

# Reader's digest

APRIL 2014

---

## TONI MORRISON'S BRAVE NIGHT

From **O, THE OPRAH  
MAGAZINE** ... 18

## HOW AMERICA PRAYS

An **RD SPECIAL  
REPORT** ... 92

---

## THE CHOLESTEROL CONTROVERSY EXPLAINED

From **THE HOLISTIC HEART BOOK** ... 68

---

# DUMB CRIMINALS

An **RD ORIGINAL** ... 76

---

## THE TOWN OF OVERNIGHT MILLIONAIRES

From **RD INTERNATIONAL** ... 124

---

## "WE WERE BURIED IN MUD"

An **RD DRAMA IN REAL LIFE** ... 84

---

LIFE IN THESE UNITED STATES .....	16
QUOTABLE QUOTES .....	152
WORD POWER .....	143
NEWS FROM THE WORLD OF MEDICINE .....	71
EVERYDAY HEROES .....	8

---



Removable bookmark brought to you by **GEICO**

# What's the Gecko's favorite book?

**The Wonderful Lizard of Oz.**

For another joke, text GEICO to 51684.  
For more savings, contact GEICO today.

**GEICO**<sup>®</sup>

[geico.com](http://geico.com) | 1-800-947-AUTO (2886) | Local Office



You will receive 1 text message. Message and data rates may apply. Text HELP for help. Your information will not be sold or used for any other purpose. Some discounts, coverages, payment plans and features are not available in all states or all GEICO companies. GEICO is a registered service mark of Government Employees Insurance Company, Washington, D.C. 20076; a Berkshire Hathaway Inc. subsidiary. GEICO Gecko image © 1999-2013. © 2013 GEICO

# Contents

APRIL 2014

## Cover Story

- 76 DUMB CRIMINALS, BOSSES & POLITICIANS**  
Head-scratching decisions, ludicrous power trips, bizarre regulations ... Of course we're laughing at these guys!

## Drama in Real Life

- 84 BURIED IN MUD**  
Two families survived days of raging floodwaters. It was what came next that almost killed them. **NICK HEIL**

## National Interest

- 92 HOW AMERICA PRAYS**  
Organized religion may be losing members, but prayer is more popular than ever. Lise Funderburg reveals why.

## The Stranger Who Changed My Life

- 100 LADY OF THE LIBRARY**  
She didn't seem to belong in the stuffy old stacks. But the book she handed me transformed my world.  
**JOLINA PETERSHEIM, FROM JOLINAPETERSHEIM.COM**

## What It's Like ...

- 106 ... TO PUNCH A SHARK**  
Ben Ruttenberg goes face-to-face with a predator.  
**FROM DISCOVER**

## Perspective

- 108 THE STEM & THE FLOWER**  
In the garden of democracy, politics shouldn't dominate our lives. **DAVID BROOKS, FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES**

## Nature

- 112 A MAN AMONG GIANTS**  
People said David Milarch was nuts. Then his far-fetched plan for saving our treasured trees started to work.  
**MELISSA FAY GREENE**

## Human Interest

- 124 THE TOWN OF ORDINARY MILLIONAIRES**  
What happens when a debt-ridden community suddenly becomes incredibly wealthy? Nothing. **LIA GRAINGER**



P. | **76**

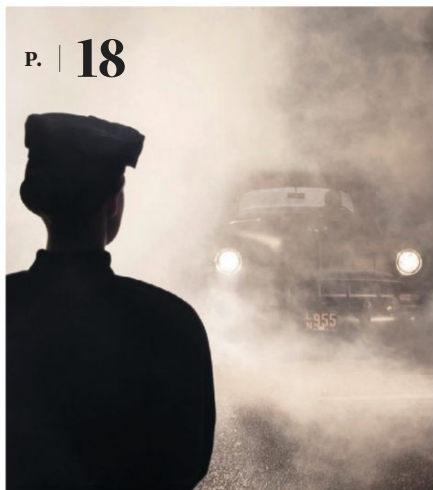


ILLUSTRATION  
BY SERGE  
BLOCH;  
PHOTOGRAPH BY  
RALPH SMITH;  
PROP STYLIST:  
SARAH GUIDO  
FOR HALLEY  
RESOURCES



5 Editor's Note

6 Letters



P. | **18**

---

## READER FAVORITES

---

- 16 Life in These United States
- 33 Faces of America
- 34 Points to Ponder
- 56 All in a Day's Work
- 71 News from the World of Medicine
- 104 Laughter, the Best Medicine
- 122 Photo of Lasting Interest
- 129 Laugh Lines
- 136 See the World ... Differently
- 143 Word Power
- 148 RD.com
- 150 Humor in Uniform
- 152 Quotable Quotes

### Everyday Heroes

## 8 The Woman Who Landed On Water

MELODY WARNICK

## 11 A Class in Kindness

ALYSSA JUNG

---

## VOICES & VIEWS

---

### Department of Wit

## 13 Surviving Whole Foods

Comedian Kelly MacLean declares war on the grocery giant. *FROM THE HUFFINGTON POST*

### Words of Lasting Interest

## 18 The Night I Stood My Ground

Nobel Prize winner Toni Morrison on finding courage and confronting evil.

*FROM O, THE OPRAH MAGAZINE*

### You Be the Judge

## 21 The Case of the Second Texter

VICKI GLEBOCKI

### Finish This Sentence

## 24 If My Family Were a TV Show ...

### The RD Interview

## 26 Pamela Meyer

The world needs more honesty. Our nation's best-known expert on lying can help. MAURA KELLY

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WINTERS





P. | 37



---

## ART OF LIVING

---

- 37 Obsessed with Less**  
ROSIE IFOULD, FROM *PSYCHOLOGIES*  
MAGAZINE

- Food**  
**42 A Pot of Forgiveness**  
KAREN KARBO, FROM *JULIA CHILD*  
RULES: LESSONS ON SAVORING LIFE

- 46 Salt at Your Service**

- 48 Pioneer Woman's Hot  
Cross Buns** REE DRUMMOND,  
FROM THEPIONEERWOMAN.COM

- Family**  
**52 My Silent Treatment**  
JAMES H. BURNETT III, FROM THE  
*BOSTON GLOBE* MAGAZINE

- 54 Big Shoes to Fill**  
CHARLES M. BLOW, FROM THE  
*NEW YORK TIMES*

- Technology**  
**58 No-Pain Vaccines**  
DAMON BERES

- 59 We (App)rove of This  
Timesaver**

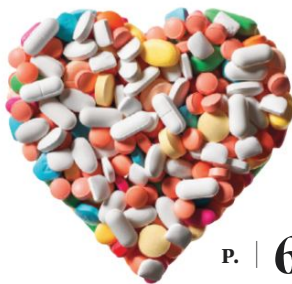
- Home**  
**61 Go Green Without Even  
Noticing**  KYLEY EAGLESON,  
FROM BLOG.HERITAGE-ENVIRO.COM

- Health**  
**62 What to Do Before  
Same-Day Surgery**  
SUSAN INCE

- 65 Eat-Smart Tricks We Use**  
THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

- 66 Can You Pass the  
Longevity Test?**  
BECKY LANG, FROM *DISCOVER*

- 68 A Skeptic's Guide to  
Smart Statin Use**  
JOEL K. KAHN, MD



P. | 68

---

## WHO KNEW?

---

- 130 13 Things Pest Control  
Won't Tell You**  
MICHELLE CROUCH

- 132 Little Secrets About  
Big Websites** DAN LEWIS

- 140 Extraordinary Inventions  
By Ordinary People**  
RYAN MENEZES, FROM CRACKED.COM

### Humor

- 146 The Search for the Next Great American Cartoonist**  
The contest winners who made us LOL the most.

**HAS NO  
LOVE  
FOR  
LOVE  
HANDLES.**

Drink V8® 100%  
Vegetable Juice as  
part of a reduced  
calorie diet along  
with regular exercise.

70 calories

0g fat

3g dietary fiber



**Could've had a V8.®**


V8juice.com



# Editor's Note

---

## And a River Runs Through It




WHENEVER I FLY, I scan the earth below for rivers. From that vantage point, I can marvel at their serpentine paths. I can see the yawning canyons they've carved into centuries of stone. From the air, rivers remind me that nature, like life, is beautiful, raw, unpredictable, and keeps moving no matter what.

Once you get closer, a river is a different, more intimate experience. To my husband, a fly fisherman, rivers are meditative. They tickle all the senses. Standing in one, you can feel its push, hear its hurry, smell its life. From baptisms to funeral pyres, people use rivers to begin and end life.

I stayed on the shores of the first river in my life, Cleveland's Cuyahoga. It was so notoriously polluted that it caught fire in 1969. My Cuyahoga was the strip of restaurants and nightclubs that lined its banks. It was in the so-called Flats that I danced my way through my first job as a rock-music critic.

The other river in my life, the Hudson, is the setting for our dramatic hero story on page 8. My Hudson was the sparkling view from my first apartment in Battery Park City and my morning running route.

Then, on September 11, the Hudson was how I got out of town when I was trapped at the southern tip of Manhattan. I hopped a railing and boarded a commuter ferry across it to Jersey City. On that morning, a river was a lifeline.

It all reminds me of the lyrical line at the end of the brilliant Norman Maclean book and haunting Robert Redford movie: "Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it." 



I invite you to e-mail me at [liz@rd.com](mailto:liz@rd.com) and follow me at [facebook.com/lizvaccariello](https://www.facebook.com/lizvaccariello) and [@LizVacc](https://twitter.com/LizVacc) on Twitter.



# Letters

COMMENTS ON THE FEBRUARY ISSUE



## SUPERMARKET SECRETS

Wow! I just finished “50 Secrets Your Grocer Won’t Tell You,” and I was truly impressed. I was once a cashier, and I also had a husband who was a butcher, so I can say you nailed it. I even learned some new things. I loved it, but I am sure some grocery stores won’t.

GAYE LUKROFKA, Woodinville, Washington

## ON THAT NOTE ...

What a delightful surprise to open the latest issue and find my quote in Finish This Sentence (“In My Lifetime, I’d Like to ...”). I’m a longtime shelter worker, and old dogs, especially, have my heart. Since I pledged to adopt one, I’ve taken in 11-year-old, malnourished Patty. She has regained her weight and health and has found a forever place as a beloved member of our family. It’s so rewarding to see her living the life every dog deserves.

SHIRLEY ZINDLER, Sebastopol, California

## LOVE AT ANY AGE

In “Amazing Ways They Said I Love You,” the “He Carved 6,000 Steps” story says that Liu Guojiang was 72 when he died, in 2007. Yet it also stated that he saved his wife from a river in 1942. That would make him seven at the time, and his wife 17. Is this correct?

TEDD TESSENSOHN,  
Long Beach, California

*EDITOR’S NOTE: Liu Guojiang met Xu Chaoqing in 1942; he rescued her in 1952. We regret the error.*

## TREATING MENTAL ILLNESS

The majority of mentally ill people are not violent. “Schizophrenic. Killer. My Cousin” promotes stereotypes of the worst cases that do not apply to many with the misfortune of living with schizophrenia. Mental illness is devastating, but it can be treated and controlled with proper medication.

HANNAH VISSERING, *Marquette, Michigan*

My 24-year-old son has suffered from mental illness since he was 16. The deplorable lack of services and treatment options is heartrending. I have found that most people have no idea how difficult it is to find and receive treatment. Thank you for publishing this very informative piece.

TERESA STICKLES, *Glenville, Pennsylvania*

## HOLD THE PHONE

Kudos to Louis CK for not allowing his children to have smartphones (“Can You Hear Me Now?!”). His concern about the loss of empathy among many children who use smartphones is no laughing matter. As a doctor, I witness the dire consequences of kids who are “empathy-challenged.”

TIMOTHY D. JOHANSON, MD,  
*Eden Prairie, Minnesota*

## JOURNEY TO NOWHERE

I enjoyed reading “Remember to Get Lost” (Travel). Thanks to my husband, we’ve been doing exactly that for many years. Venturing out on unplanned, unmapped excursions has given us some of our most precious travel memories.

MICHELE KONOSKI, *Birch Run, Michigan*

## PRIVACY, PLEASE

I couldn’t call the college my sons attended to find out grades or medical information, despite the fact that I wrote the checks. My husband can’t get reports from my doctor unless I sign forms. But a stranger can photograph me and publicize my pictures without my consent (You Be the Judge, “The Case of the Peeping Photographer”)? It’s time to change the law.

DEBB BOWMAN, *Millersburg, Pennsylvania*

## WHERE’S LASKAS?

I love the new layout, but where is the Uncommon Sense page?

DEBORAH HEPWORTH,  
*Indianapolis, Indiana*

*EDITOR’S NOTE: After the long, successful run of the column by Jeanne Marie Laskas, we’ve retired it. We hope to work with her in other ways.* **R**

**Send letters** to letters@rd.com or Letters, Reader’s Digest, PO Box 6100, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1600. Include your full name, address, e-mail, and daytime phone number. We may edit letters and use them in all print and electronic media. **Contribute** Send us your funny jokes, true stories, and quotes, and if we publish one in a print edition of *Reader’s Digest*, we’ll pay you \$100. To submit, visit readersdigest.com/submit, or write to us at Jokes, PO Box 6226, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1726. Please include your full name and address in your entry. **Do Business** Subscriptions, renewals, gifts, address changes, payments, account information, and inquiries: readersdigest.com/help, 877-732-4438, or write to us at Reader’s Digest, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595.



# EVERYDAY HEROES



When her plane lost power, this fearless flier touched down safely—on the Hudson River

## The Woman Who Landed on Water

BY MELODY WARNICK

☞ AT 1,200 FEET, Deniece De Priester glanced once more at the Manhattan skyline, then angled her airplane toward home. Deniece's friend, a corrections officer named Chris Smidt, sat beside her in the cockpit, admiring the view.

Then, as Deniece traced the course of the Hudson River north along the New Jersey coast, the engine of the 45-year-old Piper PA-32-260 she'd just bought shook violently and died. The plane plummeted 400 feet.

"Don't panic," she told Chris. After 17 years as a pilot of both commercial jets and tiny planes like the Piper, Deniece had learned how to remain calm. She quickly checked the engine flow, propeller settings, fuel-air mixture, and fuel tanks, but she couldn't identify the problem.

Suddenly the engine roared to life, and the plane slowly climbed back to 1,200 feet. Deniece, 41, and Chris, 43, were relieved. But 30 seconds later, the engine conked out ➡





*"I had to improvise," says Deniece. "But I knew we would survive."*

again, and the plane dived about 600 feet. “You’ve gotta be kidding me,” Deniece muttered as she ran through her safety checks again.

It was around 5:15 p.m. on a January evening in 2013, and the sun had set. Deniece sent out a Mayday call and searched the suburban sprawl below for a spot to land. Only one area seemed possible—a strip of the Hudson River. Deniece had closely studied the famous video of Captain Chesley Sullenberger landing a commercial plane on this same river in 2009 with no casualties. If Sully can do it, Deniece thought, so can I.

But she faced a crosswind, which would make landing difficult. If a wing or the wheels hit the water first, the plane could crash and break apart.

Using her training and instincts, Deniece angled the plane into a tail-down glide as it hurtled toward the river. At the last second, she lifted the Piper’s nose slightly so its tail would hit the river first. The plane sliced the water at 70 miles per hour, the impact hitting Deniece and Chris like a body blow.

After a few seconds of stunned silence, they realized they were all right. As the plane began filling with water, they each made a brief phone call home. Then Chris quickly called 911. Deniece grabbed inflatable life vests, which she and her passenger put on.

Within minutes, the plane began sinking nose first. They climbed out

the rear door and found themselves floating in frigid water, three quarters of a mile off the New Jersey coast. They watched the plane sink.


“We are going to survive this,” Deniece told Chris, although she knew that they ran the risk of freezing to death. She began to swim toward shore, but Chris lagged behind. He hadn’t tied his life vest, and now his fingers were too numb to manage it.

Deniece was making good progress toward shore when she realized Chris wasn’t beside her. “What are you doing?” she called back to him. “Get your life vest fastened. Think of your children!”

Chris snapped to and secured the vest around his chest and began kicking. For 30 minutes, the two struggled to swim in the icy water.

When at last a rescue boat appeared, Deniece and Chris were hypothermic and could barely move. But in the ambulance on the way to the hospital, Deniece said quietly, “I told you we were going to survive.”

Months later, investigators determined that a faulty valve had caused the plane’s engine failure.

Since the accident, Deniece has opened a flight school in Trenton, New Jersey, to prepare other pilots for emergency situations. Chris knows that she is uniquely qualified for this instruction. “Had Deniece landed any other way, it would have been over,” he says. “Not many people could do what she did.” 



Two engineering students help a classmate in need

# A Class In Kindness

BY ALYSSA JUNG

**BETWEEN CLASSES** at Pinckney Community High School in Pinckney, Michigan, junior Nick Torrance, 17, steers his electric wheelchair to his locker and waves his hand over a sensor on the arm of the wheelchair. A few seconds later, the locker door swings open. The one-of-a-kind device didn't cost the school a penny. But it did take a year's worth of work by robotics whiz kids Micah Stuhldreher and Wyatt Smrcka, who were classmates of Nick's.

The school's occupational therapist, Amy Uphouse, and robotics teacher, Sean Hickman, recruited Micah and Wyatt to help Nick, who has muscular dystrophy and is largely immobile.

Micah and Wyatt, both seniors at the time, were eager to work on the device. "Before even giving it much thought, we took the locker door to the robotics lab," says Micah. For an hour each school day, the boys brainstormed, built, and rebuilt various versions of the device until they landed on the perfect solution. Their



*From left: Sean, Amy, Nick, Micah, and Wyatt*

automatic locker opener consists of a motor and an electromagnet triggered by the sensor on Nick's wheelchair. "The first time he used it was a really good moment," says Micah.

Nick's mother, Jean Torrance, says the device has given her son independence.

Wyatt and Micah are now engineering students at Lake Superior State University in Michigan, but other Pinckney robotics students will continue to replicate and improve the device. "Two more kids will receive one," says Amy. "Every student should be able to open his own locker."





The Color: Pet Products Company

Cats everywhere are having a hard time smelling their litter boxes  
thanks to Fresh Step® Triple Action



[freshstep.com](http://freshstep.com)

# VOICES & VIEWS

Department of Wit

## Surviving Whole Foods

BY KELLY MACLEAN

FROM THE HUFFINGTON POST



KELLY  
MACLEAN  
*is a  
comedian,  
writer, and  
actress.*

☛ **WHOLE FOODS IS LIKE VEGAS.** You go there to feel good, but you leave broke, disoriented, and with the newfound knowledge that you have a bacterial infection.

Unlike Vegas's, Whole Foods's clientele are all about mindfulness and compassion ... until they get to the parking lot. Then it's war. As I pull up this morning, I see a pregnant lady on the crosswalk holding a baby and groceries. A driver swerves around her and honks. As he speeds off, I catch his bumper sticker, which says "NAMASTE." Poor lady didn't even hear him approaching, because he was driving a Prius. He crept up on her like a panther.

As the great sliding-glass doors part, I am immediately smacked in the face by a wall of cool, moist air that smells of strawberries and orchids. I leave behind the concrete ➤➤

jungle and enter a cornucopia of organic bliss, the land of hemp milk and honey. Think about heaven and then think about Whole Foods; they're basically the same.

The first thing I see is the gluten-free section, filled with crackers and bread made from various wheat substitutes such as cardboard and sawdust.

I skip this aisle because I'm not rich enough to have dietary restrictions. Ever notice that you don't meet poor people with special diet needs? A gluten-intolerant house-cleaner? A cab driver with Candida? Candida is what I call a rich-white-person problem. You know you've really made it in this world when you get Candida. My personal theory is that Candida is something you get from too much hot yoga. All I'm saying is, if I were a yeast, I would want to live in your yoga pants.

Next I approach the beauty aisle. There is a scary-looking machine there that you put your face inside of, and it tells you exactly how ugly you are. It calculates your wrinkles, your sunspots, the size of your pores, etc., and compares the results with those of other women your age. I think of myself as attractive, but as it turns out, I am 78 percent ugly, meaning less pretty than 78 percent of women

in the world. On the popular "one to ten" hotness scale used by males the world over, that makes me a three (if you round up, which I hope you will). A glance at the extremely closeup picture it took of my face—in which I somehow have a glorious, blond porn mustache—tells me that three is about

right. Especially because the left side of my face is apparently 20 percent more aged than the right. After contemplating ending it all here and now, I decide instead to buy a bottle of delicious-smelling, silky-feeling cream that may raise me from a three to a four for only \$108.

“  
*You put your  
 face inside the  
 machine, and  
 it tells you  
 exactly how ugly  
 you are.*”

I grab a handful of peanut butter pretzels on my way out of this stupid aisle. I don't feel bad about pilfering these bites, because of the umpteen times I've overpaid at the salad bar and been tricked into buying \$108 beauty creams. The pretzels are very fattening, but I'm already in the 70th percentile of ugly, so who cares?

Next I come to the vitamin aisle, which is a danger zone for any broke hypochondriac. Warning: Whole Foods keeps its best people in this section. The vitamin clerk talks me into buying estrogen for my mystery mustache and Women's Acidophilus because apparently I do have Candida after all.

I move on to the next aisle and ask a nearby clerk for help. He's wearing a visor inside, and it has one word on it in all caps. Yup: NAMASTE. I ask him where I can find whole wheat bread. He chuckles at me. "Oh, we keep the poison in aisle seven." Based solely on the attitudes of people sporting namaste paraphernalia today, I'd think it was Sanskrit for "go to hell."

I pass a table where a vendor invites me to join a group cleanse he's leading. For \$179.99, I can not-eat not-alone ... not-gonna-happen. They're doing the cleanse where you consume nothing but lemon juice, cayenne pepper, and fiber pills for ten days. What's that one called again? Oh, yeah ... anorexia. I went on a cleanse once; it was a mixed blessing. On the one hand, I detoxified, I purified, I lost weight. On the other hand, I fell asleep on the highway and fantasized about eating a pigeon. I think I'll stick with the whole eating thing.

I grab a couple of loaves of poison and head to the checkout. The fact that I'm at Whole Foods on a Sunday finally sinks in when I join the end of the line ... halfway down the

dog-food aisle. I suddenly realize that I'm dying to get out of this store. Maybe it's the lonely feeling of being a carnivore in a sea of vegans or the revelation that some people's dogs eat better than I do, but mostly I think it's the fact that Yanni has been playing literally this entire time. Like sensory deprivation, listening to Yanni seems harmless at first, enjoyable even. But two hours in, you'll chew your own ear off to make it stop.

A thousand minutes later, I get to the cashier. She is 95 percent beautiful. "Have you brought your reusable bags?" @#%! No, they are at home with their two-dozen other once-used friends. She rings up my meat, alcohol, gluten, and a wrapper from the chocolate bar I ate in line, with thinly veiled alarm. She scans my ladies' acidophilus, gives me a pitying frown, and whispers, "Ya know, if you wanna get rid of your Candida, you should stop feeding it." She rings me up for \$313. I resist the urge to unwrap and swallow whole another \$6 truffle in protest. Instead, I reach for my wallet, flash her a quiet smile, and say, "Namaste." **R**

COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY KELLY MACLEAN. SEPTEMBER 16, 2013. HUFFINGTONPOST.COM.



## RIDDLE ME THIS ...

**QUESTION:** What can run but never walks, has a mouth but never talks, has a head but never weeps, has a bed but never sleeps?

**ANSWER:** A river.



# Life

IN THESE UNITED STATES



*“Before you take me away, I just want to update my profile picture.”*

**I MENTIONED** to my sons that some teens used Facebook to plan a robbery at a local mall.

“How did the NSA miss that?” my 21-year-old asked.

“I told you guys,” said my 17-year-old. “No one uses Facebook anymore.”

**MARY-HEATHER REYNOLDS,**  
*Prattville, Alabama*

**WHEN A FAMILY FRIEND** passed away, my granddaughter took her three-year-old son to visit the widow.

As they approached the front door, she whispered to the boy, “Make sure to tell her how sorry you are.”

He whispered back, “Why? I didn’t kill him.”

**CHARLES GILDERSLEEVE,**  
*Hohenwald, Tennessee*

**OVERHEARD AT A ZUMBA CLASS:**

**First woman:** Look at me—I have a muffin top.

**Second woman:** You’re complaining? I have the whole muffin!

**CORA MCGRATH,** *New Windsor, New York*

**ON THE SUBWAY**, untangling ear-buds is the new knitting. The woman across from me could have finished a cardigan by now.

GREG PREECE, *on humorlabs.com*

**MY PHONE CONVERSATION** with a customer-service representative:  
**Me:** I have a Roundup Multi Purpose Sprayer that is defective.

**Customer Rep:** Ma'am, we'll need the exact name of the item. Do you have the box?

**Me:** No, but it's the Roundup Multi Purpose Sprayer.

**Customer Rep:** Ma'am, we'll need the box so we can have the exact name of the product.

**Me:** Hold on. I'll run out to my garage and get the box. [*Long pause ...* ] OK ... [*huff ... puff*] I have it. It says ... Roundup Multi Purpose Sprayer.

**Customer Rep:** Thank you for that information, ma'am.

LINDA MOWRY, *Midlothian, Virginia*

**IN THE HARDWARE** store, a clerk asked, "Can I help you find anything?"

"How about my misspent youth," joked my husband.

The clerk shot back, "We keep that in the back, between world peace and winning lottery tickets."

LESLIE MCROBIE, *Lee, New Hampshire*

---

Got a funny story about friends or family? It could be worth \$100. See page 7 for details, or go to [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit).



## LOVE LOST, LOVE FOUND ON CRAIGSLIST

---

■ The ad for the 14k white gold engagement ring in "like-new condition" included a caveat: It was worn "by Satan herself." The ad then warned, "Ring may be cursed, as it tends to leave a path of destruction behind it. Possible events associated with this ring include but are not limited to: damage sustained to house, vehicle, heart, downed power lines, fallen trees, and swarms of locusts." The upside: "Other than that, a very nice piece of jewelry."

■ This man's ad addressed someone he'd met only fleetingly: "Hi. I am the guy whose house you tried breaking in to this morning around 9:30 a.m. on Gale Street," he wrote. "Our conversation was short. You only said, 'Oh my gosh, oh my gosh ...,' as you saw me staring back at you through the door blinds. Still," he continued, "I feel we made a good connection, separated only by the door and the two locks you were trying to pick. Please don't break into my house again. But if you're up for a legal encounter, I'm game."

# The Night I Stood My Ground

BY TONI MORRISON FROM *O, THE OPRAH MAGAZINE*



TONI MORRISON'S most recent book is the novel *Home*. She won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1993.

☛ **TWO BLOCKS.** Two very, very long blocks beyond in deep darkness. It is 1953, and I have walked these blocks many times on my way to the room I rent off campus. I get off the bus after leaving the library at ten o'clock in the evening clutching books in my arms, with a purse hanging from a strap on my shoulder.

My landlady works the night shift at the hospital, so at this hour, the house will be as dark and blank as the others on this street. Everything is quiet and closed. Far ahead (or so it seems) is a streetlight. I am thinking about a paper due in a few days. What theme should I explore? Will the professor admire or dismiss it? Why are we reading Dreiser anyway?

I notice headlights coming toward me. A car is driving slowly down the street on the other side. As it passes, I glance at the driver—male, blond. I keep walking. The car slows down and stops. I hear its door slam shut. A few seconds later, I hear footsteps behind me. I keep walking; I do not speed up, because I don't want to call attention to myself. The walker may be going to a house nearby, visiting a friend. Besides, what would be the point of hurrying, running?

I still have to get my door key from my purse. When I reach my house, I will have to walk upstairs to the porch, fumble in the dark to insert my key in the lock. Then he will climb the steps behind me, put his right hand over my mouth, knock me down on the porch floor, scattering my books, the contents of my purse. His breath smells of mint, but there is a sour smell





too. There is no one to see. He will hold me down with one hand squeezing my throat, reach under my skirt with the other, and say, “Don’t fight me; don’t fight.”

I am exhausted. The scene I have imagined is detailed, brutal, and unbearable. I cannot live through what I anticipate.

I stop. I refuse to experience that imaginary assault again.

I turn around and wait for him. I wait and wait until he catches up to where I stand, with nothing to defend myself but the urgency to escape not what might happen but what has already happened in my mind.

He comes close, closer. I can see his eyes (or I think I can).

“Will you please leave me alone.” It is neither a question nor a scream. My voice is low, conversational. Nothing can be worse than what I have imagined.

He pauses.

“I’m not going to bother you,” he whispers, then turns around and walks back to his car.

