

One smile for the lessons of yesterday, one smile for the gift that is today, one smile for the wishes and promise of tomorrow.

### Dr. Douglas Drewyer's Black Dog Times

I offer this story, told many times before and deserving each re-telling. You may know by now, there is a wise crone, an old woman brilliant beyond her years, living in a cave far up into the hills. Yet, few know of her and her ways, in fact, it might be said, most have lost the way into those hills, let alone have knowledge of the wise old woman or the cave. And there she lives, each day purposefully, diligently, artistically, with an even-spirited industry. You see, this woman spends countless hours creating a beautiful quilt from multicolored yarns and threads. It is painful work, as her hands have become gnarled and worn by the porcupine quills she uses to darn the quilt. Necessarily painful, it might be said, to create a fabric of such majesty. And yet, there is another calling, another occupation for the crone that cannot be ignored and in fact calls her from her creative design to the cauldron bubbling at the back of the cave. And so, inexorably, she rises up from her quilting and makes her way back to the simmering stew in the cauldron. It is there that she tends the fire, maintaining an even heat, and stirs and flavors the stew to keep it from scorching or losing its delectable flavors. The stew has all of the world's spices and herbs within, all of the goodness and harvest from the earth. Yet it needs to be tended, lovingly stirred and seasoned, lest it lose its richly nutritive, life giving essence and aroma.

Unbeknownst to the woman, and all the while present in the darkness just inside the door of the cave, a black dog lay sleeping. Soon after the woman leaves the quilt to tend the stew, the dog rises, stretches and yawns, and ambles slowly over to the edge of the quilt. You understand, the dog has been there all along, and senses when the steward has left, and pads over to the untended tapestry. A sniff and a nibble, a nibble and a sniff, and almost as if on a mission of discovery of the essence of the threads, the black dog renders the quilt asunder, pulling at the single thread that unravels the entire creation. As the old woman makes her way from stew back to quilt, the black dog disappears into the shadows and curls up again into the silence of the cave's walls. The woman sits again on her stool, picks up the porcupine quills, and begins her timeless weaving and darning and beautiful pattern creating, all from the start, as if for the first time. Over and again the sequence repeats itself, creating the quilt, tending the stew, the black dog recognizing the cue to pull at the very threads of beauty and brilliance. And again, and again, a choreography that never changes, a dance chasing itself...

What do you garner from this tale? When I share this story I hear many comments, ranging from "shoot the dog" to "just get carry out and order from Amazon". Sad fact is, many folks cannot find the cave, or the woman, and have no clue about indomitable spirits or sustaining life as beauty and tending, even in the face of calamity. This mystical, wise woman never fatigues, never complains or shouts out about injustice. I say the woman lives life as "everything old is new again". Those who turn that phrase into "everything new is old again", trudge along with the "woe is me, same old, same old" falling prey to a seductive séance of being "done to" rather than collaborating with; of seeing with eyes aware of the seen only, missing the mystery and power of valuing the subtle unseen. Some remark that the woman must feel terribly alone. Others say the woman knows a deep inter-connection with the world around her, a grounded security with the way things are that informs a sense of being deeply embedded that is far from separation or isolation. I hear from others that "a woman's work is never done", and in the same room someone will have the perspective that this woman's work stands for all of our work, for the sake of all beings in all times along the passing of times, with no allowance for short term upset to interfere with transgenerational legacies. It is often reflected that the woman must be poor and lacking for the finer things in life, and yet others surmise that surely she has all she needs in her cave/retreat existence.

Well, I am sure most of us agree there are sure signs we are in the midst of "black dog times." Certainly, if we are to carry on for the sake of the children of our children's kids, we will be most successful when embracing collaboration, great-fully weaving the seen with the unseen and stirring the pot of our deep interconnections with the planet, the beasts and all peoples while moving away from a scarcity mentality to a recognition that we have all we need between and amongst ourselves. Those shared personal visions will supersede party lines and partisan agendas while building up our resilience to face black dog times, inevitable though they are, with grace and dignity and the strength developed from shared visions and values.

