining the line too early at the salad bar. "Please sit down!" he yells.

But on this first day, I remain pleasantly naive. Breakfast ends with everyone standing for the rousing sing-

along classic "I'm Alive, Awake, Alert, Enthusiastic!" Those are the only words, and it's sung to the tune of "If You're Happy and You Know It." Each time you say "alive," you touch your ankles; "awake," your hips; "alert," your shoulders; and for "enthusiastic," you raise both arms in the air. And you

do this faster and faster for what seems like 50 verses—with 300 kids.

Pumped up on empty carbs and camp anthems, I burst through the door after dismissal into the fresh mountain air, flush with promise for a new day and a new adventure.

UNFORTUNATELY, my merit-badge classes (with the exception of my near-death experience in Swimming) turn out to be boring affairs. First Aid ends up feeling a bit like a video game as

Kids run around with spears, and not once do I hear, "You're going to poke your eye out!"

kids keep asking how to medically treat fantasy: “So what do you do if someone gets stabbed in the eye with a sword?” Then, after a succession of instructors in Orienteering, most of us are, ironically, totally lost.

The event I had been anticipating most—the postlunch “siesta”—turns out to be the busiest time at our campsite. Kids are cleaning latrines, building fires, and hitting things with a large ax to screams of “Break it!”

It’s refreshing to see boys being encouraged to be boys. Everyone is running around with knives or spears, and not once do I hear anyone scream, “You’re going to poke your eye out!” Kids roam over the thickly wooded 1,200-acre property untroubled by ticks or ragweed. Shotguns are blasted, tomahawks thrown, and arrows fired—all by kids.

The Muck Hike is the purest expression of this freedom to experience dirt and danger. It’s a mile-long trudge through chest-high sludge. Everyone emerges from it like a swamp thing. But they all have smiles on their filthy faces. In these days of free-range chickens and cattle, the Scouts are raising free-range boys!

“If we see a Scout heading toward a cliff, we’ll let him step off,” explains one scoutmaster, “as long as it’s not

a big cliff. That’s how they learn.”

Kids also learn through failure at this camp. One out-of-shape youngster had been eagerly anticipating learning to kayak. But he was a tight fit, and after capsizing in the lake, he had to swim his boat to shore because he couldn’t climb back in. At home, he might have been coddled, but out here he had to deal.

I start to realize that what’s awful about camp is also what’s great about

it: You’re not insulated from nature as most kids and adults are these days. You’re part of it, living in the raw, as we were meant to be. Which is memorable.

Consider: On Monday night, severe thunderstorms sweep through camp and pummel my tent. Rain drips on my forehead;

everything I brought is damp. I lie awake in the middle of the night wondering why I’m here, both literally and metaphorically.

On Wednesday, after the weather clears, one of our Eagle candidates builds two tree platforms, a monkey bridge, and a zip line—in less than five hours. No nails, just rope lashings.

On Thursday night, we build a campfire. I sit around it with 30 kids and realize that my sense of humor has not matured one iota in the past 40 years. Fart jokes, teacher pranks, and falling

“
*Sitting around
a campfire
with 30 kids,
I realize my
sense of humor
hasn’t matured
in 40 years.*”

over backward in your camp chair are just as gut-busting now as they were when I was in Scouts.

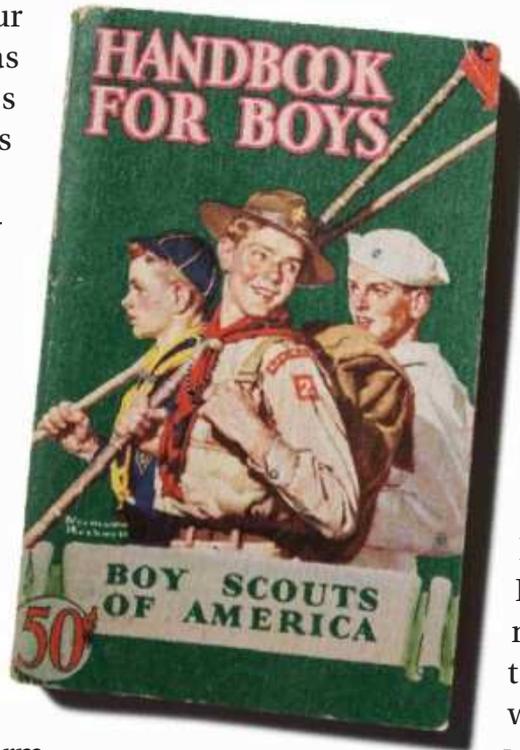
On Friday morning, we have pizza—for breakfast!

By Friday afternoon, the kid who drank all the slushies is out of money. To feed his sugar addiction, he resorts to accepting dares whereby he eats fishing bait for cash. He starts by swallowing a mealworm

for 50 cents, then a night crawler for a buck, and finally a butterworm for \$2 (but we make him hold it on his tongue for 30 seconds). He heads for the camp's trading post with a wad of dough.

BEING IN the woods for long periods encourages contemplation. Perhaps one reason guys my age start feeling adrift is because we have little left to moor ourselves to. We've moved around, the kids have grown, and our accomplishments aren't as clear-cut as they used to be. I mean, what exactly have I built? A garden shed? A 401(k)? My great-granddads would laugh at that.

That's why it was important to make my service project meaningful. This



is the bar exam for Eagle Scout candidates. You must conceive, design, finance, and ultimately build or execute some project that enhances the world around you.

Some kids clean up cemeteries or build benches at churches. But as a Bald Eagle candidate, I knew mine had to be much grander. It had to be a project that was commensurate with my life knowl-

edge and experience.

The scenes that kept coming back to me involved the boy in the kayak and those meals in the dining hall. I realized I might be able to help these kids while addressing the national problem of child obesity in my own small way through Scouting.

So I spent 60 hours (the Scouts like when you track things) creating the plan for a summer-camp competition called Fittest Scout. Points are awarded for making smart nutritional choices (e.g., having oatmeal for breakfast instead of a grape slushie) and participating in various physical activities. Boys with the most points at the close of the week earn the title of Fittest Scout. The unit with the most combined individual points is the

Fittest Troop. There's even a Fittest Scoutmaster category.

I'm proud to say it was a hit. The head of my local council even offered to test it at camp in the future.

AT THE END of summer, Troop 1600 holds a Court of Honor, where Scouts are singled out for various achievements. Parents (and wives) are invited, a campfire is lit, and snacks are served. This Court of Honor falls on my 30th wedding anniversary. My wife is expecting big things. I tell her to dress warmly and bring a flashlight.



As we sit on logs, the scoutmaster calls me up with the rest of the kids to receive my merit badges.

Everyone applauds me, the Bald Eagle.

I miss the next meeting because after the last meeting I'm, well, grounded. I'm bummed because the troop is nominating new patrol leaders. It's an important step for the kids, being recognized by their peers. One of the scoutmasters calls me the next day. "When I asked for nominations for senior patrol leader last night, one Scout raised his hand. He wondered if he could nominate you." Maybe I'm a better man than I thought. **R**

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"I Do My Best Thinking in the Shower"

Social networking site reddit.com asked its users to share their most inspired "shower thoughts." The results are dripping with genius.

■ If you attempt to rob a bank, you won't have any trouble with rent/food bills for the next ten years, whether you are successful or not.

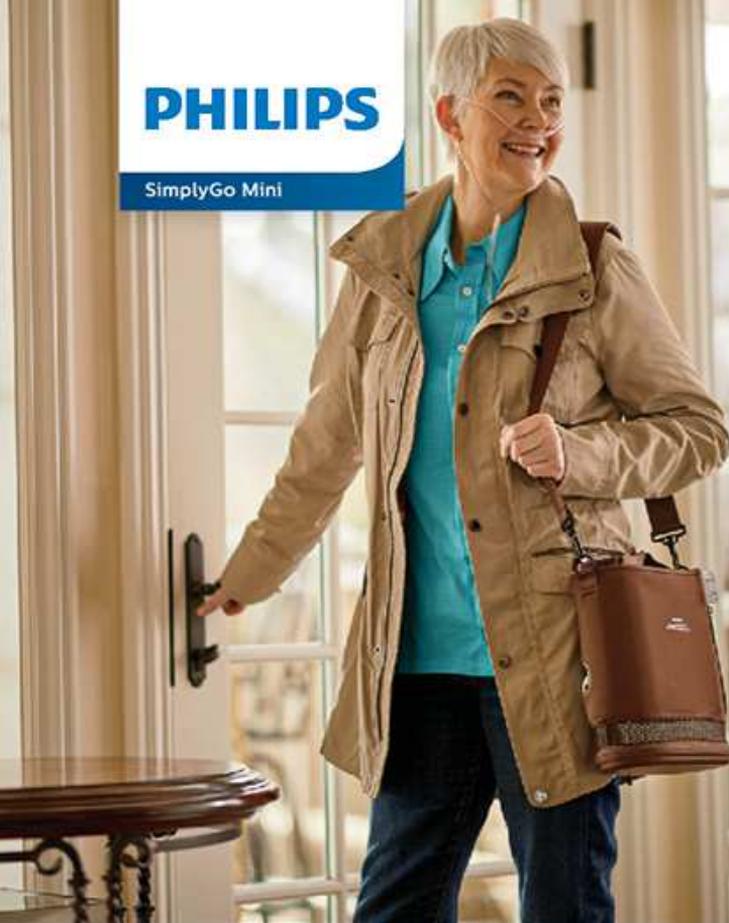
-OMNIPOTENTPOTATO-

■ My dog keeps bringing me the same toy. I wonder if that is his favorite toy, or if he thinks it is my favorite toy.

