

The Mentor Program: Who, What, Why, and How

by Linda Cushman

The Mentor Program, sponsored by the Residents' Association, is designed to welcome new residents and help them feel at home in their new surroundings at The Forest at Duke.

The idea for the program resulted from a 2012 meeting of the members of The Forest's RA Board and their counterparts at Carol Woods Continuing Care Community at which we learned of a program Carol Woods had in place to welcome new residents. Our RA Board decided the Forest should initiate a similar offering, and the New Resident Orientation Committee appointed **Scott Hughes** as chair of a subcommittee to design it. And thus, the Mentor Program was created as a part of TFAD's Caucus Program in that the caucus leaders select the mentors for their caucuses.

Sometimes, when many new residents are moving in at the same time or when one mentor is traveling or otherwise occupied, there is more than one mentor per caucus. And, when there is need for new mentors, caucus leaders are asked to choose residents who have lived at The Forest for at least one year, who are friendly, like The Forest, and can be available for several weeks at a time to assist new residents. The success of the program depends on the care and attention the mentors give the new residents—contacting them prior to their arrival, greeting them shortly after they move in, and seeking to assist them in all ways possible to help them soon feel at home. This attention includes answering questions, giving tours of the community, introducing them to other residents, and reviewing the contents of the Welcome Folder, a packet of community information materials that mentors turn over to their assignees.

The Mentor Chair provides training during which new mentors are given a long list of suggestions for



Mentor Program Chairs: Founding Chair Scott Hughes (center) 2012-2018, current Chair Linda Cushman (right) 2018-2023, and incoming Chair Rose Mills, from July 2023.

how to help all kinds and types of new residents, recognizing that no two humans have the same past experiences or expectations. The brief evaluations that mentors and new residents are asked to complete following their interactions have been overwhelmingly positive and have provided some great suggestions for improving the program.

Two mentees, **Eileen and Jerry Richards**, shared their thoughts with The Forester:

“Our mentor, **Richard Ellman**, is exceptional in many ways. We first met Richard when we were still nonresidents, and he took our photo for the pictorial directory and let us know that he would be our mentor when we moved in, immediately putting our minds at ease with his engaging demeanor. Shortly after our arrival, he and **Sioux Ellman** left a box of delicious bakery treats at our door and invited us to share meals with them in Rosewood and Heartwood. Richard made sure we attended our first caucus meeting and has continued to guide us through the transition process by taking us on a tour of the main building, driving us around the immediate area and downtown Durham, explaining the OLLI program,

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The Forester

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President's Podium



by Carol Carson

Some events that would bring members of TFAD's Board of Directors (aka "Big Board") to the campus more often than in the COVID years are in the planning stage. If you are inclined to help in the preparation, here are some suggestions about where to find information.

The Forest's website, under the "About Us" menu item, has the biographies and pictures of the 12 members of the TFAD Board. (Another easy way to get them is via the link in the Residents' Association's new website under "Quick Link/Media.") The chair and vice chair of the Board—respectively Harvey Cohen and Chuck Kennedy—are identified. The three members who are on-campus residents—**Craig Daniels**, **Ed Embree**, and **Carol Carson**—are also identified.

Bios, somewhat more formally written than on The Forest's website and without the pictures, are listed in each year's Disclosure Statement. The Disclosure Statement is available on several websites—The Forest's website, the new Residents' Association website, and the NC Department of Insurance website—and in the Library.

Speaking of the Library, two white notebooks found on the "Special Collections" shelves at the back of the main room have additional information about the TFAD Board. In these notebooks are, for example, the approved minutes of TFAD Board meetings, the bylaws of the corporation, committee assignments, and the annual letters from the Board Chair reporting on the budget decisions including those in regard to our Monthly Service Fee. 🌱

In Memoriam

Margaret "Peg" Woerner April 3, 2023

Umesh Gulati April 4, 2023

Sumiye "Sue" Okubo April 6, 2023

Correction: Due to an editing error, the leadership role of **Carol McGuire** as co-chair with **Chanda Ganguly** of Health & Wellness Volunteers was incorrectly attributed in the April Podium to **Linda McBride**, who contributes to life at The Forest in many other ways.

