Neva-Mind

Northern Nevada Mensa
Volume 34, Issue 3 — March 2010



Chinese Proverb:

If you want happiness for an hour, take a nap. If you want happiness for a day, go fishing. If you want happiness for a year, inherit a fortune.

If you want happiness for a lifetime, help somebody.

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LAKE TAHOE PROCTOR AND AREA COORDINATOR

Neva-Mind

Northern Nevada Mensa
Volume 34, Issue 3 — March 2010

Our cover shot this month features Northern Nevada Mensan, Chelsea Teller Chen, photographed on her recent trip as a medical volunteer in Haiti. Chelsea's experience is recounted in our article "Infernal Compassion: Birth, Death and the Short Ride in Between" beginning on page 10. "Infernal Compassion" is the name of her blog site and "Highly Flammable" her *nom de plume*. Chelsea will also speak about her trip at our March monthly meeting (see page 14.)





A Note From the Editor:



Dear readers. I find myself almost speechless with awe and respect for the selfless individuals who have given up the comforts of home to travel in aid of those who are so much in need in Haiti. One such person is our own Chelsea Teller Chen. Chelsea agreed to share a compilation of her journal entries along with her blog, Facebook, and Twitter messages. I hope you find something interesting, if not inspiring in her words.

I have. ■

MARCH 2010

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These are the people who keep Northern Nevada Mensa running. Thanks!

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From the LocSec

by Bob McAllister



In the 70s I rode a top of the line (at the time) BMW motorcycle almost to the total exclusion of my car. The motorcycle was more reliable than any auto I had owned. Riding the bike left me with an exhilaration that might have been akin to that of flying. I would ride that bike until I was too old to pick it off the ground, I had told myself. That was until one day when I found myself too injured to pick myself up from a complicated accident.

Some young kids were in a car in which they didn't belong and had come to an intersection with a posted traffic instruction "No Left Turn." It was 6:30, December 20, 1979 — a cold winter's Saturday morning. Who'd possibly be there at such an unseemly hour? They turned left. And there they encountered a shiny, orange BMW motorcycle. The bike was totaled and sent down the intersecting street which I had just crossed, and their car was spun around, also totaled. They ran off and left me for totaled.

The brunt of the impact from the car was at the cylinder head for which BMW is noted. Those famous cylinder heads point straight out from the bike's frame. Had it not been for that, the brunt of the impact would have been on a pinched-off leg. Still, there was a lot of damage to more than just the vehicles. Heavy clothing due to the cold December weather protected me for the most part. There were injuries from head to foot, nonetheless. Cervical disks were compressed and damaged, vertebrae were displaced. Broken bones and lost skin. The transverse processes of the lower three lumbar vertebrae were broken and never properly healed.

Recently, suddenly it seemed, it all came flooding back to haunt me. Mere walking became difficult along with a plethora of other problems. I had an anterior cervical fusion performed at the beginning of last month. It seemed to eliminate some problems and to introduce some new ones. When this is finished healing, I'll have the lumbar vertebrae problems attended to. Probably late March. I'm really looking forward to it. Well, maybe not.

I wanted to point out something relative to all of this. On being wheeled into the pre-op room, the anesthesiologist said that the "magic cocktail" had been introduced to my IV and that I likely would be noticing its effects shortly. So, I lay there and waited, noticing, observing. Nothing slowed down. No one seemed to act any differently. I looked around. Nothing. At the very instant that I decided to mention this, they suddenly announced, "Okay. We're done."

I believe that it was Robert Heinlein who once said that modern science to primitive societies is indistinguishable from magic. Modern medicine can really *be* magic. Considering what complicated procedures they performed, I'm surprisingly well off. I'm still not looking forward to the back surgery, but have appreciated the palliative drugs in the interim, though. ■



Notes from the ExComm: February 13, 2010

- Present were Annemarie McTaggart, 1st Vice-Secretary; Gerald Lockhart, 2nd Vice-Secretary; Ed Hanley, Past LocSec; Anna Wright, *Neva-Mind* editor; Mindy Hsu, Testing Coordinator; Richard Arbib, Programs; Ken Wright, RG Chair, and several people from the general membership.
- Ken Wright gave an update on the progress being made for the October Regional Gathering in Reno.
- A discussion was begun on restarting the Northern Nevada Mensa spring banquet.
- Meeting adjourned





"At Home" Tests Now Available Online!

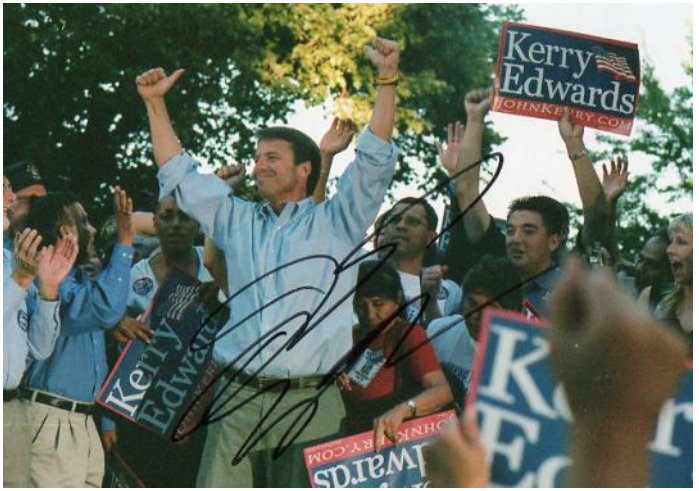
Do you know someone who is not confident about taking the Mensa Admissions Test and is stalling about ordering the "at home" practice exam?

Beginning this week, potential members (and the curious) now have the option to purchase the Mensa Home Test in the traditional paper format, or can take the test online. The online test is the exact same test as the print version Home Test. The difference is test takers get the results instantly after finishing the test.