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One survivor now wonders whether abusers like hers deserve the harsh comeuppance they often get

Sympathy FOR My Bully

BY GERALDINE DERUITER
FROM THE *WASHINGTON POST*

AS A CHILD, I WAS AN EASY MARK for playground torments: smart, insufferably rule-abiding, decidedly unpretty. The tormentor I remember most distinctly was not my first bully, nor my last, but his attacks would turn others into footnotes.

He was in my class for years. In class photos, his face is round and almost cherubic, but I remember it contorted in anger as he spat insults at me, telling me to shut up,

flailing his hands against his chest and moaning—an approximation of what he said I sounded like. We were seated next to each other year after year, and when I finally complained about this arrangement, one of my teachers said that maybe I'd be “a good influence on him.”

It didn't work. His mom was also my softball coach, driving me to and from practice when my single mother could not. Sitting in the back of his mother's van after my team lost a softball game, he snapped, “It smells in here. Close your legs.” Reflexively, I did as he instructed. When his mother climbed into the driver's seat, oblivious to what had happened, he was still doubled over with laughter. I was ten.

WHEN I WOULD return home after one of my bully's taunts, tearful and broken down, I'd comfort myself with the idea that one day I would be happy and successful and my bully would not. I internalized the bromide used to soothe all bullied children of my generation—the universe would mete out some sort of karmic justice.

This idea is everywhere: Bully Biff Tannen waxes George McFly's car at the end of *Back to the Future*, having

been beaten into submission (literally) years earlier. In *A Christmas Story*, Ralphie finally snaps after years of torment and attacks Farkus, who is left tearful and bleeding. Regina George—the Machiavellian queen bee in *Mean Girls*—eventually relinquishes her bullying crown, but

only after she's publicly shamed twice and flattened by a bus.

Even today, the Internet is rife with stories of bullies getting their comeuppance, from viral videos of little kids fighting back to Reddit threads describing justice doled out against an antagonist.

“It's an age-old story—the idea of bullies getting theirs,” says Meghan Leahy, a licensed school counselor and parenting coach. “It's a very human part of us that likes revenge.”

That seems only fair, right? After all, the bullies are the bad guys. According to a 2014 study that gathered data from more than 234,000 teenagers and children, victims of bullying are more than twice as likely to contemplate killing themselves as their nonbullied peers. Other studies have shown that people who are bullied are more likely to experience low self-esteem and anxiety, more inclined to abuse alcohol and drugs, and more likely to suffer from a host of physical ailments, such as headaches and sleep disturbances.



I TOLD
MYSELF THAT
ONE DAY I'D BE
HAPPY AND
SUCCESSFUL
AND MY BULLY
WOULDN'T.



DURING THE PERIOD when I was being bullied, my mother was dealing with her own abuse at the hands of a man with whom she'd been romantically involved for several years. He fluctuated between charming and volatile. He would yell, throw furniture and other objects, punch holes in the walls of our home, and tear doors off their hinges.

At the time, I'd never seen my mother's boyfriend hit her, but my bully, who lived nearby, had seen him pull my mother from her vehicle and throw her to the ground. The next day at school, my bully told everyone within earshot the story. He laughed through his impersonation of her lying on the ground whimpering. Until that moment, I'd believed my mother when she told me that her bruised face was a result of "walking into a door."

AS THE YEARS passed, those promises of karmic justice given to me in childhood came true. I went to college on a full ride. I graduated with honors and became a professional writer. My mother finally extricated herself from her abusive relationship. Determined not to follow in her footsteps, I sought out soft-spoken men who never yelled. I met and married someone wonderful. Everything turned out better than I could have dared hope.

I occasionally searched for my bully online, determined to see my story to

its promised end, to relish all the ways my life was better than his. In 2010, after years of finding nothing, I learned from a friend that my bully had been murdered in his home, not far from where we grew up. Consumed by the story, I pored over every news article I could find. He had been dealing pot and was killed in a robbery gone wrong. One of the murderers had been his childhood friend.

I read that he had anticipated an attack. His friends said he was so terrified in the weeks leading up to his murder that he'd slept with a hammer under his pillow. I was haunted by what I imagined his final moments were like, by how scared he must have been. I cried for the boy who had made me so miserable.

NOW I HAD TO WONDER: What kind of fate would I have considered sufficient retribution? Would I have been satisfied if he had become merely unsuccessful or unhappy? What sentence are we comfortable bestowing upon a fifth grader for his crimes? What's the statute of limitations for revenge?

I wanted my bully's life to turn out rotten, but when it actually happened, it didn't feel like justice had been served. It felt like I'd simply watched a building collapse in slow motion. The cracks in the foundation had started long ago.

In the past few years, our culture has started to see bullying as a serious

problem, one whose victims need help, support, and protection. But if right-thinking people want to care about bullying as a social problem, we need to see some nuance. Look at every bully and his or her victim and you'll often find two kids who need help, not just one.

As they grow up, bullies tend to have trouble keeping jobs, often have problems with alcohol and drugs, and are more likely to have criminal records. A large number of bullies are also victims of bullying.

The idea that bullies themselves might be more than one-dimensional villains is hard to swallow, especially for those of us who've dealt with them.

I never could have imagined feeling empathy for the boy who made my life hell, or for any bully.

My bully ridiculed me for having a mother who was a victim of domestic violence. He was dead at 25. I think of his anger, his struggles in school, his unhinged rage, all at the tender age of 11. I look at the narrative we are so often told as children—that our lives will be wonderful and our bullies' lives will not—and I see the error in thinking that a

LOOK AT EVERY
BULLY AND HIS
OR HER VICTIM
AND YOU'LL
OFTEN FIND
TWO KIDS WHO
NEED HELP,
NOT JUST ONE.

troubled child somehow deserves a terrible fate.

“Ignore him, and he'll go away,” adults told me. In the end, they were right. **R**

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When News Anchors Get a Case of the Puns

BREAKING NEWS: Scientists have discovered what may be the world's largest bedsheet. More on that as it unfolds.

 @IMSOFRANCIS

BREAKING NEWS: Overworked janitor sweeps the nation.

 @KYLEMUZYKA

BREAKING NEWS: My corduroy pillow has been making headlines all week.

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Ralphs

Smith's

Laugh Lines

SCARED SILLY



The only way I'd be scared of a ghost is if one was coming at me wearing a fitted sheet that I thought I'd have to fold.

🐦@PLOCKWOOD65

Tell the barista your name is Beetlejuice and quietly walk out.

🐦@SLIMMY_SHADY

"I'm not really a big dog person."
—lying werewolf

🐦@PATBRENCLASSIC

What do you call a group of really tidy witches?
A self-cleaning coven.

🐦@RHEABUTCHER

Every time someone says "I'm aware," I always wait a couple seconds in case they add "wolf."

🐦@THEMILTRON

I hate when boxing announcers say a boxer is "down for the count." I don't care that he loves Dracula. I just want to know who's winning.

