

The Forest Built an Ark

by Sioux Ellman

We were in Florida on December 26, 2022, where it was 45 degrees, the coldest Christmas ever recorded in south Florida.

The phone rang early that morning. Richard, already up, answered. I heard “What? When? How? Are you kidding me? How bad is it?”

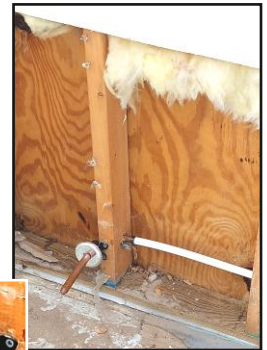
These exclamations inspired me to get up from my cozy covers and ask “What happened?”

Nathan Summers was on the phone explaining that our TFAD cottage was flooded from a broken water pipe in the wall behind the guest bathroom toilet. A neighbor walking her dog early that morning had seen water cascading from the back of our cottage, then flowing downhill and into a drain on Willow Oak Court. She had immediately notified security. All the floors except in the kitchen were under water. I asked if we should come home immediately. He said no, you can’t live in the cottage now, but we will reserve a room at Washington Duke Inn for your planned return to Durham on January 2nd. I heard a loud noise. **THUMP! It was the sound of the first of many planks of wood being nailed together for our ark.**

Nathan explained that our belongings and furniture would have to be packed up and moved out of the house to prepare for renovations. I asked him if he would like to hear a grown woman cry because I thought I would have to pack up my 439 miniature houses that reside in three curio cabinets. I told him it took me two months to unwrap and shelve them when we moved to The Forest and I couldn’t face doing that again. He explained that a wonderful company, Here2Home, would pack and move everything for us. They would take pictures and careful notes so things would be placed back exactly where and how they had been. **THUMP! The sound of the ark’s keel taking shape.**

On December 31 we began our trip home as planned, and we spent half a day at the Kennedy Space Center, then a night and half a day in Savannah. Our thoughts, however, never drifted far from what we imagined we’d experience upon our return.

Our last stop was cottage #48 at The Forest. Inside we saw a huge, very loud machine drying out the moisture. Walking around on squishy carpeting and buckled wooden floors, we saw the demolished area around the broken pipe and



The tiny pipe joint that caused huge damage



grabbed some winter clothes (since we only had clothing appropriate for Florida). Then we checked into a lovely room at Washington Duke Inn for five nights and were comforted by the luxury of the hotel, especially the softest bathrobe I have ever experienced. **THUMP! The keel of the ark was complete and work on the first deck was underway.**



The soggy carpet before its removal

In a very soggy cottage we met with the ladies from Here2Home, who explained how they would pack and move our belongings. Then we watched an army of six women who assembled boxes and brought in reams of packing paper and rolls of sealing tape. Sweaters and shirts were whisked off shelves,

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Lee Murphy

May 22, 2023

Authors! Reporters! ...

Send us original contributions: stories, memoir excerpts, letters, poetry, illustrations, cartoons, and photos that we can publish. Submissions as email attachments (address above) are preferred, but hand-written or typed manuscripts are acceptable.

Photos, graphics, and eye-catching illustrations add interest and clarity to the written word—and are encouraged. Our editors can provide advice and suggestions. Past pieces have ranged widely in theme and style. Be bold!

Due to space constraints, not every submission will see print, but we will do our best to bring as much to our readership as we possibly can. Typical *Forester* articles fill two columns (700 words, fewer with a photo) ... or less. It is rare that we are able to publish pieces with more than 1200 words. ♣

President's Podium



by Carol Carson

The new Residents' Association (RA) website, which went "live" on March 1, is growing its role as a hub for the TFAD community's news and connectivity. Let's take a look at some of the new content.

Resident biographies, mostly reprinted from those published in *The Forester* shortly after residents move to TFAD, are sure to be popular. Over 200 bios of individuals and couples, along with pictures, are already posted. (If residents wish to update the text or their pictures they should be in touch with the webmaster.) To see the full alphabetical list of residents, you can just scroll down or—get this—you can search by first or last name in the search box just above the column of names. Navigating to the bios is easy: from the main menu bar at the top, click on "Resident Biographies."

