

FOUR WOMEN WHO FOUND A BETTER WAY TO RETIRE

PAGE 92

Reader's Digest

CANADA'S
MOST-READ
MAGAZINE

JULY/AUGUST 2021

POST-PANDEMIC BUCKET LIST
Amazing
Day Trips,
Eats and
Surprises!

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EDITOR'S LETTER

Home Together

While no one is safe from a pandemic, not everyone faces the same danger. This became abundantly clear over the past year to elderly Canadians living in long-term care or retirement homes. More than two-thirds of our country's total COVID-19 deaths have been in nursing homes. Throughout the pandemic, our seniors have fared worse than those in any other wealthy country, according to a spring report by the Canadian Institute for Health Information.

The problems at Canadian facilities predate the pandemic. Experts blame a combination of underfunding, a shortage of personal support workers,

criminally negligent management and woefully inadequate government oversight. Many of our long-term care and retirement homes are so poorly run, it's a wonder anyone would want to live in them.

Seniors and their families are demanding change. Some organizations are lobbying governments for more personal support workers inside long-term care facilities and to supply more home care services so seniors can avoid long-term care altogether. But aging in place potentially comes with other risks and drawbacks, especially if you live alone.

Some seniors, like the four Port Perry women we meet in Luc Rinaldi's feature, "The New Golden Girls" (page 92), have found another solution: they're moving into shared homes and supporting one another as they age. Doing it right takes planning, not to mention finding like-minded people with whom you don't mind sharing your life. But the benefits, including a real sense of community, are better, and much safer, than the alternative.



P.S. You can reach me at mark@rd.ca.

DANIEL EHRENWORTH

Reader's Digest

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A graduate of Ontario's Sheridan College, Charles has contributed to *The Globe and Mail*, *Los Angeles Times*, *This Magazine*, *Canada's History* and *ESPN*. Her work often features vibrant colours and references to nature. Charles creates her illustrations through a combination of digital and traditional mediums such as pencil and ink. Check out her latest work on page 86.



ROBERT LIWANAG
Writer, Toronto

“TV Club”

Associate editor Liwanag joined *Reader's Digest Canada* in 2016. He often writes stories for the magazine about entertainment, travel and health. A graduate of the Ryerson School of Journalism, Liwanag has also contributed to the *Financial Post* and *Ryerson University Magazine*. Don't miss his roundup of the best shows to stream this summer on page 104.



SAMANTHA RIDEOUT
Writer, Montreal

“News From the World of Medicine”

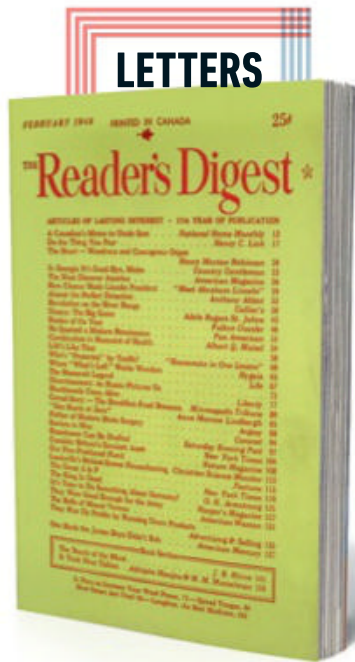
Rideout is a regular *Reader's Digest* contributor who specializes in medical science. She also writes for McGill University, Concordia University and the Kids Brain Health Network, a group of researchers interested in neurodevelopmental conditions such as autism spectrum disorder. Find her latest collection of medical breakthroughs on page 22.



JEREMY FOKKENS
Photographer, Calgary

“You're Hired!”

Fokkens is a self-taught photographer whose work has appeared in *The Washington Post*, *Maclean's* and *The Walrus*. His book on Nepal and Bangladesh, *The Human Connection*, was published by Rocky Mountain Books in 2014. Fokkens is currently working on a project in which he photographs people from small towns and remote areas across Canada. See his image on page 8.



OUT OF PRINT

Recently my daughter was rooting through our attic and found the very first issue of *Reader's Digest Canada*, from February 1948. I work in the health care field as a nurse, so my favourite story in the issue was “The Father of Modern Brain Surgery” by Richard Match. It’s not every day you find a complete magazine from before you or your parents were born!

—STEPHANIE BOOTH, *Milverton, Ont.*

WINDOW TO THE WORLD

I started reading *Reader's Digest* very early on in life, and by the time I was in my teens, my Word Power score was clocking 90 per cent. I remember impatiently waiting for each issue to arrive at our home, nestled in the foothills of the Himalayas in India. I was instantly transported to the far corners of the world as I read each story. I also dreamed of one day visiting these amazing places. I still cherish my monthly read.

—ARCHANA CHAUHAN, *Vancouver*

CRACKS IN THE SYSTEM

I found “The Taken” (April 2021) to be absolutely frightening. A loss of independence is hard enough for seniors, but when it’s unnecessarily imposed by those who are supposed to care for us, it’s a travesty. Every doctor and MP should be sent a copy of this story as a reminder that they, too, may personally face this issue one day.

—STEVE PAUL, *Millbrook, Ont.*

CONTRIBUTE

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

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*Why one Calgary company employs
the city's homeless*

You're Hired!

BY Sebastian Leck

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEREMY FOKKENS

DAVE AND HANNAH Cree were among the thousands of people who fled their homes during the 2013 Calgary flood. When they returned, a dozen strangers pitched in to help them pick through the wreckage and salvage what they could. While the Crees, who both worked in marketing, were grateful for the help, they recognized that not everyone was so fortunate. What about the 1,200 people who remained in emergency shelters, not to mention the rest of the city's homeless population?

The question stuck, and the duo began brainstorming ways to use their business and marketing expertise for

social good. They already knew who they most wanted to help. Across Canada, people who are homeless face many barriers to employment, particularly a lack of training and experience. Research has repeatedly shown that, despite harmful stereotypes, most people who experience homelessness do want to work—they just need to be given a chance.

With this in mind, in 2016 the Crees founded CMNGD (pronounced “Common Good”), a linen service for restaurants. It mainly employs people experiencing homelessness. “We chose a business that would be a very simple, quick labour model,” says



Dave and Hannah Cree give homeless people a chance to get back on their feet.

Dave, “one without a lot of training required, where you could walk in and start working.”

To attract clients, CMNGD offered restaurants more flexible contract terms and, even better, a good cause with community connections. Thirteen local restaurants signed on within the first year. Next, the couple rented a space in the basement of the Calgary Drop-In Centre, hiring four people who used the centre's services. Their new staff worked from 7 p.m. to 3 a.m., washing, folding and delivering linens. Employees earned \$18 per hour, usually working three shifts a week.

“WE CHOSE A BUSINESS MODEL THAT ALLOWS PEOPLE TO WALK IN AND START WORKING.”

By November 2018, business was good enough for CMNGD to move out of the basement and buy its own space, expanding its service to hotels in Canmore and Banff. Soon they were able to employ 11 people full-time, eight of whom faced barriers such as homelessness and drug addiction. One of those employees was Gary Gattie, who began working at CMNGD in mid-2018, first folding linens and then becoming a delivery driver.

Today, Gattie is employed as a resident support worker at the First Step rehabilitation centre in Lethbridge. Before Gattie moved, he and Dave met weekly for coaching sessions, talking about trauma and recovery and discussing Gattie's dreams of opening his own café for people in recovery. He credits CMNGD for helping him take his first step to recovery from crack-cocaine abuse. “It was a way for me to begin integrating back into society and everyday living,” he says.

By the time the pandemic hit, CMNGD had expanded from its original 13 clients to over 100 restaurants. Unfortunately, more than half of those businesses have since closed, putting CMNGD on pause. But the Crees aren't about to give up on their mission to run a company that has a positive impact. Currently, another company is managing their remaining linen-service contracts. CMNGD is using its percentage of the revenue to fund new social enterprises and coaching sessions similar to those Dave and Gattie used to hold.

The Crees have also started work on a cleaning business that employs women recovering from addiction. “In a way, COVID-19 helped us reshape what CMNGD will look like,” Dave says. And while the pandemic has pushed the Crees' business to evolve, he adds that one thing won't change: “I know where my place is, and that is with people who are going through difficulty.” **R**

GOOD NEWS

FIVE REASONS TO SMILE

BY LUC RINALDI

Peyo with his
trainer, Hassen
Bouchakour



THE HEALING POWER OF HORSES

FRANCE In many hospitals across the world, therapy dogs are used to comfort the sick. The Calais Hospital in northern France has a more unusual helper: Peyo, a 15-year-old chestnut stallion who had been a professional dressage horse.

According to his trainer, Hassen Bouchakour, Peyo has always gravitated to people with physical or mental illnesses. “It’s visceral,” Bouchakour says. “He needs to go and cling on to the specific person he has chosen.”

In 2016, after Bouchakour retired Peyo from dressage, he started bringing him to the hospital—they now visit twice a month. Peyo clops from room to room visiting patients, many of whom find it comforting to pet him and have him watch over them. Children ride

through the hospital’s halls on his back, and Peyo stays with palliative patients right until the end—one man even requested that the animal attend his funeral. The therapeutic effects are anything but horseplay: doctors report that patients in Peyo’s company often require fewer pain medications and have reduced stress.

Bringing Coral Reefs Back to Life

FIJI In February 2016, Cyclone Winston—the strongest cyclone on record in the southern hemisphere—ripped through Fiji, killing 44 people and damaging or destroying more than 40,000 homes. The storm also decimated the



vibrant coral reefs of the Namena Marine Reserve and Vatu-i-Ra Conservation Park, the backbone of the country's tourism and fishing industries. Five years later, those reefs are experiencing a revival. In December 2020, divers discovered that both areas, once graveyards of underwater rubble, were again teeming with colourful fish and coral colonies. The rebirth—due in part to environmental protections such as fishing limits—is not just a relief to the people of Fiji but a beacon of hope for other regions that have reefs endangered by climate change.

A Victory for the LGBT Community

ANGOLA For more than a century, gay Angolans had trouble accessing health care and education, and getting jobs. That changed in February 2021, when the country updated its penal code to remove a provision that outlawed “vices against nature.” The change goes beyond decriminalizing homosexuality;

it also punishes homophobia. Angolan employers who discriminate on the grounds of sexual orientation now face up to two years in jail. With homosexuality also decriminalized in Botswana and Gabon, there's hope that the more than 30 African nations that still maintain anti-LGBT laws may soon follow suit.

A New Way for a New Heart

UNITED KINGDOM Using the Organ Care System (OCS), surgeons at Royal Papworth Hospital, in Cambridge, have doubled the number of heart transplants they perform every year since 2015. Last year, history was made when the team, in partnership with the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, in London, used the device to save a child's life—the first time a young person had received a “dead” heart.

The OCS, a box-like device designed by the Massachusetts medical company TransMedics, can reanimate a heart by warming the organ and pumping blood through it while it's transported to its recipient. Before the OCS was invented, donated hearts had historically come from people who were brain-dead but whose hearts were still beating.

The first-ever child recipient, Anna Hadley, was diagnosed with restrictive cardiomyopathy—her heart didn't properly relax between beats—in 2018. The then 12-year-old received the

diagnosis after she collapsed twice at school. Without a new heart, it wasn't clear how long she'd live.

Hadley spent nearly two years on a wait-list for the right heart. It needed to come from a nearby donor with the same blood type, and she was eligible to receive an adult heart. One day in February 2020, the Hadleys heard there was a heart ready. It had been retrieved by the Royal Papworth team, brought back to life in the OCS and

taken to Great Ormond, where, a few hours later, surgeons implanted it into Hadley's chest in a successful two-hour operation.

"We couldn't believe it," says Hadley's father, Andy, who wrote a note of thanks to the family of the anonymous heart donor. "Without them, I probably wouldn't have a daughter." Five other children in the U.K. have since received heart transplants at Great Ormond through the OCS.

ACTS OF KINDNESS

Portland's Young Trash Crusaders

Before the pandemic, recent Portland State University graduates Sharona Shnayder and Wanda McNealy spent their downtime volunteering for environmental groups and lobbying for green legislation at the Oregon state capitol. When COVID-19 arrived, the two budding activists connected through video chat every week, and by May they were itching to do something meaningful. They decided to turn one of their only sanctioned activities—taking a

walk—into a force for change by picking up litter in green spaces that run through downtown Portland.

"It just felt so good," says Shnayder, 21, whose activism was initially inspired by Greta Thunberg's heated 2018 speech about the climate crisis at the United Nations. "Not only were people around us thanking us, but we could see the immediate impact—holding bags of trash in our hands and knowing that we were making a difference."

The activists called their weekly clean-ups Tuesdays for Trash and invited friends to take part by sharing videos of themselves picking up litter on social media. Eventually the movement went viral, inspiring pickups in 21 countries, including France, India and Ghana, across six continents.

McNealy (L) and Shnayder



COURTESY OF SHARONA SHNAYDER

ASK AN EXPERT

Why Do People Fall for Conspiracy Theories?

We quiz Ghayda Hassan, psychology professor

BY Courtney Shea

ILLUSTRATION BY LAUREN TAMAKI



Not that long ago, conspiracies were for wing nuts in tinfoil hats. Now they're everywhere. What happened?

We've definitely seen them gain a lot of momentum in the last few years—the last year, in particular, with COVID-19 and the divisive political climate in the United States. Conspiratorial thinking becomes more popular during times of strife and instability. People are scared and they're looking for explanations.

What's the distinction between a conspiracy theory and healthy skepticism?

Broadly speaking, a conspiracy theory is a belief that explains an event or a

set of circumstances as the result of a secret plot, usually by a powerful organization. In the case of QAnon, it's the belief that there's a secret cabal of Satanist pedophiles running a global child sex-trafficking ring and plotting against Donald Trump.

It's healthy to question authority, but with conspiratorial thinking you get people ignoring evidence and misinterpreting facts. For instance, Pizzagate—a precursor to QAnon—is the belief that Hillary Clinton's emails contained codes about a secret child sex ring run

out of a pizza restaurant in Washington. It's true that Clinton did have emails that were under investigation, but that is not evidence of a child sex ring.

It all sounds so preposterous. How do people get sucked in?

Most people don't wake up one day believing that, for example, the moon landing was staged in a television studio. Instead, it's more of a grooming process. A person feels dissatisfied or alienated and maybe they watch a video on social media about the landing being a hoax. Certain ideas are normalized, and it's a slippery slope from there.

A lot of the big conspiracy theories come from the U.S. Are there any that are homegrown?

The Proud Boys, a hate group that made headlines after the storming of the Capitol and uses conspiratorial thinking to push its agenda, was founded by an expat Canadian. But with Canada being a much smaller country, we tend to follow a lot of what we see in the U.S. For example, the armed man who stormed the gates of Rideau Hall was a QAnon supporter.


Are popular conspiracy theories always political?

They often are, but not always. For instance, there's one that the underwire in bras causes cancer and another that Bill Gates wants to use vaccines to install tracking devices in humans.

Are there characteristics that make a person more likely to fall for them?

There are, but they're not necessarily what you would think. People have this idea that it's more common among less educated people, but that's not really the case. We know that access to broad sources of information is beneficial, which may relate to a person's level of education, but far more often we see a connection to life events: a job loss, the end of a relationship, a death. These may lead to isolation, and when a person is isolated they become far more susceptible—particularly if they're spending a lot of time online.

How can you help a loved one to not get caught up in a conspiracy theory?

We want to talk about prevention rather than interruption, because once a person gets entrenched, pulling them out is a lot more complicated. It's important to understand that you don't have to debate the conspiracy theory. In fact, that can be counterproductive because it can make the person feel more isolated. The best way to help someone is to address the circumstances that have made that individual vulnerable—checking in on them regularly and encouraging social connections and community ties. 

Ghayda Hassan is the director of the Canadian Practitioners Network for the Prevention of Radicalization and Extremist Violence

POINTS TO PONDER



I've been aware that I'm on the verge of a big cry but I'm not sure what will trigger it. Probably my first pint at a pub or first hug hello.

—Comedian **Stewart Reynolds**,
BETTER KNOWN BY HIS ONLINE HANDLE, BRITTLESTAR

THERE ARE A LOT OF TIMES WHEN I STILL STAND OUT IN STEM. IT'S NOT THE MOST WELCOMING FIELD FOR MINORITIES.

—Montreal-born NASA engineer **Farah Alibay**, ON THE LACK OF DIVERSITY IN SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

IT SENDS A MESSAGE TO PEOPLE WHO WISH TO COME FORWARD WITH ALLEGATIONS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT THAT THIS PROCESS IS GOING TO WEAR YOU DOWN UNTIL YOU HAVE NO DIGNITY LEFT AT ALL.

—Lawyer **Emilie Taman**, AFTER AN ONTARIO WOMAN WAS FINED MORE THAN \$2,000 FOR BREAKING A PUBLICATION BAN PROTECTING HER OWN IDENTITY

After 50 years of talking about it and fighting for it, we're finally going to get it done.

—Finance Minister **Chrystia Freeland**, ON THE FEDERAL BUDGET'S PROMISE OF AFFORDABLE CHILD CARE



Perhaps my feelings of anxiety and depression will never leave. And that's okay, because I'm okay.

—**Rupi Kaur**, SPEAKING ABOUT FAME, HER MENTAL HEALTH AND HER SECOND POETRY COLLECTION, *HOME BODY*



Lost is the irony that today everyone must cover their face in government institutions, including in the National Assembly.

–**Sheema Khan**, CONDEMNING BILL 21, QUEBEC’S LAW THAT PROHIBITS CERTAIN GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES FROM WEARING RELIGIOUS SYMBOLS

“This happened to me—there’s worse that has happened to other people. I lost a moment. People have lost their lives.”

–**Masai Ujiri**, president of the Toronto Raptors, AFTER HE WAS WRONGLY ACCUSED OF ASSAULT AGAINST A SHERIFF’S DEPUTY

NOTHING IS AS COOL AS YOU THINK IT IS WHILE IT’S ACTUALLY HAPPENING.

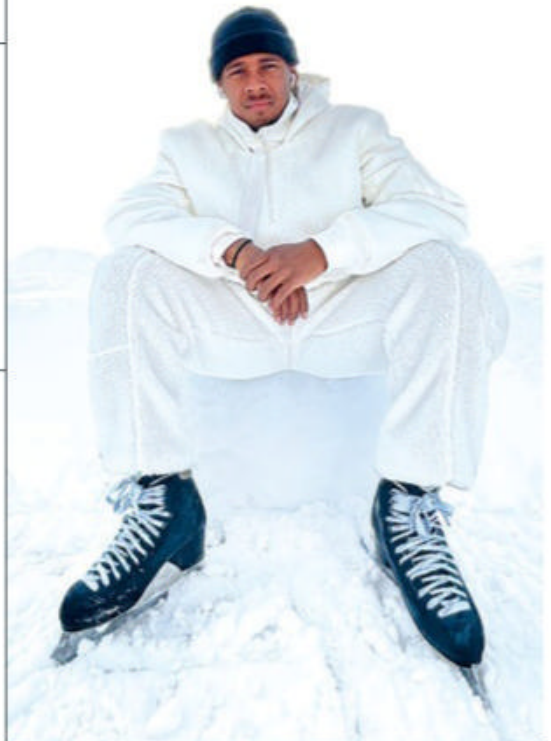
–Margaret Atwood

Students should not be punished for seeking out help.

–**Natalia Espinosa**, WHO, IN KEEPING WITH CAMPUS POLICY, WAS HANDCUFFED BY UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO POLICE AFTER ASKING FOR MENTAL-HEALTH ASSISTANCE

I FEEL LIKE I CAN PLAY AGAIN.

–**Retired figure skater Elladj Baldé**, EXPLAINING THE JOY HE’S FOUND IN SKATING ON FROZEN LAKES AND OUTDOOR RINKS IN ALBERTA



(KHAN) COURTESY OF SHEEMA KHAN; (BALDÉ) COURTESY OF ELLADJ BALDÉ



Kegels for All

The evidence shows these pelvic exercises aren't only good for pregnancy

BY Viviane Fairbank

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAYTON HANMER

IN THE 1950S, doctors began advising women to perform regular kegel exercises—short sets of tightening and releasing the muscles in the pelvic region—in the months before and after giving birth. During pregnancy and delivery, the muscles near the uterus and bladder are naturally strained, and daily exercise of what's called the pelvic floor can facilitate an easy recovery. Over the past decade, however, as pelvic health has become a less taboo topic, medical attention has shifted toward the importance of kegel exercises for all bodies, regardless of gender or situation.

The pelvic floor is a bowl-shaped group of muscles that extends from the pubic bone to the tailbone, acting as a basket of support for the bladder, rectum and uterus. As Olivia Drodge, a physiotherapist at Toronto's Women's College Hospital, puts it, pelvic floor muscles service “the basics of our human needs: bowel movements, urination and sexual function.” We use them to control the release of fluids and solids from the body, and they play an important role in achieving an erection or allowing penetration during sexual activity. They also increase blood flow through that region, and contribute to the movement of our hip joints.

