



Volume 20 Issue 1

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

October 2014

Jess Smith, Dining Coordinator

by Joanne Ferguson

When **Jessica Smith** came to work at The Forest in March of this year, there was some initial discussion about how to distinguish between our two Jessicas, including the possibility of Jessica 1 and Jessica 2; but since her friends already called her Jess, that settled the question. Jess's main job is supporting the dining department's directors and management. She publishes menus, handles dining reservations, meets with residents wishing to have any type of food-related event, inputs invoices for the department, and deals with billing questions, among other administrative duties.

She was born in Chapel Hill. Her mother showed quarter horses and competed in dressage and jumping, winning national awards. Jess often accompanied her to horse shows. Her dad has retired from the faculty at UNC medical school and her mom is now an RN at UNC.

Her whole family helped build her parent's house, her childhood home, in Pittsboro, with a barn and shed for her mother's horses, and where her parents still live. Her sister Alex is nine years younger than Jess and is a recent college grad from Appalachian State. She is now working as an event assistant in Charlotte.

Her missionary grandparents were a large presence in her childhood. They had a farm outside Greensboro; her grandfather was an engineer who worked for the state. Her grandmother was president of the Women's Missionary Union.



Photo by Sue Murphy

When she was eight years old these grandparents took her with them on a mission trip to Czechoslovakia, with stops elsewhere in Europe. Every year they hosted various international families who lived locally. Jess remembers fondly the routine reading of the Christmas story every Christmas.

Born with hip dysplasia, Jess, when she was too young to remember, was put in leg braces. However, she then started dance lessons when she was two and a half. She performed dance and gymnastics until high school, when she had to choose between them. She chose dance. She went to North Carolina School of the Arts, graduated from high school when she was 17; then had a summer intensive at Juilliard. Her stay in New York City was very regimented: up

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

David Emery Wolfe	June 3, 2014
Grover Smith	June 10, 2014
Miriam Zweig	July 15, 2014
Amory "Bud" Parmentier	July 26, 2014
Gordon Kenneth Klintworth	August 8, 2014
Bernice Stecker	August 13,

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

Please mark 2 pm on Monday, October 20, on your calendar as that is our Quarterly Meeting of the Residents' Association and we hope you will be there. We will elect a secretary and treasurer for two year terms and three directors for three year terms. The Nominations and Elections Subcommittee submitted its slate of nominees to each of you in August and you may submit further nominations no later than Monday, October 6. At our October 10 Social Hour you will have an opportunity to "meet and greet" the candidates. If you anticipate being absent from the October 20 meeting, you may vote by absentee ballot (obtainable from our Secretary, Shirley Few, prior to 5 pm on October 19) with that completed ballot received by Shirley Few prior to the time of the meeting on October 20.

At that October 20 meeting, your advice will also be sought about an inactive Resident Association Volunteer Committee called "Neighbor to Neighbor." Several years ago there was such a group of resident volunteers, but it has not been functioning recently and your RA Board wants your help in determining whether it is desirable to try to reactivate it and whether it can realistically be staffed by resident volunteers at the present time. The Volunteer Services which were offered were:

Assist with Simple Mending; Take Resident's Car to Be Washed; Reading to Visually Impaired; Shopping/Errands; Typing; Transport to Clinic Appointment; and Translation Services.

During our renovation and remodeling, please forward any of your comments, questions, or recommendations to Sandy Mouras, Executive Secretary in Administration (919-419-4003). She will assure that the appropriate person receives your communication.

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Welcome back to this column after the summer hiatus!

However, I do not have to welcome readers back to the Library, for we have had a very brisk readership during the summer months.

Many new books have been recently acquired, including the newest mysteries by Laurie B. King (Sherlock Holmes), Louise Penny (Inspector Gamache), Ann Perry (William Monk), and Charles Todd (Bess Crawford). There is also a new book about Hercule Poirot by Sophie Hannah, authorized by Agatha Christie's literary estate, and one written by David Suchet about his many movie roles as Poirot himself. Other additions are on the book cart next to the Large Print shelves.

