

THE FORESTER

Volume 30 Issue 1

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

October 2024

A Memory of 9/11

by Rachel Hamilton

In September 2001, a friend and I left Highlands NC by car, headed to the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario. In Dayton OH, we stopped overnight to pick up another friend. On September 11, we set off for the border crossing at Detroit. At a rest stop near Toledo, we overheard other travelers talking about a disastrous event in New York City. The car radio gave us news of a plane hitting the Twin Towers, causing panic all over the country. We had to make a decision—go back or go on.

Since it was so much closer and Canada might actually be safer, we decided to go on. The three of us contacted children as to our whereabouts and made for the bridge, where amid backed-up traffic, we were met by armed guards (Canadian) who thoroughly examined our car, our possessions, and of course our passports, and reason for being there. When I asked a guard what we might expect on our return in a week's time, he replied, "Why would you go back?" Then he suggested we might go to the crossing at Sarnia, a less busy route. By this time traffic had backed up for miles, causing congestion on the bridge. No trucks were allowed to cross from either side.

Once across the bridge, we continued through southern Ontario. On reaching Stratford and checking into the placid Victorian Inn, with swans floating on the river, we were glued to television reports of the disaster. That evening and all week, performances were subdued as actors along with everybody else were affected by the news. "Falstaff" was not as funny as it should be, and the lead actor made a moving speech afterward in sympathy with Americans. We continued viewing plays but there were empty seats indicating cancellations, because nobody knew what might happen next.



At the end of our visit, we took the guard's advice and made a crossing at Sarnia, where large trucks were still stopped on both sides. It was good to finally get back to Highlands, but very sad to hear of all the deaths and destruction, some affecting families we had known. Americans who experienced or heard about this disaster were a lot less casual about their travel plans in the future. It ended my annual trips to the Shakespeare Festival in Ontario. 🌿



The Forester

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When Dean McCumber retired in June from many years of being the chief layout editor for The Forester, he passed his duties on to Irwin Abrams and Dave Sloan.

In Memoriam

Nancy Anderson	June 5, 2024
Elizabeth H. Locke	July 7, 2024
Lowell Goldsmith	July 10, 2024
William "Bill" Leonard	July 26, 2024
Thomas Vail	July 26, 2024
Cathrine Stickel	August 19, 2024
Joseph Martin	August 28, 2024
Dulcie "Barbara" Smith	September 10, 2024

This and earlier editions of The Forester are available in full-color digital PDF format from the RA Website <https://ForestRes.org>.

President's Podium



By Jim Freedman

The summer is almost gone, giving way to autumn. The 2024 election has dominated the news and will continue to until November 5. You may be tired of the constant bombardment of ads, phone calls, and TV talking heads, but please make every effort to vote. There is plenty of help here at The Forest to assist you with an absentee ballot or getting to the polls for in-person voting. Take advantage of these offerings. The important message is VOTE.

There's another election prior to the national one that is equally important to you. You should be reading this article just prior to the Residents' Association Annual Meeting, where we will be voting on nominees for Treasurer, Secretary, and three new directors. **Sanford Berg** and the nominating committee did a great job in presenting residents with an outstanding slate of candidates, and, when those officers are elected, I'm looking forward to working with them.

The RA Board is a volunteer organization, and though residents were requested to step forward on their own, it is not very effective in providing candidates. This creates the need for a nominating committee to find one excellent nominee per open position. The slate requires majority resident approval—a quorum of the total membership of The Forest present at the annual meeting. I urge you to attend the Annual Meeting.

In addition to a chance to vote, you'll get a review of what the Association has done this past year and the plans for next year. Let's fill the auditorium! We're planning it for 7:00 PM this year, rather than 2:00 PM in the afternoon, to avoid noise from the ongoing construction connecting the current facility to the new Terraces walkway. This time should make it more convenient as well.