Although this encounter was important to me, it should not be understood as appropriate action for anyone else. Confronting evil can be dangerous, bloody, even fatal. Each of us responds in our own way. But for me, a young student, it sealed the connection between my imagination and the source of courage. I did not run away.

**R**

ADVERTISEMENT

# Get your WEIGHT DOWN and your ENERGY UP!

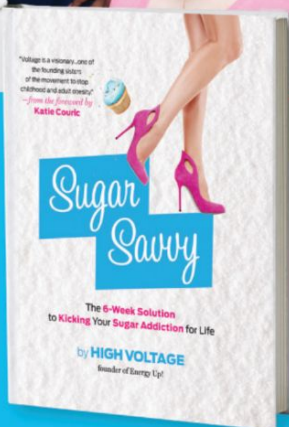


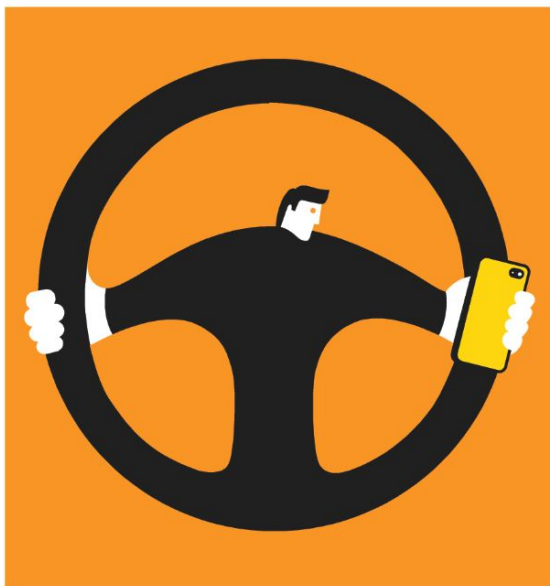
**Every one of these Sugar Savvy sisters lost weight in just 6 weeks!**

Crush the food cravings and fight back with Sugar Savvy. It's an effective solution for kicking your sugar addiction, beating your bad eating habits, and taking control of food so it doesn't control you.

Isn't it time to unleash your inner fabulous?

**SugarSavvy.com**





Is the person who sends a distracting text just as responsible for an accident?

## The Case of The Second Texter

BY VICKI GLEBOCKI

DAVID AND LINDA KUBERT were riding together on David's motorcycle in Morris County, New Jersey, late in the afternoon on September 21, 2009. As the couple, then both 56, rounded a curve, David saw a truck heading directly toward them. He couldn't swerve in time, and the two vehicles collided. When David regained consciousness, he realized he was lying on the ground, and his left leg was gone, completely and permanently severed during the crash. The bones in Linda's left leg were shattered. Doctors

amputated her leg later that night.

Eight minutes before the collision, then-18-year-old Kyle Best clocked out of his job teaching swimming at the YMCA and slid behind the wheel of his father's Chevy pickup. He said he sent a few texts while sitting in the parking lot, then headed to his parents' house for dinner. While on the road, he sent two texts, the last one eight seconds before dialing 911 to report that he'd been in an accident: His truck had veered over the centerline and struck a couple on a Harley.

In June 2010, the Kuberts sued ➤➤

Best for driving in a negligent and careless manner. Attorneys settled the lawsuit two years later. Best's insurance company paid the couple \$500,000. Best pleaded guilty to distracted driving, but his license was never suspended. He paid \$775 in fines.

At the same time, the Kuberts' attorney, Skippy Weinstein, was also building a case against then-17-year-old Shannon Colonna, Best's girlfriend, who had been texting Best at the time of the crash. In a first-of-its-kind lawsuit, Weinstein claimed that Colonna was also liable for the crash because she was "aiding and abetting" by being "electronically present" in the truck.

"Why wouldn't the person he was texting with—who knew that he was driving at the time—be as responsible as he is?" Weinstein asked.

Colonna's attorney, Joseph McGlone, maintained that Colonna did not know that Best was driving nor that he was reading the texts while driving. "A person might get a text and not read it for three hours or even for three days," McGlone noted. "How would the texter ever be able to know whether or not someone read the text while driving?"

*Should Shannon Colonna be held responsible for a car accident that occurred as she was texting the driver? You be the judge.*



## THE VERDICT

In May 2012, in a Morris County courtroom packed with reporters and TV cameras, a trial judge dismissed the case against Shannon Colonna, noting that drivers are ultimately responsible for controlling their vehicles. The Kuberts appealed. In August 2013, the appellate court upheld the ruling to dismiss the complaint against Colonna but disagreed with the trial court's opinion on remote texters: "We hold that the sender of a text message can potentially be liable if an accident is caused by texting, but only if the sender knew that the recipient would view the text while driving and thus be distracted." Weinstein, the Kuberts' attorney, filed an appeal with the Supreme Court but later withdrew it. "The decision by the appeals court changed the law," he explained. "Texting someone you know is driving is now a crime. We wanted it to stay that way."

**R**

**Agree? Disagree? Sound off at [rd.com/judge](http://rd.com/judge).**

**11 GRAMS OF PROTEIN**  
**21 VITAMINS & MINERALS**  
**50% DAILY VALUE OF CALCIUM**  
**100% GOOD TO GO**



[BOOST.com](http://BOOST.com)

## **BOOST NUTRITION BARS**

With flavors like chocolate and peanut butter chocolate, they're nutritious and delicious.  
**Look for BOOST in the Nutrition Aisle.**

Stay Strong,  
Stay Active with BOOST®.



# If my family

**...we would  
be boring,**

normal, and not at all exciting  
for anyone to watch—and  
I like it that way.

PRISCA CRAWFORD

...we'd be either The

**Cosby  
Show**

or *Little House on  
the Prairie*. Great shows  
with family values!

WILLIAM BRUSH

**...Dr. Phil**

would be our  
weekly guest star.

TANIA LYNN FLETCHER

Las Vegas, NV

Yorba Linda, CA

 Go to [facebook.com/readersdigest](https://facebook.com/readersdigest) for  
the chance to finish the next sentence.



# were a TV show...

...it would be the  
**highest-rated  
soap opera**

in television history.

CRISTINA ALVARADO-PIERCE

Waukesha, WI

Stanton, MI

...it would take  
the shape of The

**Odd  
Couple.**

He's Oscar,  
and I'm Felix.

LISA DUVAL

Whitesburg, KY

Pennington Gap, VA

...it would look like  
*Duck Dynasty* meets  
**The Middle.**

KIMBERLY WRIGHT BAKER

...it would be like The  
**Flintstones.**

We use a VCR and don't text.

MARGUERITE DISMUKES FISCHER

Savannah, GA

...my dad would  
be the star!

**He's a  
hoot!**

WENDY RAWAL

Port Orange, FL

Orlando, FL

...we'd be called The  
**dysFUNCTIONALS.**

DIVIANDRY CARDONA

The world needs more honesty. The nation's best-known expert on lying can help.

# Pamela Meyer

BY MAURA KELLY

WE'VE GOT A DECEPTION epidemic, says certified fraud examiner Pamela Meyer. She is the CEO of Calibrate, a Washington, DC, company that trains people in the legal, insurance, financial, and college admissions fields in the art of lie spotting. She's got pockets full of secrets for identifying—and understanding—fibbers. Here she reveals some of them.

## *Why do we often fail to recognize a liar?*

We think liars fidget all the time, but many freeze their upper bodies because they're busy concentrating on their lies. We also think that a liar won't look you in the eye, but he makes eye contact more than most people do because he's overcompensating. However, one indicator isn't proof that someone





is lying—it's important to look for a cluster of signals.

### ***Such as?***

A liar often smiles subtly while telling a lie; it's an unconscious expression of his delight in getting away with a whopper. There's a famous photo in which Adolf Hitler was smiling while talking to British Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain at the meeting where Hitler concealed that he'd already mobilized his army to attack Poland. Other signs are when a person makes big changes in posture, like slumping in his chair or looking down. There are also verbal signals. Someone may repeat a question to stall for time. A liar may swear on the Bible or his mother's grave that he didn't do something; it's what I call overconvincing or overpersuading. A person giving too much detail in a story is another example.

***You've also said that a liar doesn't tell a story in the same way that an honest person does.***

A liar frequently cuts his ending short and doesn't express emotion while telling his story. A person telling the truth isn't likely to end his story abruptly, and he tends to express a lot of emotion at the end of

it. He also doesn't usually tell a story in chronological order; he jumps around a little, according to what is most prominent in his memory.

### ***What can you do to "out" a liar?***

Ask someone to tell his or her story backward. That way, you raise the cognitive load—you make the situation more challenging for him. A liar doesn't rehearse telling his or her story backward. A person's mental energy will get depleted by trying to act composed and spontaneous in spite of these demands, and involuntary expressions and gestures will leak out.

---

“

***A large portion of lies are white lies: “No, honey, you don't look fat in that.”***

---

***Lying is so common in our everyday lives. Research shows spouses lie to each other in one out of every ten interactions. Why do we lie so much?***

A large portion of lies are white lies: “No, honey, you don't look fat in that.” We also fib because we want to avoid uncomfortable moments, so we say things like “I'll call you,” when we don't plan to, or “It's not you, it's me.” But often, a liar doesn't lie outright; he just avoids answering questions. Or he minimizes—that is, frames what he's being asked about as less significant than it may have been. So a spouse who's minimizing might say, “I did take Susie for a

drink last night, but it was nothing; we had to go over expense reports.”

***Is minimizing always a lie?***

No. It can be one indicator of lying, but sometimes it’s necessary to clarify a misunderstanding.

***Who do you think is the biggest liar in recent history?***

Bernie Madoff, because so many people were taken in by him and the scale of his crimes was so significant. He was questioned at least four times

in front of the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission without being caught, so it tells you not only something about human nature but also how willing people were to believe what he was telling them.

***Yes, you’ve said that we’re all hungry for certain things in an interaction and by figuring out what we’re hungry for, we can avoid being deceived. Can you explain?***  
I’m talking about blind spots. If you’re in financial trouble, you may

## PAMELA MEYER RANKS LAST YEAR’S BIGGEST LIARS, HOAXES, AND PRANKS

**10.** Diane, the fictitious Thanksgiving airline passenger

**9.** Manti Te'o's girlfriend

**8.** Barack Obama's flirtatious selfie at Nelson Mandela's memorial service and the first lady's "anger"

**7.** Jimmy Kimmel's prank video of the twerker who

went up in flames

**6.** Lance Armstrong

**5.** Google nose, an invention announced by the company that was an April Fools' Day joke

**4.** Owners of Amy's Baking Company in Phoenix, who responded to criticism on Facebook

with offensive comments that they later claimed were written by a hacker

**3.** Anthony Weiner

**2.** The gay waitress in New Jersey who falsely said she was the victim of bigotry

**1.** Obama saying, "If you like your insurance, you can keep your insurance."



Manti Te'o



Anthony Weiner



Jimmy Kimmel



Lance Armstrong

FROM LEFT: TODD ROSENBERG/GETTY IMAGES, TIMOTHY A. CLARY/GETTY IMAGES, FRAZER HARRISON/GETTY IMAGES, ROGERIO BARBOSA/GETTY IMAGES

be more susceptible to a get-rich-quick scheme. Or if you've been single for a while and someone tells you how gorgeous you are, you might be more likely to fall for him. There's nothing wrong with wanting to hear these things—but the intensity of your desire to believe it could cause you to read a situation incorrectly. After a breakup or after leaving a job, people often say, "I knew from the start it wouldn't work." They ignore their misgivings because they want so much to be in that relationship.

***So how can we go about creating more honesty in our lives?***

It's about developing a network of trust around you. Study after study shows that people are much less likely to lie to a person they consider to be honest. You can open a conversation by saying, "It's really important to me that we're having an honest communication," or by sharing something personal. Or you can close your talk by asking, "Is there anything else you want to tell me?"

***You train people to detect fraud. Who makes a good lie detector?***

Good listeners who are truly curious about human behavior. A good lie detector doesn't jump to conclusions but tries to understand the person across the table, her personality, and her motivations. Your goal as a lie spotter isn't to point the finger and say, "You're lying"—your goal is to

get to the truth. You want to convince the person that you're pursuing facts and that you understand why she did what she did. People get defensive when they feel that the person interviewing them is acting morally superior to them, because we all like to think we're honest.

***Even liars?***

Yes.

***Are you able to tell when your own husband, child, or friend is lying?***

[Laughs] I can't because I love them, so I don't ever see them as liars. I'm much better with everyone else.

***Tell us about a time when you caught one of them in a lie.***

I have a five-year-old daughter, and she's not supposed to have candy after she brushes her teeth. I put her to bed one night, and she kept urging me to go into the bathroom. I did, and when I looked in on her afterward, I discovered she'd hidden a candy cane under her pillow.

***How did you find out?***

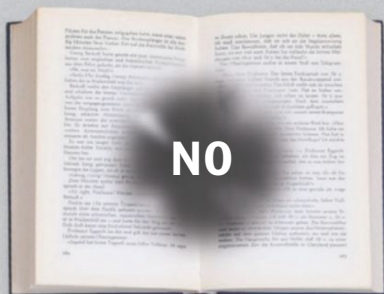
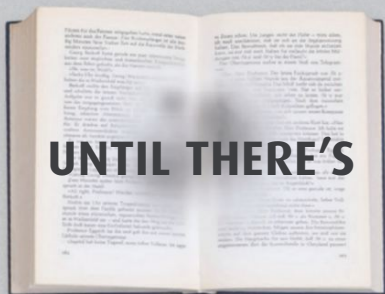
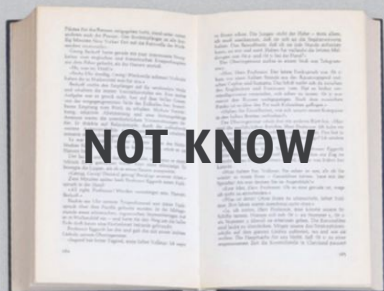
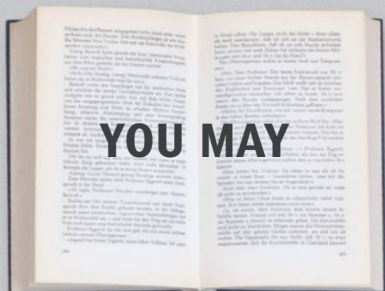
I caught her unwrapping it!

***OK, I've got one final question for you. Humor is a big part of Reader's Digest. Can you tell us a joke?***

When someone asks me for a joke, I like to pick up a banana, hold it to my ear, and say, "Sorry, I can't hear you."

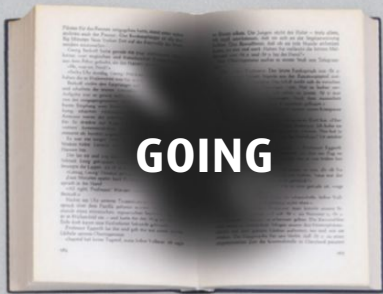
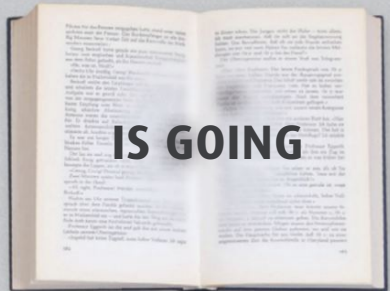
**R**

# WITH MACULAR DEGENERATION,



**ONLY PreserVision AREDS 2** contains the exact levels of clinically proven nutrients recommended by the National Eye Institute to help reduce the risk of progression for people with moderate to advanced Macular Degeneration.\*†

†Age-Related Eye Disease Study 2 Research Group. Lutein + zeaxanthin and omega-3 fatty acids for age-related macular degeneration: the Age-Related Eye Disease Study 2 (AREDS2) randomized clinical trial. JAMA. 2013 May 15;309(19):2005-15. National Eye Institute website: <http://www.nei.nih.gov/areds2/> Accessed October 2013 ©Bausch & Lomb Incorporated ®/TM are trademarks of Bausch & Lomb Incorporated or its affiliates. AREDS2 is a registered trademark of the United States Department of Health and Human Services (HHS). US/PV2/13/0051a.

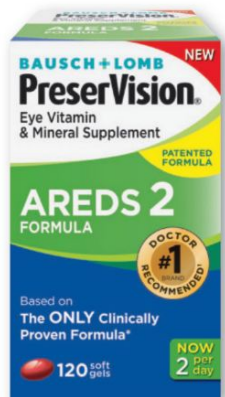


## PreserVision AREDS 2. Clinically Proven Nutrients.

Ask your doctor if PreserVision AREDS 2 Formula is right for you.

To get a \$5 coupon and learn more, visit [preservision.com](http://preservision.com).

\*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.



# BAUSCH + LOMB

# Herbal Formula Eases Farmers' Aches And Pains

**Barbara Burke, Crown Point, IN:**  
 “My husband was waking up 2 to 3 times a night with knee pain. On day 2 of using Steuart’s Pain Formula he slept all night long.”

“I read about Steuart’s Pain Formula in a farm magazine,” says **Rickey D. Snow, Hood, California.** “I hurt my shoulder January 18th 2013, and had constant pain until the middle of March. My doctors could do nothing, within 10 minutes of applying pain formula, the pain was completely gone.”

Steuart Laboratories originally developed Steuart’s Pain Formula for race horses. “People now use the product to relieve joint and muscle pain associated with arthritis and injuries,” Steuart says. The cream contains extracts of the herbs Comfrey and Arnica in a liposome base that penetrates the skin rapidly.

**Thomas Lindberg, Two Harbors, Minn:** “I have arthritis pain in my shoulders and back and was having trouble sleeping through the night because of the pain. I read about Steuart’s in a farm magazine and was a bit skeptical at first, but thought I’d give it a try. I was absolutely amazed at how well it worked and now use it every day. It works better than anything on the market.”



5 oz.  
 Airless  
 Pump  
 \$29.90  
 +  
 S&H

**Mike Marsden, Mabel, Minn:** “I keep a jar of Steuart’s Pain Formula by my bed and reach for it at night when my knee pain flares up. It knocks the pain right out.”

**Tom Donelson, Duluth, Minn:** “I am on my fourth jar of Steuart’s. I’ve had minor knee surgery and a torn meniscus, as well as a degenerating disc. I originally used to take 2 to 3 ibuprofen a day. But now, after using Steuart’s, I’m down to 2 to 3 a week. This product is great for anyone that doesn’t want to or can’t take drugs to manage pain.”

Steuart Laboratories, 203 N. Main Street,  
 P.O. Box 306, Mabel, Minn. 55954  
**507 493-5585 toll free: 877 210-9664**  
[www.steuartlaboratories.com](http://www.steuartlaboratories.com)



# FACES OF AMERICA

BY GLENN GLASSER



## Joe Beene

ODESSA, TEXAS

What was the  
darkest time of  
your life?

When I had  
everything.



# Points to Ponder

---

**WE ARE HAPPY WHEN** we have family, we are happy when we have friends, and almost all the other things we think make us happy actually are just ways of getting more family and friends.

**DANIEL GILBERT,**  
*professor of psychology, on bigthink.com*

**THE MOST COMMON CAREER** aspiration named on [applications for Girls Who Code] is forensic science. Few, if any, of the girls have ever met anyone in that field, but they've all watched *CSI*, *Bones*, or some other show in which a cool chick with great hair in a lab coat gets to use her scientific know-how to solve a crime. This so-called CSI effect has been credited with helping turn forensic science from a primarily male occupation into a primarily female one.

**CATHERINE RAMPPELL,**  
*reporter, in the New York Times Magazine*

**HUMILIATION, GOSSIP, AND** snarkiness emanate daily from TV and radio. Take one radical stand: Commit to civility in all communication. Compose every text, e-mail, and post as [if] it were addressed to someone you love.

**MITCH HOROWITZ,**  
*writer, on time.com*

**YOU MAY NOT BE THINKING** about politics, but politics is thinking about you.

**KERRY WASHINGTON,**  
*actress, in a speech*

**EVERY ATTEMPT AT** communication is a leap into the dark, with no guarantee that we will be understood or even heard by anyone else. Given this obdurate fact, a little shyness around each other is understandable.

**JOE MORAN,**  
*social historian, in Aeon magazine*



The family meal is the nursery of democracy. I really do think we literally civilize our children at the table. That's where they learn to take turns and to share and to argue.

**MICHAEL POLLAN, author, on earthisland.org**





When people are like, “Life is so good,” I go, “No, life is a series of disastrous moments, painful moments, unexpected moments, and things that will break your heart. And in between those moments, that’s when you savor, savor, savor.”

**SANDRA BULLOCK**, *actress*, in *Entertainment Weekly*

**THAT’S ALWAYS A GOOD** question to ask yourself before you pick a fight: Are you sure that’s a hill you want to die on?

**JAMES CARVILLE**,  
*political analyst*, in the memoir *Love and War*,  
which he cowrote with wife Mary Matalin

**THERE WAS A PATCH** of time when I was in my 30s and had just started [being offered] a whole string of roles that basically involved saying to a man, “Please don’t go and do that brave thing. Don’t! No, no, no, no, no!” ... I said no to all of them. I’m so proud.

**EMMA THOMPSON**,  
*actress*, in the *Hollywood Reporter*

**ALMOST A THIRD** of the country’s half-million bank tellers rely on some form of public assistance to get by ... Profits at the nation’s banks topped \$140.9 billion last year, with the median chief executive pay hovering around \$552,000.

**DANIELLE DOUGLAS**,  
*reporter*, in the *Washington Post*

**EVOLUTION ONLY SELECTS** for things that provide a competitive advantage. We think of being nice as this nice thing, but it’s a weapon. My genes are more likely to spread if I am willing to cooperate with others.

**JOSHUA GREEN**,  
*psychologist*, in the *Boston Globe*

**WHILE DEMOCRACY IN** the long run is the most stable form of government, in the short run, it is among the most fragile.

**MADELEINE K. ALBRIGHT**,  
*former secretary of state*, in a speech

**IDLENESS IS NOT JUST** a vacation, an indulgence, or a vice. The space and quiet [it] provides is a necessary condition for standing back from life and seeing it whole. It is, paradoxically, necessary to getting work done. **R**

**TIM KREIDER**,  
*cartoonist and author*,  
in the *New York Times*



# Deliciously heart healthy.

Another reason to love Kellogg's Raisin Bran.<sup>®</sup>



Surprise. Not only is the cereal you know and love heart healthy, it's also a tasty source of potassium.

**Invest in your heart health with Kellogg's Raisin Bran.<sup>®</sup>**

[kelloggs.com/healthyinvestments](http://kelloggs.com/healthyinvestments)

While many factors affect heart disease, diets low in saturated fat and cholesterol may reduce the risk of heart disease.



# ART *of* LIVING

How the ache of not having “enough” affects our intelligence and decisions

## Obsessed with Less

BY ROSIE IFOULD FROM *PSYCHOLOGIES* MAGAZINE

RECENTLY, I'D planned a day of fun with my young son. However, I also had a deadline to meet. I thought I could juggle the two, but of course, it didn't work out. After some halfhearted playground trips, too much TV, and a rushed bedtime story—along with plenty of tantrums—I slumped at the kitchen table to send yet more e-mails, rebuking myself for the fact that, once again, I hadn't phoned my elderly grandfather or paid all my bills. ➔➔



Ordinarily, I'd be the first to kick myself for mismanaging time, but the day before, I had read a book that made me realize I wasn't just a harried mother nor neglectful by nature. I was operating under the "scarcity mind-set."

In *Scarcity: Why Having Too Little Means So Much*, social scientists Eldar Shafir and Sendhil Mullainathan explain that whenever we perceive a lack of something—be it food, money, or, in my case, time—we become so absorbed by it that our thinking is altered. The impact is far greater than simple worry or stress: "Scarcity captures the mind," they write. "The mind orients automatically, powerfully, toward unfilled needs."

Shafir and Mullainathan found that in all kinds of circumstances, the psychological effect of scarcity was remarkably similar: a kind of tunnel vision that can help us focus on the immediate need (I met my deadline) but that can also have negative long-term consequences, both in terms of ignoring other important areas

of our lives and not making good decisions for the future.

"Think of driving on a stormy night," Shafir says. "You're focusing on the road ahead of you, and you are driving carefully and well. But at the same time, you become largely oblivious to the periphery: You're less likely to notice billboards or what your passengers are saying. And you may even neglect closely related concerns, such as a car approaching from the intersection on the right."

In other words, the scarcity mind-set can make anyone prone to the adage "Lose the forest for the trees."

Shafir hopes his work will help seemingly different groups of people find common ground. "The poor often seem exotic, strange, and ill behaved to those who are not financially disadvantaged," he says. "If we can show that the same psychology is at work for people poor in money and those poor in time, it provides an empathy bridge."

Here are Shafir and Mullainathan's insights into the surprising ways the scarcity mind-set affects our lives—and ways to outsmart it.





## Why Dieting Makes You Feel Dumb

It's day three of your diet, and you are fixated on the snack in your drawer. You need to call your child's teacher, but you're having trouble recalling her name. Then a client phones to ask why you've sent confidential information in an e-mail that could be read by anyone. Don't underestimate the scarcity mind-set: Your obsession with what you can and can't eat has captured your cognitive abilities. In one study, dieters could quickly pick out the word *donut* in a word search but took 30 percent longer to find the word *cloud*.

Fluid intelligence, cognitive capacity, and executive control all come under what Shafir and Mullainathan term mental "bandwidth," and even the slightest suggestion of scarcity taxes our ability to reason properly, control our impulses, and think clearly.

## Why You Don't Save Enough

In the short term, if you're strapped for cash, you probably manage a dollar pretty well. People in poverty have been shown to be better at assessing something's worth and more astute about bargains. Long-term decision making suffers under scarcity-inspired tunnel vision, however. "You may be less likely to attend to the financial

repercussions of taking a payday loan, or you may plan less carefully for the next month, because you need the money for immediate concerns," says Shafir. Even fear of financial scarcity can affect the ability to reason: In one study, after a group of students read about a hypothetical situation where they had to pay a big bill, they did significantly worse on an IQ test. "A trickle of scarcity, and they looked less intelligent," say the authors.

## Why the Lonely Can Read Your Face

People who report feeling lonely are often better at interpreting emotions in photographs than those with active



social lives. “You might have thought they’d do worse—after all, their loneliness might imply social ineptitude,” Shafir and Mullainathan write. But scarcity doesn’t mean you lack skill. In fact, this superior performance makes sense when you consider that the lonely focus on their own form of scarcity—making social contacts.

### Why You’re Most Productive on Deadline

Scarcity does have an upside, and it explains why successful people

often get things done at the last minute. “When scarcity captures the mind, we become more attentive and efficient,” write Shafir and Mullainathan. With the mind riveted on the task at hand, we are less prone to careless errors and more open to flashes of inspiration. This is called the focus dividend. But we need to be careful that the personal concerns that make for a balanced life—like my playdate with my son—don’t fall by the wayside during these great leaps of progress. **R**



#### GET MORE FROM LESS

First understand how scarcity changes our thinking. Then employ these strategies to reap the benefits—and avoid the pitfalls.

■ **SET UP FAIL-SAFES.** When scarcity forces us to tunnel our vision on a single thing, we don’t see other important tasks. So create backups: Set up an e-calendar to alert you to important dates, for instance, and hire a trainer or enlist a friend who will make sure you don’t neglect exercise.

■ **ELIMINATE THE NEED FOR CONSTANT VIGILANCE.** If you’re dieting and thinking about food all the time, it’s hard to endlessly say no to junk food in your home. Throw it all out in one go so you won’t have to make the right (i.e., harder) choice again and again. Likewise, it requires concentration to remember to pay all your bills, but it’s simple and free to sign up for automatic recurring payments.

■ **MAKE DEADLINES YOUR FRIEND.** Set strict deadlines for important tasks to increase productivity and even make yourself more inspired. We tend to be lenient with ourselves when our deadlines are self-imposed, so it helps to have someone else enforce them.





**collette**  
guided by travel

enjoy the  
**freedom  
of touring**

True adventures go beyond incredible destinations or inclusive packages. Collette delivers an essential sense of possibility across all seven continents. Wake each morning on tour with a new experience in front of you and let us seamlessly handle the details. With Collette, the world is within your reach.

**Save** up to **\$200** per couple\* on any tour  
with offer code EYC0-AA9-975. Contact your travel professional  
or call **877.951.8687** for details.

[www.gocollette.com](http://www.gocollette.com)

\*Offer is valid on new retail bookings only made between 3/7/14 - 5/7/14 for travel between 3/7/14 - 4/30/15 on any Collette tour. Space is on a first come, first served basis. Offer is not valid on group or existing bookings or combinable with any other offer. Call for details on Alaska Discovery. Offer savings are \$200 per couple or \$100 per person. Other restrictions may apply; call for details.