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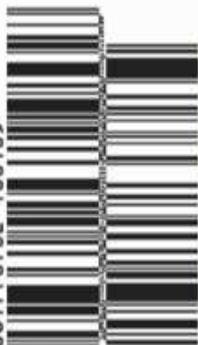
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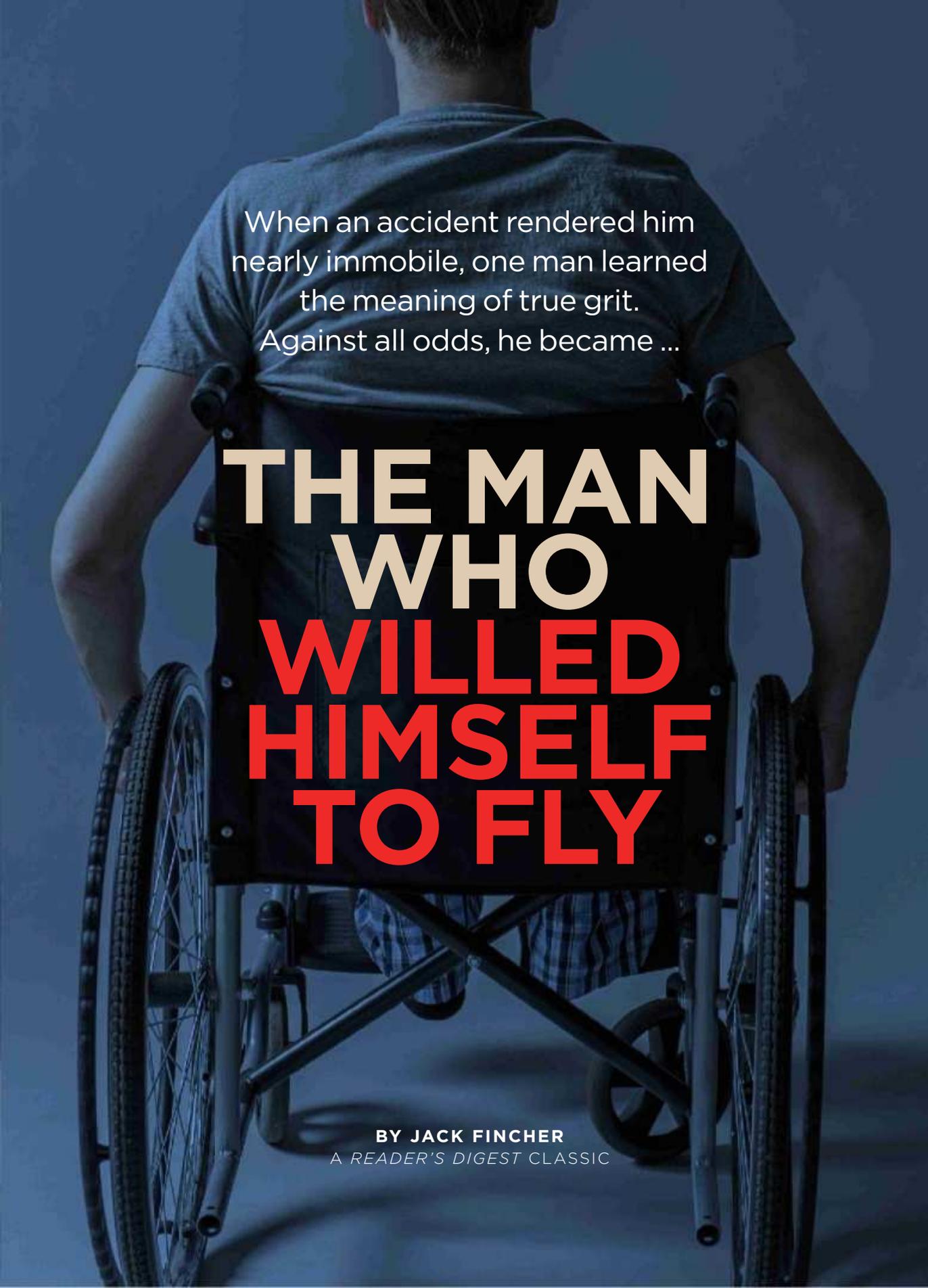
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When an accident rendered him nearly immobile, one man learned the meaning of true grit. Against all odds, he became ...

THE MAN WHO WILLED HIMSELF TO FLY

BY JACK FINCHER
A READER'S DIGEST CLASSIC

PAT PATTERSON, A PILOT FOR 25 YEARS, had never met anyone like the jut-jawed young man in the wheelchair who faced him at the Medford, Oregon, airport on July 28, 1976. Mike Henderson, a quadriplegic, wanted flying lessons. Patterson's eyes flickered over Henderson's limbs. His legs could never operate the rudder pedals. How was he to maneuver over a ton of airplane? Henderson's hands worried the instructor most—his fingers were all but inert.

It was impossible, Patterson thought. Then what stopped him from saying so? Maybe it was the young man's obvious determination, his look of urgent desire.

Something inside the bluff and blocky flight instructor stirred in response. "Perhaps I can teach you," he said. "But under Federal Aviation Regulations, you have to be able to get in and out by yourself." He nodded toward his single-engine trainer. "I'm going to get a cup of coffee. If you're in by the time I get back, we'll start."

Mike Henderson had gone up for a plane ride three weeks before. Carried aboard and taken aloft, he had thought, Hey, I can do this. He certainly had the time for lessons and, with a full disability pension, the money. His first concern was whether he had the ability to handle the controls. He now realized, however, that getting into the aircraft by himself might be as tough as flying it.

Still, Henderson had grown used to meeting stiff challenges. As a 22-year-old Coast Guardsman eight years before, he had fallen off a dock and landed on a floating log, smashing his fifth and sixth vertebrae. Doctors said that he would probably never walk again. Although the sensation of touch in his lower trunk and limbs would return, he was completely paralyzed from the chest down and had little movement left in his hands and arms.

Later, a neurosurgeon bluntly told him that he would never be able to live

hour to hour without somebody helping him. For reasons he has never quite fathomed, Henderson got angry.

"Here was this doctor telling me how it was going to be," he says. "But no one was going to limit my freedom to try."

After weeks of physical rehabilitation, during which, among other things, he spent endless hours forcing his fingers to pluck marbles out of

"When I saw him go through that much pain, I knew nothing could stop him."



Mike Henderson preparing to climb into the cockpit of his Piper Cherokee in Medford, Oregon

one pie plate and put them in another, Henderson went home to his parents. Determined to fend for himself, he learned to drive. Before long, he met Ruth Tanner, and after a brief courtship, they were married. Eventually, he accomplished such feats as building and racing a high-speed dragster and floating down the Colorado River in an inner tube.

But Henderson's rehabilitation had barely prepared him for the challenge of a Piper Cherokee, its humped cabin and broad, low wing dazzling in the morning sun. Anchoring his wheelchair beside the plane, he put one hand on the wing's trailing edge and, with the other hand on the armrest of

his chair, propelled himself upward as far as he could go. Then he rolled to face the fuselage and, digging sharply with his right elbow, began inching his dead weight toward the cockpit.

In the flight shack, Pat Patterson watched in disbelief. "He groveled his way up that wing!" he says. "That's the only word for it. It took him 45 minutes. When I went out, he was sitting in the pilot's seat, blood from his chewed elbow all over the place. When I saw him go through that much pain, I knew nothing could stop him."

Nothing, perhaps, but a federal agency empowered to ensure that those who fly are qualified to do so.

Sure enough, when Patterson sent Henderson for the FAA physical, the examining physician—a 40-year air veteran himself—balked. “My God, Pat,” Dr. David Stoddard explained over the telephone, “he’s got less than 10 percent body movement!”

Patterson persisted. If he, Patterson, vouched for his pupil’s in-flight competence, would the doctor then fly with Henderson and see for himself? Dr. Stoddard agreed.

Now everything was up to instructor and student, and together they set about solving each problem as it surfaced. A scrap of carpet gave Henderson traction to scale the slippery wing.

A headset freed his hands from the radio microphone, and the two men developed a vertically moving tiller bar that enabled Henderson to transfer crucial rudder control from his feet to his right arm and hand.

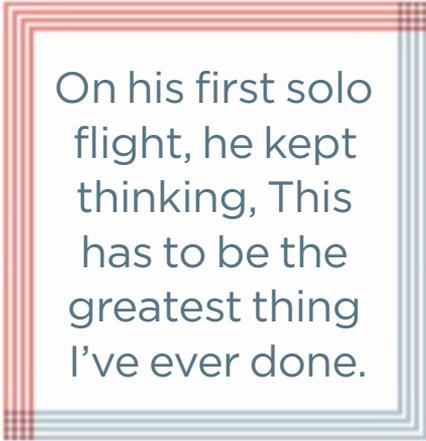
Patterson was pleased to see that Henderson’s fingers exhibited an increasing dexterity; but, as he had feared, they lacked the strength to hold back the control column in high winds or when landing and taking off. Henderson had an idea. Why not a metal hook attached to his wrist, one easily engaged or disengaged as needed? He could make it in his shop at home. The first model, a heavy steel bracelet, bit

his wrist cruelly. Henderson fashioned a second one from a lightweight aluminum hospital splint sewn to a glove. It worked perfectly.

Three weeks and eight flying hours after the first lesson, Henderson and Patterson jubilantly phoned Dr. Stoddard. At the airport, as the physician looked on, Henderson briskly wheeled himself around the airplane, doing a thorough, professional ground check. With Patterson and Dr. Stoddard on board, he went through his preflight instrument check. Minutes later, engine pulsing, the plane rolled down the runway and took off into the gray sky.

Pointing the Piper Cherokee across the wide, funnel-shaped corridor between the Cascade and Siskiyou mountain ranges, Henderson deftly put it through tight turns and stalls as Patterson, grinning at their astonished passenger, held up his hands to show that he, too, was just along for the ride. After they had landed, Dr. Stoddard told Henderson to get a new evaluation from his neurologist and agreed to give him the standard flight physical. Dr. Stoddard was hopeful that they would get the FAA to issue a Statement of Demonstrated Ability.

It took several phone calls to the FAA’s Aeromedical Certification



On his first solo flight, he kept thinking, This has to be the greatest thing I’ve ever done.

Branch, but Dr. Stoddard succeeded. An FAA flight inspector gave Henderson a medical checkout ride and approved him for solo flight. On November 14, 1976, Henderson taxied the plane to a halt following his 20th hour in the air. Patterson hopped out and shouted back at him, "Make two landings and takeoffs, and I'll see you back at the office."

This was it: solo time. With just his right hand, Henderson pushed in the throttle, released the hand brake, and, steering the rudder with his tiller bar, taxied out to the runway. Minutes later, he was in the air.

