



SEARCH



FALL 2020

MAGAZINE

FAMILY TRADITIONS



En Akhiyan cho pawan kiwen
kajra vey Akhiyan ch tu Vasda.



Ché René

Macarons & More



TM

Ché René

Order Online: 24/7
Macarons & More

678-396-5229

Cherenemacarons@gmail.com



Ché René

Macarons & More



Letter from the Editor

Family traditions have happened for as long as families have existed. We learn a view of how things should be done, and what we learn in childhood often has a profound effect. Our expectations are set for what it means to celebrate a holiday, take a vacation, and even eat a meal.

As we grow older, we might question the ways things were done. The fading effect of the great depression or the increase in digital photography encourages us to move in new directions. There are fewer photo albums, but more Facebook pages, and don't they sometimes serve the same purpose? Do we still need our kids to clean their plate when calories are cheap and plentiful? Instead, we can teach about healthy eating and balanced meals, as obesity becomes the new problem of our time.

Yet, family traditions are more and less than the sum of these things. They provide comfort and connection. They can be an excuse to get together, a shared language, and a way to return to better times. Family traditions call you back to childhood, home, and safety. Sometimes we embrace tradition, other times we buck it, but it is a touchpoint for identity.

Whether you're setting up a household of your own, combining households, or introducing children and grandchildren, family traditions must be negotiated and created. They sometimes happen spontaneously, like the books each generation reads to their children at bedtime. Other times, they're considered and well thought out, like how to celebrate major holidays. Either way, they give us sometime to return to. When life is uncertain, tradition remains. As sure as the sun will rise, we will celebrate another year and another birthday with our family's version of a perfect, traditional, birthday cake. ■

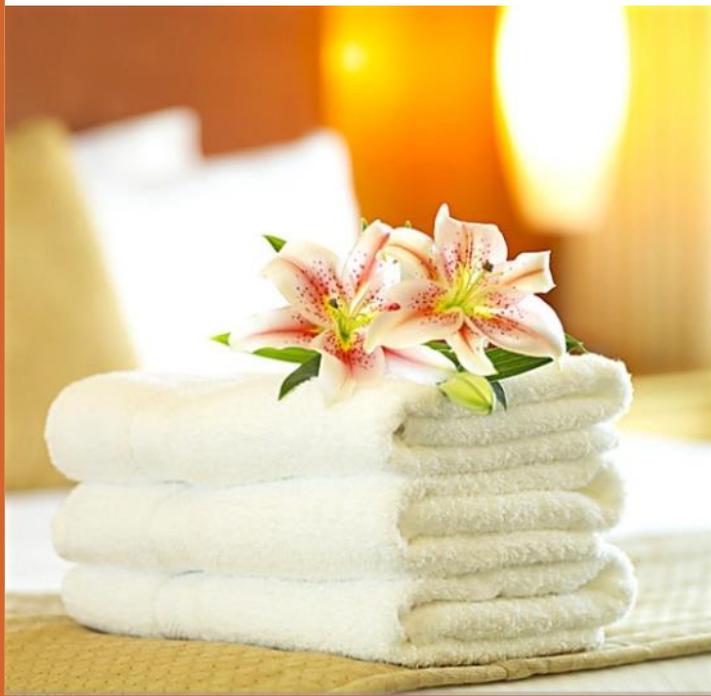
Heather Roulo / *Editorial Director*



Massage Season



6271 Lone Tree Way #J
Brentwood, CA 94513
(925) 516-2188
Open 10a – 10p / 7 days



SEARCH MAGAZINE.NET

PUBLISHER / EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Jeannie Normandeau

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
Heather Roulo

OPERATIONS DIRECTOR
Joshua Normandeau

COPY EDITOR
Larriane Barnard

PACKAGING MANAGER
Camellia Rains

PHOTOGRAPHERS
Murdo Morrison
Heidi Kaden

ON THE WEB/SUBSCRIPTIONS
searchmagazine.net

FACEBOOK
[Facebook.com/searchmagazine.net](https://www.facebook.com/searchmagazine.net)

TWITTER
[Twitter.com/searchmagazinesf](https://twitter.com/searchmagazinesf)
#SEARCHmagSF

EMAIL / CORRESPONDENCE
searchmagazinemail@gmail.com

ADVERTISING
searchmagazinead@gmail.com

SUBMISSIONS
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
searchmagazinesubmissions@gmail.com



SEARCH Magazine is based in the San Francisco Bay Area and serves readers worldwide. SEARCH may not be reproduced in whole or part without written permission from the publisher. Views expressed herein are those of the authors, advertisers, and guests. They do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the ownership or management of the magazine. Contents © 2020. All rights reserved. Fall 2020, Issue #22.

CONTRIBUTORS

MICHELE ROGER



is a harpist, composer, and author living and working in Detroit. She is the author of several fiction novels and won the Joy Humanist writing award for poetry.

Twitter: @harpymichele

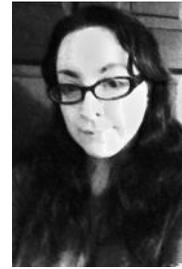
LILLIAN CSERNICA



writes historical fiction. Her nonfiction how-tos include *The Writer's Spellbook* and *The Fright Factory*.

Twitter: @LillianCsernica

SUZANNE MADRON



is the author of *The Immortal War Series*, and has been published in the international *Cover Stories Euphictional Anthology*. Twitter: @xirconnia

EMERIAN RICH



is an author, artist, and voice actor. She's been published in anthologies, magazines, newsletters.

Twitter: @emzbox

TIM REYNOLDS



Humorist, novelist, photographer Tim Reynolds is a 'former everything', including stand-up comic, teacher, editorial cartoonist, landscaper, actor, dishwasher, paparazzo, accountant, magician, and trainer of bus drivers.

Twitter: @TGMReynolds

CAMELLIA RAINS



was born and raised in the San Francisco Bay Area. She's a graduate of San Francisco State University, with a degree in Philosophy and Religion.

BRIAN DAKE PATRICIA DAKE



have been cooking for family and friends for over three decades now and delight in pairing their dishes with local

wines throughout Napa, Sonoma, and Mendocino.

KAY TRACY



has spent time in many fields of work. Her latest endeavors include trying to make interesting and

enlightening combinations of words! She hopes you enjoy her efforts!

LARION BARNARD



as well as being an editor and occasional article writer, Larriane Barnard is an writer in her own right. Larriane Wills aka Larion Wills, a multi-genre author from sci-

ence fiction to western romances she holds up to her tag of 'two names, one author, thousands of stories.' Twitter: @LarrianeWills

KRISTIN BATTESTELLA



writes the good frights in her horror book series *Fate and Fangs* alongside contributions to websites such as HorrorAd-dicts.net.

HEATHER ROULO



is a freelance writer from the Seattle area. She just released the first volume in her *Plague Masters Trilogy*. Heather has a B.A. in English Literature. Twitter: @hroulo

THE POWER OF *Writing*

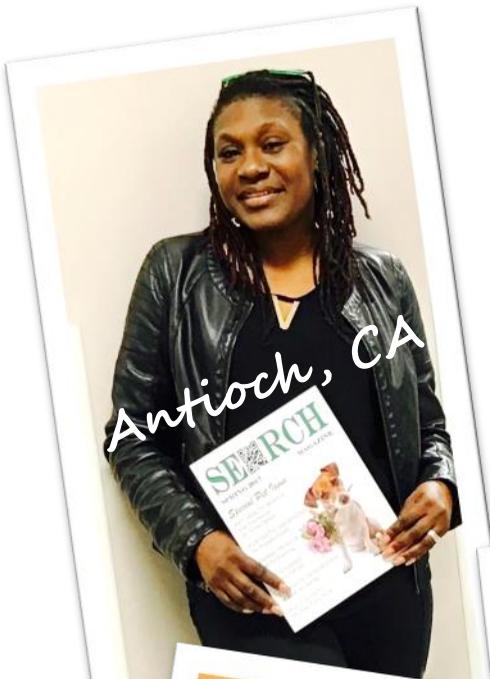
Want to contribute to our magazine?

Email articles or pitch ideas to:
searchmagazinemail@gmail.com



Whether you're in the Bay Area, or around the globe, SEARCH is in print, eCopy, and online.

SUBSCRIBE NOW!



Antioch, CA



Michigan



Wisconsin



Cayman Islands



U.K.