Our RA organization functions because a

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Library Science 101:

By Carol Reese

USING THE LIBRARY COLLECTION

Since our Library is self-service, those of us who keep track of the items in the collection depend on residents to complete the charge-out cards for each item they borrow. Whenever you take out anything (books, DVDs, CDs, or puzzles), **PLEASE** fill out the charge card with the current date, your name, and your apartment or cottage number. Once filled out, place it in the silver box on top of the Circulation Desk. The following is an example of what a filled out charge-out card should look like:

B	8458	
Bur	Burke, Tarana	
Unbound: My Story		
Date Loaned	Borrower's Name	Date Returned[use for Apt./Cot #]
10/5/21	C. Reese	4035

We use that third column, labeled "Date Returned," for the apartment or cottage number. Your cooperation in providing complete information will help us keep track of the collection. FYI: all items are checked out for three weeks at a time and can be renewed for another three weeks.

CURRENT BOOK EXHIBIT

The summer book exhibit highlighted books on Amazing Women; the current exhibit which runs through October highlights Great Heroines in literature, such as Anne Frank's *Diary of a Young Girl* or the young girl Scout in Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*. You might have read these books some time ago, but it's time to re-read them in order to gain more insight into the story.

RECOMMENDATIONS

If you have any recommendations for either adding to the collection or adding a new service, please leave a note at the Circulation Desk or in my internal mailbox #4035. After all, this is your library! †

President's Podium

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variety of IL residents volunteer to participate in the directors' working committees, as well as heading or working in various subcommittees within those committees. The entire community benefits from their efforts. Sometimes these activities lose key personnel for a variety of reasons, and the board, through the director, works to find suitable replacement leaders.

Most of the time this process is successful. Sometimes, however, the process needs help by turning to community members to independently step forward. We have two such needs out there today. **Lynn Langmeyer** is stepping down after years of heading the Gift Shop. If you enjoy shopping there, it's because of Lynn's efforts in

extending and adapting the successful format of the Gift Shop. The Gift Shop is a subcommittee under **Cindie Diehl**, chair of the Resident Services Committee, and Cindie requests your assistance in finding someone to replace Lynn and keep the shop functioning. If you are interested or know someone who might be a candidate, contact Cindie at 919-489-5607 (landline) or email her at cdiehl913@hotmail.com.

Assistance is also needed for maintenance of the RA website. No programming experience is required, but some exposure to maintaining a website and/or WordPress would be beneficial. If you are interested or would like more information, contact **Irwin Abrams**, Information Technology Committee Chair, at 508-259-9773 or email him at irwinabrams@gmail.com. †

Welcome New Residents

John and Carole LeBar

Apt 2028

John: 919 302-1659 jlebar@duke.edu

Carole: 919 384-7898 feefeelebar@gmail.com

Give a warm welcome to John, Carole, and their friendly Lab mix Rosie, who moved into The Forest in June, joining previous friends here. Avid sports lovers, the LeBars enjoy tennis, golf, swimming, and fitness. They met and married in 1975 when John was Carole's tennis coach.



John was born in Kansas City KS and was one of four boys who were into all sports. He attended Kansas City Community College as a History major, then received his BS degree from Kansas State Teachers College, majoring in Physical Education and History. He also attended Kansas State College at Emporia, receiving an MS degree in Physical Education and a minor in Counseling. John received an EdD at Duke University in Higher Education Administration, with a minor in Sociology.

John was in the US Army from 1954 to 1956 and the Army Reserves from 1957 to 1964, with an ending rank of Sergeant. He has been a teacher, professor, and coach at Duke for 47 years, and was for 19 years the Co-Director of the Duke Children's Classic Tennis Tournament. He started and directed the Duke Children's Sports Camp. He was also the Director of Duke Faculty Club for 8 years. A longtime member and President of the North

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Lisa Camel

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We welcome Lisa Camel who comes to us from Durham where she has lived for the last four years in the Village Hearth cohousing community for adults 55+. Lisa grew up in St. Louis MO and attended college and law school at Washington University in St. Louis. After law school, she worked at AT&T as a benefits and mergers and acquisitions attorney. During her employment with AT&T, she was transferred from St. Louis to San Antonio to Dallas. Desiring to avoid further transfers she left AT&T for employment at Comerica Bank in Dallas where she was a Senior Benefits Attorney until retirement in April 2020. For retirement living she preferred a less congested area than Dallas. Even though her sister and brothers live in Connecticut and California, she decided against those places for her own retirement. In 2020 she moved to Durham, lived at Village Hearth, and researched the CCRCs in the area. Luckily for us she chose The Forest.