Aloft, Henderson experienced a thrill unlike any he had ever before felt. He was a thousand feet in the sky—and all alone! He kept thinking, This just has to be the greatest thing I've ever done.

Patterson was waiting on the ground. "How was it?" he asked.

"Absolutely fantastic," Henderson replied, thinking: It's a time in your life you really take total responsibility for what's going to happen to you. And I could do it!

In succeeding months, with the help of Dr. Stoddard, Mike Henderson became the first quadriplegic

ever to get both his instrument rating and his commercial pilot's license. He began to tease airline pilots: "One of these days I'll announce over the loudspeaker, 'Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We'll be taking off as soon as my wheelchair is aboard.'"

"What sets Mike Henderson apart is his will," says Dr. Stoddard. "His accomplishment is truly outstanding, almost unbelievable." As he became more proficient, Henderson sought out other instructors. Patterson said some of them didn't fully understand what motivation was. He always told them, "Go take a ride with Mike—then you'll know." **R**

This story originally appeared in the April 1982 issue of *Reader's Digest*.



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Though he continued to fly throughout his life, Mike Henderson ultimately became a social worker specializing in counseling veterans. He died of natural causes in 2014.*

Pat Patterson died in 1979, when the plane he was piloting went down at sea.



Moo-ving Up

Just got a job as senior director at
Old McDonald's Farm ... I'm the CIEIO.

DEEPFRIEDTWIX ON REDDIT.COM

Most of us have an irrational fear
or habit. Famous folks often seem
to go one step further.

VERY

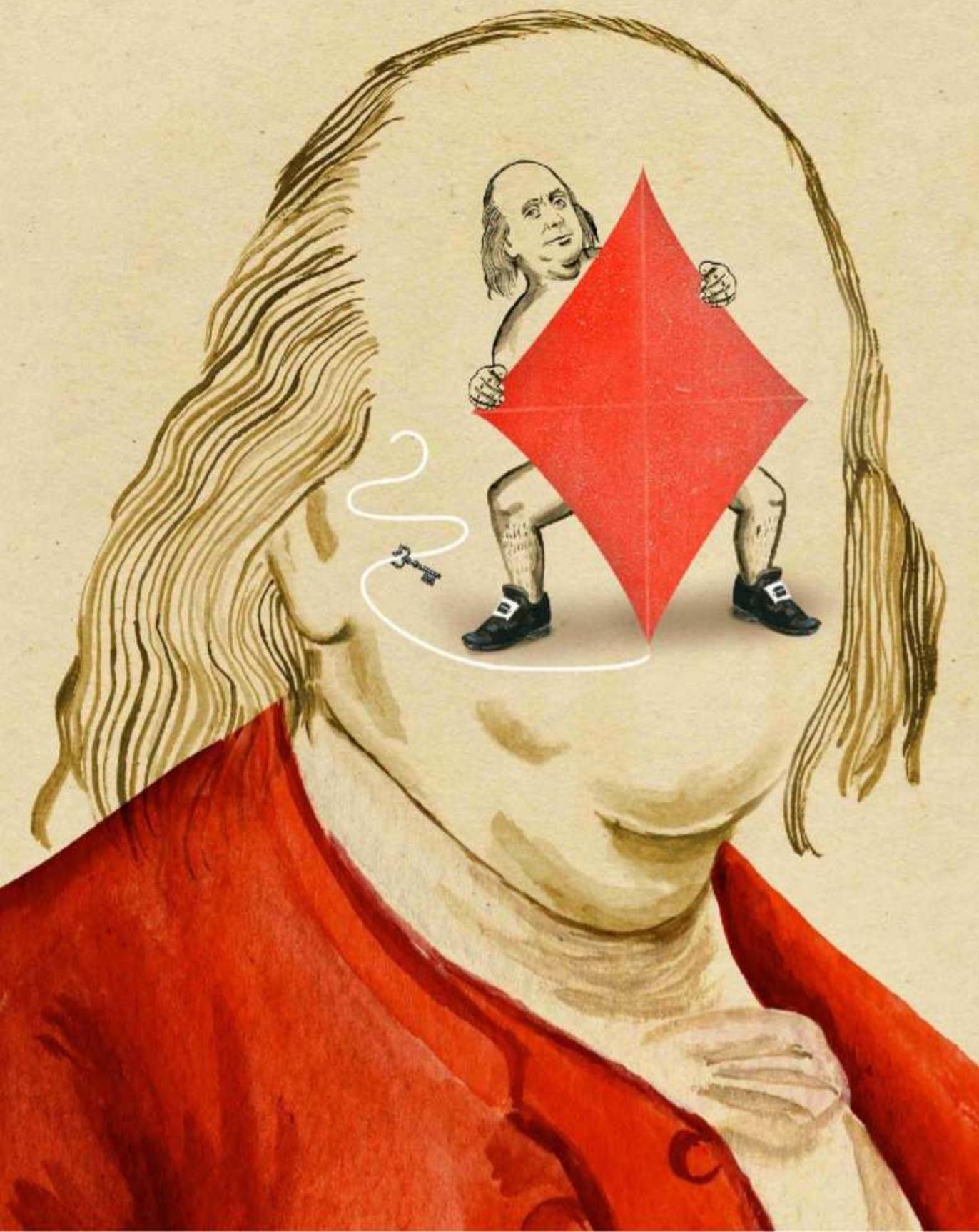
Superstitious

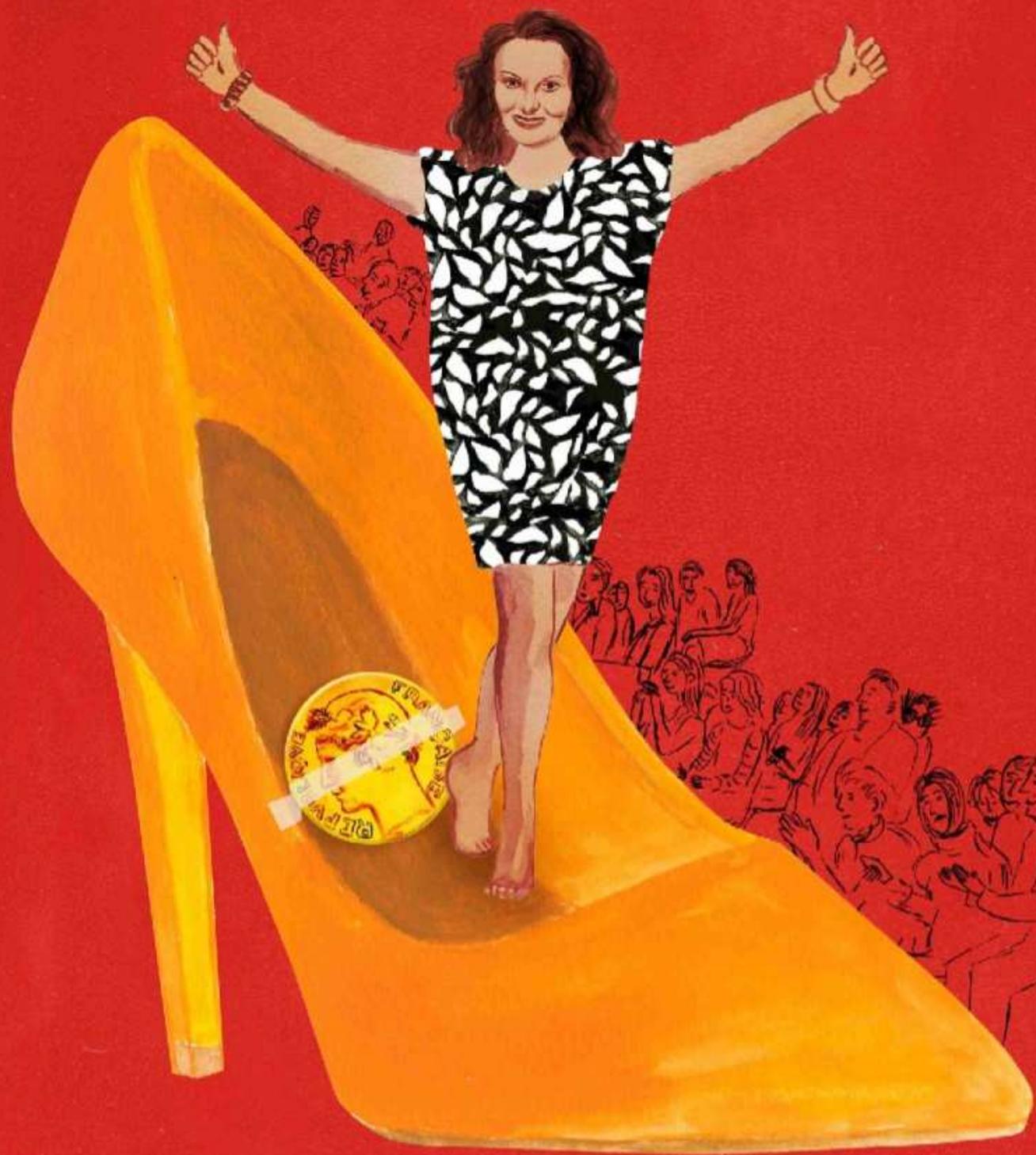
ILLUSTRATIONS AND TEXT
BY ELLEN WEINSTEIN
FROM THE BOOK
RECIPES FOR GOOD LUCK

Benjamin Franklin

AN ODD MORNING RITUAL

Author, inventor, diplomat, and scientist Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) swore by air baths. Before he started his workday, Franklin would sit without any clothes on for up to an hour in front of an open window on the first floor of his building. He wrote that the shock of cold water was too violent for him and it was more agreeable for him to bathe in cold air. Franklin would either read or write during his “bath.”