Like all muscles, pelvic floor muscles can be either overactive (too tight) or underactive (too weak), leading to a variety of problems, including chronic

pain, difficulties with intercourse, incontinence or organ prolapse—when the bladder, bowel or uterus sags downward or, very rarely, even falls out of the body.

One of the typical sources of difficulty is muscle weakness, and the best preventative and remedial treatment is pelvic floor muscle training, says Drodge. Some physiotherapists describe kegel exercises as similar to trying to hold back urine, then release it (to exercise the front half of the muscles), and then trying to hold back flatulence, then release it (to exercise the rear half). Practising kegel sets regularly—sometimes recommended as three sets of 10 reps every day while sitting or lying down—can make a substantial difference to pelvic health after only a few weeks.

Beyond preventing dysfunction caused by aging or pregnancy, kegels also help people recover from surgery. Approximately 80 per cent of prostatectomy patients experience incontinence issues, and a 2019 study found that pelvic floor muscle training before and after surgery improved patients' recovery time by several months. Meanwhile, vaginoplasty patients who attended pelvic floor physiotherapy before and after surgery were about three times less likely to experience pelvic floor dysfunction than those who attended only after.

For many people, it's a good idea to train your pelvic floor muscles regularly,

and a number of health clinics (as well as telehealth provider HealthLink BC) have published helpful online guides on how to perform kegel exercises at home. But Drodge warns against simply starting to exercise alone without direction, particularly if you're already experiencing some kind of pelvic dysfunction. If you don't know what is causing problems down there, you could potentially make matters worse by exercising—for example, if your urinary incontinence is caused by overactive muscles instead of underactive ones. Your family doctor can refer you to a pelvic floor therapist who can help you determine whether kegel exercises are the right fit.

40%
OF MEN WITH
ERECTILE PROBLEMS
REGAIN FULL FUNCTION
AFTER SIX MONTHS OF
PELVIC EXERCISE.

Drodge is happy about the trend toward open conversations about the pelvic floor, spurred by the rise of available information online and word-of-mouth among physiotherapy and post-surgical patients. But even for people who are perfectly healthy, she says, it's good to “get to know a part of their body they're not familiar with.” **R**

SKINCARE IS **COMFORT CARE**



The TENA ProSkin™ range includes both absorbing and skin care products designed to provide support in caring for someone with incontinence.

While infinitely rewarding and admirable, being a caregiver can also be stressful, exhausting, and even overwhelming. That's why it's so important to have support. In the case of incontinence, the TENA ProSkin™ range ensures your loved one is comfortable, while also making your job as a caregiver easier. Developed as a 3-step system of products that work together to manage incontinence and protect sensitive skin, TENA ProSkin™ items help keep skin dry, clean, and protected.

Why is skincare so important for managing incontinence? When dealing with incontinence, skin is often held close against different types of moisture and heat, which can lead to a number of issues such as infection or irritation. Incontinence can also have an impact on your loved one's mental health and overall quality of life. The TENA ProSkin™ range of products offer comfort and independence to those who suffer from incontinence, and help relieve some of the pressure on caregivers.

KEEP SKIN DRY

TENA ProSkin™ Briefs are 100% breathable to ensure skin stays dry and comfortable.



KEEP SKIN CLEAN

TENA ProSkin™ Ultra Adult Wipes come pre-moistened and unfolded for convenient, easy use. Designed for everyday personal cleansing, they're formulated with moisture-enriched lotion that contains aloe, vitamin E and chamomile.



KEEP SKIN PROTECTED

TENA ProSkin™ Barrier Cream helps relieve chafed, chapped, or cracked skin, and prevents further irritation from occurring. Formulated specifically for use on delicate elderly skin during incontinence care routines, it absorbs into skin and protects it from irritation.



Learn more and find support with TENA ProSkin™ products at tena.ca.





TENA®

You do everything to protect
your loved ones

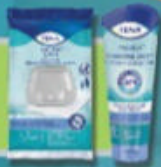
We do everything to protect their skin



1 Keep it Dry



2 Keep it Clean



TENA®
3 Step
Care Routine

3 Keep it Protected



**Better Care
For Everyone**

www.tena.ca

NEWS FROM THE
**WORLD OF
 MEDICINE**

BY Samantha
 Rideout



PARKINSON'S PATIENTS SHOULD HIT THE LINKS

Exercise is one of the most powerful treatments for people with Parkinson's disease, but a lot of patients lack the motivation to do it. In an effort to identify a physical activity that's beneficial and already popular, an American trial compared tai chi—which is known to be great for improving balance and preventing falls—to golf, a favourite sport of many people over 55. Within 10 weeks, the Parkinson's patients assigned to play golf saw their balance and walking ability improve. Just as importantly, 86 per cent of golfers said they were “definitely” likely to continue with the activity after the study's end, compared to 33 per cent of the tai chi group.

Facing Stress? Think About a Time You Triumphed

You've probably been advised to “think positive” when faced with stressful or painful experiences, but now a Swiss study suggests that “self-efficacy,” or believing in your own abilities, may be more helpful. Researchers instructed half of the participants to recall a positive event (a happy time with friends or family, for example) while the other half thought about an occasion when they were successful at solving a tough problem or completing a trying task. Both groups were then asked to bring to mind a particularly bad memory. The self-efficacy group found this significantly less distressing than the positivity group, suggesting that reflecting on your own capabilities is a good way to boost your resilience.

Hypertension Often Mistaken for Menopausal Symptoms

For young women, estrogen helps to regulate blood pressure. But during and after menopause, estrogen levels go down and the risk of hypertension (high blood pressure) goes up. Confusing matters, however, is the fact that some of the symptoms of menopause—palpitations, hot flashes, headaches, chest pain, tiredness and sleep disturbances—are identical to red flags for hypertension. For this reason, the European Society of Cardiology recommends monitoring your blood pressure during menopause to make sure you don't overlook any important changes.



Peanut Allergies: Not Just a Threat to Kids

Nearly a fifth of all adults with peanut allergies develop them after age 18. This often happens to people with pollen allergies, whose immune system can mistake certain food proteins for the pollen to which they're already allergic. Unfortunately, people diagnosed with a peanut allergy as an adult are less likely to have a formal diagnosis, and less than half will have an EpiPen prescription in case of anaphylaxis. Even if you've never had trouble with peanuts before, consult a doctor if you start noticing allergic symptoms after exposure. These can include skin hives, a runny nose, tingling in the mouth, throat swelling, shortness of breath or dizziness.

The Benefit of Short Bursts of Exercise

Health authorities used to say you needed to exercise for at least 10 minutes at a time to gain any benefits, but evidence has accumulated that anything is better than nothing. That's why the WHO's Guidelines on Physical Activity and Sedentary Behaviour now no longer recommend a minimum duration for an exercise session. Meanwhile, scientists have adopted the term "exercise snack" to refer to bursts of physical activity that only take a moment before you carry on with what you were doing. Examples include a few push-ups, 60 seconds on an exercise bike or a jog up a single flight of stairs. It's still ideal to get regular exercise "meals," but little "snacks" offer modest versions of the same benefits you can get from any length of exercise—and they'll fit into a busy schedule.

(WOMAN) JONYA/GETTYIMAGES.CA; (PEANUT) SBAYRAM/GETTYIMAGES.CA



Lessen Zoom Fatigue With These Tips

Even once the worst of the pandemic is behind us, videoconferencing apps such as Zoom will probably remain in our lives. Unfortunately, communicating this way tends to leave people feeling worn out, and a Stanford University paper has pinpointed some of the reasons why.

For one, videoconferencing shows you close-up views of people's faces—people who all appear to be making prolonged direct eye contact with you because they're looking at their screens. During in-person interactions, this kind of body language is usually reserved for either intimate relationships or conflict. Although your conscious mind knows it's just a business meeting or a friendly chat, another part of you may still instinctively find those non-verbal signals unnerving. To reduce this source of strain, you can switch to audio-only mode for a while or simply shrink the application's window so people's heads don't appear so large and close.

Most videoconferencing software also shows you a video feed of yourself, and it can be unpleasant to see your own face for such long stretches of time. That's because viewing yourself makes it hard to resist evaluating yourself, which is stressful and often lowers your mood. The fix for this one is simple: once


you've made sure you're framed properly, hide the self-view window and focus instead on the people you came to meet or the topic you wanted to discuss.



Singing for the Brain

Lifting your voice in a choir has cognitive benefits, according to a Finnish study that found better verbal fluency in elderly singers compared to non-singers. This makes sense, since it's a hobby that requires regulation of attention, versatile information processing, linguistic output, learning and memorization.

What to Eat to Prevent Colorectal Cancer

Colorectal cancer is one of the most commonly diagnosed cancers worldwide, but diet can affect the likelihood of its development. A review of the best evidence so far has concluded that you can probably lower your risk by limiting red meat and alcohol, eating plenty of foods that are rich in fibre and calcium and—if you're tolerant to lactose—enjoying yogourt. 

(LAPTOP) KARANDAEV/GETTYIMAGES.CA; (SCREEN) FILIPPOBACCI/GETTYIMAGES.CA

TOP 5 TIPS TO SURVIVE HEAVY, TIRED LEGS THIS SUMMER

While summer is the time to get outside and enjoy the weather for many, some find **symptoms of chronic venous disease – heavy, tired, and sore legs** – stop them from enjoying seasonal activities.

Chronic venous disease occurs due to poor blood circulation in veins, and it's estimated that 20 per cent of Canadians experience symptoms each year. The good news? The condition is treatable and there are ways to manage symptoms and make the most of your summer!

- Stay cool**
- Hydrate**
- Keep moving**
- Rest when you need it**
- Treatments do exist**

Venixxa is the #1 doctor-recommended over-the-counter brand for chronic venous disease*, proven to significantly reduce pain, lower leg swelling and the sensation of heaviness. Learn more about Venixxa at [Venixxa.ca](https://www.venixxa.ca).



*IQVIA, using the ProVoice Survey in Canada, fielded to 812 physicians in Canada from October 2019 through September 2020 and recorded OTC product recommendations in the Signs and Symptoms of Mild to Moderate Chronic Venous Disease category, has validated the following claims at a 99% confidence level: "Venixxa is the #1 Doctor Recommended OTC brand in the Signs and Symptoms of Mild to Moderate Chronic Venous Disease category in Canada"

MEDICAL MYSTERY

Angry Blotches

She was misdiagnosed by multiple doctors, but never stopped asking questions

BY Nicholas Hune-Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTOR WONG

TODAY, WHEN ARNA Shefrin thinks about the illness that overtook her almost five years ago, she suspects it was stress that woke something dormant inside her.

It was September 2016, and the 67-year-old had taken a rare trip to her hometown of Winnipeg. She and her husband, Hersh, had left the city after she'd graduated from the University of Manitoba in 1970 and she hadn't looked back since, pursuing a career



as a dental hygienist, educator and clinical researcher. That weekend, her alma mater was holding a gala dinner to recognize her accomplishments. At the event, speaking to an audience with bright lights in her eyes left her feeling on edge.

She got through it, though, and on her trip home to Menlo Park, California, she allowed herself to relax. Mid-flight, she awoke with excruciating pain in her hip bone. By the time she was home, all of her joints were on fire—her ankles, knees, wrists. Within a week, she was covered with angry red blotches from her neck to her ankles. “It was like a time-lapse photograph,” says Shefrin. “If you watched them for

five to 10 minutes, you would see them change shape.”

As the weeks went on, her condition only got worse. On some days, she was so weak she could barely leave her bed.

In late December, Shefrin went to her gynecologist for a checkup. Around that time she also completed a routine blood test with her general practitioner. When her GP called her back with her results, she could hear the concern in his voice: “Arna, I think you need to see a hematologist.”

On January 13, 2017—Friday the 13th—Shefrin got two separate pieces of bad news. The first was from the gynecologist: she had breast cancer and would need surgery to remove a tumour. That same day, the hematologist explained that Shefrin’s high platelet count, as well as a mutation in a gene called JAK2, led him to believe she had essential thrombocythemia (ET), a chronic disorder in which the blood makes too many platelets. It was ET, he said, that was causing her symptoms. The condition could be managed but not cured.

In the months that followed, Shefrin took Tylenol and low doses of oxycodone, but the pain was still unbearable and she grew more ill. In April, after a successful surgery to remove the tumour from her breast, she turned her mind back to her other illness. She read everything she could about ET, and the more she read, the less she was convinced she had it.

Shefrin saw several more hematologists to get more opinions. Most agreed it was ET. In late April, she hit a new low and started feeling nauseous and confused. She and her husband rushed to Stanford Hospital.

It was there that she saw yet another hematologist, Dr. Jason Gotlib. By this point, Shefrin wasn’t just in terrible pain—her self-confidence was shattered. But in speaking with Gotlib, she felt cared for, perhaps for the first time. Countless doctors had seen her, but when Gotlib examined her, he was very surprised by her rash. “How much of your body does it cover?” he asked. “All of it,” she said.

ARNA SHEFRIN WAS NOT ONLY IN GREAT PAIN—HER SELF-CONFIDENCE WAS SHATTERED.

Gotlib referred her to Dr. Bernice Kwong, a dermatologist at Stanford who spends most of her time treating the skin of cancer patients. “The skin is a window,” says Kwong, explaining that you can look at it and learn about what’s happening inside.

Kwong pored through Shefrin’s chart. There, deep in what some doctors refer to as “chart lore,” she found a note that jumped out at her. Almost a year

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

the biggest Internet portal,
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recent software, latest music releases.

Unlimited satisfaction one low price
Cheap constant access to piping hot media
Protect your downloadings from Big brother
Safer, than torrent-trackers

18 years of seamless operation and our users' satisfaction

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earlier, blood tests had found “monoclonal gammopathy of undetermined significance” (MGUS), a rare condition that causes the body to produce an abnormal protein. The condition is often harmless, and it was easy to see how doctors could have overlooked it. But for Kwong, it immediately set off alarm bells.


WHEN DR. KWONG LOOKED DEEP INTO HER CHART, SHE SAW SOMETHING THAT SET OFF ALARM BELLS.

Almost a decade earlier, in residency, Kwong had spent many hours learning mnemonics for impossibly rare diseases that, at the time, she wondered if she'd ever encounter in real life. Now, one of them came back to her: Schnitzler syndrome, a rare autoimmune-inflammatory disorder that has only been diagnosed in about 300 people worldwide. No one knows what causes it, but left untreated, the condition will cause permanent pain, hives and exhaustion. Schnitzler syndrome, she

remembered, can be recognized by a telltale triad of symptoms: a chronic rash, bone pain and MGUS.

At Shefrin's next appointment, Kwong took a small patch of skin from her arm to test for white blood cells called neutrophils, the presence of which could indicate Schnitzler syndrome. When the results came back, she could hardly wait to get Shefrin on the phone. “I think I know what you have,” she told her. “And there's a treatment.” Shefrin burst into tears of gratitude.

On November 7, 2017, more than a year after that flight from Winnipeg, Shefrin injected herself with a dose of a medication called anakinra, which is most often used for arthritis. Within half an hour, the blotches on her body began to fade. The pain that usually came in the late afternoon didn't arrive. When she woke up the next morning, her rash had disappeared entirely.

Today, as long as Shefrin takes her daily injection, the symptoms are kept at bay. And each year, on the anniversary of the day she got her first treatment, she thinks about Kwong and Gotlib—sometimes even sending them an email to thank them again. It's a new kind of birthday of sorts—the day Shefrin got her life back. 



Keeping Things in Perspective

When I was a kid, I used to think, “Man, if I could ever afford all the ice cream I want to eat, that's as rich as I ever want to be.”

JIMMY DEAN

40 (MOSTLY) HIDDEN CANADIAN GEMS

You haven't fully experienced our country until you've checked out these tasty treats, quirky sights and natural wonders—from coast to coast to coast*

BY Emily Landau

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOEL KIMMEL
LETTERING BY CHRISTOPHER ROULEAU

*BEFORE YOU VISIT, CHECK FOR UPDATES ABOUT COVID-19 PROTOCOLS AND HOURS.





WEST

1. Dig Up a Dino

If the whorling badlands of **Horseshoe Canyon** look like something out of an apocalypse, that's probably because they are—its hills and gorges were formed by glacial runoff at the end of the last ice age. The area is full of ravines and stark mesas for hiking. Keep your eyes open for treasure: just last summer, a 12-year-old aspiring paleontologist found a complete hadrosaur skeleton from the Cretaceous period poking out of a hill.

Drumheller, Alta.

2. Hear a Beluga Serenade

Every summer, some 60,000 big-headed belugas travel south from the Arctic into Hudson Bay, with 3,000 swimming through the Churchill River Basin. On **Sea North's** three-hour tours, you'll watch the local belugas swim, spout and

play; hear their expressive songs (the whales are known as "sea canaries"); and occasionally spot polar bears swimming from ice floes toward the shore.

Churchill, Man., seanorhtours.com

3. Pan for Gold

In 1862, an English prospector named Billy Barker struck it rich in the fringes of the Cariboo Mountains, unearthing 1,700 grams of the shiny stuff. **Barkerville** is now an interactive relic of the 19th-century British Columbia gold rush and the Wild West. Guests to the town walk past original structures like the schoolhouse, post office and general store, and sit in on gold-panning lessons, blacksmithing workshops and tours of its extensive Chinatown. (Chinese immigrants, coming for gold panning and railway building, made up half the population.)

Barkerville, B.C., barkerville.ca

4. Meet the Roof Goats

For folksy charm, it's hard to do better than the **Old Country Market**, renowned for its fresh-churned ice cream, farmers' market and in-house taqueria. But the real draw is on the roof, where a trio of adorable goats—Nibbles, Minyon and Willy—graze every day (they're herded up a secret



(GOAT) ERIC ISSELEE/SHUTTERSTOCK.COM; (BARKERVILLE) FLICKR



Take a
stroll
back to
gold rush
times

staircase around back). The gimmick dates back to the 1980s, when one of the founders first suggested borrowing a few goats to trim the overgrown grass on the market's sod roof.

Coombs, B.C., oldcountrymarket.com

5. Picnic by a Windmill

A Dutch-style smock windmill twirls on the shores of Crescent Lake in **Island Park**, a beloved Portage la Prairie picnic destination. A little slice of Amsterdam on the prairie, it was built in the 1950s by the bountiful Dutch population in Manitoba.

Portage la Prairie, Man., islandontheprairies.ca

6. Sip Mountaintop Tea

The only way to get to the tranquil **Lake Agnes Tea House** is by hiking or horseback riding 3.5 kilometres to the summit of the cliff where it's perched. Waiting for you at the top is one of the most enchanting experiences in the Rockies:

a little off-the-grid lodge offering up 100 varieties of loose-leaf tea, scratch-baked treats and an extraordinary lakeside vista.

Lake Louise, Alta., lakeagnesteahouse.com

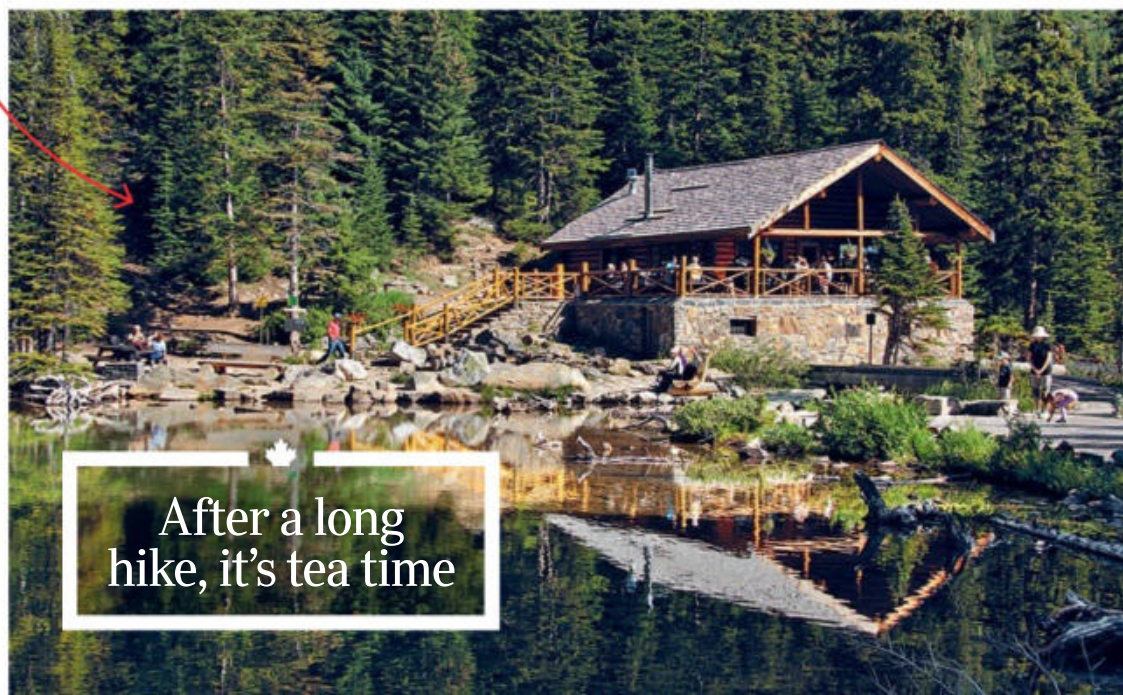
7. Dream in the Treetops

The country's coolest overnight rental pad is hidden in the tree canopy of Vancouver Island. The three **Free Spirit Spheres**—designed to resemble hanging nuts and seeds—suspend from as high as five and a half metres off the ground. Each is outfitted with a bed and full plumbing. They make a whimsical resting spot after a day of paddle-boarding or sea kayaking at the nearby beach.

