

Reader's digest

MOST READ
MOST TRUSTED
SEPTEMBER 2016

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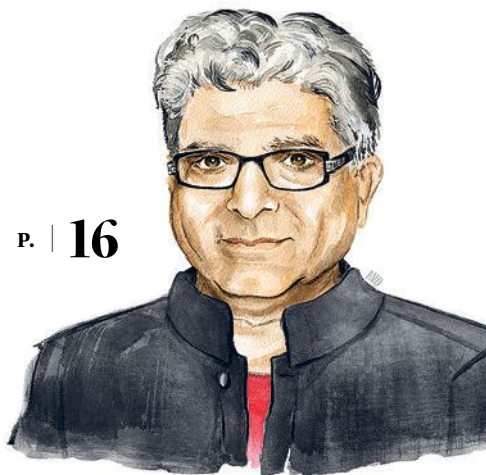
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Editor's Letter

A Good Teacher



WHEN I STARTED HIGH SCHOOL, I was told I had a good grasp of math and sciences, but languages—namely French and Latin—would require hard work. Some of the teachers I encountered had rigorous standards and were very competent, but few had the spark that would have made their classes really interesting. There was, however, a notable exception: Frère Anselme, who taught French. I remember him standing in front of the class, leaning back with his eyes closed. He would speak rapturously about Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, which he considered the pinnacle of French literature. I found the book too long and lacking in action but I got a good mark on my review. Over the years, I'd occasionally think about Anselme and wonder what about *Bovary* had sparked such passion in him. Last year I decided to read another work by Flaubert: *Sentimental Education*. And then I saw it: the precise, almost surgical writing—the author always uses the perfect words to describe situations, people, emotions. His scenes come to life.

Though it's been decades since I sat in a classroom with Anselme, I credit him with planting the seed that led to a literary revelation. This issue, we're happy to share stories from Canadians recalling their favourite educators. Among others, "The Teacher Who Changed My Life" (page 50) features comedian Russell Peters, humanitarian Dr. Samantha Nutt, astronaut David Saint-Jacques and submissions from readers like you.

R



ROGER AZIZ

Robert Aziz

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Reader's digest

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Contributors



JEREMY FREED

(Writer, "TIFF Tips," page 20)

Home base:

Toronto. **Previously**

published in: *Sharp* and *Flare*. **We Canadians know** how great we are and wish the rest of the world would realize that, too. During the Toronto International Film Festival, everyone gets a chance to see the country at its best. **My dream TIFF celebrity meeting?** To sit next to director Werner Herzog at a dinner party. He'd have so many amazing stories to tell.



VIBHU GAIROLA

(Writer, "This Is a Warning Sign," page 38)

Home base:

Toronto. **Previously**

published in: the *Toronto Star* and *Toronto Life*. **Don't take your doctor for granted.** Minor health complaints can point to more serious problems, so regular checkups are important. **The most surprising thing I learned** while working on this story was that, despite my abysmal dental habits, tooth enamel can be repaired. There's hope for me yet!



GRACIA LAM

(Illustrator, "The Secret to Speaking Up," page 74)

Home base:

Toronto. **Previously published in:**

The New York Times and *The New Yorker*. **I'm pretty good at** asking for what I want. I'm a middle child with two sisters. We all had to work to voice our desires and opinions. **My go-to strategy** when expressing my needs is to be vulnerable and emotionally honest. It makes communication much more effective.



NEIL MOTA

(Photographer, "This Is a Warning Sign," page 38)

Home base:

Toronto and Montreal. **Previously**

published in: *enRoute* and *Elle Canada*. **I know my body** well and can tell when I need to eat healthy or get more exercise and rest. **My most memorable assignment** was photographing pop star Meghan Trainor for a magazine. My two youngest sons met her and they made a video together.

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Letters

READERS COMMENT ON OUR RECENT ISSUES



TICK TALK

I want to thank you for your article “Canada’s Lyme Disease Problem” (June 2016). It may have saved me from misdiagnosis. In the spring, I noticed a bite on my neck but I figured it was nothing. Then I read your article and felt it was best to be cautious. At my next doctor’s appointment, I mentioned the bite and asked my GP to check for Lyme. Still, I didn’t think anything would come of it—until my doctor phoned and asked me to come in right away: my blood test had come back positive. I was put on a course of antibiotics for 21 days. Thank you, *Reader’s Digest*, for teaching me what to look out for!

SANDRA DENISUK, Hot Springs, B.C.

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS FRICKE

SURVIVAL INSTINCT

Reading “Crash in the Cascades” (June 2016), I was impressed by Autumn Veatch’s courage following the horror she must have experienced seeing her step-grandparents die. Even an adult would have struggled with that situation. Yet Veatch, a teenager, was able to stay calm and follow a stream back to civilization. She is an incredible individual!

PAUL W. THOMAS, *Ottawa*

TRUTH BE TOLD

I found your recent article “13 Things You Should Know About Advertising” (June 2016) very interesting. The first point explained that we are inundated with as many as 5,000 ads per day. And on the opposite page, there was...an ad from Shoppers Drug Mart! Point well taken.

BRUCE WILKIN, *Deep River, Ont.*

OUR TURN TO SPEAK

I was disappointed by “Life Support” (June 2016). It was yet another article related to autism that failed to quote anyone who is autistic. I’m sure

Geetha Moorthy is helping a lot of people, but the lack of autistic voices in the media only furthers the perception that we can’t convey our own needs. This idea has some severe consequences with regard to our rights and personhood. We exist, and many of us can speak for ourselves.

JENNIFER LAWRENCE, *Richmond, Ont.*

A WARM EMBRACE

I really enjoy the pieces you publish about people who are making a difference in the world. In particular, I was touched by “Swaddled in Love” (November 2015), which told the story of Angel Magnussen, a young woman with Down’s syndrome who makes blankets for critically ill children.

While their lives may be short, the recipients of Angel’s blankets are able to experience her care and love. Her parents must be proud of such a beautiful and talented young lady.

MARJORIE REYNOLDS, *Brockville, Ont.* **R**

Published letters are edited for length and clarity.

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

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FINISH THIS SENTENCE

A good friend is someone who...

...includes you

in her Christmas dinner if you have no family of your own. Thank you, Donna!

CHERYL MacMILLAN
ASHTON, SIMCOE, ONT.



...holds you accountable

for your actions.

JOANNE ELLIS, SASKATOON

...doesn't pass judgment

if you screw up.

SANDI MILLER,
WINNIPEG



...tells the truth,

even when you don't want to hear it.

DEBORAH WOODS, WINNIPEG



...supports you


in every way possible, regardless of whether or not they agree with your decisions.

DIANA ELDER, THE PAS, MAN.

...will let you know

when you really need to pluck your eyebrows!

DEE GREEN,
WINTERTON, N.L.

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ART *of* LIVING

Sisters Abigail Sampson and Nicola Topsom
help Haitians dress for their big day—and
secure steady work

The Bridal Party

BY SARAH LISS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BROOKE WEDLOCK

 **WHEN NICOLA TOPSOM** first visited Haiti with her church group in 2006, one word echoed in her mind: “potential.” The country had just hosted its first democratic election since 2004, when a coup ousted president Jean-Bertrand Aristide. Political upheaval, gang violence and tropical storms had made chaos and destitution the norm.

Even so, 42-year-old Topsom, who lives in Burlington, Ont., with her husband and two daughters, saw possibility. “If you could look through the fog of corruption, poverty and despair, the potential was there for locals to improve their lives—if the resources were provided,” she says.

Topsom returned to Haiti to do volunteer work nine more times over almost as many years. In 2010, she adopted her daughter Divna, now eight, who’d been evacuated from Port-au-Prince after a devastating earthquake. But it took until November 2014 for the right idea for a self-sustaining enterprise to present itself—and it came from a source close to home.

Inspired by an organization that shipped used prom dresses to African countries, Topsom’s sister, Abigail Sampson, who lives in Newfoundland, suggested something similar. The twist: they would bring bridal gowns—“new-looking,” ➔



*Abigail Sampson
(at left) and Nicola
Topsom want to provide
single mothers in Haiti
with employment
alternatives to
prostitution,
panhandling or
sweatshop work.*

beautiful, quality stuff,” says Sampson—to Haiti. Community members would then sell or rent the garb at pay-what-you-can rates, with proceeds going to the local staffers.

Sampson and Topsom christened their charity the Floriana Wedding Project (named after their father's Maltese birthplace), set up a Facebook page and started fielding offers from private donors and bridal shops across Canada. In March 2015, with two Canadian volunteers and 48 dresses in tow, the sisters rented a retail space in Port-au-Prince and hired three residents to run the shop.

At the start, the store's principal draw was bridal dresses; now, it also offers jewellery, shoes and other accessories. Over the past year and a half, satisfied customers have included Eunice, a nanny at the orphanage from which Divna was adopted, who was married in a white gown with a long train; and 50 radiant brides taking part in a group wedding in Cap-Haitien.

“These are people who could barely afford to take the day off work, let alone buy a dress,” says Sampson. (A Floriana gown can be purchased for approximately US\$40, which represents 40 per cent of a schoolteacher's monthly salary.) Some of the participants in the group wedding were older couples who'd never had a chance to recite vows. “It was wonderful,” says Topsom, “to watch a

groom's face light up as his 70-year-old bride walked down the aisle.”

While facilitating fairy-tale nuptials has its own rewards, providing gainful employment is the game-changer. Single mom Fernanda, Floriana's primary seamstress, supports her four kids by using damaged dress material and an ancient Singer pedal machine to create items to sell at market. A trio of young men—Caleb Antoine, Odeline “Roro” Brissault and Wadley Marcelin—oversee the charity's original shop and its satellite location.

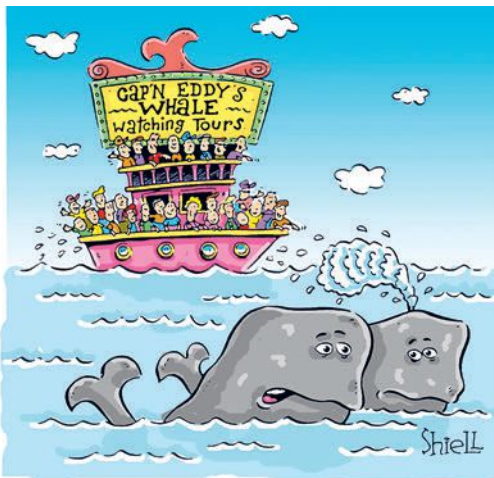
“This is a great opportunity,” says Marcelin. “When my sister got pregnant, the baby's father didn't want to take care of them, so I adopted my niece. If I didn't have this job, I don't think I'd be able to help.”

“Between the three of them, the guys are caring for 38 family members,” says Topsom. “They're sending their sisters to school on the sales of wedding gowns.”

Floriana has yet to become a self-sustaining business—Topsom and Sampson currently pay the annual US\$2,400 rent out of their own pockets. But in June, the staff began contributing US\$50 a month toward operating costs.

Through their charity, the sisters are looking to improve the lives of a few Haitians right now; over time, they hope that number will grow into the thousands. It all comes back to one word: potential. **R**

Life's Like That



"Ever get the feeling you're being watched?"

NOT ABOUT YOU

The photographer was putting me and my husband in place for our wedding photos when he asked, "Have you ever modelled?"

My cheeks instantly turned red. "No," I said. "But I always thought..."

The photographer cut me off:

"I meant him."

JOANNE NOFFKE

GOOD REVIEWS

I got on board with *The Lord of the Rings* once I learned it's an epic three-book saga about destroying a hideous piece of jewellery once and for all.

🐦 @JULIOTHESQUARE

MY HUSBAND, WHO'S originally from Scotland, still has a distinct accent. He recently asked Siri a question through his iPad. There was a pause before Siri answered, "I'm sorry. I do not translate."

DIANNE MONTEITH, *London, Ont.*

WORKOUT BUDDIES

Waldo asked me to spot him at the gym. Couldn't do it.

🐦 @TWITTELS

We know how to spot good jokes. Send us yours! They could be worth \$50. See page 9 for more details.

New Age guru Deepak Chopra on chasing laughter,
avoiding melodrama and aging gracefully

Master of Mindfulness

BY DOMINIQUE RITTER

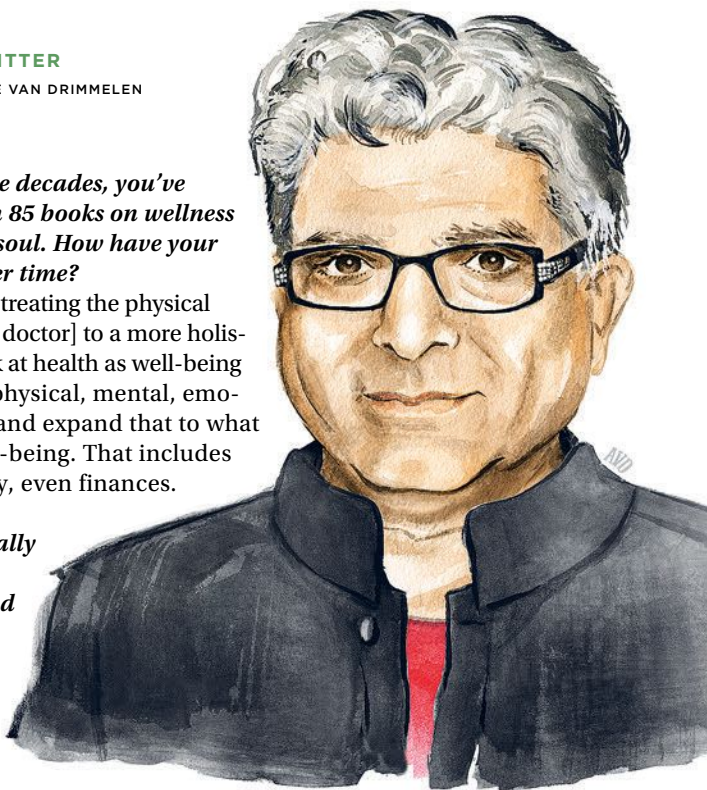
ILLUSTRATION BY AIMÉE VAN DRIMMELEN

Over the past three decades, you've written more than 85 books on wellness of both body and soul. How have your ideas changed over time?

I've gone from just treating the physical body [as a medical doctor] to a more holistic approach. I look at health as well-being on many levels—physical, mental, emotional, spiritual—and expand that to what we call social well-being. That includes career, community, even finances.

How did you initially become interested in mindfulness and spirituality?

As a physician, I was able to see the interface between our



emotional well-being and what happens in our bodies. If you experience resentment, hostility, guilt, shame or fear, your biology is totally different from when you're experiencing love, compassion, joy or peace. The word "mindfulness" is technically not right because [this state] has more to do with being aware. Awareness is the highest intelligence you can have—it spontaneously shifts your modes of thinking, feeling and behaving.

What's your biggest challenge in maintaining awareness?

I don't have any challenges. I live in awareness and self-awareness. If there's melodrama around me, I just observe—I don't get drawn in.

Can you offer any words of wisdom to someone who's interested in awareness but doesn't know where to start?

Slow down. Stop. Inhale deeply and be grateful for every breath. It will expand your awareness of yourself. That's the first step.

As we get older, many of us experience a decline in our physical and cognitive abilities. Do you have any tips?

Make sure your senior years are enjoyable and productive. Retirement is overrated. I don't plan to retire. Hopefully I'll die gracefully, either on the road or in meditation.

I'll be 70 this year and I think this is my best period yet.

In your experience, what is a life well lived?

It's one where at the end you can say, I lived well, I loved well and I contributed well. To live well is to live in the moment. Loving well requires being passionate about everything around you—a person, an animal, a plant, an idea. You begin to recognize that love isn't just a sentiment but the ultimate truth at the heart of the universe. And by "contributed," I mean, What did you do that was in service to the planet?

Speaking of living well, humour is often linked to good health.

Yes! You can't feel stressed and have a laugh at the same time. We underestimate the power of laughter in modulating everything in our biology, including our immune systems.

Do you have a favourite joke?

Yes. A patient goes to a doctor—like me—and I give him all the advice and he says, "So if I stop smoking, stop drinking and start exercising and meditating, will I live longer?" And I say, "Even if you don't live longer, your life will *seem* a lot longer." **R**

Deepak Chopra delivers a keynote address at the Third Global Conference on World's Religions in Montreal on Sept. 15.

Our top picks in books and movies

RD Recommends


BY SARAH LISS

1 **SHE MADE ME LAUGH** Richard Cohen

In many ways, Nora Ephron knew us better than we know ourselves. Before her death in 2012, at the age of 71, the American writer and director created scenes that elicited laughter (*When Harry Met Sally*), tears (*Julie & Julia*) and sighs (*Sleepless in Seattle*) because we recognized so much of our lives—or at least, the lives we wished we had—in her work. But for all her emotional candour, Ephron could be elusive at times. Here, Cohen offers an intimate portrait of his dear friend so that we can understand her a little better too. *Sept. 6.*



DID YOU KNOW? Ephron came from a family of wordsmiths: her parents were screenwriters, as are her sisters Amy and Delia; another sister, Hallie, is a journalist and a novelist, while her son Jacob Bernstein writes for *The New York Times*.

 **2 **QUEEN OF KATWE**** For chess prodigy Phiona Mutesi, the game has always been about more than pawns, rooks and kings. In 2005, when she was nine, it meant a free cup of porridge, doled out to players in her impoverished Ugandan village. Now it represents fame: Disney has made a movie out of her story. And while the tale itself is delightful, the sight of a young heroine of colour who's celebrated for her smarts and strategy is truly inspiring. *Sept. 23.*



(QUEEN OF KATWE) EDWARD ECHWALU



3 SNOWDEN

Never one to shy away from the political or the controversial, director Oliver Stone (*J.F.K.*, *Nixon*) has taken on a doozy of an assignment: humanizing the CIA whistleblower whose explosive revelations about global surveillance made him both a hero and a pariah. Bad news for the haters: star Joseph Gordon-Levitt's immersive performance may compel you to identify with Edward Snowden after all. *Sept. 16.*



4 SOUTHSIDE WITH YOU

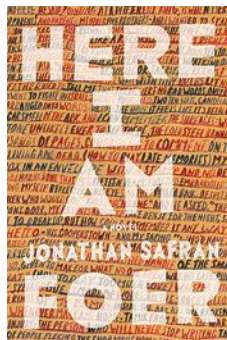
Before becoming the ultimate power couple, POTUS and FLOTUS were simply Barack Obama, a community organizer and law intern, and Michelle Robinson, a lawyer. This fictionalized account of the pair's first date, in Chicago in the summer of 1989, is irresistible, a romantic glimpse into the incandescent beginnings of a partnership that would change the American presidency—and the world. *Aug. 26.*



5 HERE I AM

Jonathan Safran Foer

Personal turmoil can be a powerful spark for the creative process. In Foer's case, his divorce from novelist Nicole Krauss, and the attendant soul-searching, find echoes in his latest story. An ambitious undertaking, the novel chronicles collapses both personal and international: a Jewish family in New York City falls apart as, oceans away, Israel is invaded and the Middle East unravels. *Sept. 6.*



Where to eat, sleep and see stars during Toronto's annual film fest

TIFF Tips

BY JEREMY FREED



EVERY SEPTEMBER, Hollywood heads north for the Toronto International Film Festival (TIFF), where movies from around the globe compete for prizes and buzz. If you're a cinema buff planning a visit between September 8 and 18, the following attractions—from local eateries to celeb-scouting hot spots—will help you make the most of your time in the city.

