

## Nancy Perrin, Social Worker for Independent Living

by Joanne Ferguson

**Ivern**ia and **George Thompson** lived in Tewksbury, Massachusetts, with their three small boys. They had thought maybe the third boy would be a girl, and when he wasn't, they decided it would be a good idea to adopt a girl. Just about this time **Nancy Perrin** was born at Cape Cod Hospital, of a single mother, who put her up for adoption. So Nancy, when she was eight months old, was brought home to a ready-made family of three brothers. There was a female cousin who lived nearby with whom, Nancy says, she formed the strong bond of a sister. She was brought up in Tewksbury and says she spent lots of time with both grandmothers and had a wonderful childhood.

She worked for eight years at Papa Gino's Pizza where, for six months, a boy named Ronnie also worked. More of Ronnie later.

She went to the University of Lowell for a Bachelor of Arts in Psychology; then to Salem State College where she earned a Master of Social Work.

Shortly after she graduated she decided it would be interesting to find out information about her birth mother. She worked through the state department of social services, petitioning the court with a request in writing for non-identifying information. A letter went to her birth mother, who responded to that with a phone call. Nancy was twenty-four, her birth mother in her forties. They met at a restaurant, and her birth mother told her she gave Nancy up for adoption because she had no idea where her life was going at that point and felt it wouldn't be fair to drag a baby along. Her name is Barbara, which is what Nancy calls her. Nancy never refers to her parents as her adoptive parents, because she says they are sim-



ly her parents. She has a friendly, though not strong, connection to Barbara. Barbara had remained in touch with Nancy's biological father, Dana. He lived in Washington State, and Barbara called a mutual friend there to give him the news of Nancy. Dana was overwhelmed, never having imagined this event. He flew to meet her. Nancy says it was a strange meeting for both of them; he was watching her so intently, watching her hands especially, she says. After this meeting they wrote back and forth and talked

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**The Forester**

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**In Memoriam**

Marjorie Bromberg	November 27, 2014
Hunter Kelly	December 7, 2014
Robert "Ted" McLaughlin	December 8, 2014
Elaine Sandahl	December 9, 2014
Helen Francis	December 15, 2014

**President's Podium**

by Dale Harris

Please note that our January 19, 2015 Quarterly Residents Meeting has had a time change. We will meet at 10:30 am on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Monday in January rather than in the afternoon. The earlier time will enable us to use the Auditorium just before it is converted to our "Nutrition Hub" and, fortunately, by gathering early we can use that space on that date.

Many employees have expressed their delight and very sincere appreciation for the residents' contributions to the Employee Appreciation Fund distributed to them in mid-December. This is a time of especial gratitude from us that they are stepping up to the plate and doing what it takes to carry on in spite of various inconveniences caused by the remodeling going on. There were many, many broad smiles on staff faces at the Employee Appreciation Event in December and we are so glad to cheer them on.

In order to collect and to coordinate our residents' views of desirable qualifications for the job of next Executive Director of TFAD, so many of you shared really helpful thoughts with the Ad Hoc Committee named for this purpose. That group did an exceptional job of listening, gathering the expressed ideas and coordinating them on Dec. 12<sup>th</sup>. Many thanks to them and to all of you who helped with that. A report of that work has now been sent on to the TFAD Search Committee for their consideration. It has been very important to them and to us to have that input on the front end of this effort so that it can be considered along with those of the staff, the TFAD Board, and as the effort is developed by the search firm.

## Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Happy New Year!

2015 is indeed going to be a year of change, and it would be good if it were all accomplished by the end of this year and we could greet 2016 in a completely renovated Forest. Let's concentrate on that.

Meanwhile, the present Library will still be functioning in the same space until close to the end of this year, when we will have to close for several days while moving to the new space beside the front entrance. Although it will be more elegant, we hope it will still be a welcoming and comfortable place to frequent.

Prior to the actual moving, we will be doing some downsizing as the year goes on. It is time again to weed the book shelves of volumes that have not circulated in the past four years or so, leaving space on our new shelves for continuing acquisitions.

**Ted Harris** and **Sue Murphy** are working on our puzzle collection. Ted has already made every Rinka puzzle (the valuable wooden ones that must be signed out) and photographed each completed one so you will have a guide as to what the finished product will look like. If you prefer the old challenge of making something unknown, just don't look!