To reduce printing costs, some color photos are printed in greyscale. Full-color issues of *The Forester* with active hyperlinks and read-out-loud capability are available under Quick Links at the RA website www.ForestRes.org

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Thanks to all those who have stepped up

We have had a great response from residents willing to spend an hour or two a week in the library to keep things moving along. Thank you to everyone—we have gone from four volunteers to ten volunteers willing to check books in, reshelve books, file book cards, and the like. If you are still considering whether to lend a hand, we are still short of a full complement of volunteers. The more hands willing to help out, the lighter the load for each of us.

Acquisitions Committee

Besides help at the Circulation Desk, the Library also has an Acquisitions Committee which evaluates recommendations to the collection. These volunteers are asked to check book reviews of suggested titles in order to determine whether or not to purchase any of them for the library. You would not have to spend much time reviewing possible new acquisitions, but you would be providing a great service to your fellow residents. Since most of the books donated to the library are novels, most of the books you'd be asked to review would be nonfiction—biographies, history, science, etc. If you think you would like to have a say in the development of the collection, please contact **Carol DeCamp**, chair of the Acquisitions Committee, at cdecamp75@gmail.com or 919-489-1032. She will be happy to explain how the committee functions.

Magazines for residential use

When you enter the library and go straight to the book shelves to look for something to read, you probably don't notice the magazine rack to the right. The Administration provides subscriptions to *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Our State* magazines. When the latest issues arrive, they are placed on this magazine rack for all the residents. In addition, if you have a personal subscription to a magazine and would like to share it with others, please feel free to donate it to library. But before you place it on the library's magazine rack, please cut off or black out your name and address.

Mothers and fathers in literature

The May/June book exhibit celebrates both Mother's Day (May 14) and Father's Day (June 18). The official Mother's Day holiday arose in the early 1900s as a result of the efforts of Anna Jarvis, daughter of Ann Reeves Jarvis. Following her mother's 1905 death, Anna Jarvis conceived of Mother's Day as a way of honoring the sacrifices mothers make for their children. On the other hand, Father's Day, while celebrated locally in various parts of the country since the early part of the 20th century, didn't become a national holiday until 1972, when President Nixon signed a proclamation making it a federal holiday. Be sure to come by and peruse this new exhibit. I'm sure you will find something different to interest you. 🌱



Penguin Celebrants, from left: Donna Goldstein, Mary Lou Croucher, Rachel Hamilton, Carol Reese, and Elodie Bentley [S. Berg photo]

World Penguin Day

April 25
2023



The Forest's resident penguin and Libby Whitaker [S. Berg photo]

A Grand Adventure Using My Scouting Skills

By Ken Parker

I met Larry Desmond through a mutual friend 61 years ago when Larry was looking for someone capable and adventuresome enough to join him on a very special journey. The idea was to travel on foot for two weeks carrying all the food and equipment we would need on our backs. The route, called the John Muir Trail, follows the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains from Yosemite Valley to Mt. Whitney. It is in a roadless expanse varying in altitude between 8,000 and 12,000 feet, and it is all wilderness country. We would hike about a third of it. I had moved to California a few months earlier for my first job after college. My response to Larry's plan: "Sounds like fun!"

In preparation, we collected mostly freeze-dried food from the local camping store and divided it into about 72 separate meals—twelve breakfasts and twelve dinners for each of us (plus a few extras). Lunches would be trail snacks. We were well equipped with down sleeping bags, air mattresses, and high-quality backpacks, and we had "Starr's Guide to the John Muir Trail." We didn't have a tent but figured we'd be able to string up my tarp somehow if needed. Lightweight camp stoves weren't common then, so we would depend on finding firewood to cook our meals.

So, on a September day in 1962, the mutual friend followed us in his car as we dropped my car off at the intended end point and then drove us and our equipment to our starting point. I don't remember what instructions we gave him in case we didn't reappear in a couple of weeks, but if our



A view along the John Muir Trail

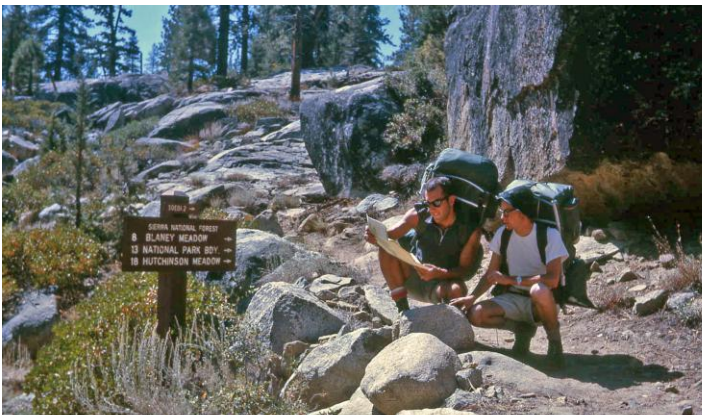
plans, skills, equipment, endurance, and luck were adequate, surely we would find my car before our food ran out.