STAY

Though festival screenings occur throughout downtown Toronto, many festival-affiliated theatres are concentrated in the city's Entertainment District, around the TIFF Bell Lightbox headquarters on King Street West. A short walk from there, the boutique SoHo Metropolitan Hotel features suites equipped with Italian linens and marble bathrooms with soaker tubs; star chef Susur Lee's modern

Chinese restaurant Luckee is on the ground floor. A couple blocks away, near the edge of the Entertainment District, the Hilton Garden Inn combines amenities such as an indoor pool and room service



Lounging at Luckee.

with in-room fridges, on-site laundry and other comforts of home.

EAT

The most convenient place to enjoy a pre-film bite or a post-premiere glass of wine is Canteen, located inside the TIFF Bell Lightbox cinema complex. This market-style restaurant features sandwiches, salads and oven-fresh pizzas, and its wraparound sidewalk patio is one of the city's top spots for people-watching.

(TOP PHOTO) ISTOCKPHOTO

Nearby Milagro is a lively Mexican cantina that specializes in seafood, chili-braised pulled pork and, of course, tacos. Tequila aficionados can take advantage of the establishment's bar, which boasts countless varieties of the country's signature spirit.

Meat-and-potatoes fans will appreciate Tom Jones Steak House, which has been serving top-notch cuts since 1966. Indulge in old-school service, complete with Caesar salads prepared tableside by tuxedoed waiters. After dinner, migrate upstairs to the piano bar for a nightcap.

DO

If you're looking to kill time in between movies, Toronto's thriving arts and culture scene includes independent galleries, major museums and world-class theatre. Two of the city's biggest institutions host marquee exhibitions this September: the Art

Gallery of Ontario showcases Group of Seven star Lawren Harris's arctic landscapes (until September 18), while the Royal Ontario Museum plays host to American sculptor Dale Chihuly with 11 installations of his blown-glass creations (until January 2).



Dale Chihuly's glass art.

STARGAZE

In 2014, *Ghostbusters* director (and erstwhile Toronto resident) Ivan Reitman opened Montecito, a loungey restaurant decorated with Hollywood paraphernalia and inspired by both Canadian and Californian cuisine, in a space just around the corner from the Lightbox. George Clooney, Bill Murray and Jennifer

Garner are among the actors who've dined at the swank spot.

A little further north, Yorkville's posh boutiques and bistros are a draw for tourists and celebs alike. Stake out the rock garden on Cumberland Street, where you can keep your eyes peeled for stars lunching on the patio at Sassafras, which has hosted the likes of Matt Damon and Beyoncé. You can drink like the stars at the Hazelton Hotel, a favourite haunt of A-listers, including Angelina Jolie, Brad Pitt and Bono; try a Pom Fizz—vodka, sparkling wine, zippy pomegranate juice and a dash of lime—at the on-site One restaurant. **R**



Choosing a drink at One.

Why seasonal eating is important—and what to do with all that fall produce

Top Crops

BY VANESSA MILNE

IT'S MORE AFFORDABLE than imported food, and because it's picked later—and closer to peak ripeness—it tastes better, too. Here, three ways to extend the shelf life of your autumn bounty.

Dry It

Drying food is one way “to make an overwhelming abundance of produce fit into a couple of jars,” says Rick Havlak, owner of Vancouver’s Homestead Junction. If you were overzealous at the orchard, try making apple chips. Sprinkle thin slices with lime juice, then cook them at 225 F until crisp, or about 2.5 hours.

Freeze It

Freezing veggies seems simple, but if done wrong, it can leave produce limp and tasting odd. Prevent that by blanching vegetables such as carrots or peas. First, dip them in boiling

water for one to two minutes, then plunge them into ice water. Dry the veggies, then spread them on a cookie sheet. Once they’re frozen, transfer them to a freezer bag. Herbs like thyme and rosemary also freeze well, says Robin Long, chef instructor at the Pearson School of Culinary Arts in LaSalle, Que. You can toss them into stews for a burst of flavour.

Preserve It

DIY canned goods are the perfect host gift, says Havlak. But sterilizing jars to do your own canning can be tricky. While Havlak preserves his homemade tomato sauce, he offers this beginner’s version: cook your own sauce then freeze it in Mason jars. It’s a cherished fall activity for Havlak and his family. “We have two burners on the porch, and we’re all slicing and watching the sauce boil,” he says. “It’s a fun ritual.” **R**



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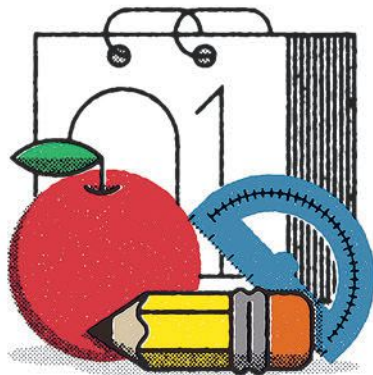
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A smarter way to start September

Back-to-School Survival Guide

BY BRANDIE WEIKLE

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL GEORGE HADDAD



1. Hold a family meeting

Before the sun sets on summer, take time to think about the year ahead. Get everyone together to set priorities (which extracurriculars are most important to your kids?) and expectations around homework and chores.

2. Go easy on scheduling

On average, children have lost eight hours of weekly unstructured free time over the last 10 years, says Dr. Shimi Kang, a Vancouver psychiatrist and the author of *The Dolphin Parent*. This trend affects kids' stress levels and runs parents ragged, so look closely at the number of proposed weeknight activities and consider the time it takes to get to them, too. You'll want to leave space for family dinners, homework, hanging out and a proper night's sleep.

3. Embrace meal planning

The key to avoiding frenzied takeout dinners on the way to violin lessons or hockey practice? Create a two-week rotating menu of family favourites, plus a list of go-to school-lunch fixings, and plan your grocery list accordingly. You'll avoid unhealthy convenience foods and save money.

4. Don't overspend

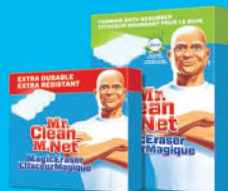
There's no need to buy a whole fall wardrobe before Labour Day. Instead, get a couple of new shirts and hold out for sales. As for school supplies, the average cost for items on a Canadian fifth-grader's must-have list is around \$108, according to a recent survey by Consolidated Credit. Try comparison shopping, or at least do an inventory of what's at home before you invest in fresh gear. **R**

HE FIGHTS DIRTY, *no matter how dirty* DIRTY IS.

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Advance planning makes navigating your larder a breeze

The Perfect Pantry

BY KELSEY KLOSS



OVERWHELMED BY chaotic cupboards? By creating and labeling designated zones for everything from snacks to staples to seasonal goods, you'll be well equipped to handle any kitchen challenge.

STAPLES Store dry goods in clear, airtight canisters. Arrange cans so labels are visible and check expiry dates every six months. If food is still good but you suspect you won't eat it in time, donate it to a food bank.

WEEKNIGHT MEALS Group together ingredients for dinners. Keep taco shells, seasoning and salsa in one area, and keep marinara, pasta and canned tomatoes in another.

BAKING AND SPICES Arrange spices on a two-tier turntable. Use a larger turntable to keep track of cooking oils. Stash sugar, flour and other

baking goods in stackable containers or sealed, labelled plastic bags.

KIDS' STUFF Remove individually wrapped children's snacks from boxes and store them in baskets with fruit, crackers and other age-appropriate treats on a low shelf.

HOME REMEDIES Be ready whenever a cold or flu strikes. Designate an area for chicken noodle soup, ginger tea, saltines—even meds.

HOLIDAY FIXINGS Reserve hard-to-reach corners for holiday-geared fare like pumpkin purée, instant gravy and cranberry sauce.

TREATS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS Group items such as artisanal chocolates and fancy crackers in one spot. That way you'll be prepared if guests stop by unexpectedly.

R

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Pick up Grandma
Pick up drywall

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Points to Ponder

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO

Having a baby when you're in a wheelchair is absolutely possible. You need to be a bit more organized, do a bit more research and be a bit more structured, maybe. But life can still be very normal for both the parent and the child.



Senator and Paralympian

CHANTAL PETITCLERC, on Ici Radio-Canada

This is killing me as a Newfoundlander... We will be the only province that taxes books, and we're shutting all the libraries down, and we have one of the highest illiteracy rates in the country.

RICK MERCER on Newfoundland's

plans to close more than half the province's libraries,
on CBC Radio's *Because News*

I'm wondering if we're well served by a conventional wisdom that's reduced the voter to a simple-minded consumer who's only out for herself. Could it be that the voter is actually hungry to be treated as a citizen?

Journalist and former NDP

candidate **LINDA McQUAIG**, in the *Toronto Star*

We will introduce legislation in spring 2017 that ensures we keep marijuana out of the hands of children and profits out of the hands of criminals.... As with all other drugs, we want to look at it—I will be looking at it—through the lens of public health.

Canada's health minister,

JANE PHILPOTT, on the federal government's
plans to legalize marijuana by 2018

No one expects the town they grew up in to someday disappear.

NILS EDENLOFF, lead singer-guitarist of the band
Rural Alberta Advantage, on the fires in Fort McMurray



PHOTOS: (PETITCLERC) MARTIN GIRARD/SHOOT STUDIO; (EDENLOFF) AMANDA M. HATFIELD, QUOTES: (PETITCLERC) MARCH 9, 2015; (MERCER) APRIL 29, 2016; (McQUAIG) MARCH 17, 2016; (PHILPOTT) VICE NEWS (APRIL 20, 2016); (EDENLOFF) CBC RADIO'S Q (MAY 5, 2015).



I cannot in good conscience perform in a state where certain people are being denied their civil rights due to their sexual orientation.

BRYAN ADAMS on cancelling his concert in Mississippi to protest new anti-gay legislation, on Instagram

I love singing gibberish. I feel like I make much more sense with gibberish than with words. I'm talking, even if you don't understand me.

Singer **MARY MARGARET O'HARA**,
in *The Globe and Mail*

She wasn't surprised at all to see people saying "What would Jane Jacobs have thought?" But what Jane Jacobs would have thought was, Think for yourself.

JIM JACOBS, son of the iconic urbanist, in *Curbed*

Changing only two words...gives Canada an inclusive anthem that respects who we were and what we have become as a country.

MP MAURIL BÉLANGER at the second reading of his bill to make Canada's national anthem gender-neutral. The bill passed in the House of Commons in June

Attawapiskat is a lightning rod for the debate in regard to the plight of Canada and its original peoples. Attawapiskat is a microcosm of intergenerational trauma. And Attawapiskat, the home of those people I love, is the spear's tip in the battle over how we will move forward as a nation.

Novelist **JOSEPH BOYDEN**,
in *Maclean's*

I found this stack of fashion magazines my mom had left around. I was looking at the shoots, and I wanted to read about the fashion designers. So I got a dictionary...and that's really how I learned the language.



Designer **JASON WU**, artistic director of *Hugo Boss's* womenswear line, on teaching himself English through fashion after moving to Canada from Taiwan at age nine **R**

The benefits of
group exercise

Let's Get Physical

BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT



WHEN ESTABLISHING AN exercise routine, sheer willpower usually only takes you so far. Over the long term, it helps to find activities that are both convenient and fun. Should other people be part of the equation? That's largely a matter of personal preference, but exercising with a companion or in a group, whether at yoga sessions or dance classes, or when cycling, has many upsides.

"A bit of gentle peer pressure and friendly competition can go a long way when it comes to motivation," says Dr. Dawn Skelton, a professor of aging and health at Glasgow Caledonian University in Scotland. People tend to stick more faithfully with group programs than with solo fitness routines, she says. Even informal arrangements between friends have the advantage of making you

accountable to somebody other than yourself.

In structured multi-person classes, participants can benefit from a certified trainer's expertise and encouragement, often for a fraction of the price of one-on-one sessions. Offerings designed specifically for the needs of older adults are on the rise, according to the American College of Sports Medicine's worldwide survey of fitness trends from 2012. These include the internationally recognized strength and balance courses Otago (for older or frailer people) and Falls Management Exercise (FaME; for younger or more active seniors). Consisting of a series of strength exercises (such as calf raises) and balance exercises (such as walking backwards), both programs target the muscles and skills that will help

participants avoid and, if necessary, control falls.

The most compelling reason

to train together may be the rush: doing workouts with others promotes endorphins, morphine-like chemicals that reduce pain and make you feel good, sometimes even euphoric. Your body releases them when you're

on your own, but research suggests that group activities may have an edge. Oxford University scientists compared the same athletes

rowing solo for 45 minutes and rowing in a team for an equal amount of time. The team sessions

resulted in higher endorphin levels, as measured by how much squeeze needed to be added to a blood-pressure cuff before the rowers felt the first twinge of discomfort. "Synchronized physical activity elevates mood and enhances a sense

PEER PRESSURE WORKS:

in a 2015 study, subjects who were regularly updated on their friends' fitness achievements via social media exercised an extra

1.6 DAYS

per week, on average, compared to those who were not.

of social bonding," the researchers explained. This natural high just might give you enough motivation to keep coming back for more. **R**

News From the World of Medicine

Life Crises Increase Curiosity

A crisis, understood as "an emotionally volatile time of change that has lasted at least a year and has at times overwhelmed one's capacity to cope," can happen at any stage of life. While trying times typically cause



uncertainty and distress, they can also bring insight and creativity: a recent study of over 900 subjects, funded by scientific-publishing company Springer Nature, found that those who are enduring crises are generally more curious about themselves and the world. "Armed with this

knowledge,” said one of the researchers, “people may find these episodes easier to bear.”

Pneumonia Vaccine a Boon for Celiac Patients

Among people who haven't been vaccinated against pneumonia, those with celiac disease have a 28 per cent higher risk of contracting the lung infection, according to an Italian-British study of 9,803 celiac patients and 101,755 control subjects. This might be because the spleen, which helps filter blood and fight off certain viruses and bacteria, doesn't always function well in celiac sufferers.

Never Too Old for Blood-Pressure and Cholesterol Control

Some doctors assume patients over 75 don't have enough years left to benefit from heart-attack and stroke prevention. However, a recent evidence review published in the *Canadian Journal of Cardiology* noted that, compared to younger adults, this age group may experience a more dramatic decline in the risk of death from cardiovascular disease with interventions such as lipid-lowering medications or lifestyle changes.

Many Parkinson's Sufferers Hide Their Illness

In a survey of more than 1,800 Parkinson's disease patients in Britain,

nearly two-fifths of respondents said they'd felt the need to mask their symptoms or lie about their condition. Among their cited reasons were embarrassment and fear of being judged. Parkinson's UK, the charity that commissioned the recent survey, emphasized that sufferers needn't feel ashamed or struggle alone—support groups and organizations can help patients come to terms with their condition.

R



TEST YOUR MEDICAL IQ

Brassica oleracea is a...

- A. hair-growth disorder.
- B. shoulder bone that is prone to fractures.
- C. gene associated with aggressive breast cancer.
- D. vegetable species.

Answer: D. Cabbage, kale, cauliflower, broccoli and Brussels sprouts are all varieties of the same species, *Brassica oleracea*. They're thought to provide protection against various cancers and are a good source of vitamins and dietary fibre. When consumed regularly as staple foods, they can promote goitre (a swollen thyroid gland), but usually only in people who are already deficient in iodine.



Binge Eating Disorder: It's a real medical condition

You're not alone.

In a multinational survey, almost 2% of people experienced Binge Eating Disorder.[†]

Binge Eating Disorder (BED) isn't just overeating. It's a real medical condition, and one that's quite common. In fact, in a multinational survey of over 24,000 people, the prevalence was higher for BED than bulimia in all countries surveyed.[‡] Characterized by repeated episodes of bingeing (eating a large amount of food in a short period of time), BED may be accompanied by feelings of distress, disgust and a sense of a lack of control.[§]

There is help.

BED can be managed, but it can also be a very sensitive topic. You might not be comfortable discussing it, or maybe you've hidden it from your loved ones. But now, there's more information and understanding about BED than ever before.

Getting the support you need starts with a simple conversation. If you think you might have BED, reach out to family, friends or your doctor for the help you deserve.

**Reach out. Ask for help.
Start the conversation.**

[†] A survey to assess BED was performed using the DSM-IV[®] diagnostic criteria across 14 countries including the United States, Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Northern Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Colombia, Brazil, Mexico and Romania.

[‡] This does not represent the full diagnostic criteria as per the DSM-5[™].

[§] DSM-IV is a registered trade-mark of the American Psychiatric Association.

[¶] DSM-5 is a trade-mark of the American Psychiatric Association.

Case History

BY SYDNEY LONEY


ILLUSTRATION BY TRACY WALKER



THE PATIENT: Jia, a 39-year-old defence attorney

THE SYMPTOMS: A non-stop runny nose

THE DOCTOR: Dr. Satish Govindaraj, an ear, nose and throat specialist at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City

 JIA WAS AT HER office working one afternoon in May 2014 when her nose suddenly started running. At first she thought it was just a cold, or maybe seasonal allergies, but the fluid seemed to be coming from only her left nostril—and it wouldn't stop. Worse, whenever she bent down or exerted herself in any way, the flow increased significantly.

After four days, she went to her family doctor, who told her the symptoms weren't typical of a sinus infection: she didn't have a headache,

cough or sinus pressure, and the fluid was clear, as opposed to yellow or green. Still, he prescribed an antibiotic and a corticosteroid nasal spray, just in case. Two weeks later, Jia's nose was still running. She had no history of allergies and was otherwise symptom-free, so her doctor ordered a CT scan.

The radiologists didn't highlight anything out of the ordinary in the results, but Jia's GP was concerned she might have a cerebrospinal fluid (CSF) leak. He referred her to Dr. Satish Govindaraj, who confirmed those suspicions. The CT had actually revealed a small bone gap in Jia's skull, and brain fluid was leaking from her nose.

The patient was fortunate that her physician picked up on the symptoms, says Govindaraj, who took on

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Jia's case after the leak was confirmed. In cases of runny noses caused by colds or allergies, mucus is usually present in both nostrils and at some point decreases (or even disappears). In contrast, "because CSF fluid is continuously produced," he says, "it's usually more of a steady drip."

Jia had a spontaneous leak, meaning she had no preceding trauma that might have caused it. The condition is rare and, though it tends to occur most often in obese or overweight middle-aged women (weight around the abdomen puts pressure on the veins, and that pressure is transmitted to the brain), Jia didn't fit the profile. However, the CT scan indicated that the lining of her brain had herniated

into her sinus cavity. A tiny tear had developed in the lining, leaking fluid from her brain into her nose.

A sample of the fluid confirmed the presence of beta-2 transferrin, a protein found only in the eyes, liver and brain fluid. "If you encounter it coming out of the nose, you know it's from the brain," Govindaraj says.

Without surgery to repair the leak, Jia was at risk of meningitis or a brain abscess—infection could be easily passed from her nose to the vulnerable tissue poking into her sinus area.

After a second CT scan to guide the procedure, Govindaraj performed endoscopic surgery through her nostrils. He removed the exposed area of brain, patched the gap in her skull with bone and tissue from her nose, bolstered the graft with dissolvable packing and inserted a sponge to keep pressure on the area. "Because the patient had such a high-flow leak, we had to get it sealed fast."

Five days after the surgery, Jia

returned to Govindaraj's office to have the sponge removed. While the leak is fixed, there's still a risk a new one could develop. Govindaraj prescribed acetazolamide, a diuretic that also decreases brain-fluid pressure, and recommended a neuro-ophthalmologist

to monitor her for signs of elevated intracranial pressure in her eyes.

The doctors still don't know why Jia—or anyone else—experiences unusually high brain-fluid pressure. In her case, accumulated stress on her skull over time led to the gap, which may have already been there for months or years before the leak occurred. "I still see her once a year, just to check that she's doing well," Govindaraj says. "But she's back to regular activity with no restrictions and is living a normal life."