Your help is being asked in deciding which regular puzzles to keep and which to discard. Please give us your feedback! Our puzzle space will be limited, and likely each additional puzzle in the future will mean a similar one will be discarded. We will be setting new guidelines.

For now an urgent request has been made by the library staff. Please sign your name legibly AND write in the number of your residence. We need this for possible overdue notices.

We also still need a replacement for **Ed Lee**, who daily delivered the Raleigh and Durham news-

papers, donated by residents who had already read them.

New books are being processed monthly and added to our shelves. Among those from December are the following.

Stevenson, William: *A Man Called Intrepid: the Secret War*

Intrepid was the code name of the author, former chief of a secret intelligence network between the U. S. and the British Security Coordination (BSC) during WW II.

Green, John: *The Fault of Our Stars*  
Time magazine's #1 fiction book of 2014.

King, Stephen: *Revival*  
"A dark, electrifying novel about addiction, fanaticism, and what might exist on the other side of life."

Hegi, Ursula: *The Vision of Emma Blau*  
"If you knew that you could experience a significant love in your life, would you want these years at the beginning or at the end?" A multigenerational novel.

Spencer, Elizabeth: *The Night Travellers*  
Set in the N.C. mountains and Montreal during the Vietnam War years, this novel depicts lives forever changed by strongly held convictions and political beliefs. "A profound morality play of political conscience."

These and others on our shelves will help enliven the slow, cold days of January.

Happy reading! Remember, Spring is on its way!



**Perrin** continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

on the phone several times a year. She says she's glad she phoned for his birthday just before he died.

Nancy has had wide experience as director of social services at facilities in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and says she prefers working for non-profits as opposed to for-profit establishments.

About a year and a half ago Nancy posted on Face Book that she had been given a new position at work, and got a message from Ronnie Perrin, her former fellow worker from Papa Gino's Pizza. They talked on Face Book for a while, then texted back and forth, then talked on the phone. He asked her to come to North Carolina for the weekend. She came, and by the end of the weekend they thought there might be something there for them. There was—they were engaged in six months, married in May before she began work at The Forest in July. Ronnie is a middle school counselor in Apex and they live in Fuquay-Varina, where they share house and home with two cats, Harley and Moonshine, and a dog named Darby.

Nancy has begun the process of visiting with each resident of The Forest, a formidable task, but a delightful one.



Nancy and Ronnie



Harley on the fridge



Darby in the sun



Moonshine

## Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Carol Carson



**James Freedman**  
Cottage 2 919-401-9311

[jfreedman@earthlink.net](mailto:jfreedman@earthlink.net)



**Ruth and Gene Yonuschot**  
Cottage 15 919-402-0022

[ryonuschot@yahoo.com](mailto:ryonuschot@yahoo.com)

[geneyonuschot@gmail.com](mailto:geneyonuschot@gmail.com)

Jim comes to The Forest after 26 years in Chapel Hill, but he is at heart a Connecticut Yankee. There he was born, reared and Yale educated. Earning a doctorate in metallurgy, Jim left Connecticut for IBM to do research in magnetics. After eight years IBM transferred him, his late wife, Jeanne, and their five children to Southampton, UK, for two years to establish a development facility for magnetic memory. He returned to research and moved into executive management in advanced technology, specializing in semiconductor devices, the building blocks of integrated circuits. After 20 years IBM moved them again, this time to Tokyo, where Jim had a two-year opportunity to compare US and Japanese semiconductor manufacturing methods. Along this career path, Jim developed expert insight into the technology needed to continue to realize Moore's law. With this front-line experience it was natural that Jim would join the RTP Semiconductor Research Corporation, a collaborative industry and government research consortium supporting the US semiconductor industry. This brought Jim and Jeanne to Chapel Hill, where Jeanne was an active volunteer, as she had been in their NY communities. Jim's interests include reading, self-study, painting, DIY projects, tennis, golf, and his widely dispersed family.

Ruth was born in Bath, ME, and Gene in Brooklyn, NY, but both grew up in very different places: Ruth in the suburbs of greater St Louis and Gene in San Diego. They met and were married at the University of Missouri; she was an undergraduate majoring in journalism, he a graduate student pursuing a PhD in biochemistry after undergraduate chemistry at Cal Poly Pomona. They moved to Chapel Hill when Gene received a two-year post-doc appointment at UNC. While there Ruth took the opportunity to earn an MS in library science.

