

any progress socially in the last 10 to 15 years that you've seen?

ME: Parisian women have indeed gained more independence in the last 15 years regarding their personal and professional life. However, can this change be really considered progress, since Paris has the largest number of single women in France?

JA: Do you see a large number of single women as a problem? Why do you think this occurs—are there not equal numbers of single men?

ME: Well, no one wants to be alone. There are simply more women in proportion to men in the world.

JA: Do you feel the increased independence of women in France has led to men feeling less likely to enter into relationships with those women?

ME: Of course. Men can feel intimidated by confusing ideas of what women may want from their men, due to changing feminist attitudes.

JA: But progress as a single woman is still progress for the individual in society, isn't it?

ME: Not as long as men don't consider women

proper companions because those women have professional engagements and financial independence.

JA: How do you personally feel the situation of French women compares to that of women in other European nations?

ME: I can't speak for women in other European countries. This is a subjective view I'm presenting for you—after all, I'm simply a fashion photographer dealing with a certain kind of people on a regular basis.

JA: Thank you so much for your time and for your very thought-provoking, intelligent answers, Mary! To see Mary's work, please go to www.maryerhardy.com. Also—good news! She is planning to relocate to Los Angeles, so let her know if you have need of one extraordinary Parisian photographer in Paris or here in Los Angeles!

JULIET ANNERINO is a writer, music composer, and director based in Los Angeles. She loves to travel, and performs jazz as well as her original nu-jazz/neo-soul music internationally. Find out more at mataharimusic.net.



Photos by Sylvie Humbert

Pushing Past Mental Limits

By Brenda Jacobs

Pursuit of Health & Happiness

Your brain can be a real jerk sometimes. It regularly sabotages your goals and dreams by creating false limits within itself, causing you to hold yourself back when you don't really need to.

Wait...what? Why would your brain do that?

Sports psychologist Dr. Gloria Petruzzelli, owner of Life With No Limits Coaching, accomplished triathlete, Iron Man competitor, and race coach, says mental limits come from the brain's efforts to keep us safe. "Your brain wants to protect you. So any time you encounter an unknown, you experience anxiety, fear, or avoidance." An unknown? Yes, something like, "What will happen if I keep doing pushups even though my arms feel like jelly?" That's the moment your brain chimes in, telling you that you're at the limit, and bad things will happen should you continue.

How many times have you been working out and felt you couldn't go any further? Oh, just every single workout, right? I've been involved in sports and fitness my whole life, and have trained with some very accomplished athletes, including boxers and martial artists. Guess what? Everyone, even top athletes, hits their perceived limits at some point, regardless of the activity or situation. That's when the internal dialogue begins:

"I can't do anymore, I've got nothing left."

"You're fine, don't be such a baby, keep going."

"Nope. Nope. Nope. I'm done... something's wrong. I can't breathe. I hate this. My legs are going to give out. I'm going to pass out. No, I'm going to die."



Photos courtesy of Brenda Jacobs

"Come oooooonnnn, the cute guy's watching; don't quit!"

While you're inwardly negotiating using skills that would make the CIA proud, you're watching others calmly push through their workouts without batting an eye. They've learned to ignore perceived limits. How do you learn to do that? To keep running when it gets difficult? Keep doing pushups when your arms are jelly? Keep doing squats when your quadriceps are screaming?

“Pushing past limits, whether in regard to fitness, relationships, career, or any other aspect of life, allows us to unlock our potential.”

Dr. Petruzzelli says to remind yourself that everything's temporary, even the burning quads and jelly arms. "When you're thinking to yourself, 'I can't do anymore', counteract that with '30 more seconds', and then '30 more seconds'," she suggests, "and suddenly you've done another minute when you thought you couldn't do any more. Is it fact that you can't do it, or is it that you're feeling discomfort? You have to learn to be comfortable with feeling uncomfortable."

This is relevant far beyond just fitness. We encounter perceived limits in all aspects of life—for example, in our relationships and careers. We often feel pressure to fit our relationships into universally-accepted categories, complete with label ("boyfriend/girlfriend", "friend with

benefits", "significant other"). However, the most important definition for a relationship is the one understood by the people in it. As long as you are on the same page, does it matter if other people can understand or label it? Are you limiting your relationship by trying to fit it into a category? Are you limiting all your relationships by being afraid to explore feelings or situations outside your comfort zone—emotionally, physically, or otherwise?

Additionally, you should pick a stable career field, progress through its ranks, and then retire comfortably. Right? If that's what you really want, then yes. However, are you in a particular career field because it's what you were expected to do? Think outside that notion for a minute: do you even want a "normal" job? What do you really want to spend your time doing? What work excites you and gives you satisfaction?