R

“
***Without
surgery to repair
the leak, Jia
was at risk of
meningitis or a
brain abscess.***”

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BY VIBHU GAIROLA AND HALLIE LEVINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NEIL MOTA



RED FLAGS: GUT ISSUES

Damage to your teeth

"When tooth enamel is very thin, we usually guess one of two things," says Danyal Dehghani, a dentist in Toronto. "Either the person is eating a lot of acidic food or something is wrong with their gastrointestinal reflex." While your genetic makeup does influence your teeth, enamel issues can signify acid reflux, which is the backward flow of gastric juices into the esophagus. This tends to erode the back of the teeth (in contrast to, say, the effects of acidic drinks, such as pop, which cause more general deterioration throughout the mouth).

Other symptoms of reflux include a persistent sore throat, coughing, unexplained wheezing or a foul, sour taste in your mouth. If you or your dentist notices any of these indicators, see a doctor or a gastrointestinal specialist promptly. In rare cases, untreated reflux can cause esophageal damage or a condition known as Barrett's esophagus, which is a risk factor for esophageal cancer.

Irritated, blistered skin

Intensely itchy patches across your elbows, knees, bottom, back or scalp may indicate celiac disease, an autoimmune condition wherein consuming gluten causes the body to release antibodies; this disorder damages the small intestine. When these antibodies accumulate in the

skin, they can cause a telltale rash, known as dermatitis herpetiformis. According to the Canadian Celiac Association, this condition can affect 10 to 15 per cent of people with the disease—many of whom may have no digestive symptoms.

Unlike people with other forms of celiac, patients who have dermatitis herpetiformis don't require an endoscopic biopsy to get a definitive diagnosis. A dermatologist can do a skin biopsy to determine whether certain antibodies are present. A gluten-free diet should help the rash disappear and will work to ward off other long-term damage caused by the disease, such as osteoporosis or cancer of the small intestine.

Trouble sitting

"Sometimes Crohn's disease takes years to diagnose because the symptoms may be amorphous or subtle," says Dr. Jeffrey P. Baker, a gastroenterologist at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto. One particular strain, perianal Crohn's, causes bleeding, pain and abscesses in the anal region.

"I've heard people say they have hemorrhoids," says Dr. Baker, "but when I've examined it, I've said, 'No, this is Crohn's disease.'" If you experience any of these concerns, it's important to get a professional diagnosis. While not everyone with perianal issues has Crohn's, Dr. Baker warns that the disease can pop up

(ASSISTANT) KANE OCEAN; (MAKEUP ARTIST) NISHA GULATI/FOLIO; (TALENT) MARC P./MONTAGE AND JULIA/SYBILLE SASSE; (PHOTO AGENCY) RODEO PRODUCTION

years after the successful treatment of symptoms and, if untreated, can lead to nutrient deficiencies, require surgery and/or increase your risk of developing colon cancer.

RED FLAGS: BRAIN ISSUES

Random bursts of anger

Depression doesn't always involve weeping or lying listlessly on the couch. More than half of patients with the condition express irritability and anger—in fact, according to the authors of a 2013 analysis conducted at the University of California, San Diego, those symptoms are associated with a more severe, longer-lasting form. If you're constantly snapping at your spouse or if the slightest annoyance gets your heart racing—and these reactions have lasted for more than two weeks—you may be dealing with a depressive disorder.

Changes in handwriting

When you think of Parkinson's disease, you probably picture tremors, but a more telling early indicator (of certain varieties) is handwriting that suddenly gets much smaller. Handwriting analysis was able to identify patients in the early stages of Parkinson's more than 97 per cent of the time, a 2013 Israeli study found. "In the years prior to a formal diagnosis of Parkinson's disease, a person's handwriting can become cramped; the letters will start to shrink," says Dr. Jude

Poirier, professor of medicine and psychiatry at McGill University.

Parkinson's occurs when nerve cells in the brain become damaged or die off. As a result, they stop producing as much dopamine, a chemical that triggers the nervous system to create movement. This causes muscle stiffness in the hands and fingers, as well as perceptual-motor slowness, which affects handwriting. Other early indications of the condition can include a loss of smell (if you stop noticing pungent cologne and aren't drawn to the aroma of mouth-watering food, take heed), and intense dreams that cause you to thrash and kick in your bed. When any of these symptoms last more than a couple of weeks, it's worth seeing a neurologist. The earlier the disease is diagnosed, and the sooner you get control of the symptoms, the better your quality of life will be.

RED FLAGS: HEART ISSUES

Snoring

Loud snoring is a common symptom of sleep apnea, which is associated with an increased risk of heart disease. But snoring itself may play a significant role in cardiovascular issues. A 2014 study published in the journal *The Laryngoscope* found that even among patients without sleep apnea, snoring was linked to the thickening of the lining of the carotid artery (a main supplier of blood to the brain), which can lead to stroke.

"We think the arteries are reacting to the vibration of the snoring, since they're very close to the throat," says study co-author Dr. Kathleen Yaremchuk, chair of the department of otolaryngology, head and neck surgery at the Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. That thickening in these important blood vessels is a precursor to arterial plaque buildup, which means that snoring can be considered a risk factor for the progression of cerebrovascular occurrences.

Impotence

Men over the age of 45 with severe erectile dysfunction—but who didn't show signs of heart disease—were up to 60 per cent more likely to be hospitalized for heart problems than those with no erectile issues, according to a 2013 Australian study that followed subjects over a four-year period. The exact cause is unknown, but one possible explanation is that the arteries supplying the penis are smaller than those elsewhere in the body. That means they're usually more sensitive to problems in blood-vessel linings and may highlight concerns even before a man experiences other overt cardiovascular issues.

"Many men just want to get a prescription and avoid discussing the problem with their doctor," says Dr. Nieca Goldberg, a cardiologist in New York City. "But it's really important that they not dismiss it and get

evaluated for heart disease." If men have other risk factors, such as high cholesterol, diabetes or a family history of heart disease, the doctor may recommend advanced screening tests, such as a coronary calcium scan.

Inflamed gums

A 2010 study funded by the National Institutes of Health and undertaken by Columbia University connected levels of periodontal bacteria with the prevalence of hypertension. While Euan Swan, manager of dental programs at the Canadian Dental Association, emphasizes that there's not yet enough concrete evidence that one condition causes the other, he does say that there is an association between the two.

Treating gum disease was linked to fewer hospitalizations among people with heart disease or type 2 diabetes, according to a 2014 *American Journal of Preventive Medicine* study. Frequent cleanings (every three to six months) by a dentist can usually keep early-stage periodontal inflammation under control.

RED FLAGS: HORMONAL ISSUES

Frequent bathroom trips

People with type 2 diabetes have a much harder time converting glucose into energy due to issues with the hormone insulin. As a result, sugar builds up in the bloodstream, where it inflicts damage on blood vessels and nerves,

says Dr. Ashita Gupta, an endocrinologist at the Mount Sinai Health System in New York City. A diabetic's kidneys try to get rid of that excess glucose by flushing it out through urine.

Translation: "You're going to the bathroom more frequently—and producing much more when you go," says Dr. Gupta. You may find yourself getting up a few times during the night to pee. And since you're urinating so much, you may be thirstier or dealing with dry mouth.

Ask your doctor about getting a hemoglobin A1c (HbA1c) test, which measures average blood glucose over three months in anyone who has a normal red blood cell count. "The sooner type 2 diabetes is diagnosed, the more likely you can reverse it with lifestyle changes such as diet, weight loss and exercise," explains Gupta.

Generalized fatigue

Feeling drowsy or sluggish? It could be a sign of hypothyroidism—a decrease in thyroid hormones. Recent studies indicate that one in 10 Canadians are living with a thyroid condition of one type or another, and it's estimated that 200 million people worldwide have some form of thyroid disease.

"The early signs of the condition are symptoms of fatigue that may be accompanied by minor weight gain, depressed mood and an inability to concentrate. But there isn't a specific sign or symptom. Rather, there's



a constellation of symptoms that point to hypothyroidism," explains Dr. Andrée Boucher, endocrinologist and medical director of the interprofessional thyroid cancer team at the Centre hospitalier de l'Université de Montréal (CHUM).

Hypothyroidism becomes more prevalent with age, according to Dr. Nicole van Rossum, endocrinologist and director of the endocrinology department at the Integrated University Health Centre and Social Services of the Eastern Townships in Quebec. Telltale signs to watch out for include constipation, dry skin and intolerance to cold. "Thyroid hormones control the body's metabolism: body heat, heart rate, intestinal function, menstrual cycle, et cetera," she explains. "These hormones are in every cell and regulate the basic functions. When there are fewer of them, everything slows down." **R**

RED FLAGS: CANCER

According to the Canadian Cancer Society, two in five Canadians will be diagnosed with cancer in their lifetime. In 2015 alone, it's estimated that at least 196,900 Canadians developed some form of the disease, and 78,000 succumbed to it. More malignancies are detected early, thanks to advances in screening and diagnosis, but initial symptoms can sometimes be subtle enough to overlook.

■ UNINTENTIONAL WEIGHT LOSS

If you've lost more than 10 pounds without making changes to your diet or exercise plan, you should be sure to get checked out by a medical professional.

■ **FATIGUE** If you're under short-term stress, feeling more tired than normal is understandable, but if you don't know why you're tired, be sure to speak to a doctor. Exhaustion can be an early sign of blood cancer and is associated with advanced stages of melanoma and cancers of the prostate and liver.

■ **RESPIRATORY ISSUES** Persistent coughs or chest pains are worth getting examined, as they can be early symptoms of lung cancer.

■ **UNEXPLAINED BLEEDING** If you notice bloody residue after coughing, in your urine or stool, coming

from your nipples or anywhere else unusual, alert your doctor.

■ **PAIN** Though extreme cancer-related discomfort can mean the disease has already spread, pain can be an early symptom of bone or pancreatic cancer.

■ **MOLES** Large, multicoloured blemishes, or ones that grow or change over time, should be checked to rule out melanoma. Consult with a doctor if you notice long-lasting lesions in your mouth or on your genitals, which could be signs of other cancers.

■ BOWEL OR URINARY CHANGES

An increased need to pee (or new-found difficulties with urination) can indicate an enlarged prostate or prostate cancer. Changes in bowel patterns—such as constipation or diarrhea—may signal colon cancer.



KNOWN QUANTITIES

Being understood is better than being praised.

IRVING FELDMAN, poet

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FINALLY ENJOY
THE MOMENT.

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The joys of
bringing kitties
to the cottage

When the Cat's Away

BY JIM MOODIE
FROM COTTAGE LIFE

WOLFE WAS ONE of those cats who wouldn't hurt a flea on a mouse. While her sibling, Caddy, proudly introduced me to such surprising creatures as ermines and flying squirrels by batting them from the cottage rafters, Wolfe just liked to chatter at birds, making that peculiar predatory vocalization that brings to mind a set of wind-up false teeth.

One day I heard her clacking in a different way, from outside the window. She seemed to have grown extra whiskers, which she was tapping against the glass. From the length of the handful of quills we plucked from her face, we surmised that she'd met a baby porcupine. How she walked away only mildly skewered is an enduring mystery, but my theory is that sweet Wolfe just wanted to kiss her prickly pal.

THERE WERE WORSE catastrophes. Caddy got a leg chewed by a fox or a coyote—that was the vet's deduction—and hopped around with a trussed-up limb for weeks. Cowboy, my mother-in-law's cat, climbed a giant pine and was marooned there for two days until I hired a tree cutter with an extendable ladder to come and snatch her down.

The Beast, my polydactyl tabby—he was born with extra toes—had a habit

of bestowing baby rabbits upon us, some still breathing. I bottle-fed them and prayed they'd live. None ever did. A tiny graveyard grew behind the cottage, the crosses made from twigs.

Ah, but then there were the happy times. All those walks with various felines trailing me through the woods, even in snow, springing from boot print to boot print. One night I set out cross-country skiing with my headlamp; when I looked back, there were two cats loping behind, one in each narrow groove.

Even the lake was no deterrent. Roscoe, whose mother was a Turkish Van cat, followed me into the canoe one day and on many days thereafter. He would navigate the gunwales like a circus performer and extend himself from the prow like a bewhiskered bowsprit. He also swam willingly—at least, he didn't get too worked up when he fell overboard. He'd just calmly start cat-paddling toward land.

Michigan, a waif I found lurking around a dumpster in Flint, Mich., turned out to be a canoeist too. I'd take him and Roscoe together, and the two of them would race into scouting position, paws planted against the rails. You'd think, from the intensity of their stance, that we were on some grand whaling mission, though smallmouth bass were the most fearsome creatures we ever spotted.



THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT CATS IN THE
COTTAGE SETTING
THAT FEELS SPECIAL.
THEIR PRESENCE IS
NOVEL AND NATURAL.

I'VE TAKEN COMPANION dogs on many adventures, but there's something about cats in the cottage setting that feels special to me. Their presence is novel and natural at once—as if they don't quite belong and yet, with their innate wildness, clearly do. In being so attuned to their surroundings, not to mention so freakily silent and patient, they become a kind of intermediary, sharpening our own appreciation of the environment.

“Domestic cats definitely seem closer to their wild counterparts than dogs do to wolves,” writes Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson in his 2014 book *Beasts: What Animals Can Teach Us About the Origins of Good and Evil*. “I never, ever feel threatened by Benjy, my yellow Lab. But my cats sometimes give me a peculiar look, and I know better than to try to force them to do something they would rather not.”

I know that look, although I interpret it as a kind of primordial intelligence as opposed to simple recalcitrance. It's as if cats just know something I don't, possess an insight they can't be bothered to explain—and won't have tamed out of them.

After years of letting my cats wander at will, I have come to a point where I'm too concerned for the creatures' safety to feel comfortable with a free-range feline. My current pal, Vinny, a plush Russian blue, is accustomed to a harness and a retractable leash for his outdoor expeditions. When I tap my fingers on the table where I keep his equipment, he leaps up, starts to purr and waits for me to buckle him in.

And off we go, Vinny first. He doesn't heel, but neither does he refuse to move. He prowls, as cats are wont to do. And I prowl along in his wake, learning all kinds of new ways to observe, and think about, the world. **R**



HAVE CAT, WILL TRAVEL

How do I take the drama out of the drive?

"You want [your cat] to be secure, in a large enough carrier that they can stand up, and with something on the bottom so they're not sliding around," says Nicole Baran, owner of the Sudbury Regional Cat Hospital. Tuck in a favourite blanket or a soft towel for comfort. "Certain cats also like the crate covered because the sight of things whipping past can be stressful." And think twice about serving breakfast. "Some will get motion sickness," Baran warns. If your trip is long, opt for a crate that can accommodate a small litter box and some water.

Should I let my cat outside at the cottage?

Most vets suggest containment, or at least curtailment. By contrast, Margie Scherk, a Vancouver-

based feline-veterinary specialist says, "I'm a big believer in letting cats out at the cottage, but I think you have to be out there with them." You can also blend the safety of the indoors with the excitement of the natural environment by building a safe enclosure or a screened-in porch at the cottage. A leash and harness work well for controlled outings, she says. But the leash needs someone on the other end. "I cringe when people just stake their cat outside," says Scherk. "They can't protect themselves."

What are the dangers my cat could face?

There is a range of diseases and predators in the country, where cats can be targets for coyotes, fishers and owls. Even if your feline is confined indoors, rabies is a concern. "Make sure your cat's vaccines are

up to date," says Baran. "You could have a bat in the cottage that you're not aware of." Mice might keep your pet entertained but they can pass on parasites such as tapeworm and roundworm.

Are cats a threat to birds?

A big one. In Canada, cats kill about 200 million birds per year—more than all other human-related causes of death combined. "Birds are pretty good at sussing out predation risk, but if the cat isn't there when they're choosing where to nest, they might be more naive," says Richard Elliot, a scientist emeritus with Environment and Climate Change Canada. He doesn't believe putting a brightly coloured collar or a bell on a cat effectively warns birds. In addition to keeping cats indoors, he suggests supervised outings on a leash.

Canadians remember their favourite educators

THE TEACHER WHO CHANGED MY LIFE

I hated going to school. I had ADHD, and it seemed like teachers were talking to everyone else.

When my “regular” high school in Brampton, Ont., grew tired of me, the guidance counsellor suggested I switch to a trade school. That’s when I met a teacher who made me feel like I could actually do something good.

Mr. Fred Kolar taught chef training at North Peel Secondary School, and he was the first teacher I heard curse in class. He didn’t swear because he was frustrated with us—he swore at us because he cared. I had never felt that from an educator before. Beyond chef training, Mr. Kolar taught me to think of other people and put myself in their shoes before acting out or judging. That was an incredible lesson.

—RUSSELL PETERS, COMEDIAN



READER SUBMISSION

In 1966, I was a Grade 5 student at Terrace Heights Elementary School in Edmonton. I was small and had a limp due to congenital hip dysplasia—in short, a target for bullying. The kids did their teasing on the playground out of sight,

but Mrs. Helgason must’ve had a sixth sense. Before long, she started winking at me when I returned to my desk after recess. Day after day, there it was—a furtive wink, just for me. As the months went by, I gained confidence, and the bullying slowly dissipated. On the last day of school that year, everyone got a hug from Mrs. Helgason, and I’m pretty sure mine was a little longer than the rest, with one last wink to go with it.

—PATTY JUTHNER CLARKE, REDWOOD MEADOWS, ALTA.

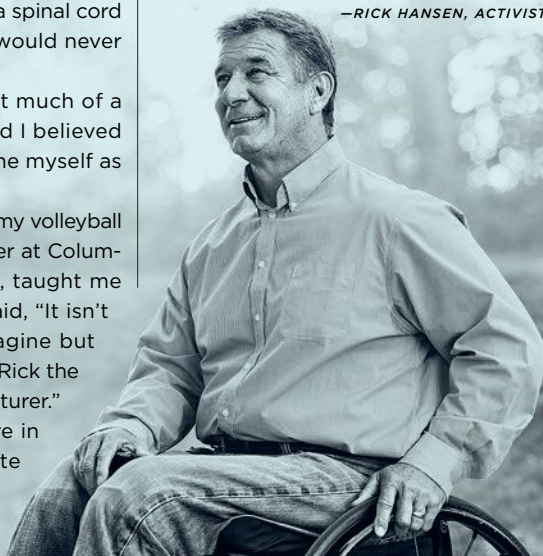
Growing up, I played every sport I could and dreamed of competing in the Olympics. In 1973, when I was 15 years old, everything changed. I went on a fishing trip with some of my friends and decided to hitchhike home to Williams Lake, B.C. The driver of the pickup truck we were in lost control and I was thrown from the back. I sustained a spinal cord injury, and doctors said I would never walk again.

I was told not to expect much of a life with my disability—and I believed it. I could no longer imagine myself as an athlete.

Thankfully, Bob Redford, my volleyball coach and phys. ed. teacher at Columneetza Secondary School, taught me something valuable. He said, "It isn't about what you can't imagine but what you can. You are still Rick the athlete and Rick the adventurer." He explained that nowhere in the definition of an athlete does it say you have to use your legs.

Bob encouraged me to adapt. I went on to compete in track and marathons and won gold, silver and bronze medals in the Paralympic Games. By changing attitudes, I achieved my biggest goal—and went on to push my wheelchair through 34 countries to raise money and awareness for an accessible world.

—RICK HANSEN, ACTIVIST



READER SUBMISSION

Lorne Wright loved people and he loved science. I remember entering his class at Clearwater Secondary School in Clearwater, B.C., in Grade 8, and finding a wonderland of experiments. With Mr. Wright, science was exciting, not scary or boring. He was a prankster, scattering triiodide crystals one class had made on the floor so they'd explode harmlessly underfoot when the next batch of students arrived. He made studying for provincial exams fun by creating a version of Trivial Pursuit for us. Most importantly, Mr. Wright made me feel human, which was rare for me as an introverted teen.

—LEE ROGERS, KELOWNA, B.C.