CST# 2006766-20 UBN# 601220855 Nevada Seller of Travel Registration No. 2003-0279

# A Pot of Forgiveness

BY KAREN KARBO

FROM THE BOOK *JULIA CHILD RULES: LESSONS ON SAVORING LIFE*



KAREN KARBO is an award-winning author whose books include *The Gospel According to Coco Chanel*.

IT'S EASTER, and I've decided to make my hero Julia Child's beef bourguignonne, the only recipe I make that my mother also made, the same classic dish that Julie Powell, as played by Amy Adams, ruined so spectacularly in *Julie & Julia* by falling asleep on the sofa and leaving it too long in the oven.

Beef bourguignonne isn't really a spring dish. Our corner supermarket doesn't have small onions; it stocks them only for big winter holidays. I settle for frozen, feeling a flick of irritation because this is what my mother used.

It's the only Julia dish my mother made that I found acceptable, but I cook it only maybe once a year because doing so makes me so sad that when I'm done, I can rarely bring myself to eat it.

During my first semester of college, my mother, only 46, was diagnosed with brain cancer, an astrocytoma with the shape and reach of a starfish. That summer, she had suffered from crushing headaches and double vision. Her doctors decided it was an underactive thyroid, then hypoglycemia, then menopause. Her headaches had persisted, and miraculously, so did her elaborate nightly meals. There is no summer longer than the one before college; your old life has wilted, but your new life has yet to bloom. In the afternoons, I watched my mother wash down three aspirin with a swig of Coors before getting something on to simmer. How on earth did she manage this, and why?

They were able to remove part of her tumor, but only part.



The prognosis was dire. My mother, according to her surgeon, woke up, looked him straight in the eye, and “asked all the hard questions.” She was given six months to live but managed only three.

By February, she had completed her prescribed rounds of radiation and chemotherapy. My parents had been steadfast in shielding me from the horror of it all. I was a mere 17. I’d gone away to USC, my father’s alma mater, pledged a sorority, and was dutifully having the time of my life. They insisted.

My birthday is March 2, and suddenly, uncharacteristically, my father called and summoned me home on Sunday for my birthday dinner.

I was happy. Home meant presents, cake, and my choice of fancy dinner.

In the naive way of children to whom nothing bad has ever happened, I assumed that if my mom was cooking me a birthday dinner, then she was better and was going to be OK.

The fanciest special-occasion food I knew was steak and baked potatoes with sour cream and chives, and that’s what I asked for. Also, a green salad with Bob’s Big Boy Bleu Cheese dressing. I knew there would also be some kind of store-bought cake from the grocery store.

But that Sunday, the moment I walked in the door, I took one whiff and knew we weren’t having steak. It was that smell I knew so well: the buttery, floury, slightly blood-infused smell of browning beef on a too-warm day. My mother was setting our places at the big dining room table,

one utensil at a time. She wore her usual capris and a bright floral top, and an orange turban to hide what she called her bald chicken head.

I felt the sense of injustice rising up in me. It wasn't fair! They'd called and asked what I wanted and I'd said steak, and there was no steak. Instead, my mother was cooking beef bourguignonne. I didn't even dislike beef bourguignonne, but it was not steak. No steak. No baked potato with sour cream and chives. No green salad with Bob's Big Boy Bleu Cheese dressing. And also, no cake. And soon, no mother; the person I loved most in the world was leaving me.

I followed her into the kitchen. We didn't talk. She couldn't talk well after her brain surgery. She leaned against the counter, her redhead's pale complexion mottled and her face slack and puffy from her meds, removing each piece of beef from the pan with the focus and precision of someone defusing a bomb.

I think she made a few simple things before she died a week later, but Julia's beef bourguignonne was the last thing she made for me.

When I made the dish last Easter,

I rushed through the browning of the stew meat, ruining my favorite hoodie with splattered oil. I also wound up with an extra plate of sautéed carrots and onions. I spent most of my young adulthood furious that my mother had solicited my opinion about what I wanted for my birthday dinner and then didn't cook it. Then I moved into a phase where I realized I was really angry at her not for her menu planning but for dying and leaving me alone, for that is how I thought of being left with my well-meaning silent father. Now that I have lived past the age at which she died and have a daughter older than I was when she got sick, I can only imagine the sheer terror she must have felt at the thought of dying and of leaving me to make my way in the world without her.

Then, in a further iteration, over the course of the long Easter afternoon while I stood in front of the stove turning and basting the beef, I found myself admiring her courage. Her days were numbered, and she knew it, and she was going to spend her last days at the stove making something that gave her pleasure. **R**

JULIA CHILD RULES: LESSONS ON SAVORING LIFE, BY KAREN KARBO, COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY KAREN KARBO, IS PUBLISHED AT \$24.95 BY SKIRTI, AN IMPRINT OF GLOBE PEQUOT PRESS, A DIVISION OF MORRIS BOOKS PUBLISHING LLC. SKIRTBOKS.COM.



## MAKING WAVES

What idiot named them “Jet Skis” instead of “boatercycles”?

@VRUNT



# Our Stories, On Your Time



## A Year In The Sun

Brian D. Pardo

978-1-4836-8239-6 | \$15.99

A touching love story in a real historical war setting, *A Year in the Sun* is packed with military action and suspense -- a tribute to all soldiers and civilians who have lost their lives in countless world conflicts.

Coming January 2014, Brian Pardo's 2nd military novel, "The Committee," is based on the assassination of JFK and military operations in Iraq and Vietnam.

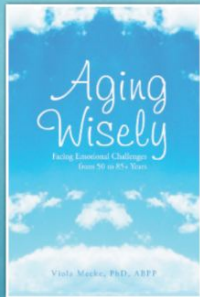


## A NEW AGE IS COMING

Durell Belanger

978-1-4836-8315-7 | \$15.99

This is the third book, beyond *The Soul Personality and Purpose*, and *Predestination*. *A New Age is Coming* and is starting to become more open for humanity to understand itself. This book aims to better man through forgiveness and love.



## Aging Wisely

Viola Mecke, PhD, ABPP

978-1-4931-1425-2 | \$19.99

Growing older oftentimes bring many thoughts of "I wish I knew that before." Clinical psychologist and

author Viola Mecke understands the personal and family changes that challenge senior citizens as they grow older. At a time when life is thought easier, new problems and situations that are challenging arise. Using her knowledge from her clinical practice as well as her personal experiences, Mecke helps adults cope with the normal and unusual events throughout. In describing the four stages of growing older, Mecke reaches out, informs, and helps adults cope with the emotional challenges of each stage and provide means of some enjoyment



## Alexander and Delphine

Camila John

978-1-4836-9994-3 | \$19.99

Mankind often has scars from the battles they fought. In *Alexander and Delphine*, two wounded people, one with a shattered faith and the other with a complaisant life, struggle to find themselves and bring back the person they have lost.

Xlibris | 1663 Liberty Drive | Bloomington, IN 47403  
Phone: (888) 795-4274 | Fax: (812) 355-4079 | [www.xlibris.com](http://www.xlibris.com)

**Xlibris**  
WRITE YOUR OWN STORIES

The Clever Cook

# Salt at Your Service

## ■ PEEL EGGS EASIER

Want the shells of hard-boiled eggs to come off in big chunks instead of a million tiny pieces? Add a teaspoon of salt to the cooking water before putting in the eggs.

## ■ PRESERVE MILK

Help keep it fresh for several days longer by adding a pinch or two of table salt to a carton of milk.

## ■ COLOR CORRECT

Boiling or blanching spinach or string beans? Add salt to the cooking water to help preserve the green veggies' chlorophyll, which keeps their color vibrant after they're cooked.

## ■ SEAR A YUMMY STEAK

For a delicious steak without a lot of butter or oil, cook it in a skillet sprinkled with about a teaspoon of kosher or other coarse salt. The salt crystals will prevent the meat from sticking and create a great crust on the finished dish. **R**

Sources: rd.com, lifehacker.com, *Rachael Ray Magazine*, *Food Network Magazine*



PROP STYLIST: PHILIP SHUBIN





It's hard to lose weight eating like a rabbit.



Atkins Chicken & Broccoli Alfredo



Sharon Osbourne lost 25 lbs.,\* thanks to Atkins. With Atkins, you don't have to feel hungry and deprived to lose weight. You eat delicious and filling low-carb foods — and add veggies, fruits and whole grains. So whether you're dining out or eating at home, you never have to suffer on your diet. Sign up for your free Quick-Start Kit today.



Eat to succeed™



Get your **100% FREE Quick-Start Kit\*\***

INCLUDING 3 FREE BARS. Go to [atkins.com/begin](http://atkins.com/begin) or call 1-888-713-ATKINS or text 'ATKINS' to 51684\*\*\*

\* Results may vary. Weight loss is influenced by exercise, food consumed and diet.

The average person can expect to lose 1-2 lbs. per week.

\*\* No obligation required. Offer limited to U.S. residents only. Limit one per household while quantities last.

\*\*\* By texting ATKINS to 51684 from your mobile phone, you consent to receive up to two confirmatory text messages via automated technology by or on behalf of Atkins regarding the Quick-Start Kit.

Consent not required to make a purchase. Message and data rates may apply. Text HELP for help.

Your information will not be sold or used for any other purpose.

# Pioneer Woman's Hot Cross Buns

BY REE DRUMMOND  
FROM THEPIONEERWOMAN.COM



TO ME, HOT CROSS BUNS are as synonymous with Good Friday as scrambling around town to buy Easter egg dye and synthetic blue grass. There's so much legend and lore behind hot cross buns, which date back to the old country. Some bakers believed that hanging a hot cross bun in the kitchen ensured that all bread made in the coming year would rise successfully. And friends who gift one another with hot cross buns each spring are said to remain friends for life. As for me? I just love carrying on my mom's tradition of making these globs of carby goodness at Easter time and sharing them with those I love.



**Servings: 18**

## BUNS

- 2 cups whole milk
- ½ cup canola oil
- ¾ cup sugar, divided
- 1 package (2¼ tsp.) active dry yeast
- 4½ cups all-purpose flour, divided
- ½ tsp. (heaping) baking powder
- ½ tsp. (scant) baking soda
- 2 tsp. salt

- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- Spices: cardamom, nutmeg, allspice (optional)
- ½ cup raisins

## GLAZE

- 1 egg white
- Splash of milk

## ICING

- 1 egg white
- Powdered sugar
- Splash of milk



# CREATE MEMORIES

Fill your Easter baskets with silky smooth DOVE® Chocolates  
and delight your family with moments to remember.



## BUNS

Combine milk, canola oil, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar in saucepan. Stir and heat until very warm but not boiling. Turn off heat and allow mixture to cool about 30 minutes until still warm but not hot.

Sprinkle yeast over milk mixture. Add 4 cups flour and stir to combine. Mixture will be very sticky. Cover with towel; set aside for 1 hour.

Add remaining  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt to mixture. Stir until combined to form dough ball. Combine remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar with cinnamon and other spices, if using.

Lightly flour work surface. Press dough to slightly flatten. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar-cinnamon mixture. Sprinkle with about one third of raisins. Fold dough over on itself; flatten again to incorporate additions.

Repeat the sugar-raisin process, and fold over dough again. Repeat a third time until all raisins are used. (Some sugar-cinnamon mixture will be left over.)

Pinch off golf ball-size piece of dough. With floured hands, quickly roll it into a ball, then turn edges under slightly. Place on lightly

greased cookie sheet. Repeat with remainder of dough. Cover buns and allow to rise in a warm place for at least 30 minutes. Preheat oven to 400°F.

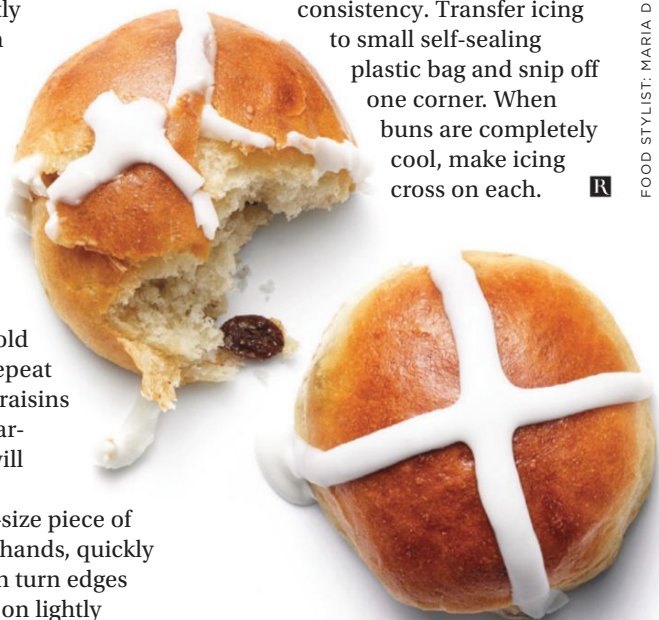
## GLAZE

Mix egg white with splash of milk. Brush some glaze onto each bun. Bake buns for 20 minutes or until tops are golden brown. Remove buns from pan and allow to cool on cooling rack.

## ICING

Mix egg white with enough powdered sugar to make very thick icing.

Add milk as needed for desired consistency. Transfer icing to small self-sealing plastic bag and snip off one corner. When buns are completely cool, make icing cross on each. **R**





# No Contracts. Great Value. 100% Risk-Free.\*



## Affordable cellular service without a binding contract.

### PLANS FROM JUST \$10/MONTH

Easy plans that will save you money. We can even transfer your existing phone number for you at no extra cost. Family Shared Use Plans are also available.

### 100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE\*

With our no obligation return policy, you have nothing to lose.

### NO CONTRACTS

Upgrade, change, or cancel your plan at any time, and for any reason.

### POST-PAID BILLING

Consumer Cellular is not a pre-paid plan, so there is no worry of running out of or reloading minutes. We will conveniently bill you each month.

### A VARIETY OF PHONES

From simple phones, to options with large, bright screens and big buttons, or even top-of-the-line smartphones.

### USE YOUR OWN PHONE

You can use any phone that is compatible with Consumer Cellular. We will ship you a SIM card for FREE and there's no activation fee!

### AARP MEMBERS

Ask for your special discounts when starting new service. Consumer Cellular was selected as the exclusive wireless provider for AARP members because we meet the high-level of service and quality standards of AARP.

#1 RATED  
CELL-PHONE  
SERVICE



CALL CONSUMER CELLULAR TODAY (888) 502-9245

OR VISIT [www.ConsumerCellular.com/9245](http://www.ConsumerCellular.com/9245)

ALSO AVAILABLE AT [sears](#)

## Consumer Cellular®

**AARP®** | Member **Advantages**

© 2014 Consumer Cellular, Inc. New service activation on approved credit. Cellular service is not available in all areas and is subject to system limitations. Terms and Conditions subject to change. \*If you're not satisfied within the first 30 days, 30 minutes, 30 text messages or 30MB of data use, whichever comes first, cancel and pay nothing, no questions asked.

AARP member benefits are provided by third parties, not by AARP or its affiliates. Providers pay a royalty fee to AARP for the use of its intellectual property. These fees are used for the general purposes of AARP. Some provider offers are subject to change and may have restrictions. Please contact the provider directly for details.

When an inattentive husband is forced to listen to his wife, he finds that he likes what he hears

# My Silent Treatment

BY JAMES H. BURNETT III FROM THE *BOSTON GLOBE* MAGAZINE

AS A REPORTER, I talk to strangers for a living and love the challenge of getting them to open up. Yet here's a confession: I've been married for eight happy years, but until six months ago, I could be the stereotypical inattentive husband.

It's not that my wife and I never had pleasant conversations. But more often than I care to admit, I was just going through the motions, nodding when I was supposed to. I was the guy who'd defensively snap, "Of course I did!" when my wife would ask, "JB, did you even hear what I just said?"

In January, I began to lose my voice repeatedly. Doctors told me I needed surgery, or else my throat would be permanently damaged. Total silence would be required for the first few weeks of my recovery.

Two hours after the surgery, my eyes filled with tears as my two-year-old son stood in the recovery room looking puzzled because I

wouldn't answer his questions. I wanted to talk but couldn't. Luckily, I'd recorded myself reading some of my son's favorite books. That would come in handy the next couple of weeks.

But by the time I got home, I had settled into a Zen-like peace about my silence. Soon I noticed another "side effect": As my wife talked to me to keep up my spirits, I wasn't just hearing her; I was listening to her.

Over the next couple of weeks, I found myself not wanting to miss a word she said. I began to hear a sweetness in her voice that I hadn't recalled since we were first dating. It had never left. I'd just stopped noticing. I found myself understanding her better on topics I'd previously dismissed as "things I just don't get as a guy."

I also realized my toddler wasn't just chattering nonstop but that he often had surprisingly thoughtful things to say for his age.





Even while walking my dog in the woods near our home, I began hearing pleasant patterns in birdsongs. The rustling leaves sounded crisper to me. Before my surgery, I'd have spent those walks on my phone.

I started whispering for a few minutes a day two and a half weeks after my surgery. A week later, I was in a voice therapist's office learning

to craft sound with minimal strain. After several months, my therapist had me singing old standards to her piano accompaniment. I was fully recovered.

Conversation in our house is better these days, but not because I'm talking more. I'm just listening better and becoming less and less surprised that I like what I hear. **R**

THE BOSTON GLOBE MAGAZINE (SEPTEMBER 29, 2013) COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY BOSTON GLOBE MEDIA PARTNERS, LLC., BOSTONGLOBE.COM.

His mother's lessons on love helped a single dad raise independent kids and learn to let them go

# Big Shoes to Fill

BY CHARLES M. BLOW

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

❧ I'VE BEEN a single dad for 13 years. We are inundated by studies and books and advice: Do this or that if you want your child to succeed.

I try to tune most of it out. When I feel overwhelmed, I call my mother. When my three children were younger, and the strain of taking care of them seemed as though it would overwhelm me, my mother would tell me what an elderly babysitter once told her when she, too, felt overwhelmed: "One day they'll be able to get themselves a cup of water."

It was a simple way of saying that children grow up and become more self-reliant, and eventually they set out on their own to chart their own course. You won't always

have to wait on them hand and foot.

She told me to remember that the more people a child has who truly love him or her, the happier that child will be. So I work hard to maintain and expand their circles of love.

She taught me that parenting was a lot like giving a hug: It's all about love and pressure, and there is no one way to do it.

She taught me that sometimes you have to make time for yourself so that you will have energy to give



to your children. Allow them to have a pizza night every now and then. An occasional treat won't hurt them, but working yourself to a frazzle will surely hurt you. Rest.

She taught me that you must allow yourself time to find stillness so you can be moved by it. Sometimes we are so busy that we forget why we're busy. We have so many things on our list of priorities that we lose sight of what's really important.

And she taught me that my children don't truly belong to me; they've simply been entrusted to me. They are a gift life gave me but one that I must one day give back to life. They must grow up and go away, and that is as it should be.

But as the time with my children in my home draws to a close—my oldest is away at college and my twins are 16-year-old high school juniors—I'm beginning to feel the pains in my chest that all parents feel when their children move away.

I thought that this would be a

celebratory time, a time when I would relish the idea of getting back to me, of working late without worry and taking last-minute weekend jaunts.

But I don't. Letting go is hard for me to do. I must let go, but my heart feels hollow. I can't imagine me without them.

Lately there are times when I find myself just staring at my children, that kind of look that says, "I see you, really see you, and I love you with an all-consuming love, the kind of love that envelops you and sustains me." It's the kind of look that invariably draws from my children a "What? What are you looking at?" They speak the words through the slightest smile, a barely registered one, the kind of smile teenagers manage when they know that they are loved but feel that they are too old for hugs or tears.

Life gave them to me. I'm preparing myself, as best I can, to give them back to life. **R**

THE NEW YORK TIMES (NOVEMBER 6, 2013). COPYRIGHT © BY THE NEW YORK TIMES CO., NYTIMES.COM.



## RIDDLE ME THIS ...

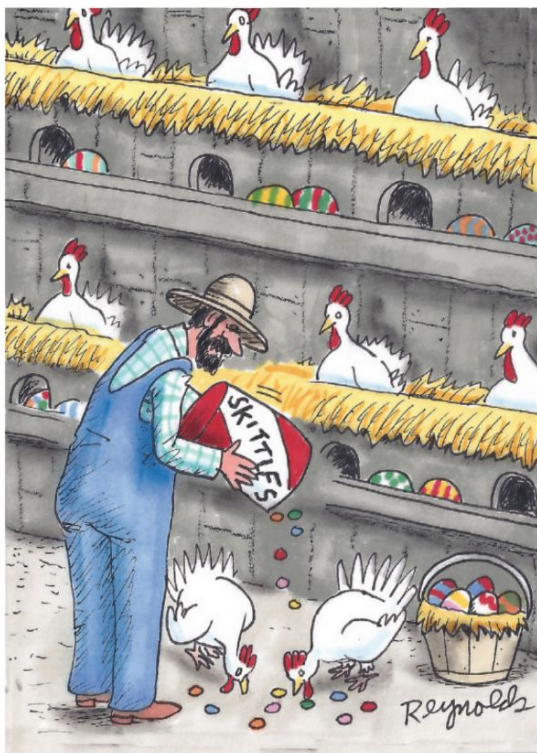
**QUESTION:** A red house is made of red bricks and has a red wooden door and a red roof. A yellow house is made of yellow bricks and has a yellow wooden door and a yellow roof.

What is a green house made of?

**ANSWER:** Glass.

ALL IN

# A Day's Work



## SCENE: THE OFFICE

**Me:** We have to submit a form to every state.

**Coworker:** All 51?

**Me:** Fifty-one?

**Coworker:** Whatever. I'm not good at geometry. **JILL LLOYD, Bexley, Ohio**

**WHO WOULDN'T** be inspired to hire this young man? If his cover letter is to be believed, he's eager to light a fire under the most recalcitrant colleague: "I am a motivated, self-igniting person."

Source: heartland.org

**HOW CLASSICAL MAESTROS** also used their batons to stab each other in the back:

■ “If he had been making shell casings during the war, it might have made for better music.”

**CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS**, on Maurice Ravel

■ “Wagner has beautiful moments but awful quarters of an hour.”

**GIOACHINO ROSSINI**, on Richard Wagner

■ “I liked the opera very much. Everything but the music.”

**BENJAMIN BRITTEN**, on Igor Stravinsky

Source: classicfm.com

**A MEDICAL STUDENT** was told to remove the spleen from a cadaver. After he did, he kept poking around. “What are you doing?” asked the professor.

The student answered, “I’m looking for the other one.”

**ALEXANDR PLACAR**, *Czech Republic*

**HERE ARE** the best tried-and-failed excuses British businesses gave for not paying their taxes on time.

■ My pet goldfish died.

*Self-employed builder*

■ Our business doesn’t really do anything. *Financial services firm*

■ I’ve been too busy submitting my clients’ tax returns. *Accountant*

Source: HM Revenue & Customs

---

Anything funny happen to you at work lately? It could be worth \$100. See page 7 for details or go to [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit).



## THAT REMINDS ME OF A JOKE!

### HERE’S THE NEWS

When ripping someone off, it’s best to keep a low profile. A North Carolina woman began earning workers’ comp after claiming to have been so severely injured on the job that she was no longer able to lift her arms to load her mail truck, which made being a postal worker pretty tough. But investigators grew suspicious of her claim when they saw her limber spinning of “The Big Wheel” on the nationally syndicated game show *The Price Is Right*.

Source: *New York Daily News*

### HERE’S THE LAUGH

Three guys are fishing when an angel appears. The first guy says, “I’ve suffered from back pain for years. Can you help me?” The angel touches the man’s back, and he feels instant relief.

The second guy points to his thick glasses and begs for a cure for his poor eyesight. When the angel tosses the lenses into the lake, the man gains 20/20 vision.

As the angel turns to the third fellow, he instantly recoils and screams, “Don’t touch me! I’m on disability!”

# No-Pain Vaccines

BY DAMON BERES



**W**ELL AWARE of needle-induced anxiety, tech innovators around the globe are taking the sting out of vaccinations. Doctors and aid workers could someday use these advances to help patients in need. They'll not only hurt less, but they'll also be easier to administer.

## A Stick-On Patch

Researchers at the Vaxxas company have developed a wee “nanopatch” that aims to deliver an effective vaccine dose better than a traditional shot can. The patch is one square centimeter in size and home to about 20,000 tiny needles. These “micro-projections” deliver a vaccine and amplify its effectiveness.

## Jet Fluid


Scientists at PATH, a global nonprofit focused on health innovations, have developed a method to inject a vaccine into a patient's arm via a high-pressure fluid. The hope is that these “jet injectors” can be

taken to developing countries, where they will present an easier (and safer) way for health workers to administer doses to children.

## Doses “On-Demand”

Using nanoparticles, doctors in the future may have the ability to mix vaccines immediately after noticing an outbreak—no more worrying about fragile containers that need to be refrigerated. Researchers at the University of Washington and Emory University announced the new technique earlier this year and say it has shown promise in lab mice. Once human-ready, the new vaccines will be applied via pain-free bandages.

## An Edible Alternative

Taking a cue from breath-freshening strips, Aridis Pharmaceuticals developed a way to combat the rotavirus, which claims scores of young lives every year: a film that melts in the mouth—an ideal way to administer a vaccine to babies. 



# We (App)rove of This Timesaver

IFTTT.COM—"If This Then That"—is an online service and app that helps users create digital "recipes" to streamline their lives. Some popular concoctions:

YOU WANT TO	IF THIS	THEN THAT	VOIÀ!
Organize and share photos	I take a photo 	Send an e-mail 	Take a photograph on your iPhone, and you'll automatically receive a copy via e-mail with a link to share it.
Get the latest scores	My team wins 	Send me an SMS 	Whenever there's news about your favorite team, IFTTT will send a text message to your phone.
Find your lost phone	I receive an e-mail with a keyword 	Call my phone 	E-mail "#lostphone" to yourself, and the service will give you a buzz—hopefully it's audible under the cushions.
Watch the stock market	Prices rise/drop 	Send an e-mail 	Got money on the line? Receive a note whenever your stocks go above or below a certain threshold.
Back up your Facebook photos	I upload a photo 	Dropbox 	IFTTT will back up Facebook photo uploads to the Dropbox service: Access them anywhere, anytime.
Get the weather, faster	The sun rises 	Send me an SMS 	No smartphone? No problem. IFTTT can text any cell a brief weather update every morning at sunrise.

ICONS COURTESY IFTTT. GOOGLE MAIL: COURTESY GOOGLE. FACEBOOK: COURTESY FACEBOOK

For more "recipes," visit [rd.com/april](http://rd.com/april).



## **TOO MANY DISCOUNTS? NO SUCH THING.**

**AT PROGRESSIVE, WE'VE GOT TONS OF WAYS TO HELP YOU SAVE.** Like our great discounts for being a safe driver, paying in full or just going paperless! And don't forget the average savings of \$519 our customers get by switching to Progressive for their car insurance. Giving you the discounts you deserve. Now that's Progressive.

1-800-PROGRESSIVE / PROGRESSIVE.COM

**PROGRESSIVE**



LEARN MORE. SCAN HERE.

Progressive Casualty Ins. Co. and affiliates. Auto insurance prices and products are different when purchased directly from Progressive or through independent agents/brokers. National annual average savings by new customers surveyed who saved with Progressive November 2012-March 2013. 11D00067.RD (01/14)



# Go Green Without Even Noticing

BY KYLEY EAGLESON

FROM BLOG.HERITAGE-ENVIRO.COM

## 1 USE A LOW-FLOW SHOWERHEAD

Gone are the days when low-flow meant subpar in terms of showering. To give consumers more control, these devices now offer options for different GPM (gallons per minute) rates during a shower. The result: Users can adjust to a low rate for lathering and a higher rate for rinsing.

## 2 DON'T PREHEAT YOUR OVEN

Did you know that unless you are cooking temperamental things—such as bread or other baked goods—there is no need to warm up your oven? The next time you make dinner (be that meat or lasagna), don't turn on your oven until you put in the food. Also, never preheat for things that will cook for more than an hour—the oven will reach the desired temperature as the food cooks.

## 3 CLEAN YOUR LINT FILTER

A full lint filter makes your dryer work harder and produce more heat. Clean your filter after each load to help decrease your energy usage and speed up your drying time.

## 4 UNPLUG AN APPLIANCE

According to the U.S. Department of Energy, 75 percent of all electricity used to power electronics is consumed by devices that are turned off. Skip the annoyance of disconnecting electronics with internal clocks, and unplug just a few items to save considerable energy.

