

Local News

Dawn's Pizzazz to hold Common Threads event

Dawn's Pizzazz is pleased to announce that it will host a night of powerful stories, spreading a positive message of hope. The Common Threads event, which will bring awareness to suicide, addiction recovery and wellness, will feature dinner, a silent auction and a number of special guests. The stigma associated with suicide and substance use disorder and related issues often keeps individuals and families from seeking help out of shame, guilt, denial and many other emotions. It is Dawn's sincere hope that she can help shed light on these very difficult issues so that families, friends and loved ones can begin the process of seeking guidance and support, enabling them to find solutions for their loved ones and ultimately heal. Beneficiaries of the event are The C.A.R.E.S. Group and The Connection.

Guests for the evening include:

Donna and Matt Deluca—co-founders of the C.A.R.E.S. Foundation.

Lisa DeMatteis-Lepore, CEO of The Connection.

Krystle Hart and Brianna Teixeira, who tragically lost their father, Manuel to suicide in 2012.

Patty Sumner, co-author of the book "*Behind the Faces of Suicide: Stories of Grief and Hope*". Patty lost her

daughter, Melissa to suicide in 2014.

Kim, co-author of the book "*Behind the Faces of Suicide: Stories of Grief and Hope*". Kim lost her son, Todd to suicide in 2013.

The Common Threads event will be held at the Portuguese Cultural Center in Danbury, CT on Saturday, May 11, 2019 at 6 p.m. Tickets are \$75 per person/\$650 per table, and can be purchased online at thedpz.com.

About The Connection:

The Connection is a statewide human services and community development agency that provides unique solutions to the problems of homelessness, mental illness, substance use and community justice rehabilitation. For additional information, visit www.theconnectioninc.org.

About The C.A.R.E.S. Group:

The C.A.R.E.S. Group, founded by a mother and her son, is a direct response to the increase in substance abuse, overdoses, and deaths of young people in local communities. They felt first-hand the devastating impact of addiction on the entire family. In their personal struggles, which span over a decade, they discovered a lack of available resources for parents and other affected family members. For additional information, visit www.thecaresgroup.org.

Relay for Life Saturday, April 27

There's still time to join Litchfield High School's Relay for Life.

Go to lhsrelay.blogspot.com, form a team to support the American Cancer Society, and then come out to LHS on Saturday, April 27, from 5 to 9 p.m. and celebrate at our Relay for Life. Enjoy the music of The Loft, Howie Roll, and the Jazz combo while you walk the loop, play games, and participate in our ceremonies. This will be a meaningful night for everyone. See you there!

Litchfield Lions Club Car Show - May 19th

"The Biggest Little Car Show in Litchfield" at Litchfield Inn/Tavern Off The Green, RT 202, 9 am to 2 pm. Call 860-797-1563 for info. Arrive early - space limited.

Q & A with Dr. J.

By Avery L. Jenkins, DC, DCBCN, FIAMA

"There's no vaccine for the spring sneezes," my mother used to say, and she was right. Allergy sufferers just have to grin and bear it and down their over-the-counter drug of choice. Sometimes it works, but other times...

Q.: Dr J, none of the allergy medications do anything for me! Can you help?

A.: That's the most common question I get this time of year, and fortunately, the answer is yes! There are a couple of ways to approach environmental allergies.

My favorite method is through acupuncture. Repeated acupuncture treatments starting early in the allergy season can reduce a patient's symptoms considerably. I have had several patients, after returning to me for 2-3 years, find that they no longer suffered from allergies at all.

Sometimes I couple the acupuncture with Chinese herbs formulated to treat allergies from the inside out, which helps the patient reach a long-term solution.

And believe it or not, improving your gut health can reduce your allergy symptoms. Sometimes adding probiotics to your nutritional supplements may be enough to slow down the runny nose and tearing eyes.

Sadly, we are only making the allergy problem worse as time goes on. A study from the University of Maryland published in March found that human-induced climate change is disrupting nature's calendar, including when plants bloom and the spring season starts. We're increasingly paying the price for it in the form of seasonal allergies. The study, based on over 300,000 respondents, shows that allergies increase when the timing of spring 'greenup' changes.