One hundred miles later, a few pounds lighter, and with some blisters on the mend, we were delighted (and relieved) to find my car. There had been no rain (or snow!), no bears, no injuries, no fights, and for one six-day stretch, almost nobody else on the trail.

By then, Larry and I had become good friends and later enjoyed skiing and other activities together. But a year after our hike, I left California and saw Larry again only once. About 50 years later, however, I found his website and we reconnected. After lots of exchanges by email and telephone, we agreed to write a book about our adventure, using the photos we'd each taken and the notes we'd both kept. Our partnership worked as well for the book as it had for the hike.

Looking back, we have wondered whether our adventure was really a good idea. Had either of us gotten sick or injured somewhere in the middle, we couldn't have relied on another hiker happening upon us if we needed help. The uninjured one would have had to use some unplanned trail to get out to "civilization" to get help, adding danger to both of us. Fortunately, with the impetuosity of youth, these thoughts didn't occur to us and we had an experience we could cherish for all time.

Ken Parker is one of nine Eagle Scouts at The Forest.



Ken Parker (left) and friend Larry Desmond on the John Muir Trail

Mentor Program ...

(Continued from Page 1)



Recent Mentors and Mentees: Back row, from left: Jay and Elinor Williams, Dan Blazer, Irwin Abrams, Daniel Langmeyer, Lynn and Brenda Featherstone, Linda Cushman, Abby Saffold, Gerald and Eileen Richards, and Sioux Ellman. Front row, from left: Richard Ellman, Sherrill Blazer, Rosemarie Kitchin, Catherine Berg, Nancy Miller, Susan Staples, and Mary Lou Croucher.

and—with Sioux—helping us navigate the various problems we encountered with our cottage.

“Richard was the right person to guide us through the transition process. We feel blessed to have him as our mentor. He is the best!”

And two mentors described their experiences:

Elodie Bentley tells us that she has mentored two couples and one individual during her five years as a mentor. She acknowledges how different they were in terms of their needs, interests, and abilities. “This is what makes the mentoring experience so interesting,” she says. From answering questions about Durham to answering questions about appliances, she has helped new residents get settled in those hectic first weeks of living in a new place. She always makes contact ahead of their arrival and tries to meet them on their first day, preferably with food. During the first weeks, she offers to take them to meals and to special programs if they are interested. Sometimes the mentoring leads to long term relationships, and she’s grateful for that. Elodie urges others to volunteer as mentors and stresses that “the more you put into the mentoring the more you get out.”

Daniel Langmeyer, who has mentored two new

residents, talks about how important it is to provide the information and attention they need to help them feel “at home.” He says, “The one thing I make sure of, either before the resident moves in if he lives nearby, or very shortly after he moves in, is an orientation on how to get fed. The new resident is unfamiliar with everything, where things are and who does what. If the mentor is doing a good job, the new residents have someone who can help them maneuver and become integrated into the community quickly.” Daniel stresses the importance of a good start and encourages others, especially other men, to help provide those good starts by becoming mentors. He observes, “It’s not just that it’s important for the new residents, but for the whole community. And for the mentors too. For me, it was good to get to know both the guys I’ve mentored. They have a lot of knowledge and skills to offer the rest of us, and it was a pleasure to be their mentor.” †

Linda Cushman, a Duke graduate, moved to The Forest with her husband, Chuck, from Alexandria VA in September 2010. Having served as Chair of the Mentor Program since 2018, she is happy to announce that Rose Mills will succeed her as Mentor Chair this year.

Some of TFAD's Canine Best Friends

by Howard Goldsweig

I think our pets have emotional lives that really do overlap to a remarkable degree with our own. They show affection, express fear, are protective of home and family, and love to play. We give them human names and speak to them in English. This page and the next demonstrate how Forest residents often relate to their pets in anthropomorphic ways. Here are the results.

