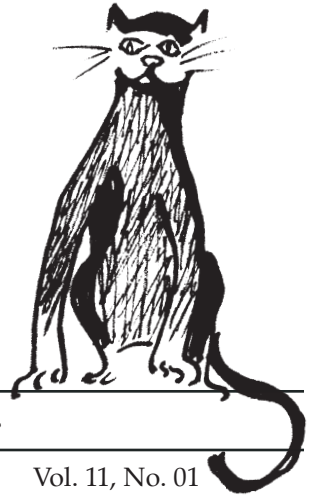


# Le Chat



An award-winning Kendal at Home member publication

Vol. 11, No. 01

## Welcome!

Welcome to the revival of Le Chat, our KAH member newsletter. The publication, which has been dormant since the retirement of its very talented initial staff, Deborah and Evan Golder, apparently has been missed by many of you. Its purpose will remain the same – to present articles for and about you, our members. In order to make the revival a success, we will need your help - let us know of any hobbies, talents or experiences you would like to share with the rest of us. After all, we know our members are leading interesting and useful lives, but without your input, we can't exist. Please direct your suggestions and ideas to Monica Martines, editor. I can be reached by phone at 216-921-7069 or email at: [monicamartines7069@gmail.com](mailto:monicamartines7069@gmail.com). I look forward to hearing from you.

## Yoga, Anyone?

By Monica Martines

Although KAH members Judy and Pete Richards have lived in the Heights area of Cleveland almost all their adult lives, they have never lost their love of the outdoors they learned while growing up, Judy in Southern Ohio, and Pete in West Virginia. “We have always been interested in physical activities such as hiking, swimming, fly fishing, birding and running,” explains Pete.

“Yet, we knew we would be making adjustments in our lifestyle as we got older,” adds Judy.

However, they are still members of the same gym they joined in the early 90s; they still exercise and swim, and

they go hiking and fly fishing every year. So, what's different?

“Learn what is working for you and how to move through the changes in your body without just giving up your physical activities,” suggest the couple.

Yoga has become a “passion to keep them flexible” says Judy. They practice yoga with instructor Erica Steinweg, an experienced teacher who works with clients of all ages. They practice yoga with her three times a week, twice in a studio and once in their home. She has tailored a program to accommodate their needs, as well as giving them a few tools, such as chairs and blanket bolsters to make some positions more doable. “However, make no mistake,” she stresses, “they are doing some pretty strenuous yoga.” (The author, having watched a session, heartily agrees.)

They don't have a yoga room in their home, but Pete quickly transforms their elegant living room in Moreland

Courts into an ad hoc studio by adeptly moving a rug and two arm chairs before laying down yoga mats and blankets.

They also have a couple of yoga chairs they bring into the room.

Erica's advice to them on hiking and climbing is to rest with every step even as you keep going. “Think about productive and non-productive moves.”

Judy adds, “Have fun and maintain a joyful attitude during your later years.” What better advice than that?

Kendal at Home will let Judy and Pete to stay in their beloved home, and with an eye to the future, they have remodeled both their striking kitchen and bathroom to allow wheelchair access if necessary.



# Meet Our Staff –

*Our members have requested information on KAH staff members. This article is the first in a series.*

## Lynne Giacobbe, Director

Lynne has been a determined leader of KAH since its beginning in 2003. Perhaps because she spent the first half of her career advocating and dealing with victims of violence she is able to work through difficult situations without giving up or giving in.

She began her career in victim services in the early 1970s in the Center for Peace Studies at Kent State University, following the killing of four students by Ohio National guard troops during a campus protest of the Vietnam War. The center, the first of its kind in the area, was started to help families dealing with the aftermath of violence, whether it occurred within the family unit or in the community.

After marrying her husband, Tony, the couple moved to Texas, and later to New York City, where she continued working with trauma victims, including many who survived the bombing of the Twin Towers.

They returned to their home state of Ohio in the early 2000s, and Lynne decided to make a career change. “It

was a major transition for our whole family coming back to Ohio after so many years in New York City, and I felt I needed to try something different,” she explains.

By joining the brand new KAH program, she said she liked having the “opportunity to be involved in innovative new programs, and I thought I would do it for a couple of years.” That was 16 years ago.

It was a new job that offered new challenges as well. “It wasn’t easy,” says Lynne. “Our at home program was a new concept, and the established continuing care communities, including those operated by the Kendal parent company, looked at us as competition. Some still do.”