There were several teachers during my early years who influenced the direction my life has taken.

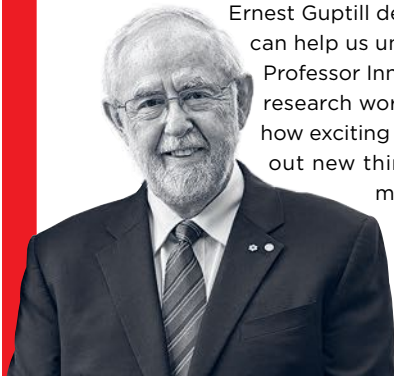
Dr. Robert Chafe, at Sydney Academy High School in Sydney, N.S., was a wonderful math teacher who motivated students through his in-class lessons and after-hours sessions. I came to love the way we could use math to “figure things out.” That later translated into a passion for physics, where the world around us was the object of these calculations.

During my first year at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Professor Ernest Guptill demonstrated how math and physics can help us understand the world in great detail.

Professor Innes MacKenzie, the supervisor of my research work for my master’s degree, revealed how exciting it can be to use equipment to figure out new things through experimental physics measurements.

I owe a lot to these teachers for awakening this knowledge in me.

—ARTHUR B. McDONALD, WINNER OF THE 2015 NOBEL PRIZE IN PHYSICS



I’ve been fortunate to have many great teachers, but the one who stands out most never had me in her classroom. Mrs. Ellen Titus taught junior and senior kindergarten to both my children, who are now 17 and 21, at Frankland Community School in Toronto.

As a parent volunteer, I watched her foster a safe, inclusive and creative environment that enabled them to learn and thrive. Mrs. Titus taught me that so much of what we can do is dependent on the environment in which we do it; as a result, I’ve always tried to create inclusive, participatory

and safe workplaces. Her influence on my kids has lasted to the present day: they are well-mannered and curious about the world—with a great capacity for sharing and kindness.

—SHARON WOODS, CEO OF KIDS HELP PHONE



My lifelong dream is to travel to space and see earth from a different perspective. It was my physics teacher, Janet Herrem, at St. Mary's High School in Calgary, who encouraged me to push my limits and dream big. I am so grateful: she challenged me to think deeply about the subject matter and to always attempt more difficult work, and she instilled a confidence that made me believe I could solve any problem. She made physics exciting, opening my eyes to the possibilities of a life built around engineering and science.

—NATALIE PANEK, ROCKET
SCIENTIST AND EXPLORER



READER SUBMISSION

“Robino All-Star,” a.k.a. “Bean-o” (real name: Robin Ulster) was a teacher’s assistant at Toronto’s Alternative

Primary School throughout the 1980s and early ’90s. She was an ace with students who were having issues, whether it was a tough math problem or one of elementary school’s many hiccups. But Robin’s kindness went beyond the scope of a teacher’s duties. I grew up in a single-parent home, which is tough for a little guy. Robin recognized this and, with my mother’s permission, took me to movies in her free time. Holidays, birthdays and other occasions were much more special because Robin always custom-made something for each student: hand-drawn marker masterpieces that resulted in instant smiles. I still have mine 30 years later.

—JAMES APPLGATH, TORONTO

READER SUBMISSION

In 1970, I was an eighth-grader at Oxdrift Public School in Oxdrift, Ont. I had a gentle teacher named Brian Davidson, who treated every student with dignity and respect. I was a target of bullying, but with his support, I survived that difficult period. Teachers don’t get enough recognition for what they do and what they mean to some students.

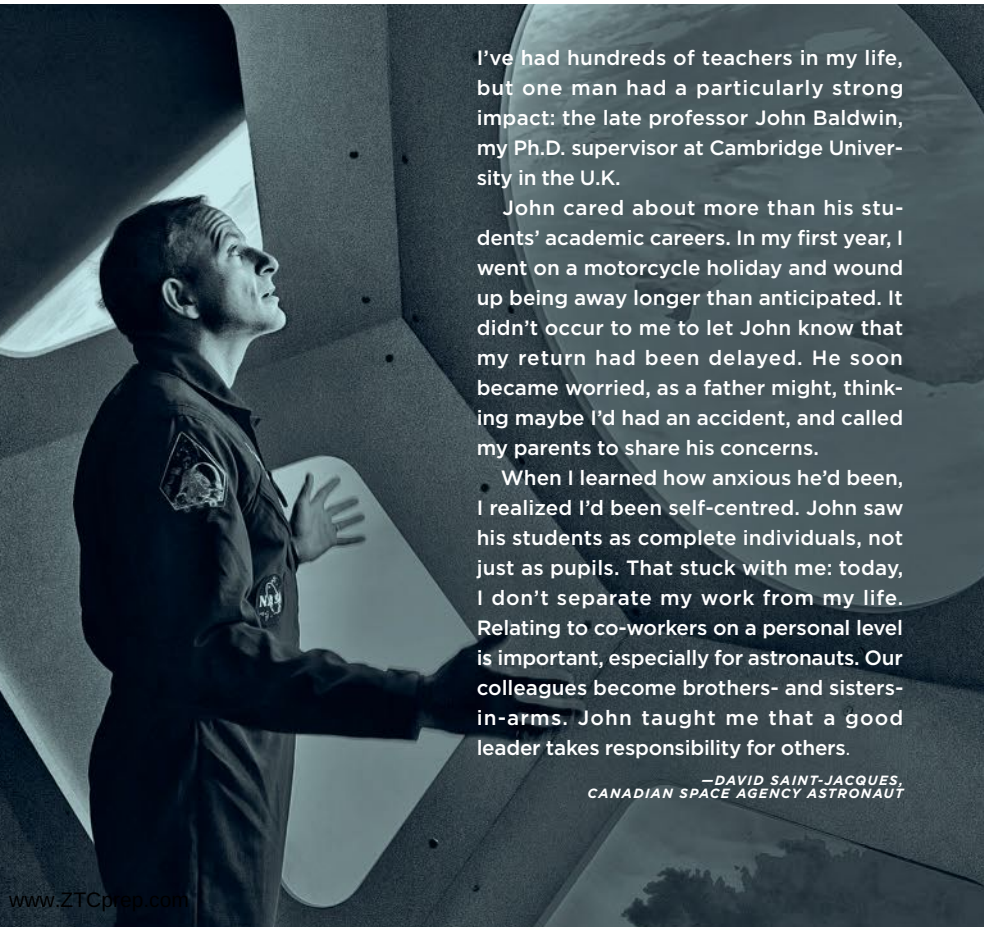
—KATHY MANN, CALGARY

READER
SUBMISSION

After graduating high school, I had no idea where I wanted to go in life. One day I came across an ad for an educational assistant program at Riverside College in Mission, B.C. When I started school, I was nervous. Would I succeed?

The program was tough, but my teacher, Paul Horn, made learning fun and relatable. He provided a helping hand when concepts were difficult to grasp and inspiration was hard to find. By the end of the course, I not only felt like I was capable of working in the field but that I could continue my schooling—in the hopes of becoming an amazing teacher like him.

—SARAH JENKINS, MISSION, B.C.



I've had hundreds of teachers in my life, but one man had a particularly strong impact: the late professor John Baldwin, my Ph.D. supervisor at Cambridge University in the U.K.

John cared about more than his students' academic careers. In my first year, I went on a motorcycle holiday and wound up being away longer than anticipated. It didn't occur to me to let John know that my return had been delayed. He soon became worried, as a father might, thinking maybe I'd had an accident, and called my parents to share his concerns.

When I learned how anxious he'd been, I realized I'd been self-centred. John saw his students as complete individuals, not just as pupils. That stuck with me: today, I don't separate my work from my life. Relating to co-workers on a personal level is important, especially for astronauts. Our colleagues become brothers- and sisters-in-arms. John taught me that a good leader takes responsibility for others.

—DAVID SAINT-JACQUES,
CANADIAN SPACE AGENCY ASTRONAUT

READER
SUBMISSION

"Do you think he really ate it?" "I wonder where it went!" Imagine a classroom of energetic Grade 2 students watching their teacher swallow a marble after being told it would exit from his shoe. (Somehow it did.) Mr. Hoekstra wasn't your typical elementary school teacher. He had wild hair that complemented his bushy beard. He could play anything on the Sick Piano, our out-of-tune classroom instrument he'd painted hospital green. I don't know how much we "officially" learned that year at Calvin Christian School in St. Catharines, Ont., but Mr. Hoekstra instilled in us a love of play and laughter. As for his influence? I became a Grade 2 teacher.

—SUSAN VAN DER HEIDEN, CALEDONIA, ONT.

An educator who helped shape me? My memory immediately takes me back to the mid-1970s in North York, Ont., and my Grade 5 and 6 teacher at Blessed Trinity, Mrs. O'Donnell. She was a tough bird, her Irish lilt at times lulling, at times a roar. These were the days when a little corporal punishment wasn't frowned upon, and Mrs. O'Donnell knew how to cuff an ear when an ear cuffing was called for.

Far more important than her pugilistic abilities was her skill at bringing out the best in us. Mrs. O'Donnell had that rare ability to recognize strengths while at the same time nurturing the areas that needed it most. My language skills were strong, so she had me give speeches in schools; I ended up winning a number of public-speaking awards. But she also gently led me through math exercises after class, spending hours not just with me but with any kid who needed help.

I eventually became an educator, in part because of Mrs. O'Donnell. While I

don't cuff anyone's ears, I do practise patience when teaching, and pay careful attention to students' successes—and struggles.

—JOSEPH BOYDEN, WRITER



**READER
SUBMISSION**

Our behaviour interventionist, Darcy Cross of GRASP Autism, has provided both of my boys with the promise of a future in which they can live independently. Before Darcy, I felt panicked and alone; my children were non-verbal, terrified of social interaction and resistant to learning. Over and over again, she has given me hope.

—LINDA SUTCLIFFE, NANAIMO, B.C.



In a way, teachers are the parents you choose. They are the adults you come across when you are looking for the things adolescents crave: validation, approval, inspiration and unconditional acceptance. You may be the worst student in the classroom, but they are duty-bound to persevere.

I'm sure many teachers were giddy when "Nutt" didn't appear on their roster. I was the kid who was easily bored, forgetful about homework and disdainful toward authority. But a few saw through that to connect with a girl whose passions could be channelled and whose contrarian nature could be harnessed into critical thinking. Speak, they told me, but with purpose. Write, but with conviction. Don't sit smugly on the sidelines revelling in what you are against: articulate what you are for. Take risks. Fail. And don't be embarrassed when you do.

Those teachers—Susan Dowswell, Mary Lowery, Nancy Wigston and Jean-Pierre Pilaprat, all from the Toronto French School—are still heroes to me.

—DR. SAMANTHA NUTT, AUTHOR AND FOUNDER OF WAR CHILD CANADA

**READER
SUBMISSION**

My favourite teacher is Erin Kox, a math professor at Fanshawe College in London, Ont. I studied calculus with her last year, and it was one of the hardest classes I've ever taken. Erin stayed behind on her own time to review notes and make sure each student understood the material. I wouldn't have succeeded without the extra help.

—KAYLA SKINNER, STRATHROY, ONT.

As Kids See It



"How did you meet girls before the Internet?"

BLAST FROM THE PAST

When my daughter, Trinity, was five years old, she went to spend some time with her great-grandmother. During their visit, Great Grandma put on an old black-and-white Shirley Temple movie for Trinity to watch.

When my daughter came home, she told me about the film she'd seen. Looking up at me with wonder, she asked, "Mom, were you alive when the world was only black and white?"

LISA LARCH, St. Catharines, Ont.

FAMILY BONDING

As a kid, I got to watch my dad fix everything, and I hope to share that experience with my kids. That way we can all watch my dad fix things together. Comedian MARK CHALIFOUX

CORRECT TERMINOLOGY

Recently I came upon my 13-year-old leaning against the kitchen door with his eyes closed. When I asked if he was feeling sick, he replied, "No, I think I just have narcosleepy."

gcfl.net

DAVID LEONARD WEIGHAM

THE MIND READER

When my youngest daughter, Alicyn, was about three and a half, she had a terrible fear of spiders. Whenever she saw one, she'd scream. Each time, I'd tell her to pretend the critter wasn't there, and I'd assure her it wasn't even thinking about her. One evening, Alicyn yelled loudly from the bathroom. When I asked her what was going on, she hollered back, "Mom, there's a spider in here and he's thinking about me!"

kidspirit.com

OUR FOUR-YEAR-OLD grandson, Zachary, recently started junior kindergarten. One day I saw him sitting at our kitchen table scribbling furiously on a piece of paper. He told me he was "writing a letter to Mommy." When I asked what it said, he replied, "I don't know, Grandma. I haven't learned how to read yet."

KAREN LANG, Scarborough, Ont.

ONE MORNING DURING snack time, the students in my preschool class were discussing where they were born. One little boy mentioned that his mother had given birth to him at a hospital called Sacred Heart.

The girl sitting next to him replied, "I was born at Sacred Heart too!"

The boy turned to her, very confused, and said, "Really? I didn't see you there."

kidspirit.com



AND ONE FOR THE KIDS

Q: Why was the teacher cross-eyed?

A: Because he couldn't control his pupils!

reddit.com

MOM'S SIGNATURE MOVE

For the longest time I thought my mother, father and cat all had the same handwriting. Then I found out Mom was just signing cards for all of them.

🐦 @MICHELLEISAWOLF

AS TEDDY CAME THUNDERING down the stairs, his father grew annoyed.

"Teddy," he called, "How many more times must I tell you to come down the stairs quietly? Go back up and try again, but less noisily."

There was a silence, and Teddy reappeared in the front room.

"That's better," said his father. "Now, will you always use that approach?"

"Suits me," said Teddy. "I slid down the banister."

broadcaster.org.uk

Do your children make you chuckle? Share the laughter with us! A funny kid story could earn you \$50. For details on how to submit an anecdote, see page 9 or visit rd.ca/joke.

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE



Alone in the dark, 75 kilometres from land and without a life jacket, Damian Sexton would have to fight hard to stay afloat in roiling seas

MAN OVERBOARD!

BY ROBERT KIENER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL SHEA

I DO NOT LIKE the looks of this, Damian Sexton thought as he piloted his 12-metre fishing boat through choppy waters some 75 kilometres off the coast of New Jersey.

It was nearly 10 p.m. When Sexton, 45, and his friend Michael Schinder, 63, had set out on a tuna fishing trip from the city of Cape May just before sunset on August 1, 2015, the Atlantic Ocean had been relatively calm. But a fierce storm was moving in, and the *Sea Robin*, named after Sexton's wife, was now being buffeted by two-metre waves. After checking the radar and seeing a series of storms approaching, Sexton pushed a button to set the vessel's trim tabs to help stabilize it in rough seas.

Sexton, an arborist who owns a tree service in nearby Williamstown, is an experienced boater, but the storms concerned him—they couldn't be avoided. Leaving Schinder at the controls on the flybridge, which offered unobstructed views of their surroundings, Sexton said, "I'm going down to the stateroom to find my satellite phone and night-vision goggles."

The state-of-the-art vessel far exceeded Schinder's limited experience, but it was on autopilot, travelling a brisk 22 knots (about 40 kilometres per hour) through the choppy waters and heading for the Wilmington Canyon, which was 120 kilometres offshore and known for excellent fishing.

The boat rocked and pitched as Sexton clambered down. He was crossing the deck when a huge wave crashed against the *Sea Robin* and knocked him off the stern, tossing him headfirst into the Atlantic.

He screamed at the top of his lungs for his friend: "Mike! Mike!"

Another wave, then another, forced Sexton under the ocean's surface. He fought his way back up over and over again. Trying to tread water, he watched as the *Sea Robin's* navigation lights disappeared from sight. That's when he noticed lightning strikes in the distance.

LIEUTENANT JUNIOR GRADE Christopher Shivock, 25, was on duty at the Coast Guard's Sector Delaware Bay command centre in Philadelphia when the radio suddenly crackled.

"Mayday, mayday. Man overboard!" The message was full of static, but there was no mistaking its urgency. It was a call on VHF channel 16, reserved for distress signals. The plea had been picked up by a container ship, the *Maersk Westport*, and relayed to the Coast Guard. The person on the other end of the line identified himself as Michael Schinder; he was calling from the flybridge of the *Sea Robin*.

Shivock radioed Schinder for his position but received a broken reply. Regional Coast Guard stations were placed on high alert, as were all vessels in the area.

Several of the Coast Guard's radio towers had picked up Schinder's may-day message but not clearly enough to triangulate the signal. The crew of the *Maersk*, however, was able to communicate with the *Sea Robin* and relayed Schinder's position, now about 80 kilometres out at sea.

In Cape May, the Coast Guard station readied its 14-metre boat for a rescue operation. At the same instant, 70 kilometres to the north, a siren went off at Coast Guard Air Station Atlantic City. Helicopter pilot Lieutenant Tammy Whalen listened as loudspeakers blared information about the incident throughout the building; she then set about organizing her three-person crew, noting the heavy thunderstorms in the region. Nasty night for a rescue, she thought to herself.

It would get much worse.

SEXTON FOUGHT BACK panic as he tried to stay afloat in the two- to two-and-a-half-metre waves. He stripped off his shirt, shoes and pants to make treading water easier, but the waves swamped him and he inhaled sea water. The more he swallowed, the more he vomited, the salt water

burning his mouth and throat. But he kept going. Breathe! Swim! Breathe! he told himself.

Whenever an especially large wave would buoy him up, he was able to spot the lights of a massive vessel in the distance, 15 kilometres or so away. He remembered seeing the same craft on the *Sea Robin's* radar screen: it was a 180-metre-long container ship, the *Maersk Westport*. He decided to swim toward it.

Now he had a target. He thought of Robin and their three boys, Bobby, 17, Cole, 11, and Giovanni, 10. Sexton had lost his own father when he was just three years old, and he couldn't bear the thought of his wife having to raise their sons alone. Besides, he still had so much to

teach them.

As lightning began blazing around him, a scene flashed in Sexton's mind: someone knocking on the door of his home and telling Robin and the boys he had been lost at sea. "No way," he told himself, pushing on.

BACK IN PHILADELPHIA, Shivock and the on-duty staff were fielding responses. The *Maersk* container ship and several fishermen in the

“
LIGHTNING
BOLTS THE
SIZE OF
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FLASHED
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SEXTON. HE
HAD TO KEEP
SWIMMING.”

area had radioed back, offering help. The *Maersk* would set a course for the *Sea Robin's* position; the crew of the Cape May station's rescue boat was manned and ready, as was the helicopter in Atlantic City.

The members of Shivock's Sector Delaware Bay team entered the only detail they knew—the location of the *Sea Robin*—into SAROPS, the Coast Guard's search and rescue computer program, which pulled the wind speed, ocean temperature and wave heights in the vessel's vicinity from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration server.

SAROPS calculated a search area, as well as an estimated survival time of 86 hours. But given that Sexton had no life jacket, no one could pinpoint his exact location and there was a storm raging in the area, the rescuers knew he'd have a hard time surviving even a fraction of that time. The clock was ticking.

AFTER LIFTING OFF from the airport in Atlantic City, Whalen hoped to avoid the fast-moving storms that blanketed the 160-square-kilometre search area to the south. But as she piloted her MH-65 Dolphin helicopter over Atlantic City, lightning bolts split the sky. This much lightning could take out the chopper's electronics, or worse.

"We can't risk this," she told James Hockenberry, the aviation mainte-

nance technician by her side. Hockenberry radioed the Coast Guard's command centre at Sector Delaware Bay that they were going to fly south to Cape May and try to reach the search area from there.

But the storm didn't let up. Whalen sat impatiently on the tarmac in Cape May, waiting for a break in the weather. Frustrated, she worried that Sexton's chances of surviving in the open sea were dwindling. She told the crew, "I think we just killed him."

