

Local & Entertainment

A 13.1-mile journey



Wellness Watch
By Tonya Dias

I'd like to take a few moments to tell you about a journey; one that started ten years ago on the Oregon coast, and reached a milestone on March 21, 2015 in Moab, Utah.

That blustery March day in 2005 started out like any other: We had breakfast as a family (my three sons, my then-husband, and I) and set on about our day. What was different was we were in Coos Bay on our way back from a junior casting competition that two of our sons had participated in the day before. Our plan was to see Shore Acres State Park, drive to Roseburg and see the animal safari and then continue the drive home to Baker City.

We arrived at Shore Acres mid-morning to blue skies, wind and fantastic waves. I had never seen waves like this before; they were churning the ocean at the base of the rocks a milky white, hitting the rocks and creating amazing spray. It was truly a gorgeous sight, and one that we thought deserved a closer look.

There were no barriers between the "viewpoint" and the rock bluffs, no warning signs—nothing to indicate what we were doing was potentially dangerous. Knowing what I know now, it was incredibly dangerous, and foolish, to be out on the rock bluffs.

Josh, my middle son, was the first to go down to the rocks, standing about 40 feet above the ocean shore. The waves began to build, and before long Josh found himself soaked by a wave that hit the rocks and sent spray shooting into the air.

Zach, my oldest, Logan, the youngest, and I were the next to venture to the rocks. We spent time watching the waves build off shore, hit the base of the rocks we were standing on, and just enjoying the sounds and beautiful sights of the ocean.

My then-husband, Mike, was on another bluff about 20 feet above us, also taking in the gorgeous scenery. Josh was already wet, so he was intelligently watching from a distance, having had enough of the cold ocean.

After several minutes of watching the ocean, I decided to make my way to

where Mike was standing, and I turned around to walk that direction. Suddenly, a wave hit the base of the rock bluff, and though I could not see it, I could tell by the sound it was a large wave. Spray shot into the air and started

to rain down on me.

I ducked my head preparing for the saltwater to soak me like it had Josh. Instead, I was hit from behind by a wall of water, which I can only liken to being hit by a truck. This wave picked me up and thrashed me around like I was in a washing machine.

When the wave subsided, I was seated facing a rock wall, my back still to the ocean. I quickly looked for Zach and Logan, and after seeing they were alright, shouted for them to get up to where Josh was safely standing.

I quickly took stock of myself, and when I looked down, it was obvious I had broken my femur. Nothing hurt at this point because, luckily, my leg was floating in a small pool of water. Mike came down to where I was sitting and scooped me up to carry me to safety since there was strong potential for another wave to hit there. Being picked up hurt. A lot. I said bad words. A lot of bad words.

Some really nice bystanders gave the boys blankets and calmed them while we waited for the ambulance. The first responders splinted the leg (Hurt. A lot!), loaded me up and took me to Coos Bay Hospital.

X-rays revealed my femur was snapped in half in one spot, broken in another and my knee cap was completely obliterated. The orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Davis, came in and told me I'd probably lose 30% of my range of motion, but would be fine without a knee cap and that I would have a rod in my femur to help it heal.

I had surgery, stayed five days in the hospital, was released and came home to begin my recovery. My leg was immobilized for nine weeks, and then I started physical therapy at (then) St. Elizabeth Hospital. When I began therapy and realized how much 30% was, I knew that just wouldn't work, and my therapists (Jody & Diana) agreed we could do better.

Twice each week I would attend physical therapy and work toward full range of motion. My therapists never stopped pushing me, encouraging me and working with me to get better each visit. After two manipulations to break

the scar tissue in my knee, and six months of therapy, I had regained nearly all my range of motion and was discharged to continue working on my own.

The only thing I was told I probably would never be able to do was long distance running, which was fine, I didn't run anyway!

I regained full use of my leg and went on to complete several sprint-distance triathlons, several 5k races, began road and mountain biking and hiked all over the hills. I was able to do whatever I wanted to without having to worry about my leg—it worked just fine. I guess in the back of my mind, I always wondered what was next.

In January we decided for spring break this year we would take a family vacation to Moab, Utah, and do some hiking and biking. While looking at things to do there, we discovered there was a half-marathon the day we were planning to arrive. My partner, Jake, said we should do the half. I said, "We should?"

We began training and then with about five weeks before the event, Jake strained his calf and was unable to continue training. Registration complete and paid for (non-refundable), I carried on, logging miles and getting stronger, though still never really considering myself a runner.

We drove to Moab, and on March 21, 2015, I completed my first half marathon! My knee felt good the whole race and it was a very emotional, very fulfilling experience.

I want to say thank you to Mike, who did a great job of taking care of me after the accident, a wonderful physical therapy staff at the hospital here in Baker City, the fantastic first responders that day in Coos Bay, the great skills of the surgeon, and the amazing hospital staff in Coos Bay, as well.

