


## Almost 40--Now What?



# California Breeze

That's right, almost 40, and again, I ask the question—now what? Is it all down hill from here on in? Or is there reason to hope? I'm (probably) almost mid-way through my life, and I arrive kicking and screaming. I don't want to be 40. I want to remain in my 20's, have lots of close Friends, sit around a coffee shop, waste time with all my Friends, and basically have a cool time of *not* growing older! I am told that I don't look 40, and I doubt that in two months when Greg and I mark that day, that I will have changed significantly. This is some comfort (not much, however!) that others tell me I still look younger than my driver's license documents. My skin remains relatively unlined (I now avoid long exposures to the sun), I am in pretty good shape, despite the inevitable love handles, and I mix well with the 20's something crowd at work. But I know I cannot keep up with their drinking capabilities anymore, their athletic stamina, or their habit of acting immaturely. Sports used to be the most important thing in my life, but not any longer. More of the armchair quarterback these days.

We all know that society is geared toward that 18-35 generation. The Generation X. (Why they are called that, I haven't a clue.) Television shows and their commercials all but ignore any other age group, as if no one else has any disposable income. I have to admit, however, that I feel like an honorary member of the Generation X, despite standing on the doorstep of 40. I still think like I'm lost somewhere between 25 and 30, and I refuse to find

the right path. The heck with growing old! Let me have the wisdom and perspective that comes with getting older, but let me also keep the silly antics and playfulness of being a kid. Why not? I have no family to raise and be a model parent for, I am not tied down to a mortgage or a lot of bills, and I could pick up and move on to something new, if the opportunity came along. And I hope it does. That's what I've experienced so far; the urge to settle down for good has been defeated.

I want to make more money, have more time to play, and do more things spontaneously, like drive to Santa Barbara for wine tasting. I want to stay out late with friends, dragging myself to work the next day half-asleep. I miss playing baseball and touch football, and all those group activities I enjoyed so much when I was in college.

I approach turning 40 as a man more confident and comfortable with who he is. Closet doors long opened, fears put aside, I like who I am and what I have experienced. I wouldn't want to be 18 again, but I am not anxious to get to this next birthday, either. I hope my best memories are still to come. I want to travel more, get back to Europe and see what I missed last time. It would be fun to sleep under the stars in a warm sleeping bag, with pine needles as my mattress. To hike in the mountains and take in the wonders of creation. I have still much to do before I collect my pension.

People always say that age in a mind thing. I agree, and that is why this article is being written with tongue somewhat planted in cheek. I don't dread getting old, just acting old. I gotta let that child within have all the chance he can to play and have fun. So, in closing, I may be getting older, but I refuse to grow up!



# Shark Cartilage!

I. William Lane, Ph.d., an independent consultant specializing in marine resources, reports that shark cartilage in capsule form is now being used successfully to combat the pain of arthritis. Shark cartilage contains large amounts of mucopolysaccharides (carbohydrates that form chemical bonds with water) which stimulate the immune system. This reduces the pain and inflammation of arthritis. Since cartilage is living tissue, oral dosages are believed to actually help repair damaged human cartilage, according to Dr. Lane.

Additional research shows that angiogenesis-inhibiting properties of shark cartilage work synergistically with the mucopolysaccharides to stop new blood vessel invasion of cartilage. Clinical trials and practical application have shown that shark cartilage orally administered before meals is effective in reducing the pain score for many arthritic patients. Eighty percent of osteoarthritis patients at Comprehensive Medical Clinic in Southern California responded well. The percentage of response for rheumatoid arthritis patients studied in other research was 50-60 percent.

Patients completing the various studies showed a decrease in pain by 5 to 6 points on a scale of 10, with 10 being unbearable pain. Some, who had suffered pain performing physical activities before using shark cartilage, no longer experienced such pain after just three weeks of treatment.

Arthritic patients should not expect instant results from taking cartilage extracts, however. Since human cartilage does not have a blood supply, it is difficult to get new building materials into the joint areas. Also, during the healing process, joints continue to be subjected to activities and stress-bearing. Therefore, the benefits of cartilage supplementation tend to be gradual.