Addresses for residents recently relocated to the Health Center are listed—with their permission, of course—under "Recent Health Center Admissions." This list is maintained as part of the Health Committee's Staying Connected initiative, providing encouragement to visit or to send a friendly note. This list is on the Home page (click on "Home" at the far left of the main menu bar); just scroll down to "Recent Health Center Admissions" and then click on "Admissions."

"News from the Residents' Association," one page of take-aways from the monthly RA committee meetings, has found a home on the website. First click on "RA Board Minutes" on the main menu bar and then on "2023 Board Minutes" in the drop-down menu. On the page that opens, in the column titled "News with Combined Reports," click on the month of your choice. The "News" page also serves as a table of contents for the 25–30 pages of the combined committee reports.

If you are missing out on all this because you do not yet have a password to the RA website, be in touch with the webmaster at LAG1959@gmail.com. Also reach out to the webmaster to volunteer technical and/or editorial experience to the website. ♣

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

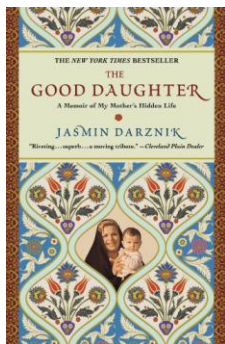
Library book sale

The Library's sale on April 28 can be considered a success. With the help from several volunteers, **Carol DeCamp**, **Rachel Hamilton**, and **Linda McBride**, the Library made over \$50.00. This money will go to buying library supplies and more books.

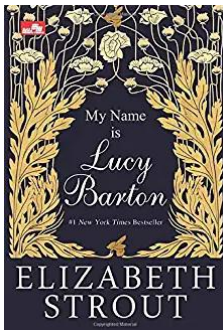
Thanks to all residents who participated in the book sale!

Current exhibit: mothers and fathers

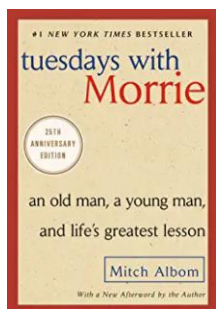
The May/June book exhibit honoring mothers and fathers continues. A good place to start is Jasmin Darznik's memoir of her mother, *The Good Daughter*. It is a richly detailed memoir by a daughter who, as an adult, learned of her Iranian mother's secret past: arranged marriage at 13, a baby at 14, and divorce while still a teenager. It is an eye-opening account that disturbs with its depiction of the place of women in Iranian society but warms the heart in its portrayal of their gritty endurance. On the other hand, Elizabeth Strout's *My Name is Lucy Barton* is a novel that provides an exploration of the love between mother and daughter which is both affecting and wise.



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In celebration of fathers, we have Mitch Albom's classic *Tuesdays with Morrie*. The memoir is divided into 14 different "days" that Mitch Albom spent with his former professor, Morrie Schwartz, who is dying of ALS, Lou Gehrig's disease. Throughout these days, Mitch and Morrie discuss various topics important to life and living. This, and the other books highlighted in this exhibit, will provide you with many hours of enjoyable reading.

New books added to the collection

Speaking of new books, you can find a link on the main page of the Residents' Association website (www.forestres.org) to brief annotations of new books added to the Library's collection. Volunteer **Diane Strauss** started the briefs program; it is continuing under volunteer **Linda Cushman**.

If you go to the website, you will find typical briefs like the following:

Matthew F. Delmont, *Half American: The epic story of African Americans fighting World War II at home and abroad*. 940.54 Del

Dartmouth history professor and civil rights expert Matthew F. Delmont is the author of *Half American*, a definitive history of World War II from the African-American perspective. Over one million Black men and women served in World War II. Black troops were at Normandy, Iwo Jima, and the Battle of the Bulge, serving in segregated units and performing unheralded but vital support jobs, only to be denied housing and educational opportunities on their return home. *Half American* brings forward these untold stories.

If you haven't gotten your password for the RA website yet, contact webmaster **Lowell Goldsmith** at LAG1959@gmail.com.