However, she says many ‘competitors’ have come to understand that people who join KAH may never plan to join a continuing care community. “When

they join our organization, they generally are younger and are not looking for socialization but for the ability to be independent and stay in their own homes while being able to rely on getting coordinated services almost instantly when necessary.”

In addition to her devotion to KAH, Lynne is a devoted wife and mom of two daughters and son. The whole family is pictured here on the occasion



of the wedding of her daughter, Anne Marie, during the Thanksgiving holiday.

## KAH Expansion Update

As most of us know, Kendal at Home (KAH) began as an initiative of Kendal at Oberlin. The KAH mission is to serve people like us who want to access care services while remaining in own homes.



At the time Director Lynn Giacobbe began the program in 2003, the comprehensive home care we enjoy was quite a new concept. People who wanted to stay home when needing care were obliged to hire and coordinate all their needed services often without the benefit of having providers evaluated. KAH members can access all carefully vetted services with one phone call to our care coordinators.

The Kendal model has been extremely successful, and in recent years, KAH has expanded into the Columbus and Cincinnati metropolitan areas, as well as Kendal at Granville. In addition to spreading costs of KAH services across a larger client base, the expansion introduces a valuable program for seniors to other communities. The latest move has been into Massachusetts where KAH formed a partnership with the Lathrop Communities and already has enrolled new members.



# Collections: Time to let go?

By Julia Brandow

## Making the Decision

Our collections reflect our interests, travels, lives and loves. They can be beautiful, bring back the sweetest memories, and even have monetary value.

As much as we love them, though, collections can become problematic. It may be time to consider letting one or more go. Downsizing to a smaller residence, a change in personal interests or tastes, or a decline in physical or cognitive abilities may motivate you to pass a collection along. Perhaps you inherited a collection which never appealed to you but which you kept out of love and respect to the person who gave it to you. Converting a coin or stamp collection you don't wish to pursue into cash may actually be a good idea.

A collection, especially of many objects, can become a burden – both physical and mental – instead of a joy. Recognizing your benign neglect of a



collection packed carefully into boxes, stored in a closet or in the basement, may be the nudge you need to clean out items no longer needed or wanted. Your actions now also may be a great favor to your loved ones, or executor, when it is time to settle your estate.

You may want to select one or two items from a collection to keep before you pass the rest of it along. Another option is creating a memory book to document your departing collection. A memory book may be as simple or elaborate as you wish. Take photographs of the collection

displayed in your home, as individual pieces, and/or arranged in groups. You can do this yourself or recruit a knowledgeable relative (grandchild) or friend. Save the pictures in a computer file, a photo album, or a scrapbook. Add information about your collectibles, their provenance, and special memories associated with each. Albums, scrapbooks, and archival papers are available at craft stores like Michaels or Hobby Lobby. Scrapbooks start at 6"x6" and go up to 12"x12"; usually you can add or subtract pages as needed. Digital photographs lend themselves to digital scrapbooks; see internet sites such as Shutterfly and Walmart.

Julia displays a few pieces from her 19th and early 20th century pottery collection.



# Cruising in the USA

By Norma Maraschin

I have been an avid cruiser all my life. I am single and have found cruises an ideal way for a single woman to travel. I have been blessed with the opportunity to travel all over the world on cruise ships, but I am not writing about ocean cruises this time. Last year, I realized I no longer tolerate long international flights very well, so I needed to find vacations I could do without a long flight. In August of last year, I experimented with a two-week cruise through the Great Lakes.

We started by flying to Toronto and spending two days there on our own. The first evening included a meet and greet with the other 22 people on the tour. Toronto is a beautiful city and very easy to explore on your own. I have learned through my other travels that the Hop On, Hop Off bus is a

wonderful way to get to know a new place and is very cost effective.

We boarded our small (200 passengers) ship, the MS Victory 1, in Lake Ontario. There were excursions included at all the stops we made. Briefly, our itinerary took us from Toronto through the Welland Canal to Lake Erie, where we stopped at Niagara Falls (the Falls, a winery), Cleveland (Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, Wade Chapel), and Detroit (Henry Ford Museum). In Lake Huron, we visited Little Current, Manitoulin Island (Ojibwe powwow and smudging ceremony) and Saulte Ste. Marie (the locks). Our "visit" to Lake Superior consisted of going through the locks at Saulte Ste. Marie into Lake Superior, sailing for about 15 minutes, turning around and going

back through the locks. We then cruised into Lake Michigan where we stopped at Mackinac Island (carriage ride) and Sturgeon Bay. We ended the voyage with two days in Chicago.