Lisa's volunteer activities include financial advocacy and animal rescue. While working at Comerica Bank, she taught financial planning to children and to homeless persons. At Safe Haven in Raleigh, she worked with cats who were abused or neglected to help resocialize them so that adoption was possible. Lisa currently lives with three cats—one of whom is a Sphynx named Gus who enjoys on-leash walks around The Forest campus.

For entertainment Lisa enjoys golf, pickleball, mahjong, and reading. 🌿



Welcome New Residents

John and Carole LeBar

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Carolina Association of Health, Physical Education and Coaches, John was runner-up in 1982 for National Tennis Coach of the Year. His published works include *Learning Tennis Together* and *Marching Toward Madness: College Sports on the Brink of Disaster*. Here at The Forest, John's interests include water aerobics, all sports, and current politics.

Carole is a native of York PA (Pennsylvania Dutch country). She received both her BSN and MSN from Duke Nursing School where she learned she did not want to be a nurse but rather a psychotherapist. During that time, however, she was awarded membership in Sigma Theta Tau, an international nursing honorary and was listed in Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. She then discovered a special training center in Chapel Hill—The Southeast Institute—where she trained for years in the “how to's” of psychotherapy, followed by a 30+ year career at Structure House in Durham, a center for eating disorders of all kinds. Carole's avocation has always been animals (especially rescue). She volunteered for over 30 years at three different shelters. She also enjoys sports—more participating than watching. Here at The Forest, she plans to focus on swimming, fitness, and people. She loves getting to know and learn about as many people as possible.

The LeBar's blended family include children Leja LeBar, a semi-retired real estate agent in Atlanta; Rhonda Jenkins, an entrepreneur in Spotsylvania PA; Kristin Rich, an occupational therapist in Saunderstown RI; and Alison Anderson, a certified veterinary technician in Chapel Hill. They have two grandsons and one great granddaughter. †

Roni Siegal

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A warm welcome to Roni, who moved to The Forest at the end of March. Born in Elizabeth NJ, she has been a lifetime physical education, health, and sports teacher, and coach. She grew up in the metropolitan New York and New Jersey area and taught for 32 years in central New Jersey, also developing Parks and Recreation programs, and was involved in initiating and developing a Girls' Little League softball program. She also mentored and tutored students in math and reading during her career. Roni received a BS in Physical Education and Health from Ithaca College in 1971 and an MS in this area from Penn State University in 1973.



In 2005 she retired to Provincetown MA; there she developed a love for creating stained glass and fused glass, with an emphasis on treasures found on local beaches, mainly sea glass with shells, pottery, and pebbles, which she sold in a Cape Cod art gallery. She also worked as a volunteer in a soup kitchen. Roni later moved to Florida and shifted her focus to fused glass art. We look forward to seeing an exhibit of her very interesting artwork!

Following a major change in her personal life and a short move to a Durham senior cohousing community, Roni feels The Forest is a good fit, finding it diverse and well run. She is acclimating to our offerings and will be interested in serving on some of the committees and participating in exercise classes, as well as attending lectures and programs in our community. †

The Forester needs articles! Think about writing — you have good stories.

Snakes, Critters, and Thunderbirds

by Joan Seiffert

When I looked out the front window and saw a collection, known as a “rhumba,” of baby rattlers assembled at the puddle of water at the end of our driveway, it never occurred to me that they were doing the rumba. I counted; there were twenty-two baby snakes and a long black adult gathered at the end of our driveway. I kept the kids inside.

I was already used to shaking out my shoes to empty them of any scorpions that might be hiding there. At least I now knew that they travelled in pairs and if I had seen one, I should look for another nearby. The crunch of tarantulas under my tires when I drove beneath a street lamp was by now almost a sporting occasion. And, yes, each black, furry spider was as big as a hand.