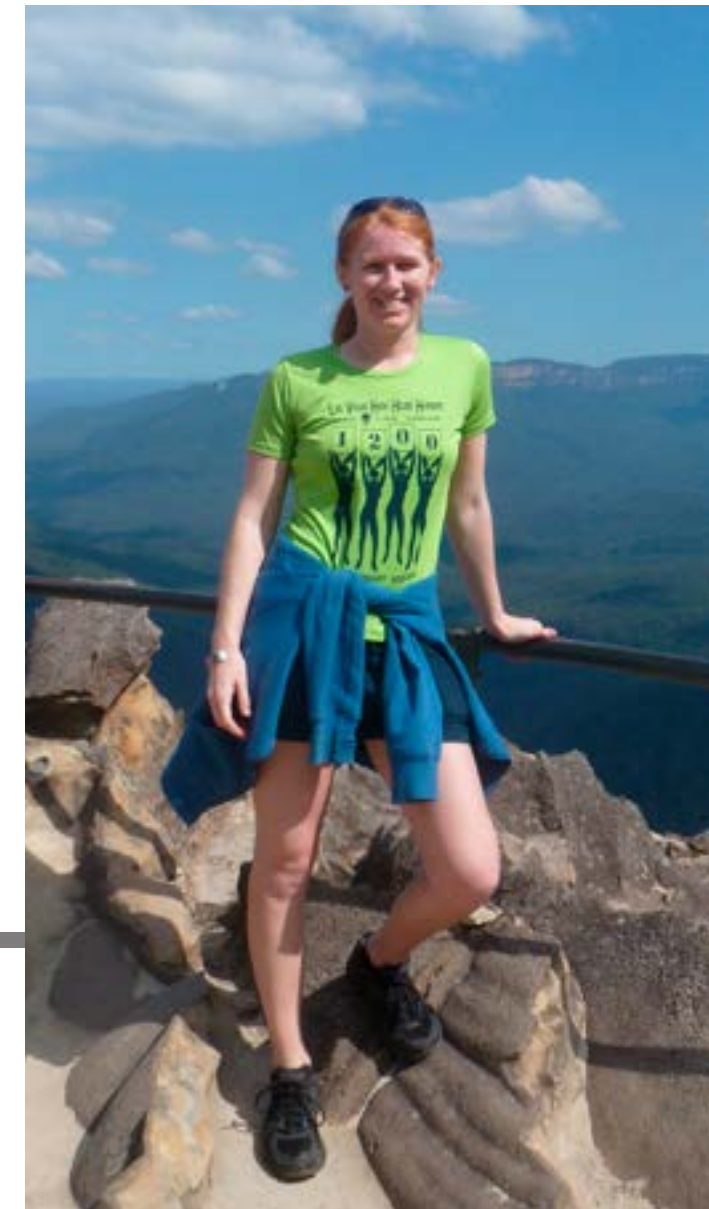
Pushing past limits, whether in regard to fitness, relationships, career, or any other aspect of life, allows us to unlock our potential. It's true that sometimes our options seem limited if we want to "fit in". Social influences often suggest there is a standard, normal way of living life. This is another perceived limit; but is it true? I'd say no. You can live your life however you choose. To do that, though, you have to be willing to ask yourself critical questions, such as, "Do I care if I fit in?", "What do I really want?", and, "Seriously, what do I really want?"

The trick is you have to be deeply truthful when you answer, not default to answers that sound good, or fit the standard. Dr. Petruzzelli agrees, "If you really want to change, you have to be courageous enough to be brutally honest with yourself and identify where you're letting a perceived limit hold you back." She says that we tend to run on autopilot: reacting to situations, but not taking time to dig deeper and find the root of the unhappiness. "We don't change our patterns until something malfunctions," she says, "whether it's lack of job satisfaction or a relationship not working." We have to at least know what we don't want and have a general idea of what we desire in order to figure out how our current

situation isn't stacking up, because, "You can't change what you're not aware of."

Questioning your life isn't easy, especially when it may appear perfect. Not long ago, I had a great job with great benefits, a great guy, and a nice house. But something wasn't right... I wasn't happy. The job, the guy, the house—they were great, but not what I truly wanted. It took the sudden death of a friend to wake me up to the realization that life is way too short; you cannot spend it doing anything less than what you truly want.

In looking for motivation to make intimidating changes, I remembered my former martial arts instructor. He tortured us with exercises



designed by the devil himself, and at the peak of these classes, when our legs and arms were shaking and we were pleading to stop, he would yell, "You can do more than you think you can!"

Hearing that phrase used to really piss me off. "Easy for you to say, walking around watching us," I thought. But the phrase I once despised has become a mantra for me, because it's true; it helped me keep going (as did my instructor's threats of increased torture should we quit). And you know what? I did more than I thought I could. I kept pressing on through the feelings of discomfort, and limits started disappearing. That method also worked in other areas of my life. Remember that bit about reminding yourself discomfort is temporary? Embracing the discomfort, fear, and/or anxiety, and pushing through it, is how you eventually eliminate those perceived limits.

Concerned that in your quest to push past limits, you'll go too far? Dr. Petruzzelli says that in sports, injury occurs when we don't pay attention to our bodies' signals. "If you're honest with yourself, you know if you're making excuses or experiencing legitimate pain. Famed basketball coach John Wooden said, 'You may fool others, but you can never fool yourself.'" This can be applied to all areas of life; deep down, you know whether it's discomfort or danger.

Challenging your limits is scary, but so worth it! I quit my job last year to travel, skydive, visit loved ones, and pursue work in fitness and writing. While it hasn't been easy, it has been one of the best years of my life. So I implore you to not let your jerk brain hold you back. Go out, push past your limits and live the life you truly desire. Just keep reminding yourself: you can do more than you think you can!

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refining ancient, compressed dinosaur carcasses and dead plants, otherwise known as oil. This is, bar none, the most important thing you need to worry about, and when I say worry, don't. Barring mechanical defect and user error in other areas, the difference between a running car that still remembers the Reagan era and one that drains your retirement fund faster than Bernie Madoff on a spry day is maintenance. And the cornerstone of a maintenance regimen is oil. To withstand the insane stresses and ridiculous pressures put on them, engines are all made out of metals. Regardless of alloy or composition, rubbing two unlubricated pieces of metal together is a recipe for disaster. Ta da da da: oil.

Oil is a multipurpose wonder drug for your engine, as it has been engineered over time to lubricate and cool through even the tiniest of passageways. It is literally the difference between the life and death of any engine. Having enough and the right kind of oil is critical for making

sure your second largest investment (for all you homeowners out there) stays alive and purring for years to come. I can tell you, beyond a shadow of a doubt, in all my years running a shop, it was by far the most overlooked and most misunderstood maintenance item. Check the sidebar for some specifics on some of the most commonly asked questions when it comes to oil.

With that ends our first foray into the not-so-scary composition of moving parts known as "your car." In future articles we are going to delve into many of the other components found under your hood and behind your dashboard, and I'll share countless tips I've picked up over the years that will assist you in navigating around your car and not just in it.

