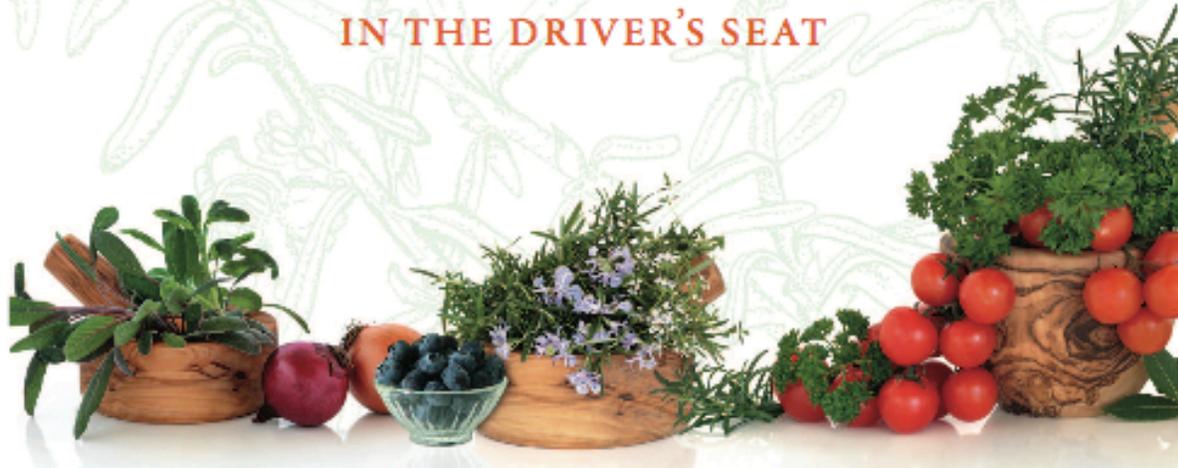


TAKE CHARGE OF  
**Parkinson's Disease**

DYNAMIC LIFESTYLE CHANGES TO PUT

**YOU**

IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT



Anne Cutter Mikkelsen  
with Carolyn Stinson

## Recipes

### Roasted Vegetables: Vertical Medley

Why Eat Tomatoes?

Tomatoes are an Antioxidant Super Star.

We have lots of recipes using tomatoes in our book, *Take Charge of Parkinson's Disease*, But, there are good reasons to “knock you over the head” with tomatoes, especially this time of year, when the fruit is ripening and ready to be enjoyed.

Tomatoes are anti-inflammatory, high in Vitamin C and contain several nutrients from the Vitamin A family, known as carotenoids. Remember antioxidants help protect our bodies from free-radical damage. That's cell damage linked to cancer (especially prostate), heart disease and other diseases. The nutritional superstar in tomatoes is lycopene, which helps promote heart health and healthy cholesterol levels.

Tomatoes are also a good source of dietary fiber, potassium, vitamin K, manganese, vitamin E, thiamin, niacin, vitamin B6, folate, magnesium, phosphorus and copper.

Yowzers!

To reiterate from *Take Charge of Parkinson's*, eating the actual fruit or vegetable seems to be more protective than taking a supplement. AND, organic tomatoes have been found to have more lycopene than non organic.

Let's build a tower of roasted vegetables! This recipe is an antioxidant bonanza.



Ingredients for two servings

Heat oven to 475 degrees

Prepare vegetables:

One medium tomato, sliced in 1-inch rounds--4 slices

Two ½ -inch slices of medium sized sweet onion

Four ½ -inch slices of medium sized zucchini

Four ½ -inch slices of unpeeled small eggplant

2 T canola oil

1 T salt (I use smokey sea salt)

3 tsp chipotle chili powder

6 leaves of fresh basil, scissor cut

1 T Olive oil

4 T basil hummus (recipe follows)

Lemon zest for garnish

Sprinkle salt on the slices of eggplant and let stand for 20 minutes. Drain water off, rinse with water and dab dry with paper towel.