Remember to check the website on a regular basis in order to see what has been added to the Library's collection. If you see something that interests you, you will probably find it on the bookshelves to the left of the library doors—we keep recent additions on these shelves for about two months before we shelve them in their normal locations.

This is the final column before *The Forester's* summer break. See you in October. Have a great summer! 🌿

Full-color issues of *The Forester* are available under Quick Links at the RA website www.ForestRes.org

Getting To Know Residents

Rose Mills and Jeffrey Collins

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Jeff: Cell 919 949-6756

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Born and raised in Chicago, Rose attended the University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign, where she earned a BS in Psychology in 1971. Following a brief stint as a medical social worker in a large hospital, she went on to earn an MA in Public Health from the University of Illinois Medical College in Chicago, specializing in epidemiology. For most of her professional career, she served as a medical writer in the pharmaceutical industry, developing manuscripts based on clinical trial results for publication in medical journals and designed posters with this data for scientific meetings. She later went on to head an editorial department at a pharmaceutical consulting firm from which she retired in 2006.

Rose is an only child of Holocaust survivors. As a board member of the Holocaust Speakers Bureau, she is frequently asked to present her family's survival story to schoolchildren and sometimes adults. Rose and Jeff are members of the Kehillah Synagogue in Chapel Hill, where they have both served on the Social Action Committee for many years. Rose is also a life member of the women's organization, Hadassah, and is currently a board member of Jewish for Good (formerly the Jewish Federation of Durham–Chapel Hill).

Rose's other interests include travel, food, film, theater, dance, music, and reading. She has been a member of the same book club for nearly 20 years. She and her husband have been members of a wine tasting group (the "Grape Nuts") for 30 years. Rose has loved living at The Forest for the past three years (moved in right at the start of the COVID shutdown), and she is happy to give back to our community as the new Chair of the Mentor program.

Jeffrey Collins was born in Monroe LA and grew up in Brooklyn and Bayside, Queens NY. He studied



at Cornell University, graduating with a BS in Bacteriology in 1966. In 1972 he earned a PhD in Microbiology and Molecular Genetics from Harvard University. Jeff has spent his career in cancer research with a focus on immunotherapy. He was recognized as a Special Fellow (1975–77) and as a Scholar (1977–82) by the Leukemia Society of America.

Jeff has consistently engaged in a number of civic and volunteer activities such as laboring for voter rights with Democracy NC, Common Cause, and You Can Vote. He has also worked with the Sierra Club and Southern Environmental Law Center on behalf of the environment and with the ACLU for social justice. Like Rose, he was a board member of the Jewish Federation of Durham–Chapel Hill, and is a member of Kehillah Synagogue, where he is an active member of the Social Action Committee. Jeff and Rose were married in Chapel Hill in 1980. Chair of The Forest's Dining Committee, Jeff lists among his interests and hobbies traveling, sports (especially Duke basketball), film, theater, dance, museums, and good food. 🌿

Welcome New Resident

Sheila Goldstein

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sheilag548@gmail.com

Welcome to Sheila, who moved to The Forest only a few weeks ago from Trinity Park in Durham, near Duke University. Sheila has many friends here and looks forward to making new ones, as we look forward to getting to know her! Born in Wilmington DE, Sheila has also lived in Alexandria and Fairfax VA, Cambridge and Medford MA and spent her George Washington University junior year abroad in Tel Aviv, Israel, where she met her future husband Donald Goldstein. She received a BA in Anthropology from George Washington University as well as a Master's in Library Science from Simmons College in Boston.

Following her strong interest in government and politics, Sheila worked for the CIA for 28 years, starting as a research assistant and graduating to political analyst. Her work in Africa took her on an interesting world journey to Sub-Saharan Africa, Nigeria, East Africa, Rwanda, Kenya, and South Africa. Sheila later worked in counterintelligence.

Married to Donald Goldstein from 1970 until his passing in 2022, Sheila is the mother of a son who is an architect in the Berkshires in Hillsdale NY and a daughter who is executive director of the North Carolina Leadership Forum at Duke University. She also enjoys her grandchildren, ages 17 and 14, in the Durham area, and her newest grandson in New York.