On the newspaper table in the Library is a suggestion box for your ideas about furnishing the new Library. Architect's drawings of furnishings beside it merely show scale in the rooms and are not definitive. Do you prefer fewer tables? more comfortable reading chairs? computer work space? etc., etc. We plan an information center for the entrance to the area, with charging desk; residents' computer for the book catalog; another computer to Google information; newspapers, atlas, dictionary, bulletin board, and the Big Board and Resident Association notebooks. We welcome further suggestions.

TFAD has also added a number of new residents during the summer, and for them (and for review by veterans) it seems appropriate now to go over some Library information.

Desk attendants are present for two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, except on Sat-

urday and Sunday. It's self-service the rest of the time.

1. Books go out for 4 weeks and can be renewed. There is no overdue charge. Overdue notices will be sent after one week and after two weeks, followed by a phone call if the book is still out three weeks after the due date.
2. To check out a book, write today's date in the first block, your name in the longer one, and your cottage or apartment number in the last block. Place the card in the square basket on top of the desk.
3. Return the book in the Book Return slot in the front of the desk.
4. To reserve a book that is checked out, leave a note on the desk if an attendant is not there to take the information.
5. To see if our Library has a particular book, use the resident computer near the desk. This computer can be used ONLY for our cataloging system. Choose Title, Author, Subject or Keyword in the upper right of the screen, then write that information in the box at the lower left and click on Search. If we have the book, it will appear on the screen. If you then click on the title, the screen will change and show IN or OUT at the top left hand corner. The call number that appears to the left of the book title shows where to find it on the shelves.

(to be continued)

Jess Smith continued

(Continued from page 1)

at 5am when she trained with a physical therapist and personal trainer, class from 8am to 6pm. After that, rehearsals from 6pm to 8pm.

Jess joined the Hubbard Street 2 dance company in Chicago, a company that dances regularly in Chicago and prepares dancers between the ages of 18 and 25 for a career as professional dancers. She performed with the group for a year, and then returned to North Carolina.

She has worked at Ruby Tuesday, Mello



Odee

Mushroom, and at Bennigan's Restaurant, where she met her future husband, Tyceson Mills. While she was at Bennigan's she accepted the position of host manager. Before she came to The Forest she was a banquet manager at The Carolina Club in Chapel Hill for three years.

In 2009 she graduated from East Carolina University with degrees in psychology and recreational therapy. Her practicums at East Carolina gave her a wide experience, as did volunteer positions then and subsequently. She worked at Rocking Horse

Ranch, a therapeutic riding facility. At Duke Children's Hospital she performed in an annual jazz dance benefit with the Company Dancers of Durham. She continues to work at Victory Junction Gang Camp, Randleman, NC, where, with her knowledge of horses, she is part of the on-site barn staff.

Jess and Tyceson were married in her in-laws' yard under an arbor made by Tyceson's father. They had a Jamaican honeymoon, which Jess says was amazing. They have been married six years, and last year bought a house in Mebane.

Tyceson was the floor manager at the Weathervane restaurant in A Southern Season for the last two years, and recently accepted the position of Front of House Manager at Hope Valley Catering Company (formerly Rick's Diner). He and Jess enjoy cooking and traveling together. Five years ago they adopted a puppy, one of two survivors from a litter left by the roadside. His name is Odee and "he's spoiled rotten." He is a cross between a Jack Russell and a beagle, and they assume some dachshund genes because of his turned-out feet.

Jess says that her position at The Forest is a good one for her. She learns something new every day and continues to grow in her position. She is especially pleased to have set hours for the first time in ten years.



Jess and Tyceson

Mystery Food: *Citrullus vulgaris*

by Bill Harrington

(www.homecooking.about.com)

When I started working at my Dad's ice plant in the late 1950s, that type of business was "going out of style." He needed to make it to retirement, so he started diversifying. We sold everything from eggs to fish bait to watermelons. In case you haven't guessed it yet, the title above is the scientific name for the green melon with the red insides. Dad ordered a truck load of Bogue Sound melons, dark green and light green striped morsels of goodness. On a hot summer's day in eastern North Carolina, customers would say, "Hey, you got any of them Bogue Sound melons?"