JAMES GOLDSWEIG. Vesna and I are happy that James allows us to share our cottage with him. He is an English Springer Spaniel, bench variety. Mean-



ing, he is beautiful, but the birding instincts of a field Springer have been bred out of his bones. His best trait is asking permission to do things. For example, if he comes upon a grilled pork chop on the sidewalk, he asks, "Mommy, would it be OK for me to take this home?" He loves vigorous rubs all over his

furry self. While a gourmet at heart, he'll do back flips for liver treats or raw chopped meat.

REHAB EMBREE. Stuart and Ed Embree are her proud parents. She's a Petit Basset Griffon Vendéen. "Petit" means small, "basset" means low to the ground, and "griffon" describes the curly, wiry coat. Finally, "Vendéen" refers to the area of France where the breed originated. She's a



sweetheart with adorable eyes and face. When not "on the job" as a mattress tester, she loves walking looking for food (her favorite is anything available).

AMARRI LEVY. Janet Levy's Ibizan hound prances around the Forest greeting cars and residents with his distinctive voice. If his accent puzzles you, he's



from the Balearic island of Ibiza where he hunted rabbits and small game. His ancestors were hunting companions to the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt before being brought to Ibiza by Phoenician traders.

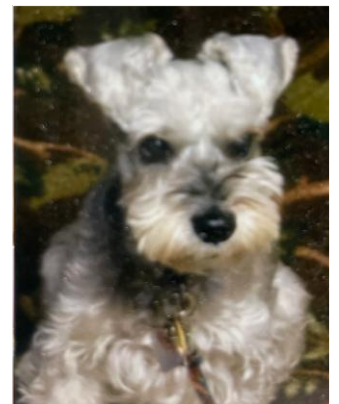
He's a high energy guy who loves chasing squirrels and having his butt scratched. He's also a recreational hiker on the trails at Cornwallis Road Park.

OLIVER RILEY. Oliver is a Shih Tzu mix. He was adopted 8 years ago in California by Anne Riley. He is very attached to his "mom" and obeys her very well. He's laid back and social with people and dogs. He loves North Carolina.



MERLIN BERG. Merlin is a Moyen (mid-size) Tri-color Poodle. He loves running in circles, taking long walks, and meeting new friends. Catherine and Sanford are teaching him good elevator manners!

PEPPER ADAMS. Myrna Adams's late Miniature Schnauzer, Pepper, was a lively presence in and around the apartments at The Forest until just before the year-end holidays. We honor him now in memory of all the pets we have loved and lost.



Cats Are Great Company Too!

by Rose Boyarsky

Cats are like mysterious and independent sorcerers, with a certain je ne sais quoi. They're content to curl up in a sunny spot for a nap, or watch the world go by from a perch. They are masters of the art of lounging and provide a sense of calm with their presence. Behold some "purrfect" feline residents of the Forest.—Howard Goldsweig

SNOOKY BOYARSKY. Snooky was from the Orange County shelter. She was called "Kiwi" in the pound. I didn't think that name suited her so changed it. Since she was in the pound she has a tag in her ear—in case she gets lost again. She was found wandering in a shopping center (which one I do not know) and brought to the pound. When my children decided I needed company in my apartment we all went to the pound and looked at cats. "Kiwi", as she was labeled, put out her paw as I passed her cage. "That's for me," I said, and so we brought her home and renamed her. She is very sweet (mostly). She is very demanding for her treats. She loves to play. She never wakes me up during the night when she prowls all over the apartment. She loves to sit by the window and watch the squirrels and birds.

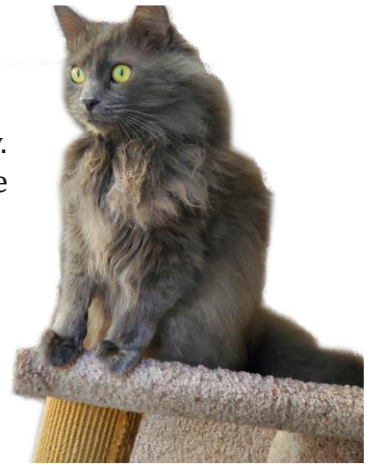
Snooky is loving and great company. My children knew what was good for me.



BETTY GANLEY. The sign (below, right) posted on Ossie Ganley's door reflects not the personality of his loving cat, Betty, but rather the propensity of our apartment pets to explore the world outside!



SERPHERINA WALKER lives with Mary Anne. Her coat is pewter grey. She is probably a Maine Coon cat. She is sweet, sassy, smart, soft, and spoiled ... and loves it!