Your car is your buddy and your mechanic can be your ally—both just need a little understanding, communication, respect, and, sometimes, a firm kick in the rear.

Relationship Profile

Jessi
&
Rolo



Photos courtesy of Jessi & Rolo

GIVE US A SNAPSHOT OF YOURSELF, AN IDEA OF WHO YOU ARE, IN A FEW SENTENCES.

Jessi: Who I am in a few words is not an easy task, but I'll do my best starting with the fact that I am a goofball! I love to be goofy and make jokes and laugh. I love people. Everybody has such a different story and they all interest me, almost as much as teaching does.

Rolo: I am a 27-year-old child stuck in a man's body. I come from a loving family; both of my parents emigrated from Cuba in the late 70s. I hold a marketing degree from Cal State Northridge where I was a standout on our track and field team, qualifying for the NCAA national championships in both of my events: the long jump and triple jump. I have always been involved in sports, and even today I am very active. I am currently a dedicated/obsessive triathlete.

WHAT TYPE OF RELATIONSHIP PERSON ARE YOU?

Jessi: I'm a give-it-your-all kind of relationship person. I love, and I love with everything I've got. I've seen different types of relationships: bad ones, terrible ones, and ones that seem okay. I didn't know the type of relationship that I have was possible. Your significant other should be your friend, not just your lover. This has only changed by experiencing it with Rolo.

Rolo: I have always viewed relationships as an extension of a friendship. Without being friends with my significant other, it just doesn't work for me. I am happy to say I have always been like this; I'm just lucky it finally worked out.

WHEN DID YOU MEET?

Jessi: I met Rolando in 2008, about three months after I moved to California from Virginia. My best friend Kaili told me there was this guy she worked



Described as "a force of nature" by many who meet her, CADENCE has been a US Marine, crew chief and team leader for a pro race team while running her hot-rod shop, and most recently a red-maned firestorm of activism primarily for the transgender community. While earning her chops on her way to an MSW, this Angeleno by way of Budapest with her witty flair is ready to kick off the heels and demystify your wheels.



ADRIAN YABLIN is a 23-year-old freelance illustrator/jeweler/tea aficionado living in Brooklyn. When she isn't working she is most likely bothering her cats, eating some form of carbohydrate, or social dancing. She probably spends too much time on reddit, but that's ok because we all do.



“I didn’t know the type of relationship that I have was possible. Your significant other should be your friend, not just your lover.”

with who reminded her of me and how silly I am. I met him when I went to see her at work in LA. I lived in San Diego and drove up for the weekend.

Rolo: I met Jessi in the summer before my fifth year in college.

WHAT WAS YOUR FIRST IMPRESSION?

Jessi: “Oh hell, my friend is trying to set me up with a guy she knows from work!? Okay, he’s cute and funny; we can party together, why not? What’s there to lose?” It’s not like I even lived there. I didn’t think it was going to go anywhere. He was athletic, intelligent, and driven, and I wasn’t even sure who I was yet.

Rolo: I immediately believed she was out of my league, and still do to this day. She was the most beautiful person I had ever met, and that still holds

true today. Only after getting to speak to her did I realize she’s just as wacky as I am.

TELL ME THE STORY OF HOW YOU ENDED UP TOGETHER.

Jessi: The day we met, we went to a party. I was with Kaili, he came with his friend Awet, and we played King’s Cup. If anybody knows what that is, they know an interesting night followed that game. We danced, kissed, joked, and drank. He kinda played me—he says he didn’t, but in all honesty, and as embarrassing as it is, he did. I left though and went home to San Diego after that. We would say hi every once in a while, but didn’t make much of it until I went back to LA in December of ‘08. When he found out I was up there, he asked to take me out to dinner. I told him I was heading home, so he could take me to dinner, but he’d have to drive down to San Diego to do it. The next weekend he was there, in San Diego, ready to take me out to

dinner. That night still replays in my head. It was so natural, fun, and full of laughter. I didn’t know why, but he was different. On our first date, January 3rd, 2009, we made our waitress cry—in a good way—because of a silly joke that we played off of each other until we couldn’t anymore; she told us that we would last and laughed with us, and said she hoped to see us again a year later. From that night on, we were together almost every weekend. I would drive up or he would drive down. Eleven months later we were engaged and got married two and a half years later on July 23rd, 2011.

Rolo: She will probably say I “played her” for a while. I guess that is true to a point, but once I decided to let her in close, which took about six to eight months, it was amazing. I had gone through a very bad breakup and didn’t want a relationship—I just wanted to see what was out there. I would be lying if I said I didn’t take advantage of that, but I actually learned a lot and found myself, which let me find her.

WHAT WAS A MOMENT THAT MADE YOU REALIZE OR REINFORCED HOW YOU FELT?

Jessi: We had a fight, our first real fight. We were living together and I don’t even know what the fight was about, but I thought it was over. I thought the fight meant that this man that I had fallen in love with and I were done. I started to think about moving and whether I wanted to stay in LA or move back to San Diego. We calmed down and I said something along the lines of what I was thinking and how I figured it was over, and he said, “No, that’s not how this works. We fight, we figure it out, and we grow from it.” I was so confused. He said, “Just trust me. You’ve gotta start somewhere, right?” As much as I hate to admit when this happens, he was right.

Rolo: I came home late one night after a track meet in college. She had gotten into my apartment and laid in wait in the dark for me to get home. She lived in San Diego at the time so I didn’t expect her to be there. She scared the living you know what out of me, and thought it was hilarious. That did it—that’s when I knew she was a keeper.

WHEN DID YOU FIRST SAY I LOVE YOU?

Jessi: Only a couple of months after we started dating. I was terrified and didn’t realize that I was so in love with him, but I knew I loved him. I said I love you and he said it back. I didn’t know what it was like to feel that loved by someone whom you loved as well; not because they were family and you needed them, but because your hearts wanted each other.