Sheila enjoys volunteering—making casseroles for the homeless in the Triangle area—and is very involved in services and activities at Beth El Synagogue in Durham, to which she goes for study several times a week. Her hobbies include reading, cooking, traveling, and watching basketball games, professional and those at Duke. She looks forward to continuing trips to plays, performances at DPAC, and the many cultural events in the area, her favorite being concerts. At The Forest she plans to join exercise programs, particularly aquatic and balance classes. ♣



Scenes of Deconstruction



Jane Hamilton Photo



Astrid Schmidt-Nielsen Photo



Jane Hamilton Photo

Once the move to the new Health Center was complete, preparation began for new living facilities on the old site. The jaws of huge power shovels deconstructed the old buildings bite by bite (left above), the sentinel glass elevator soon giving way to a tower crane. With dexterity approaching that of an elephant's trunk, operators separated recyclable materials (center) and cleared and terraced the site (right).

Tuba, Tuba

by Judy Jo Small

Did you know that right here in your neighborhood, just two miles away, there is the one and only tuba museum in the whole United States? You've probably driven past it dozens or hundreds of times—a smallish wooden house, goldenrod yellow, right there on Chapel Hill Road, near Lakewood Shopping Center, with a neat sign hanging in front announcing "Historic Tuba Collection."

Now you may never have spent time longing for a museum where you could learn more about tubas. Nevertheless, people come from all around the world to visit this surprising collection of tubas that's practically in our backyard. It's owned and operated by Vincent and Ethel Simonetti. Vincent is a tuba player, formerly of the North Carolina Symphony, who, in his retirement, began to buy tubas of historical significance—first one, then another—until he amassed a remarkable collection. You may understand from experience how collecting can become a habit and a passion: a small collection can grow and grow. Still, as you enter the yellow house/museum you may feel your jaw drop.

Last year, Michelle Burger took a small group of TFAD residents on a tour of the museum, and they were amazed and fascinated by the immense variety of tubas.

The word *tuba* derives from the Latin *tubus*, meaning "tube," and refers to the tubes through which air blown into the mouthpiece passes to produce a musical sound.

The first instrument called a tuba was invented in 1835 and used at first by military bands. Over time, in different countries, tubas took many forms. Now they are used in compositions for concert orchestras as well as in music for marching bands.

Vincent says, for example, that his favorite concerto for tuba is the *Concerto in F Minor for Bass Tuba and Orchestra* by British composer Ralph Vaughn Williams.

Michelle Burger, our Community Program



Photo by Tom Small

Vincent Simonetti among his historic tubas at the Tuba Museum

Manager, is offering to take another group of Forest residents to the Simonetti Historic Tuba Collection. If you're interested in going to see the collection, just give your name to Michelle and she will arrange a tour. †

The website for the Tuba Museum:

simonettitubacollection.com.



A marching tuba band [sketch by Bing Photo AI]

Displaying Our Talents

by Beth Timson

"I used to think the collection in the display cases was showing visitors to TFAD who we are here, but I have realized it's actually all of us learning about each other." – Robyn Sloan

Most members of the community pass the display cases in the lobby area daily on the way to getting mail or a meal. We admire the sacred ones (the Nativity scenes, the Passover plates), we reflect on the ones that show dedication and hard work (the Eagle Scouts, the history of nursing and nurses), and we chuckle at the more comic ones (the seaside stuffed animals, the glistening beaded spiders). Even The Forest's CEO, Anita Holt, paused at the spiders and told Robyn, "I don't like spiders ... but I like *these* spiders!"

Robyn took over collecting and curating materials for the display case in December of 2020, hoping to give us something to break the gloom of the pandemic. She arranged for new paint and lighting for both cases, and her first curated display was the felt art work of **Sharron Parker** and **Susan Smith**. She stabilized the display period at four weeks, and she's curated 27 displays to date.

