



Meet Larry Williams: Director of Human Resources

by Ellen Baer

You might not think a career spent mostly on submarines would be the best fit for a second career on land at The Forest at Duke, but on those submarines **Larry Williams** was in charge of Operations and Human Resources which meant, in his own words, “taking responsibility for the well-being of the crew.” It was all about people. He enjoyed making people feel valued and motivated to improve their skills—and not just on submarines. Toward the end of his 32-year career with the U.S. Navy, he was Command Master Chief of an aviation unit in Hawaii.

Originally from Silver Spring MD, he retired in February 2023 and moved to Holly Springs NC, where his wife and family had already relocated. Together they had found a house in the same neighborhood where his wife’s best friend from college was living; and the location was perfect, 19 miles from Raleigh and 29 miles from Durham. Although relocation was not easy, it was a good move for the family, whose youngest is a sophomore in high school.

After they got settled, Larry was ready for a new job. He put out his CV, catching the attention of a recruiter who was impressed with his success in dealing with workplace attrition and staff development. That also impressed CEO Anita Holt, who brought Larry on board in late June 2023 as Director of Human Resources, making him the newest member of the Leadership Team. Larry admits that he is “a process guy” and what he found at TFAD were particular strengths in terms of intentions and good will but some challenges regarding the processes and structures

that are needed to make an organization work best for everyone involved.

In the Navy, he had found that many young people had signed up without knowing what they wanted to do with their lives. He worked with managers to guide them in helping the recruits clarify their goals and see the importance of



understanding their jobs. He says TFAD is a great place to extend those attitudes and capabilities, not just by hiring “people who care and are willing to work hard” but by helping them see what a difference they can make in the lives of both co-workers and residents. Larry calls the residents here “fascinating” because of their interests and accomplishments. Asked how residents can help make his life easier, he says they already do by being “so welcoming to new workers and so helpful to staff at all levels.”

Larry believes in the importance of management training that includes coaching and communicating, including how to have difficult conversations. With the rest of the Leadership Team, he has plans for the new year that focus on this training, plus skills like time management and the creation of an environment in all departments where workers can thrive. He doesn’t expect big changes overnight, because “you don’t need a big U-turn when simple shifts will gradually make big differences.” That approach works for submarines and will work for TFAD, which seems to Larry like a “mini-base” where teamwork matters and community members want the best for one another. It’s still all about people.



The Forester

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President's Podium



by Jim Freedman

I am writing this column from the comforts of my cottage, and it's the middle of December. You are reading this column somewhere, most likely somewhere in TFAD, and it's the middle of January. Consequently, I will focus more on discussing long-term issues rather than discussing recent results.

The RA Association is already doing a lot to get "hot" news and information out to you quickly. There is an email report sent out within a week of the RA Board meeting that highlights significant results from the monthly committee meetings, and generally within a month the detailed minutes of the committees are available on the RA web site and posted in the appropriate book in the Communications Room. The RA web site has been renovated and has a lot of valuable information available with relatively easy access. If you haven't taken advantage of this, please do. You can address it at www.ForestRes.org.

It is a secure site that requires a personal password to access. As a new resident, you should have received information in your welcome packet. Longer term residents were provided information earlier on how to get your password. If you do not already have a password or have misplaced the information, contact Irwin Abrams, IT Committee Chair, and he will assist you. If you are not already electronically connected in some way, rethink entering the "new world" and consider getting a smart phone, tablet, or personal computer: learning something new is good for the brain, and you can have a ball with your grandchildren teaching you how to use it.

On a different topic, have you noticed new residents on campus whom you can't name? That's because there are residents here that you probably haven't met, and you may find it difficult to go up to someone and start a conversation without an introduction. Unfortunately COVID raised havoc with the methods TFAD had in place for incorporating new residents into our culture. One of the most positive features of TFAD has

In Memoriam

Sylvia Arnett December 15, 2023

Mary Elizabeth "Betty" Back
December 17, 2023

Patricia Ann Markas December 22, 2023

Artists, Poets, Authors ... !

Send original stories, memoirs, letters, poems, illustrations, cartoons, or photos that we can publish to forstersjd@gmail.com.