The online Home Test results give a raw score, percentile rank and an approximate IQ score on similar tests. The results page, depending on the score, offers varying levels of encouragement to take the Supervised Test or look for Prior Evidence. It is NOT a qualifying exam for admission to Mensa. The introductory price for the online Home Test is $13 until March 31.

www.us.mensa.org/mht

Guest Photographer: Richard Arbib



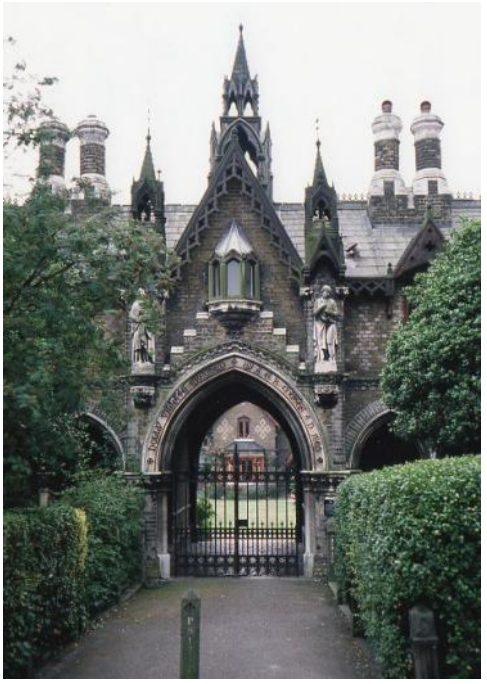
John Edwards, campaign speech, University of Nevada, Reno, 2004.

One great thing about most of these is that I took the photos, then had the subjects autograph them, something that is not that easy to do, sometimes getting them to sign it months or even a couple years later.

— Richard



Rhonda Shear, movie actress, TV personality, and Playboy centerfold.



Holly Village, Highgate, London. 1988



Miss Transylvania and Zomboo stars of the TV show, ***Zomboo's House of Horror Movies*** at a Halloween party.

Irish Coffee

by Ed Hanley



Joseph Sheridan brewed the first cups of Irish coffee during a wild Atlantic storm in the winter of 1934. He was the head chef of the Port of Foyne, now Shannon International Airport in Dublin. That night a Pan American Airboat bound from Dublin to New York City was turned back by the storm, and the chilled and weary passengers entered Sheridan's restaurant to recover from their aborted journey. A truly hospitable Irishman always sensitive to the needs of his guests, Joe added a stiff shot of Irish whisky to their sweet, strong coffee, and comforted the whole concoction beneath a layer of fresh cream. A passenger asked, "Is this Brazilian coffee?" to which Sheridan replied, "That's Irish coffee!"

Many variations on the theme of Irish coffee evolved, all of them delightful. But which is the best cup of Irish coffee? Well, that would be the cup you are drinking right now. It's a bit like arguing which is the best glass of Guinness. It would be a pointless debate were there not only one way to settle the issue. So remaining true to Sheridan's original recipe, yet claiming a bit of the freedom to embellish that we Irish so cherish, I offer here,

Ed Hanley's Irish Coffee:

1 ounce of Jameson's or Bushmill's Irish whiskey
2 teaspoons of brown sugar
6 ounces of strong, hot coffee
Fresh cream, moderately whipped and lightly sugared
Warm a stemmed glass by inverting over boiling water, then add the sugar, Irish whiskey and coffee. Float the cream on top of the coffee without mixing so the drink can be sipped through the cream. Serve with friendship and good cheer.

A more traditional but slightly difficult treatment would be to float fresh, heavy cream over the coffee by pouring it gently over the back of a spoon. The cream may want to sink, but it's been found that aging the cream for 48 hours, and perhaps whipping it ever so slightly, will help the cream to float on the coffee's surface like a gentle morning mist upon the moor. ■

A Toast from Ireland:

May you be poor in misfortune,
Rich in blessings,
Slow to make enemies,
Quick to make friends.
But rich or poor,
Quick or slow,
May you know nothing but happiness
From this day forward!

Welcome!

Loren Loiseau, Reno

Willkommen, Bienvenidos, Chaire, Irashaimasu,
Dobro pozhalovat', Bienvenue
Céad míle fáilte!



March

Birthstone: Aquamarine, Bloodstone

Flower: Jonquil

Astrological Signs:

Pisces: February 19 - March 20

Aries: March 21 - April 19

Happy Birthday!

Happy Birthday!

1	**Richard Whiston**	Carson City
3	**Cary Peterson**	Sparks
12	**Jeffrey Milligan**	Reno
15	**Ed Hanley**	Reno
15	**Mark Pipes**	Reno
20	**Scott Kressmann**	Reno
23	**Brett Boge**	Reno
26	**Dr. William Downie**	Carson City
26	**Donald MacGregor**	Reno
27	**Loren Loiseau**	Reno
27	**Dwayne Palos**	Sparks



Infernal Compassion: Birth, Death and the short ride in-between

by Chelsea Teller Chen

Introduction:

I am a registered nurse in Reno. I got an email from an organization called Grass Roots Haiti on January 21 calling for medical volunteers to go help care for people injured in the January 12 earthquake. I thought about it for two days and emailed back asking for more information. I have never been on a medical mission or done disaster relief, but have 10 years of desert survival experience with the Burning Man project and spent three months in Thailand during nursing school. I felt a pull toward Haiti, like I could help and that if my situation and job allowed me the freedom to go, then there was no good reason to not go. I am married, no kids. I brought the idea up to my incredibly patient husband. We discussed the fine line between bravery and stupidity and I figured that, being a Mensa member I could argue for bravery a little better than most people... He wished I would wait until he could go with me, but understood why I couldn't, and why I was needed immediately.

After a little back-and-forth with an organization called Grass Roots Haiti, I boarded a plane January 29 for Fort Lauderdale, FL. What follows are my thoughts and experiences from the trip, taken from my blog, Facebook posts and Twitter messages.

Haiti 1/28/10

Glad I am taking the opportunity. The universe always presents me with the right one. Here goes.

The night before

Stuffed a small orange teddy-bear down in my bag, down past the box of sutures, the baby bottle, the IV needles & electrocautery. It's wrapped around my big serrated knife — who's protecting whom in this disquieting juxtaposition? I just have no idea what to expect.

DFW-FLL 1/29/10

My nurse pen works, but not the black or blue... Technicolor thoughts, crash course in French in green and red. Wishing I had my "kindness" necklace, but my first wedding token and "Namaste" rock will do just fine to remind me both why I am here and where I am home. "The God in me recognizes and honors the God in you." Namastizzle!!