Qualicum Beach, B.C., freespiritspheres.com

8. Feast on Berries

The cooks at **The Berry Barn**, perched on the shores of the Saskatchewan River, include Saskatoon's plump





namesake berries in recipes for chicken wings, perogies, milkshakes and non-alcoholic champagne. The traditional choice: a sweet, warm wedge of saskatoon-berry pie with a scoop of vanilla ice cream, best enjoyed on a bench by the river.

Saskatoon, Sask., berrybarn.ca

9. Ride the Rails

There's no fancier way to see the Rockies than via the **Rocky Mountaineer**, with its white-tablecloth dining service and mind-boggling mountain views through a glass dome. The train traverses three routes over original 19th-century C.P. tracks: one travels from Vancouver to Banff with a stop in Lake Louise; one goes between Vancouver and Jasper with a pause in Kamloops; and a third runs between North Vancouver and Jasper with stops in Whistler and Quesnel.

Vancouver, B.C., rockymountaineer.com

10. Trace an Artist's Journey

A tour of **Emily Carr's home** in Victoria takes you through sunny rooms full

of mementoes from her life. Carr, who died in 1945, is renowned for her geometric, richly coloured renditions of B.C.'s landscape.

Victoria, B.C., carrhouse.ca

11. Relive a Rebel's Rise

Métis leader **Louis Riel** resided in his mother's white clapboard house near the Red River until 1870, when he fled to the U.S. to escape execution. A skilled troupe in meticulous period costume educate visitors to this historic site on both Riel's history and that of the Métis in Manitoba.

Winnipeg, Man., pc.gc.ca/en/lhn-nhs/mb/riel



CENTRAL

12. Bust Some Ghosts

The largely abandoned **town of Balclava**, accessible just off Highway 41, could pass for the set of *Sleepy Hollow*. A handful of residents still live there.

One of
the finest
places in the
world to
admire the
heavens



But they're outnumbered by eerily antiquated structures, such as an empty blacksmith shop, rickety general store, dam and a 200-year-old sawmill—all best viewed from a safe distance (for both supernatural and structural reasons).

Balaclava, Ont.

13. Gaze at the Galaxy

Over the past several decades, the municipalities surrounding the **Mont-Mégantic International Dark Sky Reserve** have made a sustained effort to eliminate light pollution, making this one of the best places in the world to go stargazing. Camping sites and cabins are available, and true astronomy diehards can climb to the famous observatory.

Notre-Dame-des-Bois, Que., astrolab.qc.ca/en/dark-sky-reserve

14. Take a Hike

We're calling it: the **Bruce Peninsula Grotto**, in Georgian Bay, is officially the most beautiful spot in Ontario. The magical lagoon looks like something off a Caribbean island, with cerulean waters, rocky outcroppings and an underwater tunnel (for viewing only) that'll leave you feeling like the Little Mermaid. It's about a 45-minute hike through the just-as-lovely Bruce Peninsula to get to the grotto. Due to COVID, all visitors must pre-book a four-hour time slot.

Tobermory, Ont.



15. Squeeze a Box

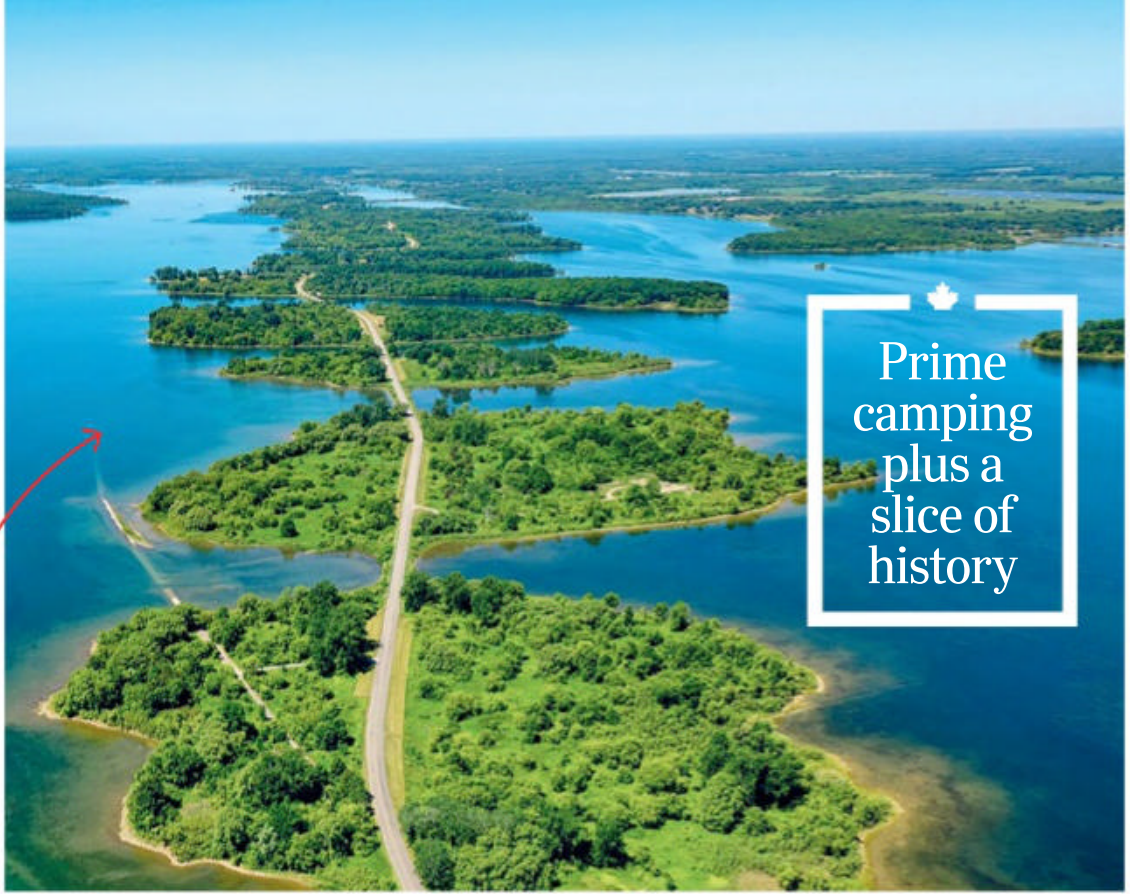
What the fiddle is to Newfoundlanders the 10-button diatonic accordion is to the Québécois. The **Accordion Museum** pays homage to the humble squeezebox with 150 handcrafted, antique specimens and a fascinating overview of the instrument's contribution to jazz, folk and classical music. Each September, fans gather for the Carrefour Mondial, a two-day festival celebrating all things accordion, with food, line dancing and, COVID-permitting, performances from around the globe. This year's edition is scheduled for September 3 to 5.

Montmagny, Que., accordeonmontmagny.com

16. Bring Home the Bacon

Anthony Bourdain, Emeril Lagasse, Bobby Flay and David Chang are just some of the celebrity gastro-geeks who've sampled the peameal bacon sandwich at **Carousel Bakery**, the most famous stall in Toronto's St. Lawrence Market. It's hard to find a better lunch downtown for less than \$10: a stack of four fat peameal slices smeared with hot mustard and squished into a puffy white bun.

Toronto, Ont., stlawrencemarket.com



17. Explore Lost Villages

Long Sault Parkway, a scenic ribbon of highway between Kingston and Montreal, connects an archipelago of 11 picturesque islands, each with their own beaches, parkland and campgrounds. These islands are all that's left of the Lost Villages, a handful of Ontario hamlets that were cleared and flooded to create a dam and man-made lake during the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway in the 1950s. When the days are clear and the water level is low, some of the villages' remnants—churches, houses, stores—are visible in the water from the shoreline.

Morrisburg, Ont., stlawrenceparks.com

18. Stop for Fries

Cantine Chez Ben is one of Quebec's

most iconic roadside stops, thanks to a gloriously kitschy, larger-than-life sign featuring the eponymous chef, hot dog in hand. The diner's excellent poutine—available in Italian, barbecue and ground-beef varieties—comes heaped with giant squeaky curds. Go after dark, when the Ben sign lights up like the Vegas strip.

Granby, Que., cantinechezben.com

19. 3-D Print a Mini-You

Jean-Louis Brenninkmeijer, a Dutch-born Canadaphile, has spent a decade building **Little Canada**, a gobsmackingly elaborate miniature model of the Great White North. Included at the new museum, set to open this summer, are dollhouse-sized versions of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Mont Sainte-Anne and

Ottawa's Parliament Hill, with additional sites to come later this year. For \$79, they'll 3-D print you as a figurine that you can place in the mini-destination of your choice.

Toronto, Ont., little-canada.ca

20. Ride a Cable Car

The **Old Quebec City Funicular** has been ferrying people between the Upper Town and Lower Town since 1879. The ride is great fun, as are the sights on both ends of the trip. At the top, you'll find the majestic Fairmont Château Frontenac, the stone ramparts surrounding the city and row upon row of scenic copper-roofed homes. Down below, there's the colonial Notre-Dames-Victoires church and the original home of fur trader Louis Jolliet, where the entrance to the funicular is located.

Quebec City, Que.

21. Step Back in Time

A walk through the open-air museum of **Val-Jalbert**, once a pulp-factory company town, is like immersing yourself in the 1920s: each of the 70-odd buildings is meticulously preserved, so you half expect to find the convent schoolhouse filled with children and the mill bustling with workers. Visitors can book a stay in one of the period-era homes or mill-worker houses.

Val-Jalbert, Que., valjalbert.com

22. Ring Bell's Bell

In 1874, Alexander Graham Bell created

the world's first telephone in his father's Brantford farmhouse; two years later, he made the first long-distance phone call, between his workshop and Paris, Ontario. Now a museum, the **Alexander Graham Bell Homestead** has been restored to its Bell-era glory, with original furnishings in the library, dining room, kitchen, bedrooms and carriage-house workshop, along with models of Bell's first telephones.

Brantford, Ont., brantford.ca



EAST

23. Trick Your Eyes

Moncton's **Magnetic Hill** was first built as a cart path in the late 19th century. A few decades later, when cars became a thing, drivers noticed that their vehicles seemed to magically roll up the hill by themselves. Turns out it's an optical illusion created by irregularities in the terrain, but that doesn't spoil any of

the fun: just park at the bottom of the road, put your car in neutral and wait for it to appear to slowly cruise upward.

Moncton, N.B.

24. Race the Tides

Once a day, the Bay of Fundy's tide—the highest in the world—rolls in and submerges the mammoth rust-coloured **St. Martin's Sea Caves**. If you time it right, when the tide is out, you can walk on the ocean floor, explore the caves and streams and even dine inside one: Red Rock Adventure offers a five-course meal, prepared inside the cave with local New Brunswick seafood.

St. Martin's, N.B.

25. Meet the Sunrise

When you visit the historic **Cape Spear** lighthouse, you're standing on the easternmost tip of North America. The best

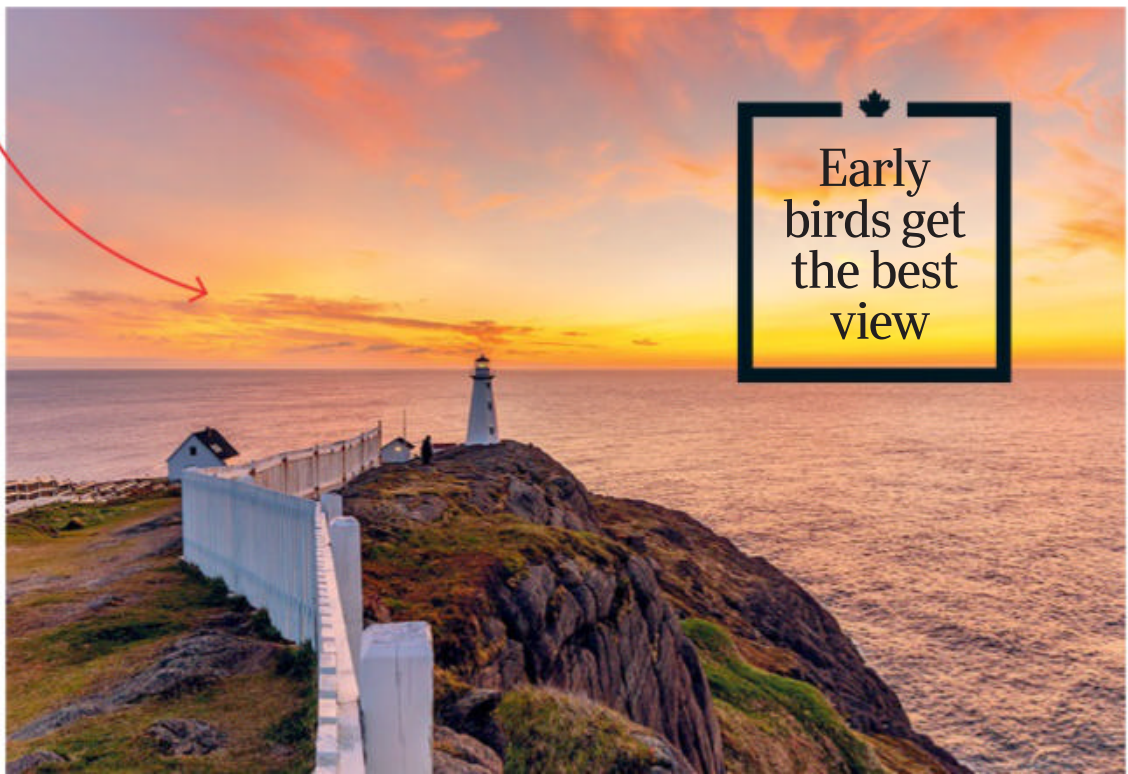
time of day to visit is the crack of dawn, when you can take pride in being the first person in the country to watch the sun rise.

St. John's, N.L.

26. Sing for Your Supper

For generations, Newfoundlanders have been digging **root cellars** in their rocky coast, reinforcing them with rock and sod and storing their vegetables, berries and meats inside for the winter. The hamlet of Elliston (population 308) has 130 of these hobbit holes, more than anywhere in the world. Visitors can take self-guided tours along the craggy shoreline (watch for puffins!) or attend the Roots, Rants and Roars festival in September, where local chefs and musicians offer food and sea shanties alongside the cellars.

Elliston, N.L.





27. Tingle Your Tastebuds

King of Donair is an exception to the Maritime all-seafood rule. A twist on the gyro, the signature donair is a pita stuffed with spiced ground beef, sweet tzatziki, onions and tomatoes. It's the hangover food of choice for Dalhousie students, and it tastes pretty good sober, too. For adventurous palates, there's also a Philly cheesesteak version, a tongue-lashing donair with pineapple and hot sauce, plus donair poutine and pizza.

Halifax, N.S., kingofdonair.ca

28. Dance on the Edge

Remember live performances? The **Atlantic Ballet of Canada** is here to jog our memories, staging a lively new modern dance piece, *Ballet by the Sea*, just steps from the shore. Guests can bring chairs, masks and picnic blankets to watch the new ballet, created specifically for the location and inspired by the wind, sea and sky.

Moncton, N.B., atlanticballet.ca

29. Pitch a Tent

Pollett's Cove is a breathtaking estuary on the northern tip of Cape Breton Island and a coveted spot for campers.

The only catch is that it's only accessible by foot—10 kilometres of walking, or six to eight hours. Once you arrive, expect a scene out of *Outlander*: wind-swept, grassy hills and, for good measure, a herd of friendly, curious horses that are owned by a local farmer and roam freely across the cove.

Pollett's Cove, N.S.

30. Bone up on Sagas

Forget Christopher Columbus. The original transatlantic travellers were the Vikings, who landed at the tip of Newfoundland a thousand years ago.

L'Anse Aux Meadows, the ruins of the first North American Viking settlement, includes original Norse sod houses, artifact displays and, at night, campfire stories told by the village's expert staff, including tales of Erik the Red and Norse gods.

Great Northern Peninsula, N.L.

31. Roll a Lobster

A visit to Charlottetown's picturesque Peake's Wharf isn't complete without a stop at **Dave's Lobster Shack** for the best lobster roll on the island. A toasty buttered roll cradles four ounces of sweet lobster meat. It's finished with diced celery, mayo, chives and a squeeze of lemon butter—and it's as



messy as it is delicious, so we recommend grabbing a spot at a picnic table outside the shack.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., daveslobster.com

32. Drop Anchor

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the **Bluenose**, the Maserati of racing schooners. The original boat sank in 1946 when it hit a reef, but a shiny replica now sits pretty in Lunenburg's harbour. The ship won't take any passengers this summer (thanks, COVID!) but it will tour Nova Scotia's harbours to commemorate the centenary. Both the original and current Bluenose will be the subjects of an exhibit at the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic (which also opens its new boat shed this year).

Lunenburg, N.S., bluenose.novascotia.ca

33. Pack Your Pigtails

The ultimate destination for Anne



fans, **Green Gables** was originally a 19th-century farmhouse owned by relatives of author Lucy Maud Montgomery. In the 1970s, banking on the ever-growing popularity of a certain red-headed orphan, they transformed it into Anne Shirley's dream house. It's now a museum devoted to Montgomery's life and novels. It's so charmingly antiquey, you half expect to see Marilla Cuthbert pop out of the kitchen.

Cavendish, P.E.I.



NORTH

34. Praise the Painter Priest

Bern Will Brown, an Oblate priest in the Catholic church, came to Canada's Arctic in 1948 and never left, spending the next six decades travelling by dog-sled and working, alternately, as a fire warden, dog catcher, midwife, postmaster and artist. He eventually settled in the hamlet of Colville Lake, where



Solar
winds
light up
the
night

he built a log cabin and a church, known as Our Lady of the Snows. The **Bern Will Brown Museum**, housed in Brown's tiny cabin, features his paintings, fur pelts and other artifacts of an extraordinary life.

Colville Lake, N.W.T.

35. Worship in an Igloo

In the 1950s, the missionary carpenter Maurice Lerocque chose to model Inuvik's **Our Lady of Victory** church after an igloo—both to honour the local Inuit population and because the domed shape would help balance the weight of the building on the constantly shifting permafrost. His original designs—sketched on a pair of plywood planks—are still on display in the church, as are ebullient paintings by the Inuk artist Mona Thrasher.

Inuvik, N.W.T., olvinuvik.com

36. Catch a Magic Show

The Aboriginal-owned **Aurora Village**, 25 minutes from Yellowknife, offers a prime spot for anyone obsessed with the northern lights. It comprises 21 lantern-lit teepees surrounding a glassy frozen lake, plus heated benches, a woodfire and hot drinks for optimal sky-gazing. An upgraded package includes a meal of smoked buffalo prime rib, bannock pudding and local N.W.T. beers and maple whisky. The best time to see the lights is between December and March, but they can show up as early as late August.

Yellowknife, N.W.T., auroravillage.com

37. Raise a Cheer

The legend of Yukon's most gleefully gross tradition dates back to 1973, when Downtown Hotel owner Dick Stevenson—known as "Captain Dick"—found



a frostbitten big toe at his cabin. He created a signature sipper, the **Sourtoe Cocktail**, consisting of one pickled toe and a shot of whisky, stipulating that the drinker's lips must touch the toe. Since then, some 100,000 people stepped up to sample the drink—they're known as the Sourtoe Cocktail Club—and when Stevenson died in 2019, he donated all of his toes to the bar to keep the ritual alive. There are currently about 10 dehydrated and pickled toes in rotation at the hotel bar, and the whole thing has received a thumbs up—toes up?—by the local health department.

Dawson City, Yukon, downtownhotel.ca

38. Slip on Some Slippers

The **Teslin Tlingit Heritage Centre**, sitting on the shores of Teslin Lake, showcases the dazzling artwork of the Tlingit, an Indigenous group native to the Pacific Northwest. Expect to find a gallery's worth of intricate beadwork and striking carvings, workshops on making moccasins and tanning

moosehide, and the most gorgeous gift shop on the coast.

Teslin, Yukon, teslintlingitheritagecentre.com

39. Slurp Then Burp

There isn't a lot of beef in the Northwest Territories—or pork or chicken or lamb. If you're hungry, why not try one of the local proteins? At **Bullock's Bistro**, N.W.T.'s flagship restaurant, you're practically obligated to order the slurp 'n' burp: your choice of a buffalo or reindeer steak accompanied by fresh-caught pickerel, cod, trout or whitefish from Great Slave Lake.

Yellowknife, N.W.T., bullocksbistroyk.com

40. Behold the Bison

Sixty years ago, scientists believed the north's bison population was all but extinct—until a new herd was discovered deep in the bush of the Northwest Territories. To preserve and protect them, 18 bison were captured and relocated to the **Mackenzie Bison Sanctuary**. These aren't just any bison—they're the last genetically pure herd on the planet. They regularly appear grazing, in all their enormous glory, along Highway 3 near Fort Providence.