Concord, CA



Canada



Oakland, CA



New Jersey



18

#FAMILYTRADITIONS

A Child of Two Worlds

GUATEMALA

-
- 6** Gardening
A Growing Tradition
 - 8** Travel-Food
Not So Dumb Supper
 - 12** Humor
A Functional Family
 - 13** #FamilyTraditions - Punjabi Love
Author Spotlight - Camellia Rains
 - 14** Music
Love Songs You Thought You Knew
 - 16** City Spotlight
Montezuma Castle
 - 21** #FamilyTraditions
Seven Fishes into the 21st Century
 - 24** Food
Balsamic Molasses Brussels Spouts
 - 27** Fitness
Three Major Considerations for Fitness
 - 28** Autism
Flexible Family Festivals
 - 30** Tech/Biz
Las Vegas, Non- Gambles
 - 32** Books
Reflecting Family Traditions through Books
 - 34** Traditions
The New Zealand Haka



A Growing Tradition



Gardening in one form or another has been a part of my family's tradition since before we immigrated from Italy and Ireland. Everywhere we went, we had a garden.

When my family lived in the Bronx, Uncle Joe had an incredible garden complete with a marble fountain and grape arbors hidden away behind shrubs like an urban oasis. My grandfather had a vegetable garden everywhere he went, and my father carried on the vegetable garden tradition. My mother brought roses and flowers to the gardens.

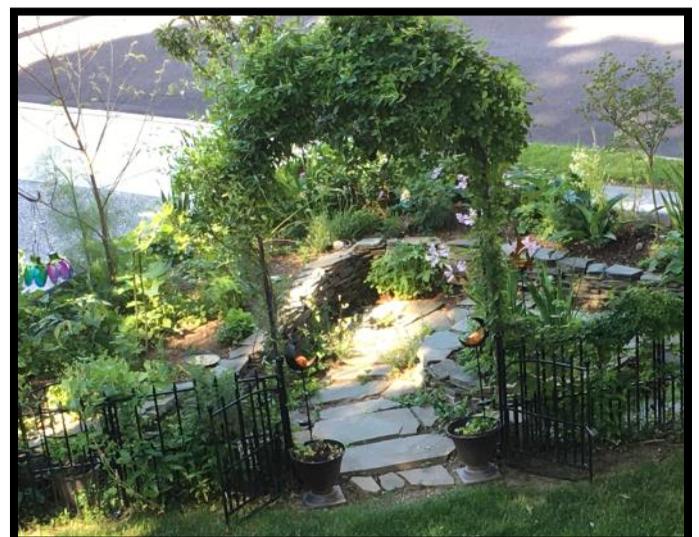
Another generation, another garden, I've worked on my garden and yard for the last twelve years, built raised beds out of scrap stone, and collected plants not typically found in a regular garden. After over a decade, however, the original garden needed a major overhaul. Turns out, my thumbs were a little too green.

This year, I'm passing the tradition on to my son. For the heaviest lifting, I enlisted landscapers. We tore the entire garden back to the roots, and the landscapers built up retaining walls. All that was left was to plant accordingly.

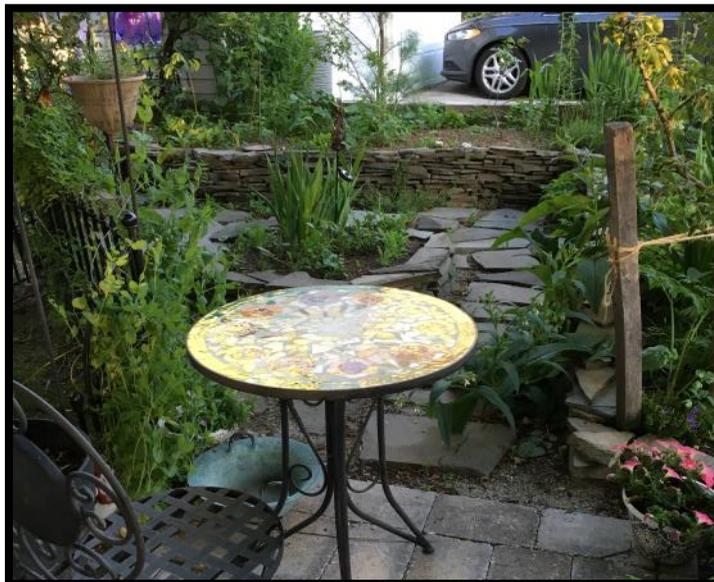
With my son's help, we chose flowers, vegetables, and herbs. The existing fruit trees all made it successfully through their transplanting, and my hope is they will produce fruit next year once they've gotten acclimated to their new locations. Gladiolus, anemone, and Persian buttercups went along the outside to provide the neighborhood with a flower show throughout the seasons. We planted pea plants along the wrought iron fencing along with the established akebia vines and jasmine. Volunteer plants that appeared randomly joined the gathering of herbs, squash, and tomatoes to finish it all off. Then, we sat back and waited for the first sprouts to appear.



I taught my son how to identify the plants based on smell and appearance. Within a month, he was able to identify his favorites, the mints, as well as the herbs, although he occasionally confuses rosemary and lavender.



In the process of all of this, something unexpected happened. I realized how much the garden meant not only to me and my son but to the neighborhood as well. Neighbors went for daily walks to see the garden's progress. Random strangers stopped to ask what I was planting or to ask for advice for their own gardens. Even the landscapers have come back to visit and see how everything is growing. Neighbors on the block have been building up their own spaces, too. We've exchanged plants and bonded over gardening tips.



When people stop to admire everything, my son loves to give a tour of all the plants. He even explains to our guests how they can identify which mints are which based on smell and taste.

My son has already started planning next year's planting. Whether or not he realizes it, he is now actively part of the tradition. ■

INDIGOJONES



SHAADI SHAMPOO



SWEET COCONUT HAIR & BODY BUTTER



LAVENDER HAIR & BODY BUTTER

IndigoJones products are made with natural ingredients that are encouraged by restoring & improving the hair & skin. Guided by the integrity of the skin, hair & health, IndigoJones products avoid harmful chemicals such as unhealthy parabens add to hair & skin products. IndigoJones products will definitely be your NEW FAVORITE as you experience improved hair & skin with AMAZING SCENTS TO CHOOSE FROM! !!!

Check out more of our products at:

<https://www.etsy.com/shop/IndigoJonesbyTamira>





When people hear the term Dumb Supper they laugh, but it's been a part of my family fall tradition for many years. The term Dumb Supper doesn't refer to a stupid meal, but rather an evening meal in which you honor those who have passed on.

In some cultures, it's used to call spirits of the dead to eat with you, but since my family has members of different faiths—those who believe in spirits and those who think it's a load of malarkey—we use it as a way to remember those who have died in our family.

Elitists would say there is a certain way to hold a Dumb Supper. Some believe it must be conducted entirely in silence, involve a detailed ceremony, or the table must be set with only black decor.

For us, the most important part of our meal is sharing what those who have passed on meant and continue to mean to us.

1. In advance, everyone chooses a loved one they knew or an ancestor to honor. Each adult plans a dish either created or cooked by the deceased or something they liked to eat. When in doubt, cultural dishes are encouraged. If there are children who want to participate, we pair them up with an older member of the family, and they help make the dish.

Including your kids in Dumb Supper is a great way to teach them about their ancestors and how to honor them. All ages should be involved to create, celebrate, and pass on the tradition. If you invite only close family, you will most likely have grown up with the dish. Other times, an older relative will bring something you didn't know was cooked in the house, which adds just another tidbit of information

about those who have passed. If you can open your Dumb Supper up to friends, you'll end up with a trip around the world. I encourage you to invite friends because most people do not get to honor their loved ones. Do not be hurt by those who have no wish to participate. Death is a personal thing and not everyone wants to talk about their lost ones, especially if the death is fresh on their minds.

2. Each person brings a framed photo of who they are honoring to set at the head of the table. In front of each photo, place a small plate to receive offerings.



3. Set an elaborate table. Because our home is generally decorated for Halloween when we hold Dumb Supper, our table is usually decorated in fall colors. A red or orange tablecloth with black or festive plates will do. We often also have pumpkins around and light a single candle to honor those who have passed. If you want to do something more unique and special, you can dress the table in the loved one's favorite colors or, if you have it, their wedding china.