First day 1/30/10

Sooooo unhappy about having to pare everything down to 20 pounds. Food or notebook. Water purifier or batteries. iPod or socks. This is a game of what do I need, rather than want. This may be a lesson

in "enough" rather than strength, fortitude or skill. Flying into Les Cayes, over barren brown hilltops, roads on the ridges mirror the rivers in the valleys. Dusty tracks wind without reason. Haitians create roads where they are needed, not according to any plan, like everything else in their haphazard, chaotic existence. They cling wherever they can find a ledge or scrap, through political unrest, pseudo-occupation, a thousand insults to stability, growth and country (I learned about how the charcoal industry stripped the entire country of it's trees...)

It's a stark contrast to the neatly ordered waterfront estates I flew over in Ft. Lauderdale less than 24 hours ago — each fenced in its own pool of isolationist narcissism.

I am getting away from myself and am a little jaded.

Namaste, Namaste. The God in me recognizes and honors the God in you.

"Hey give me food!" "Hey give me money!" The kids chant at the fence while we unload the plane. A smashed box of donuts swelters in its embarrassment atop our pile of bags. Each of us brought more clothes (well, I am still a little miffed about my paltry three sets of scrubs...) than these kids will own in their lifetimes. "Hey give me food!" It's the same empty phrase called at fences and ditches and breadlines around the world, with white people on one side... "I need; you have." They cry, fingers bunched at their lips: the international sign for "Please, I am hungry."

The language changes, but the words stay the same. Americans get fat on their own privilege. Here I wax jaded again. Salvation or empowerment? Do we need to give these people food, or teach them...? Do we perpetuate their dependence because it gives us more glory, more gore, more to do, more to save... More to prove?

Staying in nice guesthouse in Les Cayes (have wifi!), things are surprisingly OK here, helping fix some injuries left from quake...and other injuries: people suffering from chronic scarcity of care. We aren't exactly doing amputations with hacksaws, but are keeping busy…

Day 2- Sunday 1/31/10

Frustrated by finding a different opportunity than we imagined. Chaos, somewhat. Inefficiency somewhat. No lack of patients, that's for sure, but we don't feel like we are doing disaster medicine per say. There are lots of fractures that need fixing, on top of the usual chronic human diseases complicated by scarcity of resources, trained personnel, and wellness knowledge. What these people have in plenty, though, is family, quality relationships and a faith in god. They have more prayer than anything. I am not sure it's helping. Everyone is dressed in their Sunday best — frills and ribbons, tucks and pleats. Another of many ironies here — little girls in fluffy dresses picking their way across filthy, cracked streets, through trash and poisoned water, motorcycle exhaust and skinny dogs to school or church. Chaos, yes they have in plenty.

Maggots. Maggots keep the wound clean, at least. This is a 92-year-old gentleman with peripheral vascular disease. His poor circulation has caused what I am sure was a scratch at one point to brew into a large hole in his shin with tunnels that host little friends. They squirm away from the light when we remove his filthy yellow bandage. I am not as squicked out as I would be normally. I am not sure why. The little worms keep the wound a little cleaner, at least. Giving the pseudomonas and staph and whatever else less dead material to grow in and infect the rest of him.

(Continued on page 20)

PUZZLE PAGE

by Joe Kisenwether

Each of the letter combinations below is the middle of a word which begins and ends with the same letter. Determine the appropriate letter to complete each word. For example, if the puzzle were __LUR__, then the correct answer would be B, since BLURB is a word.

1. __ARS__
2. __UROR__
3. __OLY__
4. __ILEU__
5. __EARL__
6. __ILO__
7. __WEE__
8. __ARNSI__
9. __ROM__
10. __ROU__
11. __AZO__
12. __NCUB__
13. __OMI__
14. __LIC__
15. __TRES__
16. __RIE__
17. __REN__
18. __UMM__

Bonus puzzle:
The letter "J" can be pronounced five different ways in English. Can you name all five, and come up with an example word for each?
Hint: The pronunciation of "J" in many English words seems to depend on the language from which the word was originally “borrowed”.

Answers to the February Puzzle Page can be found on page 22.

Oh yeah. She was a dame. Just a dame. But what a dame!

by "Crispin ffolkes"

The first time I spotted her, she strolled through the doorway and then stopped, looking around, languidly taking in the scene. Her head tilted up ever so slightly, first a little to the right and then a little to the left, as though she was sniffing the air in the room. Clearly she was contemplating her next move: would she stay or vanish outside the way she came? Who knew what was in that pretty little head?

It had been one of those gray, dark days. We'd had a lot of those lately. Days that seemed long, dreary, depressing. The guy on the TV had used up every adjective he had, calling some days "partly cloudy" or "mostly cloudy" and, most ludicrous of all, "partly sunny." Like we even believed him any more. "Partly sunny" my eye! The sun didn't believe it either. Today the gloom lifted a little, only to be replaced in the evening by a thick, swirling fog that came right down to the ground. Damp, but not raining. It was eerie to look down, to see that your body was cut off at the knees. You had the sense you were floating, not walking. Not that I had anywhere to go.

It was a long pause, so I got a real good look. Sure, her fur coat wasn't the very latest item. Looked like it was at least 10 years old and a little uneven in spots. Still, it was glossy and fluffed up in all the right places, if you know what I mean.

For some reason I noticed her feet. They were small and neat and perfectly posed to show off those gorgeous gams! Short, but shapely. And then there were her eyes! Huge eyes under long, long lashes and rimmed with the softest feathery charcoal. Eyes flecked with gold like sparkles of sunlight on still water. Wide, innocent eyes.



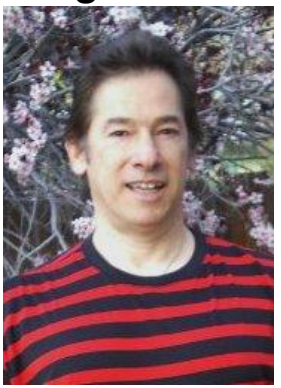
Still, I resolved not to fall for her charms. Oh we'd been down this slippery slope before, she and I. She'd appear out of nowhere and promise that I would be the only one. And then just as quickly she'd be gone again, leaving behind only sweet, sweet memories.

She sighed, took a couple of steps into the room, and hit me with the high beams. My resolve melted along with my heart. It was going to be just the two of us against the world. Nothing else mattered.

So I picked her up and murmured softly into her shell-like ear, "So what's it going to be tonight, sweetheart? Tuna or chicken?"■

Program Listing:

by Richard Arbib



March Monthly Meeting

Saturday, March 13

Time: Arrive after 6 p.m. Speaker at 7 p.m.