Some displays are easy, Robyn says; people with collections let her know what they have available. That was the case, for example, with **Ella Bracy's** set of dance cards, the Eagle Scout memorabilia of **Ken Parker** and other residents, the materials about nursing from **Kathleen Allen**, and the Seder plates from **Carol Goldsmith**. Some with delicate

materials were more difficult, like **George** and **Lynda Carlson's** Vaseline glasses and **Astrid Schmidt-Neilson's** lace shawls. "The most sentimental one," she says, "was **Molly Simes's** snow people prepared just before she left us."

"A display is not about the monetary value of items," Robyn says; "it's about the interest of the item and its story." Some materials she seeks out herself in order to create unique displays. For one,



Photo by Dave Sloan

The "Debris Mirror"

display, she collected from residents several sculpted or carved heads. The artworks were chosen in various styles to show different ways of seeing similar things. Another display that gathered a lot of comment was the famous "Debris Mirror," with its decorations of nails and metal scraps picked up from the sidewalk and roadway during the Health Center construction.

When I asked Robyn if there would be another display made of scraps from the new residence-building construction, she just smiled.

Most resident feedback is very encouraging, Robyn says. "I've had people tell me they never knew that a resident collected this or that material and now they look forward to talking with him or her about it." She notes that we have such a range of interesting residents here, with such varied lives, that there is never a shortage of material; and owners seem to enjoy the recognition of things that are special to them.

What's ahead for the display case? I asked her. She says she's thinking about different advertising in *The Forest Forward* to elicit more display ideas. She also notes that she relies heavily on her husband, **Dave**: "He's a huge support in making these displays work, from moving shelves to building structures." And, she adds, we want to keep mixing up fun with seriousness, busy displays with more austere ones.

As we conclude the interview, she thanks *The Forester* for its interest in the display cases, but, she says, "It's not about me, it's about people's much-loved collections and the valued possessions they are willing to share with others." ‡



Photo by Dave Sloan

Robyn dressing "Mr. Waddles" for his turn in the display case

An Ark ...

(Continued from Page 1)

placed in boxes, and labeled. Wardrobe boxes were filled with our hanging clothes. Shelves and cabinets were cleared. Decorative objects disappeared into multiple boxes. Pictures and mirrors slid into flat cartons. Amazingly, my miniature houses were lovingly removed from shelves, each wrapped and cradled in a box, and then marked with their designated place on which shelf of which curio cabinet. **THUMP! Walls went up on the first deck of the ark and ceiling work began.**

Moving trucks showed up the next day with the muscle power of several men who Saran-wrapped the furniture to keep it clean and safe. I alerted them that one very large armoire had taken four men to move into our cottage five years ago. They decided to relocate it to the kitchen just a few feet away along with lamps, cartons with glass shelves and paintings, a plant stand with my precious beaded flowers, and other objects that would be uncovered upon our return home. Once the cottage was cleared, the enormity of what had happened fully hit me. It felt like a bad dream. When residents at The Forest asked Richard and me how we felt, I blithely said “homeless.” Now I have a better understanding and sympathy for truly homeless people who suffer from fires, floods, earthquakes, war, and problems beyond their control. Yes, we weren’t in our home, but The Forest was building us an ark. **THUMP! Several cabins were added to the ark.**

Many men and women were rushing around our cottage in organized chaos. Then a moving van took the “perilous” five-minute journey (2 minutes if you don’t slow down for the speed bumps) from #48 to our temporary abode in cottage #71 (AKA “the ark”). The truck started to quickly empty its contents under the watchful direction of Jennie, the team leader from Here2Home. All the boxes that weren’t needed went into the second bedroom, but days later we needed to dig into some of them to retrieve necessary items. That room looked like a walled fortress, with boxes piled into the closet and almost wall to wall and floor to ceiling in that second bedroom. Our furniture was placed in the

dining room, living room, and our bedroom. As I sat on the living room couch, I looked up and glimpsed the corner of our headboard and saw something hanging—it was my sleep mask on the post. I was amazed that the detailed photos and notes Here2Home made permitted them to replace all our property where it belonged, even a detail as minute as a sleep mask. I got up to tell them how impressed I was with their detailed unpacking and found they also had placed soap, toothbrushes, towels, packs of toilet paper, and all our medications and lotions and potions on the sink and shelves in the bathroom. **THUMP! There now was a solid hard top on our ark.**