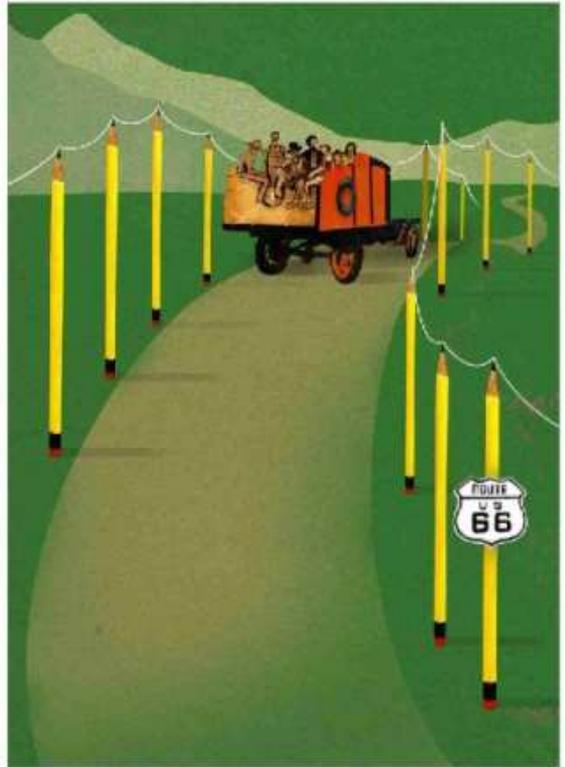




John Wayne

A TEN-GALLON PHOBIA

Although John Wayne (1907–1979) often wore a hat on his head in his films, his temper would flare if anyone left a hat on top of a bed. According to his daughter, Wayne was deeply superstitious and subscribed to the not-uncommon fear that a hat on a bed was a harbinger of bad luck.



John Steinbeck

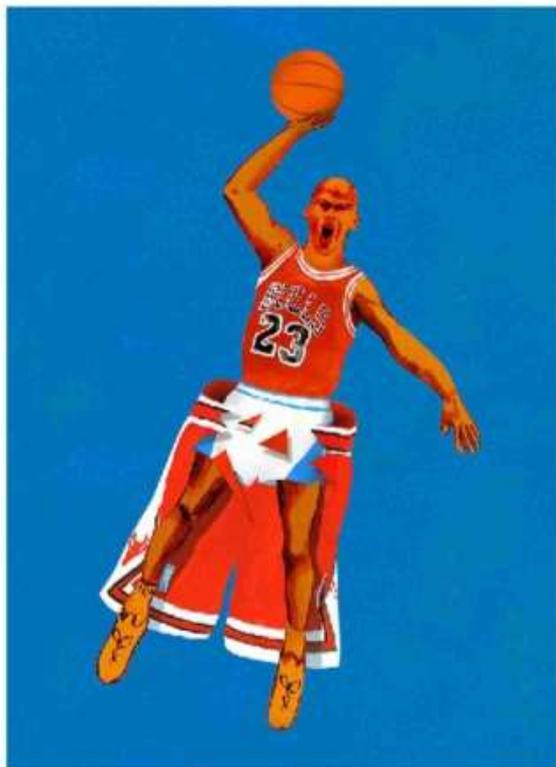
THE RIGHT WAY TO WRITE

John Steinbeck (1902–1968) wrote the first drafts of *The Grapes of Wrath*, *East of Eden*, *Of Mice and Men*, and most every other one of his books the same way—by hand and in pencil. And he was very particular about his pencils, requiring perfectly sharpened Blackwing 602s.

Diane von Furstenberg

TREASURE FROM DAD

Fashion designer and icon Diane von Furstenberg (1946–) tapes a gold 20-franc coin in her shoe for good luck before every runway show. Her father hid the coin in his shoe during World War II and gave it to her when she was a girl.



▲ *Michael Jordan*

UNIFORM REDESIGNER

Michael Jordan (1963–) reportedly began the trendsetting change from mid-thigh basketball shorts to longer ones as a way of covering up a pair of University of North Carolina shorts, which he wore for good luck under his Chicago Bulls uniform.

▲ *Lucille Ball*

FEATHERED FOE

On the day that three-year-old Lucille Ball's father died, a bird flew into her home and became trapped. Traumatized by the events, she developed a lifelong avian aversion. The actor (1911–1989) even refused to stay in hotels that had pictures of birds on the walls.

Charles Dickens

DREAM CATCHER

Author Charles Dickens (1812–1870) carried a navigational compass with him at all times and always faced north when he slept. He believed it improved his creativity and writing.



Gustav Mahler

BEWARE NUMBER NINE

Composer Gustav Mahler (1860–1911) thought he could cheat death by not naming his ninth symphony by number. This was because several composers, including Beethoven and Schubert, had died after completing their ninth symphonies. So Mahler called his ninth *The Song of the Earth*—and it worked, in a sense. He lived long enough to write most of his tenth symphony, though he died before it was performed. **R**



EXCERPTED FROM THE BOOK *RECIPES FOR GOOD LUCK: THE SUPERSTITIONS, RITUALS, AND PRACTICES OF EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE* BY ELLEN WEINSTEIN, PUBLISHED BY CHRONICLE BOOKS 2018.

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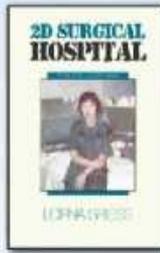
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Letter from Santa Claus

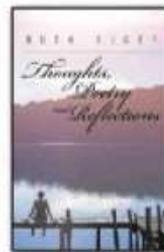
Robin Jones

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While five-year-old Robin is in the hospital sick with pneumonia, one night, dad wakes Robin to share a special letter from Santa Claus. That letter is just what Robin needs to get better and leave the hospital just before Christmas.



Thoughts, Poetry and Reflections

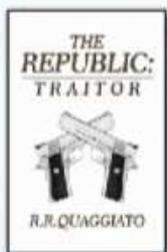
Ruth Ruger

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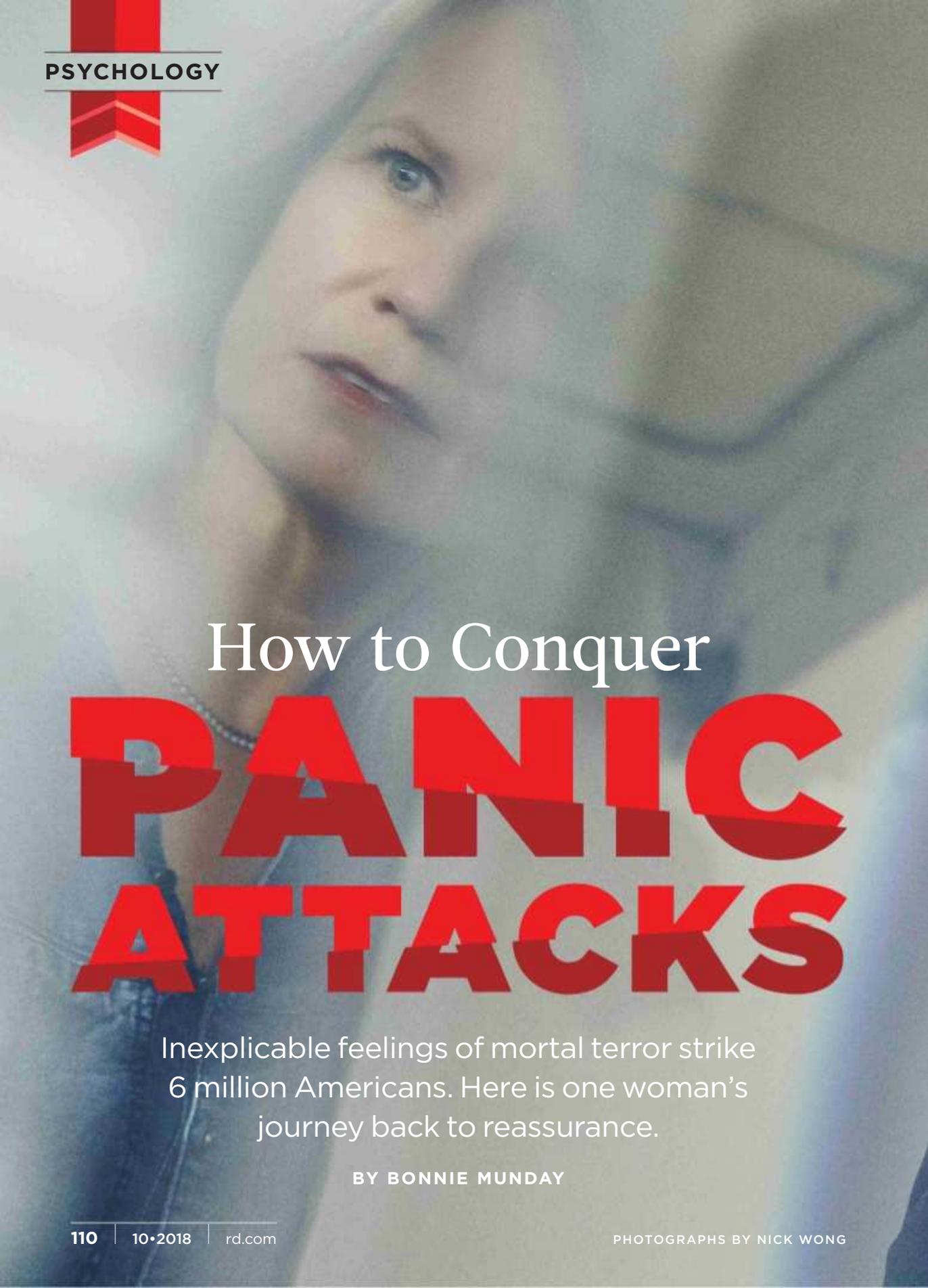
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How to Conquer
**PANIC
ATTACKS**