4. Load the dishes on to the table and serve a spoonful of each dish to the ancestors first. This does not have to be a heaping portion. After all, they aren't going to eat it. It's symbolic to include them in the meal. You can say something when serving like, "Here's your favorite corn casserole,

Grandpa." For a more solemn occasion, you can say a simple. "We honor you" or "We miss you."

5. Once all ancestors have been served, family-style service resumes. Everyone should eat and be merry. It should be a festive occasion, for we are not glorying in their death, but honoring their life and the joy they brought to us.

6. When dinner is in full swing, go around the table and share a funny or happy story about your loved ones. In our house, we love to recount how Gram and I got sprayed in the face with a high-powered sprinkler while touring the cemetery trying to find Great Grandpa's grave. For those record keepers in the family, it's a good idea to write down these stories in a book that can be brought out and recounted later.

7. Once dinner is finished, the little plates of food given to the ancestors should be taken outside and placed by a tree or in the yard where it can be used as fertilizer or for animals to eat. When placed outside, you can say something to the ancestors like, "We love you" or "Thanks for all the laughs." For a more solemn event, a prayer can be said. ■



Thelma's African Boutique & Art Gallery



Celebrate Black History 365 * Shop Africa At Thelma's * 29 Years Serving Vallejo
Authentic Artifacts— Museum Quality— Collectibles

African Clothing for the Family
509 Georgia Street—Vallejo, Ca
Office: 707-649-8667



Fashionable Styles In Quality Fabrics

1st CLASS
Www.offical1stclassclothing.com
Firstclass_inc@yahoo.com
THE WAY OF LIFE

SCAN QR CODE TO CHECKOUT OUR FALL COLLECTION

Why JOIN?

BECOME A BEAUTY INFLUENCER WITH FARMASI

50% OFF All Products - All the Time

No Website Fees - Ever

50% Commission - Up to 75%

Potential to earn BONUSSES-

Up to 25%

Only \$19.99 to Join (one-time fee for Kit) No Monthly Fees!

No Hidden Fees- Ever

Farmasi is a Professional

European Brand with 69+

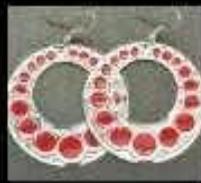
Years Experience in the

Beauty Industry - Launched

<https://www.farmasius.com/MarlenaCasanova>
0259877



JOIN NOW



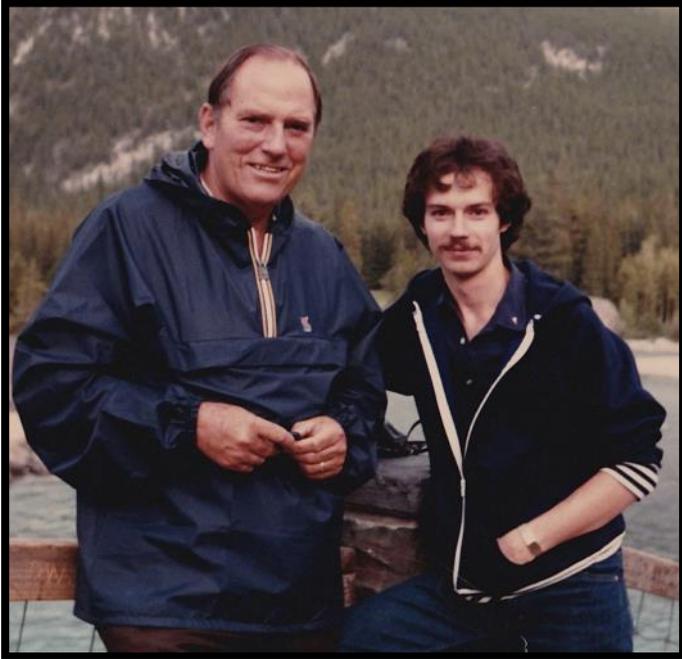
Order Online Anytime

We've got a formula for **FABULOUS!**
FUN · FASHION · \$5

Come see what the Paparazzi Party is all about. www.paparazziaccessories.com/107391



Everything is just **\$5**
LIKE IT? Take it home!
LOVE IT? Book a party!
WANT IT ALL? Join my team!



Apparently, it's time to discuss Family Traditions here at SEARCH.

While my family members are all wonderful people, there's not much I can say about our traditions without one or more of them getting a wee bit upset that I've aired our emotional laundry in public. It's my job in this column to bring you the smiles and laughs, unfortunately there aren't a lot of laughs to be had in the traditions of a family who should probably keep a team of therapists on retainer. That said, there is one tradition I inherited both from my maternal grandfather and my father, who died two months apart in 1982 and 1983, and that is the spinning of tails and the fabricating of fictions. In the grand tradition of those good men, I shall spin you a story about my life, and our—not at all true—family traditions.

I was raised in the deep woods of rural New Brunswick by my father where we farmed moose knuckles and made moonshine from yellow moss and earthworm milk. No, I grew up in the suburbs of Toronto, raised by my father, Mom, and sisters.

He actually worked for an airline, and I was a teen

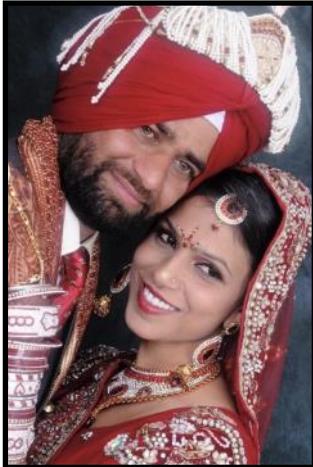
magician. It was my sacred duty to pick the moss and milk the earthworms. Hardly. My skill set was limited to cutting the lawn, shuffling cards, and trying to keep my room clean.

Every Saturday we made a traditional soufflé from bald eagle eggs and delicately sliced magic mushrooms. It was actually on Sundays, they were chicken eggs, and the mushrooms weren't magical. We would always make two extra soufflés, which I would then take into town to sell in my wagon pulled by my little black poodle, Whisky Sour. Her name was Martini, and I never made her pull a cart.

At night Dad, Whisky Sour, and I would sit around the firepit, playing his recorder, me playing the harpoon I pulled out of my dirty red bandana and dad played the harmonica. I made unintentionally rude noises on the recorder. After our traditional Acadian musical interlude, Dad would teach me to play canasta and baccarat. Nope, cribbage and crokinole. When we finally tired of the games, we wound up the old Victrola and listened to New Zealand marching bands, Caribbean steel drums, and Dean Martin on LP, and a farting contest on 78 rpm. It wasn't a Victrola, but the rest is true.

Traditionally, entire summers were spent camping. Not quite. Just a week. The most interesting trip we ever did was up into narwhal country where we learned about traditional indigenous bannock, and the Air Force tradition of shooting seagulls mistaken for Canada Geese. Oddly, all true.

Dad's been gone for nearly forty years, so I've had to create my own traditions. Every Christmas I take the big box containing the artificial tree, move it into the spare bedroom, and think about assembling it where neither of my cats can destroy it; then I go hang out with my grandkids and regale them with the odd adventures and crazy traditions of the family, and hope neither one learns to play the recorder. ■



Engagement is a significant part of a Punjabi wedding. First, the girl is draped with a chunni (very decorative dupatta), which is usually very ornate. In some families this chunni is a family heirloom, passed down from generation to generation. She is also presented with jewelry, which her mother and sister-in-law help her wear. A tiny dot of henna paste (mehndi) is applied to her palm for good luck, and the function is sealed with the exchange of rings. The bride's father applies the tikka (forehead mark) to the groom's forehead and blesses him. Exchange of gifts takes place between the two families. Everyone present congratulates the couple by feeding them sweets. ■

Camellia Rain

SEARCH AUTHOR SPOTLIGHT



Name: Camellia Rains

Location: San Francisco, California, United States

How am I involved in Search Magazine?

I started off as an author for the magazine a few years ago. I still contribute articles but I am also the packaging manager for the magazine. I'm the one that sends you your physical copy of the periodical. I'm happy to be involved with Search Magazine on multiple levels.

What else do you write?

I mainly write emails and texts, lol. Seriously, aside from articles and journal entries, I write occasional horror book reviews.

Tell us about yourself.