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*	Stop Look Listen with Barb	pg. 2
*	Get to Know Dr. Austin	pg. 2
*	Ship of Fools with Dr. Doug	pg. 3
*	Cari-Vu with Becca	pg. 4
*	Up-Selling with Dr. Doug	pg. 4,5
*	Robin's Pecan Delights	pg. 5
*	Editor's Note	pg. 5
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## Stop, Look and Listen...Again... with Barb

Our theme for this newsletter is “Everything Old is New Again”. With those words, we know that our possessions can always be made new to someone else. We see that when we have yard sales or ask a friend if they might have a use for something we no longer need. Spring can give us a feeling of new again. We can also make something new with forgiveness. To forgive someone can turn hurt into a new relationship. How we remember a past unpleasant experience might become new if we look at it with a different perspective.

My article for this newsletter will be an old article I wrote 6 years ago. Maybe it will be new to some of our readers: With the holiday season upon us and the fact that we can make ourselves crazy with all that we need and want to do, I thought it might be the perfect time to find ways to Stop, Look, and Listen, in order to slow ourselves down a little.

We might choose to Stop something that puts us in “information overload”. Recently I decided to cut back on watching the news. I found that most of the information did not really benefit me in a positive way. It does not mean I don’t have sympathy and concern for what’s going on in and around the world; it is just that I started to realize I knew more about what was happening on the other side of the world than I did in my own neighborhood. The truth is we can all make our own news, by being in touch with people and events we can really connect with. Do we take time to really look at the person standing right in front of us at any given time? We are so distracted with technology (cell phones, t.v., computers, iPods, etc.), that we don’t seem to look into each other’s eyes very often. Especially with our children today, who are so connected to technology and somewhat disconnected from people, can we show them how to look up and see the world around them?

I play a game with my 3 year old grandson, Alex, when we are outside, it is called, “what do you hear?” We have to be real quiet so he can tell me all the different sounds he hears. With needing to get so much accomplished in our daily lives, we can forget to listen to what is going on around us. When my grandkids come over and they all want my attention at the same time, I find the best way I’m able to really listen is to quiet myself first. I sit down in a chair at their level and look right at them. That is when I can really hear (almost) all the things they want to tell me. When we can focus on listening to one thing at a time, it really can have a calming effect on us and those around us.

There are so many ways we can use these three words, Stop-Look-Listen, to make a difference in our day to day lives. You decide: what do you want to “stop”, which way do you want to “look” and how do you want to “listen” to this life, see what happens...

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## Get to Know Dr. Austin

I am sure most dentists joining existing dental practices are unsure how they will be received by their new patients. Luckily, I have been welcomed with nothing but warm smiles and congratulations. With every new greeting I am reminded how grateful I am that you have allowed me to be a part of your dental wellness. I would like to extend a big **thank you** to all of our patients that have made me feel a part of their family! And as I get to know all of you, here is a little bit about me:

One of my favorite places to be is in my garden. I enjoy cooking with fresh herbs and veggies from my backyard, including two favorite vegetables: sugar snap peas and tomatoes. Zinnias and sunflowers are also summer staples in my flower garden.

I love to stay active. I played high school basketball and baseball for River Hill High School in Howard County. Then, I pitched for the Division I UMBC Retrievers in college while studying Pre-Dental and Business Technology Administration. You can still find me on the ball field playing for the Annapolis Pirates in the local Chesapeake Men’s Senior Baseball League.

I am engaged to be married! I met my fiancée, Lauren, while in college at UMBC. Lauren is a CPA for T. Rowe Price. Our big day is in September 2017.

Sushi is my favorite food, especially sashimi and spicy tuna rolls. Bonus fact: Dr. Doug is known to pile on the wasabi a little too high!

Dr. Austin always wears a mouthguard on the ball field



## Ship of Fools with Dr. Douglas

I won't be so banal as to say everything worth learning can be learned from the Good Ole Grateful Dead. However, Robert Hunter and Jerry Garcia had a special knack of hitting the nail on the head for me with their lyrical witticisms and timeless truths. Note the song, "Ship of Fools", for example.

