

## Jenna Griffith, Activities Coordinator

by Joanne Ferguson

Jenna came to us in July 2013, already possessing the photographic and graphic skills that are so valuable in the Activities Department. She has been an owner of a photography business both in Cincinnati and Durham and covers weddings on the weekends. She says wedding photography is pretty rigorous.

She was born in Cincinnati, OH, and lived and worked there until she and her husband, Quenten, moved to Durham. Her mother was an archeologist and worked as a surgical tech, her father a teacher of history, who coached football at the high school where he taught. She and her mother used to hike in the Brush Creek/Serpent Mound Site in Ohio, where Jenna later became an Archeological and Pho-



tography assistant. She completed two years of cultural anthropology courses at the University of Cincinnati and earned an associate degree in digital imaging and business applications at the Ohio Institute of Photography and Technology in Dayton.

To take advantage of Jenna's and Ibby Wooten's digital imaging skills the Activities Department has invested in Adobe Creative Suite, which is a magical tool. For example, when Jenna was photographing a large group and a person walked in front at the last minute, she was able to remove the inadvertent interloper without erasing the image behind. "Content Aware" is the Photoshop tool that makes this possible.

Jenna worked at the Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County, where she functioned as a reference librarian as well as preparing financial reports and teaching computer classes for senior citizens in office programs and internet usage. As I read over her resume it becomes obvious that she could



Lew and Jenna

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**The Forester**

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**In Memoriam**

Muriel Kirkland February 2, 2014

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**President's Podium**

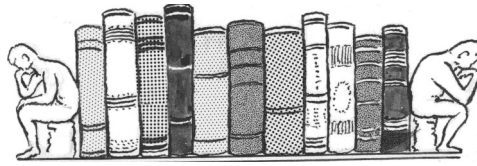
by Dale Harris

We residents of The Forest at Duke really like to know what is going on. In fact we like to stay right up to date with our information, and that is definitely a good thing. There have been two very recent efforts to advise us about that. They are New Resident Orientation Programs and Mentoring which sprang from the desire to help new residents acclimate. Both were launched in the last two years. Chuck King has been the moving force and leader of the effort on the Monday morning programs and Scott Hughes has energized and molded the Mentoring. Both have done and are doing outstanding jobs.

I want to focus attention on the Monday morning programs which, in truth, give **all** of us a great opportunity to hear from the TFAD Executive Team leading presentations. The Staff, led by Steve Fishler, has been very helpful in arranging presentations in the areas of Activities, Dining, Facilities Services, Health Care Finances, Safety and Emergency, and Finance plus Administrative-Resident Teams presentations about Resident Services and the Forest Board/Administration. We like to be informed but what we also really like to do is to ask questions. This is our chance to inquire about what is on our minds from the TFAD Executive Staff. There will also be a session called "State and Local Orientation" that Lou McCutcheon is ably arranging. This will have information on festivals going on in this area and, in addition, even include some field trips to local places of interest for us.

This year is a trial year to see what is helpful to you. Hope to see many of you on Mondays at 10:30 in the Auditorium.

## Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

As I am writing this it is snowing – sleeting? – again outside my window, but when you read this, spring will be just around the corner. We will all want to be outdoors, enjoying warm weather pursuits, but there are still some good books to entice us back inside (or maybe on the balcony/deck just outside) to enjoy.

Among the newest ones are several listed here. Two historical, two contemporary, all thought-provoking.

Sue Monk Kidd's *The Invention of Wings* is a novel about the real-life Grimké sisters, Sarah and Angelina, daughters of a slave owner, jurist and prominent member of Charleston, SC, society, and their lives as abolitionists and advocates of women's rights in slave-owning Charleston and "up North," in the years between 1803 and 1838. Little known now, they were influential in the early years of both struggles. Famous among abolitionists, infamous to slave owners, they were once prohibited from returning to Charleston under threat of arrest. Alternate chapters are told by the fictional Handful, Sarah's slave friend, who gives the other side of the picture, uncomfortable yet inspiring to read.