Once we'd unloaded the truck, we'd put a bunch of watermelons in the storage room with the ice. The customers would be invited inside the cold room to choose their own. How do you tell if a melon is ripe or not? Some people thumped it, some people rubbed the outside, and some people left the decision up to us. The secret was twofold: 1) the outside

needed to be bumpy and not smooth and 2) the stem had to be a dried up brown color and not green. Worked every time.

My two brothers and I worked at the plant. On occasion, one of us would "accidentally" drop a piece of ice on a watermelon. Of course, it could not be sold and we felt obligated to dispose of it.

After all these years, I thought it would be nice to learn a little something about watermelons. The fruit is a native of Africa. Hieroglyphics tell us that it was cultivated in Egypt and India as far back as 2,500 years. Watermelons came in handy in the desert and when the water supply became unavailable.

The watermelon we have here at The Forest is served chilled. In Italy, a watermelon pudding is made with almonds, chocolate, and cinnamon. In the South, watermelon pickles are popular. And, in Russia watermelon beer is brewed.

In just a few minutes, **Maija** and I will be going to our Labor Day feast where we'll be able to have a slice of watermelon or watermelon in a chilled soup – or both.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



High School girls

Welcome, New Residents



Sue & John Howell
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Sue and John came to The Forest from Carbondale, IL, where John was Professor and Chair of English at Southern Illinois University. Meanwhile Sue taught English at Carbondale High School, took her PhD at SIU, and published poetry and literary criticism. Born in Battle Creek, MI, Sue grew up mostly in the Midwest. After high school in Milwaukee, she took her BA at Newcomb College in New Orleans, where she worked as a social worker before taking her MA in English at Tulane University. John grew up in Ontario. After a brief stint as a jazz drummer in western Canada and Chicago, he took his BA in History at Millsaps College in Jackson, Mississippi. Upon graduation he moved to Los Angeles, where he was a production assistant at CBS Network Television. During the evenings and the (then) slow summers he earned an MA in English from the University of Southern California. He then pursued the PhD in American Literature at Tulane, while simultaneously pursuing Sue. After completing their graduate programs, they eloped -- and they now have two grandchildren. Their son, Evan, works in Durham as a videographer; their daughter-in-law, Whitney, is a journalist.



Pat Markas
Apartment 4010 919-401-6774

Pat was born in Shelby and grew up in Morganton, two county seats in western North Carolina. She studied psychology at UNC-Greensboro and later received her Masters in Personnel Administration from UNC-Chapel Hill. Pat is an avid golfer and was a stalwart on both the UNC-G golf team and the Duke Women's Golf Association team. With a fresh Bachelor's degree in hand, Pat began a three-year stint as a Junior Psychologist at the State Hospital in Butner, NC, where her duties mostly involved psychometric testing. Subsequently, for twelve years she served as Executive Director overseeing three Girl Scout Councils. During this period Pat had advisory roles as a Trustee of UNC-Greensboro and as a member of the Governor's Advisory Board for Children & Youth and of the Governor's Advisory Board to the White House Conference on Children & Youth. For the second half of her career, she was Director of Personnel at the NC Association of Electric Cooperatives. Pat was an active member of Benson Memorial Methodist Church in Raleigh, and has transferred her membership to Epworth United Methodist Church, Durham. She enjoys golf, gardening, reading, and travel.

New Residents continued



Thelma M. Battle
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tmbattle@aol.com



Betty Leach
Apartment 3025 919-489-2810

Thelma was born and grew up in Cumberland County, NC. After high school she earned a bachelor's degree in social work from NC Central University and a master's from Howard University. This led to rewarding work with the Durham VA and the Durham Public Schools. She married Joseph Battle, a distinguished mathematician, who in 1964 was invited to chair the Department of Mathematics at the University of Lagos, Nigeria. The family lived in Lagos for four years, a transforming experience. Today her daughters are both working in South Africa: Angela Josette is a Research Assistant, University of Witwatersrand, Johannesburg; and Kimberly Jo is Professor and Vice Dean, School of Engineering, University of Johannesburg. Thelma's son, Joseph, is a consultant with his wife on digital marketing and small-business financing in Chapel Hill.

After returning from Lagos, Thelma was Assistant Principal for 12 years at Hillside High and Principal for 8 years at Pearson Elementary School. (She was 1986 Durham Principal of the Year.) Retiring in 1995 from the Public Schools, she earned a Master of Divinity degree from Shaw University and in 1999 was ordained Minister. She is active in the community and in the mission and Sunday School ministries of White Rock Baptist Church.