Photos, graphics, and eye-catching illustrations often 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 (750 words, fewer with a photo) ... or less. Pieces with more than 1200 words are rare. ¶

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Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

The Library's 2023: Holiday Book Sale

Thanks to Linda McBride, Rachel Hamilton, and Chhanda Ganguly for helping out with the book sale. The Library made over \$50.00 for our petty cash box. These funds will go to pay for supplies such as pens and pencils, note pads, etc. This money may also go to purchasing new books for the collection. If you have read about a new publication you think should be added, leave us a note with the book's title and author, and our Acquisition Committee will review your recommendation.

Upcoming Book Exhibit

In honor of Black History Month, our exhibit will feature Black authors. The exhibit will include classics such as *Their Eyes Were Watching God* by Zora Neale Hurston and new publications such as *The Fraud* by Zadie Smith.

Podium ...

(Continued from Page 2)

always been the hospitality and family atmosphere on campus. As Joan Cohen had phrased it: "I feel there are no strangers here, just friends I haven't met." I want to encourage the strengthening of that attribute. My initial attempt at this is to pronounce every Friday, starting with the first Friday after you receive this issue of *The Forester*, as **Name Tag Friday** (hereafter NTF). Find your name tag, put it on first thing in the morning, and don't take it off until the end of day. Let's do this every Friday until all of us here are "friends we have met."



... and a few co-residents ready with name tags.

Latest Addition to the Collection

Crossings: How Road Ecology Is Shaping the Future of Our Planet by Ben Goldfarb, an environmental journalist, is a fascinating and compassionate look at the repercussions of roads, inviting us to rethink their design through the relatively new science of road ecology. Roads, Goldfarb writes, are "not merely a symptom of civilization, but a distinct disease." He describes road ecology, the study of the impact of roads on plants and animals, as "empathy manifested as science." In the 1960s, just 3 percent of land-dwelling mammals died on North American roads. By 2017, that toll had gone up fourfold. About a hundred people and one million wild animals are killed by cars every day in the United States alone. Many species, reduced to roadkill, face extinction. Roads have become a big topic for hundreds of scientists around the world. In *Crossings* Goldfarb profiles several of them and catalogs their many remedies for roadkill, including "flimsy-looking rope courses" strung between forest canopies so that apes in Taiwan and monkeys in Brazil can swing across the freeway.

He also does an admirable job of detailing the ways that highways and freeways divide our cities along racial lines. Air pollution disproportionately affects people of color, largely because Black, Asian American, and Latino people are much more likely to live near a highway than white people. In the Bronx, a borough crisscrossed by three expressways, asthma kills three times more people than the national average. It's rare for a work so focused on wildlife conservation to also treat race. "While highways shattered natural ecosystems inadvertently," Goldfarb writes, in U.S. cities they "were deliberately weaponized" to fragment Black communities and to separate them from white ones.

A road may cause both ecological and social problems. However, with effort, solutions can be found. When an expansion of US 93 in Montana to four lanes was proposed, the locals protested so that the plan eventually included wildlife crossings and overpasses. Problems do have solutions. 🌱

Encore Store

by Kathleen Allen



Before Christmas, I encountered **Sharron Parker** manning a pop-up sales table in the lobby displaying items made in the Health Center art studio. Sensing an opportunity, I asked if she could help with Encore Store's ratty old directional sign hanging near the Maintenance storeroom.

WELL, within days, we had the lovely new sign shown in the photo. I'm told it was a group project of the Health Care art studio—many hands make light work. †

Thank you, Sharron and everybody!!

January

by Carolyn Cone Weaver

The sky breaks open
after a day of dreary, cold rain.
Shivers of palest blue, banners of gold,
orange and silver reveal
Sunset awaiting its debut—
and its lone farewell.

Welcome New Residents

Caroline & Barton Haynes

Cottage 7

B: 919-308-3989 C: 919-323-0139

We welcome Caroline and Barton Haynes. Caroline grew up in Minneapolis MN, obtaining a BS degree in biochemistry from the University of



Minnesota before entering the MD/PhD program at Duke University Medical School. Bart and Caroline met at Duke and married in the Duke Chapel in 1984. After Caroline completed her psychiatric residency, she worked as a director in behavioral science courses, as a practicing psychiatrist for patients with mood disorders, and as the Director of Student Affairs and medical student advising for 22 years. Caroline has received awards for teaching, humanism, and professionalism in the medical school at Duke.