## 5 WASH CLOTHES IN COLD WATER

Clean clothes in cold water to save big on your next bill. Even switching the water setting from hot to warm can cut a load's energy use in half. **R**

# What to Do Before Same-Day Surgery

BY SUSAN INCE

LAST SUMMER, after a broken wristbone slipped too far out of place to fuse properly, I was scheduled for a minor, same-day surgery to install a plate and screws. I knew I'd have to skip breakfast that morning and arrange for someone to drive me home afterward. But along the way, I picked up a number of other little tips—from nurses, doctors, and even fellow patients—that weren't mentioned in my official pre-op instructions but had a dramatic impact on my health and recovery. The surprising advice I learned could help people having one of the 50 million-plus outpatient surgeries this year.

## DAYS BEFORE

### ■ DRINK UP

It's vital that there's nothing in your stomach during general anesthesia (food or drink could be a choking hazard). But if you're well hydrated, you'll feel better and your veins will be fully dilated—and thus more receptive to IV fluids and drugs. If your cutoff for food and water is at midnight, drink plenty of clear fluids



(not alcohol) during the evening until then. The common “midnight” deadline assumes that your surgery is bright and early. If your procedure is in the afternoon, ask if the cutoff can be moved closer to the time of surgery.

### ■ CANCEL YOUR MANICURE

Skip the presurgery splurge. The anesthesiologist needs polish-free fingers to monitor your oxygen levels while you're sedated. “The pulse oximeter must be able to send and receive light through your fingertip, and acrylics and other nail coatings

interfere,” says anesthesiologist Steven Gayer, MD, chair of the American Society of Anesthesiologists committee on ambulatory surgical care.

### ■ CURB THE HERBS

Tell your doctor about any supplements you take. About 70 percent of surgery patients don't think to do so, but it's important. Even benign-sounding substances like fish oil can increase bleeding, while others, such as kava and St.-John's-wort, may prolong the effects of anesthesia. Your surgeon may advise you to stop taking certain supplements two weeks prior to surgery, if possible.

### ■ WASH AWAY GERMS

Infected incisions are always a big concern—and a major source of the germs that cause them is your own skin. Shower the night before and the morning of your surgery with antibacterial soap, or, even better, use a special wash, like Hibiclens, which kills germs on contact and helps protect your skin for the next 24 hours, advises J. Wesley Alexander, MD, director of research at the Shriners Hospitals for Children in Cincinnati. (Look for a wash that contains chlorhexidine and some alcohol.) Three cautions: Don't use chlorhexidine if you are allergic to it (if you have any allergies, ask your doctor or pharmacist if it is safe). Don't put chlorhexidine on your head or genitals—it's too harsh. And don't

use bleach when you wash the towel you'll use to dry off; doing so can cause a permanent reddish-brown stain. Use an oxygen-based laundry product, such as OxiClean, instead.

## THAT MORNING

### ■ ANSWER WITH A SMILE

Be patient as everyone you meet asks your name and what procedure you're having done



on which body part. The Joint Commission, which accredits more than 20,000 U.S. health-care organizations, requires double-checking by everyone along the way. It's also wise to have someone act as your second eyes, ears, and voice. Write down your medications and medical history beforehand in case you forget.

### ■ AVOID A NO-CAFFEINE HEADACHE

For many, the worst part of having a procedure is waking up afterward with a roaring headache. This is three times more likely to occur if you would normally start your day with a mug of coffee or tea, and the risk rises with the additional cups you'd usually consume. A patient pal who loves her java and has had numerous outpatient surgeries suggested this trick: Ask your doctor if you can take a caffeine tablet (NoDoz



or Vivarin; one tablet is equivalent to one cup of coffee) with a sip of water first thing in the morning on the day of your procedure. My health team gave me permission, and it worked great: Because I'd had my caffeine fix, I could cheerfully agree when asked to delay surgery for an hour.

### ■ SNUGGLE UP

Accept the blanket offered in pre-op. Several studies show that staying warm can lower your risk of infection. Low temperatures decrease blood flow to the skin, which reduces the number of immune cells present to fight infection.

### ■ DE-STRESS WITH A PRE-OP SCENT

At my hospital, a volunteer visited pre-op to offer aromatherapy. Turns out, there's some solid science behind the pampering. When 50 pre-op patients in Minnesota inhaled a lavender scent and placed a drop of oil on their skin, their anxiety levels fell 28 percent, and they entered the operating room significantly less tense than those who got a placebo oil or no special treatment. "When you're extremely anxious, you may need more medication, which can lead to more side effects," says Margo Halm, RN, director of nursing research at Salem Hospital in Oregon. (But ask first before you bring your own oils. Some facilities have strict no-fragrance policies because they may irritate fellow patients.)

## BACK HOME

### ■ HAVE A SLEEPOVER

You'll be required to have someone drive you home, but it's better if a companion is around for at

least 24 hours (this is especially important for older patients). You may not be thinking clearly for a full day after anesthesia and may need help changing dressings or fetching snacks and meds.



### ■ DON'T TOUGH IT OUT

If your pain isn't well controlled, you're more likely to suffer nausea and vomiting, says Jan Davidson, RN, director of ambulatory surgery at the Association of Operating Room Nurses. Make sure the discomfort is under control before you go home, and don't skip prescribed painkillers.

### ■ POSTPONE THE DENTIST

Check with your surgeon before having dental work during the first six weeks after a surgery. Depending on your procedure, you may need to reschedule your appointment or take antibiotics to avoid infection. **R**

Susan Ince has 30 years of experience as a health reporter. Her work has appeared recently in *Good Housekeeping* and *Prevention*.

# Eat-Smart Tricks We Use

BY THE PHYSICIANS OF *THE DOCTORS*

## Start at the Healthy End of the Breakfast Buffet

Eighty-six percent of diners piled their plates with fruit when they saw it first, but only 54 percent chose fruit when they began with high-calorie fare like cheesy eggs and bacon.

## Stick to Wrapped Candy

People ate 30 percent less candy when they had to unwrap it first, a Swiss study found. Peeling off the wrapper requires effort, which can make noshers eat less.

## Stop Mindless Munching at the Movies

People who usually eat popcorn were more likely to snack even when it was stale, research found, while those who don't normally nosh on popcorn

at the movies ate less when it didn't taste fresh. Take time to notice how food tastes.

**Use Smaller Bowls** In a classic Cornell study, nutrition experts served themselves 31 percent more ice cream in a 34-ounce bowl than they did in a 17-ounce bowl without realizing that they had done so.

## Eat a Bigger Breakfast Than Dinner

One group of obese women consumed 700 calories at breakfast, 500 at lunch, and 200 at dinner. Another group ate the same foods but had 200 calories in the a.m. and 700 at night. After 13 months, the big-breakfast eaters shed 18 pounds, while the big-dinner eaters lost only about seven.



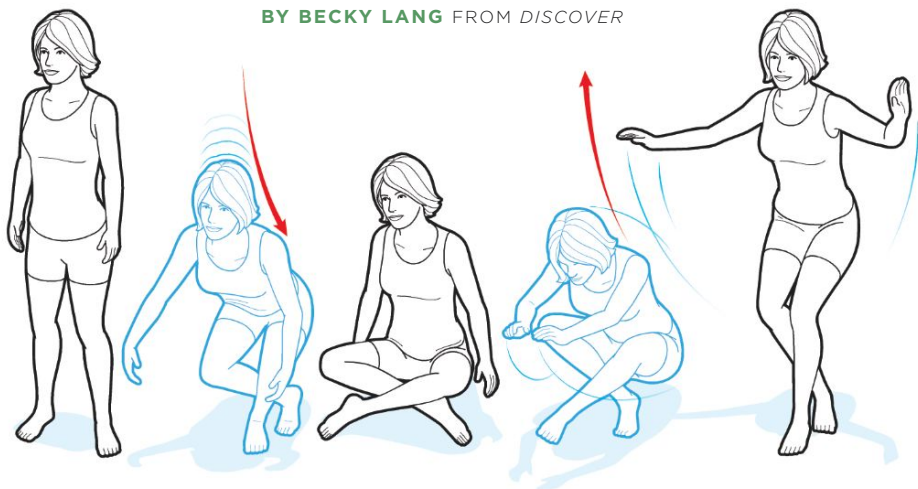
Cohost  
Ian Smith,  
MD

**YOUR DAILY DOSE** The health teams at *The Doctors* and *Reader's Digest* partner monthly to prescribe feel-great advice. Check local listings to watch the hit show every day.

**THE DOCTORS**

# Can You Pass The Longevity Test?

BY BECKY LANG FROM DISCOVER



**SIT. STAND. REPEAT.** The trick: You can't use your hands. This deceptively simple measure of flexibility and strength can predict who will live longer, according to a study by Brazilian physician Claudio Gil Araújo.

The study came about when Dr. Araújo noticed that many of his patients, particularly older people, had trouble with ordinary motions such as bending down to pick up something from the floor. As people age, he knew, reduced muscle power and loss of balance could greatly increase the risk of dangerous falls.

So Dr. Araújo and his colleagues developed the sitting-rising test, or SRT, to determine a person's core strength, flexibility, and longevity.

## Try It!

- Stand with bare feet in a clear space.
- Lower yourself to a sitting position on the floor, trying not to use your hands, knees, forearms, or the sides of your legs.
- Now stand back up, again without leaning or using your limbs for help.

## Scoring (ten-point scale)

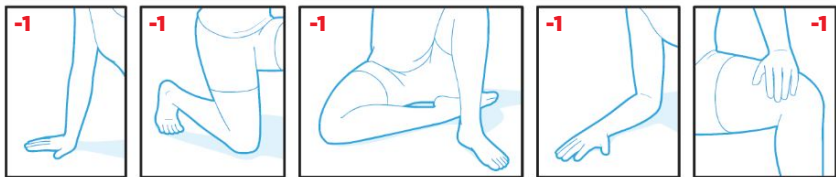
■ **SITTING:** Start with five points. Subtract one point each time a limb is used for support. Subtract half a point for loss of balance.

■ **STANDING:** Add five points to your “sitting” score. Now subtract points per rules above.

■ **RESULTS:** According to Dr. Araújo, people who scored fewer than eight points on the test were twice as likely to die within the next six years compared with those who wound up scoring higher; those who scored three or fewer points were more than five times as likely to die within the same period.

## Avoid!

Using limbs for support (seen below) as you move from sitting to standing and back again detracts from your final score. The goal is to maintain balance from your core. **R**



DISCOVER (NOVEMBER 2013), COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY KALMBACH PUBLISHING CO., DISCOVERMAGAZINE.COM.



## BETTER THAN “YOU GUYS”

Real (and weirdly accurate) names for groups of professionals:

- A group of accountants is called a balance
  - A group of librarians is called a shush
  - A group of dentists is called a wince
  - A group of bowlers is called a keg
- A group of dermatologists is called a rash
  - A group of creditors is called a curse

FROM A COMPENDIUM OF COLLECTIVE NOUNS BY WOOP STUDIOS (CHRONICLE BOOKS)

Holistic Heart Doc

# A Skeptic's Guide to Smart Statin Use

BY JOEL K. KAHN, MD



JOEL K. KAHN, MD, is a clinical professor of medicine at Wayne State University and the director of cardiac wellness at Michigan Healthcare Professionals.

MY PATIENT TED was 45 and athletic and a fairly healthy eater, but he smoked a few cigarettes a week. When I told him that his total cholesterol was high, at 230 mg/dl (a desirable level is considered 200 or lower), he asked, “Do I really need to take a statin?” I mentally reviewed the cholesterol guidelines that two major cardiology societies recently published. Ted wouldn’t have been a clear-cut candidate for the cholesterol drugs under the old rules, but according to the new ones, he was. Ted was concerned—and as an integrative cardiologist who prefers to prescribe veggies rather than drugs, so was I. There’s no doubt that statins save lives. But as the controversial guidelines call for millions more Americans to start statins, it’s important to understand the benefits and risks.

## The Science of Statins

Over the past 20 years, high-quality scientific trials revealed that the drugs may cut stroke and heart attack risk by half. Based on this research, the guidelines indicated four groups—which may include one billion people worldwide—who should lower their blood cholesterol levels with statins:

- People with heart disease (prior heart attack, stent, etc.)
- People ages 40 to 75 with diabetes
- People with LDL cholesterol over 190 mg/dl
- People without heart disease but who—according to a new algorithm of age, total cholesterol, HDL, blood pressure, and



smoking—have a ten-year risk greater than 7.5 percent of developing it. (Ted's was 8 percent.)

## My Biggest Concern

Doctors often started patients at low statin doses. Under the new guidelines, we're urged to use moderate- or high-intensity doses from the get-go. These may increase side effects like muscle aches or weakness, memory loss, and increases in blood sugar. Another issue: My patients often take other cholesterol-lowering drugs (such as Zetia or Niaspan) along with statins, but the new guidelines emphasize the benefits of statins alone. I'm wary of stopping these drugs to increase statins. I plan to prescribe statins if needed at low to moderate doses—and teach lifestyle changes at high intensity.

## Cut Cholesterol Naturally

In the statin debates, we're overlooking that you can dramatically lower your cholesterol by changing what you eat and how much you move. (For example, Canadian scientists developed the portfolio diet, which emphasizes plant sterols, soluble fiber, nuts, and soy; it lowers cholesterol by 30 percent on average, about as much as a low-dose statin.) While some high-risk

people will need statins no matter what, I encourage borderline patients like Ted to make lifestyle changes first. Cut back on sugar and meat. Eat more produce, whole grains, low-fat dairy, fish, legumes, and nuts. Keep saturated fat to 5 to 6 percent of calories (about 12 grams for a 2,000-calorie daily diet), and avoid trans fats. Aim for about 40 minutes of moderate to vigorous exercise three or four times a week.

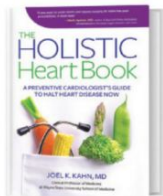
## If You Need A Statin

First ask yourself: Have I made every effort at lifestyle changes?

For Ted, quitting smoking, along with diet and exercise tweaks, reduced his risk such that he no longer qualified for statins. If moderately high LDL cholesterol or the risk calculation alone determines that you might require statins, talk to your doctor. More plants and fewer animal saturated fats and trans fats may allow many people to avoid drugs. And there's nothing controversial about that. **R**



**The Holistic Heart Book (Reader's Digest, \$24.96) shares Dr. Kahn's 75 integrative prescriptions for a healthy heart; available at [holisticheart.com](http://holisticheart.com).**



Celebrate The Season With

# Easter Sweets & Treats!

Make the most of the coming Spring festivities with delicious recipes and decorating tips from ReadersDigest.com



From ideas to brighten up your home to Easter entertaining, you'll get recipes and directions on everything you need to have an "eggcellent" Easter gathering:

- Create beautiful baskets and recipes for decadent chocolately surprises to fill them with
- See incredible new ways to color and decorate eggs
- How to make an Easter egg hunt a memorable family affair

So get a jump on the coming holiday with these great ideas only from Reader's Digest!

Hop to it! Visit:



[rd.com/eastersweets](http://rd.com/eastersweets)

# World of Medicine

## Breast Cancer Detection Goes 3-D

Three-dimensional mammograms, approved by the FDA in 2011 and now available nationwide (ask your doc), found 22 percent more breast cancers and had fewer false positives than traditional 2-D mammograms, according to a new University of Pennsylvania study of more than 25,000 women. Three-dimensional images give radiologists a clearer view of overlapping breast tissue, making it easier to spot masses in dense tissue, which is common in younger women. The technology may allow doctors to identify cancer earlier.

## A High Note for Happiness

British researchers recently surveyed 375 people who sang in a choir, sang alone, or played on a sports team. All the activities contributed to greater emotional well-being, but people in choirs reported feeling

happier than those who belted out tunes solo. Chorus members also rated their choirs as more meaningful social groups than athletes did their sports teams. The physical synchrony—acting in time with others—of choral singing could promote feelings of unity.

## The Color That Curbs Hunger

Red traffic lights signal us to stop driving, and red dishes may influence us to eat less, according to new research published in the journal

*Appetite*. Participants ate less popcorn and dark chocolate when the foods were served on red plates than when they were served on blue or white ones. (People even used less hand cream when it was presented on red plates.) Researchers theorize that red is an unconscious stop sign that may slow snackers down.



## The Pill and Your Vision

Birth control pills may affect the risk of glaucoma, according to an analysis of more than 3,000 women over age 40. Researchers at the University of California, San Francisco, found that those who had previously taken birth control pills for three years or more had twice the risk of developing the disease as women who took them for less time or who had never taken them. Birth control pills suppress your body's ability to naturally release estrogen, which has a protective effect on the eyes, scientists postulate. But experts caution that the research doesn't prove that birth control pills cause glaucoma. Long-term oral contraceptive users should ask about testing for glaucoma, particularly if they have other risk factors.

## A Home Remedy for Healthier Skin

A bath in highly diluted bleach may relieve skin conditions such as eczema. Stanford researchers found that bathing mice in bleach blocked skin-damaging inflammatory processes—and made elderly mice look younger. Though practitioners have been recommending the baths as a natural skin remedy for decades, the study is the first to discover how this household chemical heals. Bleach prevents the activation of NF-kB, a protein that regulates inflammation and aging. Check with your doctor before taking a bleach bath.

## Why Belly Fat Is Bad For Your Memory

People with excess fat around the middle are more likely to develop dementia later in life than those with a svelte waistline. Now researchers from Rush University Medical Center in Chicago have determined that your hippocampus—the brain's memory center—and liver use the same "food," a protein called PPARalpha. The liver uses it to burn belly fat; the hippocampus uses it to process memory. Scientists believe that in people with excess belly fat, the liver has to work harder. This uses up more of the protein and depletes levels from the brain, possibly affecting memory.

## A Link Between Allergies And Migraines

As if a stuffy, runny nose weren't bad enough, people who suffer both migraines and allergies were 33 percent more likely to report frequent migraines than those who don't have allergies, according to an American Migraine Prevalence and Prevention Study survey of nearly 6,000 patients. The lining of the nasal cavity is connected to the trigeminal nerve, which is involved in migraine pain. Researchers theorize that allergies could irritate nerve endings and trigger pain. Treating allergies with allergy shots or steroid nasal spray may help decrease the debilitating headaches.







**Talk to your dermatologist—it's not too late to give your advanced basal cell carcinoma some serious attention.**

**SEND IN THE ATTACHED CARD TO GET AN ERIVEDGE INFORMATION PACKET**

**Erivedge**  
(vismodegib)<sub>capsule</sub>

You can also call (855) 7-ERIVEDGE (855-737-4833) or visit [Erivedgesupport.com](http://Erivedgesupport.com).

Please see the accompanying Medication Guide on the following pages for additional important safety information.

If you don't have prescription coverage or can't afford your medicine, we may be able to help. Visit [genentech-access.com/erivedge/patients](http://genentech-access.com/erivedge/patients) or call (888) 249-4918 to learn more. Capsule shown not actual size.

**Genentech**  
A Member of the Roche Group

© 2014 Genentech USA, Inc.  
HEHD0002305900

All rights reserved.  
Printed in USA.

## Indication

Erivedge® (vismodegib) capsule is a prescription medicine used to treat adults with a type of skin cancer, called basal cell carcinoma, that has spread to other parts of the body or that has come back after surgery or that your healthcare provider decides cannot be treated with surgery or radiation.

## Important Safety Information

**What is the most important information I should know about Erivedge?**

- Erivedge can cause your baby to die before it is born (be stillborn) or cause your baby to have severe birth defects
- For females who can become pregnant, talk with your healthcare provider about the risks of Erivedge to your unborn child. Your healthcare provider should do a pregnancy test within 7 days before you start taking Erivedge to find out if you are pregnant. Avoid pregnancy by using highly effective birth control before starting Erivedge, and continue during treatment and for 7 months after your last dose. Tell your healthcare provider right away if you have unprotected sex or think that your birth control has failed
- For males, always use a condom with a spermicide during sex with female partners while you are taking Erivedge and for 2 months after your last dose, even if you have had a vasectomy
- Tell your healthcare provider right away if you or your female partner could be pregnant or thinks she is pregnant while you are taking Erivedge
- Before taking Erivedge, tell your healthcare provider if you are pregnant or plan to become pregnant, or if you are breast-feeding or plan to breast-feed

### Exposure to Erivedge during pregnancy:

Pregnant women are encouraged to participate in a program that collects information about exposure and the effects on the mother and her unborn child by calling the Genentech Adverse Event Line at (888) 835-2555.

### What should I avoid while taking Erivedge?

Do not give blood or blood products during treatment with Erivedge and for 7 months after your last dose.

### What are the possible side effects of Erivedge?

The most common side effects of Erivedge are:

- Muscle spasms
- Hair loss
- Change in how things taste or loss of taste
- Weight loss
- Tiredness
- Nausea
- Diarrhea
- Decreased appetite
- Constipation
- Vomiting
- Joint aches

These are not all of the possible side effects of Erivedge. For more information, ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist.

Because everyone is different, it is not possible to predict what side effects any one person will have or how severe they may be. Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away.

You may report side effects to the FDA at (800) FDA-1088 or [www.fda.gov/medwatch](http://www.fda.gov/medwatch). You may also report side effects to Genentech at (888) 835-2555.

Please see the full Prescribing Information, including **serious side effects**, at [Erivedge.com](http://Erivedge.com).



## MEDICATION GUIDE

### ERIVEDGE® (EH-rih-vej) (vismodegib) capsule

Read this Medication Guide before you start taking ERIVEDGE and each time you get a refill. There may be new information. This Medication Guide does not take the place of talking with your healthcare provider about your medical condition or your treatment.

#### **What is the most important information I should know about ERIVEDGE?**

#### **ERIVEDGE can cause your baby to die before it is born (be stillborn) or cause your baby to have severe birth defects.**

For females who can become pregnant:

- You should talk with your healthcare provider about the risks of ERIVEDGE to your unborn child.
- Your healthcare provider should do a pregnancy test within 7 days before you start taking ERIVEDGE to find out if you are pregnant.
- In order to avoid pregnancy, you should start using highly effective birth control before you start ERIVEDGE, and continue to use highly effective birth control during treatment, and for 7 months after your last dose of ERIVEDGE. Talk with your healthcare provider about what birth control method is right for you during this time.
- Talk to your healthcare provider right away if you have unprotected sex or if you think that your birth control has failed.
- Tell your healthcare provider right away if you become pregnant or think that you may be pregnant.

For males:

- You should always use a condom with a spermicide, even if you have had a vasectomy, during sex with female partners while you are taking ERIVEDGE and for 2 months after your last dose to protect your female partner from being exposed to ERIVEDGE.

- Tell your healthcare provider right away if your partner becomes pregnant or thinks she is pregnant while you are taking ERIVEDGE.

#### **Exposure to ERIVEDGE during pregnancy:**

If you think that you or your female partner may have been exposed to ERIVEDGE during pregnancy, talk to your healthcare provider right away. Pregnant women are encouraged to participate in a program that collects information about exposure to ERIVEDGE during pregnancy, and the effects on the mother and her unborn child. This program is called the ERIVEDGE pregnancy pharmacovigilance program. You may participate in this program by calling the Genentech Adverse Event Line at 1-888-835-2555.

#### **What is ERIVEDGE?**

ERIVEDGE is a prescription medicine used to treat adults with a type of skin cancer, called basal cell carcinoma, that has spread to other parts of the body or that has come back after surgery or that your healthcare provider decides cannot be treated with surgery or radiation.

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

#### **What should I tell my healthcare provider before taking ERIVEDGE?**

#### **Before taking ERIVEDGE, tell your healthcare provider if you:**

- **are pregnant or plan to become pregnant.** See “**What is the most important information I should know about ERIVEDGE?**”
- **are breastfeeding or plan to breastfeed.** It is not known if ERIVEDGE passes into your breast milk. You and your healthcare provider should decide if you will take ERIVEDGE or breastfeed. You should not do both.

**Tell your healthcare provider about all the medicines you take**, including prescription and non-prescription medicines, vitamins, and herbal supplements.

Know the medicines you take. Keep a list of them to show your healthcare provider and pharmacist when you get a new medicine.

### **How should I take ERIVEDGE?**

- Take ERIVEDGE exactly as your healthcare provider tells you.
- You can take ERIVEDGE with or without food.
- Swallow ERIVEDGE capsules whole. Do not open or crush the capsules.
- Take ERIVEDGE one time each day.
- If you miss a dose, skip the missed dose. Just take your next scheduled dose.

### **What should I avoid while taking ERIVEDGE?**

- Do not donate blood or blood products while you are taking ERIVEDGE and for 7 months after your last dose.

### **What are the possible side effects of ERIVEDGE?**

#### **ERIVEDGE can cause serious side effects, including:**

- See “**What is the most important information I should know about ERIVEDGE?**”

The most common side effects of ERIVEDGE are:

- muscle spasms
- hair loss
- change in how things taste or loss of taste
- weight loss
- tiredness
- nausea
- diarrhea
- decreased appetite
- constipation
- vomiting
- joint aches

Tell your healthcare provider if you have any side effect that bothers you or that does not go away.

These are not all the possible side effects of ERIVEDGE. For more information, ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist.

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

You may also report side effects to Genentech, Inc. at 1-888-835-2555.

### **How should I store ERIVEDGE?**

- Store ERIVEDGE at room temperature between 68°F to 77°F (20°C to 25°C).

### **Keep ERIVEDGE and all medicines out of the reach of children.**

#### **General information about ERIVEDGE**

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

This Medication Guide summarizes the most important information about ERIVEDGE. If you would like more information, ask your healthcare provider. You can ask your healthcare provider or pharmacist for the FDA-approved information about ERIVEDGE that is written for healthcare professionals. For more information, call 1-855-737-4833 or visit [www.erivedge.com](http://www.erivedge.com)

#### **What are the ingredients in ERIVEDGE?**

Active ingredient: vismodegib; Inactive ingredients: microcrystalline cellulose, lactose monohydrate, sodium lauryl sulfate, povidone, sodium starch glycolate, talc, magnesium stearate (non bovine). The capsule shell contains gelatin, titanium dioxide, red iron oxide, and black iron oxide. The black printing ink contains shellac and black iron oxide.

This Medication Guide has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

MG Issued: 01/2012

Manufactured by:

Patheon, Inc.

Mississauga, Canada

Distributed by:

**Genentech USA, Inc.**

A Member of the Roche Group

1 DNA Way

South San Francisco, CA 940804990

ERIVEDGE is a

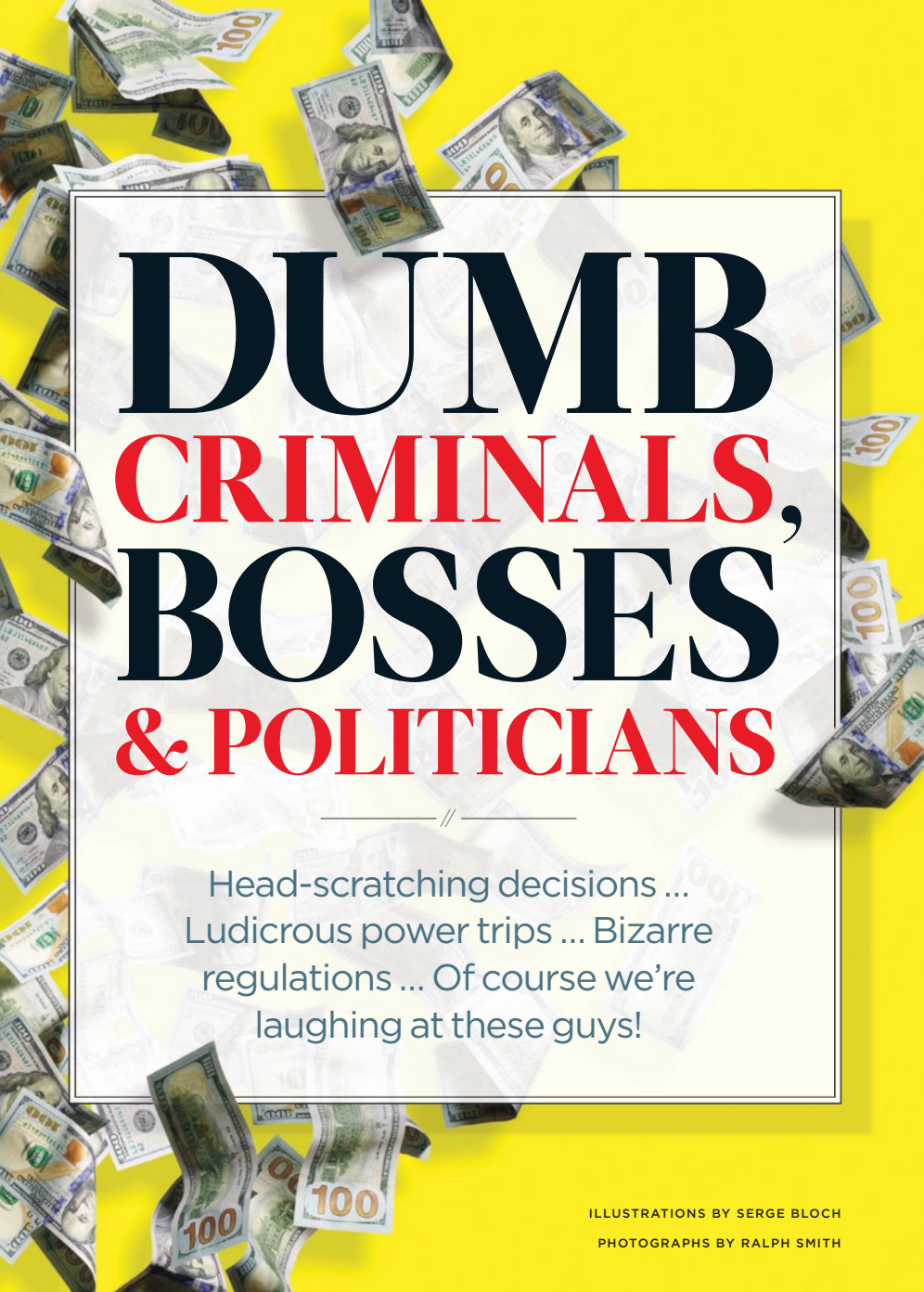
registered trademark

of Genentech, Inc.