SPUNKY and MOJO PURVES. These two are rescue brothers adopted about a year apart—Spunky to keep Kenzie, the beloved dog, company, and MoJo about a year later after Kenzie's death to keep Spunky company. It was brotherhood at first sight. They are inseparable.



LILY STEEN. Lily lives with Wes and Ebbie Steen. "She can often be seen in the bay window guarding our cottage from marauding squirrels," says Ebbie. "However, her real calling is helping Wes with the filing by opening the file drawer on her own."



BEWARE
ONE FEROCIOUS CAT
PLEASE BE CAREFUL OPENING DOOR
& KEEP DOOR CLOSED
THANK YOU
OSSIE

Climbing Stromboli

by Richard Miller
Susan Smith, Scribe

I became a volcano freak when I lived in Italy. First, I took a tour to Vesuvius, which was dormant at the time. Then I tried to climb Mount Etna, which was erupting sporadically. I managed to ascend only about a quarter-mile above the cogwheel railway before dense sulfuric smoke made it too dangerous to go farther. Since I left Italy, I've also visited Mount St. Helens, Arenal, and Kilauea. But the most memorable of my volcano ascents was my third, on my trip to Stromboli, one of the Aeolian Islands.

Stromboli was an active volcano. My first glimpse of Stromboli was from afar, when I was driving in Sicily and stopped at the ruins of a deserted Greek theater, Tindari, for a cold drink. Sitting there, overlooking the ocean in daylight, I noticed a flash of light in the north and thought, "What was that?" About ten minutes later, I again saw a flash of light. I was perplexed, eager to find an answer. Consulting my guidebook afterwards, I saw that in that direction was Stromboli, an active volcano that through thousands of years of eruptions had created a conical island higher than 3000 feet. The guidebook called it "the lighthouse of the Mediterranean."

The unique feature of Stromboli was that its magma was of such a physical composition that it erupted periodically—every 10–12 minutes. Its eruptions were modest in quantity but regular, predictable. My guidebook indicated that tourists were allowed to ascend it. I was excited and determined to go there.

The only scheduled service to Stromboli was a small Italian postal boat, twice a week. I took enough equipment and clothing for 10 days. On the boat there were other climbers, a French scientist, and an Australian couple. We all looked forward to an adventure. We arrived just before noon and were met by a porter from the hotel where, it turned out, all four of us were staying. After a modest lunch, we were met by our guide, Angelo, one of the few professional guides licensed on the island. He was a sturdy young man in his mid-thirties, with a modest English vocabulary.



Photo [by Pixabay] of volcanic Stromboli island

Angelo described to us the usual procedures for climbing Stromboli. He warned us that the ascent was a very demanding climb of 2,600 feet, with tricky footing on a trail of packed cinders. The route was over three miles uphill to a safe point near the summit, where we would pause before each of us, individually, could climb the last 100 yards to the summit. He warned us that the heat would be intense, and the smoke and fumes would make breathing difficult. There would be few rest stops, and we would return from the trip tired and covered with dirt. He asked us to think about the demands of the trip and to say so then if we had concerns. We thought, and were silent.

The plan was to leave at 2 a.m. and to arrive at the safe point by 3:30 a.m. This schedule would enable us each to look into the crater and to take photos while it was dark. We should complete that phase by 4:00 a.m. and rest until the sun came up about 4:30 a.m. Then those who wished to make a second trip to the observation point might do so. The crater visits would be completed by 5 a.m. Our return journey to town would have us arrive back at the hotel for an early breakfast.

Angelo gave detailed instructions for our precarious solo trips to the top. Because of the loose ash, we would need walking sticks for balance. The timing was precise, and crucial. Angelo demonstrated the procedure we should follow, going first to show us what he believed the best solution for achieving the summit. He waited

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Stromboli ...

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two minutes after an eruption, so that most of the lava had descended in the crater, and he moved quickly to a vantage point where one could see the crater walls on the far side and also into the crater itself. After about three minutes, he quickly returned to our safe spot. He pointed out that we were upwind and the smoke and fumes were carried away from our vantage point. We were fortunate—the winds were in our favor.

The next eruption occurred in another two minutes. The first of our party to go was the French scientist. Although he was quite spry, he had some difficulty with his sticks. He appeared not to have traveled as far up as Angelo, but was busy taking pictures. He returned to our safe spot following Angelo's schedule. His first comment was how intensely hot it was near the summit. He was also amazed at the boiling lava.

