

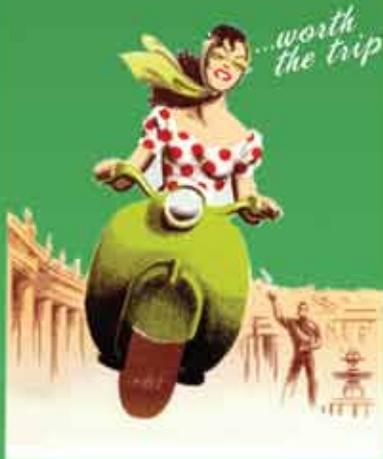
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Editor's Letter



Dinosaur Status

I'M SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING joining the dinosaur league and becoming a card-carrying member of the Pterodactyl Club, living in the dark ages.

I have had the same cell phone for the past three-and-a-half years. Eligible for an upgrade a year and-a-half ago, my phone has served me well, and I am of the school of thought why mess with a good thing? Recently, however, it has shown signs of an impending demise, so I have been researching new phones, and in the process, discovered you can't buy a phone anymore; nowadays you are buying a small computer.

"Look at this, it is so cool," said the salesman with unrestrained excitement as he showed me a phone. "You can download and watch music videos directly on your phone!" I told him I don't watch music videos and didn't need that feature. "But you can totally access the Internet and Facebook, like anytime," he said, offering up another tantalizing feature of the phone.

Clearly he did not know with whom he was dealing: I am perhaps the one person left on the planet who doesn't dig social media. Status updates and tweets don't make my heart flutter. When I read status updates as deep as "I ate a taco and am going to hang laundry on the line" I wonder why I should care. I really like using social media for businesses (*Spokane Coeur d'Alene Living* has a great Facebook page), but I don't want to be tethered to it as my source for personal interaction.

I sighed and decided to fess up my fondness for simplicity to the salesman. "I just want to be able to talk, text, keep my calendar, and take the occasional picture with my phone," I said. "I don't want Internet access; I am in front of a computer

enough for work, and when I am away from it, the last thing I want to do is check my work email. And to tell you the truth, I don't want to be on Facebook all day. Sometimes it is nice to just be... disconnected."

The salesman scrunched up his face and said, "Well, um, you know, talking is pretty much a secondary feature on any phone you buy nowadays."

Is it wrong to long for a slightly simpler existence? I don't want tweets or status updates filling my inbox or arriving on my phone. I want to talk to my friends in a live format, whether it is by phone or meeting in person. I cherish the opportunity to talk with dear ones and share experiences, stories and laughs. I like it when someone calls me and they can hear the sound of pure joy in my voice just at hearing their voice; when we chat about struggles and challenges, and mull over possible solutions, together, rather than posting our thoughts on each other's wall; where I know what is going on in their life, and they in mine, because we have a vested interest in each other, not because a status update told us so. Sometimes, I just don't think you can improve on the original.

It is refreshing to learn there are others out there who also cherish originals, rather than always going for the newest or most high-tech. One such group includes the pilots at Felts Field who work on and fly original, historic airplanes. On page 74 you'll learn why a Boeing Stearman open cockpit biplane will win out over a Lear jet any day of the week for these pilots.

High-tech isn't always a bad thing. Advances in medicine are an area where I like to see the newest, the most high-tech and the best. Our local medical providers continue to bring patients the newest and most effective treatments and procedures, and we are sharing one of them with you in our Health Beat section, on page 58.

This issue's history story, on page 80, highlights the history of Deaconess Hospital. Reading how things used to be done at the hospital when it opened in the late 1800s—think leeches and little in the way of anesthesia—will make you grateful for how far medicine has come.

So yes, there is something to be said for advancements in technology, but personally, I don't want it on my phone. You can call me a dinosaur—just be sure you call me to tell me, rather than tweeting it or putting it on Facebook.

Happy reading!

Blythe