Rolo: It wasn’t long after we started dating, maybe a month or two. I knew well before that. Our relationship moved forward very quickly. It just worked.

WHAT, FOR YOU, HAS BEEN THE BIGGEST THING YOU’VE LEARNED FROM THIS RELATIONSHIP?

Jessi: Putting myself in his position before voicing my feelings. When I get frustrated I tend to jump the gun and come off in a manner that I wasn’t meaning to come off in. I’ve learned, and am still learning, to take a second and make sure the way that I’m saying something is how I really mean it.

Rolo: That there really is someone meant for everyone. No one else could put up with me, my schedule, and my attitude at times like Jessi can. And she is not always a peach either, but I love her even when she is driving me up a wall. Which is probably what bothers me so much about her.

“Life is precious and way too short to live without the one you love.”

THE TWO OF YOU COME FROM DIFFERENT CULTURAL AND ETHNIC BACKGROUNDS. WHAT CAN YOU TELL US ABOUT THAT?

Jessi: The biggest thing I can say about it is that I don't speak Spanish. I'm learning and am understanding more and more but it gets hard. His family is so wonderful and do their best to include me, but when they get going I tend to get a little lost. Rolo always fills me in at the end though. It's pretty cool to experience life with his family around as they are so loving and accepting of me, and the food is incredible! I think the difference only makes us stronger; we have differences that are fun to learn about and explore together. He got to see where I was born and experience shooting a gun into a field in Virginia, and I get to experience the way he was brought up.

Rolo: Well, she's learning Spanish and being exposed to a lot of different things very quickly. I have been surrounded by traditional American culture my whole life, so it's not really an adjustment for me. She's been a champ though and I really try to include her as much as I can, but it is hard to pause and remember that she can't understand Spanish like the rest of my family can.

WHAT HAS BEEN YOUR BIGGEST CHALLENGE IN THIS RELATIONSHIP?

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"Love isn't a possession or something that can be put into words; it's a feeling, a passion, and something to be cherished."
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Jessi: Knowing and fully grasping that this is okay, that I deserve the love and friendship that this man and I have. It was really hard for me for a long time—I questioned it so much. I was afraid of it.

Rolo: It's going to sound sappy, but it's spending time apart. She really is my best friend and keeps me on an even keel. While I cherish my alone time, I hate being away from her. Life just isn't as much fun without her.

WHAT IS ADVICE YOU WOULD GIVE TO YOUR YOUNGER SELF IF YOU COULD (ANY AGE YOU LIKE)?

Jessi: Every stage of your life is going to be different. Appreciate each and every step of the way, even if it hurts—it makes you who you are.

Rolo: Enjoy what you are doing right now more. Tomorrow will come. If you look too far ahead, you will miss today.

TELL US ABOUT AN ADVENTURE YOU'VE SHARED TOGETHER.

Jessi: I'm happy to say we've been lucky enough to have a few adventures, but my favorite so far is definitely getting lost in Rome. We had no idea where we were, but it was wonderful, just being together and finding our way by asking random people in a language neither one of us spoke. That day was unforgettable.

Rolo: My favorite adventure was getting completely lost in Rome, Italy. It was awesome, we got to see a whole different side of Rome we would have missed and had so much fun finding ourselves. That city will always be special to us.

HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE LOVE?

Jessi: I'm not sure it's able to be defined. It's such a big word that I feel so many people just throw around. If I were to try and define it, I would say that love is unconditional. Love has no limits. It's doing everything in your power to make someone happy. Love is inspiration, laughter, butterflies. Even years down the road, love is being completely enthralled with the presence and touch of that person, and feeling completely safe in their arms. Love knows no bounds. Love isn't a possession or something that can be put into words; it's a feeling, a passion, and something to be cherished.

Rolo: I can't—it's not something that can be expressed in words. If you think you can, you have no idea what it is yet. Of course my wife is much smarter than I am, so I'm sure she will have some beautiful eloquent way to describe it and make me look bad. That's okay—remember, she completes me.



SHARE A STORY OR MOMENT FROM YOUR RELATIONSHIP THAT YOU FEEL ENCAPSULATES WHO YOU TWO ARE AND YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH EACH OTHER.

Jessi: He will probably say something silly like him smashing whipped cream in my face, or me tomato slapping him (yes, those things happen); then again, he has a way of surprising me with random sweet moments. But I would have to say our honeymoon completely encapsulates our relationship. We love to be outside and be adventurous, but we also love to take naps. Our honeymoon was just that. We went to Catalina Island [off the coast of California]. We would do an awesome activity like snorkeling, jet skiing, zip-lining, or parasailing, then would go back, eat lunch, take a nap, and then go out to dinner. We were just us, away from the stress of life, just enjoying each other.

Rolo: Our honeymoon was great and tells you all you need to know about us. We went to Catalina for a week. If you've ever been, you know that to

be there a full week is way more time than you need to see that island. But we had so much fun just being with one another doing fun athletic things like snorkeling, parasailing and zip-lining. We really enjoy being with one another with few distractions, and that time and that place will always be special to us.

IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE? ANY ADVICE? A STORY OR MESSAGE?

Jessi: Love and accept yourself. You can't expect to truly love someone else if you don't love yourself first.

Rolo: I just want to say—and I know my wife will agree—love is an amazing thing that can take shape in very different ways and situations. It should be cherished and enjoyed to its fullest. Life is precious and way too short to live without the one you love. So when you find it—and you will—don't be afraid, just go along for the wonderful ride it is.

the **IMPORTANCE** of the **MENTOR**

Part One: FINDING A MENTOR

By **Becky Paroz, CPPM** (CERTIFIED PRACTISING PROJECT MANAGER)

In recent years, there has been a massive focus on the phenomena of mentoring. You can find in-house mentor programs run by employers, you can undertake career mentoring through your industry body or technical group, or you can set up your own mentoring relationship in the absence of, or to complement, either of those options.