From our first day in Del Rio when our two-year old had gone out to the sandy yard around our off-base house, and her father had hurried to end the life of a rattler with a hoe, I knew this wasn't Kansas. It was West Texas.

Soon we moved into base officers' quarters where the grass was to be kept lush and green and no more than two inches tall. The lawn grass would be measured. Weekly. Something else was measured as this was the time of mini skirts. A sergeant with a ruler was stationed at base commissary where any woman with a skirt more than three inches above the knee was denied entry.

Our small family was living on Brown Street next to the clearly visible flightline. I could tell the kids, “That's where your Daddy is teaching men how to fly airplanes.” Between us and the flightline was desert: sand, saguaro cacti, sand, and hearty weeds. And sand. This was a USAF pilot training base, and my husband Jack was a flying instructor there from 1963 to 1967. We had not exactly made friends with the scorpions, tarantulas, and rattlesnakes, but we had learned to co-exist.

My neighbor had a more intimate exchange with a rattler. She had phoned me one day, frantic, “There's a snake in my house!” She had fled to a

back bedroom with the kids and stuffed a towel under the door after calling the air base police. “Where's the snake now?” I had asked. Pause. In a small voice, she answered. “I don't know.” She climbed out of the bedroom window, persuading the two kids that it was okay to jump. Mama would catch them.

As if there weren't enough routine daily drama, living on the desert with its natural inhabitants, along came the Thunderbirds.

The Thunderbirds were the envy of every pilot. If a pilot qualified, his job was to travel around the US stunt flying for admiring crowds of townspeople and base residents. The T-birds, six to eight pilots supported by technicians on the ground keeping the planes in excellent condition, were ready. The stunt flying was scheduled over the field at Laughlin AFB in West Texas on a hot Saturday afternoon. Our house, so close to the fence, was to be the site of the after-party, a routine celebration after the Thunderbirds' show.

This demonstration of daredevil flying was within a quarter mile of our officers' quarters such that we could take the kids out our front door and have front row views of the flightline, standing by the fence, with other base families. We listened, hearing the low rumble as four planes seemed to come from nowhere. “Here they come!” Now making slow passes over the flightline, then swooping and belly-up, weaving a pattern among themselves, narrowly missing each other's wing tips. Such oohing and aahing. Then they disappeared quickly, only to zoom back to show more stunts. I was transfixed, in awe.

The finale was always the “Bomb Burst,” as it was known. We knew how it was to go: four jets, each from a different direction, low and fast, came together in vertical tunnel over the field. Then the last pilot was to come up through the middle, flying high and higher, disappearing into the “wild, blue yonder.”

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You Can Have an Impact

by Robyn Sloan

Maybe you support the concept of protecting the environment and the future of our planet, but you glaze over when faced with all the details and promotions. You are committed to the convenience of your habits, but you still hope there are some practical actions that might not be too troublesome. You recognize that if you act—but your neighbor doesn't—then your actions may be futile.

Before I try to pep you up with some simple useful tips, contemplate Rachel Carson's words for a moment: "[We are] challenged as mankind has never been challenged before to prove our maturity and our mastery, not of nature, but of ourselves." Helping ourselves to a healthy planet begins with each one of us. The individual integrity that each of us shows today may just be enough inspiration for our neighbor to join the effort.

Some steps we can take reap immediate rewards, such as turning off a car engine if it sits for more than one minute: every 15 minutes of idling uses a quarter gallon of gas. Other choices, such as using bar soap rather than liquids in plastic containers, seem less obvious until you consider the plastic materials surrounding the soap. But these are easy to do without too much inconvenience.

Here are some easy but effective practices to think about starting today: use powdered dish and laundry detergent to avoid plastic pods or containers. Avoid Ziplock bags, plastic wrap, and aluminum foil by storing your food in reusable storage containers. Take your own reusable bags when you go shopping anywhere. Use a dish rag to wipe up spills and avoid the overuse of paper towels and their plastic wrappings. Carry a water bottle and shun plastic bottle use. Turn off lights and unplug heat-producing appliances not in use. Don't set your thermostat too high or too low.