Speaker: Chelsea Chen, a registered nurse here in Reno, will speak about her experience as a volunteer in Haiti after the earthquake disaster.

(And potluck dinner, so bring a dish to share.)

Hostess: Annemarie McTaggart

Phone: (775) 747-7636

Address: 570 Cyma Circle, Reno

Directions: Take Interstate 80 to Keystone. Go north on Keystone one block to West 7th Street and turn left. Go three blocks, then turn left on Stoker. Go three blocks on Stoker, then turn right on Stardust, then an immediate left on Cyma Circle.

Haiti Relief Efforts

Chelsea Chen is a registered nurse in Reno. Local Mensa members also know her as the wife of Dr. Howard Chen, who gave us an interesting talk on Chinese medicine last year. Chelsea will share her thoughts and experiences from her amazing trip. ■

Mensa Admissions Testing

March 6, April 3, May 1

Testing will take place in room AB 201 of the Ansari Business Building on the UNR campus, from 10 a.m. until noon. The cost is now $40, payable in cash or check, and applicants must bring photo identification with them. Applicants should plan to arrive a little before 10 a.m. so that the exam can start promptly. Test results are strictly confidential, and communicated only to the applicant.

The UNR campus is located in Northwest Reno. From I-80, take the North Virginia Street exit and go north on Virginia Street. Parking on campus is free on Saturdays. You can find the exact location of the Ansari Business Building, and therefore where best to park, by looking at the campus map at: http://www.unr.edu/tour/UNR-Campus-Map.pdf.

Call or text Mindy (626) 230-0466 email mindyhsu2002@yahoo.com

March 2010

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2 Dr. Seuss Birthday	3 Alexander Graham Bell Birthday	4 Antonio Vivaldi Birthday	5	6 **Testing. Games Night**
7 Maurice Ravel Birthday	8	9 Yuri Gagarin Birthday	10	11	12	13 **Mensa Meeting**
14 Albert Einstein Birthday	15 Ides of March 	16	17 St. Patrick's Day	18	19	20 Spring Equinox
21 Johann S. Bach Birthday	22	23 **Lunch Bunch**	24 Harry Houdini Birthday	25	26 Robert Frost Birthday	27
28 Palm Sunday	29	30 Passover and V. Van Gogh Birthday	31 Renee Descartes Birthday	April 1	April 2	April 3 **Testing. Games Night**

Games Night at Joe's Place:
Saturday March 6. Potluck. 4:30 until 8:30 p.m.
1047 Table Mountain Court, Sparks Contact:(775) 338-6521
or joe_kisenwether@hotmail.com.

Daylight Savings Time begins March 14.

Fourth Tuesday Lunch:
The lunch bunch meets at 11:45 a.m. Tuesday, March 23, at Two Guys from Hong Kong. The restaurant, 6015 S. Virginia, has been chosen one of the 100 best Chinese restaurants in the nation. The only other Nevada restaurant receiving the honor is in the Wynn hotel in Las Vegas. For information, call Loren at 746-2938.

ACROSS

1 Furthest back
4 Part of AARP (abbr.)
9 Teacher's writing tool
14 By way of (Italian)
17 Gloomy
19 Pullover (Inuit Eskimo)
20 Tuner
21 Floating ice (Scandinavian)
22 Dunking cookies
23 Oriental
24 Senior
25 Canal
26 Misters (French abbr.)
28 System of exercise (Sanskrit)
30 Rots
32 Spicy
33 Went gently
36 Creative work
37 Back street
40 Court
43 Font part
45 Alaskan territory



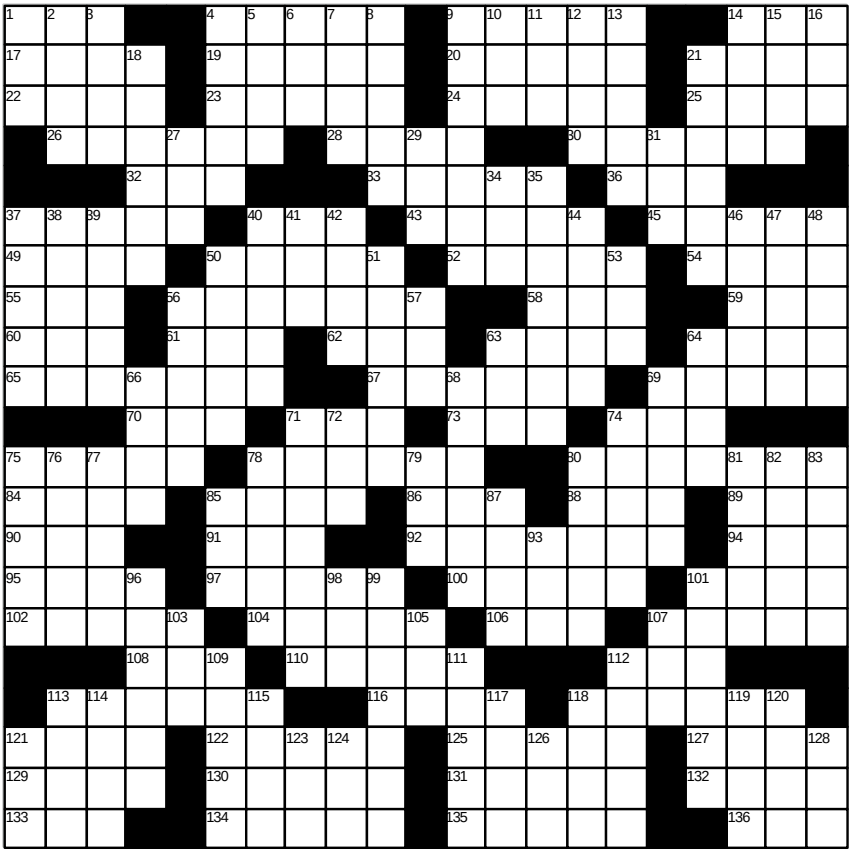
49 Nurture
50 Edge stitch (French)
52 Tree product
54 Insect in a cocoon
55 That (possessive)
56 Twisted bread snack (German)
58 Also
59 Lair
60 Goddess
61 To be sick
62 Reno to Elko dir.
63 Secure
64 Ripped
65 Exhaled loudly
67 Interstellar gas
69 School assignment
70 Bro.'s sibling
71 Snow transport (Scandinavian)
73 Language spoken with the hands
74 __ mode (French)
75 Hurray! (Italian)
78 Carving tool
80 Full of love
84 Frolic
85 Clothed
86 Pixie
88 Clip
89 Explosive
90 High naval rank (abbr.)
91 Male sheep
92 Like a lion
94 Deuce
95 Sport group
97 Uses a keyboard
100 Forbidden (Polynesian)
101 Humble
102 Echo sounder
104 Foot bottoms
106 Woman's partner
107 Large group (French)
108 Floor covering
110 More aged
112 Feline
113 Motor lodges
116 Truant
118 Animal related to the wolf (Spanish)
121 Red gem
122 Acclaim (French)
125 Capital of Nigeria
127 Capital of Italy
129 Exploiter
130 Gullible (French)
131 Occurrence
132 Indecent language
133 Scriptural your
134 Horse
135 Popular condiment (Spanish)
136 Quit (Keyboard language?)