Drizzle canola oil on baking sheet or pizza pan. Arrange vegetables on pan and turn to coat both sides with oil. Sprinkle chipotle spice evenly over vegetables.

Roast vegetables for 25 minutes or until zucchini and eggplant are golden brown.

While vegetables are roasting, make the hummus.

While vegetables are still warm, begin the tower by spreading a bed of basil hummus on the plates. Place the onion round in the center of the hummus. Add a tomato slice on top of the onion and top the tomato with 1/3 the basil. Add a slice of zucchini. Add one slice of eggplant. Continue building with another tomato, more basil, zucchini, and eggplant.

Drizzle olive oil over the top and garnish with remainder of basil and lemon zest!

Note: You will notice in the photograph that the zucchini is at the top of the tower, instead of layered. That's because I had a smaller zucchini on hand, so I adjusted my

tower.

### Basil Hummus

Combine the following ingredients in a food processor fitted with the metal blade.

¼ cup Tahini (sesame seed paste)

Juice of one lemon (zest the lemon first)

Zest from one lemon

One 15-ounce can of garbanzo beans

1 T sesame oil

2 cloves garlic

½ tsp salt

¼ cup fresh basil

Blend the ingredients till well combined. With the processor still running, slowly add ¼ cup of olive oil. Blend until very smooth.

Stir in lemon zest

Taste for lemon and salt.

## **A View of the Journey Laid Out Before Us**

by Anne Cutter Mikkelsen

An excerpt of this story was published in the book, *Take Charge of Parkinson's Disease: Dynamic Lifestyle Changes to Put You in the Driver's Seat.*

DiaMedica Publishing, New York, N.Y.



After carefully tapping the scorpions and sand from my tennis shoes, I walked down the eight steps, through the garden gate and onto the beach to find the pounded sand, good for walking. The sun rises over the Sea of Cortez east of our casita up the empty, seven- mile beach where one message from the night before survived, Jesus + Fatima = Electricidad. The long, pointy shell used to write the love letter is jabbed in the sand at the end of the statement, as proof that it was written even when the words wash away. I always walk a wide circle around messages in the sand. Electricidad, I hope Jesus and Fatima keep it all their lives.

On this beach I move to the rhythm of clanging bells from the line of nineteen rusty shrimp boats anchored on the horizon just beyond Pelican Island. If the sun is just right, the water just warm enough, no wind at all, there is a chance, a hope, for a view of the antics of juvenile, dancing dolphins, but I've seen it only twice in seven years.

The beach is best in the morning before the smells of coffee or bacon, toasting tacos

or fabric softener start circulating and ruin the authentic smells of Kino—the salt, last night’s nicely cleaned fish skeletons rolling in and out on the waves, the ironwood fires from the houses of wood carvers in Kino Viejo, that’s the defining smell, the smell we drive 2473 miles for, the smell I want my clothes to gather and hold when I hang them on the line to dry under the twisted branches of bouganbilla. It’s the smell that identifies every resident of Kino Bay and the smell I want to linger when I hug someone goodbye.

Just past the straight line of palm trees in front of the Santa Gemma tourist cabins, the seagulls hold their conventions in segregated lots, the white ones with red lipstick and yellow shoes closer to the cabins and the gray speckled ones with pink shoes and yellow lipstick near the water. I have a dream that someday I will walk gracefully through the convention without disturbing one single seagull, without causing any unnatural movement or fear or flight.

At step number two thousand one hundred and twenty, I turn around with the sun on my back and walk hard west toward Red Mountain and Tiberon Island, back where I came from, to the Birds of Cortez gate that Mike built with the Mexican welders in their rusty, dusty, dirt-floored, three-sided shop in Kino Viejo. Up the eight steps and I smell Ramon’s cigarette. I won’t let him smoke in our casita so he stands in the seaside doorway, holding the long-ashed Boots cigarette out over the deck while he talks to Mike, who’s inside eating his morning bollio (roll) with blueberry jam. While they visit, Ramon’s dog Pepito is peeing on one of our palm trees.

