

# Great food, convivial atmosphere at the Chisholm Center

**'THE BOB'**  
DARREN GOOCH



The Bob Chisholm Community Center.

Last week as I was tapping away at the keyboard in my office, I was interrupted by a volunteer from our congregate Senior Meal Program here at the center. Her urgency unnerved me a bit as she told me that my presence was required in the kitchen. "There's a problem and we need you now!" she exclaimed.

My thoughts raced as I ran through the endless number of emergencies in my mind. Fire? Water leak? Heart attack? "Not that, please, not that!" I thought to myself.

I hurried into the main hall to find a group of our seniors, remnants of the lunch hour already passed, still seated at the tables. A rousing, though slightly off-key, version of "Happy Birthday" greeted my ears and our meal site coordinator, Chris Duffy, walked from the kitchen cradling a Costco sheet cake. I'll never know how

they managed to fit 50 candles on there, but I did successfully draw enough breath to blow them all out.

I have spent nearly all 16 years of my time with the park district at the Bob Chisholm Community Center and I have gotten to know almost all of the seniors that attend our lunch, many of whom have

been here since I started all those years ago. I have also seen many faces come and go, some moved on to other areas, some have since passed, but all have contributed in some way or another to the continued growth of this fantastic program.

The meal program is a partner-

ship between the Sunset Empire Park and Recreation District and Northwest Senior and Disability Services. It serves both a congregate group and a home-bound population with meals five days per week. Just last month alone, the site provided 895 meals through the efforts of our Meal Site

Coordinator and his crew of 25 volunteers.

Program funding comes from federal sources via the Older Americans Act nutrition programs. Funds make their way from the federal level down to the state level through the Department of Human Services and then to Northwest Senior and Disability Services who administer the senior meal programs in our region. Our program is one of just a few here in Clatsop County.

If you are like many of our diners here at the center, you enjoy sitting down for a nice lunch with familiar faces and having some pleasant conversation, something I appreciate more and more the older I get. For those 60 and over, the meal is a suggested \$3 donation and those under 60 can enjoy a meal for \$6.75.

Not only is it a great value, the friendships that develop help keep the spirit young. Lunch is served at 11:45 a.m. promptly, so don't be late!

Every month, The BOB will bring you information on current events and items of interest here at the center. See you next month!

# Stranded in Seaside, and a lucky rendezvous with old friends

**GUEST COLUMN**  
CATHY GIGANTE-BROWN

Sometimes it takes a village to turn a negative into a positive.

Near the end of a picture-perfect Northern Oregon Coast vacation, my New York-based family and I found ourselves stranded in Paradise.

En route to Seaside, the second we pulled out of a Cannon Beach parking lot, our rental car's "check air" light beamed. Our Kia crawled down South Hemlock, the front passenger-side tire hopelessly flat.

My husband Peter guided the Optima into a spot next to Greaver Gallery. In the trunk, under all our luggage, no spare. On hold 15 minutes with Fox Rent A Car's roadside assistance, we finally hung up and left a message.

What to do?

An elderly man weeding his garden at the corner of South Hemlock and East Monroe gave us the number of Gary's Service Center. "Gary's a good guy, honest," he told us and wished us luck.



Cathy Gigante-Brown, Eve Marx, David Brown and Peter Brown.

Unlike Fox, Gary answered the phone immediately, even though it was after business hours. He offered to send a flatbed truck to pick up the car if nothing else panned out.

Meanwhile, I received a dozen helpful texts from my friend Eve Marx (a local journalist), who was helping us sort this all out. Eve's encouraging IMs like: "Don't let it ruin your adventure...seriously, there are much worse places to break down..." really helped.

If we could get to Seaside, Eve suggested the Sandy Cove Inn and shot me their number.

The Sandy Cove Inn was

extremely helpful. Though they didn't have a room for three available, they suggested the Motel 6 on Highway 101, which was practically next door to Les Schwab Tire Center. I thanked them profusely.

Just in case we couldn't make it to Seaside, I Googled the closest hotel in Cannon Beach—the Waves on West 2nd. The front desk offered to send the hotel's van so we didn't have to walk a half mile to the Waves, dragging our suitcases.

It was a minor miracle that Fox phoned back. Instead of a spare, many rental companies now opted for a flat fix kit (a foam canister

and an air pump that plugged into the lighter jack...who knew?). Peter checked the trunk again and found it.

It worked. Sort of.

Our Kia limped the nine miles to Seaside on 101. We kept our eyes glued to the dashboard's tire gauge which slowly crept down from 26 pounds of pressure to 18. Motel 6 loomed on the horizon like a beacon of hope.

Miraculously, they had a vacancy. The receptionist was extremely accommodating. Noticing my silver hair, she politely inquired if "Mom was a senior." Although I was four months shy of the "60" milestone, she gave us a discount anyway. This softened the blow of a blown-out tire.

Hungry, cranky and tired, the Browns sought refuge in Ruby's, which happened to be next door to Motel 6. We drowned our sorrows in root beer and pulled pork.