Now it was my turn. I was not well trained with walking sticks, but managed to climb somewhat sloppily in the time allotted. I believe I went farther than the Frenchman, and I found the view into the crater to be more intense than I'd imagined. There was boiling lava with some small rocks on the surface. Everything seemed to be in motion, as if the volcano was ready to explode at any moment. Small material was constantly being blown upwards to the crater's edge as the boiling action seemed to move within the crater. The magma seemed to be 20'–30' below the crater rim. The color was an intense orange-yellow, ringed by red areas along the crater walls. I estimated the crater itself was 60' wide by 100' in length. But I was getting too hot; my camera was hot to touch. I turned quickly, grabbed the second stick, and turned back toward the safe zone. As I arrived, I heard the rumbling for the next eruption. We decided to wait out the next eruption before the Australian couple would ascend. I was burned and elated. I felt my right cheek tingling despite a thick covering of skin cream. But I had seen the ultimate force of nature. It was the most beautiful and most horrifying sight!

Like many others, I was puzzled by the almost clockwork of the lovely small eruptions. I sat down,



Photo [by Pixabay] of Stromboli eruption at night

drank some water, and started to absorb what I had just seen. After a suitable interval, the Australian couple ascended together. He took photos, but she had better balance. After completing their three-minute stay, they hurried back to the safe zone.

When daylight came, Angelo offered us an opportunity to take more pictures, and the Frenchman and I went up together. Back at our safe point, we all complimented Angelo on his leadership. Angelo said we were a good group and offered us small ham-and-cheese sandwiches and reasonably cool water. Just after noon, we started downward, still excited, and returned to the hotel, where we were met with congratulations and a snack with fresh fruit. Back in my room, I fell into bed fully clothed. But I awoke in time for dinner to celebrate our great adventure.

Ever since that day, my view into the volcano's crater has remained in my imaginary vision. In that crater I had seen the tremendous surging power of the geoenergy under our feet.

As an engineer, I have long wondered how society could harness this immense power and put it to good use. †

Dick Miller was trained as an engineer and has had an avocation of fine arts for 60 years. As a would-be architect early in his career, he had marveled at the precision and beauty of the ancient Greek temples, and in the spring of 1955 while visiting Greek and other ancient structures in Italy and Sicily, he undertook the described climb of Stromboli.

Susan Smith, the Scribe, is a TFAD neighbor.

Eating Mindfully While Sitting at the Center of an Infinite, Expanding, Interconnected Universe

by Phil Baer

“No hay mal que por bien no venga.” It’s rare for Google Translate to convert an idiom in one language into an idiom in another, but for this one, rather than giving the literal “there is no evil that does not come for good” meaning, it offers “every cloud has a silver lining.” As for the cloud that is the COVID pandemic, its silver lining is that we have been made aware of our reliance and dependence on supply chains.

The term “supply chain” was used occasionally pre-COVID, but has come into prominence as one of the most invoked explanations (or excuses, some might say) for sudden and prolonged scarcity of things we had taken for granted (e.g., toilet paper). As I read about—and encountered—supply chain problems in the delivery of goods and products and services, I began to realize that every aspect of our lives is supply-chain dependent. Raw materials for everything are extracted from somewhere and supplied to somewhere else. And there those raw materials are transformed into usable materials that are supplied to other parts of the world where they are transformed into finished products, which are then supplied to consumers. Supply—supply—supply—link by link, forming a supply chain.

I want to be a mindful consumer, to be aware of all that goes into supplying me with whatever I’m consuming. I could have chosen almost anything as the example subject of this essay, but I’ve decided to focus on food, on the supply chain that provides me—and you—with food. What might come to mind if we practice eating mindfully, if we are truly aware of what we are doing? Here are some things about which we might be mindful while eating.

First, the physical objects involved: table, chair, plate, serving dish, knife, fork, and spoon, cup or glass, tablecloth and napkin. They’re made of wood, plastic, glass, metal. Their raw materials were extracted from timber, oil, or some form of dirt, and they were processed and supplied to us. And people labored so that we might have these things: timber cutters, miners, oil field workers; transportation workers who move things along the

supply chain; factory workers who convert raw materials to finished ones.