LIGHTNING BOLTS THE size of tree trunks flashed around Sexton. I'm going to get electrocuted! he thought, frantic. But the only thing he could do was keep swimming.

His years of weightlifting and martial arts training had kicked in. He prided himself on earning a black belt in tae kwon do and developing what practitioners call an "indomitable spirit." That spirit dictated, "You cannot be subdued or overcome in the face of fear or failure." In short, never give up.

Sexton put failure—and fear—out of his mind. When a wave lifted him so that he could see the container ship, which seemed to be heading closer to him, he thought, *I can* make it. Then, as if on cue, a huge lightning bolt exploded like a bomb right above him. Looking up, he shouted, "Really, is this all you got? You're *not* going to beat me!"



Damian Sexton's Hatteras Convertible fishing boat powers through the water.

ALTHOUGH SEXTON HAD no way of knowing it, the *Maersk Westport* had been in constant communication with the Coast Guard since hearing Schinder's initial radio message. Eventually it located the *Sea Robin* and reached Schinder on channel 16. The crew manoeuvred the ship alongside the *Sea Robin* and threw the panicked man a line.

In the meantime, Whalen had turned around and headed back to Atlantic City to refuel. When the chopper flew over the city this time, it was buffeted by strong winds, but the lightning storm had moved on.

AFTER MORE THAN three hours of swimming, Sexton was exhausted.

He stopped to tread water and regain some of his strength. As the waves crashed over him, tossing him about like a cork in the ocean, he suddenly realized the wind had shifted. It was now pushing him toward the *Maersk Westport*. Maybe they'll see me, he thought, cupping his hands to power through the choppy seas once more.

After another kilometre and a half or so, a huge swell lifted him up again. He could see the container ship—and the *Sea Robin* right alongside it! His body aching, Sexton pushed on.

WHALEN WAS JUST about to follow the criss-crossing search pattern she'd been assigned when they heard a message come over the radio from the *Maersk Westport*: "Coast Guard, Coast Guard. There is a man in the water near the boat." Somehow, after almost four hours, Sexton had reached the container ship and the *Sea Robin*.

Within minutes, the Dolphin helicopter was headed to the scene.

IT CAN'T BE! thought Schinder when he first saw a white blob in the ocean near him and the container ship. Fearful of being smashed against the *Maersk*, he had cast off the line and was circling the area in the *Sea Robin*, hoping to spot his friend. He stood staring at the blob until he heard a raspy-throated scream: "Mike! Mike! Don't leave me!"

Sexton with his wife, Robin, and two of their three sons.



As the boat neared a drained Sexton, Schinder stopped the engine and threw a life jacket and a line to him. Sexton grabbed onto the swim ladder at the stern of the boat. With a super-human effort, he hauled himself up and onto the *Sea Robin*.

Remarkably, after putting on dry clothes and gulping down more than a litre of orange juice, Sexton set his boat's autopilot for home and radioed the Coast Guard to say he was taking the *Sea Robin* back to Cape May.

No way, thought Christopher Lynch, an aviation survival technician and rescue swimmer. This guy's been in the water for four hours and he thinks he's good to go? Lynch told Whalen, "We need to do a medical check before we let him go."

The helicopter's crew lowered Lynch to the Coast Guard's 14-metre boat, but the seas were too rough to safely approach the *Sea Robin*. Without hesitating, Lynch jumped into the ocean and swam to Sexton's boat.

LYNCH IMMEDIATELY KNEW there was something wrong with the rescued fisherman. What started off as shivers became Sexton curled up on a couch in the stateroom, his muscles contracting wildly. He was hypothermic and in danger of heart failure. Lynch radioed Whalen for a rescue basket to hoist Sexton to the chopper.

The *Sea Robin* had a seven-and-a-half-metre-tall outrigger at the rear of the boat that would interfere with the manoeuvre, so Lynch would have to

help Sexton, now almost catatonic, stand up. Once on his feet, Sexton could walk to the bow. The roiling seas, and the fact that the helicopter's rotor wash caused the *Sea Robin* to spin, complicated matters.

Sure enough, on the first attempt, the basket from the chopper landed beyond Lynch's grasp.

There was another problem. To keep the helicopter hovering above the *Sea Robin*, Whalen was gobbling up gas. "Seven minutes," the co-pilot, Lieutenant Jordan Kellam, warned her.

After a second failed attempt with the basket, Lynch hand-signalled to Whalen to drop a sling, hoping he could grab it as it was lowered above him. Flying blind, Whalen was relying on the helicopter crew to position her above Lynch, at the bow of the *Sea Robin*.

As Whalen flew overhead, the boat began to twist in the sea, buffeted by the chopper's rotor wash. The pilot expertly worked the controls

while the steel winching cable was lowered. It dropped directly above Lynch, swinging over his head, and he grabbed it.

With just five minutes of fuel left before they had to leave the scene, Lynch placed Sexton into the sling, attached his own vest to the rescue hook and secured Sexton's chest strap. The pair was whisked off the deck of the *Sea Robin* and into the helicopter in less than a minute. While Lynch bundled Sexton into a hypothermic bag, Whalen headed for Atlantic City.

Aboard the *Sea Robin*, Schinder was accompanied home by a Coast Guard crewman from the rescue boat.

IN HOSPITAL, SEXTON was treated for hypothermia and rhabdomyolysis, a muscle-wasting condition that had been caused by his ordeal. He was released the same day.

"This was one for the record books," says Whalen. "We are especially thrilled because, sadly, most 'man overboards' do not end like this." **R**



SUPERIOR LIVING

If I cannot do great things,
I can do small things in a great way.

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.

Perfection is God's business. I just try for excellence.

MICHAEL J. FOX

After 53 years of severely impaired vision, I learned of an operation that promised to restore my sight—though it wasn't without risks

I WAS BLIND, BUT NOW I SEE

BY ROZINA ISSANI FROM *TORONTO LIFE*



WHEN I WAS EIGHT months old and starting to crawl, I began bumping into things. It was 1962, and we were living in Karachi, Pakistan. When my parents took me for my first eye exam, at age two, the doctor said the problem was likely caused by optic nerve damage at birth. He told my parents that my vision would probably improve over the next few years as the nerves repaired themselves.

Aside from my bad eyesight, I had a happy childhood. My father, Essa, ran a successful exporting business. My mother, Fatma, stayed home with me and my older brothers, Jalaludin and Hussein Ali. We lived in a three-bedroom apartment in a middle-class neighbourhood.

Growing up, I had about 10 per cent vision. Everything was blurry, but I saw shapes and could differentiate between light and dark. In 1960s Pakistan, we didn't have many specialized schools. No one carried white canes or owned service dogs. I could memorize the layout of a room, and I was able to detect where something was by assessing the volume and direction of the sound that bounced off it. It was my own version of echolocation.

AS THE TIME CAME for me to sign up for kindergarten, my father was afraid that other kids would bully me, that I'd hurt myself and that I'd fall behind, so I was home-schooled.

My doctor encouraged my parents to give me a formal education. When I was eight, they finally relented. That September, I enrolled in Grade 2 at an all-girls academy near my house. Though my parents told my teachers about my impairment, my eyes looked normal, and no one believed I was blind. Once, on a dark and rainy day, the light wasn't strong enough for me to write a test. The instructor accused me of lying and smacked me on the forearm with a wooden ruler.



I HAD NO CAREER PROSPECTS AND NO HUSBAND. WHEN MY PARENTS DIED, I WOULD BE LOST.

AROUND MY 20TH BIRTHDAY, the reality started sinking in. In the Pakistani Muslim tradition, parents arranged all marriages, and they were determined to find the ideal woman for their sons: gorgeous, educated, family-oriented. Blindness didn't fit the bill.

I had little education, no career prospects and no husband—when my parents died, I would be lost. My two brothers had gone to school in Canada, married and started new lives. My father decided we should immigrate and join them.

We arrived in Toronto in June 1983, when I was 22. I stayed with my brother Hussein Ali, his wife and their 17-month-old daughter, while my parents lived with Jalaludin's family. I spent the first few months immersed in soap operas, hoping to pick up some English.

Within eight months, I saw an ophthalmologist, who referred me to a retinal specialist at the Hospital for Sick Children. I learned that I'd been born with a degenerative eye condition called retinitis pigmentosa, which causes a slow, progressive loss of vision. The retina is equipped with millions of receptors called rods (which receive light) and cones (which take in colour). Retinitis pigmentosa causes those receptors to wither away until they disappear.

Then the doctor confirmed my fears: "Unfortunately, there is no cure. Your vision will continue to deteriorate until you are completely blind."

My world crumbled. In Canada, I thought I might attend college. I wanted to travel. I wanted to live by myself. Every night I'd sob in my room after everyone else had gone to bed. What was my life going to be like?

THE NEXT TIME I saw my doctor, in 1985, he referred me to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, or CNIB. They taught me how to use a collapsible cane to navigate stairs and public transit. The staff, who were



The author at seven, in Karachi.

mostly blind, helped me realize I could eventually become independent. I signed up for courses through the organization's career centre.

In 1991, I got a call from a friend at the CNIB telling me that the Ontario Trillium Foundation was looking for a receptionist. When I got the job, my parents were thrilled—especially my dad. He'd left everything behind in Pakistan in the hope that I might have my own life one day.

Though I was nervous, things at my new job went better than I'd hoped. I organized the photocopy room so I'd know where each type and colour of paper was. I memorized extension numbers and learned to identify board members by voice. A few months after I started, my parents and I moved to a new apartment.



The Argus sends data from camera-equipped glasses to a retinal implant.

SIX YEARS LATER, TRAGEDY struck. A week before Christmas, my father started having chest pain. Within a few minutes, he was unable to move. He'd had a massive heart attack, and he died later that day. He was 71 years old.

I went back to work after a month of mourning, but my mother never recovered. Nine months later, in September 1997, she had a heart attack and died within a week. Losing both of my parents in a year was devastating. Even worse, my eyesight was deteriorating. Within nine months of my mother's death, I had lost 100 per cent of my vision. I couldn't even detect the shifting of the light. I was 35, blind and an orphan.

IT TOOK A MOVE to help me snap out of my depression. I'd been staying with my brother Hussein Ali since my mother died, but a friend suggested I live by myself on a trial basis. I listened.

In the spring of 1998, six months after moving in with my brother, I returned to my own apartment.

I had to learn how to do everything my parents had taken care of. I registered for my first bank account. I figured out how to use a coin-operated washing machine and dryer.

Those first few weeks at the apartment were strange. The place was so empty without the familiar sounds of my father and mother. I'd never been alone before. I placed fuzzy stickers on my oven and microwave so I would know which buttons to push. Accepting my blindness was liberating. I was finally independent.

IN NOVEMBER 2014, I heard a radio interview with Robert Devenyi, the ophthalmologist-in-chief at the University Health Network's Donald K. Johnson Eye Centre in Toronto. He was talking about the Argus II Retinal Prosthesis System. The implant, also known as the bionic eye, can help restore a blind person's vision. At the time, only a handful of people had undergone the operation. (Today, it has been performed on approximately 150 people worldwide.) And Devenyi had brought the procedure to Toronto. I called the doctor's office and made an appointment for the earliest time available—January 2015.

Here's how the Argus works: during surgery, doctors place an implant on the patient's retina. It contains 60

electrodes to replace the damaged photoreceptors, along with a receiver chip that resembles a watch battery. After recovery, the patient wears glasses equipped with a camera. A unit at the patient's waist processes the footage and sends it wirelessly to the retinal implant. The receiver then transmits an electrical signal to the brain, and this produces an image.

I endured tests to confirm I had no functional vision. In this case, my failure was my success. The results showed that I was a perfect candidate for the Argus II. Devenyi explained the risks. My eyes could start bleeding or become infected. My body might reject the implant. At worst, my retina might detach from my eye. I didn't care. I was 53 and completely blind—I had nothing to lose.

ON MARCH 30, 2015, at 7 a.m., I went to Toronto Western Hospital for the operation. It lasted four hours, and when I woke up, I had a patch over my left eye. We had to wait for it to heal before we could activate the Argus with the accompanying glasses.

Three weeks later, it was time. I was terrified. What if it didn't work? I put the glasses on my face. The technician gradually increased the electrical impulse. And then it happened: I saw light for the first time in 15 years—a soft, radiant glow. I

burst into tears. I could make out Dr. Devenyi, the technicians, the nurses, my friends. Though they were just dark shapes, without detail or definition, I was able to perceive people moving around. I didn't detect any colours, just black and white. But I could see!

THE MORE I USE the device, the better my brain can interpret what the Argus sends it. I see something new almost every day—my vision has improved, and I explore the world more than I used to. The first week, I was out walking and saw what looked like a fuzzy black tower on the street. It was a traffic light. Then I spotted the button you press to change the traffic light. I had no idea what it was; my friend had to explain it to me. On a clear night, I even gazed at the moon.

I will never see perfectly. Objects are still often a few centimetres away from where my eye tells me they are. I have to grope around for my phone, for food at restaurants, for the door-knob whenever I enter my house. I will have to use my cane for the rest of my life, but it's been more than a year since my operation and I've regained more of my vision than I ever thought possible.

I am 54 years old as I write this. People have always told me we live in a beautiful world. I'm glad I finally get to see it for myself. **R**



How to ask for—and
get—what you want

The Secret to Speaking Up

BY DANIELLE GROEN ILLUSTRATION BY GRACIA LAM

WOULD YOU RATHER take a cab than ask your daughter to pick you up from the airport? Do you pay full price at a flea market instead of bargaining? You're not alone. We *hate* pushing back on what we want, even in situations where it's entirely acceptable—and probably advisable—to do so.

When it comes to loaded emotional discussions, whether they unfold in a doctor's office or across the dining-room table, it can be particularly challenging to take a stand. "It's hard to speak from a vulnerable place," says Vancouver psychologist Richard Harrison. "We can often be ashamed of our needs, like they're too much; we worry they're going to be minimized." But it's crucial to be able to serve as your own advocate. Here's how to do it.

WHY WE DON'T SPEAK UP

There's no shame in being cautious—it's proven to be a sound evolutionary strategy. "Because of the way our brains have developed, we learn to err on the side of prudence, scanning the horizon for what we fear. 'Is that shape going to kill me? I should run,'" Harrison says. "That's what helped humans survive."

Being confronted with disapproval or distance in a relationship can be as scary as staring down a predator,

so it's tempting to avoid voicing our demands—for additional affection or space, or a more equitable distribution of chores—in the first place. It's common to get caught in what Harrison calls "a negative interactional pattern," such as assigning blame and being defensive. Once a relationship breaks free from those entrenched dynamics, "it's easier for people to ask for what they want in the big life decisions—like where to retire or how to spend money," he says.



PARTNERS WHO HAD DIRECT CONVERSATIONS ABOUT CONFLICT HELD RELATIONSHIPS TO A HIGHER BAR.

These scary conversations are crucial to the health of a relationship. In a March 2016 study from Florida State University, a psychologist looked at couples' standards for marriage, their levels of satisfaction and their communication skills. Partners who were able to have direct conversations about what caused conflict and what was necessary to resolve it were more likely to hold their relationship to a higher bar—and to feel as though

those expectations were met—than those who resorted to sarcasm and hostile jokes.

HOW TO ADVOCATE FOR YOUR NEEDS

Wanda Morris, COO and VP of advocacy for the Canadian Association of Retired Persons (CARP), has spoken before parliamentary committees about palliative care, so she's well versed in having fraught conversations. Before she begins, she recalls her father's advice: "Shoulders back, stand up straight," Morris says. "Your body language is going to give you authority and confidence."



UNDERSTANDING
WHAT REALLY MATTERS
TO YOU PUTS YOU
IN THE BEST POSITION
TO SPEAK ON YOUR
OWN BEHALF.

We're especially disinclined to contradict an expert or ask questions, which means a doctor's office can be a difficult place to advocate for yourself. "Be very specific about what you're going through and what you need," Morris says. Don't just say you're hurting, she suggests—say the pain is an eight out of 10 and that it feels like a dagger in your left knee. You can

also bring a friend to make sure you don't downplay your symptoms.

If you're making a tough request, know *why* you're doing it, says Ayana Ledford, executive director of Pittsburgh-based PROGRESS, an organization that helps empower women with negotiation tools. "Do you want more money? Do you want a new experience with your partner?" When you understand what really matters to you, she says, you're in the best possible position to speak on your own behalf.

WHAT YOU NEED TO FOLLOW THROUGH

If you simply announce "I need more romance!" to your partner over dinner, you might be met with befuddled blinking and no actual results. Bring specific solutions, like weekly date nights, to the table. "I met with a couple, and she was struggling with health problems and he was frozen because he didn't know how to help," Harrison says. "After she said she just needed him to listen, they were both relieved."

After you talk, make a plan, a week or a month later, to revisit the issue. Ledford says that establishing timelines helps avoid landing in "we're working on it" limbo. "People need to get back to you," she says. "Set a firm date." In doing so, you retain a measure of control over the situation. Because, sure, you can't always get what you want. But that's today. There's still tomorrow. **R**

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

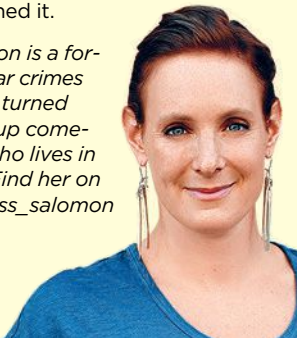


THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD

BY JESSICA SALOMON

I've never been especially cool. When I was a kid, I once shop-lifted a thesaurus. But then I felt so guilty, so sorry, so remorseful, so shameful, so repentant—so I returned it.

Salomon is a former war crimes lawyer turned stand up comedian who lives in NYC. Find her on @jess_salomon



FLIGHT OF FANCY

Q: What do you call a snobbish criminal walking downstairs?

A: A condescending con descending.

Q: Why should you be wary of staircases?

A: They're always up to something.

reddit.com

SHAPE SHIFTING

Q: When is a door not a door?

A: When it's ajar.

reddit.com

A STAMP COLLECTOR WALKS into a bar. He approaches the waitress and says, "You're more beautiful than any stamp in my collection!"

She replies, "Sir, philately will get you nowhere."

reddit.com

NEW TRICKS

I pulled into a crowded parking lot and rolled down the car windows to make sure my Labrador retriever had fresh air while I popped into a store. She was stretched out on the back seat, and I wanted to emphasize that she had to remain there. As I walked backward to the curb, I pointed toward the car and firmly said, "Now, you stay. Do you hear me? Stay!"

A driver parked nearby gave me a startled look. "I don't know about you, lady," he said, "but I usually just put my car in park."

gcfl.net

Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 9 or rd.ca/joke for details.

The inside scoop on the greatest scam in the history of professional bridge—and the player who put a stop to it

HOUSE *of* C♠ARDS

BY JOHN COLAPINTO FROM VANITY FAIR

*Norwegian
whistle-blower
Boye Brogeland*



ON AUGUST 22, 2015, Boye Brogeland posted a provocative comment to the website Bridgewinners.com. "Very soon there will come out mind-boggling stuff," wrote Brogeland, a 43-year-old Norwegian bridge player who is ranked 64th in the world. "It will give us a tremendous momentum to clean the game up."

A few days later, Brogeland launched his own website, Bridgecheaters.com. The home page featured a huge photo of Lotan Fisher and Ron Schwartz, a young Israeli duo who, since breaking into the international ranks in 2011, had snapped up the game's top trophies. They appeared under the tagline "The greatest scam in the history of bridge!" Brogeland posted examples of what he claimed to be suspiciously illogical hands played by the pair. He also laid out a pattern of alleged cheating and bad sportsmanship going as far back as 2003, when Fisher and Schwartz were in their mid-teens.