This article focuses on you, the independent career woman, taking charge of your challenge to the glass ceiling, and getting a mentor of your own.

“What is the difference between a mentor and a coach?” is one of the first questions I get when asked about mentoring. The way I see it, there are elements of coaching in a mentor relationship, but coaching tends to focus on specific issues and can involve habit change and goal-setting processes as a part of the session. A mentoring relationship

can be a lot less formal than structured coaching. For a business approach, these are the definitions I use:

- **Mentor:** A wise and trusted counselor or teacher. A known source of industry knowledge and experience.
- **Mentoring:** The delivery of knowledge to a willing listener. The guidance of a senior or experienced person given to a less experienced person.
- **Mentee:** The person receiving the mentoring from a mentor.

An example of the difference between a coach and a mentor might be the solutions they provide for the same issue: work/life balance. A coach will look at how you break down your time, and if you do have any separation between work and home life. They might set you practical tasks such as two hours without your phone each day when at home, not taking work home for a week, or something similar depending on your specific situation. A mentor—particularly a career mentor—would



probably offer a different approach by discussing effective time management skills, delegation and team task allocation, or efficiency in a particular area. Both offer great ideas and both will work, but the tools used and concepts focused on are very different. A coach in this situation would not have to have knowledge of your industry to help in the above manner. A mentor most likely would in order to be effective in offering practical work suggestions.

Often, when you look inside the company you work for, a token effort can be given to the process of mentoring, but it might not be working in a way that benefits you. There can be many reasons for that, but one of the strongest is in the competitive world of “getting ahead”. If someone helps you to be better at your role, what happens if you turn out to be better than them? This fear, while potentially unrecognized, can be

quite powerful in a competitive job market or a company where there is little chance of jumping up the ladder in a hurry. Sometimes the more senior members of staff can be overwhelmed by a new, enthusiastic, zealous, passionate person who wants to be brilliant at what she does. Often in hierarchical structure, asking questions can label you as many things, but if ‘ambitious’ is one, it can be interpreted as a negative as easily as it can be seen as a positive (unfortunately).

So what is a girl to do? SYO—Source Your Own!

The first thing is to determine what it is you want to achieve. Is it career excellence? Is it a bucket load of money? These two things are not exclusive, but if it's money you are after, and you don't have a passion for a particular career, then you will want to look at a variety of people who made money but may not necessarily be the top achievers in

The key to finding a great mentor is to **ask, ask, ask**, and then **ask** some more.

the area of your industry or study. So you need to narrow down the field—what does success look like for you?

These are questions you might ask yourself as you think about what it is you want from a mentor:

- **Do you desire more knowledge or to specialize in a particular area?**
- **Do you have a desire to be the best in your chosen field?**
- **Do you know that there is knowledge out there that you can't get to (yet) and does that drive you crazy?**
- **Do you just know that there is more to know or that you can be better than you currently are?**
- **Did you answer YES to any of these questions?**

Then you want a mentor!

Once you have that detail, then you can look for the person who embodies what you want the most. If you are a pilot, you are going to look for someone with the safest record, the longest flight hours, the longest career trajectory (pun intended). If you are a project manager, you are going to look for those who are writing in the trade journals, have won awards, and are being asked to speak at the industry conferences time and time again. If you are in customer service, you are going to look at those who generate repeat business, have followers singing their praises, and whom people always recommend. If you want to make money, you are going to look for those who have the Midas touch—those who seem to make money no matter what they do. I am sure you can think of a few examples without trying too hard. And, of course, you might want to seek a combination of multiple types.

Now, you are not going to get access to your list of people easily, if at all. However, you can make a list of what it is about them that makes you want their advice. Why did you pick them? Not just because they make money, or seem to

know everything about their industry—why them specifically? Do they have confidence? Did they present themselves in a way that you relate to? Do they have...what?

Once you have made this list, you will have a better idea of why you want a mentor and what you want that mentor to help you with.

Now start to look around your closer circle. Don't limit yourself by thinking "will they/won't they". Just start to consider whom you already have access to. Are they a different gender, are they older or younger than you, do they have a different job title, do they do the same role as you but in a different industry? None of these things are issues unless you make them issues. As a strong female, some of my best mentors have been men. And while I am talking about me, one of my secrets to picking a mentor is do they annoy me? I know that might sound crazy, but I generally will pick someone who has driven me crazy with a statement, or who outright provides a challenge to my thought process. Why? Because I don't want a mentor who thinks like I do—I already do that well enough. I want someone who plays devil's advocate, who tells me I am wrong and then encourages me to think about why that might be. That might be a little too much for your first time, but it works well for me when I want to expand my thinking and experiences outside of what I already know.

Ask around your circle for a recommendation. Ask someone who is being mentored how they found their mentor. Attend industry evenings, presentations, and conferences, and become a networking queen! Be expansive, not reductive.

Now you have something tangible to work with. So go get 'em, tiger! Ask for a coffee meeting, and pay for the coffee. Trust me, you might find that five bucks hard to manage, but the lifetime

of experiences, the lessons you can learn without having to make the same mistakes as others, and the advice you will receive will outweigh any short-term pain. It also lets the mentor know you are serious, that you are willing to acknowledge their efforts and not waste their valuable time, or yours.

Be clear, be specific, and be to the point. Now that you have their attention, it is not time to play the shrinking violet, the shy wallflower, the demure lady. Be honest about what you are looking for, and why you think they would make a great mentor. Don't flatter and don't overdo it. Be concise, and ask professionally and politely. The key to finding a great mentor is to ask, ask, ask, and then ask some more.

Some of them might say no. Don't take it personally. You won't know what is happening in their life, so don't read into it any more than it doesn't work for them right now. Get to the next person on your list and keep asking. When I look back over my career, I had mentors before I even knew what the word was. Trust me, there will be

someone in your circle or your friends' circles that you will find and be able to build that relationship with.