I am a lifetime bay area native. I attended San Francisco State University and got my B.A. in Philosophy and Religion. I love cats, my family, and being outdoors exploring. I am particularly fond of visiting my family in Guatemala and being able to take them to Tikal or other Mayan ruins and explore our ancestry together. I think knowing about our past helps us make better decisions for our future. I enjoy reading, writing, and spending time with loved ones. Oh! And I love looking at and photographing clouds.

What message would you like to tell people?

I hope that the time of being divisive as a people is drawing to an end. I think recent events have shown that we know how to unite as a people under tremendous circumstances. I sincerely hope we continue to help each other and raise our social consciousness to another, higher level.

What was your favorite thing to do as a child?

Spend time and play with my cat. What can I say? I was always a cat person. ■



In my work as an author and harpist, I often write about love songs and perform for weddings. In a way, you might say it runs in the family. It starts with a real-life love story of its own.

My grandfather was a machinist for the army, stationed in France during World War II. He repaired and re-tooled tanks by day. By night, he was an alto saxophonist for the USO band. He was a twenty-something, baby-faced, tall drink of water. One night, two new waitresses at the USO Club were on duty.

As the story goes, he, of course, started dating each of them. Neither of the women knew he was seeing the other. Eventually, the two sisters confided in one another and discovered the truth. They set him up on a date and both women met him, making him choose. Such is the dramatic love life of a handsome musician. The one he chose became my grandmother. As the cliché goes, the rest is history.

My grandmother came to America and married my grandfather. The ceremony was at my great-grandparents house. The wedding music was played on the family piano by my great aunt, another performer.

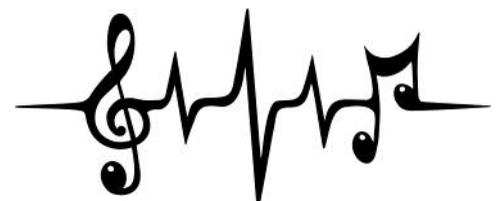
While the traditional wedding march was played, the rest of the music was chosen carefully by my great aunt. Choosing the right music is sacred. Since taking up the family musical mantle, please follow in my great-aunt's footsteps. Research your wedding music. There are a few titles that are requested regularly. Before choosing some love songs you may

think are tried and true or perhaps are 'traditional' take a closer look.

Jack O' Hazeldean: Originally entitled Jock O' Hazeldean, the words were a poem written by Sir Walter Scott. A Scottish folk singer set it to music, resulting in the popular tune fit for a Celtic loving bride. Most brides only know the first stanza. Roughly translated, it recalls a girl weeping by the shore. An older gentleman questions her tears. She says she's been abandoned. He offers his rich, handsome son to marry her. He will instantly fall in love with her because she's so beautiful. Sounds good, right?

Warning! If one listens to the next four verses, we discover that this girl is not as faint of heart as we predicted. She's seen getting ready on the morning of her wedding, but her delayed arrival at the church inspires rumors. Reaching the end of the poem, we discover that our rogue, Jack has heard that his ex is set to marry and marry well. He arrives on hurried horseback to declare his love, reclaiming his lassie. The bride is reported to have ridden off, in her gown and finery, with our bad boy, Jack.

While I cheer a win for the underdog, I hold my breath every time I play it for a wedding. Just as I transition from the prelude music to wedding party song, I can't help but feel anxious for the groom. What if the modern-day Jack rides up on his Harley in that moment?



Weddings are fertile ground for drama and disaster. I've played a lot of them. It could happen.

Hallelujah by Leonard Cohen: Ok, let's get this straight. This song sounds like it's about love. It's passionate. When I hear the chorus, I think of a red-robed choir of love singing the glories of togetherness. Then there's the verses. Again, with the darn verses.

At first, it seems like a broken man, a king, has found a way to love through music.

“Now, I've heard there was a secret chord
That David played, and it pleased the Lord
But you don't really care for music, do you?
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth
The minor fall, the major lift
The baffled king composing Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah
Hallelujah”



Later, the king waivers in his faith in love. He returns to his lover. In exchange for his vulnerability, she dethrones him. He's left broken-hearted and emasculated.

Your faith was strong, but you needed proof
You saw her bathing on the roof
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya
She tied you to a kitchen chair
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

The point is that by the end of the song, his relationship is over, his hair is cut, and we assume his strength is taken, and he's a broken guy. Tell me again why it's a good idea for me to play this at a wedding?

The problem is, I have had couples who have been so passionate about this song, they've talked me into it. Four of them to be exact. In the end, they all parted ways. All of them. So, while I DO adore this love song, I will no longer play this for any wedding under any circumstances. Listen to the whole song, people. ■



**BODY &
FOOT**

REFLEXOLOGY

925-755-1122

2759 LONE TREE WAY
ANTIOCH, CA 94509

Open 9:30am—10:00pm
7 Days a Week

Family Spa Massage

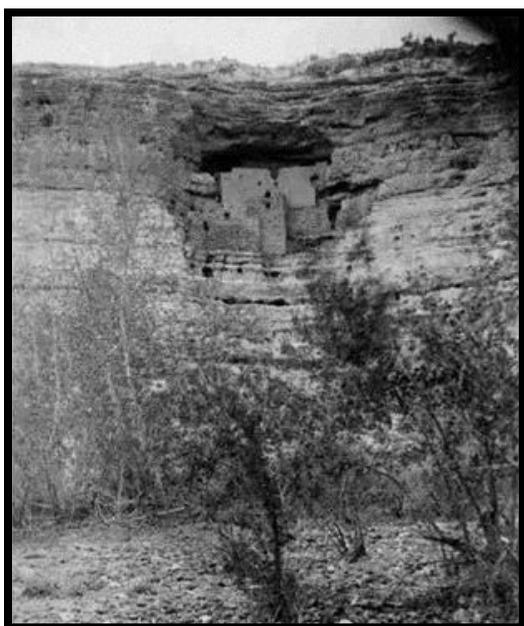


CITY SPOTLIGHT | Montezuma Castle BY LARRIANE BARNARD



Montezuma Castle is located near Camp Verde roughly in the middle of Arizona.

In 1906, President Theodore Roosevelt designated Montezuma Castle as one of the first four national monuments, describing them as "of the greatest ethnological value and scientific interest." Because of looting, there were few artifacts left to study the Sinagua people until 1933 when Castle A was discovered with a wealth of artifacts left by the people who lived there six hundred years ago.



Early visitors to the park could climb up ladders to the ruins, a practice discontinued in 1955 due to extensive damage. Now, over 350,000 visitors a year stand in the park below, gaze up the cliff side, and wonder, *How in the world did they do that?*



The visitor center provides the entrance fee station, bathrooms, a small museum, and a bookstore. As well as information on the Castle, they have information on Montezuma Well which is part of the same park and its admission is free. Both have a picnic area reached with a short 1/3 mile walk. Accessibility is mixed. For wheelchairs most of the paved trails at the Castle are accessible but the picnic area is not. However, the picnic area at the Well is. The whole trail at Montezuma Well and a portion of the Castle trail are steep. Remember to bring your own picnic, since there's no food services at either location. Still, Camp Verde is a short drive away.

General admission is \$10 per person, children under fifteen free, with some days free and different rates for year passes, groups, etc. Find all the information you need, including nearby attractions at the National Park Services website. You will also find the latest updates on current opening times and safety regulations. ■





SPLENDIDSURFACE

ALL NATURAL SKIN CARE
Splendid_surface.com



Let me be your
Jewelry Guy!

Five Dollar

Jewelry & Accessories



Everything is Lead
and Nickel free

All Ladies Necklaces come with
FREE matching Earrings

paparazzi
accessorize • invite • become
INDEPENDENT CONSULTANT

Everything is Only \$5

www.paparazziaccessories.com/139478

Always Fun! Always Fabulous! Always \$5!



COMFORTABLE SOAKS

SEVIN
412-628-7856
FACEBOOK
@COMFORTABLESOAKS
TWITTER
@COMFORTABLESOAK



BASKETS FOR ANY
OCCASION
OIL AND BATH BOMB
PARTIES AVAILABLE
WHOLESALE PRICES
AVAILABLE



A Child of Two Worlds



Growing up as a kid from two different cultures doesn't sound like that big of a deal now; and maybe it's because it isn't. With the advent of the internet and cell phones that have become our own personal mini-computers, the world is at our fingertips--literally.

Forty years ago, things were quite a bit different. Other cultures were things to be studied at libraries, not something to be seen every day.