DOWN

1 Hubbub
2 Raise crops
3 Maple
4 Separated
5 Back talk
6 __ Lanka
7 All right
8 Long, thin boat (Native American)
9 Folder
10 *2001*'s singing computer
11 Adorn
12 Fibbed
13 Divided nation
14 Precise
15 Spring flower
16 Ripen
18 Ritually fit (Jewish)
21 Flog (2 wds.)
27 Fermented bean sauce (Japanese)
29 Fuel

Parlez-Vous?

Perhaps you speak more foreign language than you thought.



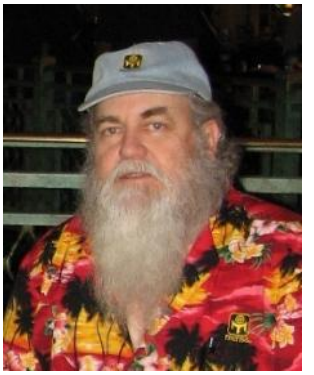
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31 Sob
34 Bard's before
35 Purify
37 Sign of the zodiac
38 Pretend (2 wds.)
39 Rope for catching livestock (Spanish)
40 Handle
41 Fall mo.
42 Seep
44 Shrek's gal
46 Fame, renown (Greek)
47 Musical production
48 Babysitter
50 Uses a lever
51 Court game
53 Head motion
56 Courtyard (Spanish)
57 Downwind
63 Transport
64 Ruler (Russian)
66 Please reply (French abbr.)
68 Dance (French)
69 Marry secretly (French)
71 Hair soap (Hindi)
72 Baby goat
74 Protein part, with 'acid'
75 Rascals
76 Western style public performance (Spanish)
77 Capital of Jordan
78 Potter's needs
79 Moray
80 Negatively charged particle
81 Swimming mammal
82 Unmarried
83 Add to the fire
85 Old style computer monitor
87 Bubbles
93 BB association
96 Individual who has sacrificed (Latin)
98 Annex
99 Calmed
101 Engines
103 Regret
105 Stitch
107 Fodder
109 Dales
111 Parts to play
112 __ Rica
113 Hot cereal
114 Comply
115 Get out!
117 Molten rock (Italian)
118 Pros opposites
119 Large book
120 Flightless birds
121 Track
123 Fib
124 Street (abbr.)
126 Harden
128 And so forth (Latin abbr.)



From the RG Chair

by Ken Wright



Greetings Fellow Mensans,

I have been busy searching out science and science fiction speakers for the fabulous 2010 Regional Gathering (RG) that we are building for your entertainment and education. The hotel is ready for us, out of town folks are inquiring what we have up our sleeves for this year, the Legacy staff is begging for another parade through the casino, and our entertainers are scheming and plotting about how to wow the crowd again. What we need is YOU.

We would like to prevail upon all of you good folks to get involved this year and have fun with us. I need suggestions to keep the speaker topics varied and interesting. I want to know what would bring you to our gathering. If we are to be ready to host the National Gathering in Reno in 2012 we need to see more support from the Northern Nevada Membership. There are many of you out there with good ideas and even some time to contribute. I can assure you that it isn't painful and we are doing better each year at making sure the crew gets to attend the lectures and events that they wish to see.

Ken

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SOMETHING'S COMING, SOMETHING WONDERFUL.



Now that the 2009 Annual Gathering is a fond memory, it is time to plan for AG 2010 and the celebration of North America Mensa's 50th Anniversary! You won't want to miss this joint U.S. and Canadian Annual Gathering held in the beautiful border city of Dearborn, Michigan.

The Dearborn Hyatt is a wonderful property, and we are looking forward to making the most of the fourteen-story atrium, the Bistro (where we can hold open-mike events), the heated pool, sauna, business-class rooms, free parking and amazing revolving rooftop ballroom. The Mensa AG Rate is just $107 a night, almost 45% off the standard room rate.

Here is a sneak peek at some of the plans in the works for 2010:

Speakers:

Five full speaker tracks will engage and educate you about all things relating to the Motor City and very nearby Canada (Don't forget your passport!):

- History in Motion
- Lions and Tigers and All Things Sports
- Politics and Borders
- Diverse Detroit
- Cadillac's Ponchartrain (catch-all track)

Don't forget the Mensa Gold 50th Anniversary celebration, Kids Trek, the Annual Business Meeting or the traditional LDW track. There will be something for every interest.

Hospitality:

The Greater Detroit area has an incredibly diverse population with people from all over the world calling it home. We hope to highlight dishes from as many cultures as possible in hospitality while also serving a steady supply of beer, wine, soda and snacks. You can plan to try Mexican, Middle Eastern, Polish and Greek foods throughout the week.

Tours:

This is Motown baby! There will be a host of outside events, with things available for all interests and physical mobility levels. Here are some of the tours we are currently working to secure for your pleasure (not yet guaranteed, but this *is* a sneak peek):

- The Henry Ford Museum and Estate
- The Rouge Factory Tour
- Motown Museum
- Detroit Institute of Arts (DIA)
- Homes of the auto barons, GM Museum, Chrysler Museum

For more information:

Join the 2010 AG Yahoo elist: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/m-us-ag-2010/
Join our Facebook group: Mensa 2010 AG
Follow us on Twitter: Mensa2010AG
Register today! http://ag.us.mensa.org

(Compassion continued from page 11)

How do they get there? Do flies lay their eggs there? Do all maggots look the same? I wonder about the fly's lifecycle. I wonder about my lifecycle.