Inexplicable feelings of mortal terror strike 6 million Americans. Here is one woman's journey back to reassurance.

BY BONNIE MUNDAY



IT'S SIX O'CLOCK ON A SEPTEMBER evening in 2001, and I'm driving our minivan on a Toronto highway, heading to dinner at my parents' house. My husband is in Bermuda, where he has landed a two-year contract; he's looking for an apartment so I can join him. Now it's just me and my little black poodle, making the half-hour drive I've made hundreds of times.

The news is on the radio—top story, the recent 9/11 terrorist attack. It seems I can't get away from the shocking stories and images. As I approach a bridge, my heart suddenly starts beating rapidly. Then my legs turn to jelly.

You're going to drive off the bridge, a voice in my head warns. Now my arms are numb. You're about to lose control and die. I'm terrified. My hands grip the wheel; I just want to make it over the bridge and to an exit. I do; then I pull into a parking lot and start to cry. What is happening to me?

I TRIED DRIVING on the highway a week later—and again, panic drove me to the first exit. After that, I took only smaller, slower roads. Weeks later, I moved to Bermuda, where we did not have a car. I was so relieved. I hadn't told my husband about the episodes; I knew he loved my independence and strength, and I felt ashamed of being so weak.

To get around, we had a motor scooter that I rode on the back of, or

I'd take the bus when I went somewhere on my own. I did this often over the first couple of months, but one day as I rode the bus into town to do some Christmas shopping, my heart started racing. Sure enough, next came the sweating, my legs turning to jelly, and the feeling that somehow I'd lose control or "go crazy."

I hadn't reached my destination, but I rang the bell to exit and, in tears, walked home, where I felt safer. A few days later, I tried the bus again, and the same thing happened. The thing that had forced me to avoid highway driving was now forcing me to avoid public transit.

It was time to come clean. That evening, I told my husband what had been going on. He was sympathetic; I shouldn't have kept it bottled up, because it felt good to let it out. But he was as mystified as I was. We searched online for "fear of highways" and "fear of public transportation" and got lots of hits, which is when we learned that the episodes were actually classic panic attacks.

Terrified, I grip the wheel. I make it over a bridge, then pull into a parking lot and cry.

UNLIKE FEAR, which is a reaction to an actual threat, panic is intense fear in the absence of real danger. Sufferers often report recent stresses, such as getting married or divorced, changing jobs, or financial or health problems. For me, the stressor was my upcoming move. Plus, I'd not been sleeping well. Sleeping poorly can make us more sensitive to anxiety-related events, such as rapid heartbeat; panic attacks occur when the brain identifies those events as signals of extreme peril.

"Humans are hardwired to survive," explains Eilenna Denisoff, a clinical psychologist and director of CBT Associates in Toronto. "The fight-or-flight response allows us to run faster, jump higher, if we're being chased. Physiologically, then, the brain's reaction to the rapid heartbeat 'danger signal' is to move blood from the limbs to protect the core." (This explains the feeling of limbs turning to jelly.) The person isn't actually in danger, but the brain misreads the signs as indicating a need to flee.

Because the symptoms make you feel like you'll die, the first attack can lead to panic disorder, says Denisoff. "Your brain looks for situations when you should be fearful or feel trapped." You begin to fear the fear.



Bonnie Munday above one of the Toronto highways where she experienced—and conquered—her attacks

IT WAS TIME to tackle this; I wasn't about to let something in my mind terrorize my life without trying to fight back. I'd read that it helped to talk about it. So when I was back in Toronto for a visit, I told my best friend and her husband about the panic attacks.

Lindsay looked at Todd with wide eyes, then said to me, "Todd went through that a few years ago!"

When Todd was 28, he'd just taken over the family business and was feeling very stressed. One evening when he was at a restaurant, his heart started pounding fast; he thought he was having a heart attack and went to his doctor.

The doctor said, "It sounds like you had a panic attack." He referred Todd to a psychiatrist, who gave him a prescription for Ativan, an antianxiety drug taken when panic symptoms

start. Todd took the medication and avoided restaurants, but then a panic attack hit when he was in an airport lounge.

He learned relaxation techniques, including deep breathing. Eventually, the frequency of the attacks lessened, then disappeared, so he stopped the medication. Todd told me, “The drug was key, and reading up on panic attacks really helped.” He gave me his copy of *Living with Fear: Understanding and Coping with Anxiety* by Dr. Isaac M. Marks.

BACK IN BERMUDA, I dared to get back on the bus—with the book in my handbag. When my heart started racing a few minutes into the journey, I opened the book to the dog-eared pages advising that panic wouldn’t kill me. That really did calm me.

For the next two years, I kept panic at bay this way. Even after we moved back to Canada, the land of highways, I treated myself not with therapy or medication but by altering my behavior.

For nine years after moving home, I relied on my husband to do all the highway driving. Then we bought a cabin. My husband would fix it up for weeks at a time while I worked in the city. The house was three hours away and it wasn’t on a bus route, so if I

wanted to go on weekends, I would need to drive. Finally, it was time to find a psychologist.

PANIC DISORDER can be treated with antidepressants long-term and with beta-blockers for immediate relief of symptoms. But experts recognize cog-

nitive behavioral therapy, or CBT, as the best treatment. It resolves anxiety by changing the underlying beliefs that tell you the panicky feeling is itself dangerous.

In my first therapy session, I practiced deep breathing—a long, slow inhale through the nose, a long, slow exhale

through the mouth. “This will be your tool to calm yourself when you feel panicky,” the psychologist explained.

A week later, we started imaginal therapy, a form of exposure therapy. The doctor asked me to imagine driving the least scary highway route near my home, rating my anxiety level from one to ten with each step.

“One,” I said, mentally backing out of the driveway, then “two” as I turned onto the next street.

It jumped to eight when I reached the road leading to the on-ramp. My heart was pounding; I was starting to sweat. “Do your breathing,” she said.

She asked whether I’d ever kept something in my purse for when I felt unwell. In fact, I had peppermint gum

I took a deep breath and grabbed the keys. My heart pounded as I got on the highway.

for stomach upsets. "Good," she said. "Imagine you're chewing a piece of gum."

Now the moment of truth: In my imagination, I accelerated and merged into highway traffic. "Ten."

My legs turned to jelly, and I had that awful feeling that I'd lose control. "It's OK. Keep breathing," my therapist advised. "It's only about half a mile to the first exit." Moments later, I saw the exit ramp in my mind, and I began to calm down when I reached it.

My relief turned back to fear when my therapist said, "Your homework is to do that for real this week. Remember your breathing. Bring your gum. It won't be much different than doing it in your mind."

SO ONE TUESDAY AFTER dinner, I took a deep breath and grabbed the keys. Just like in therapy, my heart pounded as I got on the highway. But, using my new tools, I made it to the exit without my physical symptoms escalating. I was overjoyed.

We did imaginal therapy over four more sessions, each time taking a tougher or longer route. Each week I was able to do it for real, though I always returned home on regular roads.

But finally, on a homework session that involved the scariest route yet, I exited the highway panic-free, then said to myself, "What the heck—let's give it a go." I looped around and got back on the highway toward home. I haven't had a panic attack since. **R**

Thanks to BetterWOMAN, I'm winning the battle for **Bladder Control.**



Frequent nighttime trips to the bathroom, embarrassing leaks and the inconvenience of constantly searching for rest rooms in public – for years, I struggled with bladder control problems. After trying expensive medications with horrible side effects, ineffective exercises and uncomfortable liners and pads, I was ready to resign myself to a life of bladder leaks, isolation and depression. But then I tried **BetterWOMAN**.