*Taken from "Alternative Medicine", compiled by the Burton-Goldberg Group*

*Happy Birthdays to:  
Jason (Feb. 1st)  
Arianna (Feb. 2nd)  
Dad (Feb. 21st)*

## my own experience

I was listening to a radio program one morning on the way to work, and the featured guest was a chiropractor who was spousing the effects of shark cartilage for the treatment of arthritis and cancer. He mentioned one brand in particular, "Cartilaid", which I later found out to be pretty expensive. But what impressed me was his documentation of the benefits of taking shark cartilage with his own patients and those of other doctors. Not that I suffer from cancer or arthritis, but I wondered if it would do me any good, considering that I am almost 40, and do feel those minor aches, pains, and stiffness from night sleeping, and the daily physical activities of work and play. I checked with our in-store pharmacy about the availability of the cartilage, and found out that two young female employees were currently taking it as a vitamin supplement. So, I talked to one, who said that she had various allergies that bothered her, as well as eczema, the skin condition. She has been on shark cartilage for several months, and it has worked to eliminate the eczema and control the allergies. She said she will continue the dosages probably for the rest of her life, but it has worked for her. The other woman has severe arthritis, that is almost crippling. She misses a lot of work due to the condition, even though she is only in her mid 20's. She has taken cartilage, among many other medicines, and feels that she needs more and stronger meds to help her condition.

Anyway, I decided to order a bottle of shark cartilage pills, at \$15.45 for 50, at a 500 mg dosage. I have been taking one a day (one before every meal is recommended), for almost a month now, and I have this to say. I don't know if it's the cartilage or what, but ever since I started the supplements, I can honestly say that I have been feeling better, overall. Much fewer of those aches, pains, and virtually no morning stiffness. I seem to also have more energy throughout the day, and am less tired at night, even with a glass or two of wine! My muscles and joints feel younger and healthier. Even though the unconventional wisdom says that it's a gradual process of healing, I have felt better since the first day of taking the cartilage pills. Again, I can't positively link it to the pills, but I have no other explanation either. So, I would recommend trying this program to anyone who might need the benefits. If you cannot find it anywhere at a reasonable price, let me know and I will send some from Costco's pharmacy (special order—one day delivery). Everybody's body is different, so the effects might be different for you, but it can't hurt to take it, and there is no fishy taste, in case you were wondering! It's like popping a vitamin caplet. So, there's my fish story for the month...



## And so on...

AND THE GROUND SHOOK. I felt the latest aftershock today while sitting at my computer. It measured 3.8, and was the first I have felt in a long time. They tell us that we can expect aftershocks from the Northridge quake for another year or two. It wasn't too bad today, but it reminded me how complacent I have become since the big one hit, two years ago.

NICE TO SEE YA, JIM! While on a layover in L.A. last Saturday, on the way to Hawaii for a business trip, Jim and I met for a few hours, finding a couple bars that would take our hard-earned cash in exchange for some locally-brewed beer. We headed for the Manhattan Beach Brewing Company for a pitcher of "Pier Pale Ale". This cozy place was just up off the beach, and I think we both felt kind of on the "old" side, judging by the ages of those in the place. It was great to see a Schneider again, but the time was so short. And we spent much of it talking about computers! Go figure...

RAIN, RAIN, COME OUR WAY. As I sit here, we are expecting the largest storm to hit this winter so far. 1-4" is predicted, and if I was near the mountains, I would be concerned about flooding or mud slides. We need the rain, though, as it has been too dry, although there's no serious talk of a drought—yet. There is plenty of snow on the mountains throughout California, so skiers are having a great winter.

A STORY TO BE TOLD. Jim told me of an idea he shared with a couple of you, about starting a story here, and someone else taking up the next page or chapter, so that each month, the story unfolds with you all as co-authors. It sounds like a fun idea, and who knows where the story will go, or how it will end. So, I will take it upon myself to start it. And someone else can contribute the next part of it for March. Perhaps a mystery, or action story might be interesting. Hope you can all get into it. Jim or Bill, how about one of you taking next month's?



## Dead Men Don't Sing

**T**he cold winter winds swirled around him, and even though he was bundled up with every warm garment in his closet, Tim still felt it in his bones. Part of it, perhaps was that he was standing in the courtyard of St. Joseph's, investigating the recent and most unexpected death (murder?) of one Ian Campbell, the popular choir director, whose body was found by his housekeeper late one night a couple weeks ago in the private study of his well-appointed house in the Hills, a wealthy and exclusive community just outside the city of Chicago. The autopsy came to the conclusion that his death was by "natural causes," and while the community was dealing with the sudden loss of a popular figure of their church, Tim was unconvinced that it was Campbell's time to go—at least by natural causes.

Timothy O'Donnell, who supposedly was going to get out of the private investigation business in another month, and start his well-earned retirement, now found himself in the middle of what promised to be a baffling and mysterious case. Was it a natural death? Or was it murder? Fr. Luke, the sharp associate pastor at St. Joe's, who gave the best homilies around, became suspicious soon after the body was found and the news spread that Campbell had died, and decided to give a call to his friend, Tim, to see if he could check things out. The police found no clues of it being a murder, but Fr. Luke knew Ian, and knew him to be a man of robust health, who controlled his drinking as best one could expect of an Irishman. Tim reluctantly took the case, and hoped that this, his last one, would be solved quickly, in time for an extended vacation in Florida he was planning.