Shopping locally reduces excess packaging and delivery costs; if you must shop online, cluster purchases rather than getting deliveries every day. Turn off the faucet while brushing your teeth. Consider the rinse—turn off water—soap up—rinse method of showering. Organize your cleaning and beauty supplies so that you avoid purchasing items you already have. Stop buying and gifting toys and gadgets with batteries. When you can, use electricity during the off-peak hours; in summer in NC that's 6:00 PM to 2:00 AM.

You CAN have an impact on both the environment and your own self-respect. When it comes to our planet's health, nobody gets there unless everybody gets there. If you change your mindset, you can change your whole world. ♪

Joan Seiffert

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That did not happen this day. Even as I write now, my stomach tightens, recalling and re-seeing what comes next.

Oh, the jet planes did come in from the four directions; the lone pilot did begin his vertical spin upward through the tunnel. And then...oh, God! We saw the wings drop off, the fuselage continuing its vertical spin skyward. We grabbed our kids and turned to flee. Glancing at the sky we saw a parachute! The pilot had ejected, floating slowly to-

ward the desert beneath. The fuselage made a great arc and headed straight down, digging a deep, ugly hole in the sand and cactus. Smoke! Fire! The pilot landed, rolling, then standing up and waving.

What did I learn that hot Saturday in West Texas? Planes do fall out of the sky.

My husband was a professional pilot and he flew planes, and they can and do fall out of the sky. One had done that. Right in front of me. ♪

These Are the Times that Try Men's Souls

By Ralph Nelson with Beth Timson

In April of 1775, the battles at Lexington and Concord initiated open fighting to free the colonies from British rule. Although the patriots failed to capture Canada, they captured Fort Ticonderoga and transported its cannon to force the British to abandon the city of Boston.

The tide turned in June of 1776, when British warships sailed into New York's harbor and landed an army on Staten Island. For the next five months the Redcoats won every battle, taking New York and driving the patriot troops back through New Jersey and across the Delaware River.

The initial patriot militia commitments would end on December 31 of that year, and the men would return home. It was already Christmas, and if General Washington didn't win a battle very soon, the nascent states might refuse to send him more troops, and the Revolution would be over. What could be done to boost the morale of the troops?

Fortunately, an experienced writer named Thomas Paine had joined the army in

New York. He wrote an inspirational tract to strengthen their resolve before they left for a surprise dawn attack on Hessian troops occupying Trenton, NJ. Whether it was Washington's strategy of crossing the icy Delaware River by night or Paine's moving words, the troops fought with renewed enthusiasm. They captured the Hessian garrison at Trenton, NJ and two days later won the Battle of Princeton. Washington's never-say-defeat attitude and Paine's words are good to remember when times seem dark for democracy. †



Washington Crossing the Delaware, by Emanuel Leutze, 1851

Excerpts from Thomas Paine's tract "The American Crisis"

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman... Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly. It is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that GOD Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupported to perish, if they have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the unbeliever in me as to suppose that HE has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils.

I turn with the warm ardor of a friend to those who have nobly stood and are determined to stand the matter out. I call not upon a few, but upon all: not on THIS State or THAT State, but on EVERY State. Rise up and help us. Lay your shoulders to the wheel; better have too much force than too little, when so great an object is at stake. Let it be told to the future world that in the depth of winter, when nothing but hope and virtue could survive, that the city and the country, alarmed at one common danger, came forth to meet and to repulse it. Say not that thousands are gone, turn out your tens of thousands; throw not the burden of the day upon Providence, but "show your faith by your works" that GOD may bless you. It matters not where you live or what rank of life you hold, the evil or the blessing will reach you all. The far and the near, the home counties and the back country, the rich and the poor, will suffer or rejoice alike.

By perseverance and fortitude, we shall have the prospect of a glorious outcome.

December 23, 1776.