©2014 Genentech, Inc.

**Genentech**  
A Member of the Roche Group

HED0002305900



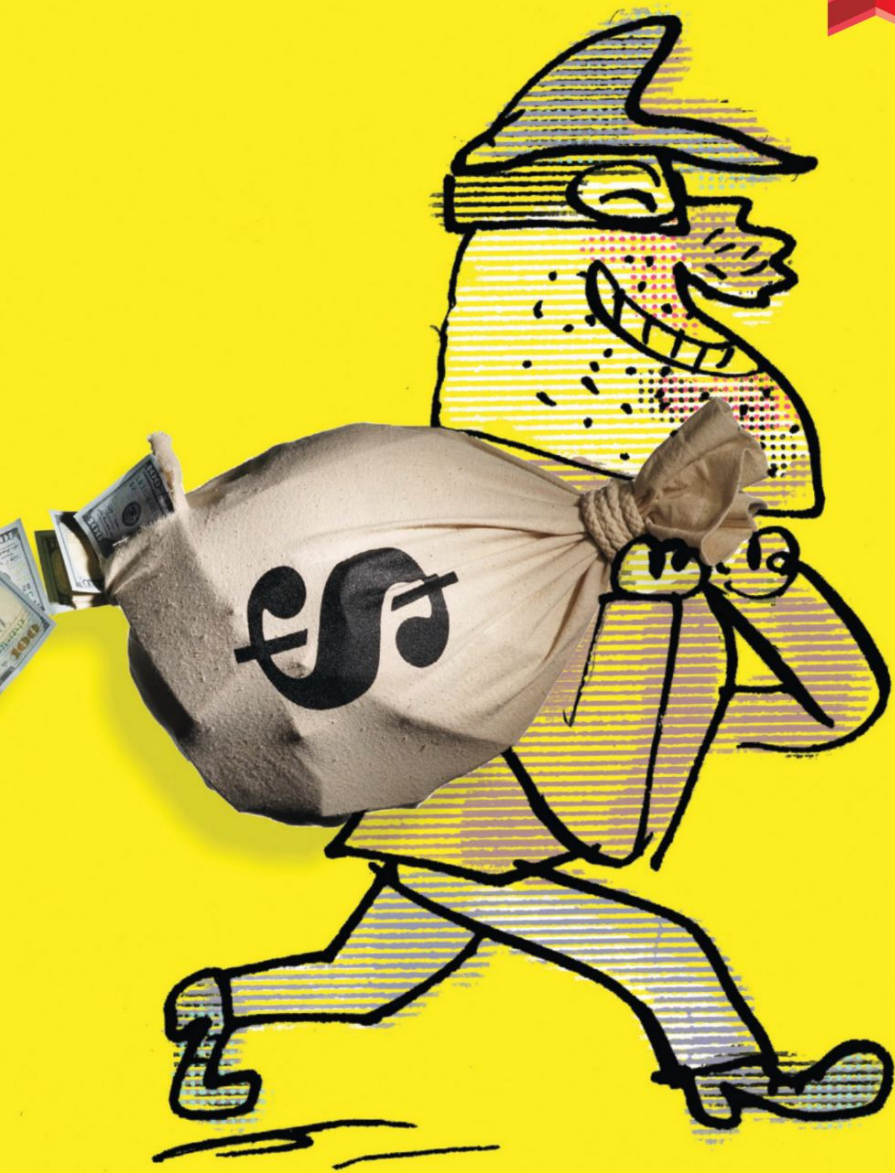
# DUMB CRIMINALS, BOSSSES & POLITICIANS

---

Head-scratching decisions ...  
Ludicrous power trips ... Bizarre  
regulations ... Of course we're  
laughing at these guys!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SERGE BLOCH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH SMITH



# What DUMB CRIMINALS know ...

## One man's weapon is another man's banana.

According to the bus driver, it was a brutal, unprovoked attack. A woman got on his bus and assaulted him with a half-eaten banana. "I had banana all over me," he insisted. "On my tie, my shirt, and my eye."

The woman explained that the driver had almost hit her car and that when she entered the bus to rationally discuss the matter, the banana slipped ... right into his tie, his shirt, his eye ...

The court may not have believed that, but it did believe her when she argued that it was "unreasonable that a banana could cause this much damage." They slapped her with a fine of only about \$100.

Source: thelocal.se

Most people are smart enough not to wave loaded weapons around in front of the White House. Christopher Briggs isn't one of them.

Briggs was standing in the street just a few hundred yards from the Oval Office when he started strapping on his .45 caliber pistol. Secret Service agents instantly stopped him and found almost 200 rounds of

ammunition in his backpack. Briggs was mystified about his arrest. "I was only going to fire a couple of shots," he said.

Source: nbcwashington.com

## The art of persuasion must be practiced.

Philome Cesar decided to represent himself in court against charges of robbery. But his legal skills were on par with his larceny skills. During the trial, he asked a witness to describe the robber's voice. The response: "He sounded like you." Ironically, the jury's decision sounded a lot like "guilty."

Source: mcall.com

A California woman facing nearly five years in prison for forging drug prescriptions brought to court a doctor's note that suggested her case be postponed for medical reasons. Her request was rejected—the note was a forgery.

Source: Yahoo News

Though he pleaded innocent, LaDondrell Montgomery of Houston, Texas, was slapped with a life sentence for armed robbery. But shortly after the trial, his lawyer dug





up evidence that would exonerate the man, something Montgomery knew but had completely forgotten: He'd happened to be locked up in jail at the time of the robbery. Source: ABC News

### No need to hide the evidence.

**A** Chicago man was stopped at a red light. Next to him was a police cruiser. The man leaned over and asked if he was “wanted” by the police. The cops got out of their cruiser to chat with him. That’s when they smelled the sweet aroma of marijuana wafting from his car. That’s also when they noticed the butt of a handgun tucked into the driver’s seat. Further investigation revealed an illegal loaded assault rifle, unreg-

istered weapons, and ammunition. So the answer to his question: Yes.

Source: Chicago Tribune

**P**olice in Pico Rivera, California, had an easy time pinning a four-year-old murder on Anthony Garcia. That’s because he pinned it on himself—with an elaborate tattoo on his chest, depicting the killing.

Cops noticed the incriminating ink when taking Garcia’s mug shot for a petty crime. The tattoo revealed all the details of the night, from the Christmas lights and bent streetlamp near the liquor store where the body was found to the image of an angry helicopter—Garcia’s nickname was Chopper—machine-gunning the victim.

Source: breakingbrown.com

# What DUMB BOSSES don't know ...

## The devil's in the details.

Working for a big corporation, you can begin to wonder exactly how much anybody cares about what you're doing. So a colleague and I decided to test the waters. He would stop working, and I would work like never before.

At the end of our test period, we had a performance review. His said "Worked well and was barely noticeable. Two thumbs up!"

Mine said "Overall negative impression" and recommended that I study my friend's work habits.

The result of our test: He got a raise, and I didn't.

[corporateoppression.com](http://corporateoppression.com)

It's been a rough few years for Chilean supervisors. The head of the national mint lost his job after the country's new 50-peso coin was released. Instead of

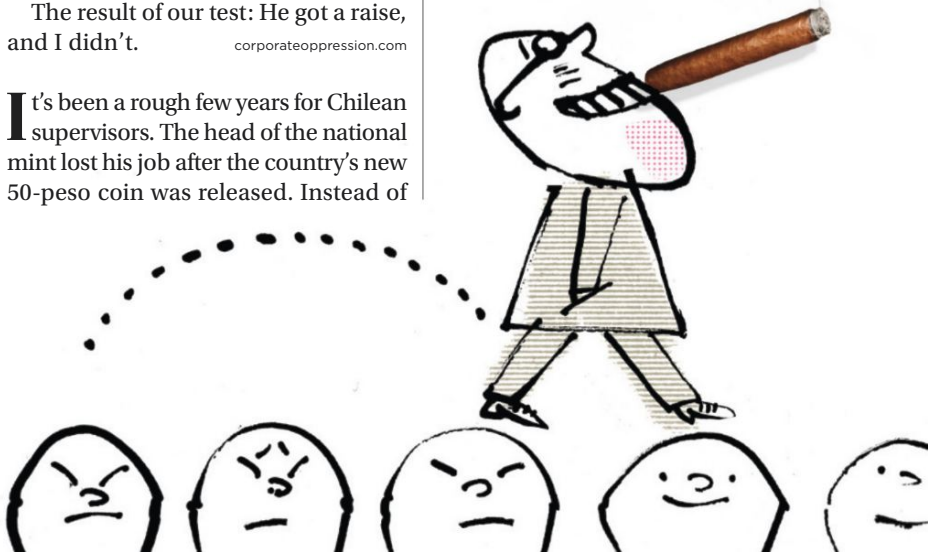
"República de Chile," it read "República de Chiie." Bonus stupidity: It took about a year for the mistake to be discovered. Meanwhile, in the city of Valdivia, the nation's first drawbridge was unveiled. Sadly, it will have to be reconstructed, since at least one deck was accidentally built upside down.

Source: [dailymail.co.uk](http://dailymail.co.uk)

## Employees are just grateful to have jobs, right?

A fast-food worker reported this conversation with his boss:

*Manager:* Can you stay another four



hours? Your coworker has drunk some wine and can't come in.

*Me:* Isn't it her wedding day today?

*Manager:* Yes. That's why she's been drinking.

*Me:* And you scheduled her to work today?

*Manager:* Yes.

*Me:* And you didn't think that would be a problem?

*Manager:* No. notalwaysworking.com

**H**ere is a list of actual requests made by bosses to one of their employees:

- Be prepared to delete all e-mails and files at a moment's notice.

- Be a surrogate mother for her.
- Come up with a science fair project for her daughter.

- Fire the boss's brother.
- Remove her stitches.

careerbuilder.com

**If you don't have something nice to say ...**

**T**oday, my boss fired me because I poked fun at his My Little Pony key ring. From fmylife.com

**B**oss to underling: When I told you that you smelled like bacon grease, it was a compliment!

overheardintheoffice.com

# What DUMB POLITICIANS should know ...

**It pays to know local business.**

**S**eattle City Council member-elect Kshama Sawant had a plan should Boeing move some of its manufacturing out of state: The workers could "take over" the plant. "We can retool the machines to produce buses, instead of destructive, you know, war machines," she said. The Boeing plant builds passenger planes. Source: kirotv.com

**"I**t's a racist tax."

**FLORIDA REP. TED YOHO**, on taxing tanning salons, which apparently discriminates against pale Americans

**Good laws can turn silly.**

**M**arty Hahne—aka Marty the Magician—had just finished his show at a library in Missouri when a mysterious stranger demanded, "Show me your license."

“License for ...?” asked the surprised entertainer.

“For the rabbit,” said the stranger, who was from the Department of Agriculture, enforcing a regulation designed to protect circus animals and other working beasts. If Hahne wanted to keep entertaining, he would have to provide a “disaster plan” to protect his three-pound bunny from fires, floods, air-conditioning failures, and other acts of God or the electric company.

Hahne already had the proper rabbit license. But now he also has a 28-page disaster plan, and he must submit a detailed itinerary anytime he travels with the rabbit.

The irony is that animals raised as food are exempt from such rules. “I can kill the rabbit right in front of you,” Hahne said. “But I can’t take it across the street to the birthday party.”

jonathanturley.org

Everyone is familiar with hyperprotective school boards that ban books because of controversial language. But few can match the visionary leaders of the



Menifee Union School District in California, which decided that the best way to handle certain words was to ban the dictionary.

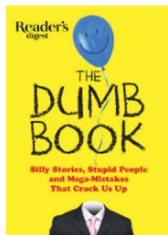
A district committee reversed the ban. [theguardian.com](http://theguardian.com)

When Michigan officials say, “No building without a permit,” they mean it. That’s what Stephen Tvedten found out when he received a letter from state officials demanding that he “cease and desist” the construction of two dams on his property.

Trouble was, it wasn’t Tvedten building the dams—it was a family of beavers.

Fortunately, the state dropped its concerns once an investigator examined the situation more closely. “It probably would have been a good idea to do the inspection before we sent the notice,” one official said. [Source: snopes.com](http://snopes.com) **R**

Want more idiocy?  
***The Dumb Book***  
 (Reader’s Digest, \$9.99)  
 celebrates America’s  
 funniest foibles from  
 criminals, politicians,  
 and celebs as well as  
 viral gaffes we can’t get  
 enough of. Available  
 wherever books are sold.



# Want Healthy Looking Nails?



Why wait? Start today and see improvement in just **2 WEEKS!**

In a published clinical study 77% saw first signs of improvement within 2 weeks and 92% within 8 weeks. JCDASA2011: Vol1 No3; 59-63.

**Kerasal nail™**  
Fungal Nail Renewal Treatment

The only clinically proven nail penetrating formula to:

- Restore healthy nail appearance
- Normalize thickened nails
- Reduce nail discoloration



**SAVE \$2.00**

on ONE 10 ml tube of Kerasal Nail Fungal Nail Renewal Treatment

CONSUMER: Limit one coupon per purchase only on products indicated. You pay sales tax and/or deposit charge. Coupon may not be assigned, transferred, purchased, sold or reproduced. Any other use constitutes fraud. Cash value 1/100 of 1¢. Retailer: Moberg Pharma North America LLC will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon, plus 6% handling allowance, if you and the consumer have complied with our Coupon Redemption Policy available at the redemption address: Mail coupons to: Printer #67074, One Fawcett Drive, Del Rio, TX 78840.

MANUFACTURERS COUPON EXPIRES 5/31/14

0857074001-610048



Available in the foot care section of:


CVS/pharmacy



Walgreens

Walmart





Michelle Grainger, husband Steve Le Goff, and their neighbors survived two days of raging floodwaters. It was what came next that almost killed them.

BY NICK HEIL

# BURIED





*Debris filled  
the bedroom of  
Eric Stevens and  
Michelle Wieber's  
cottage in Salina,  
Colorado.*

# IN MUD

**ON A WEDNESDAY EVENING** last September, Michelle Grainger and her husband, Steve Le Goff, stood in a downpour in front of their two-story Victorian home, one of a handful of historic structures in the tiny hamlet of Salina, Colorado, a few miles west of Boulder. They wondered aloud how much worse the storm would get. It had been raining for three days, and Gold Run Creek, the normally placid stream that flowed 40 feet from their home, had become a raging torrent.

“**I** think [the water] is going to reach the garage,” said Steve, 51. Still, the couple believed they were well prepared for the rising stream. Ever since the Four Mile Canyon Fire in 2010, which had wiped out most of the trees and much of the vegetation in the foothills around Salina, authorities had warned of possible catastrophic flash flooding.

Steve and Michelle, 52, had listened and had stacked 2,000 sandbags around their property. They had strung safety line along the footpath switchbacking up the steep hill directly behind their house, in case they had to evacuate their home at night. Their backpacks were crammed with supplies. All they had to do was strap harnesses onto their two Rhodesian Ridgebacks, Lucy and Kayla, and put their two cats, Izzie and Sophie, into carriers, and they would be ready to bolt for high terrain.

By Wednesday night, authorities

were urging residents to do just that. Sections of the only road into and out of the narrow canyon were already underwater. If residents wanted to escape by car, this could be their last chance.

But Steve and Michelle hunkered down. They’d endured flooding in the canyon before and expected to ride out this storm as well. It was one thing to prepare to leave and quite another to abandon your property and possessions.

They were worried, however, about their neighbors. Across the street, Russell Brockway, an 87-year-old fellow with a pacemaker, was staying put in his 300-square-foot cabin. Kay Cook and Doug Burger, retired English professors in their 70s who lived just up the road, were doing the same.

Eric Stevens, 48, and Michelle Wieber, 50, and their teenage sons, Colton and Caleb, lived next door. They had spent years restoring their 1875 log cabin, one of Salina’s original homes, and wouldn’t leave it easily.

PREVIOUS SPREAD: COURTESY MICHELLE GRAINGER

*The creek continued to rise. By early afternoon, Steve  
The crashing sounds from outside were so loud that*

The creek continued to rise. By early afternoon, Steve and Michelle's sandbag barricade was underwater. The rising tide carried thick logs and refrigerator-size boulders that clogged the culverts and bridges. The crashing sounds from outside were so loud that the couple could hardly hear over them. They went outside once to try to trek up the hill to Cook and Burger's house but were cut off by dangerous waters.

**L**ess than a half mile up the road, Brett Gibson, the Four Mile fire chief, sat in Salina's small fire station, talking on the phone with the emergency operations center in Boulder. During the day, Gibson, along with the other fire chiefs around the county, had realized that this was no ordinary storm. Flooding was not unheard-of in the Colorado Front Range, but bad weather typically blew through in a few hours. This system was stubbornly parked overhead.

Around 10 p.m., Gibson took a call from the Emergency Operations Center (EOC). "This is the real s—," the dispatcher told him. "Tonight is going to be really, really bad."

"Most of my communication with EOC is quite formal," Gibson said later. "So I know when they start using profanity that we have a major situation on our hands."

Gibson immediately broadcast the fire department's most urgent warning to the locals, many of whom were equipped with weather radios: "Climb to higher ground immediately. Imminent threat to life and property. All residents should evacuate."

**S**till, Steve and Michelle stayed put. When they ventured outside the house early Thursday morning, the storm seemed to be easing. The raging creek had subsided slightly. They were relieved to find their garage intact, though nearby culverts and bridges that connected residents to the main road had been destroyed. The power was out, and the deafening noise from the creek still made communication difficult.

Steve and Michelle walked next door to the home of Eric and Michelle, and the families hatched a plan. Worst-case scenario, the six of them would take shelter in Eric and Michelle's guesthouse, which was nestled in the woods behind, 20 feet above the main house. Neither couple believed that the flood would swell to that height.

Satisfied with the plan, Steve and Michelle returned home and settled in with their dogs and cats, which they loved like family. Outside, the rain fell with steady, drenching force.

*and Michelle's sandbag barricade was underwater. the couple could hardly hear over them.*

Up at the fire station, during a call with EOC at about 8:30 a.m., Gibson was informed that the weather lull was temporary. "All the data indicated that Thursday was going to be even worse," Gibson said. The National Weather Service, which rarely veered from drab, technical information in its statements, described the rainfall as "biblical."

Gibson worked diligently to orchestrate rescue efforts, but by now the full scope of the situation had been revealed: The flooding wasn't limited to a few canyons; it was spread across 14 counties. In Boulder County, the worst hit, Sheriff Joe Pelle declared a disaster, establishing an incident command center at the Boulder airport and queuing up resources, including two Black Hawk helicopters, several swift-water rescue teams, and dozens of search-and-rescue workers.

Steve and Michelle's neighbor Russell Brockway had ridden out the night in his tiny outhouse, perched 30 feet up the hill behind his cabin. That morning, a few emergency personnel had arrived to evacuate some of the Salina residents, including the old-timer.

By late Thursday morning, the rain had begun to accelerate, and Gold Run Creek began to surge. What had moments earlier been heavy floodwaters now appeared to be a 20-foot-

high wall of water, mud, and debris, sluicing through the canyon.

The surge plowed down the canyon, through the heart of Salina, ripping huge propane tanks from their foundations. The unhitched containers spun and hissed violently, filling the canyon with a pungent white haze. One-hundred-year-old trees snapped like toothpicks.

**F**arther down the canyon, Steve and Michelle, and Eric, Michelle, and the boys resorted to their last-ditch plan: take refuge in Eric and Michelle's guesthouse.

The two families piled into the small cottage that evening with another neighbor, Gurpreet Gil, and her cat. Steve, Michelle, Gurpreet, and the dogs and cats settled in the living room. Eric and Michelle climbed into the white wrought iron bed in the back of the cottage. The kids went upstairs to a small loft. The group planned to hike out in the morning to find help, tackling the long, steep trail that led to the ridge.

Steve and Michelle made themselves comfortable under blankets on the floor, their animals next to them. Michelle slept in her hiking boots and her parka, in case of an emergency.

Too nervous to sleep, Gurpreet stood in the doorway between the

*The mud and water picked Steve up and swept him on either side of the doorframe and braced himself*



kitchen and the living room, monitoring the weather.

Around midnight, Steve heard “three loud crashes” and shot up. A massive mudslide had crushed the back wall of the cottage and was gushing into the bedroom where Eric and his wife slept. Steve heard screaming, but without power, during the howling storm, he didn’t know from where.

The mud and water ripped through an interior wall. It picked Steve up and swept him toward the front of the house. As he approached a wall, he jammed his feet on either side of the entrance’s doorframe and braced himself while the mud, water, rocks, and timber stacked up beneath him.

The mudslide then swept Michelle and Gurpreet and the five animals across the living room. The debris piled in the corner of the room before finally slamming out through the front wall of the house.

The animals were gone, buried, he assumed, in what was now four or five feet of mud inside the house. Apparently uninjured, Gurpreet stood in the kitchen. The boys had run halfway down the loft staircase and were shouting for their parents.

Water and mud continued to flow into the house, and Steve realized it had nowhere to go. He kicked at the

front door until it burst open, providing some escape for the debris. Despite the chaos, a calm descended on him as he also felt an extraordinary physical strength. Free and seemingly uninjured, he began clawing at the dirt encasing his wife beneath him. She was buried up to her chest. “This is not how I want to die!” Michelle yelled.

“This is not how you’re going to die,” Steve shouted back. But the mud and debris might as well have been wet cement around the huge boulders. He sank his hands into the muck and tried to push away the debris. He had no sense of time. Finally, Steve was able to leverage the stones off his wife, freeing her upper torso.

Then he noticed a dog’s leg sticking out of a pile of mud. He dug at the dirt and unearthed Kayla. Handing the dog over to his wife, Steve resumed digging around Michelle, who scooped mud out of Kayla’s mouth. On impulse, she pressed her mouth against Kayla’s and forced air into the animal’s lungs. Again. Kayla’s eyes flickered and opened. “She’s alive!” Michelle screamed to Steve.

“OK. Help me dig,” Steve said frantically. Michelle put Kayla down and started scraping at the mud that enclosed her legs. When she was free,

*toward the front of the house. He jammed his feet while the debris stacked up beneath him.*



*"I was 30 seconds from losing my wife," says Steve, with Michelle. "But I fought."*

she looked for Kayla, but the dog had disappeared.

In the bedroom, Eric had been buried up to his neck and entangled in the bedsheets. Muddy water flowed over him. As his wife held up his head to keep him from drowning, she yelled for the others.

Gurpreet had grabbed various kitchen utensils to dig with and passed them to Steve and Michelle. Many of the utensils merely broke in half. Meanwhile, the piles of debris had left just a few feet in which to move. Fearing that the structure could collapse entirely, Michelle Grainger took Colton and Caleb next door to Gurpreet's house, breaking a window to get in. Gurpreet managed to reach a 911 operator on her cell phone. The

dispatcher told her that no one could reach them until daylight.

At the Gold Hill command post, Brett Gibson received word about the mudslide, but there was nothing he could do. "That was one of the worst nights I've ever had," he recalled. "These are my friends. But it would have been suicide to put a rescue team into those conditions."

Michelle ran up the trail behind her house and reached a neighbor's home where other Salina residents were taking shelter. Along the way, Kayla appeared, and then, amazingly, Lucy, covered in mud but very much alive.

Michelle told her neighbors of the others' plight. One man followed Michelle back to the cottage to help dig Eric out of the mud. After three



hours, the rescuers managed to free him. Finally, at 3 a.m., the ravaged survivors limped to the neighbor's safe house, where they drank soup, shivering in their soaked clothing. Later, Michelle would learn that she had suffered two broken ribs and a compression fracture in her back, the pain temporarily masked by the adrenaline coursing in her veins.

Between Wednesday night and Thursday night, nine inches of rain fell in and around Salina, twice the previous record. In all, the floods and mudslides resulted in billions of dollars' worth of damage and claimed eight lives—incredibly, none of them in Salina. On Friday morning, the storm at last abating, rescue efforts began in full force, including those of six helicopters operating continuously for four days.

Later on Friday, shaken and sore, Steve and Michelle hiked back to their house, which had survived the worst. Muck and silt covered their garage, but their preparations had paid off. As they inspected the guesthouse

where they'd almost lost their lives the night before, they found Sophie, her leg broken, under a pile of outdoor furniture. Only Izzie was still missing.

The next day, the remaining survivors were to fly from Salina to Boulder. Before leaving, Michelle and Steve made one last attempt to find Izzie. As they wandered into the woods behind the guesthouse, Michelle heard a faint meowing. As she called for Izzie, the meowing got louder. Finally, the cat burst from the woods and into Michelle's arms.

A few hours later, the couple hiked to a clearing where an Army Black Hawk awaited. Helicopters rarely evacuate animals, but that day the crew made an exception. With Michelle, Steve, the dogs, and the cats on board, the Black Hawk rose into the sky, torn clouds revealing the first peek of blue sky in more than a week. The helicopter flew over the ravaged canyons, carrying the survivors to Boulder, where their long recovery could begin. **R**



## CHILDREN'S BOOKS REDONE AS GROWN-UP BOOKS

*Where the Wild Things Are Now*  
*A Wrinkle Cream in Time for the Holidays*  
*Charlotte's Web of Lies*  
*The Little Engine That Could Think for Itself*  
*Alice's Adventures with the Law in Wonderland*  
*Oh, the Places You'll Never Get to Go*

FROM THE DOGHOUSE DIARIES.COM



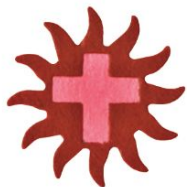
Organized religion may be losing members, but prayer is more popular than ever. A look at the myriad reasons why.

# How We



# Pray

BY LISE FUNDERBURG



**IN THE 11 YEARS** that Theresa Cho has served as a pastor at St. John's Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, she has aimed to make prayer more accessible to her diverse congregation.

When the tenth anniversary of 9/11 grew close, for instance, she searched for a simple yet creative way for her parishioners—and anyone else—to express themselves. Inspiration struck when she found a bucket of colored chalk in her office supply closet. She placed it on the ground outside the church's entrance next to a large sign that read "Write a prayer or word of peace to mark this day."

Over the following week, congregants and passersby scratched out thanks to the first responders and wishes for a better world: "Stay human." "Blessed are the peacemakers." "Let's work together." Because the 9/11 anniversary coincided with Rosh Hashanah, members of the Jewish temple across the street added their hopes for the new year.

"After I took down the sign and the chalk faded, I got phone calls asking, 'Why did you take it away?'" says the dynamic Cho, now 40. "People would walk by on their way to the bus, and reading those prayers was a moment when they'd pause and reflect."

Prayer takes countless forms in America today. Across town from Cho's church, Grace Episcopal Cathedral hosts spiritually focused Tuesday-night yoga—participants do sun salutations on mats under its soaring arches—as well as Friday-night prayer

walks in its limestone labyrinth. At Praise Academy School of Dance in Stoughton, Massachusetts, a former New England Patriots cheerleader teaches kids and adults how to use movement as worship. Several times a day, Muslim employees and customers gather at a cordoned-off section of a shopping mall in Tysons Corner, Virginia, to kneel and perform *salat*, the Islamic prayer ritual, while, across the country, in Anaheim's Angel Stadium, more than 100,000 Christians recently prayed alongside Pastor Greg Laurie as he implored Jesus Christ to change everyone's "eternal address" to heaven rather than hell. And for the 85 million travelers who pass through Hartsfield-Jackson Atlanta International Airport every year, three chapels offer space for worship and reflection, as well as weekly Catholic, nondenominational Christian, and Muslim services.