After the ark had been cleaned and window coverings hung, we moved in. The women from Here2Home furnished our kitchen with the historic two by two: 2 plates, 2 mugs, 2 bowls, 2 small glasses, 2 large glasses, and silverware. But since our kitchen at #48 was blocked, I made a call to Sharon Pitt, who rectified the problem and sent us a box with more silverware, plates, glasses, and bowls. **THUMP! A galley was created in the ark.**

We had been in the ark for at least 40 days and 40 nights; it was time to send out some birds disguised as Sioux and Richard to search for dry land. They reported almost every day that a dry environment was being created with help from ServPro. There was removal of all carpeting, hardwoods and tile from three bathrooms. About 44 machines (yes, Richard actually counted them) were employed for more than a week to dry out the landscape. Baseboards impacted by the flood were removed. Samples of wallboard were removed to check for mold. The land was eventually declared mold-free and air quality good. Time to rebuild! **THUMP! Restoring what was damaged began.**

New carpets, hardwood, tile, and paint colors were chosen and installed. To update the cottage, a new sliding glass door and new toilets were installed. The walls and floorboards were painted. The environment was healed and made whole with support from Nathan Summers, Sharon Pitt, Mark Kennedy (Kennedy Flooring), painter Norman

(Continued on Page 9)

An Ark ...

(Continued from Page 8)



New floors and painted walls

Smith, other staff from The Forest, Servpro, and the exceptional services of Here2Home.

We were in Maryland babysitting a granddaughter when a call came from Nathan that Here2Home could move us from the ark back to our cottage on March 1. We were planning to return “home” February 28 in the afternoon. Now we had something to look forward to with a sense of joy and some pressure. The team arrived at #71 to repack our belongings, and the strong men moved the furniture into a lifeboat (AKA van) docked next to the ark and made the perilous journey back to #48. They all worked furiously, bringing the boxes out two by two and resettling us on dry land, in a dry home. When the day ended, there were still boxes to unpack, things to be put away, and pictures and drapes to be rehung. Jeannie, from Here2Home, returned on Monday to continue the task of unpacking, and she returned again with more help later that week, and for two more weeks after that.

Now, for observations of the different flora and fauna that we saw from our ark while it rocked gently at #71. On our third night, a toad sat in the middle of the ramp to welcome us back from dinner. The roaches were a different color from the ones at #48, and one that I thought was a knot in the wood floor scurried away when I came closer. The squirrels took twigs and pine straw and made a comfortable nest for themselves inside my

car’s engine. They nibbled on the engine harness wires as appetizers and dessert, forcing the check-engine light to go on, alerting the auto repair shop to their existence and costing thousands of dollars to repair twice in two weeks. Hoping that the squirrels would find a happier place in the woods, we gladly said goodbye to them. One of my plants loved the ark so much it tripled in size in two months, but unfortunately my African violets didn’t adapt well to the move and after exploring the Internet, I have been trying to resuscitate them, keeping my fingers crossed and checking them daily. My 57-year-old Christmas cactus continued to bloom well after Christmas; it has never behaved properly. The palm tree loved the ark and responded by sending out two new shoots reaching straight up and has maybe two feet to grow to hit the ceiling. All other flora are happy to be home.

Sounds were different in the wetlands and the ark. An annoying alarm kept ringing in #48 (in the wet area) and contrasted with the doorbell in the ark that sounded like Big Ben in England. The TV sounded very different in the ark because it was silent. After a month it refused to show pictures or talk to us. Oh well, more reading and doing other things.

All is now well at the old homestead. If we hadn’t had The Forest to build us an ark, it would have been very difficult for us to manage by ourselves. When people ask us why we moved into a CCRC, we now have another reason to tell them why. 🌿

After a career in elementary education and a retirement start with Richard in Treyburn in Durham, where Sioux learned to play mahjong and canasta, Sioux brought her love of all kinds of crafts—needlepoint, knitting, basket weaving, beaded flowers, cooking, and many others—to The Forest. Now, comfortably resettled with new floors and newly painted walls, she is refocusing on her goal to become a professional hedonist.