For the game of contract bridge, it was an earthquake equal to the jolt that shook international cycling when Lance Armstrong was banned from competition for doping. Fisher and Schwartz denied all wrongdoing and hired lawyers who dispatched a letter to Brogeland threatening a lawsuit and offering to settle if he paid them US\$1 million. In a message he denies was intended for Brogeland, Fisher posted to his Facebook page: "Jealousy made you sick. Get ready for a meeting with the devil."

BROGELAND LIVES IN Flekkefjord, Norway, with his wife, Tonje, and their two young children. Having learned bridge at the age of eight from his grandparents, he fell in love with the game and turned pro at 28. In 2013, he was recruited by his current sponsor, Richie Schwartz (no relation to Ron), a Bronx-born bridge addict who made a fortune at the racetrack in the 1970s. Brogeland says Schwartz pays him travel expenses and a base yearly salary of US\$50,000—with big bonuses for strong showings in tournaments.

Not long after Brogeland joined Richie Schwartz's team, he learned that his employer was also hiring Fisher and Ron Schwartz, about whom he had heard misgivings from other players. Over the next two years, Brogeland and his five teammates won a string of championships. Nevertheless, Brogeland says he was relieved when, in the summer of 2015, Fisher and Schwartz were lured away by Jimmy Cayne, former CEO of the defunct investment house Bear Stearns. "When they changed teams," Brogeland says, "I didn't have to be faced with this kind of environment where

you feel something is strange but you can't really tell."

Fisher, meanwhile, was enjoying his position at the top of the game, where the lives of many successful young pros resemble those of globe-hopping rock musicians. Convening nightly at a hotel bar in whatever city is holding the competition—Biarritz, Chennai, Chicago—they drink until the small hours. Charismatic and darkly handsome, Fisher posted Instagram photos of himself in well-cut suits, behind the wheel of luxury cars or partying with an array of people.

There was only one problem: the persistent rumours that he was a cheater. "But it's an unwritten rule that you do not publicly accuse anyone—even if you're *sure*," says Steve Weinstein, a top American player. It was a Catch-22 that Fisher seemed to delight in flaunting, shrugging off questions about his suspicious play. "He had the Nietzschean superman personality," says Fred Gitelman, a professional player who has won championships worldwide. "He just thought he was in a different league."

CONTRACT BRIDGE IS built on the rules of the 18th-century British card game whist. Four people play in

two-person partnerships. The player to the dealer's left leads with a card of any suit, and each player in succession plays a card of the suit led; the highest card wins the trick. It's a simple game, only slightly complicated by the existence of the trump: a card in a suit that overrules all others. In whist, trump is determined randomly. In auction bridge, a game popularized in England in 1904, each

hand has an opening "auction," where the teams, communicating solely by way of spoken bids ("Three spades," "Two hearts," "Three no trump"), establish which (if any) suit will be trump and how many tricks they think they can take. Pairs who take more tricks than contracted for are awarded extra points.

Contract bridge emerged from devilish refinements American railroad magnate Harold S. Vanderbilt introduced in 1925. He sought to spice up auction bridge by awarding escalating bonus points to pairs who took the greatest risk in the opening auction, and imposed steep point deductions on those who failed to make the tricks contracted for. Thus did a polite British parlour game take on some of the sweaty-palmed excitement of the big-money



FOR THE GAME
OF CONTRACT
BRIDGE, IT WAS
A JOLT EQUAL TO
THE ONE THAT
SHOOK CYCLING
WHEN LANCE
ARMSTRONG
WAS BANNED.

trading Vanderbilt was familiar with from Wall Street.

The American Contract Bridge League (ACBL), the game's governing body in North America, lists only 168,000 members, with a median age (despite the hotel-bar set) of 71. Yet the professional tournament game is a serious pursuit, with wealthy enthusiasts assembling stables of top players, paying them retainers and bonuses—all for the privilege of playing hands with the pros in important tournaments. With six world championships under her belt, Gail Greenberg, one of the game's greatest female champions, says that such paydays have fuelled cheating by players hoping to be recruited by deep-pocketed sponsors, or to hang onto the one they've got.

Pairs are forbidden to say what high cards they hold or in what suit they might be strong—except by way of the koan-like bids (“Two no trump”). Any other communication is outlawed. In one of the game's biggest scandals, British champion J. Terence Reese and his partner, Boris Schapiro, were discovered in 1965 using finger signals to communicate the number of hearts they held.

Tournament organizers would eventually respond by erecting screens to block partners' view of each other. When players were discovered communicating via footsie, barriers were installed under tables.

Pairs can come under suspicion even when no signalling is detected.

“In bridge at the highest level,” says Chris Willenken, a leading American professional, “the best players play in a *relentlessly* logical fashion, so when something illogical happens, other good players notice it. And if that illogical thing is consistently winning, suspicions can be aroused.”

LESS THAN A month after Fisher and Ron Schwartz had left Richie Schwartz's team, Brogeland met the pair as opponents, in the quarter-final of the 2015 Spingold at the Hilton hotel in Chicago. Brogeland's team was the clear underdog, but it won by the slimmest margin possible: a single point.

Or it seemed to. Fisher immediately contested the result on a technicality. After an arbitration that stretched until 1:30 a.m., the win was overturned: Brogeland's team had now *lost* by one point and been knocked out of the tournament.

That night, a crushed Brogeland could not sleep. He rose at 7 a.m. and opened Bridge Base Online (BBO), a website that archives tournament hands, to see exactly how he had lost. He immediately noticed something odd. Ron Schwartz had opened a hand by playing a club lead. Yet, Schwartz's hand indicated that a heart lead was the obvious play.

Then, he says, he saw something even stranger. In one of the hands,

Fisher had claimed 11 tricks. Except Fisher, as BBO showed, held the cards for just 10 tricks. Brogeland thought it was a mistake and immediately contacted his sponsor. In any event, challenges must be raised within a half-hour of a match. The loss would stand.

BROGELAND SPENT THE next two days at the tournament scouring BBO and comparing notes with other players. By the time he flew back to Norway, he was convinced Fisher and Schwartz were signalling to each other, but he had no idea *how*. Still, he believed that if he amassed enough illogical hands, he could make a convincing case, however circumstantial.

Brogeland contacted governing bodies on both sides of the Atlantic. When he gave suspect hands to the ACBL, he was told to supply more. "They had plenty of hands," he says. "Fifty, 60. I said, 'How many do you need? One hundred? Two hundred? Please do something!'"

Robert Hartman, the CEO of ACBL, declines to discuss the specifics of ongoing investigations but admits that the process for reviewing cheating can take a year or longer to play out. Fisher and Schwartz aren't the only pair suspected of cheating in recent history, either. Fulvio Fantoni and Claudio Nunes of Italy—ranked first and second in the world in the 2014 European



Ron Schwartz (left) and Lotan Fisher.

Championships—have also been reported to the ACBL by a colleague, and an investigation into allegations against the pair is still pending.

For his part, Brogeland had no intention of waiting. Despite the risks to his career and reputation—not to mention the fact that he would be challenging rich and powerful interests—he decided to bypass the official channels and go public. And so, on August 28, he went live with Bridge Cheaters, where he laid out his evidence.

Experienced cheating investigators were underwhelmed. Kit Woolsey, a mathematician who has previously done statistical analyses for the ACBL to help implicate cheaters, wrote on Bridge Winners, "His example hands are an indication of possible wrongdoing, but I do not believe that by themselves they are proof of anything."

Barry Goren, a U.S. professional, excoriated Brogeland for publicly accusing the pair without due process. "Personally," Goren wrote on Bridge

Winners, "I think Boye should be thrown out of bridge for the way this was handled."

As if in tacit acknowledgement of how his failure to uncover actual signalling by Fisher and Schwartz weakened his case, Brogeland had included links to three YouTube videos of the pair in match play. On August 30, Brogeland's friend Per-Ola Cullin, a semi-professional bridge player, watched one of the videos. In it, Fisher makes a suspicious heart lead.

Cullin noticed that Schwartz set down the small slotted board that holds the cards. This was normal. But he didn't place the board in the *centre* of the table, its usual spot. Instead he slid it a few inches to the right, to one side of the opening in the trap door of the anti-cheating screen. Cullin decided to watch the previous hand. The board had been positioned in the same peculiar spot—but this time by Fisher. As with the succeeding hand, the team led hearts. "My adrenalin started pumping," Cullin says. "I started watching all the matches from the European championships."

After several hours, Cullin was convinced the board's placement signalled what suit the partner should lead with. At a little after 3 a.m., he texted Brogeland, who forwarded the information to Woolsey.

Three days later, Woolsey posted to Bridge Winners an essay entitled "The Videos Speak," confirming Cullin's

hypothesis. Fisher and Schwartz were suspended by the ACBL and placed under investigation by that body and the European Bridge League (EBL).

It was an extraordinary exoneration for Brogeland. But he wasn't done yet.

MAAIJKE MEVIUS, a 44-year-old living in the Netherlands, is a physicist and an avid recreational bridge player. Galvanized by the evidence against Fisher and Schwartz, she wondered if *she* could spot any illegal signalling in YouTube videos. While watching Fantoni and Nunes, she grew convinced she had decoded how they were using card placement to signal to their partner whether they held any high honour cards (ace, king or queen). Mevius emailed the information to Brogeland.

On September 13, 2015, Bridge Winners published "The Videos Speak: Fantoni-Nunes," a damning analysis by Woolsey. In a statement from that month, the pair said, "We will not comment on allegations at this time."

On Bridge Winners, the first reader comment in response to this news said it all: "Is this the end? Speechless now..."

IT WASN'T QUITE the end. Brogeland soon received an anonymous email tip from someone identifying himself as "No Matter." The tipster advised looking at videos of Germany's Alex Smirnov and Josef Piekarek, as well as the Polish pair Cezary Balicki and

Adam Zmudzinski. In subsequent emails, No Matter pointed out what to watch for: signalling based on where the pair put the special bidding cards in the bidding tray that is passed between the players during the auction.

Smirnov and Piekarek, told of the discovery, admitted to the violation in a statement. Balicki and Zmudzinski denied the charges.

Still more astonishing, however, is the fact that Brogeland believes the person behind the mask of No Matter is the disgraced Lotan Fisher.

Brogeland cannot explain why Fisher would assist in the quest to root out cheaters—unless, by helping to expose others, he hoped to take the focus off himself. Fisher, in an email to me, claims that he only aided No Matter and that his motivation was the same as Brogeland's—to clean up the game. "I love [bridge] more than Boye or anyone else," he wrote, adding, "My next step is to prove that me and Ron Schwartz didn't cheat. NEVER."

IN MAY, Bridge Winners announced that the EBL had issued Fisher and Schwartz a five-year ban from its events and a lifetime ban on playing as partners. The other pairs have also faced repercussions from various leagues and events.

Brogeland's actions have also had a more permanent effect on the game.

Last December, the ACBL held one of bridge's biggest annual tournaments, the American nationals. For the first time, the ACBL had installed small video cameras and microphones at the tables to record all matches from the quarter-finals through to the finals—since no one imagines that every dishonest pair has been rooted out. Before the end of the tournament, ACBL CEO Hartman convened the first meeting of a new anti-cheating task force—including Willenken, Woolsey and Cullin—who discussed means for streamlining the process of submitting complaints and investigating them.

Meanwhile, the International Bridge Press Association named Brogeland the Bridge Personality of the Year for 2015. When he arrived for his first match at the Denver nationals last autumn, he had to fight his way through the crowd that had collected outside the tournament room. "Thank you for your service," said a bearded man who had stopped Brogeland at the door of the game room.

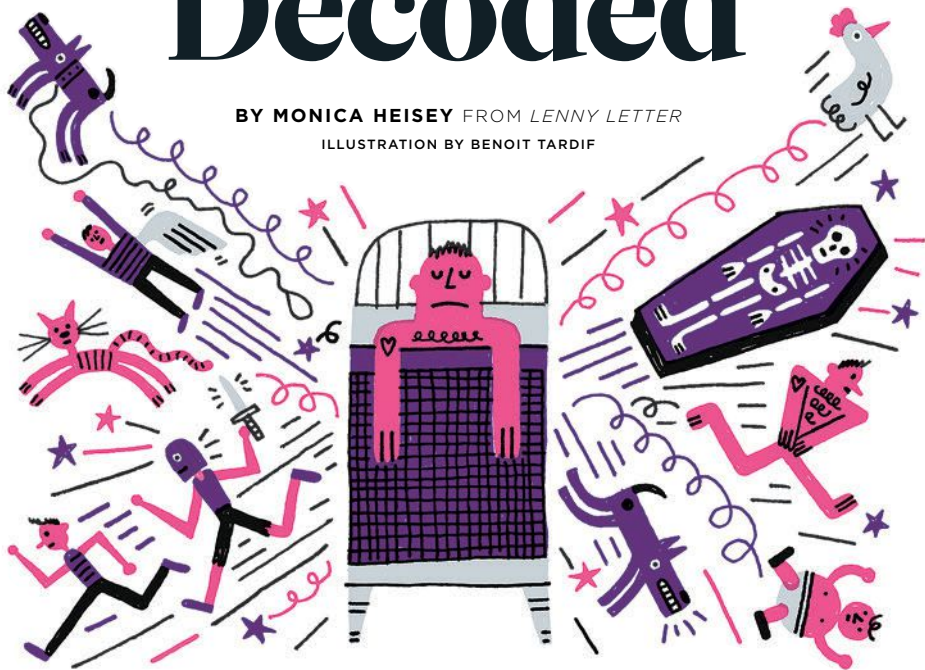
"Well, I had to do it," Brogeland said, shaking the man's hand and trying to move off.

"You really put yourself on the line," the man persisted.

Brogeland shrugged, smiled. "Bridge deserves it," he said, then headed for his table. **R**

Common Dreams Decoded

ILLUSTRATION BY BENOIT TARDIE



I DON'T KNOW WHO STARTED THE RUMOUR that no one wants to hear about your dreams. I love hearing about other people's dreams. I want to hear every single weird thing your subconscious presented to you while you were asleep; what improbable images your brain juxtaposed while you were snoozing away, unaware, or possibly dribbling the best bits out in a breathy ghost voice that scared your significant other and friends at sleepovers.

It's possible that I'm biased. I have extremely intense dreams and also a twin sister who sometimes dreams the same things as me. If you have trouble remembering your dreams but want to experiment with some deep-sleep analysis, try keeping a journal beside your bed and recording everything you can remember about your dream as soon as you wake up.

Analyzing other people's dreams is fun and free and makes you feel like Freud minus the casual phalloscentrism. See below for a few classic dream definitions and some alternative interpretations that could be real—but don't quote me, please. I am not a doctor.

ANIMALS: Animals appearing in dreams are often a stand-in for the

basic needs or deepest emotions of the dreamer. The state of the animal (caged or free, healthy or neglected, angry or happy) can be an indicator that our fundamental requirements are being ignored and necessitate attention and care. Alternately, having an animal appear in your dream can mean it's time for your boyfriend or girlfriend or husband or wife to stop fighting the inevitable and let you get a dog already—you'll take such good care of it and walk it every day.

BABIES: You're not pregnant—babies represent new ideas and fresh beginnings. Maybe that frantic worry list you keep while you're nodding off is actually getting you somewhere! Giving birth in a dream is a terrific omen and suggests you will probably

be grunting through the process of bringing a great new project into the world sometime soon.

BEING CHASED: A classic anxiety image, the vision of someone in hot pursuit invites dreamers to ask themselves what they're afraid might catch up to them. See if you can remember what you were being chased by. Was it a family member?

A shadowy presence (i.e., the unknown)? A tree? Many screaming teenagers? A murderer? Ask yourself if you are avoiding something. Is that thing...being murdered? Okay, murder is a bad example; let's all do our best to avoid that. Basically, though, if something is chasing you in a dream, you likely need to turn around and confront whatever it is you're fleeing.


DEATH: As in tarot-card readings, the appearance of death in dreams is not the grim omen it may seem to be. Rather, it signals the *symbolic* death of a period in your life, or the end of a relationship, or a sign that it's time to throw out your jeans—they have holes in the crotch, and everyone can tell.

NUDITY: Appearing fully naked in your own dream generally means you feel exposed. If you show up unclothed and uncomfortable in a public place like work, it's a sign that you suspect you've exposed too much of yourself to others or that the world around you isn't quite picking up what you're putting down. In rarer cases, nudity in dreams can represent

intense freedom, an impression that you have "nothing to hide," or the fact that you've been to the gym twice this month and though it's early you feel like you're seeing results.

FLYING: Flying is a very fun thing to do in a dream. It frequently suggests you're on top of whatever situation you're in. But if you

find yourself struggling to stay aloft, chances are you feel out of control in your waking life. Dreams are not very subtle. To wit: one time I imagined I learned how to fly, taught my mother how to do it, and then she told me not to tell anyone because that would be embarrassing for her. Slow down, subconscious! That is almost too inscrutable! What does it all mean?! **R**

=====  =====
DEATH IN
DREAMS IS NOT
THE GRIM
OMEN IT MAY
SEEM TO BE. IT
COULD MEAN
IT'S TIME TO
THROW OUT
YOUR JEANS.
=====

@ Work

TOUGH JOB MARKET



EMAIL WOES

I'm employed at a computer-security company and have a colleague whose name is M. Alware. His email address is malware@company.com. quora.com

RULES AND REGULATIONS

Safety is a major concern at the manufacturing company I work for. As a manager, I'm constantly preaching caution to the workers I supervise.

One day I asked a few of the guys, "Does anyone know what the speed limit is in our parking lot?" A long silence followed, then one of them piped up, "That depends. Do you mean coming to work or leaving?"

gcfl.net

AN INSURANCE AGENT called our medical office. A doctor had filled out a leave-of-absence form for a patient, but, the agent said, it had been altered. The giveaway? The return-to-work date had been changed to February 30. J.L.

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One in three adults over 50 will develop this painful condition. You needn't be among them.

Sharp and Shooting? Shingles.

BY LISA FITTERMAN

ADDITIONAL RESEARCH BY SAMANTHA RIDEOUT

FOR PARIS RESIDENT FRANÇOISE FONTAINE, breakouts were part of a distant, adolescent past. Yet there she was at 82, examining a straight line of little red bumps marching across her forehead.

It must be an allergic reaction to the clothes I just bought, Fontaine thought. But to be certain, she phoned up her doctor and described her symptoms.

"I think I know what you have," the physician responded. "You'll need antiviral medication immediately. And go see an eye specialist as soon as possible."

The next morning, Fontaine was sitting in the specialist's office, shocked to hear she had shingles, also referred to as herpes zoster. Given its proximity to her eyes, there was a chance the outbreak could spread and lead to permanent vision loss.

"Shingles occur when the varicella zoster virus, which is what causes chicken pox, reactivates," the doctor explained. "Did you have chicken pox as a child?"

Fontaine had. But she didn't know the virus that caused it had been lurking in the nerve endings of her spinal cord ever since, waiting to catch her immune system off guard. Or that, even more ominously, the tingling and burning from what is called post-herpetic neuralgia (nerve damage) can remain even after the shingles rashes and blisters fade.

THERE ARE MANY REASONS why a person's immune system might be less able to defend itself against the varicella zoster virus, such as stress, fatigue, poor nutrition, age (shingles is most common in the over-50 set) or an immunocompromising condition. Given the chance, the virus will travel down a neural pathway to the skin. Shingles tends to occur on one side

of the body, as usually only a single nerve root is involved. "The resulting rashes have distinctive shapes," says Dr. Allison McGeer, a microbiologist at Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto, "because they follow the pattern of the nerves."

Other symptoms may include numbness or tingling, itching, headaches, fatigue, high fever, a sensitivity to light and excruciating pain (often at waist level) that can leave you sleepless and unable to complete daily tasks. There is no cure for shingles, but if you act quickly and take an antiviral medication within 72 hours of the outbreak, you can mitigate the post-infection pain that often occurs.