Too many doctors, not enough nurses. Doctors fight over cases, try to organize themselves into an effective OR, but without anyone to structure things, they flail a little.

We all do.

Haitians are stoic in the face of pain and laugh, joke and tease their way through daily life. They shout, sing and stomp their prayers, but intense pain is met with a quiet "Oh-oh-oh..." I wonder if we subject them to more pain than is necessary because they do not complain about it. There is no 5th vital sign, here. I saw morphine on one man's chart but haven't seen any evidence of it being used. "Beaucoup doule?" I have learned to ask, despite having nothing but a smile and a pat to help when sometimes the answer is "Oui, oui."

Day 2 — Sunday part 2

I spent Sunday doing what I could as an OR nurse. Without an anesthesia machine, endotracheal tubes, pulse oximetry, cardiac monitoring, oxygen, suction, or even a proper blood pressure (BP) cuff, there wasn't much for me to do but take inaccurate manual BPs and a radial pulse. The anesthetist did what he could with spinal anesthesia and ketamine. The Supernatural Anesthetist. He did well, much of the time. Our Ortho surgeon fixed femurs, tibias and a humerus or two. I started an IV in the ER in a man with a large, bloody bandage around his head. I left later after I realized he was in agonal respirations and no one was going to do anything. I kept looking at him and thinking, "He's really sick. He's REALLY sick. He needs help. Can't one of our docs see what's under that bandage and do something?"

Oh yeah. There isn't anything to do. If he's bleeding that badly from that much of his head... There's no ICP monitoring, no pressors. If they cut a window in his skull to relieve the pressure, the flies will take up residence there, too. The feeling of helplessness is still with me.

Failure to prevent the inevitable. No attempt at clearly futile heroics. Powerlessness. Humility. Faith. Grounding.

I'll get over it, but I know his stridor will echo in my ears for a little while.

Day 3 — Monday 2/1/10

Today we drive around looking for more trouble. At General, there are two American teams — one from Maine with two Ortho surgeons, an advanced practice nurse first assist, an anesthetist, a PACU nurse and a nephrologist who has spent a lot of time here and serves mostly as an interpreter. We are a ragtag group consisting of a cardiac nurse from NYC, an Ortho surgeon from Atlanta, a retired Ortho surgeon from Eugene and me, the labor and delivery nurse. We are a team only because we are sharing housing and a driver, but are seeming to work better together than the Maine crew. There's some friction between the two groups (think “Survivor” = Les Cayes General...) add that to the chaos of the situation and communication difficulties between all of us Americans and the two Haitian surgeons and... Well, we thought we'd see if we could be helpful elsewhere.

Cité Med was crowded and had tiny private rooms. It seemed more a clinic and less a hospital, but

there were two cute sisters on the 2nd floor recovering from similar leg fractures who grinned and giggled at us.

Hopiteaux Brenda is usually an ear-nose-throat clinic, but now has big UN tents outside and is seeing all patients. Some American, Canadian, Brazilian and Uruguayan medical staff seemed to have things under control. A nurse that we spoke briefly with told us that without interpreters to help us give care we would be in the way and we could help organize the stock room but that was it. I considered staying to do whatever I could, because I could call our driver to fetch me at any time... I should have stayed. I am finding I do better with some structure, and have not had much success at finding my own opportunities or my own way. I have found some security with my new friends and am clinging to them. I hope they don't mind.



http://www.worldatlas.com/webimage/countrys/namerica/caribb/ciamaps/ht.htm

I want to be self-sufficient but fear a little for my safety and am not as confident as I want to be. Need my H here, or something. What did I think I was going to do? Start IVs, change dressings, organize paperwork... The nurses here sit behind a desk and chart. I have yet to see one change an IV bottle or give a medication. Not all that different from home I guess — who am I to judge? Language barrier makes it difficult to give instructions or explain a procedure, but I have to remember that love, caring and comfort are universal. And every little thing we can do helps.

I'm done for today. Surgery, suturing, IVs, amputations! Politics, chaos, little help for big needs.

I'm admittedly self-medicating a little. Thank you, Heineken.

Hydrocephalic three-year-old with a very large head. 20-year-old polydactyl, infected extra digit that should have been removed. A head injury in the sixth-bed Emergency Room in agonal respiration. There is no treatment or help beside an IV. No pain medication after an amputation. Also, blood in my ear. Not my blood.

Day 4 — Tuesday 2/2/10

Today's challenge is in organization — finding a way to get things to the people who need them involves identifying their needs in the first place. What this place could use more than anything is a big, fat needs assessment. I finally found a rhythm of sorts doing wound-care rounds, but I left it too soon, to my regret, again hoping I would be needed more elsewhere. I was wrong, and spent the rest of the short day doing nothing but following people around, trying and failing at being useful. I am dissatisfied with everything — with myself, with the situation, with my inability to function autonomously here and commit to something. I guess I really just do better with structure, but I think it would be hard for anyone to come into a short-term, chaotic situation without a well-defined role.

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This is not teaching me what I thought it would. It is unfulfilling. I am ineffective. I am a little overwhelmed today, and probably dehydrated but at least I am not sick! The novelty has worn off, the adrenaline rush is gone, reality is glaring in my face. Hey, it's the fourth day. Playa Bends set in at Burning Man about this time...

This isn't easy, glamour or glory. Nursing is rarely glorified work, but what did I expect?

To those people coming in behind me: have a plan. Have a role you are stepping into, otherwise you'll be totally lost. Know where you're going and what you're doing. Expect all of your plans to change. You are not the expert. There was a routine to things before you got here, and it will continue after you leave, so don't try and shake things up too much. There are lots of problems here — don't become another one. Remember that EVERYTHING you do helps. Every smile, every kind word, everything.