*The Book Thief* by Marcus Zusak has recently been made into a movie of the same name. Slow reading to begin with, it is the moving story of a young girl in 1939 Nazi Germany who steals books and shares them with her Jewish neighbors.

Acclaimed author Joyce Carol Oates has a new book, *Carthage*, not about the ancient city, but about a contemporary town and the disappearance of a young girl. This "rocks a community and family in this stirring examination of grief, faith, justice and the atrocities of war."

Another contemporary work, *This Dark Side*

*of Mercy*, is by North Carolinian Wiley Cash, and is "a resonant novel of love and atonement, blood and vengeance, set in western North Carolina, involving two young sisters, a wayward father, and an enemy determined to see him pay for his sins."

I haven't read them all yet, but the blurbs from the bookseller made them all sound intriguing!

Subject Change. Perhaps some new residents are unaware that our Library houses MANY jigsaw puzzles, to be taken out without signing a card (honor system!) and returned when finished. They are to be found on the shelves in the copier room, next to the main room, and are loosely arranged by number of pieces (300, 500, 750, 1000). Please return them there when you bring them back.

Those puzzles are the usual kind, with a picture of the finished puzzle on the front of the box to help you find the right piece. However, in addition, we have another group, on other shelves nearby, in white boxes with NO picture to help you. Very challenging! A recent patron proudly showed me her completed one – a task she had not thought she could accomplish – and declared that this challenge is excellent for older brains to master. She added that we should not be afraid to tackle them. These are special puzzles, of small wooden pieces, intricately carved by a man named Rinka, and are uncommon enough that we ask you to sign them out (the card is inside the box) and place that card in the holder provided for them. On returning, replace your signed card back in its puzzle box.

Don't forget that there will be rainy days in the spring for reading and puzzle making! These activities are not just for the snowy weather I see today.

I'll see you at the "New In The Library" book cart, or in the copier room!



**Jenna Griffith** continued

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function in almost any position The Forest offers.

She and Quenten, who works in RTP as an IT security person, live in a 1939 bungalow on Chapel Hill Road in Durham with two dogs and two cats. Their Pembroke Corgi, Llewellen, or Lew for short, is a rescue dog who spent the first two years of his life in a cage. When the Griffiths brought him out into the world, he was terrified of everything, especially the TV. They supplied him with his own therapy dog, a Border Collie/ Cocker mix named Ellie. He and Ellie are good companions, though the TV still makes him nervous. Their household includes two

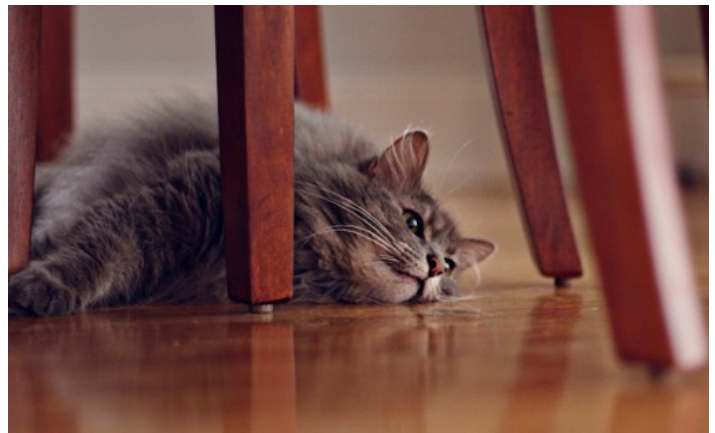
cats, Nephie and Isis. Ellie condescends to play with the cats, but Lew is still shy of them.