Betty is a long-time resident of Durham and has many acquaintances at The Forest. She was born and grew up in Port Arthur, TX. The year she graduated from Texas Women's University (then Texas State College for Women), she married Richard Leach. He enticed her north to Princeton where he was embarking on studies toward his PhD in Political Science. In 1951 he completed his degree and they moved to Atlanta, GA, where that year their late son, Chris, was born. Chris was a life-long entrepreneur with a genuine passion for writing and publishing, teaming up with Steve Forbes and other former Princeton undergraduate contemporaries on innovative publishing ventures. The family came to Durham when Richard received an appointment at Duke in Political Science, an appointment that blossomed into 35 extraordinary years of scholarship.

Betty describes her life's vocation as enjoying and helping others. She founded the "pink smock gift shop" at Duke Hospital, a model that was widely adopted by other hospitals. In 2014 Betty received for Lifetime Achievement the Governor's Award for Volunteer Service and the Key Volunteer Award of the Duke Hospital Auxiliary. Here at The Forest she plays bridge and enjoys swimming.

New Residents continued

Lois Pounds Oliver
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Lois is a native of Wilkesburg, PA, near Pittsburgh. After high school she entered the University of Pittsburgh's undergraduate nursing program and at its completion opted to continue at the graduate level with a mind to entering nursing education. As this plan unfolded, Lois chose instead to enter medical school, specializing in pediatrics. She was recruited into the teaching faculty at the University of Pittsburgh by Thomas (Tim) Oliver, Jr, then chair of pediatrics. Apparently they hit it off well, because they were married two years later. Lois had developed an academic reputation and a pediatric practice under her maiden name so that when she came to Duke, she continued professionally as Dr. Pounds. At Duke she served as Associate Dean for Medical Education and Admissions until retirement. Lois has two stepchildren: a daughter Kate, an administrative assistant in San Jose, CA, and a son Tom, an electrician in Sumner, WA. She has been an active volunteer at Duke Chapel, Duke Gardens, and Durham Library Foundation; and an avid Duke Women's basketball fan. Hobbies span indoor (needlepoint) and outdoor (gardening, fly fishing, tennis) activities.



Jan Tuchinsky
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Born in New York City, Jan grew up in Los Angeles where the family moved to mitigate her father's allergies. In high school and while majoring in English at UCLA, she worked for her father, a CPA, experience that later led to executive positions in the California electronics industry in Finance and Administration and in Manufacturing. Mid-career she earned an MBA in the UCLA Executive MBA program. In Bloomington, IN, and Binghamton, NY, Jan volunteered for the benefit of the Bloomington Pops Orchestra, League of Women Voters (LWV), and Service Corps of Retired Executives (SCORE). Moving to Durham in 2003, she continued with SCORE and found new opportunities for service and lifelong learning. Jan is currently an at-large member of the OLLI Board of Advisors and of the Durham-Chapel Hill Jewish Federation Board of Directors. Jan is an avid reader and member of two fiction book clubs. Business and politics are favorite OLLI class subjects. Jan has two children, a son Evan, a journalist in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and a daughter Marla, a corporate educator in Durham.

More Destination—The Forest at Duke

by Carol Oettinger

Elodie Bentley was living in Lakeland, Florida. Her son, one of the twins, who lived in Durham talked her into coming up to look at retirement homes in this area. He wanted her to be closer and spend time with him and his family. She liked that idea. She visited Carol Woods which had a ten year wait, Galloway Ridge which was too far out and Croasdaile, where the people she talked to seemed to have political views “a bit to the right of Atilla the Hun.” She came to The Forest at Duke and found the folk she met pleasant, interesting, and open for discussion of issues. So she moved to The Forest and has been glad.

Jeanne and Greg Lockhead lived about 300 yards from The Forest at Duke. They watched it being built. Jeanne walked her dog around the new streets as they were created. There came a time when having someone else cook and clean and do yard work sounded like a good idea, so they looked at the possible places. Galloway Ridge was too far out. The Cedars was pleasant, but entering was complicated and expensive. There was an attractive place in Cary, but it had only been open for six months and was still developing. Also their three children kept encouraging them to stay closer. Greg said that the reason he came was, “She told me to.” So in 2008 they came to The Forest at Duke and have been happy they did.