Make a time on a regular but not frequent basis to meet with your mentor. You don't need to see them every week or month—that becomes a little too dependent. You want a mentor to challenge you, not babysit you. Thank them when they help you, and when they don't. Remain professional. Credit your mentor if you get the chance and if it is appropriate. Build on your success, get another mentor, climb higher. It's a journey that never stops unless you stop it yourself. When you feel you have reached that measure of success, become a mentor yourself! It gives more rewards than you would think when you are on the other side of the table.

Always remember along the journey, take time out to reward yourself—and your mentor if you can—for the success you have and will have.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



BECKY PAROZ has 20 years' experience in engineering and construction, has been a qualified project manager for over 5 years, and a qualified performance coach for over 10 years. She has been involved in public speaking since one of her managers put her in front of 600 men and told her she had 20 minutes to teach them how to do their job properly. Becky is known for her use of humor to challenge status quo thinking and offering alternative views for consideration. She is motivated to pass on her lessons learned to assist and educate the next generation of leaders to become high achievers like herself.



KATHARINE

photojournalist, fitness and wine enthusiast

With the exception of this dress, everything I own comes from Goodwill. I love thrift stores. Not because of Macklemore; I liked it before Macklemore made a song about it. This is my waiting-for-a-premiere dress. I've been hoping and crossing my fingers that my bosses have a premiere soon. I missed their first premiere by a month.



DIGITAL DRIVE-BY

BY DANIELLE SEPULVERES

Self-preservation has always been at the forefront of my mind when a relationship sours. As masochistic as I may have allowed myself to get at the hands of a lover I believed would change, a marked definitive end somehow enforces a certain mindset—due in part to wise words from my mother. As she would say, “If it’s over, what else do you need to know about him? It’s only going to hurt you.” And she was right. I did not need to know if he had found someone new to talk to while falling asleep at night, when I was alone in my bed, staring blankly at the ceiling with unshed tears blurring my vision. So I never succumbed. Even though occasionally I had begrudgingly been the wheel(wo)man on the stalking excursions of my friends, I personally never wasted time driving by my first love’s house and agonizing over some unfamiliar red Pontiac parked out front which may or may not mean anything. However long it took for my bruised feelings and battered emotions to

catch up with the rest of my logic, I clung tightly to this blissfully ignorant coping method. It was one thing to assume he had moved on and was with someone new, but to have confirmation seemed pointless and an invitation for more misery.

I abided by my self-imposed rules for the entirety of my twenties. But when the emergence of Google, Facebook, and other various social media outlets made it infinitely easier to “look in” on someone visually without having to scrunch down in a car with a hat and sunglasses, I’ll admit I was not entirely immune to the temptation. But I still refused to look up my first love, more out of a complete and utter apathy than anything else. Who cared what he was doing and with whom? We were just two people who had once been in love. End of story. Except in a literal sense, it wasn’t.

In 2012, my first book was published, a memoir that mainly revolved around our relationship. And at book clubs, book signings,

and lectures, the first question was always, “Where is he now?” My own literary ambitions had shoved me out of my self-imposed cocoon towards a door that beckoned to be opened. But it seemed I finally had enough distance and motivation to safely open it. So I took the digital-stalking plunge.

I found him rather easily by Googling his name. As I waited for a flurry of emotions to accompany this foray into foreign territory, I closed my eyes and tried to remember what it was like to know him. He had swooped in on me just before my twenty-third birthday. In a span of almost three years, we fell in love, he took my virginity, and he broke my heart when I realized that he had not been faithful. I then spent the next few years high-risk for cervical cancer from the HPV he had given me. After waiting for years to sleep with the right guy, my decision to be intimate with him turned my romantic life and my previously perfect health into a complete nightmare. One that I faced alone. My humiliation over it all kept me in self-imposed isolation from family and friends and in weekly therapy sessions.

I sat there staring at the Google results, waiting for a resurgence of anger towards him. Thinking of all my doctor visits. Thinking of the pain and discomfort from having cryosurgery twice and then finally a section of my cervix removed, accompanied by a conversation about potential difficulties in carrying a pregnancy full-term, all before I had even reached my twenty-fifth birthday. I even tried to conjure up the memory of the ragingly intense yet helpless anger I felt so many years ago, but everything was coming up blank. I just felt nothing. As if I had never even known him.

Satisfied that I had garnered enough information to appease questions my readers might have going forward, I started to click out, when a picture at the lower left hand of the screen made me stop. It was a picture of him with a woman I recognized as a co-worker of his. At least she had been when I knew him. Someone, he had confided to me, that he made the mistake of sleeping with months before we met. And she had never been friendly to me. In fact, “downright hostile” was the

most accurate description, which I had chalked up to common jealousy and unrequited affection at the time. The picture was labeled “Engagement photo.” As I stared at it, my mind began working overtime and any hope for self-preservation began to disintegrate, while a terrifying new conviction arose that my memories—recounted so many times to my friends and shrink—might be in complete opposition to the truth.

“We can’t bring dates to the company holiday party. It’s for employees only,” he had said towards the end of our first year together, not meeting my gaze. My indiscriminate level of trust in him didn’t allow me to question it. Then there was the time he claimed that a co-worker/friend had given him an iPod for Christmas that year. Or again when Valentine’s Day fell on a Monday and he insisted that Sunday night should be our night to have dinner and exchange gifts because he might have to attend a work-related dinner on the actual day. More and more instances where his behavior had been a little off were now popping unbidden into my head. And they had all been slightly odd excuses concerning work. The evidence was mounting in my mind to the point that I was having difficulty swallowing. And then I saw it. A link to a YouTube video entitled “Trip to Aruba.” He had claimed once that, due to an incredible sales quarter, his department had been given a trip to Aruba from his company. Even then, somewhere deep down, I knew that there was something false about this story. But I had loved him and didn’t want to examine any niggling fear that might suggest our relationship was in jeopardy. Youthful naïveté kept me in the role of his doting girlfriend, and he knew it. Later, I had been quick to label him as my cheating boyfriend when his behavior more blatantly suggested it, but my thoughts now were reverting to one conclusion that was making me feel sick, even so many years later.