Went to see the captain  
strangest I could find  
Layed my proposition down  
Layed it on the line;  
I won't slave for beggar's pay  
likewise gold and jewels  
but I would slave to learn the way  
to sink your ship of fools

The bottles stand as empty  
as they were filled before  
Time there was and plenty  
but from that cup no more  
Though I could not caution all  
I yet may warn a few:  
Don't lend your hand to raise no flag  
atop no ship of fools

Those lyrics are a likely reference to the times, not so long ago, when communities assembled all those deemed "out of their minds" or not in their "right minds" and put them on board a ship to slave and crew. These folks were then jettisoned from the community, put out to sea, because it was then believed that the chaos of the wind and waves resonated with the 'obvious' chaos swirling within the bodymindspirits of these outcasts from society. Turns out, many of those cast adrift resonated with their new surroundings and experienced wellness not known before. Sadly, others worsened in their conditions, lived and died as alien from their families and countrymen. When these "Ships of Fools" came into a harbor at another port, people would flock down to the shore to see and hear the "crazy crews" of human cargo without a home. The "foreign lunatics" became a sideshow for the very villages they were banished from.

For me, this song is pointing the way for taking action informed from values-based and driven mores to stop the benign and blind inanities that create such divisions as "us and them" and craft ways of being and doing and feeling such that there is only 'us'. With time a-wastin', it is as important as ever could be for the elimination of policies and plans on racism, sexism, immigration, care of the elderly and the mentally diseased to be created from a stance of us and them. It is surely those who are blind to these injustices that crew the Ship of Fools Robert Hunter's juxtaposition is wisely pointing to.

Saw your first ship sink and drown  
from rocking of the boat  
and all that could not sink or swim  
was just left there to float  
I won't leave you drifting down  
but whoa it makes me wild  
with thirty years upon my head  
to have you call me child

Ship of fools  
on a cruel sea  
Ship of fools  
sail away from me  
It was later than I thought  
when I first believed you  
now I cannot share your laughter  
Ship of Fools



"Don't throw the past away  
you might need it  
some rainy day  
Dreams can come true again  
When everything old  
is new again"  
Album: Continental American,  
Peter Allen, 1974