Fort Providence, N.W.T.



(SOURTOE COCKTAIL) CHESTER VOYAGE/ALAMY STOCK PHOTO; (BISON) ISTOCKPHOTO.COM/GLOBALP

LAUGHTER THE BEST MEDICINE

The year is 2246. Disease and hunger have been eradicated. The terraforming of Mars is complete. And Microsoft's symbol for "save" is still a floppy disk.

—[@OWENSDAMIEN](#)

I wonder who decided to call it "emotional baggage" and not "griefcase."

—[@WILL_DAREAL](#)

Lost in Translation

Someone in my Norwegian class didn't know the word for

"cowboys," so they called them "American horse pirates."

—[@SOCACTUSSOOWL](#)

Armchair Designer

Have you seen the first bicycle ever made? I don't know how to make anything, but I know you don't take the smallest wheel you can find and put it on the back, and the biggest wheel on earth and put it on the front. That's a bad bike!

—TOM PAPA, *comedian*

F for Durability

At the supermarket, a customer buying a lot of groceries was checking out.

As the clerk lifted the final bag, its bottom gave way, sending the contents crashing to the floor.

"They don't make these bags like they used to," the clerk said to the customer. "That was supposed to happen in your driveway."

—GCFL.NET

Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 7 or rd.ca/joke for details.

THE BEST JOKE I EVER TOLD

By **Keesha Brownie**

I would consider adopting, but only if I could adopt someone the same age as me. Skip all the work and get straight to the benefits. Mama needs rent!

Keesha Brownie is a Toronto-based comedian. Her comedy album, [Ingredients of a Brownie](#), is out now.





THE NOSE KNOWS

How dogs' ability to detect disease
will revolutionize medicine



BY Adam Piore

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JASON VARNEY

Osa, an athletic yet stubborn 28-kilogram German shepherd with a long fluffy tail and a fondness for red bandanas, seems an unlikely superhero. But the six-year-old pooch has mastered the art of sniffing out cancerous tumours and is key to a research project that has the potential to revolutionize oncology.

Despite the remarkable success of immunotherapy, CRISPR gene editing and other recent breakthrough treatments, oncologists' inability to detect some cancers in their early stages remains one of the field's most intractable—and fatal—shortcomings. Case in point: an average of 75 Canadian women are diagnosed each day with breast cancer, a disease that is treatable when found early. Yet each day, some 14 Canadians die from breast cancer.

Osa might soon help improve those odds. She is part of an ambitious effort launched five years ago at the University of Pennsylvania that aims to reverse engineer one of the most powerful scent-detection machines in the world: the canine nose. Osa is able to distinguish between blood samples taken from cancer patients and their healthy peers simply by sniffing them. In fact, she's one of five cancer-detection dogs trained by Annemarie DeAngelo and her colleagues at the university's Penn Vet Working Dog Center, a non-profit X-Men academy of sorts that breeds

and trains “detection dogs.” The ultimate goal is to develop an “electronic sniffer” that can approximate the cancer-sniffing superpowers of Osa and her pals. Such a machine could then be deployed to thousands of doctors' offices and medical diagnostic facilities around the United States.

And cancer is only one possible target. This type of system could lead to similar devices for other major health issues too, such as bacterial infections, diabetes and epilepsy. Some dog trainers and university researchers have also set their sights on developing a method of detecting COVID-19 infections based on skin odour.

IT ALL STARTS WITH the canine nose. Our own schnozz doesn't even come close. The average human is equipped with six million olfactory receptors, tiny proteins capable of detecting individual odour molecules. These receptors are clustered in a small area in the back of the human nasal cavity, meaning a scent must waft in and up the nostrils. In dogs, the internal surface area devoted to smell extends from the nostrils to the back of the throat and comprises an estimated 300 million olfactory receptors—50 times more than humans.

Dogs also devote considerably more neural real estate to processing and interpreting these signals than humans do—the part of the dog's brain devoted to smelling is 40 times greater than ours. Add it all up, and the dog nose is

**Annemarie
DeAngelo
with her star
pupil, Osa**



about 10,000 to 100,000 times more sensitive than the human nose.

"Sniffing is how dogs see the world," explains Marc Bekoff, professor emeritus of ecology and evolutionary biology at the University of Colorado Boulder. "That's how they pick up information about who has been there, are they happy, are they sad, is the female in heat, are they feeling well or not. Their nose leads the way—dogs sniff first and ask questions later."

Humans have always appreciated the potential of the canine snout. In the Middle Ages, authorities in France and Scotland relied on the sniffing abilities of dogs to hunt down outlaws. Search-and-rescue dogs emerged in the 18th century when the monks of the Great St. Bernard Hospice in the Swiss Alps discovered that the canines they'd been breeding could lead them to victims buried beneath the snow from avalanches and snowstorms.

Despite this history, scientists hadn't considered whether dogs could detect cancer until the late 1980s, after Hywel Williams, a 30-year-old medical resident at King's College Hospital in London, stumbled upon scientific gold.

After arriving at King's to begin his training as a dermatologist, Williams was tasked with reviewing every case of melanoma seen at the hospital over the previous 20 years. It was an eye-glazing assignment, recalls Williams. But one afternoon, he came across a four-word notation in a file that caught

his attention. It read simply: "Dog sniffed at lesion." What did that mean? Was it possible the dog actually smelled cancer?

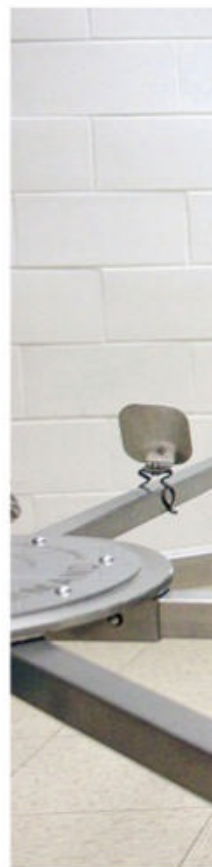
"So I rang up the lady in the file," Williams recalls. "And we had the most fascinating conversation!"

The patient, a 44-year-old woman, told Williams that Baby Boo, her border collie-Doberman mix, had become fixated on a curious mole on the woman's left thigh, sniffing it often. The ritual continued every day for several months, with Baby Boo nuzzling the woman's leg through her pants. Baby Boo finally tried to bite the lesion off, at which point she visited her doctor.

When doctors excised the mole, they found it was a malignant melanoma.

"Something about that lesion fascinated the dog," Williams recalls. "And it literally saved this woman's life."

Williams and a colleague published their findings in *The Lancet*, one of the world's most respected and widely read medical journals. Suddenly, dog lovers across the globe were reaching out to Williams and sharing similar experiences. There was the 66-year-old man who developed a patch of eczema on the outer side of his left thigh—a lesion that became the obsession of his Labrador retriever until he went to the doctor.



Dogs are taught to detect traces of ovarian cancer on a scent wheel.



It was found to be basal cell carcinoma. There was also George the schnauzer, trained by a Florida dermatologist. George “went crazy” when he sniffed out a suspicious mole on the leg of a patient. It turned out to be malignant.

In the years since, a growing body of evidence has emerged suggesting that dogs can sniff out bladder cancer, prostate cancer, diabetes and even malaria, among other conditions. But not just any chihuahua, corgi or beagle can do the job.

OSA ARRIVED AT THE Penn Vet Working Dog Center from a breeder at two

months of age. “We look at their genetics,” says DeAngelo. “We look at their work ability. They have to come from working lines, not show or pet lines, but one that has that hunt-prey drive.” Osa began taking obedience and agility training (walking a plank, climbing a ladder, gliding over a rubble pile) and quickly advanced to basic odour detection skill training.

During these sessions, the dogs are introduced to a universal detector calibrant, a potent, distinct odour developed by a veterinary scientist to train dogs. The trainer places the calibrant—a powder contained within a Mylar bag

with a tiny hole to let the odour out—on the floor or on a wall, or holds it in hand. As soon as the dog sniffs at the odour to investigate it, the trainer “marks” the smell by making a noise with a clicker or simply saying “Yes,” and then rewards the dog with a treat. This process is repeated until the dog has learned that when it finds this odour, it gets rewarded.

Next, the trainer begins offering the dog choices—for instance, placing two distinct odours in identical containers, only one of which produces a click and a treat when sniffed. Once that is mastered, the trainer begins withholding the treat until the dog freezes in front of the container of choice and stares.

RESEARCHERS HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT IS PRECISELY THAT OSA AND HER FRIENDS ARE REACTING TO.

As the dogs undergo this foundational training, the trainers evaluate their skill sets and temperaments, and use the data to choose a particular area of specialization. Dogs that demonstrate a passion for running on rubble enter search-and-rescue training. Those that don't enjoy rubble but have strong noses might become narcotics or bomb dogs.

Penn's medical-detection dogs are

the ones with quirky personalities and an ability to narrow their focus. Cynthia Otto, the founding director of the centre, calls them the centre's “sensitive souls.” They dislike noisy and crowded environments like airports or disaster recovery sites. Osa is very suspicious of people she doesn't know—so much so that nobody is allowed to approach DeAngelo's house unannounced (to do so results in loud barking and pandemonium). Upon entering the home, visitor, host and dog must all proceed immediately outside to play ball to set Osa at ease before any business can be conducted. But with these neurotic traits also comes an uncommon focus.

“I often refer to our medical-detection dogs as the CPAs,” Otto says. “They would love to just look at the spreadsheets and find the one number that's out of place. They really like having things very neat and controlled. They're the detail dogs.”

While Osa had all the qualities that make up a great sniffer dog, that didn't guarantee that she'd be able to master the most essential task of all. To find out if she could, DeAngelo and her team put Osa in front of a scent wheel, a stationary metal contraption with multiple arms, each one large enough to hold two separate containers—one containing plasma from a woman with metastatic ovarian cancer and the other with plasma from a healthy volunteer. When Osa stopped in front of the correct sample, pointed her nose



DeAngelo's dogs, Grizzly (left) and Prior, also work at the centre.

at it and froze, DeAngelo and her colleagues hugged and cried.

“You don’t know if it’s going to work, so you train it, and you train it,” she says. “You’re actually now going to put the real cancer in the wheel, in the plasma, and see if the dogs can identify it and ignore the other samples. And it worked! The very first time! It was very emotional.”

AND YET, THAT’S ONLY half the challenge. To transform Osa’s remarkable abilities into something replicable—an electronic nose—researchers have to figure out what it is precisely that Osa and her friends are reacting to. DeAngelo says

the blood samples she has trained her dogs with contain hundreds of different organic compounds, any one of which could be capturing the dog’s attention. And that is why the Penn team includes not just the physicists and engineers designing the instrumentation for their electronic nose but also chemists to help figure out what exactly that electronic nose needs to be calibrated to smell. The group has been breaking the cancer samples down into progressively smaller constituent parts and presenting them to the dogs, to winnow out which of the hundreds of potential aromatic chemical compounds (odorants) grabs their attention.

A similar approach is used to train the device. The engineers start with two separate samples consisting of many odorants mixed together and make sure the machine can distinguish between them. Then they remove individual odorants from each sample, training the machine to distinguish increasingly subtle differences that are more difficult to detect. The goal is to eventually place a vial of plasma inside a microwave-sized electronic sniffer that can analyze its odorants and provide a reading of healthy, benign or malignant within minutes. Another version might handle up to 10 samples at a time.


Most people would likely prefer to have what ails them sniffed out by a sympathetic (if wet) nose rather than a machine, but that's not in the cards, according to Bruce Kimball, a chemist at the Monell Chemical Senses Center in Philadelphia. The sheer number of dogs and handlers that would have to be deployed to the various hospitals, labs and medical facilities around the United States is not practical, he says.

An electronic nose prototype has been built, and it's successful in sniffing out cancer 90 to 95 per cent of the time. That team has also correctly detected different types of cancer, and is

building a cancer-detecting device for the National Institutes of Health. Right now, they have a good idea of what compounds or chemicals create the odour, but the team wants more specificity. One objective is to be able to distinguish between early- and late-stage cancer. "It would be incredible to identify people at an early stage and really have an impact on saving lives," says Otto. "The dogs have been able to detect that." With that ability, a blood test could be sent to a central lab—or, ideally, performed in a doctor's office—and rolled in as part of one's annual checkup, making some hidden cancers a thing of the past.

If it all works as DeAngelo and Otto hope—it's expected that commercial prototypes for the cancer-sniffing device will be complete within nine months—it will be one of the most important victories yet in the war against cancer. Of course, the dogs have no idea what all the fuss is about.

"To them, it's just a game," says DeAngelo. "Osa just knows that, I was trained and when I find this odour and I indicate on it, then I get rewarded."

Osa prefers that reward to be a piece of cheese. It's a small price to pay. After all, Osa's nose could potentially save thousands of lives one day. 



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FUN AND GAMES

CALL IT A GEEZER CRISIS. An old man grasping for a semblance of youth. A hare-brained scheme that would almost certainly end in lack of dignity or, even worse, serious injury. But on my 70th birthday, in September 2019, I decided to participate in 70 different sports before I turned 71. The motivation? Simply to have some fun.

I had played sports as a youngster and never stopped. I live in Winnipeg and skating, curling, slow-pitch softball and the odd game of golf have long been part of my annual routine. So while it might sound like hubris, I was confident that 70 sports in one year was well within my reach.

To qualify as a sport, the endeavour would require at least some of the following: agility, strength, hand-eye coordination, or it at least had

*What
I learned
from playing
70 sports
the year
I turned 70*

BY Garry Moir
FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL*
ILLUSTRATION BY DREW SHANNON

to leave me huffing and puffing. That obviously eliminated competitions such as poker, chess or hotdog-eating. My goal was not to master any of the sports, but to just give them a whirl.

Athleticism, after all, does not end at some arbitrary age. In every one of these activities, there are people much older than me who can play the game at a level I could never hope to achieve. "Try anything once," was my motto, then move on.

THE LACK-OF-DIGNITY BIT came early. Shortly after my 70th birthday, I took a crack at paddleboarding. Not a confidence builder! Family members were greatly entertained watching me first try to get on the damned board, then stand on the board and finally fall into the water before trying all over again. Lesson learned: perseverance pays off. Eventually I stood, I balanced and I paddled. An early success.

Winter sports brought their own challenges. A pick-up game of hockey resulted in the odd collision. The old lads I was playing with couldn't always stop. The quality of play was hardly inspirational, but it was certainly fun.

Then came the attempt to teach myself the basics of figure skating. They made it look so easy on YouTube. But attempting a simple spin left me prostrate on the ice, my elbow and knee throbbing. I refused to give up. Some might call it stubbornness; I preferred



Checking off skiing and skateboarding.

self-discipline. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. In this case, I learned the rudiments of the sport—enough to do a very short program—and performed it for my wife and anyone else who happened to be around at the community club. Not the slightest threat to Scott and Tessa.

I hadn't been downhill skiing since my early 20s, so, when it came time to try, I willed myself not to fall. I didn't, but admittedly there was a tinge of terror as I headed down the slope the first time, even though it was only a bunny hill carved out of the Red River Floodway. That glorious soft March evening was capped by a beautiful Prairie sunset. A touch of paradise.

A FEW DAYS AFTER my skiing adventure, the pandemic shut down most of Manitoba. COVID-19 proved to be a

significant setback to my 70-at-70 goal. By then I had tried nearly 35 sports, including kayaking, badminton, skating and even some acrobatics on the trampoline. With virtually all sports facilities locked down, it became evident I would have to resort to my own devices if I were to keep going.

Individual sports would have to be the order of the day: running, jumping, walking. For track, I built my own high jump and hurdles. I even came up with my own version of the Scottish Highland games, tossing a makeshift caber and shot-putting a stone found in a ditch. Athletics does not have to be complicated.


Two and a half months later, Manitoba began to reopen, allowing travel to sports facilities in various parts of the province. I added pickleball and horse-shoes to my list during a visit to Riding Mountain National Park; hill climbing in the beautiful Pembina Valley; and swimming in Lake Winnipeg. On my little adventure, I also stumbled across Manitoba's own field of dreams. Friedensfeld has no post office, no shops and only a handful of houses. However, cut from the corner of a farm field is a pristine baseball facility with green grass, floodlights and stands for the fans. It's surrounded by (what else?) a field of corn. Of course, I grabbed a bat.

MY FAMILY'S SUPPORT was essential. My wife was on hand to photograph every event and even participated in a

couple of sports so I could check them off my list. My three sons were always ready for a spirited game of something. Dodgeball, tug-of-war and beach volleyball brought the whole family together. One of the most memorable experiences was taking my nine-year-old granddaughter on her first trail ride.

Being a history buff provided an extra dimension. Evidence of sporting activity can be traced almost to the beginning of human activity. Skating has a patron saint, a form of hockey was played in ancient Greece, and Mary Queen of Scots is rumoured to have once shocked her courtiers by showing up to play tennis wearing pants. Every sport has its story.

There were some health advantages, too, to all the exercise I was getting. Each activity triggered endorphins that brought an immediate, if short-lived, high. Over the longer term came the realization that dreams are important, regardless of how far-fetched or unrealistic they might seem. As youngsters we dream of playing in the NHL, hitting a home run at Yankee Stadium or participating in the Olympics.

As we age, our hopes and dreams change, but one should never let them disappear. We need something to look forward to; what's better than to wake up each morning knowing there is a game to play? 

© 2021, GARRY MOIR. FROM "COULD I REALLY PLAY 70 DIFFERENT SPORTS THE YEAR I TURNED 70?" BY GARRY MOIR, FROM *THE GLOBE AND MAIL* (JANUARY 3, 2021), THEGLOBEANDMAIL.COM



DRAMA IN REAL LIFE

The only way to save his friend from
the killer bees was to climb up the
mountain and back into the swarm

A THOUSAND STINGS

BY Nicholas Hune-Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN P. HUGHES





The rock hills of Hueco Tanks rise dramatically above the scrubby Chihuahuan Desert in West Texas—four masses of weathered syenite that have long been a rock-climbing paradise.


In May 2015, Doug April was finishing a six-month stint as a camp host at Hueco Tanks State Park, living by himself in an RV. The lanky 46-year-old was divorced with three kids, the youngest in junior high. He had served two tours of duty in Iraq, where he saw plenty of things that were hard to forget. Throughout it all, climbing had been a refuge. Out on the rock, he could turn off his buzzing mind and just concentrate on what was in front of him.

Now that respite was coming to an end. April had officially left the army three weeks earlier, retiring as a major,

but he wasn't through with war zones. In a few weeks, he was headed to Afghanistan for three months to fly reconnaissance missions as a private military contractor. He wanted to make the most of his last days of climbing.

Around 8:00 a.m., April's climbing partner, Ian Cappelle, pulled up to the campsite. The 38-year-old geologist had moved to El Paso with his wife, Malynda, five years earlier. Shortly after, while out climbing, he'd met April. They'd been buddies ever since.

Burly and bearded, Cappelle didn't necessarily look the part of a climber.



But as soon as he'd tried the sport, he was hooked. He regarded April as a kind of big brother—an experienced climber and generous teacher.

“What should we do today?” April asked as they packed their ropes that morning.

“Well, you’ve been up Indecent Exposure twice already,” Cappelle said. “I’d like to do that route.”

April paused. Indecent Exposure had always given him the heebie-jeebies. It wasn’t the most difficult route in Hueco Tanks, but it was probably the most intimidating. It had two

CAPPELLE CLIMBED OUT to his right, his chalked fingers finding their way to the cliff’s handholds. He and April were tethered together for safety, with two lines of rope connecting them through belaying devices on each of their harnesses that would act as a brake, holding the rope tight if either of them fell.

As Cappelle led the way, he clipped the rope into metal anchors drilled into the rock face for protection. Twenty minutes into the climb, he saw the memorial plaque and silently paid his respects. He made it to the ledge that marked the end of the pitch and

THE ROUTE GAVE HIM THE HEEBIE-JEEBIES. MIDWAY WAS A MEMORIAL PLAQUE FOR SOMEONE WHO DIED DURING A CLIMB.



“pitches,” or sections, and both had passages that left you hanging out over big 75-metre drops, unprotected. Midway along the route there was a plaque in memory of a University of Texas at El Paso student who had died while attempting it.

But when it’s one of your last climbs for a long time, you want to make it a memorable one.

The day was beautiful. The sun was just right, the breeze perfect. If Cappelle agreed to lead the first part of the climb, April said he would lead the second.

attached himself to an anchor. April followed and they paused for a moment to rest, 40 metres up in the air.

April led the second pitch. The hardest section came early on—a huge step to the right, followed by a few metres of slim, fingertip-and-toe edges. He’d had trouble there in past attempts, but this time he nailed it, making his way to a flake of rock about the size of a refrigerator.

“Oh man, that was great!” he called out across the chasm, a few metres above his partner and eight metres out to the right. Then: “This is weird. Where



did all these bugs come from?" April slapped the back of his neck. He looked down and, in the next moment, watched in terror as a cloud of bees swirled out of the rock—more bees than he'd ever seen, like a scene from a horror movie. The swarm enveloped him in an instant, stinging him over and over again, the pain spreading across his neck and face and body.