Jean Boyd was living in Pennsylvania and had planned for four years to move to Kendall CCRC nearby. She had a deposit of \$25,000 ready to send in. A long time friend in her book club showed her a brochure about The Forest at Duke and encouraged her to see it. She liked what she saw and since at that point there was a big turnover, she found that three apartments were available. The one she liked best needed renovation so she moved

into the marketing apartment. She thought selling her house would be a problem but it sold right away. Two months later she moved into her present apartment and found that the light and the view were just what she wanted. She says, “Fate worked it out.”

Ann Huessener and Ken Haslam first began looking for a CCRC near their homes on the Eastern shore of MD. They traveled widely and also looked in Indiana, Santa Fe, NM, Florida, and back to NC in Asheville. A trip to the Triangle brought them, after several other places, to The Forest at Duke. They made an extended visit and decided this was the place for them. Ann says that the intellectual atmosphere and open-minded discussion they experienced as they met and talked with the residents tipped the scales. They also liked the proximity to the liberal community of Duke and the Research Triangle. They are glad they came to The Forest.

Murry and Jerry Perlmutter were lifelong residents of Chicago but had never planned to retire there. As they traveled for 15 years they visited CCRCs around the country. As the time neared when they wanted to settle on a place, Jerry saw an article in a professional newsletter about Carol Woods. They went for five days and “connected” with a couple who were their hosts and became friends. Their new friends suggested that the Perlmutter try some other places and especially recommended The Forest at Duke. They visited all the CCRCs in the area and decided on Galloway Ridge. They put down a deposit there on a preconstruction house. When they asked for a written contract they were refused rudely by the director of marketing and so withdrew their deposit. They came to The Forest at Duke and were welcomed by one and all. Murry is very happy here and Jerry, with a few small complaints, is glad to be here too.

A Haven for Happiness

by Lee Murphy

Are not our lives full of excitements with almost daily changes?

Walking the halls to reach a desired destination involves the traveler in multiple opportunities for intriguing conversations about existence in this enchanting environment.

People meet people and delight in the associations and the shared conversations. Life is a journey with twists and turns to tantalize the inner workings of each person's mind and heart. A casual greeting, a wish for happiness and wellness, a captivating story of recent experiences – all capture our imaginations and prompt spontaneous responses like "Great News!" "You look terrific!" "Thanks for sharing" "Keep it going!" "Love you!" We revel in reflections and sharing!

Sometimes the happiness is overshadowed by sadness. Someone falls, another has an auto accident, and one slips away to eternal happiness. The beauty of good wishes carries us along with everyone, to recovery, and to magnificent remembrances of dear friends and family.

How beautiful it is to share our inner thoughts and creative ideas with one another! Daily occurrences invite us to continue our challenging journey through life. We, here in The Forest at Duke, are surrounded by exceptional people, who want to travel with us and share the rich experiences of their lives, with the experiences we have already tasted. We are all on the same journey toward the promised land of satisfaction and completion.

The world is full of fantastic facilitators who lead others to the fountain of wisdom and knowledge. Come join others here in The Forest at Duke as they live their lives and share their thoughts about life and its meaning.

My wife Susan and I came here three and a half years ago to enjoy new surroundings and new people. Thank you all for sharing and projecting and building with all the other residents and staff on a daily basis. Let us continue to journey on, as we all continue with our dreams. Our dreams need not end, ever! Let us continue to enjoy endlessly this Haven of Happiness called "The Forest at Duke."

My Trip

by Carol Oettinger

The interstate highways, as someone said, are the way to drive across the United States without seeing any of it. I was on my way from Durham to see my family in Nashville. After 200 miles of straight road, with here and there a well-banked curve, I was happy to see a detour. My tired mind which had been in neutral gear, came alive enough for me to turn into the side road.