A few minutes later, Eve, our leather-jacketed angel, rescued us in her SUV. (Her husband, our friend R.J., the editor of this fine paper, was covering a town meeting for a story.) Not only was Eve's hug hugely reassuring but she promised us a spectacular sunset. And delivered!

The three of us piled into Eve's Jeep and were treated to a grand

tour of her and R.J.'s adopted home: Seaside, Gearhart and the surrounding communities. Gently loping from one street to the next, Eve pointed out her favorite coffee shop, cool restaurants and pubs, spots where the elk hung out and led us through the tall grasses to Gearhart Beach, where the sun ducked behind layers of clouds, painting the sky pink and gold.

By the time we got to the Marx homestead, R.J. was back from his assignment. We talked, laughed and caught up. Thanks to good friends — and the kindness of several strangers — a stressful day ended on a super-happy note.

It all came full circle the next morning. As Jake at Les Schwab replaced our tire and got us on the road in record time, Peter couldn't help but notice the "Brooklyn" tattoo on Jake's forearm — his daughter's name and our hometown. Maybe it was fate to get "stranded" in Seaside. Or as Eve puts it, a happy accident.

Thanks, Seaside. We'll be back!

♦ ♦ ♦

*Catherine Gigante-Brown is a New York-based journalist and novelist whose latest work, "Better than Sisters," is available from Volossal Publishing.*

# Certified or not certified: Which dog trainer should you choose?

When I was 30, an acquaintance told me that in his native language, my name means "gullible" — to which I responded, "Seriously?"

It was funny then and still is now. But some gullibility has consequences. And sometimes, gullibility is farmed. That farming is often called "marketing." I have no problem with marketing; small business owners like myself must rely on good marketing for our good work to become known. Notice I say good marketing — emphasis on good.

Most of us can agree that good marketing should not exploit the innocence of others, nor put others at risk, especially not by misleading them. Yet such exploitation occurs every day, and there seems no way to stop it. We can all, however, do a little to minimize its power over us by educating ourselves and then helping others understand. Today I hope to help you understand a little more about dog trainer marketing.

One thing that we dog trainers do is share videos. I won't be talking at length about this today, but do want to mention that just because the results in a video look great, that does not mean how the results were achieved were great. In dog training, the process is just as important as the end result, and it should be a do not harm — emotional or physical — process.

Another thing many of

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us do is lead with our credentials. Credentials are very important because they tell the public how qualified a trainer is or is not. Yet this is where things can get very confusing for the public; after all, how are you supposed to know what each credential means, where it came from, whether it's reputable? Given that dog training is an unregulated industry, absolutely anyone can call themselves a "master dog trainer" or a "dog behaviorist" even if they've never taken a single dog training or behavior class. There's more bad news: Some of these folks then open dog trainer "schools" that "certify" new trainers after as little as week or two. The good news is that there are professional certifying organizations with ethics rules for professional, certified trainers.

The independent testing and certification organization for dog trainers and canine behavior consultants is the Certification Council for Professional Dog Trainers. The CCPDT sets the global standard for rigorous exams that demonstrate mastery in humane, science-based dog training. To become certified, a trainer / behavior consultant must first show documentation of several hundred hours

working with clients' and clients' dogs, then pass a strictly proctored, objective, several hundred question examination, must abide by the code of ethics, and must update her education every year. A professional dog trainer or canine behavior consultant is certified by the CCPDT if there is either a CBCC-KA, CPDT-KSA, or CPDT-KA associated with her name; check CCPDT.org to confirm your trainer's credentials.

Then there are the most respected schools. Certified Dog Trainer Professionals are graduates of the top program of the Karen Pryor Academy for Animal Training and Behavior and hold the title KPA CTP (Certified Training Partner). CTCs (certificants in training and counseling) are graduates of the Academy for Dog Trainers. Trainers who graduated from KPA or ADT are generally considered the go-to professionals in the industry. (Still, always do your own investigation!) There are many other, newer training schools. Some of them are, and some are not, com-

mitted to humane — force-free, fear-free, pain-free — practices. Some may unfortunately provide a certificate but call it "certification" while others, having little direct involvement in the field of training professional dog trainers, provide merely permission to teach and/or test and title you and your dog. Beware of these marketed as trainer "certification." "Certification" means a trainer's mastery has been independently assessed, that the trainer has passed an exhaustive, objective exam to demonstrate mastery. A "certificate" is a piece of paper that says someone attended a class or met other cursory requirements.

Last but not least, there are CAABs and VBs: Certified Applied Animal Behaviorists and Veterinary Behaviorists. Only CAABs and VBs can honestly call themselves "behaviorists" since in the animal behavior industry, one must have a doctorate degree or equivalent in animal behavior to call oneself a "behaviorist" or be a veterinarian who completed additional courses and residency in

animal behavior to earn the title veterinary behaviorist.

Please don't hesitate to contact me if you need help deciphering qualifications or behavior! We're all in

this together for the dogs. Rain Jordan, CBCC-KA, KPA CTP, is a certified canine behavior and training professional. Visit her at [www.expertcanine.com](http://www.expertcanine.com).

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