Regular honeybees can sometimes be territorial, but Africanized bees are much more aggressive. They arrived in this hemisphere in 1956, when African bees introduced to Brazil to

1,000 deaths; there's a reason they're known as "killer bees."

A moment after the bees swarmed, Cappelle watched in horror as April jumped off the ledge, feeling the jerk of tension in his harness as his partner's weight pulled the rope taught. "Lower me, lower me, lower me, go, go, go!" April yelled.

From his perch, a slim ledge about a metre across and just half a metre deep, Cappelle played out all 60 metres of rope, ripping it through the belaying device as fast as he could. Below him, the wall undercut the ledge he was



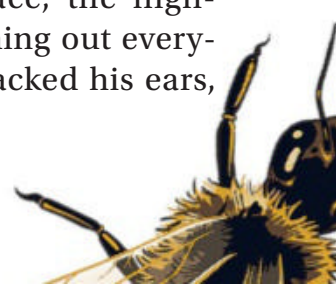
HE WATCHED AS A CLOUD OF BEES SWIRLED OUT OF THE ROCK. IT WAS LIKE A SCENE FROM A HORROR MOVIE.

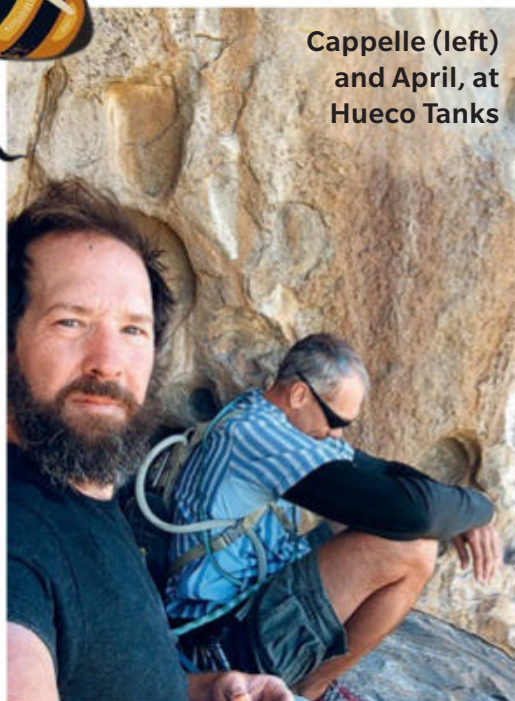
increase honey production escaped, bred with European honeybees and quickly spread across the Americas, making their way to the southwestern United States by the 1990s.

When Africanized bees sense a threat, they don't just send a couple of bees to ward it off—they send hordes, chasing a person for up to 400 metres until the threat is eliminated. If someone's stung 1,000 to 1,500 times, scientists estimate, they've got a fifty-fifty chance of dying. Since the 1950s, swarms of Africanized bees have been responsible for more than

standing on, and April disappeared from view.

That's when Cappelle saw the first bee flying toward him. He stood as still as he could, figuring if he just ignored it, it should go away. Instead, it flew straight at him and stung him on the neck. The stings came quickly after that—one, two, three, four, and then a crescendo of pain as the bulk of the hive attacked him. Cappelle tried to cover his face, the high-pitched whine drowning out everything as the bees attacked his ears, eyes, nose and mouth.





Cappelle (left) and April, at Hueco Tanks



His mind raced as the bees stung him. *Why hadn't Doug unclipped himself once he reached the ground?* Once he unclipped, Cappelle could pull up the rope, anchor himself into the wall and rappel down to safety. But April was still hanging there, dead weight on the end of the rope.

Cappelle stood on the slim ledge and sucked water out of his climbing bottle, desperate to stay hydrated to stave off the effects of the venom. *What do I do? What do I do?* He reached up to brush the bees off his head and felt a halo of insect bodies an inch thick, stinging him over and over again. *Call your wife, he thought. Tell her you love her.* But what if he dropped the phone?

The toxins coursed through his bloodstream. At a certain point, the

panicked thoughts subsided, replaced by a strange sense of calm. It was a terrible way to go. He was so sorry Malynda was going to lose him like this, but there was nothing he could do. The world shrunk around him, squeezing to a pinprick, and Cappelle blacked out, slumping down onto the rocky ledge.

BELOW HIM, APRIL hung suspended in mid-air, two metres away from the wall and about 20 metres off the ground. He'd been stuck that way for about 10 minutes, and the bees hadn't stopped stinging.

"Untie the blue rope!" he yelled up to Cappelle. He wanted Cappelle to use one of the ropes to rappel himself to the ground. But neither man could

COURTESY OF IAN CAPPELLE





hear the other. All they could hear was the deafening buzz.

After so many stings, April's body was becoming numb to the pain. He could feel the bees climbing all over him, but the stings hardly registered. One flew into his mouth—vibrating and fuzzy, with a slight flowery taste—and he quickly spat it out. After more than a dozen stings, people can experience vertigo, nausea and even convulsions and fainting. April had been stung hundreds of times. He pulled his ball cap over his face and tried to think.

were attached to Cappelle, leaving them dangling in the wind.

On a good day, this wouldn't have been that difficult of a route, but this wasn't a good day. He was pumped full of bee venom, his body inflamed and his mind swimming. He carefully picked out a route down.

The climb down took him about five minutes, but it felt like forever. By the time April made it to the ground, he was nauseous and nearly delirious. He stumbled toward the road, just as one of the park rangers pulled up.

NO MATTER THE DANGER, HE'D ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO FLICK A SWITCH IN HIS BRAIN TO TURN OFF THE FEAR.

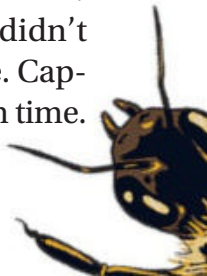


He had always been able to keep his head in a bad situation. He'd crashed a helicopter in training and seen men die in combat. And no matter the danger, he'd always been able to flick a switch in his brain. *Turn off the fear. Concentrate on what needs to be done.*

What needed to be done now was clear: he had to climb down. The mountain was criss-crossed with climbing routes—he just had to find one. About five metres away, he spotted an anchor that was part of another route. He swung himself toward the bolt, caught it on the third try and clipped himself in. Then he released the ropes that

“Ian,” April gasped, gesturing up at the cliff. He and the ranger called Cappelle's name. They could see him up on the ledge. He was in the fetal position, a massive cloud of bees surrounding him. “Ian!” he yelled again. His friend didn't move.

April did the math in his head. Someone had already called search and rescue, but it would take them about an hour to get a team from El Paso. And to get a team that could safely climb down to Cappelle and remove him? That could take climbers who didn't know the area a few hours more. Cappelle likely didn't have that much time.



April knew what he had to do. “Drive me back to my car,” he said to the ranger. “I’ve got another rope in there. I’ll go get him.”

APRIL SCRAMBLED UP the rocks as fast as he could. He’d decided to hike another route up the back of the mountain, then rappel down to Ian. He wore the park ranger’s radio, as well as a mesh net that he pulled over his ball cap.

Part way up the trail, he ran into two other climbing friends and conscripted them into the rescue plan. By

swirling blanket of bees. “Ian!” he yelled. And this time Cappelle looked up.

“He had the same look I’ve seen too many times in combat, where someone’s been blown up or shot,” April remembers. It’s not fear, exactly—more a look of pure incredulity. *How the hell did this happen to me?* “That’s how he looked at me. Then he put his head back down.”

April made his way down to the ledge. The bees were all over him again, but by now he was entirely numb to them. He attached Ian to his belay device. “I’m going to get you out of here,” he said.



TWO PASSERSBY USED THEIR CREDIT CARDS TO SCRAPE HIM DOWN, SLOUGHING OFF HUNDREDS OF STINGERS INTO THE SAND.

the time they reached the top, it had been about 45 minutes since the start of the attack, and April had no idea if his friend was alive or dead. Even in his nauseous state, it didn’t cross his mind to ask one of his fellow climbers to head down instead. It was his partner down there—he would be the one to go and get him. April set an anchor at the edge of the cliff and clipped himself in. One of the other climbers began belaying him down.

For about the first 15 metres, Cappelle was out of sight. Finally, the cliff grew steep enough that he could see his partner, still motionless, covered by a

Cappelle was just conscious enough to follow April’s simple instructions, while April carefully lowered him 40 metres down to the ground. Below them, the first ambulance was just pulling up.

April watched as the rangers and paramedics collected Cappelle. Then he lowered himself as quickly as he could. By the time he reached the ground, Cappelle was in a helicopter destined for the hospital in El Paso. It was only then that the search-and-rescue team arrived.

April turned down the paramedics’ advice to go to the hospital. Although he felt faint, he didn’t believe he was





going to die anytime soon.

In the parking lot, he ran into two climbers who had wilderness first aid training. April stripped down to his boxers. The best way to remove the stingers, they told him, wasn't to use tweezers, which squeezes the poison from the venom sacks into your body. The two men used their credit cards to scrape him down, sloughing off hundreds of stingers into the desert sand.

At the hospital, doctors estimated that Cappelle had been stung more than a thousand times—a high enough dose to be lethal. He had been lucky. And with a day or two to flush it out of his system, he would be fine.

MONTHS LATER, after April returned from Afghanistan, the men planned a climb—back at Hueco Tanks.

They took a different route this time, and any trepidation they might have felt being out there dissipated in the fresh air of another perfect day. They reached a little alcove high above the desert and sat down to rest.

In the months since the attack, Cappelle had had plenty of time to think about what could have happened if April hadn't come back for him that day. His one memory after he blacked out is a flash of a thick carpet of dead bees covering the cliff ledge and then, entering the picture, April's red shoes.

On the ledge, he tried to tell April how much he appreciated what he'd done, but his friend waved him off. It hadn't even been a choice. "There was just no way he wasn't going to try to help me," says Cappelle.

The two men took in the view. Out there, in the Basin and Range Province, just a little elevation gives you sweeping vistas in every direction. The Franklin Mountains sat out to the west, hazy and indistinct. To the north, 140 kilometres away, you could see the faint outline of the Sacramento Mountains silhouetted against a sky that seemed endless. The sun was just right, the breeze light. They stood up again, the rope strong and secure between them, and went back out on the rock. **R**



Spot the Difference

Ignoring isn't the same as ignorance. You have to work at it.

MARGARET ATWOOD

If you want something said, ask a man. If you want something done, ask a woman.

MARGARET THATCHER

I learned courage from Buddha, Jesus, Lincoln, Einstein and Mr. Cary Grant.

PEGGY LEE

OH, CANADA



"I'm a busy guy, but being a national symbol I always make time for an autograph."

Welcome to Canada,
where our national bird
is Drake.

—LILLY SINGH,
talk show host

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Yukon.

Yukon who?
Yukon see the north-
ern lights from here!

—[@WESTCOAST_MOMMY](#)

Q: How do you get a
Canadian to apologize?

A: Step on his foot.

—REDDIT.COM

I used to get really upset
when I told people in
L.A. where I came from.
I always got the same
response: "Canada?
Wow! Must've been
cold." Now I just go
along with them: "Yes,

Canada. It was a frozen,
hostile wasteland, and
there was much work
to be done if we were to
survive the elements."

—JIM CARREY, *actor*

I just found out that
America doesn't cele-
brate Canada Day until
July 4th. Weird.

—STEVE PATTERSON, *writer*

Canada is not the party.
It's the apartment
above the party.

—CRAIG FERGUSON,
comedian

Before I moved to Can-
ada, I'd often heard
about the country's
obsession with hockey.
I later saw this first-
hand when I overheard
a 10-year-old describe
a cycling event as
"hockey players
on bicycles."

—DEEPAK VOHRA,
White Rock, B.C.

**Send us your original
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magazine. See page 7 or
rd.ca/joke for details.**

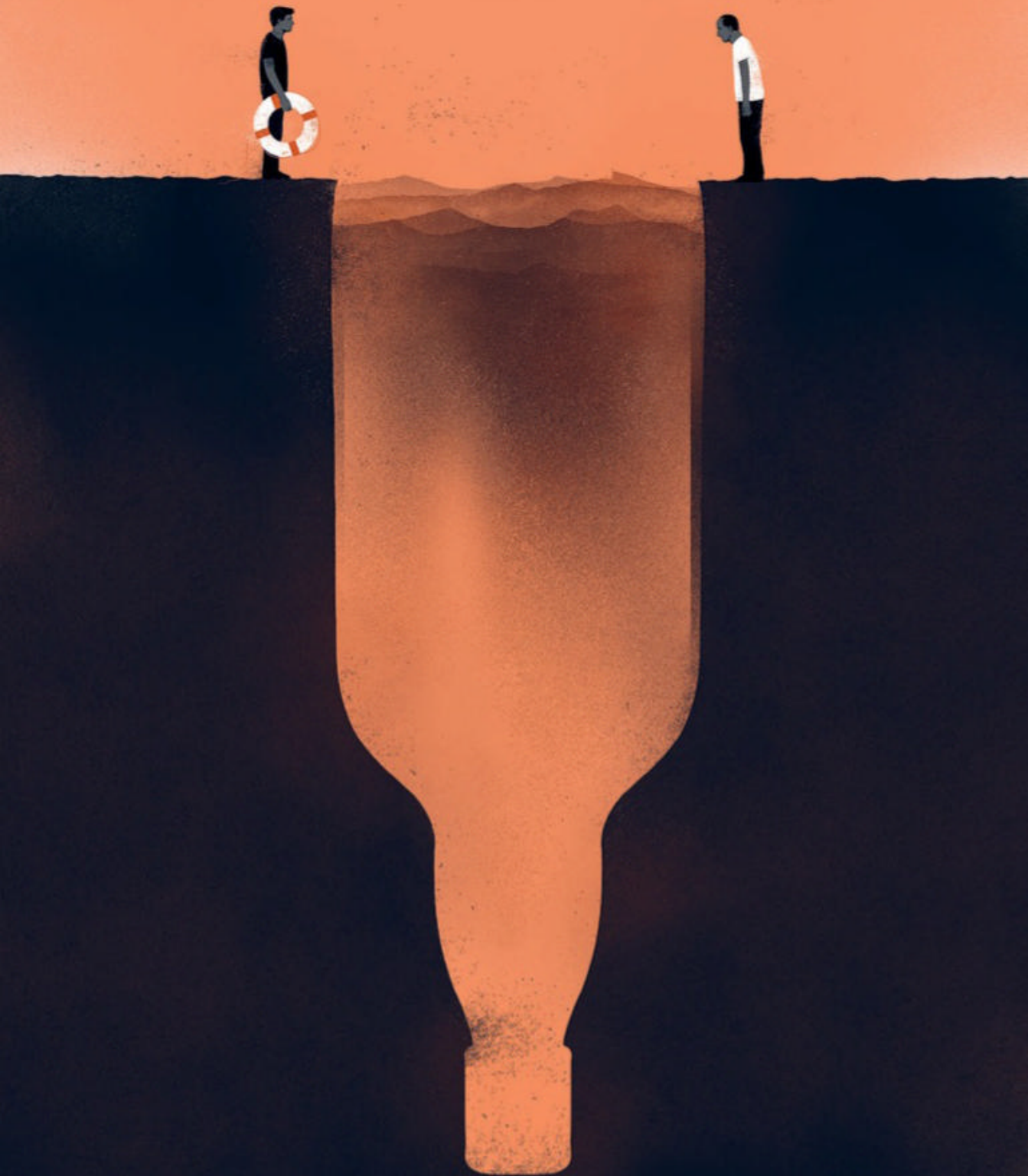


I resented the
responsibility
of getting my
father sober—
until I realized
he just needed
me to be there
for him

DE TOX ING DAD

BY Ryan David Allen FROM *MAISONNEUVE*

ILLUSTRATION BY SEBASTIEN THIBAULT



In May 2013, my father earned his first full year of sobriety in over a decade. To celebrate, he drank again.

I knew this because I had been trying to call him and couldn't get through. He lived alone in Halifax and normally couldn't go more than a few hours without calling me to speak of something inconsequential. So when he didn't answer the phone, I knew. My father was a 68-year-old, thrice-divorced ex-chemist with a penchant for rousing the spirits of everyone around. There was only one thing that could suppress his vitality: himself, drunk.

As in the past, after a few days of not being able to reach him, I got the hint and stopped trying. I was 24 by that point. I had learned not to engage with him when he was drinking, for both our sakes. My steady closeness to his tumultuous recovery during my early adolescence and teenage years gave me an aversion to his relapses as an adult. Anything I ever said when I was upset only added to his list of personal

wrongs that made drinking seem right. I'd keep my distance, and he'd keep his drink.

That May, my middling garage-rock band was readying itself for a long tour through Canada and the United States. After a week of zero contact with my father—his binges were lengthy—I looked at my phone during a practice session and saw a series of missed calls from him. Worried, I called him back, and he answered immediately. His voice was shaky and had its often-buried Northern Irish accent, as it always did when he'd been drinking. Over the course of a strained conversation, he confessed that he needed my help. "I'm done now," he said.

I knew what he was facing. Now that the journey into the depths of his sadness was complete, he had to begin the slow, painful crawl back to sobriety.

Within a day, the withdrawal symptoms would kick in. At first, those would be tremors, anxiety, nausea and restlessness. But soon he could experience seizures, dehydration—and possibly even delirium tremens (DTs), which can cause fever and hallucinations.

When he reached this stage, it was crucial that he be admitted to a public detox facility—seizures and DTs coupled with any of the other symptoms can be fatal. In fact, the mortality rate among those who experience this type of withdrawal is five to 25 per cent. Contrary to popular belief, withdrawal symptoms for those addicted to alcohol can be much more severe than those from other drugs—even drugs that are more commonly vilified by society, like heroin or oxycodone. Patients in detox from alcohol need to be closely monitored by medical personnel and, in some cases, may be given medications, often ones from the benzodiazepine family.

Given my father's age, he was at risk for cardiovascular complications. Many times in the past, his heart had stopped beating, though thankfully only when he was already under medical supervision. This time, however, when my dad called Dartmouth General Hospital, they told him there wasn't a bed available. He was to call back the next day, and then each day after that, to check again. After a few days of calling the detox facility without any luck, he finally called me.

MY DAD WASN'T ALONE in his desperation. According to a count in 2016, Halifax, with its population of over 400,000, only had 16 publicly funded detox beds for adults. With that capacity, some people were waiting anywhere from several days to three to four weeks to receive a bed and treatment. Chris Parsons, the provincial coordinator for the Nova Scotia Health Coalition—a non-partisan public health advocacy group—calls this “woefully inadequate.” For many people trying to get sober, he says, “A five-day wait period is the difference between them deciding they want to turn their life around, or relapsing.”

Meanwhile, across Canada, there have been cuts to already scant public addiction treatment programs. In Montreal, for example, the city's only free public detox and addiction treatment centre removed 10 of its 28 beds in 2018. And a year later in Ontario, citing a low success rate, the provincial government cut funding for Fresh Start, a program that helped low-income individuals struggling with addiction find employment.

In decisions about where to cut back on health care, Parsons says, certain services are privileged over others. “Things like addiction treatment, mental health treatment and ensuring that you have culturally competent care for immigrant communities are seen as extras,” he says.

Recently, of course, COVID-19 has made everyone more aware of the gaps

in our public health system. As the virus spread through our cities and nursing homes, and as many of the most vulnerable have gotten sick and died, it's become impossible to avoid acknowledging just how thinly our systems are spread after decades of ruthless government austerity.

For example, when it comes to hospital-bed shortages more generally, many Canadians would be surprised to learn that Canada does worse than most other developed countries. According to the World Health Organization, high-income countries have

will. This may save taxpayers money, but there are untold costs to the people who volunteer, willingly or not, to fill the gaps that are left.

SINCE 2005, MY DAD had lived in a one-bedroom apartment within Joseph Howe Manor in Halifax's south end, a subsidized-housing complex for senior citizens that cost residents a third of their monthly income, whatever that might be, each month. As a kid, I stayed with him during summers, holidays and weekends, sleeping on his fold-out couch in the living room. Most

WHEN I WALKED IN THE DAY HE CALLED, HE WAS CURLED UP ON HIS SWEAT-SOILED MATTRESS WITH JUST A SHEET OVER HIM.

an average of around four to five beds per thousand people. To cite a few examples, Korea has 12.4 beds per thousand people, France has 5.9 and the United States has 2.9. Yet Canada only has 2.5 hospital beds per thousand people; we are consistently at or near the bottom of the list of comparably well-off countries.

In the absence of sufficient public services, family and friends overextend themselves to pick up the slack, playing the role of at-home caregiver out of a sense of obligation to those they love, thinking that if they don't, no one else

of that time, though, I opted to crash with friends so as to avoid him while he binged.

When I walked in the day he called for help, his television was set to a low, companionable volume in the living room, and he was curled up in his bedroom on a lumpy, sweat-soiled twin mattress with a single sheet over his body. He tried to get out of bed, but he was too weak. I gave him a protein shake, which he'd requested, and put two more cases of it in his refrigerator.