Most outbreaks last two to four weeks, but the risk of further problems increases with age, weakened immunity and delayed treatment.

A study published in December 2015 in the *Public Library of Science Journal* found that a severe case of shingles can raise the risk of stroke and heart attack. Researchers from the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine in England looked at the records of more than 67,000 U.S. Medicare patients who had shingles and suffered either a stroke or a heart attack within a year.

The researchers reported that in the first week after a shingles diagnosis, the stroke rate rose by 70 per cent and the number of heart attacks more than doubled compared to the

rate before—or long after—a shingles episode. Gradually, over six months, the risk appeared to return to normal.

The study suggested two possible causes of a stroke or a heart attack: the virus leads to the breaking off of fatty buildups in the arteries, or the stress caused by the pain sends blood pressure skyrocketing.



THE SAFE BET IS TO PREVENT SHINGLES IN THE FIRST PLACE. THE BEST WAY TO AVOID AN OUTBREAK? VACCINATION.

TIMO VESIKARI, THE DIRECTOR of the vaccine research centre at Finland's University of Tampere, says most people will have shingles only once in their lifetime because an outbreak reminds the immune system to be vigilant. Still, depending on how old you are when that first bout occurs, it is possible to face a second or third one. As life expectancy rates in Europe and North America continue to climb, physicians are preparing themselves for an uptick in cases.

The good news: shingles isn't contagious to people who've already had chicken pox. If you've never been exposed to the virus and then come into contact with someone

with shingles, you may be hit—but with chicken pox.

One in three adults over the age of 50 will develop the infection, so the safe bet is to prevent an outbreak in the first place. The best way to avoid that is to be vaccinated, according to Dr. Deepali Kumar, an infectious disease expert and an associate professor of medicine at the University of Toronto. "I would encourage it for everyone [older than 50] without contraindications," she says. (Contraindicated groups include leukemia patients and people taking certain medications designed to temper the immune system.)

There is currently only one vaccine on the market. Called Zostavax, it has been approved for use in Canada since 2008 and is proven to reduce the chance of an outbreak by 64 per cent. But with components such as live chicken pox virus, it's difficult to produce in large quantities, so a single shot costs about \$200—too expensive for provincial health insurance plans.

Another drawback is that experts don't know how long a vaccination remains effective—five to eight years is thought to be the limit. Should you be prescribed Zostavax in your 50s or early 60s, it's important to talk to your doctor about if and when to get a second vaccination.

That said, whether to get revaccinated may soon no longer be a concern. A new vaccine, co-created by

Vesikari, is expected to make it onto the North American market as early as 2017. Tentatively called Shingrix, it doesn't contain any live virus. Instead, it's made up of an easily replicated protein found in the virus, along with a chemical substance that helps prompt the body's immune system. The research trials, which recently took place in 18 countries in Asia, Europe, North America and Oceania, involved more than 30,000 patients aged 50-plus. Results are promising: for at least 30 months, Shingrix has been over 90 per cent successful.



“SOME NIGHTS ARE AWFUL,” SAYS SUFFERER FRANÇOISE FONTAINE. “I CAN’T SLEEP AND I SCRATCH UNTIL I BLEED.”

WHETHER YOU’VE BEEN vaccinated or not, it’s important to know how to recognize the early signs of shingles and to call your doctor as soon as you suspect something’s wrong.

Marilee Sigal wishes she’d done just that in August 2013. The Vancouver resident was sitting with friends in her back garden one evening when she felt a sharp stab high on the left side of her back. At first, she attributed the unpleasant

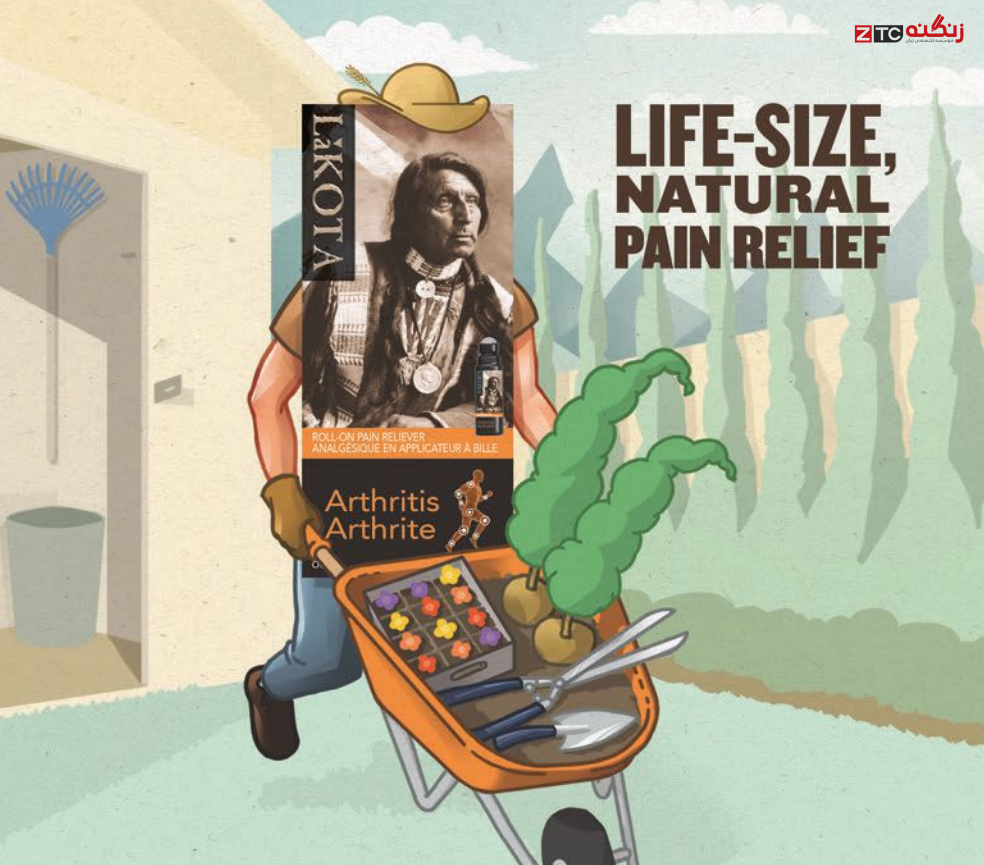
sensation to the residual effects of a childhood battle with scoliosis.

But the pain didn’t subside—it worsened. A couple of days later, Sigal noticed a mark resembling an insect bite in the same area. Twenty-four hours after that, she made her way to a walk-in clinic, where she was diagnosed with shingles.

The doctor prescribed antiviral medication, but Sigal had missed the window, having experienced the first symptoms more than three days earlier. Still, the worst of her pain subsided after 10 days or so; she endured residual discomfort for a month. Today, she is relieved to have been spared from any lasting effects.

SIX YEARS AFTER HER own outbreak, Françoise Fontaine continues to experience post-herpetic neuralgia in the form of burning pain. She has tried numerous therapies, including acupuncture and hypnosis, to curb the effects of the nerve damage, but nothing works. “I have to protect my skin from the sun and the wind because it hurts,” she says. “Some nights are awful. I can’t sleep and I scratch myself until I bleed. Still, I was lucky—my eyes weren’t affected.”

For others, the possibility of a newly developed vaccine means shingles may not pose a problem. Says Allison McGeer: “Assuming the vaccine passes all the safety hurdles, this is a good news story.” **R**



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Journalist **Sandra Martin**'s compelling case
for frank conversations about end-of-life care

We Need to Talk • About Dying

FROM A GOOD DEATH: MAKING THE MOST OF OUR FINAL CHOICES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SHEN PLUM

A DECADE AGO, I VISITED a family friend I'll call Eleanor. Frailty and physical maladies had forced her to give up the house she had built in rural Prince Edward Island, after retiring from an executive position in the airline industry. She had stayed at home with round-the-clock care as long as she could afford it and the system would supply her with nurses and personal care workers. Then she'd moved into a nursing facility in Charlottetown.

Much was the same as on my previous visit, when Eleanor was still living in her bungalow, but much was different. Her conversation was stimulating, her mind sharp, her grooming elegant, but Eleanor, now in her late 80s, was clearly bored and finding the days long and exasperating. Another resident, who was suffering from dementia, kept wandering into her room and interrupting our conversation. Eleanor was embarrassed and frustrated but far too polite to speak sharply to the woman or to summon a nurse. We sat in silence as we waited for the intruder to leave, only to have her reappear minutes later. Is this the future, I wondered, warehoused in an institution waiting for my body to conclude its sorry decline?

I had a plane to catch, so I made my goodbyes. "Is there anything I can get you before I leave?" I asked. "Something quick and painless," she responded quietly, with an enigmatic smile. I was so shocked that I didn't answer, but I have never forgotten

that glimpse into the ravages of infirmity in a woman I had admired for her independence. It would be two more years before she died.

Every so often I think of Eleanor and wonder what she would think of the 2015 Supreme Court of Canada decision allowing patients with "a grievous and irremediable condition" causing intolerable suffering the constitutional right to ask, under certain conditions, for a doctor to end their lives.

The ruling on physician-assisted death came too late for Eleanor. She probably wouldn't have qualified for help in dying anyhow, because what was she suffering from, really, other than being tired of life? Moreover, as a woman who'd been raised on stoicism and good manners, she likely wouldn't have thought her situation was worth bothering the doctor about. I encountered far more heart-rending stories and situations in the years that followed, but Eleanor was the first person who ever mentioned dying to me as a rational choice.

HOW FAR ARE WE willing to go in allowing patients to ask their doctors for help in ending their lives? Is there such a thing as rational suicide, or deliberately choosing death over life, as some bioethicists argue? We assume that our end-of-life wishes will be honoured if we make advance care plans. Nothing could be further from the truth. If we are to achieve the gentle deaths we want and deserve, we must abandon complacency and squeamishness

not only for themselves but for their parents and children. Demographics play a big role in changing social attitudes. Being able to choose how we die is the final campaign for a generation that fought for reproductive rights, sexual equality and protections against racial, gender and religious discrimination.

DEATH MAY BE AS inevitable as taxes, but it's a lot less predictable. We all want a good death, just not



DEATH TODAY IS FAR TOO OFTEN LIKE SEX WAS FOR THE VICTORIANS. MOST OF US DON'T WANT TO DISCUSS IT.

and launch a public conversation about dying. It is time to fight for our final human right: a good death.

Death today is far too often like sex was for the Victorians: a taboo topic. We know it occurs and may even find a prurient pleasure in hearing gruesome details, but most of us don't want to talk about the prospect of our own demise.

That isn't good enough for the current generation of middle-aged Canadians—the largest and most activist cohort ever. Baby boomers, reared on choice and autonomy, are restructuring the landscape of death,

anytime soon. We like to fantasize that we will die in our own beds, swaddled in love, with the lights dimmed and soft music playing, while friends and family usher us from this world into whatever lies beyond. The reality is very different. The truth is that most of us will get the end we fear: strapped to tubes and beepers in a terrifying machine-generated nightmare of eternal life. Close to 70 per cent of deaths occur in hospital, according to Statistics Canada.

Contending with the dying is a major health care challenge in an era



of budget crunches, with an aging population accustomed to making choices about everything in their lives. Palliative care, which is supposed to ease us into death, is a recognized specialty in Canada, having been introduced 40 years ago. It focuses on making patients feel better today, by relieving pain and alleviating the side effects of treatment, rather than trying to cure them tomorrow. (For example, symptom control might include sedating an imminently dying patient into unconsciousness.)

Equally important are good practitioners—nurses and social workers as well as doctors—who treat patients and their families by listening

and openly discussing fears and anxieties. Mostly, says Michelle Dale, a palliative care counsellor at Victoria Hospice in British Columbia, they try to “create the space” in which the patient and their loved ones can talk to each other. “If we have done it well, the family doesn’t remember us; they remember themselves as being loving and giving and capable,” she says. “When we take some of the load off the relatives, they are able to be more present.”

Nowhere near enough patients dying today can avail themselves of palliative care. Only about 30 per cent of Canadians (and their families) have access to symptom relief and psychosocial counselling when

they need it most, and that number plummets outside of urban areas. That's largely because palliative care is a relatively new specialty, and home care was not part of the equation when our universal health care system was set up in the 1960s. Back then, the median age of the Canadian population was 26 years, and the focus was on treating acute illnesses in hospitals. Today the median age is 41 years, and as people are living longer, more of them

there are no practice rounds, and there is no opportunity to do it better next time. Achieving the death you want requires planning, persistence, luck and, most of all, honesty.

CATHARINA MACMILLAN didn't shrink from the challenges of dying, rail against its inequities or harbour foolhardy hopes for a miraculous cure. That was not her way. In preparing for her death, she became an exemplar in expressing choices and



ACHIEVING THE DEATH YOU WANT REQUIRES PLANNING, PERSISTENCE, LUCK AND, MOST OF ALL, HONESTY.

are suffering from chronic complex diseases. The system hasn't changed with the times or the aging population. Consequently, we are storing seniors in acute care hospitals at \$1,000 a day when long-term care costs \$130 a day and home care \$55, according to the Canadian Medical Association.

Another part of the problem is that we, as a society, are reluctant to talk about the prospect of our own declines and eventual deaths with doctors, family and friends. We must conquer this squeamishness. You only get one chance at death;

facing responsibilities. She created lessons for the living that will endure beyond her passing.

"This is not what I wanted to happen," Catharina, then 66, told me in September 2013, referring to her terminal prognosis. We were sitting in the kitchen of her high-rise condo in Toronto. She was wearing jeans and a purple sweatshirt and sitting on the chair of her walker. Her angular face, with its sculpted cheekbones, was puffy from steroids, her post-chemo hair was wavy and sparse, but her blue eyes were clear and her gaze was unwavering.

A Swedish immigrant who had married into a family of doctors, broadcasters, writers and historians, Catharina was the quiet one, missing nothing but keeping her own counsel. Though it was her in-laws who dominated, everybody listened when Catharina spoke.

Catharina had met Tom MacMillan while on a skiing holiday in the Italian Alps in 1973. He made the money; she stayed home and raised their two children, volunteering at

and even had brain surgery. By the spring of 2013, the drugs were no longer working on a body already ravaged by MS. Balancing hope with pragmatism, she and her husband decided it was time for a frank talk with the oncologist.

When their doctor proposed exploring alternative treatments that, if successful, might extend Catharina's life for a couple of months, the couple looked at each other, thought about the potentially



PATIENTS WHO HAVE PALLIATIVE CARE BASED ON RELIEVING SYMPTOMS RATHER THAN ACHIEVING A CURE LIVE LONGER.

their schools, hiking, skiing and playing tennis with them, cheering them on at hockey and rowing, taking them home to Sweden for summers—all the while supporting his business career.

Life was busy and comfortable, but it wasn't easy. Catharina was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in her 20s and breast cancer in her 50s. After her initial diagnosis and treatment in 2005, Catharina was in remission for most of a decade before the cancer metastasized to her brain and lungs. She underwent more chemotherapy and radiation

devastating side effects and decided, "Enough." The oncologist listened to them and even tentatively suggested they might want to meet with a palliative care doctor, just to have a connection if they ever needed it. This helpful piece of advice, which is not always given, meant the MacMillans learned early on what the health care system can offer in the way of palliation and home care services, and got registered on waiting lists.

Patients who have palliative or comfort care focused on relieving symptoms rather than achieving a cure—no matter the painful

side effects—have been shown to live longer, even if they refuse aggressive treatment regimes. A 2010 study in the *New England Journal of Medicine* randomly assigned 151 patients with newly diagnosed metastatic non-small-cell lung cancer to receive either early palliative care integrated with standard oncologic care or standard oncologic care alone. Their quality of life and mood were assessed at the beginning of the trial and after 12

early palliative care for patients with advanced cancer.

If palliative care is so good for cancer patients, why don't more of them get it long before they've progressed from the "curative" to the "chronic" (let alone the "terminal") category? The answer is complicated, but much of it has to do with fear. Many specialists are so intent on curing that they are reluctant to refer a patient to palliative care in case it sounds as though nothing



CATHARINA KNEW INTUITIVELY HOW TO MAP THE LANDSCAPE OF DYING, LEAVING A TRAIL FOR THE LIVING TO FOLLOW.

weeks. The researchers found that the patients who had obtained palliative care in addition to standard treatment had a better quality of life and fewer depressive symptoms, and many of them lived longer than patients who had received only standard aggressive treatment.

Another study, conducted at Toronto's Princess Margaret Hospital and published in *The Lancet* in 2014, used a larger group of patients (461) diagnosed with advanced cancers (five). The researchers found similar outcomes to the *NEJM* study and reported promising results from

else can be done. Similarly, a lot of patients are afraid of palliative care because they think it means their doctors have decided they're headed to the morgue.

Palliative care is an approach, not a death sentence. That is hard for many patients to understand. Part of the solution may be for palliative doctors to work actively with oncologists as key members of the team as soon as the patient is diagnosed, and while everybody is still focused on curing. That's why some people think we should distinguish between palliative care and hospice,



which is either a designated place, including special hospital wards, or a service offered to terminally ill patients like Catharina.

CATHARINA KNEW INTUITIVELY how to map the landscape of dying, leaving a trail for the living to follow. She decided to prepare what she could prepare and enjoy what she could enjoy, and that meant making sure that “no one has to take care of things for me after I die.” From the start, she was open about dying, including speaking with a journalist who recorded her story so her voice and her memories wouldn’t die with her and could be passed down to the family.

Having given her version of the past, Catharina looked to the future. Wills and estate planning were big topics, which she approached in her forthright way. “I don’t want the second wife to get my share of the money,” she said calmly to me in early October 2013, while her husband blushed and looked slightly sheepish. “I have no intention of marrying again,” Tom insisted. Of course not—but just in case, Catharina, who had always been a homemaker, wanted to ensure that her two kids were protected when she was no longer around.

“I made the money,” Tom said to her one day when I was there, “but I wouldn’t have been able to make it

without you at home.” The MacMillans split their liquid assets in half, giving Catharina the satisfaction of establishing funds for their children. Their son had recently moved into a new house with his wife and their small children; using his share of the inheritance, they were able to get started immediately on kitchen renovations, with Catharina consulting. Meanwhile, their daughter expanded her catering company with her mother’s support.

Swedish Christmas Eve with Bach and gravlax. Never a voluble talker—that role in the family belonged to Tom, for which he was gently roasted at her funeral—Catharina began quietly planning her death, at home if possible but in a hospice if necessary.

“I want the people who mean the most to me to be there when I die,” she had declared in January 2014, thinking of her husband and children. Death, however, has its own



HER DECISION MADE ME THINK ABOUT MY OWN MOTHER, WHO HAD DIED OF BREAST CANCER 30 YEARS EARLIER.

Having dealt with practicalities, Catharina focused on pleasure: she wanted to spend time with her husband, children and grandchildren, and her brother and his wife, in a place she loved—the Rockies—while she was still strong enough to travel. Tom organized a family reunion in Banff, Alta., over Thanksgiving.

As the weeks of her dying stretched into months, and Catharina moved from a wheelchair into bed, her calm demeanour never changed, even as she grew more fatigued. In December she planned, and Tom executed, a traditional

schedule. Their daughter visited in March of that year and had returned home to Colorado when her father called to tell her to come back. She was still in transit when her mother died, but her brother, her father and a professional caregiver were in the bedroom.

BESET BY A DOUBLE whammy of disease, Catharina had died too soon, and perhaps sooner than necessary, because she had refused treatments that would have sent ever more toxic chemo through her body. That decision made me think

about my own mother, who had died of metastasized breast cancer in a Montreal hospital 30 years earlier at 65.