Made some new friends on the ward during wound care rounds. The man in the corner likes his name written on the bandage on his knee. The young woman across the way is one of three survivors from her nursing class of 85. The other two survivors are downstairs. She is missing a 6"x3"x4" hunk of flesh from her right butt. Her wound gets packed with wet gauze twice a day. In the U.S., we would administer heavy doses of morphine for such a large wound. Here she gets a couple of Tylenol. She spends most of her day lying on her belly. She likes us to use some alcohol to remove the tape from her 5 or so other bandages so the tape doesn't hurt as much. I kept rounding with an advanced practice EMT from the U.S. who will be there another three weeks. She shared with me some of her frustrations about the constant chaos and well-intentioned volunteers. Some people make promises to help, to send money, to bring kids to the States and then disappear. The Haitians wait for that. They look toward the door every hour to see if their new friend has come back with the food, soccer ball, or other thing that was promised. The Haitians remember. "Relationships are about saying goodbye," she told me. I'll remember that. We discovered today that the supplies being donated to Les Cayes General — the "county hospital" type facility we started out at — are being sold back to the patients. Some people will take any opportunity to get ahead.

We had to wait 20 minutes for a man's family member to go to the pharmacy and buy the valium we wanted to administer to him before trying to reset his dislocated shoulder. We were unsuccessful, and scheduled him for surgery. He thanked us when we left. For what, I'm not sure.

Now our Ortho surgeon has a fever. We're going home Thursday. I am done.

The Haitians are so receptive and grateful for our help. They smile at my attempts at Creole and are eager to practice their English with me. We joke a little, they laugh a lot. I made friends with an orphan teenager today and he and his friend rapped at me for 10 minutes. It was hysterical!

They are a little standoffish and quiet until you say something as simple as "Bonjour" and are always rewarded with eye contact, a smile, and sometimes "Bonjour" in return. Lovely!

Flight home leaves Les Cayes at 7 a.m. Thursday. Going home! Today was wound care at Cité Lumiere. It's a beautiful facility — free care, clean beds and good staffing.

Yeah Cité Lumiere is really, really awesome. Run by a Baptist Mission called Reciprocal Ministries International. They also run the nice guest house where we're staying.

Day 5 — Wednesday 2/3/10

Wound care again today with people I know. One woman sang hymns to cope with the pain of her dressing change.

Wound care again today with people I know. One woman sang hymns to cope with the pain of her dressing change.

These are incredibly stoic people.

The four-year-old near the nurses' station was hit by a car recently and thankfully had no other injuries besides extensive abrasions on her face. I was asked to put some Neosporin on her scabs. She eyed me suspiciously when I sidled up to her, so I blew up a glove as a balloon and handed it to her. The international sign for "It's gonna' be ok." Her little face lit right up. She bounced her new toy off my arm and turned her head to the side patiently while I applied goop. She grinned and waved when I moved on. I stopped to play peek-a-boo with her later, and she waved every time she saw me the rest of the day. When I left in the afternoon, she was napping, one arm around the balloon.

The little things.

There was a kitten in the back room where I was organizing. It was shy, but every time I went back to work it would come out from behind the boxes and meow loudly. Whether it was mewing for its mother, some food, or just to be heard, I'll never know. I don't speak enough Creole.

As I walked back to the guest house for lunch, I took a left turn off the road and got about 50 yards down when a boy on a 10-speed rode up next to me. He introduced himself and asked where I was going. I was a little wary but told him I was staying at the guest house. He said "it's not this way." I had taken the wrong turn. He rode back up the road with me and we chatted until I got to my gate. He said goodbye and rode on. These people are kind-hearted. I am a little ashamed of my mistrust.

My EMT friend and I talked more about the difficulties of the situation. There's no heroism here. You can't expect to come in and do a lot of good in a short period of time. Establishing relationships is required to make long-term, lasting changes. I am ashamed of my unwillingness to spend more than a week here.

These people love to sing. They sing their prayers to God — singing hymns of sorrow, praise, humility and thanks. Families, friends and strangers gather around one bed and then the next and all who can join in the melody. One man sang all day from his bed. *All day*. I stopped for a moment to smile, breathe and just listen. I will remember that.

I have all these little memories. The kitten in the storeroom, the boy on the bike, the man in the corner... All these snapshots, moments of connections that I have made. Everything helps. Every smile, every "Bonjour" and "Bonsoir", every touch, every bandage, every pill, ointment, dollar, prayer, everything helps because the need is so great. These people have nothing.

Lots of surgery, finding ways to help at Les Cayes General. The staff here was overwhelmed by injuries and diseases before the earthquake... There are still injuries left to be fixed, but we are helping with more than just bone fractures. There's just lots of work to be done.

Fortunately there are enough of us now to make our days relatively short, we have the evenings to ourselves and are staying in a very nice guest house with hot meals and soft beds. Thanking the Uni-

(Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 23)
verse for making this opportunity the best and safest it can be.

Holy wound care, batman. The woman with the hole in her backside was lucky and got some pain medication (Tylenol) before her dressing change. Our fresh amputee from yesterday had had no pain meds when we visited him today, so I appropriated some Vicodin and gave it to the nurse to give to him, Monsieur Michel...

Stark contrast between Lumiere and General... Like a private hospital and the county hospital in the U.S. only soooo much worse. Helping a little though, I helped put a cast on a little boy with a dislocated and fractured wrist yesterday. Today he and his family tracked us down to show us his X-ray and thank us.

Also, four teenage brothers cornered me. I was a little apprehensive but it turns out they just wanted to talk, make friends and thank me for helping their people. That makes more than 10 people who have said, "Thank you for coming to help us." I am sad to leave but glad to be going home.

We leave tomorrow. I am changed a little, in ways I didn't expect. In ways I won't begin to realize for months to come. "Was it worth it?" my husband asked me last night. Yes. Would I do it again? Absolutely. With fewer expectations, and more forgiveness for myself. Will I come back? Maybe. Maybe yes, maybe no. Certainly not for a while, I'm going to need some time to recover.

The right opportunity always presents itself.

Home — 2/4/10

Back home now. There was some confusion in the morning Thursday that had us waiting for our pilot for four hours at the Les Cayes Airport. It's the same in many tropical places - island time! Our trusty old jalopy of a Cessna carried us through the green mountains north of Les Cayes and out over the Caribbean. I was so sad to leave so much suffering behind. Sad I couldn't do more, sad to leave the few friends I had made. There's so much to do there, so much. I felt selfish about wanting some Vietnamese soup, a bigger seat on the airplane, and a long, long, long shower. Guilt creeps in a little around the corners - but I have to remember the standard is so different in the U.S. We all do what we can. I paid what I am sure is a year's salary in Haiti for the earlier flight home. Got home at noon on Friday — tired, but running on adrenaline and the excitement of being home.