Dates and Places for Remembering and Forgetting

by Ellen Baer

Some dates we never forget—good ones and bad ones, both national and personal. I remember July 20, 1969, when Neil Armstrong walked on the moon. I was up late on a Mississippi night with a new baby, and I saw the moonwalk as a sign of great promise and hope for the world. I also remember November 22, 1963, when Phil and I, as fresh young college grads in France, heard the news from Dallas that broke the heart of the nation and shook our faith in the future. Most people of a certain age remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when John F. Kennedy died. I wrote an essay about his death that I was going to read for the Resident Readers, but, when I realized that I couldn't read it aloud without tears, even in an empty room, I changed my mind.

Some dates get co-opted so thoroughly by unrelated events that their original significance fades. For example, January 6 was the 12th day of Christmas, recognized as the holiday of Epiphany when the star-chasing Wise Men arrived at the stable in Bethlehem with their gifts. That day was celebrated as Christmas for a long time until a Pope named Gregory instituted a new calendar in 1582. That's how we came to have the Gregorian Calendar, although it took more than 300 years for the world to adopt it. Turkey was the last country to do so, finally changing to the no-longer-new calendar in 1927. Early adopters had included France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Poland; but Protestant England resisted until 1752, and by then its calendar was 11 days off from the rest of Europe. So, 11 days were dropped and Christmas Day moved from January 6 to December 25.

Colonial America was supposed to have followed along, but some places continued to celebrate Christmas on January 6, which became known as "Old Christmas." Protesters in the North Carolina mountains and on the Outer Banks are said to have marched in the streets shouting, "Give

us back our 11 days." According to legend, on Old Christmas Eve, animals would kneel down at midnight and pray out loud. When we lived in Person County with neighbors who had cows and goats and donkeys, we always wanted to test this story, but we decided to just let it live in our imaginations. Now January 6 has taken on a different meaning altogether, and it's hard to put insurgents storming the Capital out of my mind and replace them with peaceful farm animals.

It's not just dates that carry the impact of events, but places too. When Tyre Nichols was killed by Memphis police at the first of this year, I was deeply shaken, not only because of what happened but also where it happened. Memphis was our home for a long time before we moved to North Carolina. It was a city that was coming out from under the long shadow of the death of Martin Luther King, Jr., back in 1968. The creation of the Civil Rights Museum at the Lorraine Motel helped, and so did the national holiday honoring King's birthday in January instead of marking his death day on April 4. Many other places bear a burden of grief and sadness, and it would be too hard on our readers (and this writer) to try to name more of them right here. Some, such as Minneapolis and Uvalde, are tainted by recent events, while Wilmington and Tulsa carry the weight of tragedies from long ago.

It might be easier not to know or not to be reminded of any of these dreadful happenings, and some politicians want to protect us from what's disturbing or painful in history by restricting what students can read and what teachers can teach in their classrooms. But we need to know both the good and the bad, and we need to be able to talk about these things. We can't avoid, ignore, or deny truth just because it makes us uncomfortable.

Maybe I'll read the JFK essay next time. ¶

Hair Migration

by Joan Seiffert

I was standing in my square, compact apartment kitchen, wondering why I was there ... a senior moment in the life of this TFAD resident. And where did I put those keys?

My wondering goes on; what is this thing with hair as I grow older? Why does it travel? Not content to stay in place? It migrates from somewhere on my body to another spot—like now on my cheeks, or rather jawline, there's a soft fuzzy patch on either side. It shows up in my hand mirror in the bright bathroom light. Like Blanche in "Streetcar," I avoid the bright light.

No longer must I deal with furry underarms or bristly legs, just snip off an occasional long stiff hair or two on my shinbone. Odd spot.

Then there is my pet whisker, a stubborn bristle which has chosen my right cheek on the edge of my upper lip as the place to flourish. I don't know when it first appeared or from whence it migrated. For years I yanked it out, stiff and unyielding, with tiny tweezers. I haven't seen it or felt it lately. It could, however, pop up at any time.