The road seems to lead into a forest. I haven't seen huge dark trees like these—ever. As I go on I notice that the road has narrowed and is now little more than two dirt tracks. It ends. There's no place to turn around. I can't back out. It is almost dark. The path ahead leads on through the trees. Birds are softly twittering, getting ready to settle down for the night. I notice that there are more different birds flying about than I have ever seen before. They don't seem afraid and come close to me. I see a spot of light ahead and hurry toward it. There is music, a sort of chant. I see a group of dancers around a fire and run toward them. They do not speak but signal me to join the dance. I dance joyfully with them. As we dance, my mind, body and spirit seem to become free. Many of the men wear long beards and the clothing of everyone is green. The tender color of spring leaf buds and the vibrant deep green of summer ripeness. One by one, they drift off toward the trees and I find I am dancing alone. Where have they gone? I look about but find no one.

My head suddenly bounces up. I am in my car beside the road. A policeman is shining his flashlight into my face. "Are you all right?" he asks. Then says, "I'm glad you pulled over to the side of the road before you fell asleep."

The Elderly Terrorist

by Carol Scott

In the summer of 2014 I was diagnosed with an irregular heartbeat and was ordered by my physician to wear a heart monitor for thirty days. Fortunately, I could remove it for daily showering!

A tech showed me how to put it on and gave me the kit with extra batteries and electrodes. As I was sitting with her I suddenly realized that within thirty days my daughter and I were flying to Rhode Island to visit cousins.

"What shall I do about going through Security at airports?" I asked her. "I will be in three – Raleigh-Durham, DC, and Providence-- on this trip."

"I don't know ! No one has ever asked me that before!" she exclaimed.

I had a vision of myself going through Security wearing the monitor in my pants pocket, with two lead wires connecting to two electrodes on my body ---producing the perfect x-ray of a bomb connected to me, ready to blow up the airport. And it would look the perfect disguise for a terrorist --- an elderly woman in a wheelchair (always used for the great distances in an airport). I would be seized by Security personnel and never get to my cousin's in Rhode Island. And the publicity that would ensue about a terrorist from The Forest at Duke was not to be thought of.

The tech phoned to headquarters for the answer. "I don't know! No one has ever asked me that before!" was the first answer.

Someone else had a different reply. Each airport, I was told, had its own rules, and I must get in touch with each of them in advance to find out what its regulations were.

A day or two later I told my granddaughter about this, and she immediately scoffed at the information.

"Gran, that was a cop-out. They didn't know the answer and just made up something. Security is federally regulated. All airports have the same regulations. What you should do is remove the monitor

and wires and put them in a plastic bag, along with a note from Dr. Buhr stating that it is a medical device, prescribed by a physician. Do not put it in your carry-on. Put it in plain sight as you check your bag through Security."

I took her advice when departure day arrived, but still I was apprehensive about Security's reaction. I was sure I would be pulled out of line, searched and grilled, so I made certain that my daughter and I left for RDU very early before the flight, to take care of any contingencies.

At last we reached Security, and I began to explain to the man in charge. He cut me off.

"Why aren't you wearing it?" he asked. "We have many people going through here every day wearing medical devices. It's no problem." When we came back from Providence, I wore the "medical device" all the way, and no one took me for a terrorist.

Health: Did you know?

Did you know?..... that the health committee took the position last spring that first responders (usually security personnel) must have training in first-aid. The leadership of The Forest agreed with this position and is arranging for security personnel to receive such training. This move will increase the quality of emergency care delivered by our CCRC because our first responders will be able to deliver potentially life saving treatments such as CPR and the Heimlich maneuver when they arrive on the scene of a cardiac collapse or a patient choking on an aspirated piece of food.

Life, Liberty, And ...

by Ned Arnett

What could be more natural than to pursue happiness
or is “happiness” simply that which all men pursue ?
I’m sure that some of The Founders lost sleep
over “self-evident that all men are created equal”
while they held other men as *hapless* slaves
so that they had the leisure to pursue happiness.

Happiness is hard to define. Google it and see for yourself:
joy, pleasure, satisfaction, flourishing, a good life.
They’re on the list all right, but each lacks something.
On the other hand, I know *unhappiness* clearly,
that stale, head-achy, anxious, tired emptiness.

But, when happiness flashes by, I catch him
with a fleeting glance, out of the corner of my eye,
as he graces the moment with a flash of recognition
quite beyond the scope of definition.