Second, the mammals, birds, and fish whose lives had to end so that we might feed upon them. Most were never free, never lived in nature, but were purpose bred and purpose fed to maximize yield and profit. Others were swimming free for the netting. And people labored so that we might eat them: people who spent the day killing; people who cleaned and processed the meat, wearing steel-mesh gloves while wielding razor-sharp knives, all day long wearing blood-stained rubber aprons and boots; people doing for us what most of us would never do for ourselves; and people driving trucks to deliver to markets.

Third, the plants: the roots and fruits, the grains and seeds, the buds and stems, all parts of complex, highly evolved life forms that were engaged in reproducing themselves, until that process was cut short, until they were killed and eaten. And people labored so that we might eat these things, farmers and migrant workers who planted, cultivated, and picked; transportation workers who supplied fresh produce to factory workers who canned, dried, froze, and packaged; and the truck drivers who bring produce to us.

And, fourth, the people who labor in the rooms with and around us, dicing and slicing, cooking, serving, and clearing away and cleaning. They are the final link in the worldwide supply chain that provides us with what we eat.

If you find this picture too large or too complex for a mindful eating practice, I offer a smaller part of the supply chain for you to focus on—a grain of rice. As part of my mindful eating practice, I consciously eat every single grain of rice on my plate. Here’s why: the last grain of rice on my plate was a rice seed, before it was processed. It could have been planted to grow a rice plant, and that plant would have yielded 1,000 new seeds. Plant those and harvest 1,000,000 seeds, enough to fill a 50-pound bag, enough for 800 servings. Continue

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Eating Mindfully ...

(Continued from Page 10)

the process long enough and, from that one grain on my plate, everybody on earth could have had a bowl of rice. So, mindful of what could have been, I eat that last grain, thinking of all it took for me to have it, and aware of what my consuming it took from the world.

The more I practice eating mindfully, the more I become convinced that the entire universe, over the 13.7 billion years of its existence, has functioned as a supply chain with the sole purpose of putting that grain of rice on my plate. If things could be different, they would be different—but they aren't different; they are and always have been exactly as they must have been to supply me with that grain of rice. And the only role for me to play is to eat that grain, along with the fish or chicken or cow or pig, the walnuts and pistachios, the broccoli, carrots, and artichokes, the breads, cakes, and pies, the fruits, the cheeses, all the things the supply chain universe has supplied—and I eat it mindfully, because that just seems like the least I can do. †

Images of Verbena

by Rachel Hamilton

Faulkner's was yellow and grew sweet to the smell
In Mississippi.

But the red kind, old-fashioned, humble,
Planted by ex-farmers' wives
(wives of ex-farmers)
beside brick houses, gnome-like,
angrily grasps the red hillside,
crying, See! In this house
before which I twine
around the old truck tire
and color the earth
blood,
there lives a free spirit.

Today, her daughters
plant plastic tulips.

Trickster

by Sue Howell

Spring cheats, shady dealer
of false promises: white stars
on the magnolia tree
disappear in three days,
yellow forsythia petals
wilt on the deck. Meanwhile
the sky raises
an indifferent eyebrow—
I don't care what you do,
I'll be here anyway—
on bare branches, unbeautiful
in their splintered ends
and deformed shapes.

Wait for autumn
to hear the truth—
dry leaves homely
and crushed after
their brilliant
moment, irony
of gold in the
slanting sun.
The fullness of
the last tomatoes,
dark red, battered,
so much sweeter
than the pink
flesh of June.



Magnolia grandiflora by Ellen Baer

Metal Birds

by Maureen Johnson

Have you noticed the seven metal bird sculptures that have recently been placed here and there around the TFAD campus? Where did they come from? Did they fly south or arrive from a distant planet? They appear to be water birds, perhaps from the North Carolina coast?

Actually, until recently they resided at a home in Hillsborough NC. When the owners sold the property, the new owners did not wish to keep the birds. The Downsizers suggested donating them to The Forest. And so, for several months the birds anxiously waited beside our pond, wondering "What next?" A broken water line delayed cleaning off their wings, but the surface rust is intentional on most outdoor metal sculptures containing iron. So, finally, despite no cleaning, the birds were settled in spots around the campus.

I was very curious about who had created our new feathered art work. But, none of my metal sculptor friends in the area recognized them, nor suggested possible artists. I explored "metal bird sculptures" online and found a few which appeared similar (not inexpensive!). You could spend a whole day looking at all the many pictures. But, instead of staring at a computer screen, get out and enjoy a walk, looking for and checking out our metal birds! 🌿

Maureen Johnson is Chair of the RA General Services Committee.