Ian Campbell was a very successful man, who dabbled in business, buying expensive artwork, and developing some land into high-priced real estate in and around Chicago, using his shrewd business savvy to make himself a lot of money, and a place in the society column every other month or so. But one of his great loves was being the choir director at St. Joe's. Campbell was not a devoted Catholic as much as he loved music and the power of leading a well-known music group that helped to fill the pews every Sunday at 11:00. His reputation as director grew quickly, as

*(Continued on page 4)*



(Continued from page 3)

he shaped a group of 25 instrumentalists and singers into a fine assembly of musicians. It was under his direction that the group's reputation, and consequently, the attendance grew. He worked them hard, because he could feel their potential, largely untapped, and would accept nothing but a 100% effort from them all. At first the long, arduous practices brought grumblings and resentment, but when they started to realize just how good they sounded and how popular they became, the grumblings stopped, and their admiration for Ian Campbell grew. At least with most of the group. Campbell came to realize that he was dealing with a mixed bag of egos, most he could control, but a couple he could not. His own ego was large enough that he would win any battle of wills, whether in the business world, or at St. Joe's. So, it didn't bother him that he made a couple enemies in the group, as long as they played and sang for him, he would sidestep the bruised egos. Those enemies Ian made were two of the original musicians from the early days of the group, a keyboardist named Paul Schaefer, and a guitarist named Chris Platter. They were both close friends, having grown up together in a world surrounded by music, and they had a hard time swallowing the acclaim achieved by this rich and sometimes arrogant director. The fact of the matter was, that before Campbell came around, Paul and Chris were the leaders of the group, and ran it the way they liked it run, which was much differently than the way it was being led today. They thought that the group

sounded too "commercial", and that they were no longer "playing for God", but instead had become "performers", playing for the applause that routinely thundered from the pews at the end of each Mass. But any protests that the two would lodge fell upon deaf ears, and the direction of the group continued, under the grip of Campbell.

Ian ran his practices like he ran his board meetings—crisply and without any fooling around. Anyone found not paying attention to his direction would be met with a cold stare, or a rap on the music stand with his pencil. Ian could be intimidating, there was no doubt about that, and being singled out and chastised for not paying attention was enough to scare one back into line. This was a church group, yes, but it was more importantly (in Ian's mind) a professional-style production that would reflect his own reputation to the community. So, he ran a tight ship, and if you couldn't take the heat, you were soon asked to leave. And no one wanted to leave the best thing that has happened to St. Joe's in all its 45 years of existence. The music group was a well-oiled machine, and being a part of it meant some personal glory as well, especially if you were given solos on a regular basis.

What brought Tim to the now-quiet church courtyard wasn't entirely clear, but something made him leave his warm apartment and come down here to look for clues.

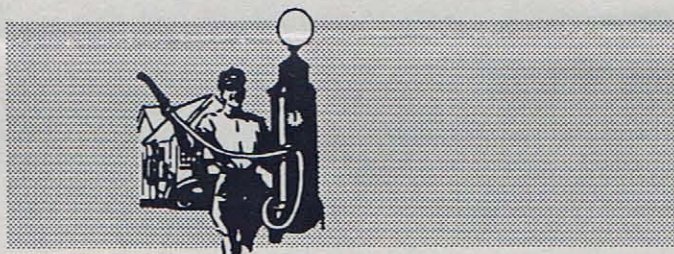
(to be continued...)

## Mom and Dad to Swing Out West, South in April

SOUTH LYON—

In plans recently announced, Mom and Dad will be taking vacation time in April to see Greg and Frinee and their family in Houston, followed by a swing out to the west coast to see Mike. With Continental offering some unbeatable deals before the summer rush, they were able to put together a package that will allow them a week in Houston and almost five days in Los Angeles. In Houston, they will stay at the Schneider ranch, now that the two girls from El Salvador are no longer in residence there. In Los Angeles, the folks will be staying at the luxurious Beverly Prescott Hotel in Beverly Hills. Mike's roommate, Mark, arranged the reservations for his friend's parents.