Bart grew up in Collierville TN. He earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Tennessee and his medical degree from Baylor College of Medicine. Bart completed his internship and residency at Duke University Medical Center. After conducting research for five years at the National Institutes of Health, he returned to Duke as a member of the faculty in the Department of Medicine. He has served in many leadership positions at the Duke School of Medicine over the years and is now Director of the Duke Human Vaccine Institute. He currently leads teams of researchers working on HIV, influenza, and new coronavirus vaccines. Bart was a lieutenant commander in the U.S. Public Health Service during his employment at the National Institutes of Health.

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Welcome New Residents

Lawrence Kodack & Andree Allen

Apt. 2029

L: 919 475-2905 A: 919 889-4808

Welcome to Lawrence (Larry) and Andree who moved to The Forest in September and are enjoying life here, finding old friends, and meeting new friends! Larry was born in Toronto, grew up in Asheville NC, later moving to Chapel Hill to attend UNC and never leaving the Triangle. He graduated from UNC with degrees in Zoology and Political Science. During the span of his 52-year career at Duke University Hospital, he spent the first half doing research in fetal physiology in the OB-GYN department and the second half in the Bio-Medical Engineering department, working primarily on lasers.

Larry and Andree married in 2016. Their extended family includes his son Jonathan, a speech therapist in Butner; his daughter Debi from Jacksonville FL; his stepdaughter Mindy and her daughter Sonia, a microbiologist at United Therapeutics in Pittsboro; and their spouses. Larry and Andree have five grandchildren and are members of Beth El Synagogue and the JRC in Durham. Together, they enjoy yoga classes at the JCC, weight training privately, going to NC Ballet performances, and walking; and they plan to resume folk dancing and are looking forward to attending OLLI lectures at The Forest.

Larry is an avid reader of the *Wall Street Journal*, enjoys classical music, and looks forward to getting to know all The Forest dogs as well as getting his own puppy!

Andree grew up in France, first studied tourism in Nice, and became fluent in German, working as a travel agent in Germany for three years. She



moved to Florida in 1968, graduated from the University of Miami School of Medicine in 1982, and completed her Psychiatry Residency at Georgetown University in 1986 and Geriatric Psychiatry fellowship at Johns Hopkins University in 1987. Her career took her to North Carolina in 1989. She and Larry retired in 2019. In retirement, Andree has been coordinating a knitting group and French-speaking groups at Beth El and looks forward to meeting French-speaking residents here. Her other hobbies include drawing, watercolor, gardening, traveling, and studying Hebrew. At The Forest, she looks forward to swimming and learning mahjong. †

New Residents: Haynes ...

(Continued from Page 4)

The Haynes have three children. Their daughter Charlotte Haynes works for an NGO in Guatemala on social justice issues. Their son, Ben Haynes, is vice-president of strategy for CVS Pharmacy, Inc. in Denver CO; Ben and his wife have two sons. Daughter Laura Haynes is an Assistant Professor in the Earth Sciences Department at Vassar College.

The Haynes are active members of the Duke Chapel Congregation. Caroline's interests include

cooking, reading, writing limericks for events, and traveling, and she hopes to get back to playing cello and piano. Bart enjoys fossil collecting, gardening, working at their farm in Orange County, and collecting and reading books. They both maintain a large vegetable garden on the farm and collect Fiestaware. †



A Quick Visit to Our Past

January is named for the two-faced god Janus who looks backward to endings and forward to beginnings at the same time. Since *The Forester* will be turning 30 in April of 2024, it seemed a good time to take a look at some stories we covered at the changing of the year in our prior three decades.

Some stories in each issue have evolved even as they stayed the same in outward appearance. From its beginning, *The Forester* has featured a monthly “Library Notes” column, a “President’s Podium” column, and biographies of new residents. It has always featured poems by residents (a lot more poetry in earlier days) and residents’ descriptions of exciting trips they have enjoyed. Those early editions had regular puzzle features: a seek-and-find word puzzle by **Bob Blake** which ended every issue and two “mystery” photos of residents in their youth whom readers were tasked with identifying. One feature that showed up regularly was a profile of yet another new Director of Dining Services.