It wasn't until I entered kindergarten that I began to realize my mom and dad weren't like the other kids' parents. My father is a natural citizen of the United States, hailing from Arkansas, the second youngest of ten children.

He is Caucasian with an English, Irish, and Welsh ancestry. My mother is a first generation immigrant from Guatemala. She has been a citizen of the US for most of my life. My folks met and married, and then, I came along. I look nothing like my petite mother with her dark skin, dark hair, and dark eyes. With my pale skin and green eyes, I look like my father.

My mother had family in Guatemala that would send her packages with things like dried chili, big bars of raw chocolate, coin purses, and clothing for me. The last entailed traditional dresses with bright colored textiles and characters on them; things I wore with no problems, until I entered school. My fellow mini-Americans wondered why I didn't dress like them. Why was my dress a weird color and pattern? Why didn't I wear jeans like them? To put the difference more in perspective, I didn't even own a pair of jeans until I was ten.

When I had my first birthday party, I got a piñata. I'd been exposed to a piñata a couple of years earlier, knew what it was, and what to do. Not the same for some of my guests. When I hit it and broke it open, all the candy fell out and the little girls just stood there, looking at it, except for my Mexican friend. She was busy scooping up all the candy. It was hell for my parents to tell her she had to share her treasures with the other girls after they cried over not getting any at all. This is just a couple awkward and sad instances of the culture clash I experienced as a little kid, and as they say, the bigger the child, the bigger the problems.



Entering junior high, I hadn't outgrown all my Guatemalan dresses. I still had to wear those, and I started using a traditionally textile decorated bag instead of the many Esprit and Guess bags being carried around by my *cooler* female counterparts. The teasing got worse. I was very shy and sensitive and overweight. I still am overweight, and that's ok. That's just a part of who I am, but then I was a person begging to be made fun of by mean prepubescents. Enter Luis Guerrero, the only other Guatemalan person I met during that time who wasn't related to me. He was in my Spanish class. Yes, I grew up speaking Spanish along with English in my house, but my grammar and reading skills needed some work.

I recall the teacher in my Spanish class asking us to share where our families were from. I was dreading my turn until this boy said his family was from Guatemala. I was so happy another Guatemalan was there. Someone I could talk to about the social awkwardness of being Latino in a predominantly Caucasian neighborhood. Alas, my naïve self would learn a sad truth. When it came to my turn, I proudly said my family was from Guatemala. There

was a stunned silence. The teacher looked confused. My classmates looked confused. Luis Guerrero looked outraged. He looked at his fellow Latino buddies, who also looked at me like I had snakes coming out of my head.

After class he asked me why I said that, thinking I said it because I liked him or some other silly school age child reason. I repeated what I'd said. My mother is from Guatemala and father was from Arkansas. He yelled and smacked me. He spit on me saying I was a fat, white girl who could not possibly be Latina. He told me to look at him, the difference between our coloring making it obviously I was lying. According to him, I made up everything in order to be *cool* and *accepted* better by others. That type of abuse became an unfortunate routine in my life. Because of the daily bullying, I realized a change in my life was in order. That change came in high school.

Entering high school was when things got better. The school was bigger than my junior high. Hence, it was easier to blend in. I also decided to reclaim my shamed heritage. I had become outgoing and boisterous, outspoken, and a bit of a comedian. All of which greatly helped with accepting who I was. I got to wear jeans like others, but I still carried my Guatemalan bag instead of a traditional backpack. I chose to celebrate a quinceañera, from my mother's traditional celebration of my fifteenth birthday and my passage from childhood to womanhood, instead of a sweet sixteen, the coming of age celebration of my father's heritage.

A decorative graphic for a quinceañera. The text "MIS Quince AÑOS" is written in a stylized, elegant font. The word "Quince" is the largest and most prominent, with a small heart above the letter 'i' and a crown above the letter 'c'. The word "AÑOS" is written in a smaller font below "Quince". The word "MIS" is written in a smaller font above "Quince". The entire graphic is set against a background of golden sparkles and confetti.

My junior high bully was still around, but he left me alone and the school was big enough to avoid seeing him. I felt like I could fully be me. Then, if I was made fun of, so what? I had stopped caring what others thought of me. I already had wonderful friends, and I made a few more during that time. Some are people I still speak with to this day.

The story of Luis doesn't end there. In my senior year, I experienced some issues with an inexperienced young teacher that led to a meeting with my parents and the principal. Luis and his friend Ruben worked in the office and were there when I showed up with my parents. I had a friend who also worked in the office, and she later told me how Luis and Ruben were chatting between themselves over the appearance of my parents. They couldn't believe I had told the truth when I said my mom was Latina. After that, they treated me better, but it no longer mattered. After graduation, I didn't have to deal with these jerks again.

Over the years I learned how to balance being half Guatemalan and looking like my father, the Caucasian. Unfortunately, I still experience the occasional racist remark, but those instances are few and far between. Most people now readily accept me and don't rely on my appearance as a way to give me recognition and respect or not.

We all have things we need to work on as an individual and society. I consider myself lucky compared to many who are not accepted for who they are and what they go through because of it. Learning to balance my life is a continuing journey. I don't have all the answers. All I know is, it's been a journey of self-discovery and of allowing myself to

celebrate the diversity I am lucky enough to experience with my family. I love my parents, and I am content with who I've become. I'm an American, and I'm Guatemalan. I love sci-fi and Halloween, and I enjoy marimba bands and exploring Mayan ruins in order to learn more about my ancestry. It is possible to have one foot in each world and not have them trip over each other. The journey is hard and never ending, but the lessons learned are valuable and will last a lifetime. ■



GUATEMALA





From Grandma's smelts and baccala (dried and salted cod), to earlier Italian immigrants buying seafood at the bait shop, many Italian American millennials have heard horror stories of Feasts of the Seven Fishes.

This annual Christmas Eve tradition, born out of old Catholic rules regarding not eating meat on holy days, can seem like a chore for today's busy holiday season. Who has the time to cook seven different types of fish in one night? Many on-the-go families don't sit down for such multi-course dining on Christmas Eve. Also, between kids who may not like fish, seafood allergies, vegetarian specialties, and dietary restrictions, why prepare what your holly jolly guests may not even eat? With increas-

ingly casual December celebrations and a packed holiday calendar, there's little time or twenty-first century inclination to honor old world traditions like the Feast of the Seven Fishes.

Or is there?

Marrying a non-Italian meant if I wanted to introduce my family traditions into my own household, liberties on the Feast of the Seven Fishes had to be taken. How can Italian homemakers and Italian food lovers alike incorporate these holiday foods for contemporary, fast-paced, picky eaters? Here are a few new ways to get around supposedly old rules.

1. Pick your number. Though the number seven recalls the Feast's origins as a religious vigil, how many courses you serve is entirely up to you. Poor Italian immigrants at the turn of the century were bound by basic cod or whiting with simple frying techniques.

These days, appetizers of clams casino or fried calamari can be your homage. Planning a huge dinner party? Go big or go home with ten, twelve, or more samples catered from your local Italian family restaurant.

2. Who says The Feast of the Seven Fishes has to be on Christmas Eve? The holiday season is already filled with sweets, treats, cookies, and more desserts to keep your waistline warm in the winter. All that seafood for one night can also be tough on your wallet. In our home, we spread out our seafood dining throughout Advent, going back to that no meat on Fridays rule as well as a special pasta dishes on Sundays. Leading up to my parents' traditional calamari (squid) on Christmas Eve makes the anticipation and appreciation of the Feast of the Seven Fishes greater.



3. Despite the name, it's not all about fish. Today, special diets and fish dislikes means if no one eats baccala, it's no problem. Since we spread our Feast throughout December, that leaves plenty of opportunities to get creative with shrimp, clams, mussels, scallops, crab, and lobster. Ever eaten eel or octopus? Now's the time to experiment and customize your meals with unique cuisine or luxuries as well as comforting favorites. Make a calendar with recipe ideas and budget your grocery list accordingly.

Have a sushi night out, order in seafood pizza, or swap a heavy lunch for some clam chowder—New England or Manhattan. Of course, there are also flavorful ways to spice up salmon, flounder, tuna steaks, mahi-mahi, swordfish, or even shark.