For more than a decade, back in the days before anti-nausea medication, and at a time when the cancer drug tamoxifen was still experimental, my terrified mother had fought her disease ferociously, no matter how horrendous the treatment. Nobody outside our family was allowed to know of the condition

and a tear rolled down one cheek. "Can she hear you?" I demanded angrily. "Oh no," he said. "She's too far gone. She will die in a few days."

Despite the doctor's insensitivity and arrogance, I felt at the time that my mother had a good death. Her husband and three of her four daughters were clustered around her bedside when her valiant heart stopped. Now I am not so sure, and I wonder often why none of us ever had the courage to confront



AS FOR PALLIATIVE CARE, WE HADN'T HEARD OF IT AT THE TIME. WE DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE OTHER WAYS TO DIE.

that had assaulted her femininity, for fear somebody might ponder which breast was artificial.

My mother and I never spoke of her dying, and it didn't occur to me to question the oncologist who strode down the corridor of the hospital in his white coat, dispensing judgments to underlings. I will never forget him poking his head into my mother's room while one of my sisters sat sobbing by the bedside. "Looks like it's time to call off the dogs," the doctor pronounced while my mother, who could no longer speak coherently, looked at him

her fear and voice the "D word" in her presence.

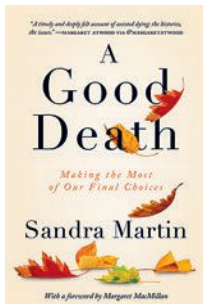
As for palliative care, we had never heard of it, even though one of the first specialized units dedicated to caring for the dying in Canada had opened seven years earlier at the nearby Royal Victoria Hospital. Even if palliative care had been offered, I suspect my mother would have dismissed it as "giving up" or at variance with her Catholic upbringing.

My father, a physicist, sipped a nocturnal whisky after one of our hospital visits and remarked, "This isn't

medicine, it is research." Yet nobody in those pre-Internet days felt equipped to propose alternatives, or to suggest that the futile treatment should be stopped so that my mother could have a few months when her body wasn't racked by nausea from the poison being pumped into her veins.

We didn't know there were other ways to die.

A FEW DAYS AFTER Catharina's death, Tom talked about the realities of caring for his wife at home for over two years: organizing caregivers, juggling visits from loved ones



Reader's
digest
EDITORS' CHOICE

and sharing the sometimes brutal intimacies of her dying.

On Catharina's final day, "we had remade the bed so the sheets would be fresh," said Tom, who had anticipated the end some days before. Fitted with a morphine drip, she had become sleepier and less responsive, until her breathing slowed and stopped. "I heard a breath and then a sigh, and I felt a spirit leaving her body,"

he said, deriving comfort in retelling what he had worked so hard to achieve: the ultimate gift for his wife, a good death. **R**

FROM A GOOD DEATH: MAKING THE MOST OF OUR FINAL CHOICES, PUBLISHED IN CANADA BY HARPERCOLLINS PUBLISHERS LTD.
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TALKING POINTS

All pro athletes are bilingual.
They speak English and profanity.

GORDIE HOWE

If you understand English, press 1. If you do not understand
English, press 2.

Recording on an Australian tax help line

The four most beautiful words in our common language:
"I told you so."

GORE VIDAL

“Made you look.
And yes, I’m wearing them.”

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GET SMART!

13 Things You Should Know About Optimism

BY ANDREA BENNETT



1 Looking on the sunny side is good for your heart. A 2015 study conducted in the United States found that optimistic people were twice as likely to have strong cardiovascular health because they had lower levels of stress hormones, exercised more and were less likely to smoke.

2 According to a 2010 University of Kentucky study that monitored the link between the immune systems of first-year law students and their hopeful approach to their studies, positive expectations for the future can help strengthen immunity.

3 Count your blessings. Emiliana Simon-Thomas of the Greater

Good Science Center at the University of California, Berkeley says that remembering what you're grateful for will boost cheerful emotions. She suggests trying to keep a gratitude journal to get into the habit.

4 When it comes to cultivating a bright outlook, our sense of community is more important than our material possessions or even our career status, explains Simon-Thomas. "Having close relationships and interacting with people are terrific sources of happiness," she says.

5 Research suggests that people who stay in the moment feel happier than those who spend ➡

too much time fantasizing about things they'll experience in the future—like a tropical vacation. Find your mind wandering? Simon-Thomas recommends practising mindfulness: take a moment to home in on your surroundings and the sensations your body feels.

6 Research shows that athletic people are much more optimistic than their sedentary counterparts. Half an hour to an hour of brisk walking or jogging several times a week should do the trick.

7 Solid sleep can make you upbeat. A 2013 study published in the *International Journal of Behavioral Medicine* found that adults who got seven to eight hours of shut-eye per night scored higher on tests for optimism and self-esteem than those who snoozed for fewer than six hours or more than nine.

8 Happy thinking has its limits. Extreme optimists are less likely to save money or pay off credit card debt. This may be because they tend to worry less about their economic situations deteriorating in the future.

9 As such, Barbara Fredrickson, a professor in the department of psychology and neuroscience at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, suggests viewing positivity

and negativity like a sailboat, where negative emotions are the keel, balancing the boat, and cheerfulness is the mast, holding up the sail and driving the vessel forward. The goal isn't to *eliminate* gloomy feelings—the boat would capsize—but to balance them with cheery ones.

10 To find that equilibrium, combine your sunny outlook with pragmatism. If you catch yourself getting lost in the clouds, consult statistics and set modest, reachable goals.

11 Bring your positivity to work. When the chips are down at the office, a buoyant disposition can help you stay energetic, dedicated and invested in your responsibilities.

12 To remain hopeful on the job, counter stressful moments with calming ones. Despairing over a missed deadline? Watch a silly cat video before getting back to work.

13 Pay it forward. Positive thinking can prepare young people for school and the workforce—optimistic first-year university students are less lonely, have more self-esteem and are better able to set goals than their pessimistic peers. To build upbeat outlooks, encourage kids to establish a network of mentors and supporters that make them feel connected and confident. **R**

That's Outrageous!

STRANGE SOCIAL MEDIA

BY LUC RINALDI

IT'S A MATCH!

Rich O'Dea hoped to steal Jennifer Thomas's heart. Instead, he got a kidney. Last summer, the Floridians connected on the dating app Tinder. During their sole outing, O'Dea mentioned he was fundraising for a friend's wife, Erika Bragan. She had a genetic disorder that could cause kidney failure: unless she received a transplant, she'd require dialysis for life. Thomas was moved, and offered to get tested. She was a match, so a few months later, Bragan got a healthy kidney, Thomas got a lifetime of good karma and O'Dea got the best Tinder story ever.

RELATIONSHIP STATUS: SINGLE

Ellanora Arthur Baidoo wanted a divorce—but she didn't know where to find her estranged spouse. Neither did the post office or a private investigator. In 2015, Baidoo asked a judge to let her serve divorce papers over Facebook. Remarkably, the court agreed. In his ruling, Justice Matthew Cooper explained that he'd



normally ask that the notice be printed in a newspaper, but Baidoo had convinced him

her husband wouldn't

read one. Ironically, the case was covered widely, and the couple divorced after Baidoo's husband tired of seeing his name in the papers.

ROCKING THE BOAT

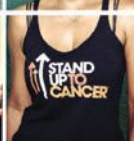
In March, the U.K.'s National Environment Research Council asked the public to help christen its new research vessel. The authorities were probably hoping for a name that would honour a historical figure; what they got was "RRS Boaty McBoatface." The goofy moniker garnered 124,190 votes, triggering panic among straitlaced officials. The council eventually named the ship after naturalist Sir David Attenborough and dubbed its on-board subsea vessel Boaty McBoatface. Nonetheless, the incident inspired imitators, including an English commuter train temporarily renamed—you guessed it—Trainy McTrainface.

TAKE



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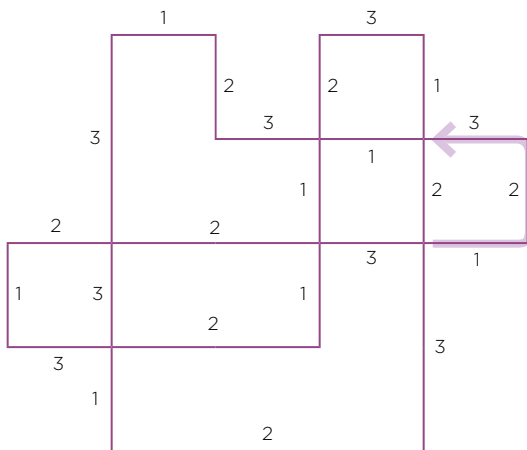
Brain teasers

Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers, then check your answers on page 116.

1-2-3 GO

(Moderately difficult)

Find a way to draw a continuous loop that follows each line segment once and only once. You must trace segments in numerical order; that is, "1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3..." As you move along, every corner and every intersection you pass is the beginning of a new segment. It's okay for one part of your solution to meet or cross another at the intersections.



FILL IN THE BLANK *(Moderately difficult)*

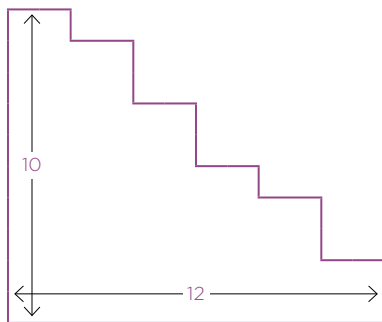
In each of the three-by-three grids separated by the dark bands, the numbers have the same relationship to one another. Can you figure out what the missing number is?

3	8	4		1	2	5		4	3	2
2	1	9		5	6	9		1	0	9
6	0	3		6	9	4		5	?	1

AREA OF INTEREST

(Moderately difficult)

Assuming that all the lines meet at right angles and that each segment measures a whole number of units, what is the area of this figure?



A: 62

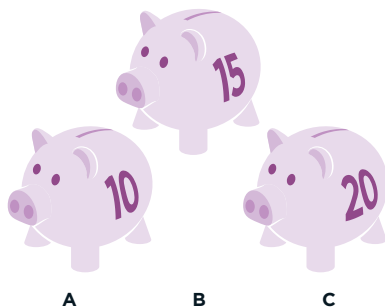
B: 74

C: 58

D: 80

MISLABELLED (Easy)

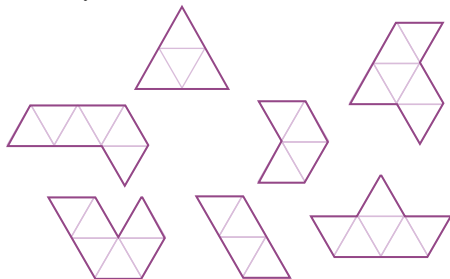
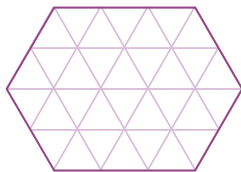
Here are three piggy banks, one of which contains \$10. The other two contain \$15 and \$20. However, all three are labelled incorrectly. You open piggy bank B and find \$20 inside. On that basis, can you identify the contents of each one?



THE IMPOSTER (Difficult)

The puzzle pieces below could be used to make the hexagon shape to their left. It wouldn't be necessary to rotate or flip any of the pieces, but there would be one shape left over. Which one?

Hint: Cutting out the pieces and assembling the hexagon is one way to solve this problem, but there's also another way.



Trivia Quiz

BY PAUL PAQUET

1. James Naismith presented the first Olympic gold medal, in 1936, for the sport he invented. What was it?
2. Which Central American nation borders the most other countries?
3. You might say that Pablo Picasso and Georges Braque lost all perspective when they started what art movement in the early 1900s?
4. After a letter-writing effort by *Star Trek* fans, what name was given to a real-life 1976 space shuttle?
5. When Soviet policy was mocked at the United Nations in 1960, who responded by banging his shoe on the table?
6. What animal falls six feet to the ground the moment it is born?
7. Which country's flag portrays Angkor Wat, one of the world's largest religious monuments?
8. When dry, this cocktail ingredient goes into a martini. When sweet, it goes into a Manhattan. What is it?
9. What annual awards go to people who have improved the gene pool by "removing themselves from it in a spectacularly stupid manner"?
10. What Belgian action-film star was once a karate champion?
11. Which astronomical constellation is officially abbreviated as "UMa"?
12. In 1995, who told a reporter there had been three people in her marriage, "so it was a bit crowded"?
13. Canada is the second biggest country by landmass after Russia, but only if you include its lakes. Which country would be number two if lakes were excluded?
14. What is the southernmost city ever to have hosted the Olympics?



15. Before entering the priesthood, which pope-to-be tried his hand at acting and playwriting?

ANSWERS: 1. Basketball. 2. Guatemala, which borders four countries. 3. Cubism.

4. *Entertainment*. 5. Nikita Khrushchev. 6. The giraffe. 7. Cambodia. 8. Vermont. 9. The Darwin Awards. 10. Jean-Claude Van Damme. 11. Ursa Major (the Great Bear). 12. Princess Diana. 13. China. 14. Melbourne, Australia, in 1956. 15. Karol Józef Wojtyła, who would later become John Paul II.

Sudoku

BY IAN RIENSCHÉ

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

TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE...

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

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

SOLUTION

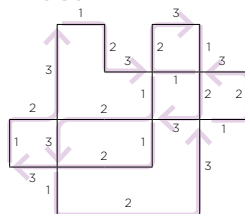
2	9	7	5	8	4	5	6	1
1	8	6	7	9	5	5	2	3
4	5	1	2	6	7	8	9	6
8	4	1	2	5	7	6	9	5
6	7	5	8	4	9	1	3	2
5	2	9	5	6	1	8	4	7
5	3	2	1	4	8	6	7	9
7	6	4	9	5	3	5	2	8
9	1	8	6	7	9	2	3	4

Brainteasers:

Answers

(from page 113)

1-2-3 GO



FILL IN THE BLANK

4. If you read each row as a three-digit number, the numbers in the two upper rows will add up to the sum in the bottom row.

AREA OF INTEREST

B. 74.

MISLABELLED

We've seen first-hand that piggy bank B contains \$20. Piggy bank A can't contain \$10 because that would mean it was correctly labelled. It must, therefore, contain \$15, leaving piggy bank C to contain \$10.

THE IMPOSTER

All but one of the pieces contain an equal number of upward-pointing triangles and downward-pointing triangles. The hexagon also has an equal number of each. The triangular piece would upset this balance if it were used, so it must be the imposter.

Word Power

Centuries of trade between Middle Eastern and European merchants brought more than silks and spices to the West. Find out how many of these English words of Arabic origin are in your vocabulary.

BY LINDA BESNER

1. lapis lazuli—A: breed of soft-haired rabbit. B: gem-carving technique. C: bright blue mineral.

2. bezoar—A: wild boar. B: hard mass in a stomach. C: navigational star chart.

3. adobe—A: flour-based glue. B: sun-dried bricks. C: political advisor.

4. mecca—A: place that attracts people. B: clay cooking pot. C: magnetic north.

5. carmine—A: woven satchel. B: vivid red. C: youthful prince.

6. albatross—A: oceanic bird of the family Diomedidae. B: saltwater fish species. C: song lamenting the fall of a city.

7. loofah—A: incense holder. B: dried fruit used as a bath sponge. C: cinnamon toothpaste.

8. alcove—A: footstool. B: fragrant spice. C: recessed area.

9. azimuth—A: military officer who leads a squad. B: political deadlock. C: direction of a celestial body from the observer.

10. cipher—A: coded messaging. B: gambling strategy. C: freshwater dolphin.

11. julep—A: citrus drink. B: syrupy drink. C: yogourt drink.

12. calipers—A: instrument with two legs that measures dimensions. B: hereditary religious leaders in Syria. C: proportions of precious metals in an alloy.

13. alkaline—A: dark eyeliner made from wax. B: substance containing a low concentration of hydrogen ions. C: pointed nose.

14. arsenal—A: person who sets fires. B: deadly poison. C: store of weapons.

15. damask—A: twilight hour. B: woven fabric with a reversible pattern. C: Persian Gulf sailing vessel.

Answers

1. lapis lazuli—[C] bright blue mineral; as, Yvonne's necklace caught the eye with *lapis lazuli* stones.

2. bezoar—[B] hard mass in a stomach; as, The veterinarian found the *bezoar* that had been causing José's dog such pain.

3. adobe—[B] sun-dried bricks; as, Some of the streets in Timimoun, Algeria, are lined with *adobe* houses.

4. mecca—[A] place that attracts people; as, Some Muslims take an annual trip to Mecca, the city where Muhammad was born, and some culture lovers take an annual trip to New York City, a *mecca* for the arts.

5. carmine—[B] vivid red; as, In spring, Jasmeen's garden is full of *carmine* tulips.

6. albatross—[A] oceanic bird of the family Diomedidae; as, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" tells of a curse brought about when a sailor kills an *albatross*.

7. loofah—[B] dried fruit used as a bath sponge; as, Harry's bathroom was stocked with fresh towels, a silk dressing gown and a *loofah*.

8. alcove—[C] recessed area; as, A marble bust of Beethoven sat in an *alcove* in the living room.

9. azimuth—[C] direction of a celestial body from the observer; as, For

a solar panel to generate maximal energy, it should be positioned to take the sun's *azimuth* into account.

10. cipher—[A] coded messaging; as, Many *ciphers* were created for the U.S. military during the Second World War, but the Navajo language proved one of their best methods of secret communication.

11. julep—[B] syrupy drink; as, The mint *julep* is the signature cocktail of the Kentucky Derby.

12. calipers—[A] instrument with two legs that measures dimensions; as, While renovating the kitchen, Jillian used *calipers* to determine the size of her tiles.

13. alkaline—[B] containing a low concentration of hydrogen ions; as, A solution with a pH higher than seven is said to be *alkaline*, or basic.

14. arsenal—[C] store of weapons; as, Nine countries in the world possess known nuclear *arsenals*.

15. damask—[B] woven fabric with a reversible pattern; as, For the French doors, the decorator chose *damask* curtains that would photograph well from either side.

VOCABULARY RATINGS

7-10: fair

11-12: good

13-15: excellent

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Quotes

BY CHRISTINA PALASSIO



One time I was in a casting meeting, and my shoe flew into the casting director's face. She ducked. I remember her saying, "Well, I won't forget you."

COCO ROCHA

We need to move beyond our comfort zones, whatever they might be. When we are surrounded by safety and the known, it's natural for us to not be our largest selves.

ALISSA YORK

I USED TO PLAY BASEBALL ONLY FOR MYSELF. NOW I PLAY BASEBALL FOR MY FAMILY.

MICHAEL SAUNDERS



Even before you've earned it, treat yourself and your career with the level of respect that you hope to one day deserve.

CATHERINE O'HARA

AS A REPORTER AT CITY-TV, I GOT TO GO TO ALL THE 100TH BIRTHDAY PARTIES, AND IF I LEARNED ANYTHING, IT WAS THAT I DON'T WANT TO LIVE FOREVER.

DINI PETTY



THE NICE THING ABOUT THE SELFIE IS THAT YOU'RE THE DIRECTOR OF THE SHOT.... I WANT TO LEARN HOW TO LOVE THE SELFIE. I THINK IT WOULD BE EMPOWERING.

MONA AWAD

PHOTOS: (ROCHA) DAVID SHANKBONE; (SAUNDERS) TORONTO BLUE JAYS.
 QUOTES: (ROCHA) CANADIAN BUSINESS (APRIL 22, 2016); (YORK) HAZLITT (APRIL 12, 2016);
 (SAUNDERS) SPORTSNET (2015); (O'HARA) CANADIAN BUSINESS (FEB. 19, 2016);
 (PETTY) TORONTO STAR (JAN. 15, 2015); (AWAD) ELLE (FEB. 24, 2016).

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