That very first January issue—1995—described a resident’s trip to the Old Salem historic site, with **Glenn Arrington** driving, and a trip to the NC Museum of Art to see an exhibit of 64 paintings from the British Royal Collection. In perhaps an unfortunate start to a tradition, Bob Blake’s word puzzle was on “Our Ailments,” and the answers ranged from “Aging” to “Gout” to “Vertigo.” And as for staying the same, in January 1996, Dr. W. D. Davies from the Duke Divinity School came to speak to residents about the Israel/Palestine problems after the Itzhak Rabin assassination. The good news was that Holbrook Special Care unit opened.

In January 1998, regular columnist **Libby Getz** announced she had gotten a “cellular

phone”; she was very proud of her “Motorola flip-top” which had cost her \$29.95, though it did have an outrageous monthly service fee of \$15.95.

The big news of January 2000 was that the Y2K worry (remember that?) had caused no problems at TFAD. Even more important was the plan for 20 new cottages to be built on the west side of the campus. These became the 15 cottages on Fountain View Lane. The January 2002 issue was also proud to announce the dedication of a brand-new greenhouse for resident use, just opened in December of 2001.

The January 2003 issue was full of news of the devastating ice storm in late December that had covered Durham—obviously including TFAD—with more than an inch of ice. All the cottages lost power, some for more than a week, and freezing cottage residents were put into cots in the exercise room, the library, the living room, and the auditorium. Staff who agreed to stay over to take care of residents were housed in Holbrook and Olson. This issue also covered a hot political item: “the patent inequities that prevail in retirement communities,” a topic that was becoming a project of the AARP and many CCRs.

In January 2005, the big news was medical. TFAD was working both to get accredited and to become certified to take Medicare patients. But the medical was also closer to home; new Director of Medical Services for TFAD, **Dr. Anthony Golanos** noted the community unhappiness “when someone first took a wheelchair to the formal dining room. You would have thought the KKK had just marched through the Forest. The residents had a mild, civilized, but significant protest against it...the marker



by Beth Timson

of disability really bothered people.” He sighed as he noted also that everyone resisted moving to the Health Center.

TFAD was becoming ever more diversified as the years passed. New resident **Peggy Quinn** is quoted in *The Forester* in January 2007: “I had a lot of things to learn about living in the South. Some came easily, like sweet tea, pork barbeque, fried chicken, and hot biscuits. Other things, like cheese grits, Brunswick stew, and Southern-style green beans may never come at all!” In another proof that TFAD was not isolated from the larger world, the January 2009 issue featured an article about the gloomy financial picture of the United States, with residents recalling stories of the Great Depression they had experienced.

The January 2010 issue announced proudly that TFAD was a member of both the CCRC-NC and the NCANPHA (NC Association of Non-Profit Homes for the Aged), both organizations dedicated to the work we now see being done by NorCCRA. And, important to everyday life then and now, **Carol Oettinger** discusses her mixed feelings on getting rid of a squirrel trapped in her bird feeder.

As we get closer to the present, Janus stops to put on his reading glasses as he looks backward. January 2012 shows us the Library holdings being computerized, and **Kenneth Johnson** (aka Kenny) joining the dining staff. At first he only offers pizzas on the third Thursday of each month, but popular demand bumps that up. In 2013, the big issue was a resident protest over a plan to paint apartment doors brown. And in 2014, **Anita Holt** became TFAD’s Interim Executive Director.

In January 2016, *The Forester* announces

proudly that the Library will finally get to move from its cramped spot on the third floor to its current location off the lobby. And we find the struggle continuing over whether the fees residents pay TFAD for medical expenses can be state tax deductions.

The issues in January of 2017 and 2018 both focused on upgrades to the TFAD campus itself. In 2017, the “Goat Squad” was hired to clean the overgrown vegetation between Old Oak Court and Fountain View Lane for the future pond; residents lucky enough to have patios overlooking the working goats during their twelve-day stay here held goat viewing parties. In 2018 the pond was filled and improvements made to the area around the new pond and the barns. There was a feature as well on the newest MD in the clinic, **Liza Genao**, and a story from **Rose Boyarsky** recalling her sight of the Hindenburg flying over her high school in Jersey City just hours before its fiery demise.