Maybe the best thing we can do for our allergies is to help the planet be healthier, too.

Dr. Avery Jenkins provides chiropractic, acupuncture and nutritional therapies at the Center for Alternative Medicine in Litchfield, CT. If you have a question for him, contact him at 860-567-5727 or send an email to averyjenkins.com.

Monthly Musings

April at the Shore by Jane Bailey



Growing up, vacations were not part of our family routine...except for Easter week at the Jersey shore. Long Beach Island was worlds away from Staten Island, so we looked forward to our annual adventure. We'd pile in the car—Mom, Dad, three kids, dog, and suitcases filled with a week of clothes for all weather and our Sunday-best outfits for church, including Easter bonnets.

Once we were squished into the car, we'd let Mom run back to check she'd turned off the stove and then we were off!

Those two-hour car rides were happy family time. Who spies the stone dinosaur on Route 9? Who sees the Lakewood Diner? —and "No, we're not stopping." When we turned onto mirage road with its magical disappearing puddle, we knew we were almost there. Heading over the Causeway we leaned forward and caught a glimpse of the ocean on the other side of the island. With the car window rolled down, the smell of salt air enveloped us like a warm beach towel. We swung around the Ship Bottom circle with the Clam Shack in the center and headed north.

Only two miles to go, with dunes and surf on the right, bungalows and bay on the left. Past the Surf City 5 & 10 where we spent rainy days looking at old lady hair nets or checking out lipsticks—hot pink, nude pink, fleshy pink, pink-pink. Oh, to find a pink lipstick that would attract a surfer from the Ron Jon Surf Shop down the street.

Beyond all that to a simple enclave of Cape-Cod bungalows where our car turned left. One block straight to where Uncle Dave's sign in a wooden framed entrance gate was swinging in the breeze—Wonderland; an Alice-in-Wonderland house right on Barnegat Bay. Our lucky family got to use it for a week each April.

When we piled out of the car, the sand, the view, the salt air, the reeds, the dock, the seagulls, the mussel bank wrapped us together as the family we never could seem to be in New York.

It was our escape from the reality of bickering, nagging, homework, chores, and the petty ways family splinters apart.

The shore cleansed all that as we walked the desolate beach—the only time I saw Dad and Mom hold

hands. We hung strings off the dock and caught crabs which we dropped in a big bucket to watch them claw over each other until supper when we watched those same crabs try to claw their way out of a pot of boiling water, while we ate chowder made with clams Dad combed from the bay.

Days we ran along the dunes and visited the stately Barnegat lighthouse sentry at the end of the island. Or went to the historic Lucy Evelyn schooner at the other end of the island where we clamored over the deck and pretended to be pirates heaving-ho before going to the gift shop below to buy a dried seahorse to put on the dresser with the rolled pink shell that roared of ocean when held to the ear.

The houses around us were boarded and vacant during those cold April vacations. The businesses along the main road were mostly closed. The island was our special place—and we weren't about to let people in on the secret of what they were missing.

Each day there was something new to explore. A jump onto the squishy mussel bank released a fishy mollusk smell that permeated our hair blowing in the wind. Hide and seek in the reeds brought us deep into

a world hidden from parents. Eddies of water pooled in interconnected rivers as the wind blew the reeds back and forth in unison, swaying to the rhythm of the wind while my sisters and I carved a path through the reedy stalks, stopping only to bury a dollar bill to see if we could find it next year half-disintegrated in the wet sand.

We played Nok Hockey by the fire at night; and on rainy days, poker with real chips in the attic with the howling wind and pounding rain hitting the roof as the angry white caps on the bay reared to the top of the bulkhead.

Rain or shine, calm or wind, didn't matter. The surf and the sand swirled in our dreams and fingers even now, long after those years have passed. We never got to know the Jersey shore of summer—but I'm sure it isn't as nice as it is in April. And try as we might, playing poker at home just wasn't the same as at the Jersey shore!

Jane Bailey is a freelance writer who lives in Litchfield. She is a retired educator who enjoys writing creative nonfiction that explores matters of the heart.



Jane and her sister on Long Beach Island, NJ in April circa 1960

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