Ramon and Lola are originally from Chile and since Ramon’s retirement they’ve lived year-round in Kino Nuevo. Their house is a casa, much bigger and grander than our cottage. We share a concrete tile fence and a forty-foot long wood pile of pecan and eucalyptus. It’s a yearly event, even a sacred tradition, for Mike and Ramon to sharpen their chain saws, find “a guy,” rent a truck, and head for the nearest dead pecan or eucalyptus tree. When that wood burns in our fireplace, a blind person looking for heaven could find his way right to our door.

“Good morning, Ramon, que pasa?”

“I was just telling Mike about a woman I heard of, a healer, lives just five hours across the mountains in the Sierra Madres. A miracle worker they say, magic, cured hundreds.”

Ramon is speaking rapido Castillian Spanglish, so I have to concentrate on what he’s saying. “People come from all over Mexico for just five minutes with her hands.”

Lola has a rare painful nerve disease that affects the right side of her face. Ramon is a positive guy. He’s quick and efficient with his neighborly visits, usually involving a scheme and he’s short on details because he has to get back to Lola.

I’m incredulous. “What are you thinking?” I asked him. “Are you considering taking Lola and going to find a healer?” Of course Ramon is aware that that’s a big desert out there and a lot of mountains with iffy roads.

“Lola is getting worse,” he said, hanging his head. “Even the warmest little breeze, sends her screaming to her bed. Jesus Christ. I don’t know what to do. Mike offered to go with us. What do you think?”

Mike said, “We could take the Lincoln. It’s comfortable, maybe better for Lola than your Jeep.” Sounded like Mike was ready to go and take that big awkward car he bought just to drive down here. It’s only redeeming quality was that it could withstand a serious crash on the icy freeways through Minnesota, Iowa, Oklahoma and Tucumcari, New Mexico. He was right, the Lincoln Continental stayed on the road while we slid right through a couple of massive Midwest snow storms. But driving the Lincoln up a narrow dirt road on the side of a mountain? Entirely different situation.

“If we go, can I smoke in the car?” Roman pleaded.

“No!” Mike was emphatic. “How long a drive is it anyway?”

“Five hours, they say. We could do it in one day. How’d that car do for the long haul?” Ramon asked pointing toward the carport where that car took up twenty 12 feet of concrete.

“We made it here,” Mike told him. “It’s a reliable car. I’ve got tools in the trunk

though, if we need them. When do you want to go?"

Ramon perked up. "How 'bout tomorrow. Water's supposed to be off in Kino tomorrow and power could go out too." Those two events were to be expected in Kino. Water was shut off almost every night and power was frequently interrupted sometimes for several hours even days.

Ramon continued his case for leaving tomorrow. "Be a good day to do it. I'll call some guys and get directions. Healer's name is Elena. Huichol they say. I don't know, probably bullshit, but nothing else works. We've tried pain killers, marijuana, surgery, Holy Communion, even morphine, just makes her sicker. Jesus Christ, right? Try it, right?"

Besides, my back is killing me—all that wood splitting. Maybe I can get a cure too!" Mike patted Ramon on the back. "Right, Ramon, sounds like an adventure. I'll drive the Lincoln. Maybe Elena can cure my back ache or better yet my Parkinson's. Ha, that'd be something, huh?"

I'm listening to these guys and feeling like we're going somewhere tomorrow five hours away over the Sierra Madres mountains on Mexican roads strange even to the Spanish speaking 74-year old Ramon. To top it off we're transporting tiny, fragile, sick Lola and Mike with Parkinson's and a back ache is our chauffeur. Our mission is to find a woman on a mountain top by the name of Elena. Oh man!

So I said, "What time should we leave? Do we have to make a reservation or appointment with Elena? What if she's not home? What about food?"

Ramon lit another cigarette and laughed all the way back to his house.

I missed my walk the next morning. Our gate latch on the road side clicked open at 7 a.m.

Ramon hollered from the gate, "Ready Mon?"

"Hey, Mike. Ramon is at the gate, ready?"

“Hell no!” He yelled from the bathroom. “I’ve got turista (diarrhea), damn it.”