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WHO ? KNEW



13 Ways Your Cell Phone Affects Your Body and Mind

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

1 First, some good news. Your phone can keep you safer. A study in the *Journal of Emergency Medicine* that analyzed emergency dispatches over an 11-year period revealed that 137 more lives were

saved per 100,000 patients when people called 911 from a mobile phone rather than from a landline.

2 But there are plenty of concerns too. Scanning your phone right

before bed can disturb your slumber. The short-wavelength, bright blue light your device emits boosts your attention during the day, but at night the light can inhibit the production of melatonin, which helps you fall asleep. To avoid that, make a habit of not using your phone for at least 30 minutes before you close your eyes.

3 When you are awake, a single *buzz, buzz* signaling a new notification on your phone can weaken your ability to focus on a task, researchers at Florida State University have found. Switch your phone to “do not disturb” mode to remove the distraction.

4 Putting your phone aside when you’re alone—rather than taking it out to play games—can help inspire creative ideas. “When you’re bored, four different areas of your brain activate and work together to pull in random thoughts and combine them in unique ways,” says psychologist Larry Rosen, author of *The Distracted Mind*.

5 Americans now spend more than five hours a day swiping, typing, and tapping—and feeling achy because of it all. “Selfie elbow” is a strain injury caused by holding your elbow at an extreme angle, and 85,000 people a month search for “texting thumb” and similar terms on Google.

6 Most cell phones are crawling with germs—ten times what you would find on most toilets, says University of Arizona microbiologist Charles Gerba. Wipe your phone down daily with a gadget-friendly antibacterial wipe or a microfiber cloth.

7 That said, your phone can help you be healthier. In a study of overweight volunteers, those who used a smartphone app to record their food intake were much more diligent than those who used a paper diary or a weight-loss website—and they lost almost twice as much weight.

8 Radiation exposure, long thought to be a risk for heavy-duty phone users, is probably not a significant concern. Smartphones do emit radiation, but most scientific evidence has not linked the use of a cell phone to cancer. One draft study found that exposing male lab rats to the highest levels allowed for cell phones was linked to one type of rare tumor in the tissues surrounding nerves in the heart. If you’re worried, use earbuds or a headset when you talk on your phone.

9 Navigating by consulting a map and trying to remember it may be better for your brain than passively relying on step-by-step instructions from your phone’s GPS.

Researchers found that older adults who chose the more active approach increased activity in the hippocampus, a part of the brain important for memory.

10 Snapping a pic with your smartphone may also hinder your memory. On a test after a visit to an art museum, students were less likely to remember objects they had taken photos of. “As soon as you hit ‘click’ on that camera, it’s as if you’ve outsourced your memory,” says psychologist Linda Henkel.

11 Your phone can do a number on your eyes. About 60 percent of Americans experience digital eye strain symptoms, such as dryness, irritation, blurred vision, eye fatigue, and headaches. Try blinking often, increasing font size, and taking a break from screens every 20 minutes.

12 We all know that walking around town with your face in your phone can be dangerous,

and there are studies that underline the point. City pedestrians using their phones looked left and right less often and were more likely to be hit by a vehicle, according to a review of studies on distracted walking in the *Journal of Traffic and Transportation Engineering*. In another small experiment, 94 percent of pedestrians who were using cell phones to talk and text didn’t see free cash hanging from a tree. (That’s right, they walked right by a bunch of dollar bills.)

13 It would be easy to avoid all these maladies by simply putting down your phone. The problem: It isn’t so easy. That twinge of phone separation anxiety is real. In fact, Rosen says, detaching from your phone can cause your brain to release the stress hormone cortisol. Of course, there are many phone apps (with calming names, such as Forest and Mute) to help you control your phone addiction. Or you can just let the battery run down and forget about it! 



Good Evening, Officer

In college, a friend set me up on a blind date. I wasn’t in a great mood, because I had received a traffic ticket a few hours before. My day got worse when my blind date turned out to be the cop who’d given me the ticket.

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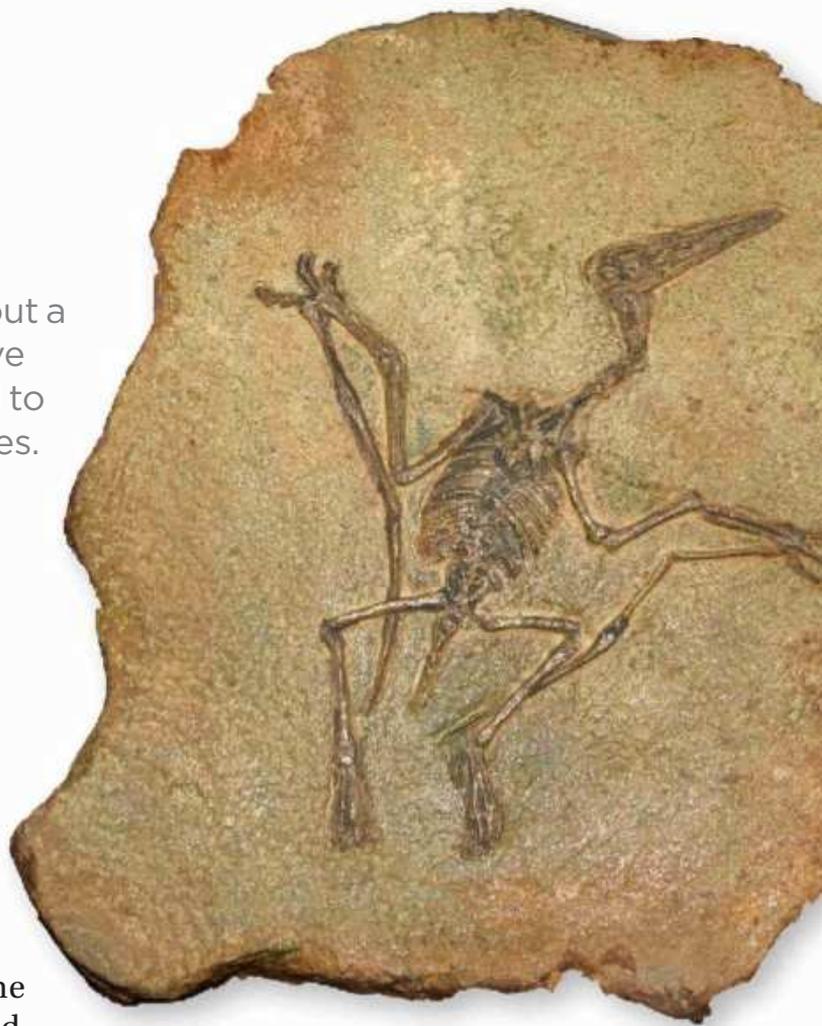
Many species die off without a trace. If humans are to leave a lasting record, we'll need to make sure our DNA survives.

How to Make It as A Fossil

BY JOHN PICKRELL
FROM BBC.COM/FUTURE

EVERY FOSSIL is a small miracle. Only an estimated one bone in a billion gets fossilized—preserved for thousands, even millions of years—as Bill Bryson notes in *A Short History of Nearly Everything*. By that calculation, the 327-odd million people alive in the United States today will leave a fossil legacy of only 67 or so bones. That's a little over a quarter of one human skeleton.

According to scientists who specialize in taphonomy (the study of what happens after an organism dies), fossilization is so unlikely that fewer than one tenth of one percent of all animal species have ever survived in a fossilized state. Only a handful, such as the well-known



female skeleton Lucy, have been discovered.

If you're determined to increase the chances that your *humani corporis* makes it for all eternity—or if you're just curious to know how the select few survived—read on.

■ GET BURIED, AND QUICKLY

“To be preserved for millions of years, you must survive the first hours, days, seasons, decades, centuries, and thousands of years,” says Susan Kidwell, a professor of geology at the University of Chicago. You don't want your remains to be eaten



and scattered by scavengers, for example, or exposed to the elements for too long.

Sometimes natural disasters can help, such as floods that dump huge amounts of sediment or volcanic eruptions that smother things in mud and ash. For example, drought followed by flooding helped preserve dinosaur bones.

■ SKIP THE COFFIN

You want minerals to seep into your bones and essentially turn them to stone. This process, known as permineralization, can take millions of years but happens most rapidly when mineral-rich water imbues bones with things such as iron and calcium. A coffin might keep the skeleton nicely together, but it would interfere with this process.

■ FIND SOME WATER

If you die in a dry environment, once you've been picked over by scavengers, your bones will probably weather away. Better to get swiftly covered in sand, mud, and sediment. The best places for that are lakes, floodplains, and rivers, or the bottom of the sea. Caitlin Syme, a taphonomist at the University of Queensland in Brisbane, Australia, recommends the Mediterranean, because it's progressively getting

shallower, or the Dead Sea, where the salt would essentially pickle you.

■ AVOID SHIFTING GROUND

If you make it through the first few hundred thousand years, congratulations! But your fossilization is not a done deal yet. Your fossil might still shift to such depths that it could be melted by the earth's heat and pressure. Don't want that to happen? Steer clear of the edges of tectonic plates, where the crust will eventually get sucked under the surface.