Being helpful to my dad in this way wasn't always my approach. As a teen,

after years of having to keep his recovery attempts a secret from everyone, including my mother—and so not being able to get any support from others—I became resentful of that burden. I cursed his name at any instance of a relapse and would abandon him for days on end. He'd sit alone, sorry and ashamed, until he finally felt strong enough to call on an old friend for help.

My distancing tact—called “tough love,” both colloquially and officially in the field of addiction—is practised by many, even if they don't know its origins. The concept was first touted in

I had earned the right to express the anger I'd long withheld, regardless of how it made him feel. But in the end, none of it made me feel better and none of it helped him. Instead, when I withheld my love and compassion, he had little reason to hold back on drinking himself into further oblivion.

After entering my 20s and gaining distance from my dad's drinking, I began to understand that it wasn't necessary for me to reprimand him when he drank. I could just be there for him, or check in on him, without scolding him and exacerbating his feelings of failure

AS A TEEN, I THOUGHT THAT DENYING MY DAD COMPASSION WAS A FORM OF PUNISHMENT HE WOULD LEARN FROM.

Al-Anon, the support group for loved ones of alcoholics founded in 1951 by Lois Wilson, the wife of the man who co-founded Alcoholics Anonymous. Then, in 1982, Phyllis York, a family therapist, brought it to the masses in her bestselling book *Toughlove*, which urged readers not to bail out their children if they were arrested, and to cut off contact if they relapsed.

Never officially schooled in the ways of tough love, I came to it naturally, thinking that denying him compassion might be a form of punishment he would learn from. Or other times, I felt

and worthlessness that accompanied his binges. In other words, I could care without putting myself in harm's way.

Surveying my dad's apartment that day in 2013, I saw empty beer cans strewn throughout the living room, as well as several empty bottles of Listerine, which he'd turn to when he was out of alcohol. I wanted him to know that I wasn't there to make him feel bad about another failed recovery, so I cleaned his apartment as best as I could. My standards for cleanliness back then didn't go much higher than his, but I'm sure he saw me, out of the

corner of his eye, sweeping dust and bottle caps into a chip bag, and felt my love for him. After chatting with him for a bit, I went back to my friend's recording studio to get ready for the tour, which was less than a week away.

The next day, my dad called again. With an even shakier voice, he asked if I could go to a pharmacy and buy him Gravol, which helped curb his nausea, vomiting and motion sickness. When I arrived with it, he was on the couch, facing the back cushion, as though he were giving his television set the silent

my father with his recovery. He wrestled with the guilt and shame of being nursed through withdrawals by me, his son, as I had to also play the role of therapist to him—a situation that only exacerbated the depressive thought patterns precipitating his relapses.

When a dearth of government support thrusts the onus of around-the-clock care onto someone's family and community, we would like to think that those people respond with finesse. But they'd need resources for that, such as outpatient treatment programs,

I WORRIED THAT HE WAS HAVING SEIZURES WHEN I WASN'T THERE. I WORRIED I WOULD BE OUT OF TOWN WHEN HE DIED.

treatment. He immediately took three of the pills with a glass of water. "Hope I don't just throw these up," he said. I hoped so, too.

As the days passed, I became increasingly worried that a bed in detox wouldn't become available before something terrible happened. I worried that he was having seizures when I wasn't there. I worried his heart might stop. I worried I would be out of town when he died.

MY LACK OF EXPERTISE in treating a substance-use disorder wasn't the only reason it was a bad idea for me to help

safe-injection sites, cognitive behavioural therapy or medications that diminish cravings, like naltrexone.

Of course, some families can afford to send their loved ones to for-profit facilities, which can cost tens of thousands of dollars. But also, I've seen and heard many stories about low-income individuals finding ways to pay the exorbitant treatment costs, either by selling belongings, taking out mortgages, liquidating their savings or sinking into unfathomable debt. Families in this situation can create the sort of environment that makes it even more difficult to thrive in the future.

“Say you get out of rehab and it turns out your brother sold his truck to pay for your treatment,” Chris Parsons says. “That guilt weighs on you and impacts your ability to maintain your sobriety.”

In situations like mine, where a private centre was out of the question, a person shouldn’t be forced to choose whether they look out for themselves or help a family member through detox. No untrained and heartbroken family member should be left to carry that weight when they lack the resources they’d need to do it properly.

TO MY RELIEF, on the morning I left for New York, the first stop on my band’s tour, my dad finally received word that there was a bed for him in the detox ward. In total, he had waited five days, longer than most waits he’d ever had to endure. By that point, he’d already passed through much of the disease’s long night, as I thought of it, but the hospital saw to it that he received the care needed to get through the rest.

After seven days in detox, he returned home. I was on the road, but he told me over the phone that he’d

never felt as cared for during a withdrawal as he had in the week before finally getting that bed. I’d only provided him with the most basic comforts—food, conversation and constant check-ins—but he said it was more than he had received in years. He told me that when he entered detox, it was with less dreariness than ever before because I’d made him feel that his worth wasn’t based on his sobriety.

Like most stories of recovery, it didn’t end there. Even after the relapse in question, my father relapsed twice more before he passed away from a brain tumour in 2017. Through all that, I came to understand that this back and forth was just the rhythm of his condition.

I feel lucky that I didn’t make a rash decision to cut my dad out of my life for good, and that I came around to treating him with the love and compassion he deserved, sober or not. As imperfect as they were, I wouldn’t have wanted to miss out on the last few years I had left to share with him. **R**

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Summertime Metaphors

Did he annoy me?

Yes, he was like a wasp at a picnic.

GARY BARLOW, AUTHOR

Life is a picnic on a precipice.

W.H. AUDEN

AS KIDS SEE IT



“We had to read *Great Expectations* in English class. Honestly, I thought it would be a lot better.”

I live with a seven-year-old. She asked me what kind of pie I wanted from her imaginary bakery.

“Steak and mushrooms,” I said.

She replied, “Okay, but it’s going to be purple!”

—JON DORE, *comedian*

When my daughter was three years old, she loved to listen to me read the same book to her over and over again, so I decided to record myself reading it on tape. One afternoon, when her dad came home, she greeted him with excitement and

said, “Now Mom can read to me without even opening the book.”

—NATIVIDAD DE LEON,
Hamilton, Ont.

In seventh grade, a boy asked me to be his girlfriend and I wasn’t sure I heard him correctly, so I panicked and said

yes. He then gave me a high-five and we never spoke again.

—REDDIT.COM

My six-year-old grandson, Lucas, and I play a game called mystery cookies, where I bake cookies and he'll guess some of the ingredients.

Lucas was getting quite good at recognizing ingredients until recently, when I made some extra-chewy cookies and asked him to name what was in them.

He replied:
"Sponges?"

—DONNA FULCHER,
Drayton, Ont.

After being told that it's rude to call dinner gross, our four-year-old is finding increasingly creative ways to express himself:

◆ "This tastes ... unlucky to me."

◆ "This sends my mouth into outer space."

◆ "Cauliflower is," as he pinches his fingers together, "this much delicious."

—ALIX E. HARROW, *author*

My daughter is mad at me because I didn't offer her a banana first thing this morning. She hates bananas.

—@PRO_WORRIER_

After my daughter refused to get dressed, I lost my temper and told her she couldn't come downstairs until she'd changed out of her pyjamas.

She then changed into *another pair of pyjamas*.

—@DARA_BHUR_GCARA

Today I asked a kindergarten if Friday was his favourite day of the week. His response: "I don't know. I don't know a lot of things. I'm confused all the time."

—@DONOMO

I was developing a school play with my class of Grade 6 students—it involved a scene where a character pleaded for mercy from a judge for a minor offence.

In a bid to garner sympathy, one of my students improvised:

"Please give me a chance, your honour. I have four wives and 10 children."

—KENNARD RAMPHAL,
Ajax, Ont.

My daughter asked why she can't just quit school, and I told her that it's against the law and I could go to jail. She then looked me in the eyes and said: "I'll visit you."

—@CECIATL

While at a department store, I noticed a girl stare longingly at the stuffed animals and say, "I wish I was still a kid."

Her dad, standing next to her, replied: "You're 10."

—@HANDLEBRANDLE

Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 7 or rd.ca/joke for details.

SHARK SHOW



**HOW OCEAN RESEARCHERS ARE
UNRAVELLING THE MYSTERIES OF THE
WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS PREDATOR**

BY Chelsea Murray FROM *THE WALRUS*



A white shark is human fear made flesh. It shears the water like a missile targeting its prey, with conveyor-belt rows of serrated teeth and skin so rough it was once used as sandpaper. From a primordial perspective, our fear of these creatures is understandable. But we're a peculiar species, fascinated by what terrifies us. From *Jaws* to Shark Week, sharks occupy an intersection between terror and entrancement. So when one starts tweeting, of course we follow.

In March 2017, an American research group called Oearch caught a 600-kilogram, 3.7-metre-long white shark off Hilton Head Island, South Carolina. They then bolted a flashlight-sized satellite transmitter to his dorsal fin and named him Hilton. That same month, they gave him a Twitter account run by a team of staff, volunteers and scientists. Thanks to Oearch's Global Shark Tracker app, anyone in the world could now watch Hilton's migration as he swam (and tweeted) along Nova Scotia's Atlantic coast.

With nearly 50,000 followers, Hilton is a minor celebrity and unofficial mascot to Nova Scotia's shark fans. The staff at Oearch use the Twitter account to present Hilton as a jaunty guy on the hunt for food and love. (A typical post goes, "Just gave the last fish a 15 second head start. Feelin' sporty, I think I'll give the next one 25 seconds.") Hilton's

not the only social media star. Oearch has launched 27 Twitter accounts for tagged sharks.

Thanks in part to its savvy marketing, Oearch has become one of the best-known, and most controversial, ocean-research outfits in the world. (The name is a portmanteau of "ocean" and "research.") At the non-profit's helm is an equally polarizing figure named Chris Fischer. Instead of fearing sharks, he wants us to save them.

FISCHER'S KINGDOM is the MV *Oearch*, a 38-metre shark-research vessel. He speaks with a light Kentucky drawl and wears a hoodie and ball cap emblazoned with the logos of corporate sponsors. He often invokes Jacques Cousteau, the beloved filmmaker, television host and ocean adventurer, as the inspiration for Oearch. But an obsession with disruption and growth makes Fischer more like a startup founder.

Fischer found his calling while working as the host of *Offshore Adventures*, a fishing show on ESPN 2. In 2005, as part of the show, he'd bring biologists on trips to help the crew catch fish for research. It was from those scientists that Fischer learned how ocean ecosystems could hinge on apex predators, such as white sharks.

Those sharks were in trouble from finning—the term for hunting sharks only to cut off their fins and dump them back in the ocean alive—and overfishing. Lose these balance keepers,

the scientists argued, and the ecological webs around them collapse.

This inspired Fischer to turn his ship into a floating lab he eventually renamed the MV *Ocearch*. The boat became the base from which he filmed his shark-focused docuseries-meets-reality-television show, *Expedition Great White*, which premiered on National Geographic in 2010 (it was later relaunched as *Shark Men* and then again as *Shark Wranglers*). “I was just young enough and dumb enough,” he says, “that I set a noble goal to pour the world’s oceans into people’s lives on a scale not seen since Cousteau.”

Scientists have been analyzing white-shark populations since the 1970s in the northwest Atlantic Ocean, counting animals snagged as bycatch on longlines offshore and extrapolating those numbers to track population trends. But this method is imperfect, and it doesn’t account for sharks that stay closer to the coasts. Reliable population numbers for white sharks in this region are non-existent. That’s part of the reason why Ocearch and other researchers are instead focused on tagging: they’re trying to solve the bigger mystery of where white sharks are going and breeding. And, it was savvy of Ocearch to choose a predator that’s also a source of public fascination.

OCEARCH’S TAGGING METHODS are unconventional, and that’s exactly why fans tuned in week after week to watch Fischer catch sharks on TV. Many researchers embed pop-up satellite archival (PSAT) and acoustic tags under a shark’s skin with a harpoon while it’s swimming or while it’s restrained along the side of a boat.

Instead of this method, Ocearch hooks the shark and lures it over to the ship and onto a specialized hydraulic lift. They then take samples, including blood, parasite and muscle. And in addition to the PSAT and acoustic tags, they bolt a smart-position and temperature-transmitting (SPOT) tag to its dorsal fin. By the time the shark is lowered back into the water, the SPOT tag is also pinging data to Ocearch’s app—

Hilton, Ocearch’s most famous shark, was captured and tagged in 2017.



and, soon after, a Twitter account.

Lifting a 500-plus-kilogram predator out of the ocean is inevitably a frenzied scene, and things didn't always go smoothly. *Shark Men*, the precursor to *Shark Wranglers*, featured Fischer, his crew and shark biologist Michael Domeier, who advocated for taking sharks out of the water for SPOT tagging. The series seemed to exaggerate petty conflicts and dramatized the danger of working with white sharks.

In the first episode of the second season, the crew accidentally lodged a hook in the back of a shark's mouth while tagging near the Farallon Islands, off San Francisco. Part of the hook remained lodged in place after the shark swam off, and a local marine sanctuary suspended Oearch's tagging permit until

In 2018, Oearch tagged and released a shark in Nova Scotia, naming it Nova.



the organization altered its techniques—all while the cameras were rolling. Later in the episode, a stressed Domeier told Fischer that his professional reputation is on the line. “My name is on all these permits,” Domeier says. “You guys can go home and make a fishing show—I’m stuck with this mess.”

Other researchers called out Domeier for using such invasive tagging methods. Meanwhile Fischer earned a reputation as a maverick. Since the Farallon incident, Oearch has stirred up controversy almost everywhere it has gone. It has been criticized for chumming—dumping large amounts of fish guts and blood into the ocean as a shark attractant. In South Africa, residents blamed Oearch when a bodyboarder was killed by a shark near Cape Town (the city stated there was no evidence Oearch's chumming actually caused the attack).

Fischer's second run on reality TV ended after four seasons and two years, but he concedes this was for the best. “You can't get meetings with policy-makers and presidents if you're the wacky guy on TV on Tuesday nights,” he says.

But leaving television also put his organization in a precarious financial situation, so he started selling sponsorships in exchange for “brand-integrated content.” In effect, Oearch became a conservation

group with an advertising arm. Today, the MV *Ocearch* is plastered with sponsors' decals, including outdoor-recreation-gear brands.

Fischer has figured out a way to turn corporate money into funding for both scientific research and online entertainment for thousands of people. Ocearch knows that popularizing a single shark like Hilton means an audience is more likely to care about the larger issue. It also allows Ocearch to run a huge ship and buy the best equipment for scientists who work on the boat. And the more exciting the results those scientists produce, and the more people who are following their work, the more sponsorships Ocearch can attract to sustain future work.

OCEARCH HAS POPULARIZED ONE SHARK TO MAKE PEOPLE CARE ABOUT A BIGGER ISSUE.

The organization has made a point of emphasizing how it collaborates with the wider research community. Any scientist anywhere can access its app's tracking data, for instance. Of course, scientists collaborate all the time. In December 2018, 46 researchers from all over the world released a paper laying out the work they all

believe needs to be done in white-shark science. But none of that impresses Fischer.

"I'm talking about radical collaboration," he says. "They've come together, and yes, they're collaborating, but they have no scale." He wants scientists all over the world sharing data with each other through Ocearch.

IN MID-SEPTEMBER 2018, Ocearch brought its bravado to Nova Scotia as part of its ongoing North Atlantic white shark study. It arrived on the province's south shore with a permit from Fisheries and Oceans Canada (commonly known as the Department of Fisheries and Oceans, or DFO) to tag up to 20 white sharks. Ocearch anchored near Hirtle's Beach, a swimming and surfing hotspot, and the LaHave Islands, popular with kayakers, snorkellers and scallop divers—and began chumming.

A man named Seth Congdon says that he and two friends were mackerel fishing when a crew member from Ocearch's ship told them about a white shark they'd tagged. When Congdon joked that they'd been swimming nearby earlier that day, he says the crew member warned they'd been chumming pretty hard and recommended against going in the water.

Congdon's friend and local surfer Jefferson Muise was especially troubled and went to CBC when neither Ocearch nor the DFO got back to him with answers. The community suddenly

realized how little it knew about Ocearch's operation. Ocearch's then-chief science adviser (he is now the chief scientist), Bob Hueter, responded by telling a community newspaper that the account was a "complete fabrication; never happened."

Muise isn't naive. He knows that in the summer and fall, when he's out in the waves, he's sharing the water with white sharks. But he's also not wrong to be concerned. While scientists are still debating whether chumming could endanger people close to shore by altering shark behaviour, it's not something many other researchers are willing to risk.

Heather Bowlby, head of the DFO's Canadian Atlantic Shark Research Lab, travels at least three nautical miles offshore when baiting for white sharks. (She also notes that, unlike chumming, with baiting, fish is placed on a hook to lure an animal. She also says she doesn't chum at all for white sharks.)

And Chris Lowe, the director of the Shark Lab at California State University, Long Beach, who regularly tags sharks off the coast of Los Angeles, says, "There's no way I'm going to chum or bait along a public beach."

Fischer dismisses the criticism. In his mind, any biologist not interested in working with Ocearch is a selfish data hoarder who is more interested in getting ahead than saving sharks. "We had to totally disrupt the whole way science was done," he says. "If you really look at any of them, they all have different agendas. It has nothing to do with sharks."

Tell that to biologists who have dedicated their lives to this work and you'll get a different opinion. Lowe says Ocearch isn't so avant-garde but, rather, at its core, is a scientific lab like any other. The only difference is that its facilities are mobile, allowing it to flit from location to location—armed with cameras and corporate sponsors and Twitter accounts—leaving resentment in its wake.

As of this past spring, Ocearch was still tagging and tracking sharks around the world, and touting "#factsoverfear." But Hilton the white shark's Twitter account has been silent since August 2020. Ocearch had lost track of him. The pings from his transmitter had gone silent. R

© 2019, CHELSEA MURRAY. FROM "TWITTER SHARKS," THE WALRUS (JUNE 3, 2019), THEWALRUS.CA



No Regrets

Every moment wasted looking back keeps us from moving forward.

Life is too short, time is too precious and the stakes are too high
to dwell on what might have been.

HILLARY CLINTON

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

A Pot Head



My body: Something hurts.

Me: Oh no! What's wrong?

My body: It's a secret.
—HALEY MLOTEK, *writer*

I just made my last car payment. I mean, I still owe a lot, but I'm just not paying anymore.

—[@BRENTTHERHUNE](#)

Playing It Cool

My best acting work to date? It has to be yesterday, when I realized I was walking in the wrong direction, so I pretended to get a text message that changed everything and forced me to turn around and walk the other way.

—[@ORANGEPALUP](#)

Fitting In

My mom is in her 80s and didn't want to have a hearing test—until we went to the mall one day. She turned to me and said, "Oh, all these young people have hearing aids. Maybe it won't be so bad after all."

They were wireless earbuds.

—ANNETTE FERNANDEZ,
Toronto

Oral Hygiene

Dentist: When was the last time you flossed?

Me: As I recall, you were *there*.

—REDDIT.COM

Every time I drink milk, I remember my roommate who used to put powdered milk in his glass of milk so he could drink "more milk per milk."

—[@AEDISON](#)

Send us your original jokes! You could earn \$50 and be featured in the magazine. See page 7 or rd.ca/joke for details.



✓ BREAD
✓ APPLES
✓ BANANA
✓ MILK
✓ EGGS

THINGS TO DO
~~1) GET GROCERIES~~
~~2) MOW THE LAWN~~
~~3) PLANT FLOWERS~~
~~4) CLEANOUT STORAGE~~
~~5) FIX BIKE~~
~~6) CALL ACCOUNTANT~~
~~7) BUDGET~~

To Do or Not To Do

Why we procrastinate and how to stop

BY Christina Palassio

ILLUSTRATION BY CHELSEA CHARLES

TRACE MacKAY PUTS the pro in procrastination. As a pre-teen, she entered a speaking competition and only started writing her speech the night before. In veterinary school, she pulled all-nighters to cram for exams. Now 48 years old and living outside of Sauble Beach, Ont., she works part-time as a vet and part-time as a consultant. But she still procrastinates on everything from her taxes to work projects.

“I’ll do just about anything to procrastinate. I’ll play sudoku on my phone. I’ll strike up a conversation with somebody,” says MacKay. “Especially right now, working from home, I’ll do some laundry, or go in the garden to water or weed, or take longer reading the paper in the morning than I should—all just to delay starting my workday.”

MacKay has developed strategies to beat her procrastination. She sets

early deadlines at work and asks her accountant to book her a personal cut-off a month before taxes are due. But because her procrastination has never gotten her into hot water, MacKay says she's never been forced to address it. So she keeps delaying.

Even if you're not a serial procrastinator, chances are there are many times you've put off a must-do task in favour of doing another, more fun one. In its more harmless forms, procrastinating can lead us to let our yards get messier than we'd like, or delay a much-needed vacation. In its more pernicious forms, it can keep us from having important conversations with loved ones or delay addressing health issues. And it can take its toll on our self-confidence, health and happiness.