“We’ll be out in a minute Ramon, Mike’s got turista. Do you think I should bring some food? Maybe some bread and sausage?”

“Naw, we’ll get something on the way. My guy said there’s a good restaurant on the road.”

The thermometer on the deck read 75 degrees when Ramon guided Lola to the Lincoln. She was wearing a silk blouse and long wool skirt with a heavy sweater that pulled her thin shoulders in and down. An elegant gold silk scarf was wrapped loosely around her tiny neck. She moaned and held a lace and linen handkerchief up tight to her right cheek as she gingerly settled herself in the backseat. Ramon gently covered her lap and legs with a wool blanket. I sat with Lola, but I knew she wouldn’t be talking much on this trip.

We drove east up Calle Mar d’Cortez to the top of the bay through Kino Viejo then north one hour to Hermosillo. Mike pulled in to the first Pemex gas station.

“Sorry guys, I gotta go.”

We didn’t have a map only Ramon’s guys he talked to and his instinct. Ramon’s guys operated on the edge and the bargain was the name of the game in Mexico, the cheaper, the better, but I figured Ramon speaks Spanish; we don’t, so we’ll have to trust him. He always manages to talk people into participating in seemingly impossible and certainly edgy propositions.

Mike maneuvered that huge boat of a car at 25 miles an hour straight up the washed-out jagged sides of amber colored mountains. The peligroso or dangerous signs appeared around every hairpin turn and two vehicles could absolutely not meet without one or both going over the edge and dropping—I couldn’t even see how far down. Two times, the tires slipped and I thought we were going over.

It had been five hours. According to Ramon’s guys, we should have been to Elena’s and back home by now. We hadn’t seen even one building since we left Hermosillo four

hours ago.

I tapped Ramon on the shoulder. “What do you think about food? You know . . . like lunch? Do you have any ideas, Ramon? I’ve got some oranges and water but that’s all. I don’t see any sign of people, let alone a restaurant.” We’d come to a flat spot. The whole area looked like the moon or was it Mars? I was beginning to wonder if we actually had gone over the edge of the mountain and were moving about in that space between life and death.

Ramon said, “Drive up there Mike. See those buildings? I think the restaurant is up there.”

Up there looked to me like a bomb had dropped on it thirty years ago. At the top of a minor peak were pieces of four concrete buildings, but not one of the buildings had all four sides and a roof. Ramon said, “There, right there,” pointing to one of the three-sided buildings.

“Geeze Ramon,” I whined. “That can’t be. There’s no sign, not even a Pepsi or DosEquis. There’s no people anywhere!” I was panicking. We just don’t have the digestive system that Ramon has trained for himself. “Ramon! Aren’t you supposed to judge a restaurant by how many people are in it? Who’s your guy anyway?” Okay, I told myself, calm down. Maybe I’m compulsive about what I eat but it works for me. I decided that this was the day I’m going to die and gave it up to the Lord. I looked at Ramon’s profile, strong, trustworthy, and capable. He wouldn’t harm Lola and I was after all sitting right next to her.

Mike steered the Lincoln carefully between boulders to the side of the narrow dirt road and Ramon got out, stooping, groaning and holding his back. “I’ll go check inside, Mon. But I’m sure this is the one the guy said.” My Grandma White would have said, Oh Lord deliver us, and I would add, please Lord now!

In minutes, Ramon was right back outside the building, waving his arms. “Si, si, this is it! C’mon,” he yelled. Oh, no, and we’re going in? And we’re take poor Lola into that

deserted building and then we're all going to die. Mike hung onto the steering wheel of the mountain climbing Lincoln and dropped his head down hard on the wheel. He looked terrified and resigned all at once. "I guess I'd better take my pill, huh?"

Inside the building was a house—not a restaurant! A dirt-floored house, a living room for God's sake, with a blanket on the floor and two dusty plastic 7-Up bottles with the fronts cut out and the Blessed Virgin Mary of Guadalupe standing on fake violets inside the bottles, on the window sills that had bars on the outside.