## The *American* Way

ALTHOUGH THE SHAPES, faces, and places of prayer are ever evolving in the United States, the act itself is a fixture in most of our lives. According to the 2010 General Social Survey, 86 percent of Americans pray, with 56.7 percent doing so at least once a day. Even among people who aren't affiliated with a specific religion—a growing group that numbered 46 million at last count and includes non-churchgoing believers, atheists, and agnostics—one in five still prays daily, according to the Pew Research Center.

Prayer is ubiquitous in America because it's so flexible and customizable. Says religion scholar Elizabeth Drescher, a faculty member at Santa Clara University in California, "Among the traditional religious practices, prayer allows the most individual autonomy and authority. That's especially resonant in our culture, which values personal choice."

The word *pray* is derived from the Latin word *precarius*, which means "to obtain by entreaty or begging." However, praying is about much more than asking for things. Writer Anne Lamott believes that most prayers fall into one of three categories: Help, Thanks, and Wow (that's also the title of her 2012 book on the subject).

Until the middle of the 20th century, Drescher notes, worship styles were

quite distinct. "Catholics, Lutherans, Episcopalians, and other denominations prayed in particular ways. Prayer was a specific marker of religion and identity." With mass media, people were exposed to the practices of other sects and faiths, like Judaism, Hinduism, and Buddhism.

"Recently, we've been seeing a shift toward more informal but also more imaginative prayer," says Tanya Luhrmann, a professor of anthropology at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. Indeed, if they were alive today, pontiffs of the past would no doubt have been confused and amused by one of the first official actions of Pope Francis. Last March, just four days after being selected, he sent his first tweet from the papal office: "Dear friends, I thank you from my heart, and I ask you to continue to pray for me." (The pope, whose account is @Pontifex, has over 3.5 million followers.)



## Stoking Devotion

THE TWITTER ACCOUNT of Jessie Still (@JessieStill) has a much more modest fan base: 236 followers. The 38-year-old Michigan man's page, which boasts a photo of Still's boyish

face, bears the description “Husband, dad, lover of God, director of the Furnace at MSU (FurnaceMSU.com). Loving life. Praying.” “Prayer furnaces” are evangelical Christian ministries that focus their efforts on organizing congregants to pray together and express their devotion to the Lord publicly and passionately. They are a relatively recent phenomenon in the United States. Some furnaces organize participants to pray in relays to keep worship going nonstop for days, weeks, and even years.

Still runs the furnace at Lansing’s Michigan State University. He relies on Facebook to send out notices and posts instructional videos and audio files on the group’s website, but despite these modern methods, he sees prayer in an age-old way: as a means to talk directly to God. He says, “I speak with him as I would a friend. It can take the form of a simple conversation, or it might be my reading from a Bible and asking God when I don’t understand, ‘What are you saying?’ It can also include my singing or playing music.”

Although Still’s parents were non-religious, one of his grandmothers was a devout Southern Baptist, and he credits her with helping him become “awakened” at eight years old. “I knew then that God was real,” Still says, “that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and I believed that I heard

his voice. That’s defined my life ever since.” Shortly afterward, he heard a pastor say that God would bless a person who took the time to talk to him. “And I believed that in my little heart.”

Still adds, “Evangelism, or sharing the good news that God loves you, is considered a priority for Christians who take their faith seriously.” He thinks that through their collective prayers, the furnace’s believers can improve the spiritual climate of their campus, the nation, and even the world. As he writes on the ministry’s website, “The glory of prayer is that there are no limits to whom and where you can reach.”

Henry Jacobs, a Catholic in Burlington, Kentucky, is aiming for a smaller sphere of influence than Still: her family. But not much smaller. The 83-year-old and her husband, Elmer, have nine children, 15 grandchildren, and seven great-grandkids, and almost all of them gather in her home with their spouses and partners every Christmas Eve. After dinner, Jacobs dispatches her oldest granddaughter to fetch the bag of plastic rosaries for distribution among the 40 family members.

She says that people who aren’t familiar with the Rosary think it’s just rote recitation, but she views the prayer ritual as an opportunity to contact a higher power: in this case, the Holy Mother. “If you’re not feeling right or you’re worried about something, you can talk to Mary about it. It’s a closeness that you can feel.”





Though Jacobs has traditionally led the Rosary, recently she's been teaching the girls to lead and the boys to respond. "I did it to get them more involved," she says, "and it works out good." With her actions, she is striving to ensure that new generations in her family will enjoy the solace and strength that religion and its rituals can provide.



## Connecting To a Creator— And Kin

OTHER AMERICANS are taking prayers from traditional religions and customizing them to reflect their own preferences and experiences. Tanya Marcuse, 49, grew up in a nonobservant Jewish household, as did her husband, James Romm. But after they started a family, they joined a progressive congregation in Woodstock, New York, and they've sent their three children to Hebrew school. "We decided to have a Jewish practice not because we had an overwhelming spiritual belief," explains Marcuse, a photographer. "It was about wanting to have a community and a clear Jewish identity that was larger than a cultural one."

Every Friday night, Marcuse's fam-

ily says Sabbath prayers, although they use the term *Creator* rather than *God* or *Lord*. "Even if I don't believe in God," she says, "I didn't create my own self. Prayer is a way of reminding myself of that and teaching my children to remember a position of humility. It's a way of recognizing the bigness of things so far beyond ourselves. I don't think that's a man with a beard who has a plan, but I do believe that things are a lot bigger than any one of us. That attitude has been tremendously helpful to me in good and bad times."

Patrick Rosal, a writer in Brooklyn, New York, was raised by Catholics, but he has spent most of the past 20 years as a "straight-up atheist." Nonetheless, he prays often, almost automatically and especially in moments of emotional turmoil. "I'd be lying if I said I knew what prayer does for me," says Rosal, 45, "but I find myself making the sign of the cross out of nowhere."

He attributes this reflexive practice to his deeply ingrained Catholic roots. His father was a priest before he married Rosal's mother, and the family's household was steeped in religion. Rosal's parents held masses in the home, had a library filled with theology volumes, and hosted monsignors visiting from their native Philippines. Rosal played guitar at church folk masses. He says, "There wasn't anything in our lives that was not connected to religion."

After years of not believing, he has recently begun to consider the

possibility of a supreme being. “As a writer, I’ve always had a relationship with mysticism and bewilderment,” he says, “so how could I be sure there’s no God? I felt like it was depriving me of an opportunity of wonder.”

Rosal finds himself praying nearly every day but not only as a Catholic. Before meals, he occasionally makes *atang*, a food offering to his Filipino ancestors—including his mother, who died of kidney disease in 1995. In those moments, he feels a bond with her that bypasses the logical, linear world. “I feel a little bit like I’m talking to her,” he says.

Worship that rises out of caring for loved ones, living or dead, is common among religiously unaffiliated Americans like Rosal, observes Drescher. “Prayer, in its broadest sense,” she says, “is an attitude of deep concern that provokes behaviors like contemplation, meditation, and chanting, which are meant to focus that concern and compassion.”



## Saying Thanks

PRAYER, OF COURSE, is also practiced by Americans who’ve separated it even further from religion or spiritu-

ality. Sociologist Phil Zuckerman, a professor of secular studies at Pitzer College in Claremont, California, interviews atheists and agnostics for his research. While a large percentage see prayer as illogical, he reports, some acknowledge its value as a means of projecting goodwill into the world. “It’s about focusing your mind on a hopeful outcome,” he says. “If you think about people you love and your wishes for them, maybe that will put beneficial energy out there.” This impulse toward positivity is what has made Twitter a fertile forum for prayer, with users creating hashtags like #pray4philippines and #pray4boston to quickly and succinctly show empathy and solidarity in the face of tragedies.

Offline, the positive energy that so many people are expressing through prayer is appreciation for life’s gifts. Princeton, New Jersey, mom of three Lisa Marcus Levine, 52, says, “While I don’t give thanks to God, I do try to stop and give thanks for things throughout the day: the sunrise, my kids, my dogs.” In Philadelphia, Jennifer Woodfin, 44, and her family pause at the start of every meal. “We don’t say grace,” explains Woodfin, a bookstore manager, “but we hold hands and smile at each other in a moment of gratitude for being together.”

Among people who don’t identify with a particular religion, Drescher says, the word *prayer* is used “to describe an emotional, psychological space that holds both anxiety and

hope. In the same way that the word *grace* shifted from something with a religious meaning to something that indicated fluidity and elegance, I encounter people who say *prayer* to indicate practices they think of as prayerful."

Even for the devout Rev. Theresa Cho, praying sometimes means leaving her church, putting on her sneakers, and going for a run. "It may sound funny for a pastor to say," she admits, "but a little over a year ago, I had a hard time praying." While she still believed in God, she had doubts whether she was doing with her life what he wanted her to do, and she couldn't find the words



to ask for guidance. Then she recalled her years of high school track. "Running was often how I'd get through problems," Cho says.

Her favorite route takes her through San Francisco's winding streets to Golden Gate Park and then to the paths that lace the shore. She doesn't listen to music. "I run and hear what's around me," she says. "I let thoughts go into my mind, and I lift up some in prayer. It's been a way of rediscovering how to connect with God." Then, after stopping to catch her breath by the park's sandstone cross, she turns around and heads back home. **R**



## MASH-UP WORDS FOR NERDS

**DROIDIAN SLIP** (n.) 'droy-dee-an slip

The contemporary predicament of confusing which electronic device does what, leading you to answer the AC remote instead of the cell phone or to try to turn off the TV with the garage-door clicker.

**E-QUAIL** (v.) 'ee-kwayl

To feel dread upon receiving an e-mail from a hostile or irksome source and to resist opening it for fear it might contain distressing or irritating news or increase your workload.

**CANCELELATION** (n.) 'kan-sul-ee-'lay-shun

The joy felt by someone who frees up his schedule by canceling an appointment or renegeing on a social plan.

FROM *WORDBIRDS* (SIMON & SCHUSTER)

The elegant woman didn't seem to belong in these stuffy old stacks. But the book she handed me transformed my world.

# Lady of the Library



JOLINA PETERSHEIM's novel *The Outcast* was named one of *Library Journal's* best books of 2013. She lives with her husband and daughter in Tennessee.

BY JOLINA PETERSHEIM FROM JOLINAPETERSHEIM.COM

**AT TEN YEARS OLD**, I borrowed a book from the library that had the word *mistress* in the title. Granted, the cover art featured a gilded carriage reminiscent of Cinderella's, with sparkles that flashed in the spokes of the wheels. My mother did not notice this book amid my stack of 20 until I was at home reading it. The book was confiscated, and we went back to the library. I remember how embarrassed I was as my mother explained that I needed reading material that was different from the book, ahem—she cleared her throat and looked down—that we had just returned.

The librarian on duty was the antithesis of the stereotype. She was tall and thin with short auburn hair swept back from pale, high cheekbones. Her eyes were large and green. Instead of glasses perched on the end of her aristocratic nose (you could just tell that she had an aristocrat in there somewhere), she wore a quarter-size, filigree-framed magnifying glass suspended from a braided gold chain.

Holding up one elegant finger, she looked down at

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (PETERSHEIM)





me and smiled, walked from behind the counter, and beckoned for me to follow. We skirted the clunky computers with their green screen savers and crossed the tiled hallway to the carpeted adult fiction section. She was dressed simply in sage-colored slacks and a flowing floral blouse. But her walk was so graceful that she could easily have qualified for a part in a musical with *Fred Astaire*.

She walked down an aisle through the *S*'s, tapping a fingernail against her even, white teeth. "Here you are," she said. Looking at her, one would have thought she spoke with a proper British accent. Instead, her pronunciation was honey-dipped and distinctly Southern. Deeply Southern. "It's called *I Capture the Castle*, by Dodie Smith. The same author who wrote *101 Dalmatians*."

I felt far too old for dog stories and villains as hyperbolized as Cruella de Vil.

"It's very different from *101 Dalmatians*, though," she said, registering my disappointment.

I tried to give her the benefit of the doubt. But I was skeptical. I mean, the title alone was weird. *I Capture the Castle*? It sounded like a bunch of dumb kids playing King of the Hill.

I took the book home, curled up on

our window seat, and started reading: "I write this sitting in the kitchen sink. That is, my feet are in it; the rest of me is on the draining-board, which I have padded with our dog's blanket and the tea-cosy. I can't say that I am really comfortable, and there is a depressing smell of carbolic soap, but

this is the only part of the kitchen where there is any daylight left. And I have found that sitting in a place where you have never sat before can be inspiring—I wrote my very best poem while sitting on the hen-house. Though even that isn't a very good poem. I have decided my poetry is so

bad I mustn't write any more of it."

I was hooked. Absolutely hooked. I had a henhouse. I wanted to be a writer. I loved to scribble in strange places and felt insecure about my poetry.

I never told the librarian how much that book meant to me. How it spurred my writing dreams to the point that I took journals on hikes through the woods and paused to jot down notes in the crook of an old tree near a clear, cold stream.

Two weeks ago, I drove two and a half hours to meet my mother for a Christmas luncheon in a quaint tea shop in my old hometown square. I don't often take my young daughter



***I took the book home, curled up on our window seat, and started reading. I was hooked.***

on road trips by myself, as she needs someone to entertain her if she is not asleep. This combined with a two-hour traffic jam that awoke my daughter, because the car stopped for traffic, to set my nerves on edge.

I had just finished thawing my nerves and my hands with a cup of coffee in the tea shop when I looked up and saw her. I saw the auburn-haired librarian who had changed my life. Sixteen years had passed, but—for a moment—time stood still. There were a few more crinkles around her eyes, and as she crossed the polished hardwood floor toward a table draped with imported English lace, she might've moved just a bit more slowly.

And yet she still possessed that transcendent beauty, that refined grace not quantified by age, symmetry, or fad. A lump blocked my throat as, from her neck, I saw a filigreed magnifying glass

suspended from a braided gold chain.

My teacup clattered to my saucer as I rose to my feet. I moved toward her—all knees and elbows and energy—and blurted, “You work at the library! You once showed me *I Capture the Castle*! I’m a writer now! That’s still my favorite book!”

The woman paused and smiled kindly. But then she tipped her auburn head. I realized that dementia or something like it had kept her from understanding me. My face flamed. I stepped back. A woman who resembled the librarian and was probably her sister took her by the elbow and led her gently away.

As I watched her go, her stride just as light as I remembered it, I wondered how many lives we change without realizing what we do is significant. For all that woman had really done was lend me a book. But it had captured my world. **R**

COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY JOLINA PETERSHEIM. JOLINAPETERSHEIM.COM.



## IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS, BUT ONLY IN AMERICA

- In Denmark: “det regner skomagerdreng!” (“It’s raining shoemakers’ apprentices!”)
- In Norway: “det regner trollkjerringer!” (“It’s raining she-trolls!”)
- In Bosnia: “padaju cuskije!” (“It’s raining crowbars!”)
- In Wales: “mae hi’n bwrw hen wragedd a ffyn!” (“It’s raining old ladies and sticks!”)

FROM *MENTAL FLOSS*

# Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

"The size of my head is neither here nor there. It is the hole that it is stuck in that is too small."

"Stop licking yourself there, dear. It's terribly middle class."



"Never eat your own fur in a month without an *r* in it."

"I'm sorry I bit you. In that terrible suit, I thought you were a penguin."

## DOWNTON TABBY

From *Downton Tabby*, by Chris Kelly (Simon & Schuster)

**LADY GAGA IS NOW** saying that sometime in 2015 she will actually perform a concert from space. It's always so much fun when artists do a show in their hometown.

**JIMMY FALLON**,  
on *Late Night with Jimmy Fallon*

**A LION COMES ACROSS** two men, one reading and the other writing. The beast pounces on and devours the reader but ignores the writer. Why? Because, as everyone knows, a writer cramps while a reader digests.

## REALISTIC ROMANTIC COMEDIES

- *When Harry Met Sally and Discovered She Looks Nothing Like Her eHarmony Photos*
- *Love Handles, Actually*
- *Runaway Bridal Expenses*

From humorlabs.com

**I'D LIKE TO HAVE A KID**, but I'm not sure I'm ready to spend ten years of my life constantly asking someone where his shoes are. @DAMIENFAHEY

**A WOMAN WENT UP** to the roof-deck of her hotel to sunbathe. No one else was there, so she slipped out of her swimsuit to get an overall tan. A few minutes later, she heard someone running up the stairs.

"Excuse me, miss," said the hotel manager. "We would appreciate it if you wore a bathing suit."

"But I'm alone," she said. "What difference does it make?"

"A lot," said the manager. "You're lying on the dining room skylight."

Submitted by **L. B. WEINSTEIN**,  
Miami Beach, Florida

**WHILE GOING THROUGH** his deceased father's things, a man finds a 25-year-old claim check for a shoe repair. Curious, he goes to the store and hands the owner the ticket. The owner goes to the back and then reappears. "Good news," he says. "They'll be ready next Friday."

Submitted by **RONALD MOORE**,  
Charlevoix, Michigan

**NEXT TIME** somebody complains about millennials, remind him which generation linoleumed over all those beautiful hardwood floors.

@BOOBSRADLEY

**THE KEY TO EATING** healthy is not eating any food that has a TV commercial. Comedian **MIKE BIRBIGLIA**



## ALICE IN TUMBLR-LAND

How would Pinocchio, Cinderella, and other fairy tales sound if they were written today?

■ Rapunzel chopped off all her hair, and everyone was loving her new profile picture. But then she was like, "Wait, did everyone hate my long hair, and they just weren't telling me?"

■ Thumbelina never got much bigger, but she did get her own reality-TV show, so that was cool.

■ Robin Hood sat on a stump, questioning his line of work. Sure, it helped on the local level, but what was he really doing to promote equality on a national level? Or a global level?

From *Alice in Tumblr-Land*, by Tim Manley  
(Penguin Books)

Your funny joke, list, or quote might be worth \$\$\$\$. See page 7 for details, or go to [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit).

# ... To Punch A Shark

BY BEN RUTTENBERG

FROM *DISCOVER*



**BEN RUTTENBERG** is an assistant professor of marine biology at California Polytechnic State University. He scuba dives to study fisheries and map out reefs.

**IN THE GALÁPAGOS**, there are three common species of sharks. They're usually not very threatening; they just cruise around. In the early 2000s, some colleagues and I were in about 25 feet of water, counting juvenile fish on the reef. I looked up, and there was a very large shark directly in front of me, and it was heading right for me. A few things went through my mind. The first was, Wow, that's a very large shark. Second, It's coming right for me. And third, I do not recognize this. It was not one of the three common species. It was bigger than most of the things I had seen down there. I'd never heard of anything where the species headed straight for a person.

Sharks have a lot of sensory organs on the ventral side of their snout, and I had read that they are very sensitive there, and if you grab that spot, they will stop doing whatever they are doing. So when the shark swam up to me, I essentially punched it with the palm of my hand, underneath its snout. Then the shark and I sat there. It felt like two or three weeks







DANIELA DIRSCHERL/GETTY IMAGES (SHARK)

that we hung out. And then it flicked its tail and vanished. The entire thing happened in less than five seconds. We called the boat to come get us. I've never swum so fast.

I later looked through all the guidebooks to figure out what kind of shark I had seen. All the shark photos are taken from the side because that's how people see them—they don't usually get the front view of a shark. But I'm 99 percent certain that what I saw was a bull shark, which is one of the most aggressive shark species

in the world. Sometimes they'll swim up and bump you. It's partly territoriality, and it's partly them investigating you, trying to figure out what you are. I know plenty of people who have been bumped by bull sharks but no one who's gotten to look at them face-to-face like that. I'm still not sure whether the shark thought I was a sea lion or whether it was just curious. It may have just thought I was a girl shark and wanted to check me out. **R**

AS TOLD TO JENNY BLAIR

DISCOVER (NOVEMBER 2013), COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY KALMBACH PUBLISHING CO., DISCOVERMAGAZINE.COM.



In the garden of democracy, politics should support, not dominate, our lives

# The Stem & The Flower



ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY (BROOKS)

DAVID BROOKS is an *op-ed* columnist for the *New York Times* and the author of three books, most recently *The Social Animal: The Hidden Sources of Love, Character, and Achievement*.

BY DAVID BROOKS FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES*

**HOW MUCH EMOTIONAL** and psychic space should politics take up in a normal, healthy brain?

Let's use one of President Obama's favorite rhetorical devices and frame the issue with the two extremes.

On the one hand, there are those who are completely cynical about politics. But, as the columnist Michael Gerson has put it, this sort of cynicism is the luxury of privileged people. If you live in a functioning society, you can say politicians are just a bunch of crooks. But if you live in a place without rule of law, where a walk down a nighttime street can be terrifying, where tribalism leads to murder, you know that politics is a vital concern.

On the other hand, there are those who form their identity around politics and look to it to complete their natures. These overpoliticized people come in two forms: the aspirational and the tribal. The aspirational hope that politics can transform society and provide meaning. They were inspired by the lofty rhetoric of John F. Kennedy's inaugural address.

The possibilities, he argued, were limitless: “Man holds in his mortal hands the power to abolish all forms of human poverty.” The problem with this lofty rhetoric is that politics can rarely deliver, so there is a cynical backlash when the limited realities of government reassert themselves. This inevitable letdown is happening to a lot of President Obama’s supporters right now.

Then there are those who look to politics for identity. They treat their partisan affiliation as a form of ethnicity. These people drive a lot of talk radio and television. Not long ago, most intelligent television talk was not about politics. Shows would put interesting people together, like Woody Allen with Billy Graham (check it out on YouTube), and they’d discuss anything under the sun.

Now most TV and radio talk consists of minute political analysis, while talk of culture has shriveled. This change is driven by people who, absent other attachments, have fallen upon partisanship to give them a sense of righteousness and belonging. This emotional addiction can lead to auto-hysteria.

So if politics should not be nothing in life, but not everything, what should it be? We should start by acknowledging that except for a few

rare occasions—the Civil War, the Depression—government is a slow trudge, oriented around essential but mundane tasks.

Imagine you are going to a picnic. Government is properly in charge of maintaining the essential background order: making sure there is a

park, that it is reasonably clean and safe, arranging public transportation so as many people as possible can get to it. But if you remember the picnic afterward, these things won’t be what you remember. You’ll remember the creative food, the interesting conversations, and the fun activities.

Government is the hard work of creating a background order, but it is not the main substance of life. As eminent English writer Samuel Johnson famously put it, “How small, of all that human hearts endure,/That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.” Government can set the stage, but it can’t be the play.

It is just too balky an instrument. As we’re seeing even with the Obamacare implementation, government is good at check writing, like Social Security, but it is not nimble in the face of complexity. It doesn’t adapt to failure well. There’s a lot of passive-aggressive behavior. In any federal action, one administrator will

“  
***Unless you are  
 in the business  
 of politics, it  
 should take up  
 a tenth corner  
 of the mind.***”

think one thing; another administrator will misunderstand and do something else; a political operative will have a different agenda; a disgruntled fourth party will leak and sabotage. You can't fire anybody or close anything down. It's hard to use economic incentives to get people moving in one direction. Governing is the noble but hard job of trying to get anything done under a permanent condition of Murphy's Law.

So one's attitude toward politics should be a passionate devotion to a mundane and limited thing. Government is essential, but, to switch metaphors ridiculously, it's the stem of the flower, not the bloom. The best

government is boring, gradual, and orderly. It's steady reform, not exciting transformation. It's keeping the peace and promoting justice and creating a background setting for mobility, but it doesn't deliver meaning.

I figure that unless you are in the business of politics, covering it or columnizing about it, politics should take up maybe a tenth corner of a good citizen's mind. The rest should be philosophy, friendship, romance, family, culture, and fun. I wish our talk-show culture reflected that balance and that the emotional register around politics were more in keeping with its low but steady nature. **R**

THE NEW YORK TIMES (DECEMBER 2, 2013), COPYRIGHT © 2013 BY THE NEW YORK TIMES CO., NYTIMES.COM.



## CALL ME ... SOMETHING

As host of NPR's *Ask Me Another*, comedian Ophira Eisenberg challenges contestants to rhyme, sing, and correctly complete famous phrases. We decided to turn the tables on her.

**RD:** For never was a story of more woe than ...

**Ophira Eisenberg:** The day I realized the water in my building wasn't working. Oh my God, it was out for *three days!*  
(Can you tell how pragmatic I am?)

**RD:** Hey, I just met you, and this is crazy, but ...

**OE:** I went through your purse and stole your wallet.  
I feel like I should give it back.

**RD:** My name is Ophira, and I'm here to say ...

**OE:** That I don't think I'm Oprah—I'm Jewish, and that's OK!

INTERVIEWED BY BRANDON SPEKTOR FOR RD.COM



People said David Milarch was nuts. Then his far-fetched plan for saving our treasured trees started to work.

# *A Man Among GIANTS*

BY MELISSA FAY GREENE



*Milarch checks out  
a coast redwood  
in Jeddiah Smith  
Redwoods State Park,  
California.*



The story of the world's most **optimistic and improbable reforestry project** began 45 years ago with a young man's shock and grief.

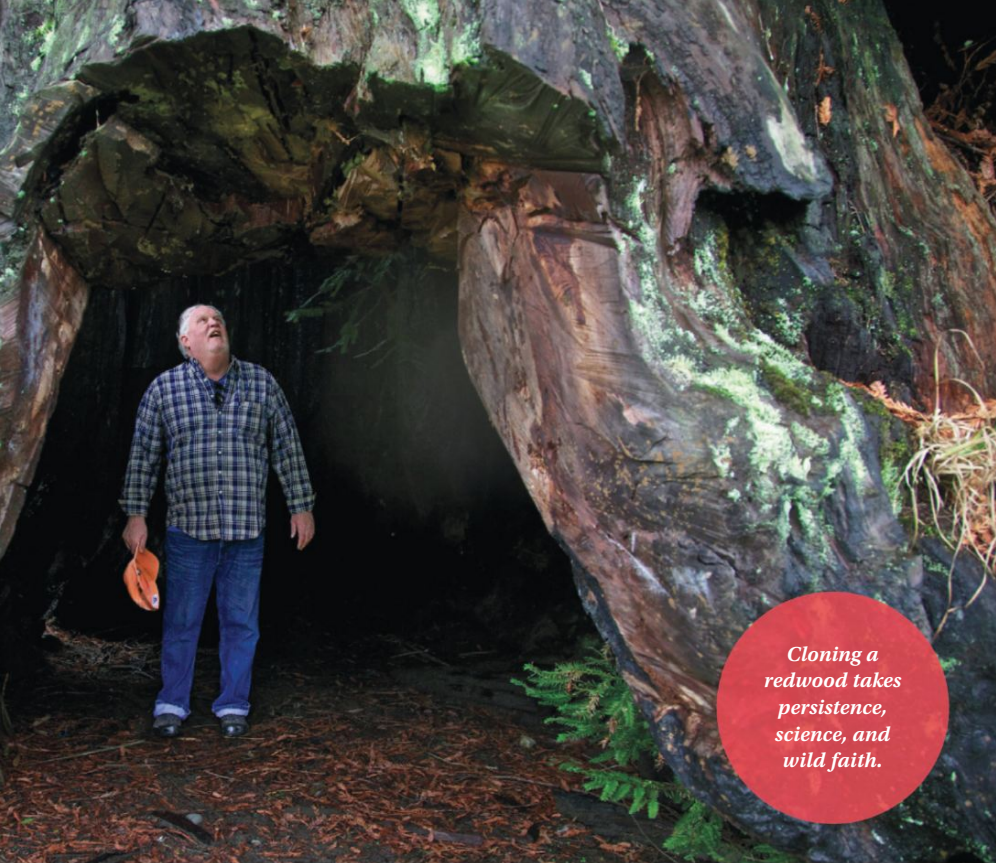
In 1968, a brawling, shaggy, red-headed, hard-partying 18-year-old named David Milarch (pronounced *Mill-ark*) graduated from a Detroit-area high school and took off on a road trip with a friend. They cruised along in a '61 Oldsmobile station wagon, sleeping in the car at night or on the ground nearby. Destination: San Francisco. But Milarch, unlike his buddy, harbored a deeper longing than crashing parties. "Cities didn't interest me so much," he says. "I wanted to see the redwood forests."