After Army service and teaching successively at George Mason University and at the West Virginia School of Osteopathic Medicine, Gene joined the faculty of the University of New England, College of Osteopathic Medicine, in Biddeford, ME, as a dean for basic science. He devoted himself as a teacher administrator to the development, management and furthering of science-based osteopathic education. He pioneered the development of distance learning in biochemistry and post-baccalaureate science for those entering health professions.

Ruth worked briefly as a librarian and, after receiving an MBA from the University of Southern Maine, as a financial analyst.

They have four children, dispersed from North Carolina to Maine.



## New Residents continued



**Ann and Larry Inderbitzin**  
 Cottage 29 919-401-8742  
 lbimd@umich.edu  
 awi856@terpalum.umd.edu

In moving to The Forest Ann and Larry downsized from a 115-acre farm in central Pennsylvania where they had retired 13 years earlier. Reared in the Midwest, they met as undergraduates at Kalamazoo College. Their two children arrived in Ann Arbor while Larry was earning his MD at the University of Michigan. A half-time job during medical school as the “physician” for inpatients at the neuropsychiatric institute hooked Larry on psychiatry. A residency at Memorial Hospital (Long Beach, CA) provided opportunities for a broad range of hands-on physician activities and antedated psychiatric residencies at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine (Bronx, NY) and to NIH appointments. Specializing in psychiatry in academic health-care settings, Larry subsequently spent 15 years at Georgetown University until recruited to initiate a psychoanalytic institute in the department of psychiatry, at Emory University.

While in the Washington area Ann worked at the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History, and in Atlanta as an EPA Wetlands Enforcement Coordinator. Larry finished his professional career as Chief of Staff at a VA Hospital near Medford, OR – Ann had requested “someplace beautiful.”

## The Old Clock

by Ned Arnett

In my mind’s eye I can see my grandparents,  
 Edward and Alice, an eager young couple in 1891,  
 furnishing their new household,  
 choosing their family clock  
 at J.E.Caldwell’s in Philadelphia  
 (Google says that you can still buy  
 that identical clock at Caldwell’s)  
 It’s so tall that the finial at the top just fits  
 under the ceiling of our cottage at The Forest .

Once a week I take the battered old key  
 and follow the ritual whereby  
 the biochemical energy in my arm  
 cranks the two big brass weights  
 to a position of higher potential energy  
 in the earth’s gravitational field  
 so they can drive the pendulum and the chime,  
 counting off the seconds, the hours, the days,  
 and finally, the years in the life of a family;  
 births, deaths, the Spanish flu, the Depression,  
 and war after war after war, after war.....

So now, a hundred and fifteen years later  
 it still keeps perfect time.  
 Chugging along in North Carolina of all places!  
 marking my days, I, my grandfather ‘s namesake.  
 Some day soon enough it will pass along  
 to stand as a faithful servant, striking the hours  
 sharing the joys, the sorrows  
 in the home of Edward McCollin’s great grandson.

## Mystery Food: Torttus

(Thanks to resident Finnish food consultant, Dr. Maija Alakulppi)

By Bill Harrington

Many of you are aware that my wife, Maija, is Finnish. Right away, you probably are curious: How did a redneck from eastern North Carolina ever meet a Finnish woman? Actually, that question has an interesting answer; however, that's a story for another time. After we were married, she used to cook torttus around the holidays. A torttu is a pastry with a sweet prune filling. Maija's mom baked them every Christmas.

Since moving to The Forest, Maija has misplaced her Finnish cookbook. The stove in the kitchen serves as a surface to pile items such as dog treats, etc. I miss the torttus that we used to enjoy together – even though my assigned quota ran out quickly.

Luckily, Kurt Alakulppi, Maija's nephew from New York, visits us on occasion. Kurt enjoys cooking. The last time I had torttus he prepared them

– under his aunt's supervision, of course.

Another treat from before our TFAD days is Finnish pancakes, a pancake that is thinner and usually a little larger than the "fat hotcakes" I used to get as part of my Southern cuisine in my birth family. The first disagreement we ever had in our marriage was how to eat these pancakes. The "right" way is to sprinkle sugar in a straight line from top to bottom – sort of like making the number one down the center of the round pancake. Then, you roll it up and eat it as one would a hotdog. Naturally, I preferred putting syrup on my breakfast entrée. This was not the correct way. I eventually gave in and learned to eat my pancakes like a good Finnish husband should. Lately, I have been unable to practice my newly found skill, but Kurt is overdue for his next visit.