Come to think of it, my forearms are barren now, too. When did that hair go? And where? I wish it had gone to my eyebrows, which would be Tilda Swinton-esque if I didn't chase them down with a grey brush made just for that application. I notice some men have hair that has left their heads and migrated to their noses, ears, and eyebrows—and they still have to shave their faces. You'd think they'd get a break from that sometime.

Growing up, I knew my father's head as a shiny hairless dome, as were my uncles' and, finally, my brother's as he got to be twenty-five. A nice, thick auburn thatch left his head gradually as he joined the masculine family members. I guess I grew up thinking that real men were bald and kept waiting for my husband to do that. He didn't.

I had married a man who left us in his seventies with a full head of thick wavy hair which never grayed. I confess to being a bit disappointed. Perhaps his being a wartime Air Force pilot was manly enough. His daughters, now in their 60s, have thick heads of hair, ranging from auburn to strawberry blonde, hair that seems to be staying

right where it belongs, neither graying nor thinning.

Hair is important. It identifies us. Do you recall the raucous rock musical shocker "Hair," from the 1960s, which I was then too square to attend? Or was that because I was living in West Texas? It was followed by the sweet, family-friendly "Hairspray." Was this to neutralize the fear that young people would start running around *al fresco*? Our Founding Fathers sported white wigs as do many barristers in Britain still. I have an idea that what really differentiates the generations is hair, how much of it, and what class distinction it signifies.

And, of course, music. And then, there's jargon, and urban slang, and fashion ...

Joan Seiffert wrote for a local newspaper, edited a magazine, taught English, speech, and drama, and opened a psychotherapy practice, now virtual. We savor her Forester writing.

An Alzheimer's Request

by Owen Darnell

Do not ask me to remember,
Don't try to make me understand,
Let me rest and know you're with me,
Kiss my cheek and hold my hand.

I'm confused beyond your concept,
I am sad and sick and lost.
All I know is that I need you
To be with me at all cost.

Do not lose your patience with me
Do not scold or curse or cry.
I can't help the way I'm acting,
I can't be different though I try.

Just remember that I need you,
That the best of me is not gone,
Please don't fail to stand beside me
Love me 'til my life is done.

Susan Staples submitted this poem written by an Alzheimer's caregiver who tried to see the disease from the other side. She thought that it would be helpful and sustaining to those caring for a loved one suffering from Alzheimer's or dementia.—The Editors

Happy Mother-Goose Day

by Katherine Shelburne

About three months ago, two Canada geese decided to settle in our pond, chasing away all other interlopers in the process.

Then, in mid-April, it was noticed that the female had laid five eggs in a beautifully constructed nest near the pond's edge. She sat there patiently for about four weeks, her partner always on alert nearby.

When a rain storm came and flooded not only the pond but the shore as well, the nest with the eggs in it was floating in water. And one of the eggs had fallen out of the nest and was in the pond.

As I had been interested in the proceedings, as had **Shannon Purves**, my neighbor, we decided we needed to do something about this disaster. So, gathering up a big towel and a fishing net, she and I went down to the pond to try to rescue the eggs from the water. The male goose did not like this and came at us, wings flapping. As a matador would use a cape to fend off a ferocious bull, so I tried to use the towel. He got to me anyway, more than once—and it hurt!

But we managed to dip the one egg out of the pond and the other four out of the watery nest. We then built a new nest with pine needles and carefully placed the five rescued eggs in it. The



Photo by Bennett



Photo by Bennett

goose couple used our pine straw to create yet a third nest into which they moved the eggs. And the female goose sat on them there for the next two weeks.

At the end of those two weeks, we had decided that ours had probably been a futile rescue attempt.

But guess what? On May 13th, the morning of Mothers' Day Eve, we saw five baby geese sitting in the nest as their very calm parents stood nearby. Later that day, we watched the babies taking their first swim.

Congratulations to all seven geese. We hope they will come back next year—though some people hope they won't. 🌿



Photo by Tawni Houston

Canada Geese, being Canada Geese, are not content to rest in ponds when there are green lawns, puddles, pristine drives and sidewalks. (6-day-old goslings)



Photo by Tawni Houston