The son and grandson of nurserymen, Milarch grew up working on his father's shade tree farm, where ash,



maple, oak, birch, and locust trees were cultivated. From age seven, he was in the fields every day after school and every weekend—weeding, hoeing, digging, and planting. He considered his dad a slave driver but nevertheless says, "I communed with the beauty and the laws of nature. I got a deep understanding of how things worked." At 18, when it was his turn behind the wheel, Milarch steered not toward the street life of Haight-Ashbury but to Muir Woods National Monument.

PREVIOUS SPREAD AND THIS PAGE:  
JAMIE FRANCIS/OREGONIAN



*Cloning a redwood takes persistence, science, and wild faith.*

There the young men parked and approached the old-growth forest of coast redwoods, also known as California redwoods. The tallest trees on earth (over 300 feet tall), they are also among the oldest, some an estimated age of 2,000 years.

Milarch crunched into the soaring, misty, tangled woodland and felt moved by its haunting majesty, its profound peace and archaic dignity, its crystal streams and twittering bugs and birds. Here, he felt, was holy ground.

But the teenager's wonder was short-lived. This pristine, cloud-scraping sanctuary was being decimated by logging companies. It was as if he'd knelt in awe in the Notre Dame Cathedral of Paris and looked up to see wrecking balls shattering the stained glass windows. Beyond Muir Woods's protected 554 acres (of which only 240 still held the foggy, ancient redwoods) stretched a lifeless wasteland. "We drove through hundreds of miles of stumps," he says. "I felt physically sick."

**T**he coast redwood (*sequoia sempervirens*) is one of three living descendants of a 240-million-year-old tree family from the Triassic era, when earth's continents were part of a single landmass. (The other two are the giant sequoia of the Sierra Nevada and the dawn redwood of China.) Before the mid-19th century, the coast redwoods towered above two million acres of America's Pacific coastline. They created their own ecosystem, laundering the skies, purifying the water, enriching the soil, sustaining unique flora and fauna, and anchoring the land. The forest was a natural carbon sink, breathing in CO<sub>2</sub> and exhaling oxygen.

In the 1830s, American loggers discovered that redwood lumber was beautiful, straight, lightweight, and strong, and by the 1850s, lumber companies were hacking down these trees around the clock. The 1878 Timber and Stone Act allowed public lands "unfit for farming" to be sold at \$2.50 an acre to private interests. Thus, the redwood giants, virtually impervious to fire, water, rot, insects, and—it seemed—time itself, fell into the hands of lumber barons, where they proved vulnerable to the saw, the chain, and the mule team. One after another, the patriarchs of the forest collapsed in thunderous defeat; workers cheered, danced jigs on the stumps, and posed for photographs like big-game hunters grinning triumphantly beside dead elephants.

The primeval coast redwood forest

was so deep that the first century of commercial exploitation trashed only a third of it. After World War II, power tools and the housing boom annihilated most of the rest. By the time 18-year-old David Milarch tiptoed into Muir Woods, 95 percent of the coast redwoods, an area the size of three Rhode Islands, were gone forever. The boy stood in a fragment of a vanished world. And even that fragment was still being logged. It's still being logged today.

**M**ilarch returned to his father's shade tree farm, but the work no longer fed his soul. "We worked with clones of about 60 non-native species and sold the clones over and over," he says. "Human beings were destroying the ecosystem, yet all we were putting back was clones of species from hither and yon, trees chosen not for their size, vigor, longevity, or indispensability to life. They were chosen for their pretty leaves and flowers."

In 1977, Milarch married Kerry Cook, a teacher, and they had two sons, Jared and Jake. They moved to the Milarch family farmhouse in Copemish, Michigan, a town of 200, where they live today. In the Ojibwa language, *Copemish* means the "place with the big beech tree." Of course, that beech—like most of America's giant trees—was gone.

Milarch, who took over the business from his dad, was drinking heavily



in those years. One day in 1991, he tripped and fell down drunk at one of Jake's T-ball games. Looking up from the dust, he blearily perceived that he'd become a laughingstock, an embarrassment, an alcoholic. He locked himself in the bedroom that night, telling Kerry he wouldn't emerge until sober. Quitting cold turkey is not the safest way to stop alcohol addiction. Within a few days, he was so sick from renal failure that his wife and a friend rushed him to a hospital.

At his bedside, his family thought he'd died. What he remembers is that his consciousness left his body; he seemed to levitate through realms of ever-increasing light. He recalls beholding a world of pure goodness and unconditional love before plummeting back into his body, after which he sat up, shocking everyone.

It was a classic near-death experience. Milarch woke up a changed man. He'd been privileged with a revelation: Earth's forests were disappearing, he said. Not just the redwoods he'd mourned for decades but all the forests. "Picture earth in space," Milarch told his wife, his friends, and his sons. "Can you see the mantle—the green verdant layer encircling the planet? It was the lungs and natural filter system for all living things. It existed for

millions of years. We've shaved it almost completely away."

But Milarch saw a solution: The greatest surviving ancient trees—the so-called champion trees, identified by foresters, state governments, and federal agencies as the biggest or oldest of each species—could be cloned. Their DNA could be preserved, and their clones could be planted around the world in appropriate regions.

As a shade tree farmer, Milarch nurtured trees all the time. He would turn his skill now to the last of the forest giants. He saw clearly that reforestation needed to start immediately, but not with ornamental species. "The Era of Preservation is over," he told people. "There aren't enough old-growth habitats left to preserve. We're entering

the Millennium of Restoration. We've got to rebuild with the best we've got, the largest and oldest living things on earth."

He grew obsessed with his vision to the point of bankrupting his shade tree business. He talked himself hoarse and was branded a crackpot. The family lived on Kerry's modest teacher's salary. Neighbors occasionally gave her used coats and boots for the children. But she believed in the vision. So did their sons.

In 1996, with no money, Milarch

“  
***City parks, tree-lined highways, and backyard plantings do not replace the world's old-growth forests.***”

and his family launched the non-profit Champion Tree Project.

Almost no one outside their family cared.

**M**ost people didn't care because they hadn't heard about—or didn't believe in—a vanishing-forest crisis.

In America, there is a powerful optical illusion at work. Sure, we think, giant pandas, Siberian tigers, and polar bears might be disappearing, but you can look outside and see trees. Our species evolved in trees. We still like to live under and near trees, so we keep them handy. But landscaped city parks, tree-lined highways, and backyard plantings do not replace the world's old-growth forests.

The occasional stand of trees in America's suburban neighborhoods are leftovers. They descend from the trees not felled by pioneers, settlers, farmers, or lumber companies. "It's called high-grading a forest when loggers take the best trees," says Terry Mock, environmental consultant to Champion Tree. "They leave behind the poorest-quality. High-grading leaves the forests with lousy genetics and ruins the quality of future trees."

"We think a 90-foot tree is huge," Milarch says. "But the trees in America's great virgin forests averaged 90 to 130 feet. Most trees now are crooked, puny, and short-lived. They're junk."

Even if a lone grandparent tree rises above a patch of woods, it won't

thrive. Trees need forests; they need acreage and undergrowth. A solo tree or a few trees clinging to a forest's edge have dim prospects of propagation; and, these days, most trees cling to an edge. The bits and pieces of woodland scattered across the Eastern United States, surrounded on all sides by urban development, are too small to function like vibrant ecosystems, to nurture a diversity of species. Ecologists call these habitat fragments islands and know them to be where plants and animals decline to extinction.

Legend holds that prior to the European conquest, a squirrel in North America could hop on a tree at the Atlantic Coast and leap from tree to tree to the Mississippi River without ever touching ground. These days, that squirrel would be lucky to make it out of a New Jersey parking lot alive.

**M**emory also blinds us to the reality of endangered forests. Many folks treasure a forest from childhood or from an ancestral homeland. Because those beautiful places still sparkle and sway in our books, songs, and poetry, we may not realize their earthly counterparts are gasping for life. In Kentucky, the Daniel Boone National Forest is being converted by the U.S. Forestry Service into a regulated tree farm, and the Appalachians are under siege. More than half of

the world's boreal forests have been reduced to junk mail and catalogs. The rain forests of South and Central America, Africa, and Indonesia, including the magical cloud forests; the enchanted Danube basin; the Black Forest; the monumental Russian Taiga—all are falling, falling. Whatever you've loved, whatever you think you remember: It's nearly gone. Do you think of Ireland as deeply wooded? It's the most deforested country in Europe.

But in the '90s, even the few people who acknowledged the crisis were highly skeptical of the idea that a nurseryman could clone an ancient tree. Young trees reproduce easily, even in the "assisted reproduction" of cloning. But Milarch was talking about 100-year-old trees, 1,000-year-old trees, 5,000-year-old trees. Where great trees no longer stood, he wanted to clone gigantic stumps. For experienced foresters and nurserymen, this sounded like soliciting human sperm samples and eggs from nursing homes, hospices, and cemeteries.

Impossible!

But Milarch happened to have a favorite saying: "Impossible just takes longer."



*Milarch's "babies" grow near a photo of Theodore Roosevelt and John Muir in Yosemite.*

**T**he Champion Tree Project inched forward. With permission from private landowners in Michigan, members took grafts from the National Champion ash, elm, and maple. Then Jake Milarch and colleague Tom Broadhagen retreated to the far side of the greenhouse and pushed the frontiers of tree-cloning science. As clones sprouted and took root and saplings were shared around Michigan, the Milarchs looked outside the state and back in time.

At Mount Vernon, they were given access to trees hand-planted by George Washington. Our first president's ash, hemlock, tulip poplar,

mulberry, and American holly proved remarkably easy to clone. Hundreds of saplings from 12 trees were donated by Champion Tree to Mount Vernon, and one was planted on the grounds of the U.S. Congress.

In 2001, the Champion Tree Project made the cover of *American Nurseryman* magazine and, later that year, the front page of the *New York Times* Science section in a story by Jim Robbins (who would later write *The Man Who Planted Trees*, a book about Milarch). Those stories led to new allies, including forestry experts, professors, and donors. In 2008, Milarch renamed the project the Archangel Ancient Tree Archive ([ancienttreearchive.org](http://ancienttreearchive.org)). The work has now reached into 20 states, plus England, Ireland, New Zealand, Australia, and Germany.

One source of pride includes the Hippocrates sycamore: In 1969, Greece gave the United States a sapling cut from the tree under which, according to legend, the father of Western medicine taught the world's first med students roughly 2,400 years ago. When that gift died, Archangel took still-living grafts from the trunk and cloned them. "We have 50 Hippocrates sycamores—100 percent clones—growing in our greenhouse right now," Milarch says. "On Arbor Day, there's going to be a ceremony in front of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda when we plant one."

And what of his beloved redwoods? Red tape by state and federal authorities

has blocked access for cloning on public land, so Milarch and his sons made frequent trips to California in search of privately owned giants.

"I was in the coast redwoods in 2010," Milarch says, "and Jake was 700 miles south, in a remote area of the Sierra Nevada, hunting for giant sequoias. He and a brilliant self-taught tree guy named Michael Taylor were stopping in small towns, visiting bars and cafés where loggers hung out, and asking people, 'Where are the biggest trees?' and someone had heard a legend about a hidden grove. Jake and Michael followed directions, and they followed intuition and found it. The holy grail. Lost to the world. It was an intact giant sequoia forest of 800 acres, at 6,000-foot altitude.

"Jake sent me a message: 'Dad. We found them. Get here quick.' There was a photo of him standing next to a tree so massive, I can't even find the words.

"I was frantic to get to him. I had someone drive me to the Crescent City airport, but it was fogged in. 'I've got to get inland!' I said, and we started racing around looking for open airports. Yes, these trees had stood for 3,000 years; yes, they would probably still be standing the next morning. But if you've waited your whole life for something, not even knowing if it actually existed ... Well, you got to go.

"I got down there about midnight, and Jake and Michael picked me up. They said, 'You will not believe your

eyes.' The next morning, we drove to the top of a mountain, privately owned land, guarded by a 91-year-old man who wouldn't let anyone near his trees. Evidently, he'd been a logger his whole life, and his father before him, and working on teams of hundreds of men, they'd helped cut down millions of acres, and then at some point, I guess he had an epiphany: 'That's it. I'm not killing any more giant sequoias.'

This hidden grove, the Alder Creek Grove, was private land surrounded by Giant Sequoia National Monument. One of the trees in this grove turned out to be the Stag Tree, the fifth largest in the world by volume. Another was the Waterfall Tree, which has the largest diameter at ground level of any giant sequoia in the world—57 feet across. The owner permitted Jake and Tom to climb the trees and take cuttings.

Milarch remembers thinking, OK, now we've got them, but can you clone a 3,000-year-old redwood? Talk about impossible—the oldest giant sequoia ever cloned was 80 years old.

At the far end of the greenhouse in Copemish, Jake and Tom got to work.

A month passed without success; five months passed. Jake and Tom grieved each failure, as if they could feel the primeval DNA washing through their fingers. And then a tiny slippery white thread, the size of a pinworm, peeked out of a scraped section of the 3,000-year-old Waterfall Tree.

**A**s this issue was going to press, Milarch's crew was preparing to embark on a 700-mile redwood expedition, starting in the Sierra Nevada and trekking down the Redwood Coast, photographing the forests and planting 3,000 cloned saplings carrying the mysteries of the millennia in their DNA.

"Our trees will be gifts to the world," Milarch says. "Gifts to our grandchildren and great-grandchildren."

But on that day four years ago when Jake Milarch walked toward his father, holding in his shaking hands the slippery sprout of the first baby giant sequoia, he said, "This one's for you, Dad." **R**

---

Melissa Fay Greene is a two-time National Book Award finalist and a contributing editor to *Reader's Digest*.

---

\*  
\* \*

## LOVE IN THE TIME OF DIAL-UP

Before you marry a person, you should first make them use a computer with slow Internet to see who they really are.

WILL FERRELL







**PHOTO**  
OF LASTING  
INTEREST

**Photograph by Paul Almásy**  
**Chosen by Melanie Dunea**

*American portrait photographer*

"In the late '80s, I moved to Paris in the hopes of becoming the next Henri Cartier-Bresson [the influential French photographer]. I loved his work and thought that by eating, breathing, and living in Paris, I, too, could become a photographic storyteller. In Paris, young and alone, I found myself walking and walking, always taking pictures. I never felt lonely; beauty was everywhere. I happened upon this photograph by Paul Almásy. What a moment! What's the story? Who are the dancers?"

What happens when an entire debt-ridden farming community suddenly becomes incredibly wealthy? Nothing.

# The Town of Ordinary Millionaires

BY LIA GRAINGER

**T**HE FARMING VILLAGE of Sodeto sits perched atop a dusty outcropping of land in northeastern Spain. It's barely a dot on the map—consisting of about 240 people. Identical stone houses and barns sit in rows, and automobiles caked with mud line the grassy town square. There are no overt signs of wealth, but if you peek through any of the kitchen windows, you'll see something odd: enormous flat-screen TVs and sleek marble countertops so freshly installed, they'd look more appropriate in a display condo.

At Bar Cañamoto, the town's sole drinking establishment, you'll usually find a half dozen residents drinking *botellitas* of Estrella beer after a long day of laboring in the fields. But unlike the locals in other towns, these farmers and truck drivers pay for their one-euro beers with 50-euro bills, and the mood is always jovial, like they haven't a worry in the world. "People are happier now," explains Pedro, a 33-year-old long-distance truck driver, as he breaks into a smile.

On December 22, 2011, at 9:57 a.m., the entire population of Sodeto







became winners of the biggest lottery in the world. *La Lotería de Navidad*, or *El Gordo* (“The Fat One”), as it is known, dishes out as much as two billion euros every year in prize money, and in 2011, everyone in Sodeto held a portion of the winning number. As *El Gordo* was announced on television, Sodeto’s residents streamed out of their homes and into the square, embracing and shrieking in disbelief. “I had four tickets. How many did you have?” “I had seven!” “I had 12!”

Tears and champagne flowed as the realization set in that every single person in Sodeto had won a share of the largest amount of prize money, worth a combined 720 million euros. (Everyone, that is, except for one resident, but more about him later.)

Spain’s lottery works differently from those in the United States. In 2011, there were 1,800 tickets with the first-prize winning number, 58268. Because buying a ticket can be prohibitively expensive for most people, local organizations buy tickets and divide them into less costly *participaciones*. In 2011, the Housewives’ Association of Sodeto had sold 1,200 *participaciones* to people who lived in town. Each winning *participación* was worth 100,000 euros.

Exactly who won how much is a secret. Suffice it to say, every single family in Sodeto had at least one winning *participación*, and some had bought enough to make them millionaires.

In an instant, Sodeto had become the subject of an unintentional social experiment: What happens when an entire debt-ridden farming community suddenly becomes incredibly wealthy? The press arrived quickly. Salespeople swarmed the town, flooding residents with offers of sports cars, diamonds, and exotic vacations. Bankers hawked various investments. Garbage bins that rarely needed emptying suddenly overflowed with flyers.

“Oh, it’s gotten better,” admits Herminia Gayán. Her family had four *participaciones*, so they won 400,000 euros. The 78-year-old grandmother sits at her long kitchen table in a floral smock and slippers stirring aioli for the dinner she’ll later serve to her family. Chicken sizzles in the oven, and wood crackles in the huge fireplace that dominates the front room of every house in Sodeto.

Gayán was one of the original settlers here. Sodeto was created in 1950, one of more than 200 planned communities created by former dictator Francisco Franco across the Spanish countryside to populate under-farmed





areas. Gayán and her now-deceased husband were given a house, a barn, some land, and a few farm animals.

**F**or the first four years, there were only seven families, working the land and fending for themselves. Eventually, more than 65 families settled in the town. “We had 14 cows in the backyard,” says Gayán proudly. Her blue-eyed son, a 54-year-old farmer named José and the town’s official pig slaughterer, chimes in when the lottery is mentioned. “You didn’t have anything before, and in this moment, you have everything,” he says, lighting a cigarette. The mother and son happily relive those first moments after learning about the victory but then grow serious. “As the hours go by, you calm down,” says José, blowing smoke into the roaring fireplace. “The people didn’t go crazy. They didn’t buy and spend.”

In fact, in the months after the win, there was no change at all, he says. But come April, the streets were filled with trucks and construction companies performing renovations on virtually every house in town. But beyond that, it’s hard to identify any major change in the sleepy village. Perhaps most remarkable is the fact that nobody has stopped working—as farmers, truck drivers, and housewives.

As we talk, family and friends stream in and out. Perhaps it’s because Sodeto was a deliberately planned

community, but there’s a familial sense of camaraderie and togetherness that is stronger here than in other Spanish towns. Yet after the lottery win, more often than not, it was a reporter and not a friend who wandered in, and one always armed with the same question: “Why didn’t you take the money and leave?” Gayán finds the inquiry perplexing. “Where would I go?” she asks with a shrug. “I won with all these people.”

Well, almost all of them. A converted barn owned by Costis Mitsotakis sits on a hill a mere two-minute drive from Sodeto’s center, a distance he says that may have cost him a winning ticket in El Gordo. The Greek documentary filmmaker moved here eight years ago to pursue a relationship with a resident, but it didn’t work out. He says that members of the Housewives’ Association never knocked on his door. “It took me a couple of days to discover I was the only one who had missed out,” he says. And yet in some ways, even Mitsotakis is a winner.

**O**n the morning of December 22, he was in the village square with his video camera, capturing the jubilant celebrations. Those incredible shots are included in *Cuando Tocó* (“When Touched”), a documentary Mitsotakis made about Sodeto and El Gordo. His original intention was to document how the lottery would change the town, but his

focus quickly shifted to why the town didn't change more.

"Everyone had his or her feet on the ground after the lottery," says Rosa Pons Serena. At 54, Serena has been mayor of Sodeto for 14 years, and she knows the town's short history well.

"What we won was peace of mind," she says. We're walking through the town's small visitors' center, and she stops in front of a diorama of the hills and fields that surround Sodeto. "Instead of the old irrigation system"—Serena points to miniature canals that snake through much of the diorama—"we're modernizing." She gestures to another part of the diorama, where fields are dotted with evenly spaced automated sprinklers. Nearly everyone in the town had invested heavily in these new systems, and many people were in debt. She explains that with an economic base in animals and agriculture, everything depends on the land—and sometimes it can be unkind. "When they played the lottery, many couldn't plant, because there was a drought," says Serena.

During that time, talk in the bar was tense, Serena recalls. The question patrons asked was always "How will I pay?" If conversation wasn't about the

irrigation systems and the drought, it would turn to the economic crisis in Spain or the fact that one by one, the youth of Sodeto were leaving to search for work in the nearby city of Huesca. "And then, in one second, all the mortgages disappeared," says Serena.

No one took his or her winnings and split. In fact, three of the town's young people actually returned to buy land and build houses. In a nearly deserted area of an economically depressed country, those suddenly blessed with the freedom to do anything simply chose to stay put.

For Serena, it's not a mystery. "This morning, my neighbor called me to come have a coffee, and I went in my housecoat," explains the mayor. "These little things give us our quality of life."

And of course, there's another question that these lucky residents have been compelled to consider: Why did the lottery land here, in Sodeto? The answer is usually a smile and a shrug. Serena is one of the few who are willing to give the windfall meaning: "It was a prize for those who stayed." For Serena, Gayán, and their beloved neighbors, it's simple: There's nowhere else they'd rather be. **R**



## STALK TALK

It's called *celery* because *cold, wet plant bones* takes too long.

@CURLYCOMEDY

# Laugh Lines

HUNGRY, HUNGRY HUMORISTS

I went to a restaurant that serves “breakfast at any time,” so I ordered French toast during the Renaissance.

STEVEN WRIGHT

Bacon was definitely the first-round draft pick in the BLT. No one’s building a sandwich around lettuce.

@JOSHGONDELMAN

Why is there an expiration date on sour cream?

GEORGE CARLIN

“You can’t have your cake and eat it too.” —People who don’t understand what cake is for.

@SHIRASELKO

Guess what, tapas: You’re the exact Venn diagram midpoint of my two least favorite things in the world: small portions and sharing with anybody.

@EIREANNOLAN

I don’t want to say we eat out a lot, but I’ve noticed that lately when I call my kids for dinner, they run to the car.

JULIE KIDD



# WHO ? KNEW

## 13 Things Pest Control Won't Tell You

BY MICHELLE CROUCH

**1** Actually, you probably don't have bedbugs. The news media have gotten people so totally paranoid that nine out of ten people who call me don't have a problem. Some companies take advantage of that by charging you to treat something that doesn't exist. If they can't show you a bedbug, don't pay them to treat.

**2** When you've got trees or shrubs touching your house, my job is a lot harder. You've basically built a bridge for ants and other insects that allows them to walk right in and avoid the spray I put down around the perimeter of your house.



**3** After I started this job, I moved all the food in my pantry into plastic containers with sealed lids. It's the only way to keep out various rodents and insects, which can easily eat through paper and cardboard.

**4** The biggest mistake people make in trying to eliminate mice is not using enough traps. I always use at least a dozen. And since mice are suckers for chocolate, I place pieces of 3 Musketeers bars in my snap traps and line them against the walls (where rodent foot traffic is highest).

**5** Some customers get mad if I charge them \$150 for a quick two-minute procedure. So if a problem is simple, I'll bring in extra gear, take my time inspecting, and draw things out.

**6** Worried about harm from the treatments? Ask me for the safety data sheet and a copy of the pesticide labels, which list chemical side effects. By law, I have to provide them to you.

**7** You should ask your pest control guy for his cell number. Most of us guarantee our treatments, which means we'll come back for free if you still have a problem.

**8** Even in a pigsty, I find it's hard to tell someone they need to clean up without offending them. But if I come out to treat your roach problem and then recommend that you wash

the dishes, what I really mean is, "Your house is the problem. Clean it!"

**9** Don't worry: We can be discreet. We once had a customer who thought she had bedbugs, and she was embarrassed. So we put all our supplies in backpacks, wore coats over our uniforms, and brought pizza so we didn't look suspicious.

**10** If you're getting a termite treatment, check the spacing between the holes they drill to insert the chemicals. They should be no more than 12 inches apart.

**11** Please save a sample of the insects you want me to treat. If you bring me out for ants, and I can't find any, I can't do a proper treatment, because different species need to be treated in different ways.

**12** White porch lights attract the flying insects that spiders eat, so that's where spiders build their webs. Try yellow bug bulbs instead, and put your lights on a timer.

**13** Go ahead and ask me for a discount. Even though I work for a big company, I'm authorized to reduce the price for a customer at the drop of a hat. **R**

Sources: Jim Fredericks, chief entomologist and director of technical services for the National Pest Management Association; "Termite Terry" Singleton, a pest control professional in Orange County, California; and pest control professionals in Virginia, Illinois, and Canada.



# Little Secrets About Big Websites

BY DAN LEWIS

## Google's Special Side Business

One day, you may go to Google, search for how to pay your electric bill online—and find out that Google will take care of it for you. In short: Google is actually a fully licensed electricity broker.

No, it's not part of some master plan to dominate the world. All those Google searches take up a lot of juice, so the company tries to source green electricity, investing in a large solar installation and hiring goats to "mow" some lawns at its headquarters.

But right now, Google can't find enough power via these routes. So in 2010, it obtained special permission from the federal government to buy



and sell electricity as if it were a utility company. For now, the company is focusing on the buying part, but selling could happen too. Google created a subsidiary called Google Energy in 2009 and hasn't ruled out the possibility of selling power on the open market.

## Craigslist's Low-Tech Beginnings

You may not know the name Craig Newmark. But you have probably used his website, Craigslist, which has monopolized the market for classified ads by reaching tens of millions of bargain hunters and job seekers every month. If you're thinking of

competing, though, here's a word of advice: Don't start with a website.

Start by sending e-mails.

That's what Newmark did. In 1994, he was a software developer living in San Francisco who wanted to meet other techies in the area. After gathering up some event listings, Newmark e-mailed them to a small group. That group got larger, and the types of things he shared broadened, as members started to ask him to list things like job openings and stuff for sale. When his list hit about 250 people in 1995, he created something more official. He wanted to call it SF Events, but his members had already named it something else: Craig's List.

It wasn't until 1997—three years into the life of Craig's List—that it became the website craigslist.org.

## WebMD's Surprising Solution

Before we go to the doctor with a headache or stomach cramps, we go online, to websites such as WebMD. And for most ailments, WebMD offers suggestions for recovery. For one malady, the site advises to apply ice to the affected area and keep it elevated. That ailment? A sprained ankle. The advice for



another condition, though, is a bit less expected: Turn on some music, write some poetry, and maybe go to a movie.

That's right—WebMD offers detailed instructions on how to fix a broken heart.

## Amazon's Short-Lived Celebration

If Amazon had kept one of its earliest traditions intact, almost everyone who works there would have the most intense headache.

Why's that? Because Amazon was once a small startup, doing quirky things like making homemade desks for its first employees (founder Jeff Bezos claims to have built the first ones himself) and heating its first office (a converted garage!) with electric heaters. It also used to have a bell on a computer terminal, which rang in the offices every time someone bought a book. Amazon obviously had to stop that practice. In fact, it lasted only a few days because orders picked up pretty quickly, and the bell lost its novelty.





## eBay's Broken Experiment

It's said that one man's trash is another's treasure, but nothing proves that quite like eBay does. The auction giant got its start when its founder, Pierre Omidyar, was tinkering with his new website, then called AuctionWeb, and listed a broken laser pointer as a test.

Someone bid \$14.

Omidyar e-mailed the bidder to tell him that it was broken, and the person replied that he knew that—and that he (for some reason) collected broken laser pointers.

## Match.com's Breakup

Gary Kremen founded Match.com in 1993. In the two decades since, the site has led to untold numbers of dates, engagements, and marriages. It has also led to at least one very notable broken heart: Kremen's.

Yes, after the founder of Match.com and his girlfriend broke up, she married someone she'd met on Match.com.

## Twitter's Earth-Shattering Speed

On August 23, 2011, an earthquake hit the East Coast of the United States. No one saw it coming, unless you were a lemur or, perhaps, a New Yorker addicted to Twitter.

The quake's epicenter was in northern Virginia, and, according to the National Zoo, the facility's captive lemurs sounded the warning call 15 minutes before the rest of the area felt the ground rattle.

As for us humans? Some of us knew about the quake before it hit us too. Upon feeling the earth rumble under them, many people in the Washington, DC, and Virginia areas immediately tweeted about it. The tweets traveled faster than the earthquake itself; some people in the New York and Boston areas reported seeing tweets about the quake 15 to 30 seconds before feeling it.





## Facebook's Blue View

The website turned ten years old in February, and over the course of that decade, the site has undergone many changes—some of which tend to upset its billions of users. Even the original name (thefacebook.com) has changed. But one thing has stayed the same: the color scheme. Facebook has been blue and white since day one.