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



Holiday in Canada



High school girl

## Still Life With Breadcrumbs by Anna Quindlen

A Review by Peggy Quinn

Like comfort food and comfortable shoes, Anna Quindlen's latest book, *Still Life With Breadcrumbs*, brings a smile of pleasure and promises a humorous but subtle romp with a woman of "a certain age." Rebecca Winter is sixty, a well-known photographer, who has suddenly become aware that her work has lost much of its earlier appeal. Back when she was thirty, she was known for her series of photographs depicting her domestic life. *Still Life With Breadcrumbs*, a picture of dirty wine glasses, stacked plates, two baguettes, and a dish towel singed on one end by the gas stove, was the most popular of the group. The photographs brought Rebecca unexpected fame as well as a substantial jump in her bank account. In the sixties Rebecca Winter was hailed for her contributions to the feminist movement. Her pictures were seen as landmarks of feminist art. One critic dubbed her work "housewife imagery." He was swiftly set upon by a bunch of angry feminists.

Thirty years later, when the bank account was drying up, Rebecca made the difficult decision to sublet her beautiful New York apartment and move out of the city to cheaper lodging. At this time her unbearably contemptible husband Peter, a British academic, decided to leave her for one of his younger girlfriends. There was one son, Ben.

The cabin which she rented sight unseen was in the middle of nowhere. It was a ramshackle mess, furnished with Salvation Army furniture and a raccoon in the attic. There was a lumpy bed and a room with no electrical outlets. A roofer was called to help get the raccoon out of the attic. No surprise that Jim Bates, a local fellow, big, with fair hair and a ruddy tone to his skin, had far more talents than fixing holes in her flashing. Rebecca had no idea what flashing was but she had no doubt that she was going to soon find out.

As time passed, Rebecca found herself feeling more familiar with her new surroundings. She took long walks, always with her camera and her

dog, a neglected runaway who adopted her. She often surprised herself with the beauty and serenity of the countryside. Soon she discovered friends: Sarah in the coffee shop who made delicious scones and was thrilled to death to meet a real artist; Sarah's husband Kevin who was a cheat and a scammer; Tad, the lovable clown who had a beautiful tenor voice; and of course, Jim Bates who invited her to share his tree stand with him. On weekends he worked for the state wildlife service tracking the habits of big birds that are banded by the scientists. He even managed to get Rebecca a job taking pictures of the birds as he tracked them. Her bank account appreciated the help. They both agreed that tracking birds, while sitting high up in the trees, was a unique way to become acquainted.

Anna Quindlen's latest novel has been called a romantic comedy of manners, a love story. It is not love as such, but rather a slow moving, tender relationship between Jim and Rebecca. The New York artist found an unexpected pleasure in the slow pace of the country folk; Jim, especially, became a dear and trusted friend. When a huge blizzard stranded Rebecca in her makeshift cabin, Jim came to dig her out and ended up spending the night.

It seemed an unlikely match to friends and family; she was sixteen years older than he, she was sophisticated, smart, and a talented artist. Jim was a country boy, he liked to hunt and play baseball with the boys from the volunteer fire department. He was a fixer-upper, a roofer. They were a good pair. When Rebecca changed her style and started to photograph birds and dogs—live things instead of burned kitchen towels—her bank account gained momentum, and instead of returning to her fancy New York apartment, she bought the old cabin and started to build a wonderful new home with a tin roof. *Still Life with Tin Roof* suddenly seemed a likely title for a series of Rebecca Winter photographs.

If you are in the neighborhood, you might want to stop by at "Tea For Two," Sarah's coffee and scone shop. She is sure to have Rebecca's latest photographs on display.