Jenna and Quenten are makers of beer and wine. "We usually have two kegs of beer going at once in the utility room." She says timing is very important in wine making, which continues fermentation in the bottle for six months. She once bottled some wine before its bucket fermentation had gone long enough, and some bottles exploded, sounding like gun shots. According to Jenna, Cincinnati, with its large German population, has the largest Oktoberfest inside the USA. Jenna and Quenten look for-

*(Continued on page 5)*



Ellie



Nephie



Isis



## Jenna Griffith continued

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ward to a beer tasting with The Forest's Pat Gallagher and her husband, that other Pat.



Homemade Kegerator



Jenna and Quenten

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## **Sycamore Row** **by John Grisham**

A Review by Peggy Quinn

It was a Sunday morning, it was raining, and there was a body hanging from the old sycamore tree. He was dressed in his Sunday best ... looked like he had just stopped on his way home from church. Come to find out it was Seth Hubbard, the owner of a large farm in Clanton, Mississippi. Hubbard was a man who kept to himself but everyone in Ford County knew that he was dying of lung cancer. It appeared to most folks that he just wanted to beat the pain. There was a note. He took full responsibility for the hanging and gave great details as to how the funeral services should be conducted.

And so begins John Grisham's latest novel. Grisham takes us back a few years and reintroduces Jake Brigance, the street lawyer who gained prominence for his performance in a previous, racially charged case. In it he won notoriety for his conviction of white men in the murder trial of a black man accused of killing the men who raped and killed his young daughter. It was a trial unlike any other for a small southern town and Jake Brigance was the local hero as well as the target of Klan members seeking revenge.

The day after Seth Hubbard has hanged himself, a letter arrives for Jake Brigance, hand written by the dead man, including a will signed and dated on the day before Seth died. It leaves explicit instructions for how the terms of the will should be expedited. Hubbard's estate, valued at 24 million, has been left to one person, Lettie Lang, his black housekeeper. There is a glitch. Seth Hubbard had another will drawn up by a team of high priced lawyers at an earlier date.

In his deathbed letter, Seth renounces the first will, which left his estate to his children. There are a son and a daughter, both greedy and unscrupulous people who had no love for a father they barely knew. The plot thickens as teams of big-time lawyers descend on the small town, all hoping to prove the handwritten will is bogus and not to be considered.

John Grisham, himself a lawyer, is a natural-born story teller and his legal dramas highlight his particular ability to make courtroom intrigue come to life. *Sycamore Row* is no exception. There is suspense, legal intrigue, and a fine sense of restitution and justice. There are twists and turns and a grand finale as some of the questions that arise are answered. Why did Seth Hubbard change his mind and leave a handwritten will giving everything to his black housekeeper, as his opponents claim, "making a black woman the richest person in the state of Mississippi?"

Grisham, true to form, leaves us with answers as well as feelings of great satisfaction. The body hanging on the sycamore tree has had a proper burial. His last will and testament has been honored, racial barriers have been explored, and a feeling of closure has crept over the town of Clanton, Mississippi. For the moment peace prevails.



## More Dogs at The Forest

Compiled and captioned by **Maija Harrington**



Alfie (officially Alfie la Crème) is Ben and Celeste King's one-year-old male Yorkshire terrier.



Sadie Mae is Alice and Jonathan Peeler's 5-year-old Pembroke Welsh Corgi.



Hershey and Fritz are Jackie Bruce's 8-year-old long-haired Dachshunds.



Daisy is Fran and Doug Whitfield's 12-year-old West Highland White Terrier, or Westie.

Dolly is Fran and Doug Whitfield's 16-month-old Scottish Terrier, or Scottie.



## Indian Ancestry

by Carol Scott

Many of us are interested in our ancestry, and it has become easier and easier over the years to trace it back. Where in the past we relied on family stories (often with some degree of fiction involved), or visits to the Courthouse for census, land, birth, and death records (copied by hand into ledger books before photocopiers were invented), now with the advent of the Internet we can find out much of what we wish to know while sitting at home in front of our computers.