Luckily, there are easy and practical steps we can take to tame the procrastination beast and start living the lives we want to.



RECOGNIZE PROCRASTINATION

The biggest misconception we have about procrastination is that it's a time management problem. If we make more lists or get a time management app, the thinking goes, we'll solve all our problems. But such methods rarely work. That's because procrastination is all about emotional regulation: we procrastinate because we're hard-wired to choose feeling good in the moment over feeling good in the long term.

"Procrastination is as old as the human condition," says Tim Pychyl, head of the Procrastination Research Group at Carleton University. "Wanting to feel good now is basically a human need." Unfortunately, delaying the necessary often creates feelings of guilt and shame. The more we procrastinate, the more this cycle becomes entrenched and the worse we actually feel.

Pychyl suggests taking three steps to get your procrastination habits under control. First, learn how to tell the difference between procrastination and purposeful delay. Whereas procrastination is often irrational (you put off filing your taxes even though it will make you more stressed), purposeful delay tends to be rational (you complete an assignment the night before because the pressure helps you perform). Second, realize that when you're procrastinating, you're acting against your own self-interest. And lastly, learn to forgive yourself for messing up.



IDENTIFY THE FIRST STEP

The next time you're tempted to procrastinate, Pychyl says to ask yourself: "What's the next action I would take on this task if I were to get started on it now?" Have an important project at work you're not sure how to get started on? Set a meeting with your boss to clarify expectations. Want to finally tackle that home renovation project? Make a list of the tools and materials

you'll need to do the job. Setting a manageable and realistic first step shifts your attention from feelings of uncertainty or fear onto a low-stress, easily achievable action, and it also gives you a sense of agency. "Our research and lived experience show very clearly that once we get started, we're typically able to keep going," says Pychyl. "Getting started is everything."

Dr. Piers Steel is a professor of organizational dynamics and human resources at the University of Calgary who began studying procrastination because of his own struggles with it. "These are not exactly difficult lessons to learn," he says. "But we never got cc'd on the instruction manual for our own brains." Steel suggests that framing actions in terms of time can also be helpful: what can you do in the next 10 minutes, or before lunch?

For example, say you want to Marie Kondo your basement, but the thought of tackling your piles of stuff makes you want to slam the door shut and run in the other direction. Instead, try dividing your basement into sections that can be tackled in 30-minute increments. Set a goal to do one per day, and get started on the first one immediately.



USE YOUR POWER HOURS

Give yourself an even better chance of succeeding by setting cues and intentions for yourself, and learning how to maximize your power hours.

Setting cues and intentions is all about making it as easy as possible to follow through on a task or goal. Say you're struggling to establish an exercise routine in the mornings. Try setting your gym clothes out the night before and putting your shoes by the door. Keep forgetting or putting off doing breast self-exams? Set an intention to do one every time you're in the shower.

Making the most of your power hours, meanwhile, is all about scheduling tasks for the time (or times) of day when you're at your most productive and motivated. Want to train for a 10K run? Assess when you have the most energy to exercise. Need to pull together a family savings plan? Figure out when you and your partner have the most brain space for what could be a stressful conversation.

This approach has worked for MacKay, whose most productive hours tend to be right before lunch. Conversely, she's learned not to bank on her afternoons: "That's prime napping time," she says, laughing. "I know then I'll think, 'Oh, I have so much to do. I should probably go have a nap.'"

Pychyl stresses that conquering your procrastination isn't just about feeling better in the moment—it's about having more agency over your life. "Time is a non-renewable resource," he says. "We just don't know how much we're going to get of it. We need to stop playing around at the edges and get on with it." **R**



MY TINY TRIUMPHS

They might help you pass the time, too

BY Marni Jackson

ILLUSTRATION BY BELLE WUTHRICH

THE SOURDOUGH SPREE was fun for a while, but more than a year into the pandemic I find myself drawn to more modest tasks. Tiny triumphs that offer clear resolution. And I do mean tiny. For instance:

COBBLING. The other day, I retrieved a pair of vintage, rhinestone-trimmed stiletto mules from my closet. The soles had begun to peel away, so I glued them back on, clamping the heels in a vise to dry. It's not often you see rhinestones in a vise. Then I put the shoes back in the closet. As long as I know they're there, the history of parties is not over yet.

SORTING. I took about a hundred desert forks out of my cutlery drawer,

bagged them, stored them in the winter-hat bin, probably forever, and felt a glow of accomplishment.

TESTING BATTERIES. Yesterday I retrieved a quaint gizmo we own that measures the charge left in a battery. It's gratifying to see the little needle leap up into the green zone, meaning that the battery in question is still fresh and usable. It is not *dead*, in other words. Good news!

TAKING DOWN THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS. Yes. It's time.

WASHING THE CAR MATS. If the prospect of waiting in line for a car wash tires you, hosing down the car mats will give you some small peace of mind.

THROWING OUT SPICES. If you have a jar of ground coriander with no detectable taste or odour, this doesn't mean you have COVID and you can't smell; it means it's old and you should throw it out. This decision will give you 15 seconds of satisfaction before you find yourself staring at the many boxes of stale herbal teas you never drink.

DARNING. I don't knit, which is a popular pandemic activity, but I will darn. Moth holes in sweaters are depressing because they represent more proof (we now have lots) of an indifferent nature. Like viruses, moths also infiltrate and are difficult to banish. Darning is an uplifting investment in the future. It

suggests that you are looking forward to another 10 years of wear out of that sweater.

CLEARING YOUR INBOX. This is more than a tiny triumph. It's major house-cleaning. Clear your search history, too. It will only remind you of how often you googled "Celsius to Fahrenheit" when taking your temperature, or "Is frequent eye blinking a COVID symptom?"


CHANGING YOUR FILTERS. Have yourself a fun filter day: don't just scoop out the lint filter in your dryer, wash it with soap and water. And wash the horrible little filter in your vacuum cleaner. There is also a little-known gunky food filter in most dishwashers. Clean that, too. Then wash all your face masks and hang them up like clothing for mice.

ORGANIZING YOUR PHOTO ALBUMS. If you have more than eight photos of the dog wearing reindeer antlers at Christmas, throw out five. Then go watch TV.

THANKING A STRANGER. You probably know someone doing a good job under difficult circumstances and without much recognition. Maybe it's a courier who regularly comes to your door or a friend who works in health care or a woman who offers free dance classes online. Let them know you appreciate their work. A tiny gesture of gratitude will improve their day and yours, too. Remember, no task is too small. **R**



Thank you for being a friend: (from left) Martha Casson, Beverly Brown, Louise Bardswich and Sandy McCully.



EDITORS' CHOICE

The New Golden Girls

Fed up with traditional retirement living, today's seniors are joining forces to age in place

BY Luc Rinaldi

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIE VUONG

When

Louise Bardswich helped her mother move into a retirement residence in 2012, she realized she'd never want to live in one herself. The lifestyle—scheduled meals and activities, sharing space with strangers—didn't appeal to her, nor did the price tag. Depending on the extent of care she might need one day, a spot in a seniors' home could end up costing her between \$2,000 and \$6,000 a month on average, which would quickly eat up the money she'd saved working as a college administrator in Toronto and, later, as a management consultant in Port Perry, Ontario. "I thought of myself 20 years out, did the calculations and realized it wasn't in the cards," says Bardswich, who was widowed and in her early 60s at the time. "I was not going to be able to afford that."

She shared her worries with her friend and former colleague Martha Casson, who was in her 60s, divorced and living with her elderly mother. Together, they began researching alternatives to typical old-age living and found examples, both locally and internationally, of seniors moving in and aging together. It seemed cheaper and more independent than a retirement

home, and safer and more social than living alone. So, they asked themselves, why not give it a try? "The reality is that, in many cases, we're going to be living with someone else anyway," says Casson. "But if it's 100 other people in a retirement home, we're not picking those people or controlling our lives."

Soon after, the women shared their findings with Beverly Brown—a friend from Bardswich's curling club. She loved the idea and thought her friend Sandy McCully would, too. Brown, who was divorced, and McCully, who was widowed, were retired from nursing and wondering what to do with their empty, too-big suburban houses. Like Bardswich and Casson, they were among the 91 per cent of Ontario seniors who, according to a 2020 survey conducted for Home Care Ontario, wanted to age in their own home, not an institution. They also didn't want to burden their families, calling their children every time they needed the lawn mowed or driveway shovelled. As McCully puts it, "My two boys aren't into, quote, 'this caregiving thing.'"

By 2016, the women had decided to sell their homes, and each chip in \$275,000 to buy and renovate a two-storey, nearly 5,000-square-foot house in Port Perry. It felt like a good deal. The renovations included outfitting their new home with a wide porch and fresh vinyl siding. They were confident they'd get a return on their investment; the money they'd put into the house would

grow and be inherited, not wither away paying for assisted living.

Plus, the location was great: the house is close to grocery stores, and the lakeside town of 10,000 is about an hour's drive northeast of Toronto, with a picturesque Victorian-era downtown and plenty of retirees. The house even comes with a personal connection: Brown's great-great-grandfather had helped build it in 1855. The women planned to share the kitchen and living room, but each would have a private suite with a bedroom, sitting area and accessible bathroom.

what would happen if someone got a boyfriend (this would be okay, so long as everyone liked him and he helped around the house).

When they arrived in November 2016, the Golden Girls of Port Perry, as neighbours started calling them, were on their best behaviour. They held regular meetings, often with a glass of wine in hand, to discuss house matters (which of their cumulative 24 spatulas were they going to keep?) and disputes (who keeps leaving that dirty cup in the sink?). But as they turned from acquaintances to friends, things

“WE’RE GOING TO BE LIVING WITH SOMEONE ELSE WHEN WE’RE OLDER. BUT IN A RETIREMENT HOME, WE’RE NOT PICKING THOSE PEOPLE.”



Before they moved in, the four women drafted and signed a lengthy legal agreement to solidify the details of their co-living arrangement. They'd each pay \$1,700 a month to cover property taxes, home insurance, utilities, Internet, cable, maintenance, snow removal, weekly cleaning services and the cost of food and wine, both of which they share freely. The agreement also stipulated what would happen if one of them left the house (the other women could buy her out, or she could sell her share to an agreed-upon buyer). Later on, they also discussed

loosened up. They cooked and baked for one another, gardened together and entertained each other's kids and grandchildren. When U.S. President Joe Biden was inaugurated, they celebrated with champagne.

FOR YEARS, EXPERTS and watchdogs have warned about fatal flaws in long-term care: the system is confusing to navigate; elder abuse is alarmingly commonplace; and staff are often stretched thin and can face poor working conditions, leaving them unable to provide proper care. Canada's current stock of

just over 2,000 long-term care residences is also unprepared to meet the needs of an aging population. It's estimated that there will be 10.4 million seniors in Canada by 2037, 68 per cent more than in 2017. Without an influx of new long-term care beds, many of them will be stuck on years-long waitlists. Others simply won't be able to afford the necessary care.

The pandemic has exacerbated these problems. More than two-thirds of COVID-19 deaths in Canada have occurred in long-term care settings. Throughout 2020, baby boomers and

her own health deteriorates and she needs a caregiver herself?

"That's a hard, hard thing to think about," she told CBC News. "The question of taking my mother out wasn't a huge issue to resolve. The biggest issue was: can I manage it?"

The option of staying in your own home as you grow older has grown more attractive during the pandemic, but aging in place is easier said than done. Seniors often need familial or hired help maintaining their home and their health. At the same time, fewer than half of Canadians feel personally or financially

THERE WILL BE 10.4 MILLION SENIORS IN CANADA BY 2037, NEARLY 70 PER CENT MORE THAN IN 2017.

Gen Xers were also forced to decide whether or not to pull their parents out of care, where they were isolated in their rooms and at severe risk of dying from the virus. Winnipegger Lois Coleman Neufeld removed her 92-year-old mother, Joy, from a care home in the early days of the pandemic. Joy, who has dementia, thrived living with her daughter: she is no longer depressed due to isolation, and she walks more than she used to. But now Coleman Neufeld, who is on long-term disability pay, worries about how long she'll be able to look after her mother. What if

prepared to become caregivers, according to a report by Telus Health and the National Institute on Aging.

Co-living, the kind of arrangement espoused by the Golden Girls, is one potential solution—a way to age in place that depends on support from retired roommates, not far-flung relatives with full-time jobs and families of their own. Co-living is expected to become increasingly common in the coming decades. In fact, the Golden Girls of Port Perry appear on the cover of a co-ownership guide released by the Ontario provincial government in

2019 that provides practical tips on how to purchase property with others.

Across Canada, organizations are now springing up to help Canadians explore late-life housing options beyond “park here and wait for the end,” as Janet Torge, the founder of Radical Resthomes, puts it. Her Montreal-based group runs workshops on senior co-living and is currently developing a pilot project that will match lone seniors with multi-generational families, such as new immigrants or single parents, demographics that could benefit from each other’s support. Torge

dozens of users, many of them empty nesters in the Greater Toronto Area who are already retired or thinking of retirement, have profiles describing themselves and what they want. But instead of looking for love, they’re looking for housemates. Homeowners can advertise rooms for rent, while renters can browse homes they could move into. (A similar service, Happypad, pairs young people looking for affordable housing with seniors looking for companionship.)

Mazeau, a 74-year-old realtor who specializes in working with seniors,

CO-LIVING IS A WAY TO AGE IN PLACE THAT ALLOWS SENIORS TO DEPEND ON SUPPORT FROM ROOMMATES, NOT FAR-FLUNG RELATIVES.



has spoken to hundreds of current and soon-to-be seniors interested in co-living as a way to age in place. She expects baby boomers to challenge the retirement status quo.

“Boomers have a history of: when we don’t like something, we try to figure out another way to do it,” says Torge. “And we don’t take no for an answer.”

DOROTHY MAZEAU recognizes that not every senior has a group of friends they’re ready to move in with. Her business, Golden HomeSharing Connections, operates like a dating app: its

launched the service after helping countless clients try to downsize. They were often unimpressed with their options: tiny condos or expensive retirement facilities. “What dawned on me is that I was living the answer to this,” says Mazeau, who used to be an architect. “I have been sharing homes with people for more than 20 years. I knew it was a viable lifestyle.”

Mazeau grew up surrounded by co-living: two houses on her street were shared by groups of aging siblings; her family took in a Ugandan exchange student when she was in high school; and

she lived with roommates both during university and after graduation. When she got married, family friends often stayed over for extended periods. After she got divorced, she and her son lived in four different shared households together, most with other children. “My son was spared the fate of being a spoiled only child,” she says. “The overall experience made him a tolerant and socially well-adjusted adult.”

After her son moved out, Mazeau continued living with another woman and her elderly mother in Caledon, Ontario, helping with household chores

NO MATTER THE benefits of co-living, sharing a kitchen and living room isn't for everyone. For those seeking a little more privacy there's co-housing—groups of individual households that share common spaces. At WindSong, a co-housing community in Langley, B.C., residents have their own townhomes but share a colourful common corridor under a greenhouse-like glass roof. At Cohabitat in Quebec City, 42 units look out onto a grassy courtyard and playground. Similar developments are in the works in Calgary, Edmonton and Hamilton.

“IF I TOOK A TUMBLE, I WOULDN'T BE LYING ON THE FLOOR FOR DAYS WAITING FOR MY KIDS TO WONDER WHY THEY HADN'T HEARD FROM ME.”

and eventually caregiving for her eldest roommate. She once accompanied the mother to a 60-year nursing-school reunion, where people assumed she was a personal-service worker or volunteer. “No,” she told them. “Actually, we're friends.”

With both Mazeau and her daughter around, the woman was able to stay in her home until two weeks before she died. Seven years later, in January 2019, Mazeau moved out—into another shared household, of course—but she and the daughter still regularly get together to catch up.

Terra Firma, one of Canada's oldest co-housing communities, consists of 11 households on a single block in Ottawa (most are adjoined row houses, with a few other houses across the street or a couple doors down). Terra Firma members—who range from toddlers to octogenarians—own their homes outright and pay monthly fees for common activities and elements, like a sprawling shared backyard behind the connected row houses where they host Canada Day brunches and haunted Halloween walks. Prior to the pandemic, there was almost always



Terra Firma founding member Steve Fick, with his daughter, Lilia, and wife, Signy

Tips for Aging Together

Aging in place is easier with others. Here's how to make it work.

1. Find the right people

Before you co-buy a house or rent a room, figure out how you live and what you want from a housemate. Consider your attitude toward cleanliness, pets, smoking, guests and other aspects of daily life. Meet potential housemates multiple times, first virtually and then in person, to communicate your expectations and see if you get along.

2. Find the right property

Location is paramount. Are your needs—public transit, your doctor, a grocery store—nearby? In the ideal shared home, each resident has their own private bedroom (and bathroom, if possible) while sharing common areas like the kitchen and living room.

3. Find the right groove

Before you move in, lay out house rules and everyone's financial obligations in a legal agreement. This document should also stipulate how someone can leave, or be removed from, the house. When conflicts arise, deal with them quickly and kindly so they don't fester or build resentment.

a communal yoga session, art class or games night to look forward to.

When founding member Steve Fick helped establish Terra Firma a quarter-century ago, he was craving a community of neighbours who shared their lives and looked out for one another. "It's the way human beings used to live," he says. "I think in our DNA we need it, but we don't know we need it."

He also knew Terra Firma would be a great place to grow old. At 70, Fick and Terra Firma's other founding members, all of whom still live in the community, are now reaping the benefits of creating a community where members care for one another by design. "During the pandemic, the younger people, including my kids, have stepped up to buy and deliver food to older people who were in isolation," says Fick, whose two adult daughters are members of Terra Firma. "If anybody asks for help, they often get multiple offers."

Terra Firma's members have discussed the idea of sharing the cost of a communal support worker when the need arises. So far, they've managed to take care of their own. When a senior in the community developed tuberculosis, members rallied around her. They found a house on their street in which she could isolate, furnished it, brought her meals and checked in on her regularly during her time in quarantine. "I've seen many times when someone was in crisis and the community took care of them," says Fick. "It made me realize that this


is exactly what they would do for me, too. That is a huge sense of comfort.”

AFTER FIVE YEARS of living together, the Golden Girls of Port Perry—all but one of them now in their 70s—are still healthy. But they’ve already planned for a time when they won’t be. When they renovated their house, they installed an elevator, a wheelchair-accessible entrance and a guest suite for a live-in caretaker. “We don’t know what our lives are going to look like five years down the road,” says Brown. “It’s nice to know that there are other people around. If I took a tumble down the stairs, I wouldn’t be lying on the floor for three days waiting for my kids to figure out that they hadn’t heard from Mom.”

For all their planning, though, the Golden Girls never predicted living through a pandemic. “We’ve had to talk long and hard about what to do within our household with regard to social distancing and who would be in our bubbles,” says Bardswich. “It’s taken

some good, and sometimes difficult, conversations to sort that out and make sure everybody’s needs are being met.”

With large family gatherings out of the question, the women needed to agree on which family members they could continue to see (a grandchild with special needs, for example) in a way that didn’t put the whole household at risk. If one of them were to get the virus, they concluded, they could isolate in their bedrooms. As with most things, the Golden Girls have approached the pandemic with a sense of humour. “We joke about sliding pancakes under the door,” says Bardswich. “We’re bored out of our minds just like everybody else, but at least we have company.”

Beyond the companionship, Bardswich says the biggest benefit of her unique living situation is retaining control of her own aging. “It’s about protecting my family so they don’t feel guilty and say, ‘God, nobody’s visited Mom at the old-age home in a while,’” she says. “They don’t need to worry about me.” 



Slice of Life

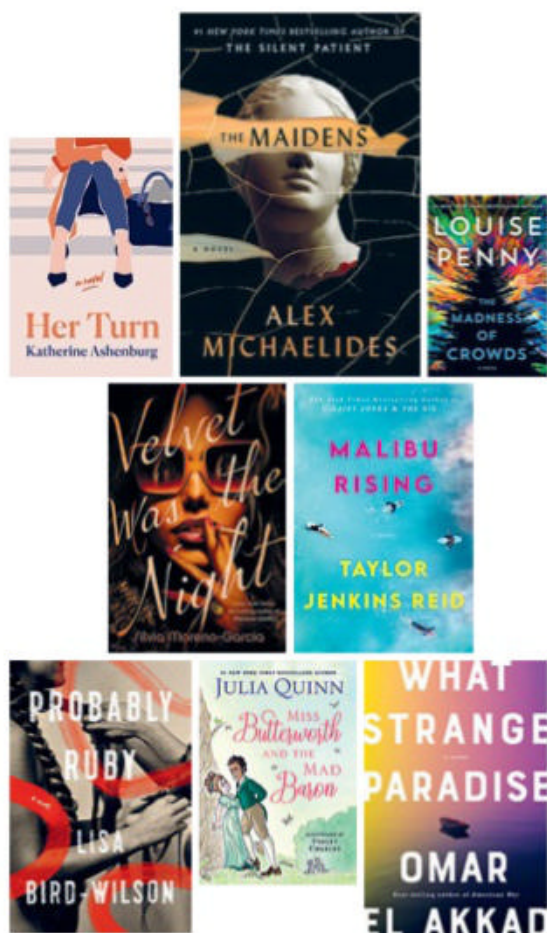
What can cake teach you about life? That practice makes perfect. If you try something once it probably won’t be perfect. You have to keep working on it if you want to be good at it.