4. Take the aquatic beyond the table. Maybe the kids still don't like seafood, or food allergies make kitchen experimenting difficult. Families can honor Italy's maritime traditions in other ways in activities or decorations. Spruce up your Christmas tree with mermaid or pirate themes and make homemade fish or sailboat ornaments. Paint seashells or make beach themed cookies and chocolates. Wrap presents in ocean themed paper, or if you're a religious household, read beloved biblical tales like Noah's Ark or Jonah and the Whale. Let the kids dress up and inspire a love of the sea.

5. No, you don't have to be Italian to celebrate a traditional or nouveau vogue Feast of the Seven Fishes. While the meal began as a religious commitment and the customs have developed and changed between old world and new, one thing remains the same—family. All are invited to gather around the table regardless of blood ties, and one's name need not end in a vowel as some might think. It would be un-Italian to *not* share this spiritual and seafood boon, and we'd more be offended if you *didn't* ask for seconds.

As older relatives pass away and the holiday season becomes more hectic, it's easy to drop lengthy cooking and old-fashioned traditions. Between school plays, musicals, presents, Santa Claus, religious commitments, and more... Heck, most parents just want to get through December, not add to it. However, by looking at seafood recipes and oceanic activities in creative ways, families can adopt a Feast of the Seven Fishes celebration to suit their diet, budget, and schedule. *Mangia!* ■

NEW SAU-CEE FLAVORS!

GRAB IT WHILE IT'S COLD!



FORBIDDEN FRUIT • ORANGE DREAMSICLE
• WATERMELON WATERWORKS

StraightUpSauced



60% OFF SECOND GUEST + **KIDS SAIL FREE**
2021 SAILINGS : UP TO **\$150 OFF***



Footman Travel Agency
Cynthia McCloud - Footman, CTA
Owner/Agent 803 - 429 - 9487
Footmantravelagency@yahoo.com
Footmantravelagency.com



I just love visiting farmers' markets. I continually learn things that surprise me; for instance, how Brussels sprouts grow. I never suspected they grew on a two to three-foot stalk with axillary buds that become the sprout we eat. Of course, finding them like that, I had to buy some and experiment.

Certainly, I'd had Brussels sprouts before, served in any number of uninspiring ways. I suppose I'd thought they grew like tiny, little cabbages. Seeing them on the stalk, though, made them fun. Brian and I had our kids pick out the best stalk, and we took it home. From this excursion grew a family tradition.

I had my kids pull the sprouts from the stalk. The kids removed the outer leaves while I trimmed them, and we laughed about how they looked like baby cabbages.

Once their dad got involved in the cooking, the recipe evolved into a truly yummy creation. I have often heard that kids don't like Brussels sprouts. That was never the case with our children. We got them involved early with the preparation, and while the dish can be prepared any time in the fall, what we share with you today became a must-have side for our annual Thanksgiving feast.

Here are a few fun facts about the once obscure Brussels sprouts that we looked up to share with the kids. The sprouts were cultivated in northern Europe as early as the 5th century but are believed to have been grown near the city of Brussels in the 13th century. They are likely named after the city of Brussels, making the correct pronunciation "Brussels sprouts" instead of "Brussel sprouts." Over the last fifty years, Brussels sprouts have transitioned from obscurity to a popular holiday dish. We present our recipe for the trendy sprouts served at our own holiday gathering.



Preparation

*Using your hands, snap the Brussels sprouts from the stalk.

*With a paring knife, trim flat the stem of each Brussels sprout, removing any excess leaves.

*Cut each Brussels sprout from stem to top, into 2 equal halves.

*To determine the number of halved brussels sprouts needed, take a large 12 to 14-inch non-stick frypan with lid and setting aside the lid, place Brussels sprouts closely together cut-side down until the bottom of the pan is full.

*Remove the Brussels sprouts from the pan to a bowl and reserve for later. Use a paper towel to wipe any small pieces of Brussels sprout from the pan.



*Using an 8-inch Chef's knife, cut the top and bottom ends from the onion, shallot, and individual garlic cloves, discarding ends. Peel the dry skin from each and discard.

*Cut the onion in half pole-to-pole and dice onion into 1/4-inch pieces.

*Dice shallot into 1/4-inch pieces.

*Dice garlic into 1/8-inch pieces.

*Add 2 tablespoons of olive oil and 2 tablespoons of butter to non-stick frypan and place on cook top on high heat.

*Add diced onion to melted butter and oil mixture, stirring regularly until onion begins to turn transparent.

*Add diced shallot and stir, cooking for 3-4 minutes.

*Add diced garlic and stir, cooking until onion and shallot are lightly caramelized and garlic browns, reducing heat incrementally as mixture cooks to prevent burning. Make sure to remove mixture from heat when it is lightly caramelized as it will be added back to the pan later to continue cooking.



*Remove all of mixture from pan and set aside in a bowl. Add 1/4 teaspoon salt and stir.

*Pour 1/4 cup of Balsamic vinegar and 1 tablespoon of molasses in a small cooking bowl and mix until molasses is dissolved.

*Pour 2 tablespoons of olive oil in frypan, tipping frypan pan back and forth to evenly distribute oil. Place frypan on cooktop.

*Using the reserved Brussels sprout halves, arrange them cut side down in the frypan. Set heat to high and cook Brussels sprouts until their faces caramelize to a medium to light brown.

*Distribute the onion mixture evenly across the Brussels sprouts

*Before the Brussels sprouts begin to burn, stir the vinegar-molasses mixture and pour over the Brussels sprouts. Immediately place the lid tightly on the frypan.

*Adjust heat to low and allow Brussel sprouts to simmer for 4 to 5 minutes or until steamed through and softened.

*Stir Brussels Sprouts, scraping pan to mix ingredients together.

*Remove pan from heat. Turn off cooktop.

*Spoon Brussel sprouts from frypan and into a serving dish. ■



BROWN SUGAR,

Honey,
COCOA & GOLD



BEING EDIBLE IS THE NEW TEA

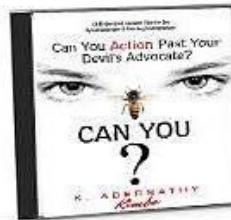
www.melaninhontea.com



AVAILABLE NOW!



**Print
eBook
Audiobook**



Three Major Considerations for Fitness

When events disrupt our routine, we're left struggling to maintain our weight, stay healthy, and meet fitness goals. For example, during the Covid-19 pandemic, gyms closed to keep people safe. While necessary, these changes left people searching for new ways to incorporate fitness into their daily lives.

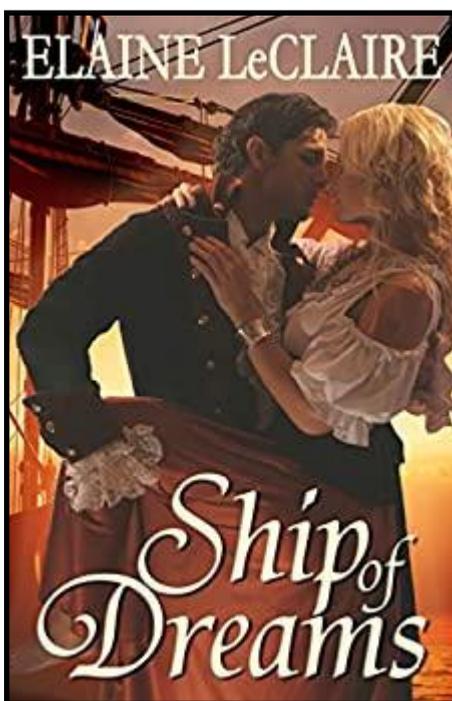
First, consider what you want to accomplish. If it's weight control, the most significant contributor is to control your diet, ensuring you consume the proper number of calories compared to what you burn. Try not to lose weight too quickly, which can be unhealthy. Sometimes all it takes is an accurate scale and small dietary changes to gradually gain or take-off weight.

Cardiovascular fitness, where the heart and lungs are kept in tip-top shape, doesn't have to be a marathon. Even a morning walk, hiking, biking, dancing, or loops through the house can get the blood pumping. A fitness watch, which measures heart rate, can track your progress and ensure you're moving at a healthy pace. Just keep in mind that cardio doesn't build muscle mass and is only one part of a healthy lifestyle.

Finally, changing the composition of your body often comes down to weight training. It's difficult to lose weight while gaining muscle, so focus on those goals separately. When you lose weight, through diet and cardio, you lose both fat and muscle. Gaining muscle, on the other hand, can leave you weighing more, though you'll find that weight is more toned and may take up fewer inches. Along with strength, it's smart to also consider flexibility and balance.