Still, these records go back only so far. And they are imperfect, showing only what the author knew--or wanted to share with others. But now there is the possibility--for less than \$200 --to acquire a kit that with a cheek swab sent to a genealogy lab will give one information (but not names) about generations of nationalities and geographic locations. While I am sure of English, German, and a smidgen of French ancestry, who knows where those English, German and French ancestors originated? Russia? Asia? Even Africa? I am tempted to order one of those kits....

In my youth there was only speculation, along with family stories. One particular summer comes to mind. My mother, two sisters and I were spending that summer in Connecticut with my mother's sister and her family and their aunt. When we arrived from the South they were already speculating on possible Indian ancestry (I think it was about that time that Indian tribes were beginning to own casinos, and their members were becoming wealthy).

It seemed, from their frequent conversations,

that we had an ancestor four generations back from them named Mercy Toothaker. And of course Toothaker could only be an Indian name. What English person would have a name like that? (It is a name still in use, however, for there is currently a rapper named Isaiah Toothaker from Tucson, AZ.) But to prove our Indian genes, my aunts said, one had only to look at my cousin David, in whom the visible Indian-ness had come down the generations. He was tall, had high cheekbones, and, especially, very bronzed skin. The aunts were ready to join a tribe!

As speculation went on it began to dawn on these ladies that David was bronzed because he was a lifeguard at a beach every summer. And his cheekbones were really not that high. And it turned out that Elijah Toothaker was actually Mercy's second husband, and we are descended from her THIRD, Abner Bray. No casino shares for us!

However, there is always that other family story, about Meribah Wardwell, six generations back from me, said to be the daughter of an Indian chief and a captured English settler.....Maybe I'd better look into that.... Or buy one of those kits.

There may be some Indian-owned casino waiting for us to join.



## Mystery: Falafel Platter

(igoogledisrael.com)

by Bill Harrington

I picked up the menu for February and saw the words Falafel Platter in red. I hate to admit my ignorance but I wondered, “What in the heck is this?” My first thought was, “It must be one of those vegetarian things I’ve never heard of.” I decided to skip it and choose another entrée. I always feel guilty when I do that, so I added a New Year’s resolution to my list.

I opened a website and the first words I saw were Middle East. When Maija and I arrived at The Forest four years ago, we were told that there were three topics that were always off-limits for discussion: politics, religion, and the Middle East. Of course, I set out to talk to my fellow residents about all three. For those of you who know me, this is probably not a surprise.

Falafel is a fried ball of seasoned chickpeas – hugely popular in Israel. Falafel is so popular that it has reached icon status in recent times and would most likely be the official food of Israel if such a designation existed. Falafel is actually popular throughout the Middle East as a street food and as an appetizer.

*Instructions for eating:* Using a knife and fork is forbidden. Must be like trying to eat Southern fried chicken with utensils. That “approach” simply kills the taste. A street vendor usually serves your falafel balls in a pita with as much salad stuffed in as possible. I assume the reason for this is to fool your cholesterol into believing that the little round fried balls are good for you. As you hold the concoction in your hand, don’t forget the tahini sauce. Once you take a bite, the sauce is supposed to trickle down your chin. This is called authenticity. You will need lots of napkins.

What is tahini sauce, you might ask. I had to look that up too. It’s a sauce made of sesame paste,

lemon, garlic, water, and salt. After consuming several delicious messy pitas with falafel balls, I’d suggest a breath mint – no make that a handful of mints. The alternative would be to keep your distance when talking to your friends about politics, religion, and the Middle East.

## Three Handkerchiefs

by Ann Marie Langford

Some of us from TFAD on a recent Sunday afternoon went to Duke Chapel to hear David Arcus in concert on the Flentrop organ. The stained glass windows, brilliant on our arrival, slowly faded, and we grew accustomed to beautiful sound in a darkening chapel. Suddenly I was aware of an untoward event beside me. Tissues from my pocket were insufficient, but from behind us a southern gentleman’s head appeared over the pew with a handkerchief. Gratefully accepted and used, it was then augmented with yet another clean, ironed, monogrammed linen square.