With all the agony I could muster, I begged, "Ramon? Oh please!" He ignored me. Mike leaned into me with his elbow moving slowing into my ribs. "I'm not eating anything. I'll starve to death. You too?"

Lola dragged her wool blanket on the ground and into the house. With her delicate lace and linen handkerchief up to her face, she looked around the room moaning with every step. She shuffled slowly over to the 7-Up Virgin Mary and stood in front of the shrine. I heard her mumble, "Ah, bueno." Lola was Catholic. Maybe that was a prayer or better yet, it might have been a conversation between Lola and the Blessed Virgin. Maybe Lola had been told that everything would be all right.

When I turned around Ramon had disappeared and a table for four had materialized on top of a dusty blanket: four placemats, four paper napkins and four old wooden chairs. Where did all that come from? Through a hole in the wall, I could see Ramon, across the road climbing over a pile of concrete debris. He had four bottles of Pepsi hugged to his chest. How did he do that? He entered the room and handed me a bottle. It was cold! "Where did you get these? There's nothing out there!"

"You just have to know where to look," he said smugly pointing across the road as if anyone could have guessed there would be cold Pepsi lying around in the desert. "It's down that hill, Mon. A machine."

A woman appeared beside our table. I didn't see where she came from but she talked to Ramon. He nodded and responded, "Si. . .si. . . bueno. . . si."

He translated, “She says she going to make special food for us, not the usual.”

I asked, “What do you think that means, not the usual? This is someone’s house, who does she cook for?”

“No, this is a restaurant. Just wait other guys will come.” And sure enough, two other guys came in and as they came, chairs appeared, a table for two with napkins and salsa, Cervesa and chips appeared. One of the guys looked a lot like my third son, Andy. He smiled at us as he crossed the room and sat at the little wooden table. I felt more secure knowing there was a crowd.

The woman brought our food from a deep, dark hole off to my left. My plate looked like this: one fresh warm flour tortilla grande, with perfectly toasted edges, folded gently along the edge and slightly into the center of a white chipped stoneware plate where it met a perfect circle of Mexican-green puree and a separate circle of Mexican-red puree. Simply stunning. The tastes were pure and exquisite, separate and together. The tortilla, must have been just stretched and thrown and caught on her elbow when we came in the door: hot and elastic with the ideal amount of substance to scoop the purees.

The spinach was grown somewhere in the back of the building, she told us, along with the reddest, sweetest tomatoes, which were pureed with a burst of fresh basil—not enough to distract from the color. I think she must have forced those vegetables by hand through a sieve as fine as a nylon stocking, they were that delicate in texture.

Gracias Senora. Gracias Ramon. Oh my!

The boy who looked like Andy came over to our table and stood on our blanket. His smile was broad and brilliant. He spoke perfect English. This scene was impossible to believe. “I hope you don’t mind the interruption. I like to practice when Gringos come here,” the smiling boy said. Could other Gringos have been to this place? How would they find it? How could they trust it?

“Where did you learn English?” I asked.

“I won the bull fighting title in all of Sonora, so I was able to go to South Carolina,

USA, three years ago and compete internationally.”

I couldn't help but notice a long scar on the boy's neck. “Did you get that injury bull fighting?”

He laughed and lifted his t-shirt to show us a bigger scar. Running his finger along the 6-inch long gouge, he said, “This one was more important.” Important yes, because it looked to be just about over his heart, long and deep. It took my breath away.

“Wow, that must have been frightening. Did it happen here or in the U.S.?” I was thinking of doctors for a wound like that. Could he find good doctors In Mexico? Or would he have a better chance in the US.

“That one,” he said, indicating the long gash, “was here in Mexico in 1996.” We visited for a little bit and then Mike introduced himself and asked the boy his name.

“I'm sorry, my name is Fernando Eliseo Rodriques.” Then snapping his boots together, he gave a bull fighter's bow, one hand in front, the other in back, and returned to his table.