Understanding the goals of fitness will allow you to tailor your workout to fit your needs more efficiently. You may temporarily focus on a portion of your goals before achieving overall satisfaction. Routine can save you, but it can also be boring.

Even when your routine isn't broken, it can be fun to throw in new challenges and find additional ways to create a healthy body. ■



Master of his destiny, terror of the Caribbean, the pirate Black Angel is also elegant, charming and seductive.

En route to Jamaica to bring her brother news of their father's death, Lady Rosalind Hanshaw is captured by the Black Angel, a legendary French pirate who targets English shipping.

Torn between her loyalty to her homeland and her growing attraction to the one man she should hate above all others, Rosalind must decide whether the Black Angel is nothing more than a despicable pirate or if he holds the key to both her heart and her future. ■

Buy *Ship of Dreams* by Elaine LeClaire!





The pandemic has turned life upside down. All over the world, people must now shelter in place, wear a mask, and endure being cut off from family and friends. The future continues to be uncertain.

What's more, winter will bring another big challenge with the holiday seasons full of family gatherings, exchanging gifts, lots of noise, lights, and color, and special traditions. During an ordinary year people on the spectrum shy away from such benevolent disruptions. This year has been anything but ordinary with the annual holiday difficulties further complicated by the toll the pandemic is taking on all of us. How much more difficult must it be for the neurodiverse, especially adults and children on the spectrum who might not be able to understand why their personal worlds have changed so drastically.

Holiday traditions

One of the most important aspects of the holiday season is family tradition. Many cherished traditions may be impossible this year after Public health officials have identified private parties as one of the most dangerous environments for spreading the coronavirus. How can we create alternatives that will become just as meaningful?

Maintain routines

Change is scary. Every day the headlines bring more distressing details about the pandemic. Under these conditions, it's even more important to preserve a foundation of stability and regularity. Whatever happens on a regular daily basis in your house, make sure that routine is consistent. Mealtimes. Bedtimes. Hours for homework, and playtime. Pizza night. Family movie night. "Though it might seem counterintuitive, reinforcing routines can actually help those with ASD to stop relying on them so much as a crutch. Routine can be powerful in reinforcing a feeling of well-being and stability for autistic individuals. When that sense of stability and wellness is fulfilled, then it can be easier for them to handle other changes." (AppliedBehavioralAnalysisEdu.org)



Create new traditions

There are two kinds of new:

New as in already part of the family's cultural, ethnic, or religious background. When my son John was younger, I'd take him trick-or-treating every Halloween. Now he's of an age where he celebrates by going to parties or giving out treats. This year if neither will be an option, I have to come up with a new activity that will provide John with the same sense of excitement and fun. John enjoys baking. We could bake some special Halloween goodies and package them up in festive treat bags, then deliver them to John's favorite people.

New as in never before experienced, drawn from sources totally different and outside the family's own background. The winter holidays include Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, and Saturnalia. In today's world of blended families, it can be tricky to honor the traditions and beliefs of every member. One possibility for bringing everyone together is a new tradition that shows our respect for Nature by observing the winter solstice. The shortest day of the year means the longest night of the year. Festivities around the world vary widely in both theme and content.



Burning the Clocks in Brighton, England features lanterns made of paper and willow branches in many fantastical shapes.

Dongji, celebrated in South Korea, includes giving calendars and socks.

Shab-e-Yalda, observed in Iran as well as Afghanistan, Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, and Turkmenistan, features a literary aspect: "Reading poems from Divan-e-Hafiz (Fal-e Hafiz) is an entertaining tradition of Yalda Night. Each member of a family or a group of friends makes a wish-while keeping it as a secret-and randomly opens the book. The eldest member of the group reads the randomly selected poem loudly. Since the poem is believed to be the interpretation of the wish and the way it would come true, it is fun to interpret the poem and guess the wishes others make. In this way, the last and the longest night of autumn comes to an end happily and the first great day of winter begins. "



Invent new rituals

In her Psychology Today article, *10 Ways Rituals Help Us Celebrate Our Lives*, Abigail Brenner, M.D., writes, "The ritual process provides a sense of stability and continuity amidst the ever-changing, hectic, and often chaotic world in which we live. Rituals engender a sense of healing calm and a feeling of trust in life's flow and forward movement."

What exactly makes a ritual? On Thursdays I go to my favorite coffeehouse, order my favorite drink, sit outside on the patio, and write in a cheap spiral notebook with an equally cheap pen. Cheap tools mean no pressure. This is my weekly mental health ritual, an act performed with intention for a specific purpose. ■



Las Vegas, for Non - Gamblers



Las Vegas—sometimes called Lost Wages—brings up many different images for people. Everyone knows that the main things Sin City is known for, gambling and drinking, but what to do if you don't gamble?

To begin, they have some incredible live shows by a large variety of artists. While you can spend upwards of \$100 per ticket for some of those headliners, there are a few places where you can see some great shows for what many consider chump change or even free. Contact the visitor's centers as well as the casino or hotel customer relations desks to see what shows are on with free or low-cost tickets. Now be warned, free means you might have to buy a drink or two from the showroom bar, making soft drinks a bit costly if you do not drink alcohol. Even the cost of a couple drinks will be minimal compared to ticket costs in many cases.

For Family Friendly shows, Mac King comedy magic is fun, kid safe, and always a crowd pleaser. You will never look at *Fig* cookies the same again. If you are lucky enough to catch one of Jeff McBride's shows while there, you will be in for a treat.

If you are a Star Trek fan, he played one of the Dax lives in an episode of Star Trek's Deep Space 9.

To take advantage of midweek savings, know that many shows are dark on Mondays. If your plans should include the third Thursday of a month, check out the Wonderground variety show out on Sunset Blvd at a place called the Olive. They serve Mediterranean food. While it is a hookah bar and restaurant, the smoking is not in the half where the show is held. The food is good, fairly priced, and the entertainment is top notch. Show prices are reasonable, usually about \$20, and you never know who might drop in.

Wander up and down the strip to see the various entertainments that are free, from the evening show of the dancing fountains at the Bellagio, to the 117,000 gallon fish tank at the Silverton Hotel and free circus acts throughout the day at Circus Circus. The Fremont street experience after dark at the north end of town and the erupting volcano at the Mirage offer a bit of fun and entertainment. Head to the Flamingo hotel and explore their indoor tropical gardens, see actual flamingoes, and the flamingo habitat. Expect to see street performers in abundance, and if you head to the north end of the strip, over on Fremont street, watch for the Magic Genii.

There is a nightly show overhead on the large canopy, and a zipline that runs about \$25/person.

The traffic congestion is outrageous on the casino part of the strip. Park in one of the casino lots at either end and use the overhead walkways, the monorail, or the city bus to get back and forth. Fremont street is a no vehicle area. You'll want to park somewhere early and see the sights on foot.

If thrill rides are your thing, then be sure to check out the Stratosphere for their roller coasters and rides that take you literally over the edge. If you want an extreme activity, the decelerated sky jump is over 1000 feet.



You can make a trip to the Museum of Atomic Testing near the University for an interesting educational tour. A short drive north of Las Vegas is the Red Rock state park, home of numerous petroglyphs, including one that is the earliest image of the use of a spear throwing stick, known as an atlatl. It is also known for a shooting location of one of the Star Trek movies!

You can wander still further north to the *Little Ale'inn*, a cafe and souvenir shop near the site commonly known as Area 51, and even stop for a photo op at the signs along the *Extraterrestrial Highway*.

Head a bit southeast to walk across or tour the Hoover Dam. Copious paid parking is available at the visitor's center.

The Clark County museum at a \$2 admission for adults will be on your way to or from the dam, so be sure to stop in there as well for some time travel.