■ OR GO ROGUE

Alternatively, you could preserve yourself in amber. Some astounding fossils are perfectly saved in this gemstone made of tree resin; recent discoveries include birds, lizards, a baby snake, and a feathered dinosaur tail in Myanmar. You could also be preserved in nature's brand of asphalt, like the saber-toothed cats and mammoths at the La Brea Tar Pits in Los Angeles, or frozen in a glacier. If you were to make your final resting place in a cave, you would eventually become a mummy. If that's your goal, pack your personal time capsule with items made from materials that don't biodegrade, such as glass and some rare metals. Or just pack your cell phone, which is made from both of the above.



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IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

From aria to zucchini, Italian words add beauty and flavor to everyday English. Celebrate Italian American Heritage and Culture Month with these words with Italian roots, and then take a gondola ride to the next page for answers.

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

- 1. fiasco** (fee-'a-skoh) *n.*—A: rowdy celebration. B: complete failure. C: big fire.
- 2. al dente** (all-'den-tay) *adj.*—A: seasoned with salt. B: eaten outdoors. C: cooked until firm.
- 3. incognito** (in-kog-'nee-toh) *adv.*—A: well traveled. B: excessively complex. C: with a concealed identity.
- 4. vendetta** (ven-'deh-tuh) *n.*—A: layered cake. B: blood feud. C: sales booth.
- 5. patina** (puh-'tee-nuh) *n.*—A: high priest. B: lawn bowling. C: sheen produced by age.
- 6. dilettante** ('dih-luh-tahnt) *n.*—A: coffee cup. B: dabbler. C: secret note.
- 7. belvedere** ('bel-vuh-deer) *n.*—A: head butler. B: set of chimes. C: structure with a view.
- 8. cameo** ('ka-mee-oh) *n.*—A: small role. B: almond cookie. C: sofa bed.
- 9. sotto voce** ('sah-toh 'voh-chee) *adv.*—A: under one's breath. B: drunkenly. C: in the open.
- 10. bravura** (bruh-'vyur-ah) *n.*—A: encore. B: battle cry. C: display of brilliance.
- 11. amoretto** (a-muh-'reh-toh) *n.*—A: hazelnut flavoring. B: cherub. C: waistcoat.
- 12. forte** ('for-tay) *adj.*—A: loud. B: masculine. C: built on a hill.
- 13. bruschetta** (broo-'sheh-tuh) *n.*—A: grilled bread appetizer. B: thumbnail sketch. C: short story.
- 14. campanile** (kam-puh-'nee-lee) *n.*—A: bell tower. B: army troop. C: best friend.
- 15. brio** ('bree-oh) *n.*—A: cold spell. B: donkey. C: gusto.

 To play an interactive version of Word Power on your iPad, download the Reader's Digest app.

Answers

1. fiasco—[B] complete failure.

Though its premiere was a *fiasco*, the Broadway musical became the smash of the season.

2. al dente—[C] cooked until firm. I like my noodles *al dente*, but these are practically raw!

3. incognito—[C] with a concealed identity. The spy traveled *incognito*, using an assumed name.

4. vendetta—[B] blood feud. Romeo and Juliet's love affair was doomed by their families' *vendetta*.

5. patina—[C] sheen produced by age. "You can tell this writing desk is an antique by its beautiful *patina*," Marco explained.

6. dilettante—[B] dabbler. The maestro seeks a professional singer, not some weekend *dilettante*.

7. belvedere—[C] structure with a view. From the domed *belvedere*, we could watch Mount Etna erupting.

8. cameo—[A] small role. Francesca blew her audition for the lead, but she has a *cameo* as a taxi driver.

9. sotto voce—[A] under one's breath. "I always speak *sotto voce*," whispered Sophia, "to make sure people are listening."

10. bravura—[C] display of brilliance. The defense lawyer delivered the closing argument with *bravura*.

11. amoretto—[B] cherub. Why don't you paint a little *amoretto* above the kissing couple?

12. forte—[A] loud. In my opinion, a trombone serenade is too *forte* to be romantic.

13. bruschetta—[A] grilled bread appetizer. You can't order the *bruschetta* and the garlic knots; you're supposed to be watching your carbs!

14. campanile—[A] bell tower. The village's picturesque *campanile*

has been standing since medieval times.

15. brio—[C] gusto. After just one sip of Chianti, I feel my *brio* returning.

NAME THAT NOODLE

Can you tell rigatoni from bucatini? You could if you knew that a noodle's name often tells you its shape—when you go back to its Italian-language roots. Rigatoni, from *riga*, or "line," has grooves; bucatini, from *buca*, or "hole," is hollow. Other varieties include bow-tie-shaped farfalle (*farfalla*, "butterfly"), pointed penne (*penna*, "quill"), spiraled fusilli (*fuso*, "spindle"), and long, thin spaghetti (*spago*, "string").

VOCABULARY RATINGS

9 & below: soloist
10-12: diva
13-15: virtuoso

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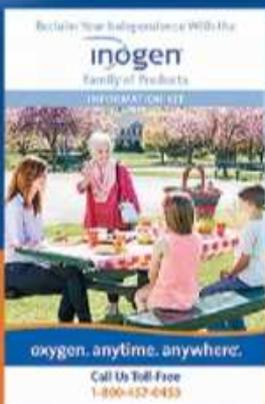
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OUR BOATSWAIN'S MATE was a smoker who would toss his matches overboard. Then one day, he surprised us all when he popped a cigarette in his mouth and produced an expensive lighter from his pocket. With great fanfare, he flipped open the top, flicked the spark wheel, lit his cigarette ... then chucked the lighter overboard. **BOB MCCORD, Boise, Idaho**

Your military anecdote might be worth \$\$\$! For details, go to rd.com/submit.

AT CAMP LEJEUNE, there was an officer who was loathed. One day, I called the training center and a guy with the same last name as him answered.

"That's a unique name," I said. "Do you have a relative in the Marines?"

"Yes," he said. "Lieutenant Colonel [same last name] is my cousin."

As I tried to think of something pleasant to say about the colonel, he jumped in. "Don't worry. I can't stand him either." Source: notalwaysright.com

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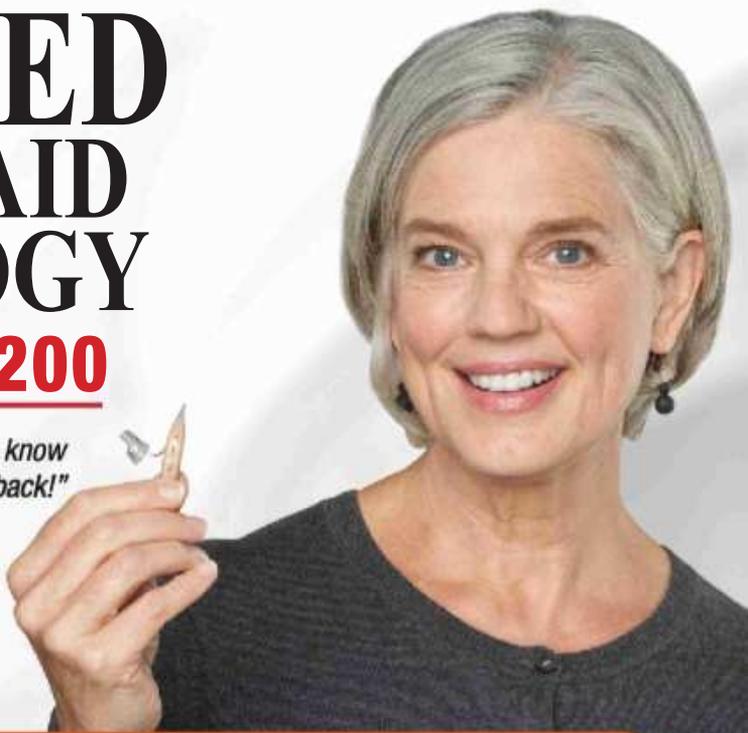
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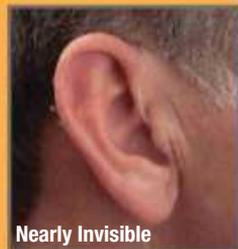
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Quotable Quotes



*Helping is easy.
Being helped
takes strength.*

DAVE HOLMES,
writer

**I'VE LEARNED SO MUCH FROM
MY MOTHER, STARTING WITH
THE FACT THAT THE WORLD'S
A NICER, HAPPIER PLACE IF
EVERYBODY HAS A SANDWICH.**

MELISSA MCCARTHY, *actor*



**I'VE BEEN IN THE
PROCESS OF RETIRING
FOR THE LAST 30 YEARS.**

JESSICA LANGE, *actor*

**THERE'S GREAT EVERY
KIND OF MUSIC
JUST LIKE THERE'S
GREAT EVERY
KIND OF LIQUOR.**

DAVE MATTHEWS, *musician*



You can't talk your
way out of a situation
you behaved your
way into.

ANTHONY D'ANGELO,
*national chair of the Public
Relations Society of America*

**If you want to bring people around to your way of thinking,
you need to first show them that you are open to theirs.**

JUSTIN TRUDEAU, *Canadian prime minister*

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