Ramon talked to a guy on the road outside the restaurant and determined that we were an hour or two from Cedros, Elena's village, “on top of the mountain,” the guy said. “A guy on that road knows Elena?” I asked Ramon. “Does Elena know we're coming?” Ramon laughed, “Jesus Christ.”

Mike drove the narrow dirt road carefully away from the restaurant dodging boulders and broken concrete. A few minutes later, along the right side of road was a shrine. I tapped Mike's shoulder.

“Stop, let's look at it.” In the center of the wreath of dusty plastic roses, faded by the sun, was a name and a date: Fernando Eliseo Rodriques 1975-1996. Lola looked out the window, dropped her hankie in her lap and moaned. After I caught my breath, I whispered, “You guys up there see that? 1996? Good grief! This is kind a big thing. Right? I mean I think if we were to go back to that restaurant, it wouldn't be there. Huh?”

Mike pulled slowly, respectfully away from the shrine. Ramon muttered slowly, “Jesus Christ.” The tires of Lincoln crunched over the rubble of the dirt road and inside the car all was silent for a few miles until Ramon finally disturbed the silence by suggesting another, but lame, possibility. “That’s a common name . . . Mon.” Not another word was said all the way up the next mountain to Cedros, our journey’s quest.

Elena’s village was at the end of a steep, narrow winding road, ancient and mystical almost teetering near the clouds, at the top of the mountain. No cars on the vaguely defined pathways winding through the village—with the exception of our audacious Lincoln Continental. Dirt paths led to the houses with bare beaten spots designating the entrances.

Most of the homes were tar paper and tin, not many were made of concreto cement. Chickens and goats, cats and dogs and even cattle roamed freely through the whole village.

Ramon asked a guy by the Catholic Church where Elena lived. The guy pointed farther up the hill on the main path to a set of concrete buildings.

Ramon said, “She’s in the house next to the burro.” The burro was tied to a mesquite shrub outside Elena’s house. He had a brightly striped blanket on his back and leather pouches on either side as if he was ready for duty. Lola, with her blanket dragging behind, Ramon limping, Mike and I timidly entered Elena’s compound at three o’clock. Dirt-floored like most others, Elena’s house had something different. In a large dark room, opposite the entryway there were Mexican women of all ages sitting on separate blankets in a circle—babies, teenagers, moms, grandmothers—around the edges of the otherwise bare room. It felt as if we might have interrupted a ceremony.

Elena, dressed in layers of faded earth tone dusty fabric, was barefoot and her hands

were square and strong, like an eternal gardener. Her bright, focused eyes might have been fifty-years-old, but her skin, the pale amber color of Cedros soil, appeared much older. She approached us as if she'd known we were coming and that Lola was the reason for our journey. She walked immediately to Lola and took her tiny face in her hands and together they spoke in Spanish.

Ramon said, "Elena is going to take Lola back to another room and work with her for one hour or so. We can walk down to the church and come back." I watched Elena and Lola go deep into the compound, through an open sunny courtyard where orange and limon trees grew. They walked over red and green cabbage leaves and yellow onion peels scattered or dropped on the floors along the way. The chickens clucked around and pecked at the food—inside and outside.

Down the hill at the church, Ramon, Mike and I sat on an iron railing, in the shade and scent of a Eucalyptus tree. Hanging above us between two concrete pillars were a pair of bronze church bells, the size of 20-gallon jugs. "Jesus Christ!" Ramon said. "Look at the date on that bell 1746." From the church yard, we could see the journey we had accomplished perfectly laid out before us. We stood under the bell and looked at the west from the east.

I said, "Look at that, our entire journey. Isn't that amazing?"

"What do you think, Ramon?" Mike asked. "Are you going to ask Elena to heal you too?"

"Oh, I don't know," Ramon said waving off the suggestion. "I'll see how Lola is first." Mike took pictures from the top of the mountain, the church bells, the dirt paths and the roving animals.

He asked, "How the hell do they survive up here, Ramon?"

Ramon glanced around the village. "Looks like everyone's got a garden and plenty of livestock. By the way," he said, pointing to a house across the road from Elena's. "I saw a millstone up there by that burro. Wonder if I could buy it. Got a crack in it, no good for

anybody to use.”