Everyone asks me, "How was Haiti?" At first, I said, "Great!" and kept a positive attitude about things. As Friday wore on, I started feeling a little worse, a little overwhelmed and got more honest about it.

"Interesting."

"Nuts."

"Intense."

Everyone asks me, "How was Haiti?" At first, I said, "Great!" and kept a positive attitude about things.

I tell the stories about the things I saw - the maggot-infested leg, the amputations, the lack of care, medicine, supplies, organization. The people I met - the thankful teenagers, the singing man, the surgeons both Haitian and foreign doing all they could. The frustrations we all had.

I don't tell enough, though, of the things I learned. I learned some about myself and I strengthened my faith in the inherent goodness of the human spirit. Most of all, I was reminded that the only thing that matters in life is relationships. I am convinced that if there ever is a Judgment Day, we will not be judged on the merit of our actions, the purity of our intentions, or certainly not the size of our cars or houses. In the end, the only thing that really matters is love. I believe that if there is ever a judgment to be made, it will be based on the love that we give and the love we receive.

Each of us exists tenuously. Some of us are lulled more than others into a mistaken sense of invincibility or immortality and this breeds irresponsibility. Everything you have could be taken from you in a moment by a car wreck, a gunshot, an earthquake, a hurricane... And what will you have left? What do you have that cannot be taken from you but the love of your family and friends? What thing in your house, what shiny possession or green dollar bill or job achievement will carry you through the darkest, loneliest times in your life? The people I met in Haiti have nothing but the clothes on their backs, but they smile and sing anyway because they still have love. They have each other.

There is so much that drives us apart — our cell phones, computers (the one I'm typing on...) transactions, closed-up cars and fences that get in the way of real human interaction. One of the 10 principles of Burning Man is “decommodification — resisting the substitution of consumption for participatory experience." (www.burningman.com) Ok, enough with the soapbox.

I could preach forever, but I'm not here to criticize or give some sermon on how we need to change the world and tell you the American way of life is bad and all that.

It's just that I got a big reminder to keep the people in my life close to my heart, and let them know how much I love them because at the end of the day, they are all I have ever had, or ever will have.

Posted by Infernal Compassion - Highly Flammable ■



Team members Mindy Fiero, Cardiac Nurse; Daren Newfield, Orthopedic Surgeon; Mary Isham, retired Orthopedic Surgeon; and Chelsea Chen, Labor and Delivery Nurse

Parlez-Vous? Answers:

A	F	T	■	■	A	S	S	O	C	■	C	H	A	L	K	■	■	V	I	A
D	A	R	K	■	P	A	R	K	A	■	R	A	D	I	O	■	B	E	R	G
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T	H	Y	■	■	S	T	E	E	D	■	S	A	L	S	A	■	■	E	S	C



Answers to February Puzzle Page:

The list of moves below indicates which piece to move at every step. Since there is only one empty space on the board, there is never a question of where to move the piece.
K=King, R=Rook, B=Bishop, N=Knight
18 moves :NKNBK RKBNR BKNKN K
43 moves: NKNBK RKBNR BKNRK BNRKN BKNKB RNBKR NKBRN BKRKB NKN ■

BeaveRG XIII "Anything Goes!"

April 30 until May 2, 2010

Enjoy three tracks of programming plus games and bountiful Hospitality on the WA shore of the Columbia River — just across the river from Portland, OR, site of the 2011 AG! Visit www.oregon.us.mensa.org to read about the exciting speakers we've lined up, and other details. Registration is $80 through April 15, $90 thereafter ($40 for children under 18 accompanied by paying adult.) Meal Plan: $30 for Saturday dinner, $20 for Sunday brunch. Checks payable to OR Mensa RG. Red Lion at the Quay, 100 Columbia St., Vancouver, WA 98660; (360) 694-8341; www.redlion.com.

For more information contact:
Steve Darnell, (360) 834-6020
financialwizard2@comcast.net

Oregon Mensa RG

Culture Quest XXI

April 11, 2010

Mark your calendars and round up your trivia buffs — the 2010 CultureQuest® competition will take place on Sunday, April 11. Starting in January, you will be able to download the rules and register online at www.us.mensa.org/cq. Registration will be open until the end of March; participants will also need to make sure their memberships are renewed by March 31, 2010.

For more information contact:
Marilyn Sallee
CultureQuest@us.mensa.org
http://www.us.mensa.org/cq
Team registration deadline is March 31.
Would you like to join with like-minded trivia buffs? No travel required. Email me and I'll help you connect.
editor@northernnevada.us.mensa.org

Mensa Mind Games 2010

April 16 until April 18, 2010.

American Mensans get together to play and rate the latest board and card games over one spring weekend. Come join the fun in sunny San Diego. $90. Meal Plan: Friday dinner and Saturday lunch included. Checks payable to American Mensa. San Diego Hilton Mission Valley, 901 Camino Del Rio South, San Diego, CA 92108; 619/543-9000; www.hilton.com/en/hi/groups/personalized/SANMVHF-MENSA-20100415/index.jhtml.

San Diego Mensa Host

Visit www.mindgames.us.mensa.org .
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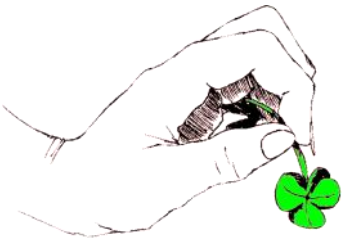
Mensa-Speak

AG	Annual Gathering (Conference)
AMC	American Mensa Committee (National Elected or Appointed Officers)
AML	American Mensa Ltd. (National Office Employees)
ExComm	Executive Committee (Local Elected Officers)
LDW	Leadership Development Workshop
LocSec	Local Secretary (Local President)
M/Ms	Mensans
MERF	Mensa Education & Research Foundation
MIL	Mensa International Ltd.
NNM	Northern Nevada Mensa
PRP	Publication Recognition Program
RG	Regional Gathering (Conference)
RVC	Regional Vice-Chair
SIG	Special Interest Group
SIGHT	Service of Information, Guidance and Hospitality to Travelers
WG	World Gathering (Conference)



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