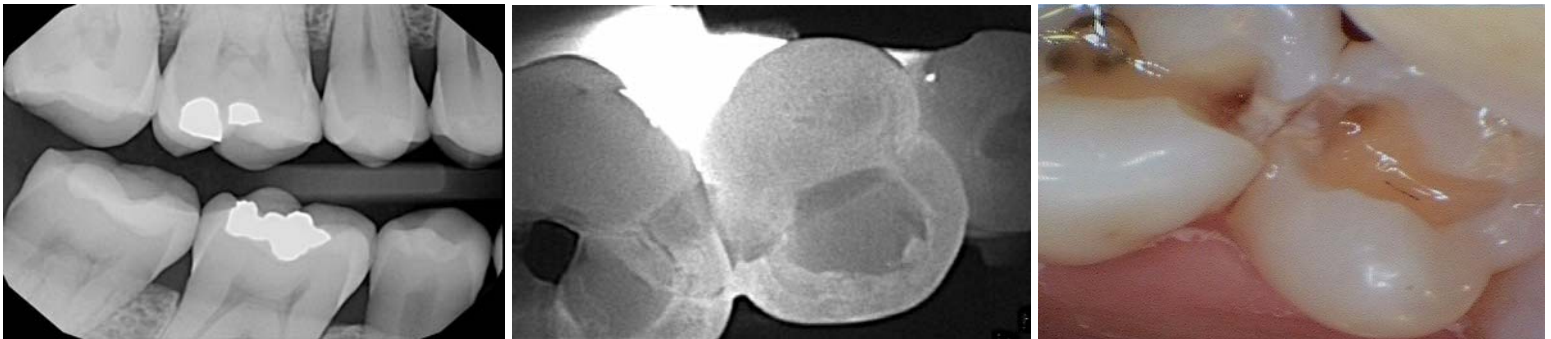


## Becca Introduces Cari-Vu: The Ultimate and New Way in Diagnosing Decay

Until recently, x-rays have been the number one diagnostic tool for the detection of decay in areas that are not visible by sight. Advances in technology, however, have brought new and more efficient ways of diagnosis to the table. One of the best advances thus far is an intra-oral camera known as Cari-Vu. Caries is the dental term for decay. The Cari-Vu is a very accurate system for detecting decay, with 99% accuracy improving the current 91% accuracy of digital x-rays. X-rays can be somewhat limiting due to their "view" on crowded teeth and lower radiation exposures (good news, yet bad resolution!). This means that cavities can develop in areas and go undetected until a patient experiences pain or sensitivity.

These questionable lesions which sometimes may be referred to as a "watch" can now be diagnosed with Cari-Vu. The camera gets a bird's eye view of the tooth, shines a powerful light (near-infrared transillumination) and records the 3D picture revealing the relative density of the tooth structure. All of this is done with NO radiation. We can tour the entire mouth in just a few minutes, and patients can watch the live monitor to see if there are any dark spots right away. X-rays can be tricky to explain to our patients, and often require a trained eye to see the potential state of a tooth. The Cari-Vu shows a clear view of the teeth that were unbeknownst to the patient by sensitivity. This camera has taken a lot of guesswork out of diagnosing questionable areas of decay.

Additionally, the Cari-Vu shows evidence of deep cracks around silver fillings, which often signals the risk that the tooth may fracture. Patients who have experienced this know all too well that once this happens they are often left with having to place a crown on that tooth, given that it has not cracked near the nerve needing more extensive treatment. This early detection can ultimately save a tooth from ever needing a crown, and may even be fixed with a tooth-colored resin filling. Now patients can be even more in charge of their dental wellness by knowing with confidence what exactly is going on in their mouth. Treating patients with the utmost efficient, reliable, and safe technology is the best way to treat a patient in our eyes. We are very excited to introduce this camera to our patients, and seeing is now believing! Below is a bitewing x-ray which does not clearly or confidently indicate decay; then a Cari-Vu picture that clearly indicates decay; followed by an intra-oral camera picture of the same teeth after the decay was removed, before being restored with resin filling.



### Up-Selling with Dr. Douglas

I was at a couples' soiree just a few weeks ago, and, wouldn't you know it, the coffee table conversation turned to dentistry. I could, you might presume, talk dentistry all night long and serve breakfast in the morning, and I DON'T!!!! Life, I say, is a bit more multi-dimensional for me. However, when engaged, I will listen, and enter into the dialogue when it seems time. A guy initiated the conversational line by reporting that he and his wife had been seeing the same dentist for some time, yet recently was somewhat "put off" by what he understood to be "up-selling" by their dentist.

As I share with my students each semester, I demand that they develop and sustain the quality of care and ethical standards in so much as they will be representing me in their future careers. Yes, Me, as in UMSOD graduate, and Me, as in dentist. So my antennae certainly rise when I am listening to someone who is less than enchanted with their dental wellness support, especially if there seems to be a violation of quality of care or ethical conduct. I take it very personally as a poor reflection on some of those definitions of "me".

And so I intently listened, and listened some more. It is a fine line along a slippery slope when I balance my listening with an invading story line of my own thoughts and perspectives. A bit of a struggle can present as I ward off thoughts of good and bad and right and wrong to clearly hear the unmet needs and feelings brought forth from the speaker. What I heard was a feeling of disappointment from this guy, as his need for dental treatment without the "pressure" of "up-selling" was fueling that discomfiture.

Evidently, treatment proposals had been put forth as needs that were neither understood, evident or perceived by the patient; therefore the perception of "up-selling". I've always associated "up-selling" with that same conundrum, sort of like, don't tell me about the bells and whistles when all I need is the plain brown wrapper.