“Ramon,” I asked, “What is that bible story about the millstone around your neck?”

“Yah, I know, something about lack of faith, I think. Let’s go take a look at that stone. It’s interesting to me.”

Mike and Ramon walked back toward Elena’s, the burro and the millstone. By the time I joined them Ramon had purchased the millstone but no one could lift it into the Lincoln.

Mike said, “Well now that you bargained for that thing, we’re not gonna leave it here. If we have to build a ramp and roll it in the Lincoln, we’ll get it.” And that’s what they did while they waited and at the same time kept an eye on the opening of Elena’s house.

Lola appeared in the brilliant sunlight without her blanket. With her handkerchief neatly tucked in the pocket of her silk blouse, she spoke as clearly as I had heard in three years. “I feel great. I think I am cured.”

On cue, Ramon hobbled over the cabbage leaves and onion skins deep into the compound and appeared half an hour later standing upright and claiming no pain. Elena extended her hands and silently invited me to bring Mike back into the house and the darkness of a small room with one cot just inside the door. She pulled a pastel flowered bandana around her nose and mouth while she examined the spot where Mike indicated pain. We did not speak. She seemed to intuit the problem in his back. Pressing on the spots where he had scars, she quietly prayed or chanted with her head raised and her eyes closed.

When she finished, she nodded and pointed to his shirt. Then Elena stepped out of the room into the courtyard.

I helped Mike with his shirt and whispered, “How does it feel. . . . anything? Tell me.”

“I think, yes maybe something, hmmm.” He stood up, buttoned his shirt and we

walked through the courtyard, past the room full of sitting women and out the front door where Elena was saying goodbye to Ramon and Lola. Mike took a picture of me standing next to Elena. She was serene, beautiful and strong. The bandana hung loosely around her neck.

Lola suggested that we take the short route down the mountain and then the highway back home. Yowzers! Lola was talking in sentences. Ramon sat straight and tall in the seat next to Mike. The millstone added balance and security to the rear end of the Lincoln as we descended the mountain top.

We didn't know all of what happened in Elena's small dark rooms and we didn't ask but when we returned to 3425 Mar d'Cortez at midnight, Mike's tourista was gone, his back did not hurt and he fell easily to sleep. I looked out the window at the end of our bed and saw the lights of the shrimp boats beyond Pelican Island. I heard the clanging of their bells and wondered as I fell asleep if there could actually be something to a healer on the mountain top in Cedros. My dreams would surely be unusual because I left town that morning with three sick people I loved and I came home with something quite different, something mysterious, hopeful even magical.

I dreamed I was flying above a town where barns puffed up and turned into amphitheatres with steps of grass, cars turned into feet and long low office buildings into slide cartridges. Flying alongside me were swooping eagles with monkey heads changing into raccoon heads then sheep heads with model-T noses. On the stage of the amphitheatre was a frog with a megaphone and his words came out as white pearl buttons. The curtain behind him was red velvet trimmed in asparagus, garlic, sea urchins and white ruffled lettuce.

The next morning, Mike bounced out of bed with enthusiasm for beginning a new sculpture project—the yellow birds for Parkinson's. Standing on the deck under a palm tree, sipping his tea, he smiled across the sea all the way to the Baja. "Feels like a dream," he said, "just to sleep all night with no pain. I hate to jinx it, but whatever Elena

did, my body feels transformed. Hard to tell if the power is in the believing, you know—in the power of hope.”

I tapped my tennis shoes on the tile floor of the deck, walked down the eight steps to the gate and headed east into the brilliant sunrise. The sand was hard with landscapes of the mountains and islands etched from the tide the night before. At step number two thousand one hundred and twenty, in front of Santa Gemma tourist cabins, I stopped in my tracks.

There between the beach and Pelican Island, the dolphins appeared in circles diving and flipping, snorting and squealing following the warm water line of the sun, first west then circling back east past Pelican Island toward the ironwood fires of Old Kino.

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