One of the most common observations made by my fellow passengers, all of whom were very well traveled, was how much there is to see in the United States. Most of us had not done many of the "tourist" things even in our home states. The trip was eye-opening, educational, and, most of all, lots of fun!

Norma is a KAH member located in the Cincinnati area. She urges all Southern Ohio members with a story to tell to contact her at [norma5585@twc.com](mailto:norma5585@twc.com).

# Car Computer Daze

By Monica Martines

I thought it would be fun to have Lark and Santo, my two nine-year-old grandchildren, at our house for a day just before Christmas. They love to play together, and my plan was to use up some of their energy at Skyzone, a trampoline jumping center, and then come back to our house to bake and decorate holiday cookies.

As it happens, no amount of exercise was going to calm this pair, both on the edge of hysteria awaiting Santa's arrival. Cookie baking was just this side of disaster, with flour everywhere, not to mention fighting over whose cookies looked best, whose turn it was with the red icing, and you get the picture. The subsequent sugar high didn't help a bit.

All of these hijinks could have been dealt with if they were not combined with a grandfather who had just that morning driven home his new car without a clue as to how the computer inside it worked. The woman at the dealership who was supposed to give him a detailed lesson on its operation had decided to take the day off. Papa arrived home with a what seemed to be a four-inch thick manual of instructions and a decidedly dazed countenance.

After dinner out, I suggested brightly, "Let's go downtown and see the Christmas lights." Frank looked at me warily and asked, "You want to go downtown now?"

"Yes, yes," they chorused from the back seat, "Let's go see the lights."

Now if I had a brain in my head, I immediately would have seen this idea as what it was – nuts. But still filled with Christmas spirit, I convinced Frank to press on. Now, with a good 20 minutes of driving ahead, the two children began to explore the back seat of his new car.

"Wow," Santo exclaimed to Lark, "Look at all the buttons back here."

Papa said firmly, "Don't touch any buttons. I don't know what they are for."

Santo counted. "Lark, there are 17 buttons back here. Papa, does this car have heated seats in the back?"

"Yes, but don't touch any buttons. I don't know what button does what," said Papa again more firmly.

"Look, Santo, this button turns on the heated seats," Lark gushed excitedly about her discovery, "And this button

turns up the heat in the back of the car. See here, it can go up to 90."

"DON'T TOUCH THE BUTTONS!" Papa's voice rose precipitously.

"Kids, listen to your grandfather; he hasn't had time to learn about the car, yet," I offered.

"It's getting hot back here," complained Lark. "Papa, how do I turn down the heat?"

"I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T KNOW HOW ANYTHING WORKS YET. DON'T TOUCH ANY MORE BUTTONS."

By this time, we had reached Public Square where there was a huge traffic jam as every family in Greater Cleveland was downtown to see the Christmas lights.

"I didn't realize it would be so crowded," I murmured. Frank glared. "I'm not surprised," he replied pointedly, "it's two days before Christmas."

"Papa, this is taking too long, I think we should go home," whined Santo. We all agreed with that by now, but all we could do was snake along the line of cars at about two miles an hour.

"It's okay, Santo," I encouraged. "We're just about there."

Suddenly, Lark said, "Look, Santo, something happened to the windows." I spun my head around

to see that she had inadvertently (by obviously pressing yet another forbidden button), raised the sunscreens in the back seat and across the back window.

At that minute, the lights came into view. "How do I get the screens down? I can't see the lights," she inquired urgently. "I can't see them, either," Santo cried.

"I DON'T KNOW." Papa yelled.

"Roll down your windows," I suggested. They happily did. "It's too hot in this car, anyway," Santo complained. Of course, he nor I nor Papa at that moment knew how shut off the heat in the back seat they had turned on.

At the next cross street, Frank pulled out of the caravan line and said, "That's enough lights, we're going home."

There was little conversation as we dropped the children off, but all I could think of was that when we got home, Frank was going to have to deal with the brand-new smart phone he also had just bought.



Papa (Frank Martines) and Santo in "the car". Unfortunately, Lark was not available for the photo.