January 2021, of course, celebrated the creation of a COVID vaccine and looked forward to the time when residents could gather in groups again. A series of interviews with residents explained how they had gotten through the isolation; answers ranged from “learning to read German” by **Phil Baer** to “mastering a recorder” by **Elodie Bentley**. And January 2022 announced our new and updated residents website and explained its usefulness. And, in fact, that website has been the source of the memories shared in this article—for a longer trip into the memories of the past, check out *The Forester* archives posted on the site. Each issue is a fascinating look backwards in time. 🌿



Writing Haiku Poems: Meditative Gratitude Practice

by Catherine Ellen Corlett Berg

I was born and raised in the temperate Pacific Northwest and became a gardener as a young teenager, diligently tending my invalid mother's extensive rose garden. When Sanford and I moved to the University of Florida in Gainesville FL, we experienced a shockingly different climate lacking four distinct seasons. There were endless, blazing, stultifying summer humidity and heat, brief but beautiful autumn, fickle winters with wildly varying temperatures, and fleeting explosion of spring blooms. We enjoyed migratory visitations of birds: glorious goldfinches, vivid Baltimore Orioles, hovering hummingbirds, faithful cardinals, demanding blue jays, chirping sparrows, soaring Sand Hill Cranes, and occasional hawks searching for squirrels. Such rich, subtle beauty to be found in what at first seemed to be just plain, flat, sandy landscape! North Florida ... we learned to love you deeply.

Since childhood I have written poetry, though never as a conscious decision (often resulting in pompous, stilted poems.) Rather, poems rise up often from some deep place, mostly composed, needing only some tweaking. I have learned to trust that subconscious muse.

When I was a middle school teacher in Gainesville, the highlight of the school year was often the early sunny spring day when I was allowed by my principal to lead my seventh grade classes out onto a grassy hillside to spread out quietly, observe deeply, and write their own poems in the Japanese *Haiku* style: three lines of 5-7-5 syllables. *Encyclopedia Britannica* describes Haiku as "an art of expressing much, and suggesting more, in the fewest possible words."

In September 2006, I committed to writing a Haiku every day from close observation of my Florida garden. I tried to observe subtle changes as days and months passed by. I continued this Gratitude Practice into 2007-08, often wandering in the early morning into the wet grass.

Here are three January haikus from different years:

*Battling cold wind
to protect our tender plants:
snow banks of frost cloth.*

*Bare feet and PJ's
as I putter by the pond
this winter morning.*

*Massed blossoms drooping
on the Calamondin bough:
Florida's snowfall!*

Recently, the editor at Chapel Hill Press turned my poems into a volume with a dramatic glossy black cover showing a close-up creamy dogwood branch entitled *A Book of Days: Haiku Gathered in a Florida Garden*. I am grateful to re-experience the birds, plants, trees, and pond that constituted a little paradise outside our Florida kitchen: the tall, swaying pine trees in the front yard; my extensive rose garden next to the driveway; and the towering magnolia tree which we planted as a scrawny six-foot stripling.

Today, gazing out our fourth floor TFAD window into the wintry arms of the elm tree with its community of chattering birds, a new haiku rose up:

*Our Elm sways, reaches
high to blue sky, puffy clouds,
freed of leafy weight.*

For me, *Haiku* is a meditative Gratitude Practice: a way of seeing deeply into the Heart of God. ☸

Last Saturday Singalongs: Renewing a TFAD Tradition

by Sanford Berg

Although I have been unable to determine the precise starting date of the *Forest Last Saturday Singalongs*, **Nancy Michal** told me that before Covid she would pick up a pianist who lived at Croasdaile Retirement Community and bring her here. Her husband **Bill** would lead the singing, drawing upon handouts with song lyrics that residents wanted to sing. She said that they "... had fun doing it!" A group of twenty or so regulars enjoyed the fellowship that comes from singing together.

The songs were primarily drawn from the *Saturday Night Forest at Duke Sing-Along Lyrics Notebook*. Those notebooks were first utilized on January 27, 2018—the result of hours of work by a team of music-lovers. It must have been a labor of love, as people assembled the 193 pages. Copies of the lyrics had been located in vast disorganized files built up over the years. At least ten different fonts appear in the notebook, suggesting a wide variety of sources of the lyrics. Now we have thirty copies of the large binder. Songs in the binder range from "A—You're Adorable" to "You're a Grand Old Flag" with almost three hundred songs in between.

