

—Lifting the ‘Vale—

Georgia's Place

By Jim Follis

“Hi darling,” came the faint voice on the other end of my call, after the sixth ring.

Georgia must be getting worse. After 96 years on this earth, I guess she has a right to be tired.

“So how are you and your beautiful wife doing?” came a bit stronger voice.

I must have gotten her out of bed. Not good. Georgia has fought and won two different battles with cancer, still fights the battle with her childhood polio, but doesn't plan to win this one.

“Honey, I'm just worn out. I seem to have a cold of some kind, again, and you can't visit. I'm so tired; I just want to move on.”

“It's okay if you do,” I ruefully acknowledged, “it's really your decision, not ours. We want you to live forever, because you are our inspiration and often times our counsel, our strength. It is out of selfishness that we are afraid to let you go.”

“You and my son are the only ones who support me in my wishes. I miss you. Didn't we have some great times?”

Georgia, I haven't been able to come and get my hugs the last two times I've been here. I need to tell you that you have been one of the most influential factors in my life. You have given me strength to do some things that I could never have done without you. I am in total awe of your physical and emotional stamina, and cherish every moment I have been able to spend with you over the years.

“Oh, I feel the same. Our little sessions (which often lasted half a day) did me so much good. You

don't know how much they meant to me.”

Because I can't come hug you like I'd like to, I guess the next best thing is to go visit your library. You know I've never been inside since it was completed.

“I know. But they have hung my picture up now, you can look at that.”

After bidding our adieus, I drove the short distance to the Folsom library. I had a giant knot in my throat, and it was really a hot afternoon. I knew Georgia was not long for this current life, and I was so sorry that she wasn't able to personally take me on a tour through her library.

As I slugged across the screamingly hot parking lot, I was reminded of all the struggles that surrounded the construction of the Georgia Murray Library. If it weren't for her tenacity and compelling charismatic nature, the library would never have been built.

As I entered the building, the cool air and tall ceilings that wrapped around the library itself immediately enveloped me into a calm that erased my anxiousness.

What an inviting building! And as I began my exploration of the structure I continued to marvel at the openness and welcome feeling that I got.

The storytelling room reminded me to bring my book and set up a time to share it with a group of youngsters. I haven't done that since I quit doing book signings.

Look at all the computers. And they're all busy too.

There are so many people researching and writing things, looking contentedly out the windows. So many places in the library have a personal quietness about them while having a window to the world, being able to look out on the park or the large covered area in the middle of the library.

I'm currently sitting in front of the fireplace in a very comfortable stuffed chair looking up at the portrait of Georgia. My heart is heavy at the thought of not being able to call her at anytime and feel her love passing through my body, giving me strength and erasing my worries. But looking up at her here in the reading room makes me realize how blessed I have been to have known Georgia.

She dropped her nickname, Chick, long ago; and now as I look up at her smiling down from over the fireplace I am reminded that beyond the fiery activist, the gutsy risk taker, the cookies and milk grandmotherly shoulder that she offered to all of us—is one classy, regal, difference-maker who profoundly changed lives.

Georgia is a proud lady who doesn't want me to see her in her present condition, and soon I won't be able to even hear her cheerful voice over the telephone; but I can always go to the library and see her smiling face and feel her influence in the building. She's in every room, on every shelf, and out every window.

Go visit the library—you'll feel her presence.

Do I have a slipped disc?

By Dr. Peter LoPresti, D.C.

The structures which separate the individual bones of our spinal column are called intervertebral discs. You can think of the anatomy of these discs like a jelly donut. Discs are composed of an outer ring of a fibrous cartilage (annulus fibrosis) which holds an inner area of a jelly-like substance (nucleus pulposus). Together these structures provide a combination of strength and cushioning which allows a strong, flexible shock absorbing system between our spinal bones. Healthy discs provide the spacing to allow pairs of spinal nerves to exit the spinal cord between each joint and travel to its proper destination without irritation. The flexibility of healthy discs allows bending and flexing and, as discs get most of their nutrition and waste removal from the fluid which surrounds them, proper movement helps maintain good disc health. Although a disc can bulge, become thinned, protrude, tear, or herniated, it can't slip.

If a disc becomes injured due to injury or wear and tear, it can put pressure in nerves producing sciatica (lower extremity pain) or brachial neuralgia (upper extremity pain). Chiropractic care helps address the cause of these symptoms with proper diagnosis and gentle treatment. Specialized techniques and equipment (auto flexion/distraction tables) produce spinal movements which help to gently reduce the bulging disc and alleviate the nerve pain to allow a return to normal function.

We have successfully treated many people for neck, back, and nerve problems over our more than twenty years of practice in Orangevale. If you have any questions I might be able to answer for you, please feel free to give me a call.

Indymac ~ Continued from page 8

depositors. The FDIC will begin contacting customers with uninsured deposits to arrange an appointment with an FDIC claims agent by Monday. Customers can contact the FDIC for an appointment using the toll-free number above. The FDIC will pay uninsured depositors an advance dividend equal to 50 percent of the uninsured amount.

Based on preliminary analysis, the estimated cost of the resolution to the Deposit Insurance Fund is between \$4 and \$8 billion. IndyMac Bank, FSB, is the fifth FDIC-insured failure of the year. The last FDIC-insured failure in California was the Southern Pacific Bank, Torrance, on February 7, 2003.



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