The concert ended, we rose applauding and turned around to see David in the organ loft and to thank our benefactor, who said he had been prepared because his mother had cautioned him to always carry three, “One for show, one to blow, and one for the lady who may not know.” (May not know she needs one or even three!) He also said he had no need of the handkerchiefs, that his drawers were filled with these past gifts of boxes of them from aunts.

We learned his name and that he is to be married on February 15 in Raleigh. We wish you well, Jack Lewis.

## Winter

by Carol Oettinger

It may be balmy when you read this, but on the day this was written the thermometer read 15. We had just had about three inches of snow, which always shuts everything down in North Carolina. It got into single digit temperatures afterward which, happily, are rare here down South.

George Chandler and I got talking about our youth in Wisconsin. He remembered a month in which the temperature was ten degrees below zero or less for a month. His college roommate had a down jacket and George had no warm outerwear. They had classes at different times so the jacket was shared. He also remembered the snowdrifts that were higher than cars. People began to put bright colored tennis balls atop their radio antennas so they could be seen at corners. Both of us remembered going to school in layers of clothing. He remembered one teacher who hung all the damp clothes on the radiators in the room and the smell of drying wool. I remembered wearing long underwear and long stockings held up by a garter belt. When we got to school we rushed to roll up the long underwear.

I have a picture of myself standing on a snowdrift and holding my hand above the telephone wires. I also remember the two-day blizzards. On the morning after, the huge snowdrifts were sparkling like diamonds. The temperature was always below zero. All the kids put on layers of clothing, wool hats and several scarves until only our eyes showed, and then we went out to play.

It was fun then, but I had my fill of snow and cold. I'm happy to be a North Carolinian, where a few days of it makes us appreciate all the great weather we enjoy.

## Here for Life

by Ned Arnett

Yes, you could say that you're "in for life," spending your hours, weeks and years with your fellow inmates on Death Row waiting for the end of your sentence. Perhaps you withdraw, to be "in solitary," or are suffering cruel and all-too-usual punishment—  
racked by arthritis, or whatever, joint by joint. But you're innocent! You're just "doing the time"  
when living too long is your only crime.

You could also say that you're here for **LIFE**, not to mention Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness!  
Each day is a gift from the time your feet hit the floor  
until you doze off at night. Don't miss a bit of it. You could make a list of the big things to enjoy: fellow residents; old friends and new "birds of a feather"  
you've just gotten to know, who share your life-time interests;  
your fifty-year-old "kids," your grandchildren. And don't forget the transient little things: the smell of  
freshly ground coffee, a distant train whistle at night,  
off the road and back in the woods, copper beeches in winter,  
and in spring, dogwood blossoms.  
This is just a short list of what is waiting for you. Make the most of it.

## The Night

by Bruce Rubidge

The dusk begins to fall,  
Thoughts turn to darkness,  
All the fears of humankind arise once more,  
The mind and spirit waver.  
A candle flickers, casting a tiny light  
Against the doubt and its attendant fear.  
Gales born of these emotions  
Threaten that tiny light.  
It flickers, seems to die, returns to life, endures.  
The darkened sky begins to turn to gray,  
Beams of light stream o'er the far horizon,  
The night's cold eases,  
A touch of warmth is felt.  
Dawn comes,  
Life goes on.  
Against the night of fearful doubt,  
The tiny light of faith has won another day.

## Identity

by Barbara Birkhead

Like a blade of grass, you bend  
With each breeze, regardless of direction  
The mower cuts you to fit its whim  
And you don't complain.  
Some wayward dog overwhelms you  
With more fertilizer than you need.  
You wither, and then return  
As if your only goal were to form a  
Carpet for some feet.  
I do not know who you are.

## Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



1944-45 mystery



Chicago Sophomore

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## Puzzle