I had accepted long previously that I let myself be blinded by love and lust, preventing me from facing up to the truth that he was nothing more than a spineless liar. But I was suddenly instinctually sure that there could be an entire

layer of deceit of which I was unaware. He didn’t just marry this woman on a whim. Here was video proof that he had taken a vacation with her at a time that he insisted we were monogamous and exclusive. Could I have been the other woman while she was his girlfriend? Or we both were? I knew he was arrogant, but had he been arrogant enough to think he could keep two relationships simultaneously? I believe he might have been. And if so, I could honestly acknowledge that my inexperience and stubborn nature contributed to his success in this endeavor. All the occasions when he told me he loved me and how many kids he wanted to have, he was potentially saying all the same things to her. Had he explained the presence of my gifts for him like he had clumsily explained the iPod to me? And the times he apologized profusely, asked for second chances, and showed up on my doorstep—what was that? A reaction to having an argument with her? I was reeling, and second-guessing everything. I could no longer trust my memory of our time together. Our relationship had just added insult to injury, postmortem.

I took a deep breath and tried to silence the riot of thoughts and questions in my head, and calm down. Did it really matter anymore? I had a good life now: healthy relationships, and

a healthy reproductive system. Our lives had continued on separately for a reason. Whatever he had done to me had pushed me to make changes in my personal life, to make better decisions. To associate with people who offered sincerity instead of deception. It gave me the opportunity to talk openly to teenage and college-age kids about first love and safe sex. And never once did I wish that my life still included him, someone who had taken my youthful unadulterated love and perverted it into something painful and twisted. Why would I still want any part of that in my life? Maybe he had gotten away with having two girlfriends. Maybe he was just a guy who cheated and cheated, and she was the only one still left standing at the end of the rodeo. I will probably never know for sure. And that’s okay. Aside from the unexpected posthumous relationship bruise to my pride, it really didn’t matter. For the last seven years my wildest fantasies never involved even the most remote hint of him. This was all just another red Pontiac—a digital drive-by that served no purpose. Because I know now that if you really pay attention while you’re in a relationship, you never need to question the red Pontiac. You’ll already know whether it signifies the death knell or is simply what the next-door neighbors just bought for their kid’s seventeenth birthday.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Danielle Sepulveres is the author of the memoir *Losing It: The Semi-Scandalous Story of an Ex-Virgin*, available for purchase on Amazon and at Barnes & Noble. You can follow her daily shenanigans on Twitter @ellesep and on Tumblr at ellesep.tumblr.com. Danielle works as a freelance writer and on the crew for the CBS hit show *The Good Wife*, and she is currently writing two original plays while finishing her second book.



SO I TOOK THE DIGITAL-STALKING PLUNGE.



Sweet

Indulgence

White Chocolate Pumpkin Cheesecake with Snickerdoodle Crust

Since BO-beau opened in 2010, we have had a dessert on the menu called “Ménage à Trois”—a chocolate trio.

One of the components has always been a white chocolate cheesecake. We like to change the swirl flavor seasonally, but after going through several editions, we started getting frisky with the crust also. We’ve all heard of graham cracker crust and Oreo crust, so we thought, “What other cookies would be great crusts?” And voilà! The snickerdoodle crust was born. I chose to use my mom’s snickerdoodle recipe to make it all the more special. I hope you enjoy this cheesecake—it is perfect for the season!

Supplies needed:

- 9” springform pan (cheesecake pan)
- KitchenAid stand mixer (or large bowls with whisk)
- Food processor (or mortar and pestle)
- Rubber spatula
- Spoon
- Butter knife
- Measuring cups and spoons
- Baking sheet
- Parchment paper or non-stick cooking spray

SNICKERDOODLE COOKIES (FOR CRUST)

Yield: three dozen cookies

- 1 cup butter, room temperature
- 1 ½ cups granulated sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 ¾ cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
-
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 3 tablespoons cinnamon

Using a KitchenAid stand mixer or large mixing bowl with whisk, mix butter, sugar, and eggs together. In a separate bowl, measure and combine flour, baking powder, and salt. Add to butter mixture and mix until well combined. Using a cookie scoop, make one-ounce balls and then roll raw dough in mixture of sugar and cinnamon. Place on cookie sheet lined with parchment paper. Bake ten to twelve minutes at 375 degrees.

Once completely cool, grind cookies (not all of them! About ten cookies for two cups) in food processor until fine crumbs are produced. Reserve in airtight container.

SNICKERDOODLE CRUST:

- 2 cups snickerdoodle crumbs
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup melted butter

In a medium bowl, mix together cookie crumbs, sugar and butter. Press crust into cheesecake mold bottom firmly.

WHITE CHOCOLATE CHEESECAKE BATTER:

- 2 cups white chocolate
- ½ cup half and half
- 24 ounces cream cheese (softened)
- ½ cup sugar

- 3 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. In a metal bowl over a pan of simmering water, melt white chocolate with half and half, stirring occasionally until smooth.

In a large bowl or KitchenAid stand mixer, mix together cream cheese and sugar until smooth. Beat in eggs one at a time. Blend in vanilla and melted white chocolate until cheesecake batter is smooth. Reserve one and a half cups of completed batter to make the pumpkin swirl batter.

PUMPKIN SWIRL BATTER:

- 1 cup pumpkin puree

TO ASSEMBLE:

- 1½ cups white chocolate cheesecake batter
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg

Mix together well in bowl with whisk or KitchenAid stand mixer. Once the snickerdoodle crumbs have been firmly pressed into the springform pan, add the white chocolate cheesecake batter on top. Then, in small spoonfuls, add the pumpkin swirl batter in dollops on top of the white chocolate cheesecake batter, spacing out uniformly. Using the back of a butter knife, swirl the pumpkin swirl batter into the white chocolate batter by dragging it between dollops and in circles around the springform pan. Once desired swirl effect has been attained, place on baking sheet.