You should know, whatever your goals are, you can do it! You may not be the fastest, or strongest, but let go of the competition and just be thankful for the opportunity. There are many who cannot run, walk, cycle, swim or even get out of bed.

If you can, you owe it to yourself and those that can't to get out there and try!

Tonya Dias is a Certified Holistic Health Coach and the founder of Intuitive Nutrition. She received her training at the Institute For Integrative Nutrition in New York and her certification from the American Association of Drugless Practitioners. She teaches wellness workshops, as well as individual and group health coaching sessions. You may reach Tonya at intuitive.nutrition@hotmail.com.

Bebe's word search

Physics 1

Find and circle all of the words that are hidden in the grid. The remaining 30 letters spell an Albert Einstein quotation.

Y D O A C O U S T I C S Q T U C S V N E
V A N B D O P P L E R K N U E W I D F E
R F C U O A I A C G E I E N A S L I A E
C D E C O O C U R O O C T L N C R S S R L
O E I N E S Y A T P N R N O V C K P A O
L N N M A L V A G N I V S A I I Y L D H
D S S P U I E N N P E I E N D R N A A K
F I T T T T I R E C T M A C O E Y C Y C
U T E Y S Z N T A Y Y H I T T P P E G A
S Y I R E S A E I T C A C R O I G M N L
I L N E L L A E M E I E L R E D O E I B
O Y R V P O L M M O J O T S E P U N K S
N F T E I E V A W A M N N W E O X T W E
O F U L C R U M R V E C T O R T P E A P
T A T T N R S T R I N G T H E O R Y H O
W T R Y I P O W E R E T E M O M R E H T
E O Y G R E N E R E F R A C T I O N I O
N M N G P M U L U D N E P L E N G T H S
S C I T P O E D U T I L P M A K R O W I

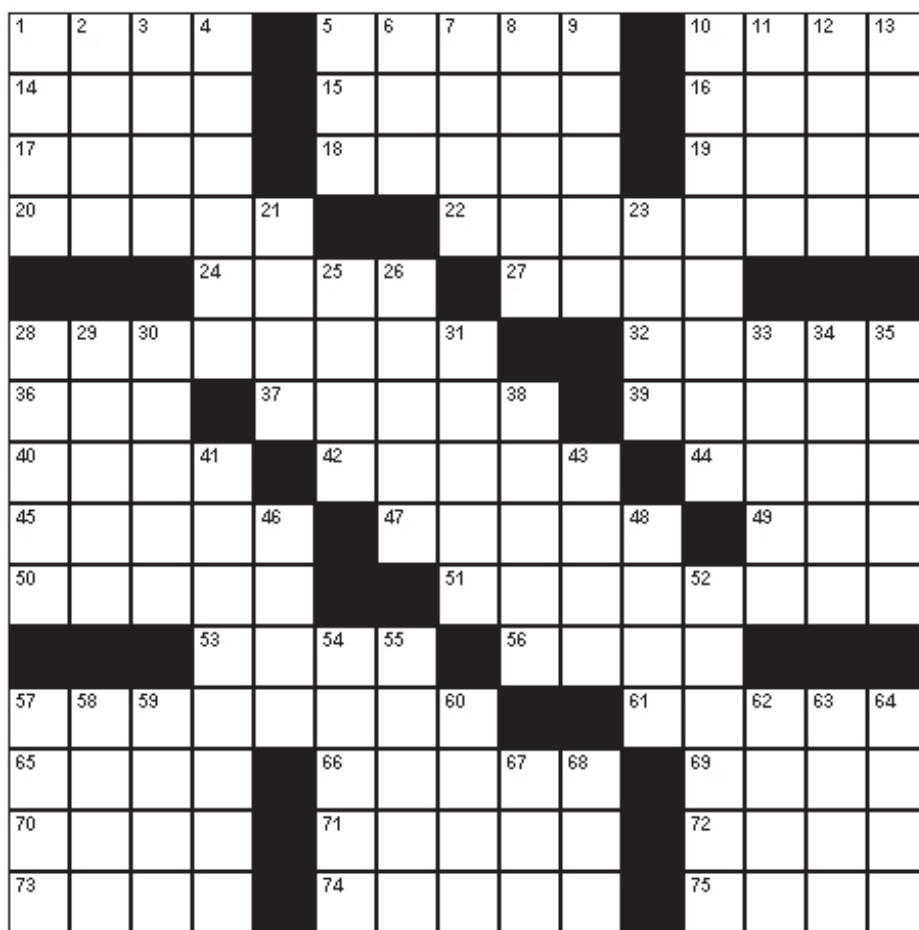
ACCELERATION
ACOUSTICS
AMPLITUDE
ATOM
BLACK HOLE
BUOYANCY
CENTRIPETAL
COLD FUSION
CONVECTION
DENSITY
DISPLACEMENT
DOPPLER
EINSTEIN