## Westward Ho! And Back

by Carol Scott

Inspired by **Carol Oettinger**'s story about the camping trip from Hell in last month's *Forester*, I thought I'd write something about our first transcontinental camping trip. In the fall of 1957 Scotty and I decided to make a camping trip to the West Coast the next summer with our (then) four children, to visit an aunt and uncle in Anaheim, CA. Scotty was not teaching in the second session of summer school, so we would have long enough to do this. All winter and spring the children, 4, 7, 12 and 13, read about our country and put thumb tacks in a large wall map to show what they wanted to see along the way. Meanwhile, their father and I worked on a home-made sleeping trailer, a waxed canvas tent to fit over the top of a simple trailer that had a two-part lid. Opened up and braced, it held four of us in sleeping bags, two on the braced lids, two in the body of the trailer (the two youngest slept in the car), and carried cooking equipment, suitcases and the sleeping bags during traveling.

Our trip out--three in the front seat, three in the back and no seatbelts!-- rewarded us with wonderful views of the Southwest and a new appreciation of our country. In California Ed and Vi were very hospitable, and we celebrated my birthday, thoroughly enjoyed Disneyland, and even saw and talked to Walt Disney himself. We returned through the middle of the country, to make a promised visit to my mother-in-law's aunt and uncle, in failing health, and their son and daughter in Colorado.

We had corresponded with Bill and Mary and they were expecting us. But a dust storm in Utah delayed us, so we phoned them to say we would not arrive until after supper. As we drove up to their house we were pleased to see that their yard was quite large enough for us to open the trailer and spend the night there. We enjoyed meeting them and had a lively conversation, until it drew close to 10 o'clock and the younger children were obviously drooping. "It's time for us to put them to bed," we said. "We'll see you tomorrow." The unexpected reply was that since Bill and Mary would both be working the next morning their son Doug would show us around the town and

take us to see Uncle Gray and Aunt Ollie. They said they were glad we had stopped in to see them and bade us goodbye. There was no mention of camping in their yard. Bad surprise.

So off we drove, looking for a camping place. There were none in the 17-mile drive to the next town, and there were many signs forbidding camping beside the road. All motels were full -- because of a big golf tournament, we later learned. We turned back to Grand Junction and Scotty said he would ask at the police station what we could do -- but first we had to find the police station.

We stopped at an open gas station to ask directions, and the kind proprietor suggested we put up our trailer on his spacious lot and use his restrooms. We were tired and thankful and bent to the task of erecting the sleeping space. First we had to empty the trailer of all its contents, then struggle to pitch the tent top. Exhausted, we all eventually settled into a sound sleep --only to realize just why the restrooms were open and the station lighted. It was an all-night truck stop!

Hardly refreshed, we went sightseeing with Doug the next morning. At 17 he was working in a funeral parlor, and his idea of sightseeing was to show us all the places where there had been a wreck involving deaths on the mountain curves! We did get in a brief visit with Uncle Gray and Aunt Ollie.

Both of them died soon after, and Bill and Mary divorced within the next year. So, we did not have to return to Grand Junction and hunt for a camping place when we made another transcontinental camping trip ten years later.

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## Odds and Ends

### The Relic

by Lois Fussell

When I was cleaning out the basement, after my husband, John, died and before I moved to The Forest, I became interested in a wooden box that had travelled with us since 1960. My husband had just said it was a steam measuring device from Joe Juneau. Joe was a retired engineer from Canada who had come down to Texas to help John build a power plant in Suriname (old Dutch Guiana) in the 1950s. The wooden box was wired shut because the hide glue had hardened. The box was lined in velvet and contained a beautiful chrome gadget, rolls of paper, and a bottle of ink.

I sent an inquiry to a younger engineer who had worked with John, and he replied that it was a device for measuring pressures in a steam power plant. It recorded the pressures with pen and ink on the moving roll of paper. He told me that he and John and Joe Juneau had built an entire power plant with slide rules and this device. They had built the power lines using mules.

His comment: "In those days engineers were really engineers. Nowadays you just plug your laptop into the proper place and it tells you everything you need to know."

### A Letter From Holbrook

by Charlie Black

Medical problems have put me in poor shape, and doctor's advice led me to Holbrook. Here I get more attention; I willingly came and have not been sorry. I push a button; someone comes and does my bidding.

Then therapists come and push me around a bit, "for my own good," they say. To be fair they also apply heat, ointments, and massage-bringing relief. The med tech follows a schedule with pills for pain and sometimes patches, keeping me comfortable.

Food arrives as ordered and on time. If I fail to order my breakfast eggs, I get a second chance.