Bake for 15 minutes and turn. Bake for another 10 to 15 minutes until filling is set. Check by lightly tapping the pan and seeing if the center jiggles. Remove and let cool at room temp. Once cool, chill in refrigerator. Enjoy!

By Katherine Humphus

Photos courtesy of Katherine Humphus

Pumpkin Pie Chia Pudding

(gluten-free, vegan, sugar-free)

While constantly searching for healthy alternatives to sugar-laden desserts, we came up with this delicious recipe to add to our fall/winter repertoire. It seems to avoid most allergens (dairy, gluten, soy, sugar for diabetics, nuts if omitted) and tastes great! It's perfect to bring to a winter potluck and easy to make in bigger batches.

Yield: about three cups

- 2 cups canned coconut milk (light or full fat)
- ½ cup pumpkin puree
- 3 teaspoons vanilla extract or 1 whole vanilla bean, scraped
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon ground nutmeg
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
- 1 pinch of ground cloves
- 4 tablespoons chia seeds
- Coconut whipped cream (optional)
- Candied walnuts (optional)

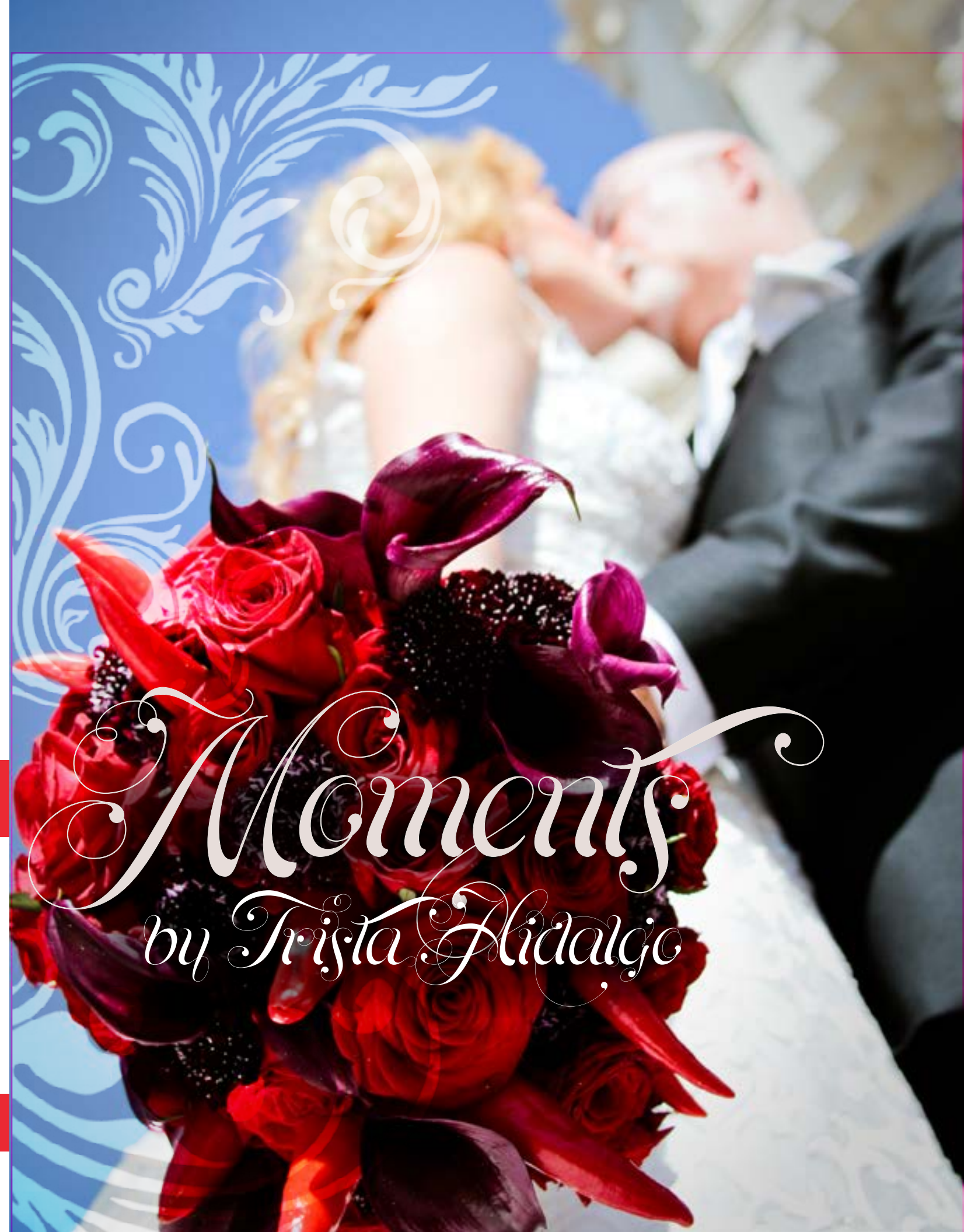
Combine all ingredients except for the chia seeds in a blender or food processor until smooth. Pour the mixture into a mixing bowl, and stir in the chia seeds. Cover the bowl and refrigerate for at least four hours.

Spoon or pour into bowls, and top with a sprinkle of cinnamon and maybe even some fresh whipped coconut cream or candied walnuts, if you wish. Serve cool or at room temperature.

About the author

KATHERINE is a Le Cordon Bleu Paris alumni and the Executive Chef at BO-beau kitchen + bar in San Diego, California. Katherine is obsessed with cooking French food, as well as ensuring that other cooks of all levels feel comfortable and confident cooking French cuisine.

Visit her restaurant's website at www.bobeaukitchen.com or email her at Katherine@bobeaukitchen.com!



Moments
by Trista Hidalgo