ELECTRON
ENERGY
ENTROPY
EXPERIMENT
FARADAY
FREEZING POINT
FULCRUM
GRAVITY
HAWKING
IMPEDANCE
ISOTOPE
KELVIN

LAWS
LENGTH
LEVER
MASS
MECHANICS
MOMENTUM
NEWTON
OPTICS
PASCAL
PENDULUM
POWER
PRINCIPLES

QUARK
REFRACTION
SOUND
STRING THEORY
TESLA
THERMOMETER
TRAJECTORY
VECTOR
VISCOSITY
WAVE
WEDGE
WORK

This week's crossword puzzle



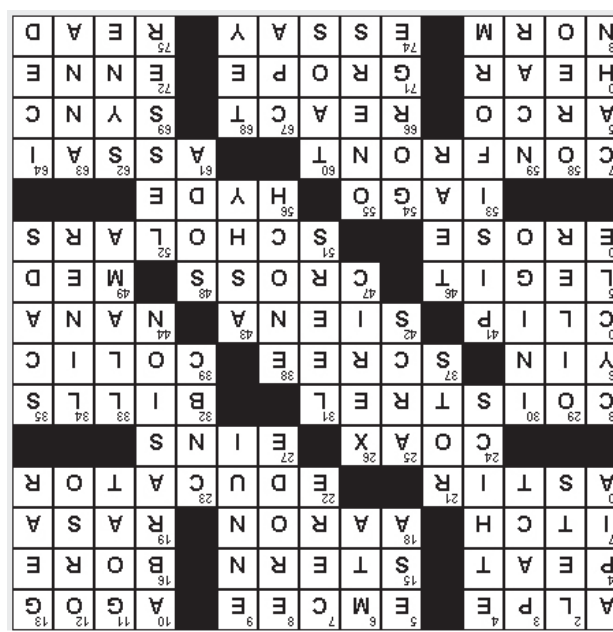
Across

- 1- Mont Blanc, par exemple;
- 5- Roast host;
- 10- In a tizzy;
- 14- Heating fuel;
- 15- Severe;
- 16- Tidal ____;
- 17- Need a scratch;
- 18- Home run king Hank;
- 19- Tabula ____;
- 20- Moving about;
- 22- Teacher;
- 24- Cajole;
- 27- Half of zwei;
- 28- Scoundrel;
- 32- Posters;
- 36- Yang's counterpart;
- 37- Rocky debris;
- 39- Paroxysmal pain;
- 40- A good one gets you there in a hurry;
- 42- City in Tuscany;
- 44- "Peter Pan" pooch;
- 45- Kosher;
- 47- Crucifix;
- 49- Kind of school;
- 50- Jagged;
- 51- Learned persons;
- 53- Emilia's husband;
- 56- Jekyll's alter ego;
- 57- Oppose;
- 61- Very, to Verdi;
- 65- Sacramento's ____ Arena;
- 66- Hit back, perhaps;
- 69- Harmony;
- 70- Get wind of;
- 71- Search blindly;
- 72- Feminine suffix;
- 73- Average guy?;
- 74- Sontag composition;
- 75- Peruse;

Down

- 1- Capital city of Western Samoa;
- 2- Permits;
- 3- Covenant;
- 4- Morals;
- 5- Conductor ____-Pekka Salonen;
- 6- 1959 Kingston Trio hit;
- 7- Part of a bird's beak;
- 8- Eat into;
- 9- The blahs;
- 10- Scraped spot or area;
- 11- Capricorn's animal;
- 12- About;
- 13- Equipment;
- 21- Turns;
- 23- "Power Lunch" network;
- 25- Pendulum paths;
- 26- Adapted to a dry environment;
- 28- Recurring series;
- 29- Exxon Valdez, e.g.;
- 30- Architect Jones;

- 31- Ogles;
- 33- South American ruminant;
- 34- Cruise ship;
- 35- Lots;
- 38- Son of Cain;
- 41- Pea-shaped;
- 43- Sickly;
- 46- Rip;
- 48- Scotch go-with;
- 52- Children of a ____ God;
- 54- Pig out;
- 55- Lulus;
- 57- "All the Way" lyricist Sammy;
- 58- Sandwich cookie;
- 59- Tenn. neighbor;
- 60- New Mexico art colony;
- 62- Auld Lang ____;
- 63- Author Quindlen;
- 64- Chilled;
- 67- Tax pro;
- 68- Mystery writer Josephine;



— RANDOM ACTS OF KINDNESS —

Each week The Baker County Press will include a list—all anonymous, of course—of the good deeds and random acts of kindness people from around the area have witnessed. To include something you've seen or experienced, email

News@TheBakerCountyPress.com with "Random Acts of Kindness" in the subject line. We'll be sure to include your story.

• It was very kind of Jim Howerton to send out the call to help a young man in Baker

City who wanted to start his own lawnmowing business.

A local business (Carl Dedrick and Baker Cab Company) bought young Ernesto a new lawnmower and weed eater to get this budding entrepreneur started. Awesome.