Thanksgiving plans changed and instead of going to Fayetteville, the family came to me, bringing all the foods I'd looked forward to having.

Family has also begun moving things special to me from the fourth floor apartment to 1245 Holbrook, and my new space is beginning to feel like home. I'm getting all the attention I need from a gracious, helpful, and patient staff.

## Stealing

by Carol Oettinger

The other night, after a movie, we saw two people laden with boxes and bags in the foyer trying to get out the front door. I said laughingly, "Are you trying to rob the place?" The man said, "You bet, we robbed our mother of all this stuff and was she happy!" We helped them with the door and off they went.

This brought to mind an event at Duke. I was

working the evening shift which was almost over when a man in a white coat came in with a large laundry hamper. He went up and down the hall disconnecting and loading up television sets. When asked, he said that they were being taken in for cleaning. When the laundry hamper was full, he was ready to leave when someone asked him when they would be back. He said, "I'm not sure." Someone helped him wheel the heavy hamper onto the elevator. The television sets were never seen again.

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## **Odds and Ends** continued

### **Can You Top This?**

by Margaret Keller

Thursday evening, when I came down the elevator in Health Care, I realized that Dining Services was doing yet another event, a reception following the memorial service for Caroline Long. By my count this is what the schedule for that department looked like

Thursday:

- Breakfast for the Board that was having a special “called” meeting;

- A special lunch in the Dining Room for whoever wanted to come bid Steve Bon Voyage, while, at the same time, providing lunch in the Café for those who didn’t;

- a reception for those attending the memorial service;

- The special November Gourmet Dinner;

- Regular dinner service in both the Dining Room and the Café; and, of course,

- Three meals in each of the Health and Wellness neighborhoods.

I’m not sure Dining Services in any other CCRC can top that.

### **Fooled Again**

by Ned Arnett

Once again it is that time of year  
when we see peaches everywhere.  
My fantasies recall their peachy flavor,  
the most delicious taste that one can savor.

First shipments from Georgia or Caroline  
present appearance, perfectly sublime,  
gracing again displays at Whole Foods.  
At last I’m due to pick one really good.

The best of the crop, I’ve quickly found.  
large and pink and perfectly round.  
But it’s hard as a baseball, I can’t bite it.  
Oh well, a bit of sun will help it ripen.

A few days later I try to test it,  
it turns to mush when I compress it.  
What a disappointment! What a pain!  
Too soon or too late; I’ve been fooled again.  
O.K., that’s life for you.

---

Bob Blake's

**PUZZLE**

Each word below can be found by either reading  
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally

Y P N J V G B F T N E M E U G R A Q  
H U A L A U G H T E R D J N H Z T N  
P Z P M C R Q Y K O O B I C Z H K M  
A Z E E A J H Z D O K R N N G E Y U  
R L E C T U R E H O P U M I N U E T  
G E E N I N Q R V S L U F I O E N U  
O X C E O V E Z X S I E L T M Z R A  
I D E F N H R M P N A K M I R R U T  
B O R X T J Y E N K N G Q U E E O N  
E O E O E S A E S I D O A S S T J U  
H H M T J C L F J H A Y S W C N K O  
C R O H H L P W H Q C T Y A F I J C  
N E N O I G P R A Y E R R L E W S C  
A H Y M K L I F B R V A U E U S U A  
L T J E E Q F N I A T P T H T G M K  
A A K V Z P I R T A B Z N Y C N M N  
V F O H E A D A C H E Y E A J O E A  
A N O I T C U R T S N O C D K S R B

**THINGS WITH A BEGINNING**

ARGUE	CHURCH SERVICE	HEADACHE	MINUET	SEASON
AUTUMN	CONSTRUCTION	HOME	MOTHERHOOD	SERMON
AVALANCHE	DAY	JOURNEY	NAP	SPRING
BABY	DINNER	LAUGHTER	NIGHT	SAGA
BANK ACCOUNT	ENTERTAINMENT	LAWSUIT	NOVEL	SONG
BIOGRAPHY	FATHERHOOD	LECTURE	PARTY	SUMMER
BOOK	FENCE	LINE	PLAY	TRIP
CATARACT	FIGHT	LUNCH	PRAYER	VACATION
CENTURY	GAME	MELODY	PUZZLE	WAR
CEREMONY	HABIT	MILLENNIUM	RACE	WINTER