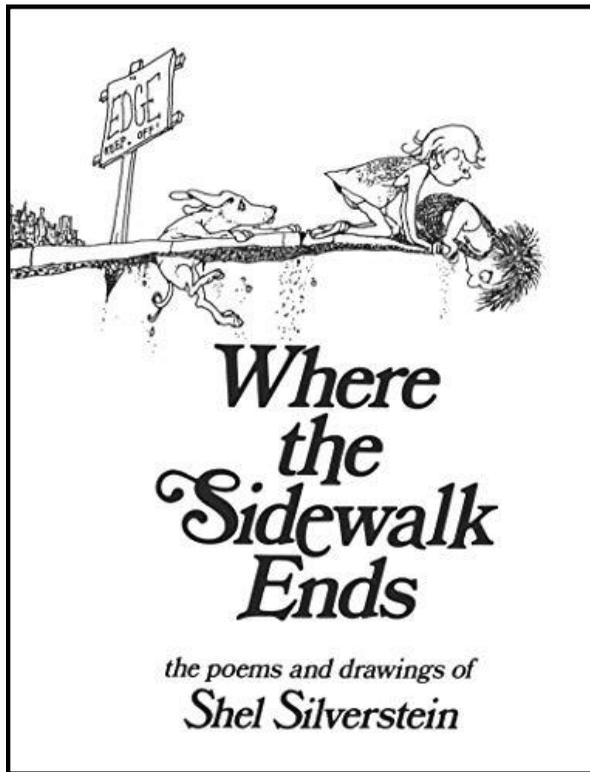
Heading back to the north end of town, you can go drive a race car on the big track. While that Ferrari 458 ride/drive will set you back a few bills, the Nascar ride along is about \$100.



Las Vegas still has numerous budget easy locations for meals, though my last trip I did not find any 99 cent steak and egg breakfasts. There are still plenty of the legendary buffets to be found. Above all, keep your cool and enjoy a fun time in the desert without having to wire home for money. ■



Reflecting Family Traditions through Books



Family traditions are a call back to childhood, home, and safety. The right tradition can bring you together regularly.

What cake you have on your birthday, the song played at a wedding, or whether you vacation at the beach or mountains, all echo a family's approach to the world. Sometimes, we embrace tradition. Other times, we buck it, but it is a touchpoint for identity.

Family traditions rarely arrive out of thin air. Many have been passed down for generations. That doesn't mean they were consciously selected. Occasionally, you discover your children have continued with something you chose to do and, voilà, a family tradition is born.

Here are a few examples of family traditions reflected through books.

EVEN SMALL MOMENTS CAN MATTER

Where the Sidewalk Ends by Shel Silverstein

This classic book of poetry was a staple at my elementary school. It has poems of different lengths to entertain children and adults. On nights I was too tired to read three children's books to my kids, I would offer to read three poems. They were so entertaining, we'd read more. Gradually, my kids would read short poems they had heard enough times to have roughly memorized. More advanced than a Dr. Seuss book, the rhythm and rhyme help young readers while keeping us entertained. Now, each of my kids has their own hardback copy of the book.

RECIPE BOOKS

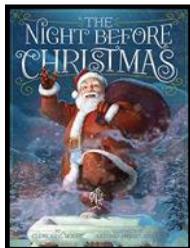
In so many ways, foods reflect family traditions. What we serve on holiday must be negotiated with roommates and significant others because it is so important.

When we combined households, it wasn't a birthday without my husband's grandmother's award-winning pie recipe. I learned to call his mother for tips on the foods he was missing. Soon I had a recipe box of meaningful traditions, although, I can't say my version always tastes like his mother's.

As you leave home, or your kids do, consider creating a small recipe book with the important dishes. They're not always a holiday extravaganza, either. Often, the foods you long for are the weekly meals that were a staple. Most comfort foods come from our childhood.



ENJOY THE TRADITIONS OF YOUR CULTURE

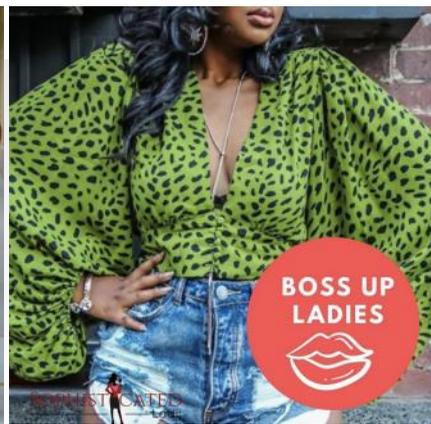


The Night Before Christmas by Clement C. Moore
Holidays, whichever you may celebrate, allow for wonderful creation of family traditions. They will happen, whether you mean them to or not, so give some thought to what you want your family to do annually.

Originally published in 1823, you can take your pick of vintage or contemporary style for the classic Christmas poem *The Night Before Christmas*. Many versions have beautiful illustrations. We received a hard copy as a baby shower present, and it became tradition to read the poem each Christmas Eve.

CREATE YOUR OWN MEMORY BOOK

Whether it is an old-fashioned family album, scrapbook, or memories put together online using a service such as Snapfish, having a book about your family can preserve memories and traditions. Try to include ages, names, and small anecdotes to bring the pictures alive. As the world becomes more digital, at the very least consider an online archive to bring yourself the pleasure of reviewing memories. ■



SOPHISTICATED
Ladii
www.sophisticatediadil.com

SCAN QR CODE FOR FALL COLLECTION

The New Zealand Haka



The Haka is a tradition kept alive by New Zealanders (Kiwis) the world over.

The Haka is many things, a performance, telling a story through words and movement. Some keep history and mythology alive. Some keep modern ideas alive. A Haka is a way to welcome new people. If you were to visit Te Pui in New Zealand, you would be welcomed in with a Haka. When my husband and I got married, a group of local and Canadian Kiwi men performed a Haka to celebrate and welcome our guests. It's also a way to pay the highest honor and tribute to someone who has died

If you're a fan of rugby, you've probably seen a Haka. The New Zealand All Blacks prepare for each game by facing their opponents and performing one. Each movement is tied to a word or phrase. They stomp their feet. They stare down their opponents. They intimidate as one moving, focused team. Every All Black fan, in that moment, feels an almost spiritual stirring inside.

I watched my first Maori Haka in 2000 with a sense of awe. At that time, I was attending a friend's Hangi, which is a party where all of the food is cooked in the ground in a traditional Maori way. A group of young men and women from New Zealand were touring the U.S. and had stopped to perform. At the end of their performance, they did a Haka.

I live in a small town just outside of Detroit, which seems an unlikely place for the Haka. Nevertheless, the tradition of a Haka is alive and thriving here. Often passed down from father to son, our group also has a daughter who has joined. Each year, these dad and kids come together to practice, often in our backyard. While my husband and his friends continue to host the Hangi, these families have formed their own Kapa Haka group and perform every year.

As the daughter of Irish and French parents, I never grew up with the tradition and have nothing like it in my own culture. Yet, whenever I am fortunate enough to see a Haka, I am moved to tears. It gives me the feeling of connection to New Zealand, and its people who welcome and share their warmth with me. A Haka is absolutely sacred.

Like other Kiwi fathers, my husband has passed the Haka on to his sons. Just a few weeks ago, I found our five-year-old grandson in the garage by himself. Stomping his foot, his hands hitting his thighs, he recited a few phrases he remembered from last summer. For a split second, he was a little taller, a little braver, a bit more confident than he was before. The door I had partially opened squeaked. In that moment, he looked up and blushed.

"I don't remember it all," he confessed.

"That's ok," I said. "You're doing great, and I'm sure G will teach you." ■



SEARCH



SUBSCRIBE NOW
SEARCHMAGAZINE.NET

A full year of *SEARCH*, delivered to your mailbox. Things to do, places to see, and informative articles to enrich your life.



Enjoy an
Afrique Favourite
JOLLOF RICE
with
AFROBEAT'S SOUND

**CONTRA
COSTA
VERSION
2020**

**BOOK YOUR
OCCASION
WITH US**

OUTDOOR DINING & TAKEOUT!

Sun-Thurs: 4pm-9pm

Fri- Sat 4pm-10pm



RESTAURANT & ENTERTAINMENT

*Inside Orchard Square, 2370, Buchanan Road, Antioch, 94509.
(925) 732-7478, (510) 944-2848*

THE POSH FROG
BOUTIQUE



PREMIUM FITNESS APPAREL



www.beposhfit.com



The Posh Frog

BePoshFit.com 

Holiday Spa Massage

holidayspa.us



\$45 per hour

Body Oil Massage



\$65 90 min

Hot Stone Massage



\$25 per hour

Foot Reflexology



Open 9:30am-9:30pm

7 days a week



925-240-1888 ■ 6730 Lone Tree Way #4, Brentwood, CA 94513