What's on their agenda for the vacation? No details have been finalized as yet, but rumor has it that in Houston, with Greg taking a week of vacation time, they will spend a relaxing time in and around home, with side trips to certain attractions, as well as dinner out at local restaurants. In Los Angeles, meanwhile, they could be in store for a visit to the



Ronald Reagan Library, the Richard M. Nixon library, or the public library in Van Nuys (if they get bored!). What will probably be ruled out are trips to Disneyland, Six Flags Magic Mountain, Universal Studios, and the Tonight Show with Jay Leno. However, a shopping spree on Rodeo Drive, rollerblading on the boardwalk of Venice Beach, a flag football game at the Rose Bowl, and cooking lessons with Wolfgang Puck might be arranged. Mike will also be taking a week of vacation time, one of three that he has coming to him. The trip to Houston and California will be another whirlwind tour for the jetset couple, whose travel log over their lifetime rivals only that of Pope John Paul II, who when informed of the Scheider's upcoming trip was heard to remark, "Damn it, those two NEVER stay home!"

More birthdays this month:  
Sr. Marilyn (Feb. 21st)  
Sue Ambrose (Feb. 25th)





## INQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW!

Do you have some specific questions you are dying to know about someone in the family, but you're too shy to come right out and ask the person directly? Of course you do! So this column is dedicated to those kinds of inquiries, and they necessitate a response from the one addressed. If you see your name in this column, send me the answer to the question for the next "Breeze".

1) Hi Melissa! I was wondering how your job at Kelly Services is going for you since your last promotion? What does it actually entail? What do you like best and least about it???

2) Hi John! If you were me, staying home looking for things to fill your day, how would you spend your time? You've got skills and interests I don't know about but would love to!

Look for the answers next month in this column...Inquiring minds do want to know!!!

### THE MIRACLE LOOPHOLE

Ryan and his younger sister were presented with candy canes, one whole and one broken. Ryan took the whole one.

"What would Jesus have done?" asked his mother, chiding the boy.

"He'd have fixed the broken one," Ryan assured her.

Father Joseph Callagher.

### AM I DREAMING?

On a recent Sunday, the Travel section of the Detroit Free Press featured boat cruises. The various articles and ads recalled for me our 4-day cruise in the Eastern Mediterranean, from Haifa to Athens, a long time ago, and our Alaskan Inside Passage cruise more recently. There is one more cruise I would like to take and that is in the Caribbean, including visiting a few islands. I thought: Wouldn't it be wonderful if our whole family could have another reunion together on a cruise ship out of, say, Miami or Galveston/Houston. If we made it a part of our approaching Golden Wedding anniversary in 1998 we all would have two years to plan and save for a great time together in the sun at sea. This may not be feasible, but I'll inquire if any good deals might exist. I read that more and more ships are being built and prices will decrease so they can fill all the ships.

Right now we are biding our time looking forward to our circle tour out west. We will leave April 10th, the Wednesday after Easter, for a six-day visit with Greg and Frinee and family, then on to Van Nuys for four days with Mike. We will return home April 20th. Bargain fares precipitated this trip at this time.

In the meantime as I write, the snow plows are busy in Colonial Acres for only the third time this winter. We have had very little snow this season so far, with most of it in short flurries, not requiring plow services. We have had some cold weather, though. More than a few nights around or below zero, and one or two to minus 15- 20 degrees.

Well, you all take care of yourselves and try to drop a nice helping of trivia to Mike (he likes Italian you know), so we can have future issues of this fine newsletter. We always look forward to receiving the next issue.

Dad

### *But seriously, folks...*

Life for me, the "Stay-at-Home-Housewife, is very, very quiet and at times lonely. I'd like to say that with my day my own I've gotten in all the reading I've waited years to do, the craft projects I planned to work on, the home improvements started that are desperately needed, but alas, none of that has materialized yet. I'm still adjusting to this new life...

His (Sherwood) company is up for sale, as I might have already mentioned, and the employees may find out by May who the new buyer(s) are. Sure hope his job and salary remain the same! I will probably go back to work part-time by mid-summer if there's anything around that I'd enjoy doing. But if he's in danger of losing his job I'll lose the luxury of waiting and then working only PT—assuming the perfect job comes along close to home!

*BTW: Does anybody remember they have a sister named Lynn in New Jersey...does anybody care?? Please keep in touch! Even a five-minute phone call twice a year would be great!!*



Michael P. Schneider  
13539 Wyandotte St.  
Van Nuys, CA 91405



California Breeze

John & Melissa Schneider  
3266 Rosedale  
Ann Arbor, MI 48108



## The Dead End



Take time to think  
Take time to play  
Take time to laugh

It is the source of power  
It is the greatest power on earth  
It is the music of the soul

Take time to play  
Take time to love and be loved  
Take time to give

It is the secret of perpetual youth  
It is God's given privilege  
It is too short a day to be selfish

Take time to read  
Take time to be friendly  
Take time to work

It is the fountain of wisdom  
It is the road to happiness  
It is the price of success

Take time to do charity  
It is the key to heaven

*submitted by Dad*