NICOLE BYER

**Where there is cake, there is hope.
And there is always cake.**

DEAN KOONTZ

READER'S DIGEST
BOOK CLUB



*Cool reads for hot days:
this summer's best new
page-turners*

BY Emily Landau

MALIBU RISING

by Taylor Jenkins Reid

Whether it's the golden age of film (*The Seven Husbands of Evelyn Hugo*) or the boho '70s music scene (*Daisy Jones and the Six*), Reid mythologizes the recent past with a gauzy glow. This novel, set in the shoulder-pad 1980s, tracks the 24 hours before, during and after an epic star- and cocaine-dusted party in the Malibu Hills and how it upends the lives of four siblings—a supermodel, a surfer, a photographer and their coddled baby sister. **\$25.**

THE MAIDENS

by Alex Michaelides

Michaelides follows his blockbuster debut thriller, *The Silent Patient*, with this novel about a magnetic classics professor at Cambridge University who may or may not be systematically murdering his female students. Meanwhile, a nosy psychotherapist becomes so fixated on proving the hunky professor's guilt that her own sanity soon comes into question. **\$25.**

WHAT STRANGE PARADISE

by Omar El Akkad

In this update of Peter Pan, the lost boy is the sole survivor of a sunken ship who washes up on an island of refugees. The magic of the story is in the moving partnership between the nine-year-old Syrian and a disaffected teenage girl who becomes his guide as they weave through abandoned junkyards

and dodge the sinister colonel tasked with rounding them up. **\$30.**

HER TURN

by Katherine Ashenburg

Ashenburg sets this novel in the pre-Trump era—a time when the world was all but certain there would soon be a female president. Taking a page from the cozy, fast-talking dramedies of Nora Ephron, it's about a D.C. advice columnist tasked with advising her ex-husband's new wife, and the surprising camaraderie that forms between the two. **\$23.**

VELVET WAS THE NIGHT

by Silvia Moreno-Garcia

Mexico City is the setting for Moreno-Garcia's muggy, glamorous noir about a 1970s secretary who finds more than she bargained for when she searches for a missing neighbour. In her adventures, she encounters hit men, spies and a handsome criminal watching her from a distance. **\$37.**

MISS BUTTERWORTH AND THE MAD BARON

by Julia Quinn

If you're still burning for the sensuous spoon-lickings of the Duke of Hastings, the latest from the author of the *Bridgerton* series will quell your Regency romance cravings. The book is a satirical Gothic thriller about the demure Miss Butterworth, who survives a smallpox outbreak and a cruel aunt

before she falls in love with a brooding aristocrat. It's also the novel-within-a-novel that several *Bridgerton* characters read throughout the series. **\$25.**


PROBABLY RUBY

by Lisa Bird-Wilson

Bird-Wilson, a Métis and writer, is a survivor of the Sixties Scoop—the Canadian government removed her and thousands of other Indigenous children from their birth families. She probes her own experience in her poignant debut novel about an Indigenous girl who's given up for adoption as a baby, shuffled through the foster system and finally selected by a white couple. As a young woman, Ruby embarks on a search for her roots, unlocking a trove of stories about the vast and textured Indigenous experience. **\$30.**

THE MADNESS OF CROWDS

by Louise Penny

The cultishly popular mystery novelist made headlines when it was announced that she'd be collaborating with Hillary Clinton on a new novel set amid the intrigue of the American State Department, to be released in October. Until then, Penny is tiding over her fans with the 17th (!) instalment of her beloved Chief Inspector Armand Gamache mystery series, in which the *Sûreté du Québec* detective must face off against a dangerous—and dangerously popular—professor. **\$37.** 



This summer's can't-miss streaming service debuts

BY Robert Liwanag



SCHMIGADOON!

Apple TV Plus

In the mood for the bygone musicals of Lerner and Loewe? In this quirky series, Cecily Strong and Keegan-Michael Key play a backpacking couple who stumble upon a town where everyone behaves like they're in a 1940s musical. Supporting players in this tribute to the golden age of Broadway include Kristin Chenoweth, Alan Cumming and Fred Armisen.

PHYSICAL

Apple TV Plus

What's a repressed housewife in 1980s San Diego to do when her politician hubby makes a bid for the state assembly and she's beset by personal demons? Find her release in the world of aerobics, of course. In this dark comedy, the always-spectacular Rose Byrne stars as Sheila Rubin, who, under the spell of the popular new fitness craze, launches her own aerobics business and becomes the decade's unlikeliest lifestyle guru.

MR. CORMAN

Apple TV Plus

Joseph Gordon-Levitt really can do it all. Starring in his own show for the first time since his turn in the long-running NBC sitcom *3rd Rock From the Sun*, Gordon-Levitt writes, directs, produces and stars in this half-hour dramedy about a public-school teacher in the San Fernando Valley who must come to grips with being a full-fledged adult.

(SCHMIGADOON!) COURTESY OF APPLE TV PLUS



LOKI

Disney Plus

In this latest Marvel series, set after the apocalyptic events of 2019's *Avengers: Endgame*, Loki (Tom Hiddleston), a.k.a. the God of Mischief, gets captured by the Time Variance Authority, which has the thankless responsibility of monitoring our universe's various timelines. Owen Wilson, as mustachioed bureaucrat Mobius M. Mobius, plays Loki's handler.

LISEY'S STORY

Apple TV Plus

This supernatural love story from horror icon Stephen King stars Julianne Moore as Lisey Landon, a widow who must adjust to life after the death of her wildly popular novelist husband (Clive Owen). A series of unsettling events (think: ghostly voices, a relentless stalker and mysterious dream worlds) forces Lisey to face painful memories from her marriage and her family's past.

INVENTING ANNA

Netflix Canada

This series has all the hallmarks of a Shonda Rhimes production: a strong female lead, high-pressure situations and intense monologues. Julia Garner plays Anna Sorokin, a Russian-born con artist who swindled New York City's elite out of more than \$200,000 by posing as a wealthy German heiress. The real Sorokin was released from jail in February, just in time to see how Rhimes retells her high-profile undoing.

HALSTON

Netflix Canada

Ewan McGregor stars as Roy Halston Frowick, whose 1970s fashion was synonymous with disco and Studio 54, plus famous clientele (Liza Minnelli and Bianca Jagger, among others). A series of financial mistakes cost him his empire.



THE MYSTERIOUS BENEDICT SOCIETY

Disney Plus

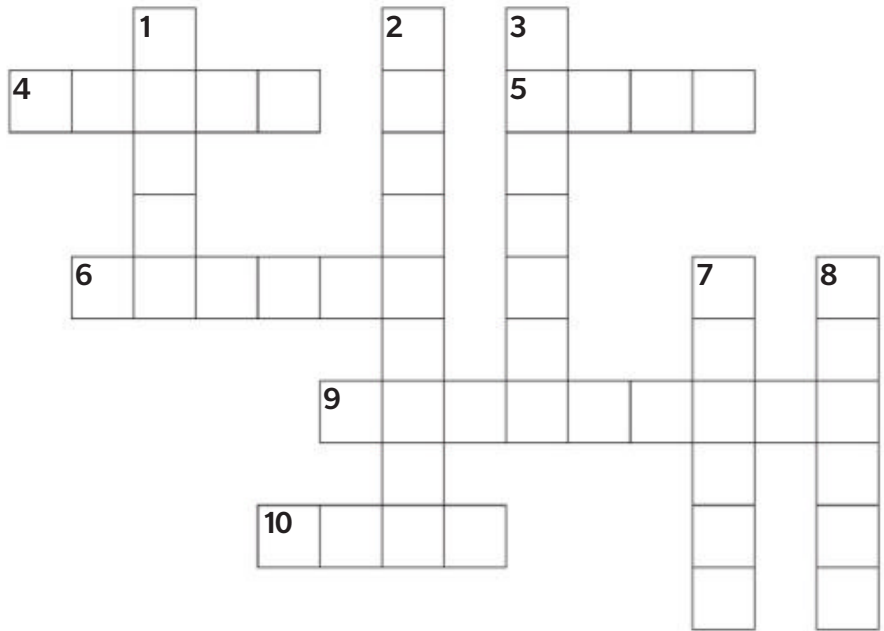
Four exceptional orphans are summoned by an eccentric benefactor known as Mr. Benedict (Tony Hale of *Veep*). Their mission: stop his twin brother, who's hell-bent on world domination. Based on the bestselling children's books by Trenton Lee Stewart, this whimsical series is perfect feel-good family viewing. **R**

BRAINTEASERS

Quick Crossword

Easy Don't play with fireworks! But do fill up the sky—er, grid—with these pyrotechnic effects.

- COMET
- STROBE
- RING
- WILLOW
- PEONY
- BROCADE
- PALM
- WATERFALL
- DIADEM
- HORSETAIL



35, 15, 5

68, 48, 32, 6

79, 63, 18, 8

87 ...

Expand and Conquer

Difficult Each of these sequences follows the same rule, and each one continues until it resolves to a number under 10, at which point it naturally comes to a stop. How should the sequence starting with 87 continue?

(QUICK CROSSWORD) EMILY GOODMAN; (EXPAND AND CONQUER) DARREN RIGBY

Hidden Hues

Easy The names of six different colours are hidden between consecutive words in the silly story below. Can you find them all? Example: **Much art reuses** themes and motifs from previous eras. (chartreuse)

Sure, it's fancy and all, but my brother's car lets out a strange noise when you start it. I find I go too hard on him sometimes, but he did waste a lot of money customizing the exterior, only to leave the generic rims on it and forgo all routine maintenance.



Double Trouble

Medium Rephrase each item below as a pair of rhyming words. **Hint:** Each item's number is also the number of syllables in each word in the answer.

1. A child detective
2. A hypothesis that gives you the creeps
3. A building with open sides in Rio
4. An established expert on sisterhood
5. A refusal to accept the restoration of vigor

Allergy Season

Medium Five friends (Allegra, Ben, Clara, Flora and Zach) are each allergic to something different: pollen, shellfish, bee stings, cats or nuts. From the following clues, can you figure out who is allergic to what?

- Allegra has a food allergy.
- Ben can play with his kitten for hours without issue (or medicine).
- Clara's allergy is not related to animals.
- Flora has seasonal allergies.



For answers, turn to PAGE 111



BY Samantha Rideout

1. What American politician wrote the books *Smart on Crime*, *Superheroes Are Everywhere* and *The Truths We Hold*?

2. What type of wine was sent to the International Space Station for a year, to see how it would age?

3. George Bridgetower was a virtuosic British violinist of African descent. What composer dedicated his Violin Sonata No. 9 to him?

4. What Canadian folk artist lived in a house that measured roughly 4.1 by 3.8 metres?

5. Vikings might have helped which animals spread across the globe, by bringing them on ships to control rodents?

6. Approximately three quarters of the world's smartphones run on which operating system?

7. In which of the following countries would you not find a pyramid that's more than 2,000 years old: Sudan, Mexico, Madagascar or Italy?

8. Tremors, loss of smell and stiffness are symptoms of what condition affecting the production of dopamine in the brain?

9. In the winter of 2021, what genre of traditional folk music was trending on the youthful social-media platform TikTok?

10. An estimated 18 to 35 per cent of humans experience photic sneezing, which is what?

11. What hit Chinese drama was streamed over 15 billion times before the Chinese government censored it?

12. Before there was an Internet, a Soviet mathematician proposed a nationwide network of civilian computers. True or false?

13. What mythical beast is the national animal of Scotland?

14. Which country's national broadcaster popularized the concept of "slow TV" when it aired an eight-hour recording of a train journey?



15. There are now over 30 Godzilla movies. In which decade was the original released?

Answers: 1. Kamala Harris. 2. Red wine (Bordeaux). 3. Ludwig van Beethoven. 4. Maud Lewis. 5. Cats. 6. Android. 7. Madagascar. 8. Parkinson's disease. 9. Sea shanties. 10. Sneezing in response to bright light. 11. *Story of Yanxi Palace*. 12. True, but the proposal was rejected. 13. The unicorn. 14. Norway. 15. The 1950s.

WORD POWER

Babies can start building their vocabularies at eight months old. How many of these terms are in yours?

BY Rob Lutes

1. echolalia—A: jerky hand movements in infants. **B:** repetition of speech by a child learning to talk. **C:** infant's joyful response to music.

2. bantling—A: young child. **B:** one-piece sleeping garment. **C:** baby bed with side rails.

3. lanugo—A: baby safety gate. **B:** bond between mother and infant. **C:** downy hair on a fetus or newborn.

4. colic—A: infant's fear of abandonment. **B:** intense and frequent crying in an infant. **C:** cereal for babies.

5. Apgar score—measure of: **A:** infant intellect.

B: physical condition of a newborn. **C:** health of mother after birth.

6. sip and see—A: party where parents show friends their newborn. **B:** pregnancy test that is ingested. **C:** parental toast at birth.

7. fontanelle—A: dimple in cheek. **B:** sippy cup. **C:** space between bones in an infant's skull.

8. babymoon—A: vacation taken by a couple before the birth of a child. **B:** eve of newborn's birth. **C:** newborn's buttocks.

9. helicopter parent—parent who is: **A:** distant. **B:** dangerous. **C:** over-protective.

10. object permanence—A: understanding that objects exist when out of sight. **B:** toddler's refusal to share. **C:** infant ability to keep muscles still.

11. vernix—A: fetal position. **B:** section of umbilical cord attached to baby after birth. **C:** waxy substance covering a newborn's skin.

12. postpartum—A: following childbirth. **B:** relating to social-media images of newborn. **C:** describing the birth of twins.

13. motherese—A: mother's euphoria after delivery. **B:** simplified speech used for babies. **C:** maternal instinct.

14. au pair—A: person who helps with child care in exchange for room and board. **B:** stroller that holds two babies. **C:** swaddling blanket.

15. neonatal—of or relating to: **A:** newborn children. **B:** parenting. **C:** one's birthplace.

WORD POWER ANSWERS

1. echolalia—B: repetition of speech by a child learning to talk, as, Liz noticed baby Pia's *echolalia* when she started repeating everything her big brother said.

2. bantling—A: young child, as, The family reunion had a youthful spirit, with many *bantlings* running about.

3. lanugo—C: downy hair on a fetus or newborn, as, Dark, soft *lanugo* covered the baby.

4. colic—B: intense and frequent crying in an infant, as, Suffering from *colic*, the baby rarely slept for more than an hour.

5. Apgar score—B: measure of the physical condition of a newborn, as, Bev was relieved to receive her daughter's perfect *Apgar score* of 10.

6. sip and see—A: party where parents show friends their newborn, as,

Mary hosted a *sip and see* to introduce the baby to her old schoolmates.

7. fontanelle—C: space between bones in an infant's skull, as, Bharath felt a *fontanelle* near the crown of his daughter's head.

8. babymoon—A: vacation taken by a couple before the birth of a child, as, They spent their *babymoon* walking the beach and contemplating parenthood.

9. helicopter parent—C: parent who is overprotective, as, Grammy Jane watched the *helicopter parents* chase their kids around the room.

10. object permanence—A: understanding that objects exist when out of sight, as, Having developed *object permanence*, baby Zara knew her toy was behind Daddy's back.

11. vernix—C: waxy substance covering a newborn's skin, as, Akari gently wiped the *vernix* off her baby.

12. postpartum—A: following childbirth, as, Helena was impressed with the birthing centre's *postpartum care*.

13. motherese—B: simplified speech used for babies, as, Nana soothed the infant with *motherese*.

14. au pair—A: person who helps with child care in exchange for room and board, as, Fiona loved exploring Paris while working as an *au pair*.

15. neonatal—A: of or relating to newborn children, as, Born premature, Khalib spent six weeks in the *neonatal* intensive care unit.

CROSSWORD ANSWERS

FROM PAGE 112

B	E	L		A	S	T	R	I	D	
U	M	A		Q	U	E	E	N	I	E
L	I	V	E	U	P	D	A	T	E	S
B	R	A	V	A			P	U	T	S
				E	R	I	C		R	E
B	O	N	N	I	E	H	E	N	R	Y
A	V	A		A	D	A	M			
N	U	T	T			N	U	R	S	E
F	L	U	E	V	O	G	S	H	O	E
F	E	R	T	I	L	E		E	L	L
	S	E	E	M	E	D		A	D	S

BRAINTEASERS ANSWERS

FROM PAGE 106

Quick Crossword

Across: 4. Peony 5. Ring
6. Strobe 9. Waterfall
10. Palm.

Down: 1. Comet
2. Horsetail 3. Brocade
7. Diadem 8. Willow

Expand and Conquer

87, 56, 30, 0. Multiply the digits in a number to get the next number.

Hidden Hues

cyan (**fancy and**), scarlet (**brother's car lets**), indigo (**find I go**), teal (**waste a lot**), crimson (**generic rims on**), tan (**it and**)

Double Trouble

Youth sleuth, eerie theory, Brazilian pavilion, sorority authority, rejuvenation repudiation

Allergy Season

Allegra is allergic to shellfish, Ben to bee stings, Clara to nuts, Flora to pollen, and Zach to cats.



BY Jeff Widderich

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

To Solve This Puzzle

Put a number from 1 to 9 in each empty square so that:

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

SOLUTION

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



Be Kind, Be Calm and Be Safe

BY Derek Bowman

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8	9	
10				11						12
13			14							
15							16			
			17		18	19		20		
21	22	23					24			
25				26						
27			28			29		30	31	32
33				34	35					
36									37	
	38								39	

ACROSS

- 1 *The Fresh Prince of ___-Air*
- 4 Lindgren who wrote the Pippi Longstocking books
- 10 *Be Cool* star Thurman
- 11 Monarch, informally
- 13 News alerts
- 15 Cheer for a woman of excellence
- 16 Plunks (down)
- 17 Guitarist Clapton

- 20 Irish actor Stephen of *V for Vendetta*
- 21 Iconic B.C. health official
- 25 Director DuVernay
- 26 Olympic kayaker and MP van Koeverden
- 27 War Child Canada founder Samantha
- 29 Front-line health worker
- 33 Footwear honouring 21-Across that has the words

“Be kind, be calm and be safe” imprinted on it

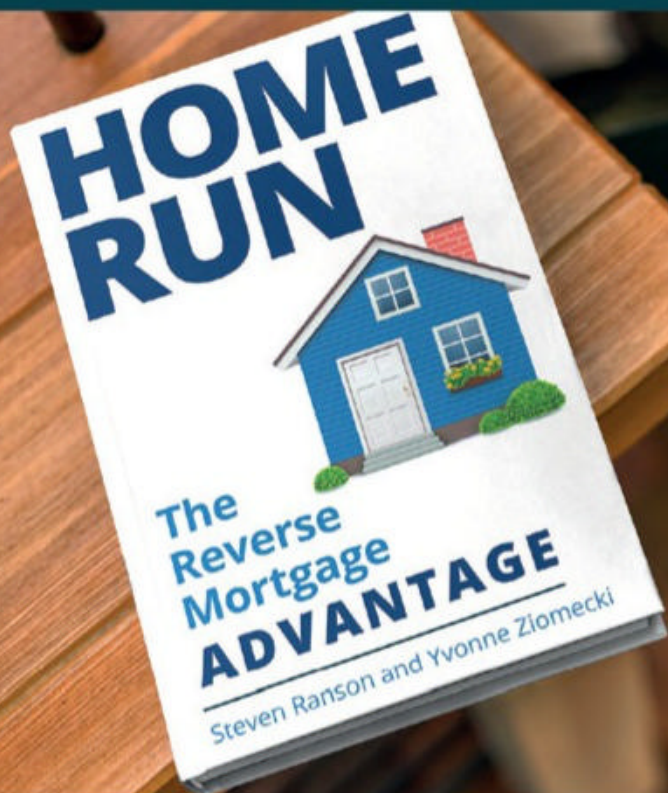
- 36 Good for growing, as soil
- 37 Extension of a building
- 38 “Good times never ___ so good” (Neil Diamond lyric)
- 39 Spots on TV, e.g.

DOWN

- 1 Future tulip or daffodil
- 2 Doha dignitary
- 3 Volcanic flow
- 4 Fish tanks
- 5 Have an evening meal
- 6 ___ Talks (lecture series)
- 7 Bring in the harvest
- 8 By order of succession
- 9 Calorie-counting person
- 12 Position paper, e.g.
- 14 Smooth (out)
- 18 Roadside bomb, for short
- 19 Made a switch
- 21 National park in Alberta
- 22 Plant parts that develop into seeds
- 23 *The ___ of Things* (Suzuki show)
- 24 Flightless Australian flock
- 28 Body part in “Alouette”
- 30 Bird related to 24-Down
- 31 Auctioned off
- 32 Snake-like fish at sushi restaurants
- 34 Enthusiasm
- 35 World Cup cry

For answers, turn to PAGE 110

Times Have Changed When it Comes to Retirement in Canada - *and so should your approach.*



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Kurt Browning,
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”



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