The tradition of Saturday Singalongs ended in March 2020 when Covid shut down so many group activities. In July 2023, **Ralph Nelson** concluded that it was time to renew the monthly activity. He asked if my wife, **Catherine**, would play the piano for the first event and if I would be willing to lead the singing. She was happy to provide music to support the singers, having been our church pianist for forty years in Florida. On the other hand, my only experience with conducting music involved helping with our annual all-church singing of the *Hallelujah Chorus*. I would wave my arms in front of forty men, lifting my hands higher when the notes moved in that direction. Three friends led the other sections. My main task involved keeping the male bass singers from



singing too many energetic *Hallelujahs* at the end of the chorus! So I was unsure about being ready for prime time. Nevertheless, bringing together a group of TFADers who enjoyed singing seemed like a great idea.

We began with minimal advertising and word of mouth. I can report that there's some music for everyone. Children's songs are always fun, especially when hand motions or animal sounds are required ("Itsy, Bitsy Spider" and "Old MacDonald," respectively). Others are patriotic songs like "This Land Is Your Land" written by Woody Guthrie originally in 1940 as a response to Irving Berlin's "God Bless America." He wanted something more down to earth that might appeal to the average American. Western cowboy songs include "Red River Valley," "Oh Susannah," and "Clementine." Blues and Ragtime make up some of our repertoire, including "Bill Bailey" and Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Music from films ("For Me and My Gal") and Broadway musicals provide both boisterous ("Give My Regards to Broadway") and tender songs ("As Time Goes By"). Spirituals ("Amazing Grace") and Barbershop tunes ("By the Light of the Silvery Moon") are two other sources of music.



The website *Healthline* lists ten ways singing improves one's health: singing relieves stress, stimulates the immune response, releases endorphins that promote positive feelings, may reduce snoring, improves lung function, develops a sense of belonging and connection, enhances memory, helps with grief, improves mental health and mood, and helps improve speaking abilities. The article also noted that "... one of the best things about singing is that you don't have to be good at it to reap the rewards." However, I think that Nancy Michal said it best: "Singing together is fun!" Come join us the last Saturday of the month at 7:00 PM in the Party Room. ‡

Ink drawings by Bob Blake

The Art at The Forest: Jane Woodworth

By Deborah Tunstall Tippett

When I first visited friends at The Forest, I was fascinated with several large paintings of older women in bathing suits at the shore. Their joy at being at the beach together showed through their smiles and laughter. When I moved to The Forest, I searched for those paintings, only to discover that the artist, **Jane Woodworth**, had replaced them with large abstract paintings. She told me



A painting from Jane's Beach Series.

that the paintings were of her friends on a beach trip, and she had given all but one of these paintings to them or to their families.

This conversation led to me finding out about Jane's life as an artist. She grew up in Virginia Beach VA and loved all the arts: fine arts, music,

and modern dance. After two years of college, she studied at the Art Academy in Norfolk. She took lessons from the Hungarian artist, Josef Orsolya, who gave her private lessons five days a week. Orsolya had escaped from Europe during World War II and was well known for his portraits and sculptures. She studied everything from charcoal drawings to oil paintings with him. She later earned her BFA from Virginia Commonwealth University in Richmond, after marrying and having four children.

Reflecting on her life, Jane said, "I was always painting." When her children were young, she volunteered to teach art in the elementary schools where there were no art teachers. Jane also taught techniques to help children with hearing impairments correct speech defects. She later traveled all over the world to take workshops and

paint. Her art has been shown in many refereed art shows and earned awards. A highlight of her career was founding the "Art First Gallery" in