Why? Mostly because of its first user, founder Mark Zuckerberg. Zuckerberg is red-green color blind and has an easier time seeing blue hues.

## AOL's Teenage Mole

In late 2011, Eric Simons was building a startup called ClassConnect and was selected for a startup incubator program hosted on AOL's campus in Palo Alto. When

the program ended, Simons wanted to keep working on ClassConnect at AOL, so, armed with a valid building pass, he stayed—for two months.

Simons's plan: work late, sleep on couches, eat the free food, and use the gym locker room as a storage facility and a place to shower. Most likely, everyone else thought he was just a hardworking young employee trying to earn a solid reputation in the company.

Eventually, Simons's ruse was discovered by a security guard, and the teen's building pass was revoked. But to AOL's credit, it took its camper's actions in stride. One exec told CNET, "It was always our intention to facilitate entrepreneurialism in the Palo Alto office. We just didn't expect it to work so well." Ultimately, ClassConnect came into existence and morphed into Thinkster. **R**











**SEE**

THE WORLD ...

—  
*Turn the page* ➔➔

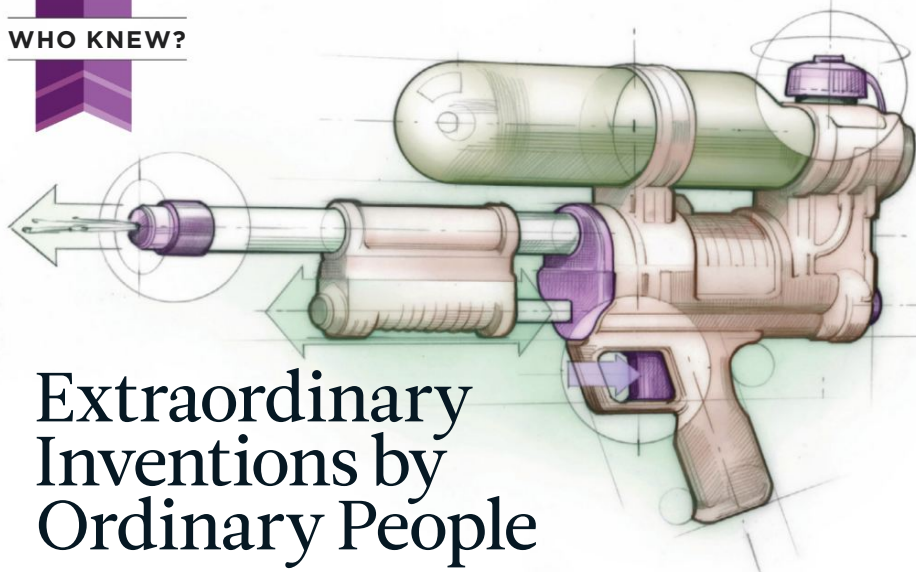
## ... DIFFERENTLY

They look like flowers, but they're hungry baby birds. These newborn skylarks and their mama were snapped in Norfolk, England. The eye-catching pattern of the babies' throats is a key stimulus for the parent to feed the chicks.









# Extraordinary Inventions by Ordinary People

BY RYAN MENEZES FROM CRACKED.COM



## The Popsicle ... by an 11-Year-Old

The fact that a child invented the iconic treat is not the unexpected bit. This is: Eleven-year-old Frank Epperson invented the Popsicle before people had freezers in their homes.

Back in the day, the kids were all keen on “soda water powder”—a Kool-Aid-like drink mix that made carbonated beverages. One night in 1905, Frank accidentally left his drink outside on the porch, and it froze overnight. Lo and behold, it was absolutely delicious.

Epperson cleverly sat on his invention, keeping it secret for 18 years, until he was in the position to make something of it. In 1923, he decided to patent his Epsicles (“Epp’s icicles”), but his children refused to use that name, since none of them called their father Epp. They began calling them Popsicles instead, and the treat was patented as such.

The fact that they’d originally been made with home-mixed soda pop was a total coincidence.

## The Super Soaker ... by a NASA Geek

We assume that the fine folks at NASA spend their busy days occupied with very important science stuff way above our pay grade. Like engineer Lonnie Johnson, who helped build the *Mars Observer* spacecraft at NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab in Pasadena, California. But his most important life's work: making a water gun.

In 1982, Johnson had the idea of making a new type of heat pump that worked off water alone (instead of Freon gas, like the rest of them did).

When he switched on the pump, water fired out, and the idea of heat transfer suddenly seemed a whole lot less interesting than shooting someone right in the face with H<sub>2</sub>O.

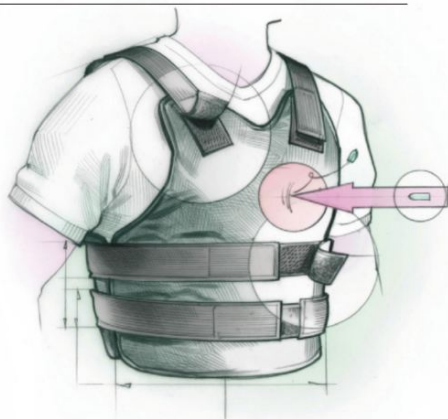
So Johnson turned his new pumping system into the Super Soaker. The result? Nearly a billion dollars and decades of sales. Johnson has used that money to do the responsible thing: His research company developed novel methods to convert heat into electricity and more efficient ways to store energy in batteries.

## The Bulletproof Vest ... by a Pizza Delivery Guy

Let's be clear: This pizza guy was also a Marine. But Richard Davis's years on the battlefield didn't inspire his design for the Kevlar vest. No, that came from a much more dangerous activity: delivering Italian food in Detroit.

Davis was dropping off a pizza on July 15, 1969, when he realized that the call had directed him to a dark alley occupied by three armed men. He was shot twice but escaped with his life. The experience left Davis shaken, and he started looking into how he could protect himself.

So Davis carved out the first vest made of all Kevlar, which was much stronger than military nylon. To test the result, Davis put a phone book behind a prototype and opened fire.



The book pulled through unscathed.

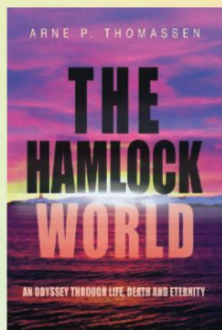
Still, nobody was biting, so Davis devised a more dramatic display. When he met with prospective buyers, he'd put the shaky prototype vest on, aim a pistol at his chest, and pull the trigger.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is called a salesman.

**R**



# Books You'll Love to Share



## *The Hamlock World*

An Odyssey Through Life, Death And Eternity

Arne P. Thomassen

Softcover | 9781477229781

Price: £12.95 Pages: 336

[www.authorhouse.co.uk](http://www.authorhouse.co.uk)

Roger falls unprepared into a strange world where everything is possible. There he observes the direct reason for his fall; Brainwashers building a worldwide empire led by a stray war robot from a distant sun. Realizing the need for countermeasures, Roger faces his ultimate choice.



authorHOUSE®



## *Fraudulent Fertilisation*

Ricardo Ludovico Gulminelli

Softcover | 9781425109219

Price: \$29.50 Pages: 416

[www.trafford.com](http://www.trafford.com)

A strikingly realistic paternity struggle set in Mar del Plata Argentina. Roberto Buran, a financially comfortable divorced lawyer who was attached to a woman named Alicia. A legalistic drama built around a purloined condom and predatory behavior aided by medical technology. *Fraudulent Fertilisation is an original and worthy read.*



FOREWORD CLARION REVIEW



## *Moonshaker*

GV Chillingsworth

Softcover | 9781466906358

Price: \$14.50 Pages: 188

[www.trafford.com](http://www.trafford.com)

When space conspires to harm the world, scientists develop a satellite save it. However, not everyone wishes for change, and sabotage leads to a new fight, a long way from home. The crew must now work together in order to get back.



## *Train Flight*

Moon Man

Elizabeth Newton

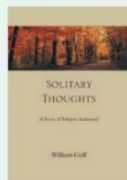
Softcover | 9781426997082

Price: \$17.08 Pages: 268

[www.trafford.com](http://www.trafford.com)

"This time-traveling, science fiction adventure for young teens has Christian themes reminiscent of The Chronicles of Narnia by C. S. Lewis. It has monsters, chase scenes, and split-second escapes."

-US Review of Books



## *Solitary Thoughts*

A Series Of Subjects Addressed

William Goff

Softcover | 9781466937871

Price: \$12.35 Pages: 124

[www.trafford.com](http://www.trafford.com)

*Solitary Thoughts* takes you to a thought-provoking journey, allowing you to delve deep into the corruption of commercialism and the social pressures that rob human beings of their ability to truly live. Witty, this book will equip you with perspective.



Remarkable books to enjoy again and again. Order yours today.



IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

# Word Power

---


*Current events often dictate which words are looked up in online dictionaries. From merriam-webster.com, here are some terms that people frequently searched for within the past year. See the next page for answers.*

BY EMILY COX & HENRY RATHVON

---

- wonk** ('wɒŋk) *n.*—A: nerdy expert. B: abject failure. C: double agent.
- furlough** ('fɜːlɒh) *v.*—A: temporarily lay off from work. B: send long-distance. C: form a militia.
- acerbic** (ə-'ser-bɪk) *adj.*—A: top secret. B: growing in a desert. C: sarcastic.
- clemency** ('kle-men-see) *n.*—A: petty crime. B: leniency. C: election of a pope.
- vacuous** ('vɑːkyoo-wʊs) *adj.*—A: in recess. B: empty-headed. C: irresistible.
- austerity** (əw-'ster-ih-tee) *n.*—A: heat wave. B: strict economizing. C: bitter disagreement.
- cornucopia** (kɔː-nuh-'kɒh-pee-uh) *n.*—A: trite comedy. B: abundance. C: fantastic dream.
- bellicose** ('be-lih-kɒhs) *adj.*—A: melodic. B: potbellied. C: warlike.
- moniker** ('mah-nih-ker) *n.*—A: milestone. B: nickname. C: stand-up comic.
- curmudgeon** (ker-'muh-jen) *n.*—A: dog breeder. B: grouch. C: knockout punch.
- reconcile** ('re-kon-siyl) *v.*—A: restore harmony. B: banish. C: put to extended use.
- filibuster** ('fi-lih-bus-ter) *v.*—A: meddle. B: round up allies. C: use tactics to delay or prevent an action.
- capricious** (ka-'prih-shʊs) *adj.*—A: fickle. B: wearing a hat. C: forming an island.
- ignominious** (ig-no-'mi-nee-us) *adj.*—A: disgraceful. B: lacking knowledge. C: using a false name.
- indemnify** (in-'dem-nih-fiy) *v.*—A: curse. B: imprison. C: pay for damages.

---

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

## Answers

**1. wonk**—[A] nerdy expert. A known computer *wonk*, Mickey was recruited by a venerable tech company.

**2. furlough**—[A] temporarily lay off from work. Willy Wonka shut down the chocolate factory and *furloughed* the Oompa Loompas for two weeks.

**3. acerbic**—[C] sarcastic. On most news shows, there's more *acerbic* chit-chat than there is insightful analysis.

**4. clemency**—[B] leniency. Bobby's lawyer asked the judge for *clemency* even though her client had been convicted of stealing billions.

**5. vacuous**—[B] empty-headed. As Joy gave her report on cryptozoology, she noticed a lot of *vacuous* stares.

**6. austerity**—[B] strict economizing. After she lost her job when her company downsized, Ann was forced to practice *austerity*.

**7. cornucopia**—[B] abundance. There's a *cornucopia* of coffee shops but not enough libraries.

**8. bellicose**—[C] warlike. Despite his *bellicose* demeanor, he's really a softy.

**9. moniker**—[B] nickname. Say,

Woody, how did you get the *moniker* Mister Excitement?

**10. curmudgeon**—[B] grouch. In 12 years, that *curmudgeon* down the hall has never said good morning to me.

**11. reconcile**—[A] restore harmony. The Hatfields and McCoys decided to end their bitter feud and *reconcile*.

**12. filibuster**—[C] use tactics to delay or prevent an action. The president's opponents threatened to *filibuster* his nominee to the Supreme Court.

**13. capricious**—[A] fickle. Nothing is more *capricious* than New England weather.

**14. ignominious**—[A] disgraceful. After a promising start, the Mud Hens finished the season with an *ignominious* 100 losses.

**15. indemnify**—[C] pay for damages.

"Somebody has to *indemnify* me for this broken window," Mr. Wilson told Dennis the Menace.

### CHECK YOUR PRIDE

People often look up *hubris*, which means "overbearing pride." In ancient Greece, it conveyed an audacious attitude toward the gods. We see *hubris* in the story of the RMS *Titanic*, built with excessive grandeur and lost on her maiden voyage, and in Dr. Frankenstein, who presumed to acquire the power to create life. *Hubris* is foolish pride that leads to a fall.

### VOCABULARY RATINGS

#### 9 & below:

Trending upward

**10-12:** Newsworthy

**13-15:** Headlining

# Connections

your link to values and insights each month

## The Great State of Texas

Texas...It's like a whole other country that's miles away from ordinary. Plan your trip at [TravelTex.com](http://TravelTex.com) and pick up your **FREE** Texas State Travel Guide.

[TravelTex.com](http://TravelTex.com)



## The Beaches of Fort Myers & Sanibel

Receive a free copy of our new Lonely Planet guidebook full of tips on what to see and do on Florida's most natural islands!

[FortMyers-Sanibel.com](http://FortMyers-Sanibel.com)



## Why Wait for Safety?

This round-the-clock monitored medical alarm system from Medical Alert provides peace-of-mind because, if ever needed, live help is just the push of a button away!

[www.MedicalAlert.com](http://www.MedicalAlert.com)



go to [readersdigest.com/connections](http://readersdigest.com/connections) for more!

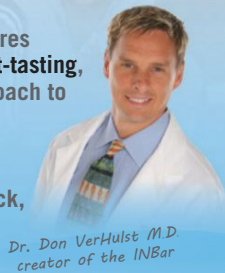
# JOIN THE IN CROWD



“Today's demanding lifestyle requires real foods! INBars provide a **great-tasting, low sugar and allergen-free** approach to eating healthy.”

The Diabetic's Choice is a **high protein, high fiber, low sugar snack, perfect for the whole family!**

INBar is certified **Gluten-Free, Non-GMO, Vegan and Kosher!**



Dr. Don VerHulst M.D.  
creator of the INBar

**HEALTHY NEVER TASTED SO GOOD!**

Follow us!



Join the **IN** crowd today and **order online** or **find a store** near you at [www.INBalanceHealthCorp.com](http://www.INBalanceHealthCorp.com) or call 269-792-1977

**INBALANCE**  
Health Corp®

# The Search for the Next *Great American Cartoonist*

*We asked artists between 14 and 23 to pitch their best cartoons; these made us LOL the most.*

GRAND  
PRIZE

Winner



*"Bless you!"*

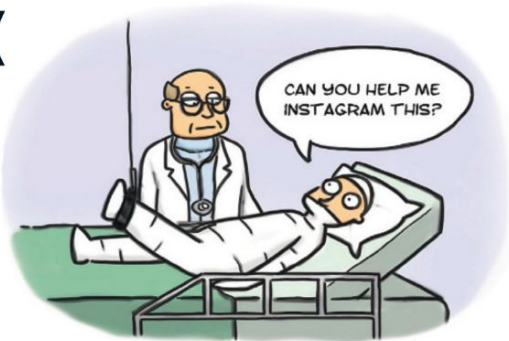
CHAD KROEBER, 20,  
Roswell, Georgia





## Winners

JOANNA NGAI, 21,  
Bellevue,  
Washington



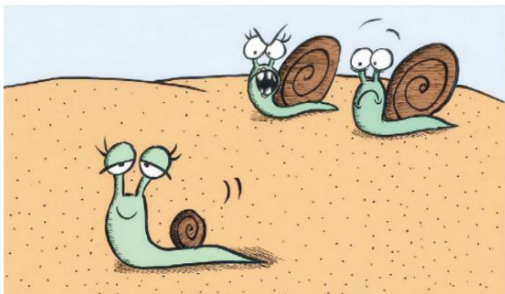
*"Carve something scary into  
your pumpkins."*

CHELSEA KENNEDY, 16, Naples, Florida



*"I knew the first time I laid eyes on him  
that we'd be together forever. After all,  
we are locked in the same cage."*

WILL EHNERT, 17, Middleton, Wisconsin

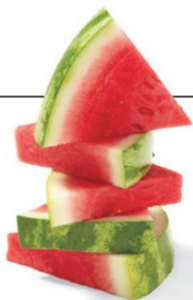


*"It's shocking what they're wearing at the beach these days!"*

VINCENT ALEXANDER, 21, Carroll, Ohio

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT ON

# Rd.com



HEALTHY EATING

## 5 Fruits You Didn't Realize Cause Gas

Apples  
Blackberries  
Mangoes  
Plums  
Watermelons

TECH TIP

## Run, Computer, Run!

Is your machine kind of sluggish? Try adding more RAM. If you're considering a memory cleaner, know that CNET warns, "This process technically frees up RAM but only in the sense that squeezing a sponge frees up water-absorbing capability."

TRUE STORIES

## Believe in Miracles

Enjoy touching short stories from a new *Chicken Soup for the Soul* that describe signs of the divine at work: a child receiving a heavenly message, a long-gone father delivering a comforting talisman, and a voice warning a wife of impending danger at home.

PETS

## What Do Dogs Dream About?

With sleep patterns and brain activities similar to those of humans, snoozing dogs are probably envisioning familiar activities like playing outside or chasing their tails, suggests *Psychology Today*. Interestingly, small breeds tend to dream more than large ones.

 MOST POPULAR ON FACEBOOK



READ UP AT [RD.COM/APRIL](http://RD.COM/APRIL)

ADVICE

## Inspirational Quotes from Top Comedians

An example, from Robin Williams: "You're only given a little spark of madness. You mustn't lose it."

 MOST POPULAR ON TWITTER

FROM TOP: PAUL JOHNSON/GETTY IMAGES. VALERIE LOISELEUX/GETTY IMAGES. GETTY IMAGES

# oxygen. anytime. anywhere.®

## Introducing the INOGEN ONE It's oxygen therapy on your terms

No more tanks to refill. No more deliveries. No more hassles with travel. The **INOGEN ONE** portable oxygen concentrator is designed to provide unparalleled freedom for oxygen therapy users. It's small, lightweight, clinically proven for stationary and portable use, during the day and at night. Inogen accepts Medicare and many private insurances!

- ✓ No more worries about running out of oxygen tanks ever again.
- ✓ No more relying on others for your oxygen supply.
- ✓ No more waiting for deliveries.



MKT-0293B

**CALL INOGEN TODAY**  
to request your  
**FREE Information Kit**

**inogen**

**1-800-492-5600**

# Humor in Uniform



*"The drone strikes aren't working, sir. Have you tried divorce?"*

**TO A CIVILIAN'S EAR**, these real military code names are hard to crack. But we tried anyway.

■ **Operation Giant Profit** A missile test plan. **Or:** Wishful thinking on the part of the missile makers.

■ **Operation Penny Counter** Development of a mobile computer system. **Or:** What the military was forced to resort to following Operation Giant Profit.

■ **Operation Burnt Potato** A refueling route. **Or:** What was served in the chow hall after Operation Penny Counter.

■ **Operation Lucky Dragon** Spy-plane implementation. **Or:** Where the officers ordered in from after Operation Burnt Potato.

■ **Operation Big Belly** A program to enlarge a bomber's load. **Or:** What results when Operation Lucky Dragon is too successful.

■ **Operation Burp Gun** An Air Force refueling track over Western New York. **Or:** The only weapon known to cure Operation Big Belly.

Send us your funniest military anecdote or news story—it might be worth \$100! Go to [rd.com/submit](http://rd.com/submit) for details.



# IS ARTHRITIS PAIN KEEPING YOU AWAKE AT NIGHT?

Now, there's a non-prescription cream clinically shown to provide  
**IMMEDIATE and LONG TERM IMPROVING PAIN RELIEF!**

**A** published clinical study<sup>1</sup> of chronic osteoarthritis sufferers concluded that users of JointFlex<sup>®</sup> pain relieving cream experienced significant immediate pain relief compared to a placebo. For most study participants, pain relief continued to improve throughout the 8-week study. Even more amazing, it was completely or nearly completely eliminated for one third of the subjects!

## What Makes JointFlex So Unique?

Only JointFlex uses the exclusive Fusome<sup>®</sup> skin delivery system and a unique combination of the beneficial skin conditioning ingredients glucosamine and chondroitin sulfate, to provide deep penetration and deliver the active ingredient camphor directly to the pain source. Plus, JointFlex is non-greasy, won't stain your clothes, and won't leave you smelling like a medicine cabinet!

## Try JointFlex Today!

Experience JointFlex for yourself - all you have to lose is your pain! You can purchase JointFlex at your local drugstore. It comes in a large 4oz tube. Plus, if you are not completely satisfied for any reason, just mail the empty tube to us with your receipt to receive a full refund.

With JointFlex<sup>®</sup> Pain Relieving Cream you can finally get a good night's sleep!



Find JointFlex in the analgesic section of:

CVS/pharmacy



Walgreens Walmart



and other fine drug stores

Visit [www.jointflex.com](http://www.jointflex.com) for store locations or to purchase online

(1) The eight-week clinical trial, published in the Journal of Rheumatology, involved 63 patients who had suffered from chronic osteoarthritis knee pain for an average of 10 years.

MANUFACTURERS COUPON EXPIRES 5/31/14

# SAVE \$2.00

On any (1) JointFlex<sup>®</sup>  
Cream Product

Available at  
most drug stores  
and supercenters

0857074001-510064



**CONSUMER:** Limit one coupon per purchase only on products indicated. You pay sales tax and/or deposit charge. Coupon may not be assigned, transferred, purchased, sold or reproduced. Any other use constitutes fraud. Cash value 1/100 of 1¢. Retailer: Moberg Pharma North America LLC will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon, plus 8¢ handling allowance, if you and the consumer have complied with our Coupon Redemption Policy available at the redemption address. Mail coupons to: Inmar #57074, One Fawcett Drive, Del Rio, TX 78840.





# Quotable Quotes



You know what the greatest remedy on earth is today? ... It's not a pill. It's not a shot. It's a hug.

**BRUCE DERN**, actor



**WE'RE ALL SO BUSY CHASING THE EXTRAORDINARY THAT WE FORGET TO STOP AND BE GRATEFUL FOR THE ORDINARY.**

**BRENÉ BROWN**, professor

**SOMETIMES YOU LIE IN BED AT NIGHT AND YOU DON'T HAVE A SINGLE THING TO WORRY ABOUT. THAT ALWAYS WORRIES ME!**

**CHARLIE BROWN**



Two kinds of players who ain't worth a damn: one that never does what he's told and the other that does nothing except what he's told.

**OAIL ANDREW "BUM" PHILLIPS**, coach

**DO NOT WAIT UNTIL CONDITIONS ARE PERFECT TO BEGIN. BEGINNING MAKES CONDITIONS PERFECT.**

**ALAN COHEN**, writer



**Life is just a big extended improvisation. Embrace the ever-changing, ever-evolving world with the best rule I've ever found: Say "Yes, and ..."**

**JANE LYNCH**

*Reader's Digest* (ISSN 0034-0375) (USPS 865-820), (CPM Agreement# 40031457), Vol. 183, No. 1098, April 2014. © 2014. Published monthly (subject to change without notice) by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., 44 South Broadway, White Plains, New York 10601. Periodicals postage paid at White Plains, New York, and at additional mailing offices. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to Reader's Digest, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595. Send undeliverable Canadian addresses to ca.postal.affairs@rd.com. All rights reserved. Unauthorized reproduction, in any manner, is prohibited. Reader's Digest, The Digest, and the Pegasus logo are registered trademarks of The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. Marca Registrada. Printed in U.S.A. You may cancel your subscription at any time and receive a refund for copies not previously addressed. Your subscription will expire with the issue identified above your name on the address label. **SUBSCRIBERS:** If the Post Office alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within one year. A special *Reader's Digest* Large Print with selected articles from *Reader's Digest* is published by The Reader's Digest Association, Inc. For details, write: Reader's Digest Large Print, PO Box 6097, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1597. **CONSUMER INFORMATION:** Reader's Digest may share information about you with reputable companies in order for them to offer you products and services of interest to you. If you would rather we not share information, please write to Reader's Digest Customer Care, PO Box 6095, Harlan, Iowa 51593-1595.

# Home phone for \$20/mo.

AT&T Wireless Home Phone  
with unlimited nationwide calling.



(phone sold separately)

**\$20** per  
month

- Easy to **set up in just seconds.**
- Keep your **existing home phone.**
- Keep your **number.**

Rethink Possible® 

1.855.637.1414

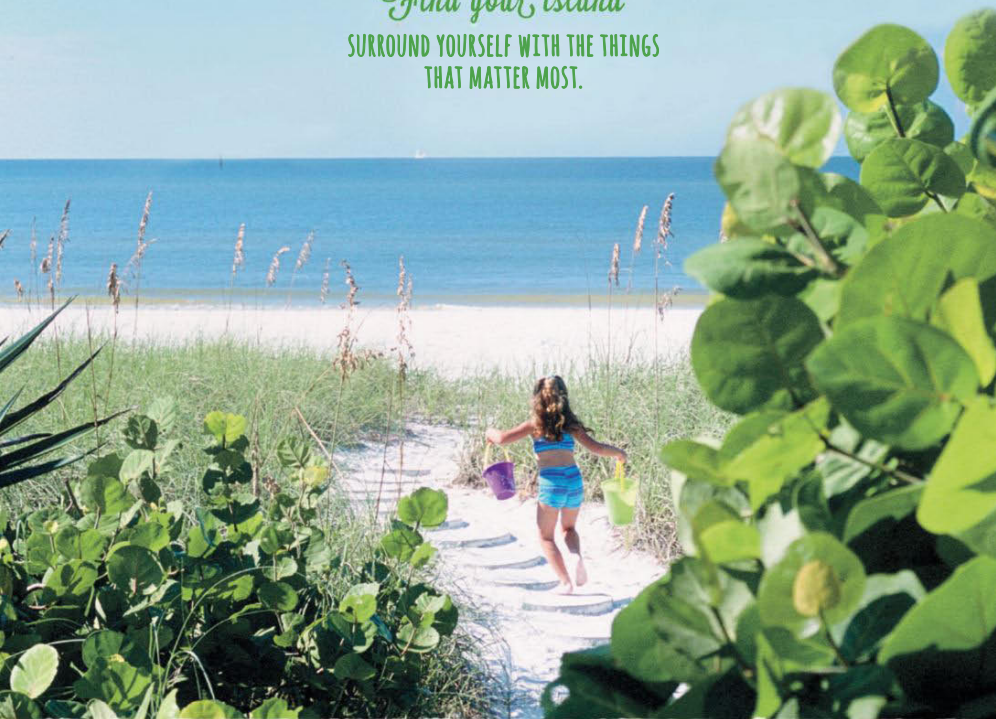
| [att.com/gethomephone](http://att.com/gethomephone)

| Visit a Store

**Wireless Home Phone ("WHP") is a Commercial Mobile Radio Service. It is mobile and may be used in the U.S. with home phone equipment in different locations.** For emergency calls, you may have to provide your location address to the 911 operator. WHP device has a backup battery in the event of a power outage. However, a landline phone requiring separate electric power to operate (e.g., cordless phones) connected to a WHP device will not place or receive calls (including 911 calls) during a power outage. Provides voice service only. Not compatible with home security systems, fax machines, credit card machines, and medical alert/monitoring systems. DSL customers should contact their provider before transferring a phone number to ensure uninterrupted DSL Internet service. May not be compatible with DVR/satellite systems; please check with your provider. Activation fee up to \$36/line. Geographic, usage, and other restrictions apply. Coverage and services not available everywhere. Taxes and other charges apply. Visit a store or [att.com/gethomephone](http://att.com/gethomephone) to learn more. ©2014 AT&T Intellectual Property.

FIND YOUR PERFECT VACATION,  
NATURALLY.

*Find your island*  
SURROUND YOURSELF WITH THE THINGS  
THAT MATTER MOST.



*F*ind your island and find warm Gulf waters and soft white sand. Find Horse Conchs, Sand Dollars, and over 400 different kinds of shells on our over 50 miles of shore. Find your perfect vacation, naturally, at [FortMyers-Sanibel.com](http://FortMyers-Sanibel.com), or call 888-231-0325 and get a free Lonely Planet guidebook.



THE BEACHES OF  
**FORT MYERS  
AND SANIBEL**  
[FORTMYERS-SANIBEL.COM](http://FORTMYERS-SANIBEL.COM)