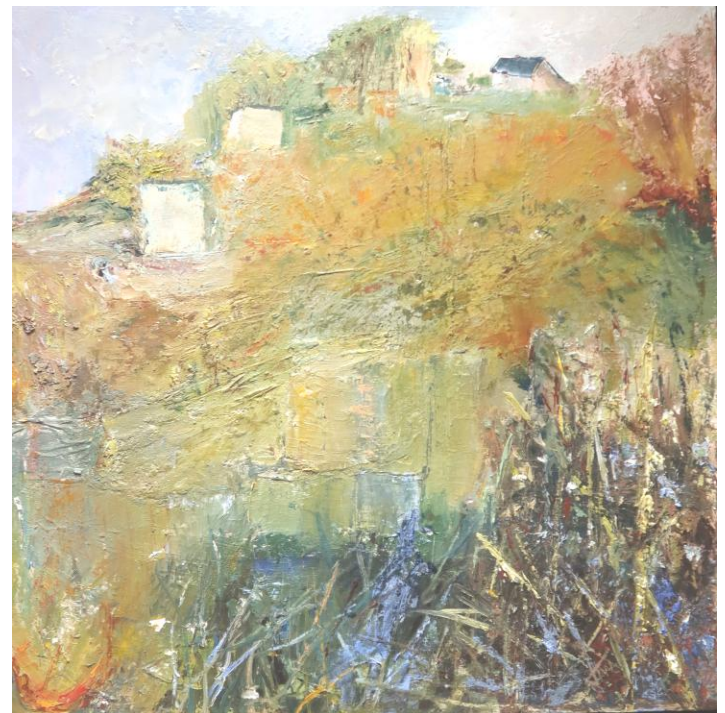
Jane in her TFAD studio

Fredericksburg VA which recently celebrated its 30th anniversary with her as the guest of honor.

As I reviewed her catalog of shows, I noted

her changing styles in mixed mediums. One of her later *Artist's Statements* noted: "My art is the growth towards the edge of uncertainty, the willingness to leave a work at this stage, often unresolved, knowing that there could be more, a change, a further investigation."

Jane moved to The Forest in 2015, and she helped residents in the art studio with their own works until the pandemic. Jane curated a showing of works of residents at The Forest, which can be



Painting inspired by farm fields in Virginia

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Jane Woodworth

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viewed on [YouTube: Skywalk Resident Art Gallery Tour with Jane Woodworth](#).

You can also read more about Jane on [The Forest website blog](#) piece entitled *Growth Toward the Edge of Uncertainty: Exploring Jane Woodworth's World of Art*.

She has explored different media and substrates—for example, “White Rocks” at right was painted on aluminum, and the abstract design below it was painted on an abused piece of *indestructible* building paper.

Be sure to visit Jane’s ad hoc gallery on the second floor wing near her apartment. Be aware that it is a changing gallery. Jane rotates paintings from her collection, and she may sell or give away a favorite painting of yours. I just wish that I had taken photos of those women on the beach. †



“White Rocks,” acrylic on aluminum
inspired by the white rocks of New Mexico



Impressions of hill towns in Italy were a significant theme—specifically in this example, Montepulciano



Abstract design on construction paper



Into the Woods

Our path through life at last will touch the woods.
 As one we clasp our hands and enter in.
 With age the leaves turned red and orange and gold,
 A sign that Spring and Summer were well lived.

Our days concise, the weather cool and crisp.
 We see more clearly now the path ahead.
 Horizon is foreshortened, past outspreads.
 E'en so we gaze before and onward trek.

This evening walk among the trees is peace
 And love thru many decades long accrued.
 Our fears about the world are less acute
 As hope must grow despite some outward gloom.

While strolling we are musing, sorting out
 Life's archives shelved unordered, yet long stored.
 Our memories, dreams, old photos, letters all
 Will tell unique our one and only tale.

Though death more near we dwell not on that end
 But on the pleasures of the woods we walk.
 Each day unique, surprise at every turn.
 We drink the now much more than yet to come.

Today, alone together on this path
 Yet friends and loved ones oft we see and greet.
 They also trace this journey through the woods.
 All pilgrims on this pilgrimage through life.

Painting by Mary Skow, poem by Dan Blazer

Mary Skow is an artist living in College Station TX. She, her husband Loren, Sherrill and I have been friends for over 40 years. Four years ago, when the Skows were visiting with us, Mary asked me to read aloud a poem by Robert Frost. This awakened a longtime interest to write some poetry; and I selected one of Mary's paintings as an inspiration, wrote a poem, and sent it to Mary. She welcomed the poem and sent more paintings. To date over 35 collaborations have emerged, a few of which have been published in a medical journal (at the encouragement of the editor, a close friend of mine). Mary at times posts one of my poems next to the paired painting at art shows. The collaboration continues. — Dan Blazer