

Mike Benson, Executive Chef

by Joanne Ferguson

John Michael Benson was born in Burlington, which he characterizes as a small city, but moved around the triangle to Raleigh, Garner, and Greensboro. It was in Greensboro that he went to middle school and high school, and where his best friend's family owned a restaurant called Equinox. Here he washed dishes and got his start in the culinary world. "I worked my way up through kitchen work," he says.

He went to Guilford Technical Community College in the School of Culinary Technology as well as part time at Central Piedmont Community College in Charlotte, here with a focus on pastry and confections. When he began college he thought he would go into law enforcement but changed to culinary school. He laughs and says, "People like chefs more than they like cops."

Mike worked at several fine restaurants in Cincinnati, once holding three jobs at once (one full-time and two part-time). He worked as Sous Chef at The Landings Club on Skidaway Island in Savanna, GA. Here he catered lots of exciting events on gulfstream jets with a man named Oscar Majia, who might call him the day of an event that Oscar had forgotten until the day arrived, saying "Hey dude, are you available today?" The two of them would hurry to shop for supplies and on to preparation. One day it was a breakfast platter for Oprah Winfrey. Oscar's son went to a catholic school and he called Mike the day they needed to cater for 350 people. Each of them carried their own knives and gear to the school and got it done in that day.

He was hired to be the opening chef for various Whole Food stores in northern Virginia. This included planning for the design, ordering wares, hiring employees, and the oversight of production. He



opened four or five of these stores in northern Virginia.

He worked on 19th Street in Washington, DC, when he was an Executive Chef for the IMF in the time of Dominique Strauss-Kahn, who eventually wrote an email of apology for his sexual peccadillos to all employees. The IMF had spring and fall meetings of the G20, at which time the perimeters were blocked off for security. This was during the mortgage fiasco, and he listened to NPR all the way to

(Continued on page 4)

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

The Forester

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There are three significant events happening now at TFAD. Happily, we have an interim Executive Director. Welcome, **Anita Holt**. She is a degreed leader in aging services and the senior living industry with progressive experience in all phases of continuing care across the continuum of care and services.

How very fortunate we were to have **Leslie Jarema** and **Karen Henry** step up into the transitional leadership for six weeks. We express our sincere gratitude to each of them.

The TFAD search committee has retained the Druthers and Associates Agency. They are a CCRC-specialist firm with more than forty years of experience and they will guide the TFAD Board's process of selecting a permanent ED. Druthers spent more than two days learning about us on our campus. Jeffrey Bilson, our primary consultant with Druthers, is extremely interested in and wanting to learn about residents' perspectives. He spent over two hours talking with the Residents Association board of directors.

In Memoriam

Bob Blake December 30, 1214

Cstherine "Kitty" Tillman January 13, 2015

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

February is known not only as the Romance Month, with Valentine's Day in mid-month, but also as Presidents' Month, with their birthdays scattered throughout the month, and this year February 16 is designated as the official President's Day honoring all of them.

In the Library we have individual biographies of about half of the presidents, with a green star on the spine label and arranged alphabetically by SUBJECT on the shelves. Chapters in U.S. History books (call number 973....) include many of the others. Their wives are recognized also, with individual biographies of Martha Washington, Abigail Adams, Eleanor Roosevelt, Bess Truman, and Barbara Bush among them. Do not forget that there are also collective biographies (920) that include many of these influential people. These books have a green star on the spine like individual biographies and are located ---note this well --- at the end of individual biographies, and are arranged there by AUTHOR because there are multiple subjects. For bios of presidents we have missed, you will have to rely on our new friend Google!

For some time we have been unable to add books to our collection because we had no one to process them, **Carol DeCamp** being indisposed and **Janet Judd** being intermittently unavailable in her

second home in Texas. However, we have a rare find in a newcomer, **Carol Reese**, a professional librarian, who has begun processing the stack of additional books that have been accumulating. She is a most welcome addition to our Library Committee.

As of this writing there are several new books to suggest. Four are mysteries written by old friends, one is by a new author and is highly recommended.

Clark, Mary Jane: *When Day Breaks*

Cornwell, Patricia: *The Bone Red*

Patterson, James : *High Noon*

All three of these are regular print mysteries

Christie, Agatha: *Miss Marple*

This is a large print collection of mystery stories

And by the new author, a non-mystery novel:

Hegi, Ursula: *The Vision of Emma Blau*

The blurb on the jacket says that this is an intriguing multigenerational story, and adds: "If you knew you could experience a significant love once in your life, would you want these years in the beginning or at the end?" Thought-provoking!

By the time you read this, there will be additional new books processed and available for us to read. But don't forget the older books you may have overlooked!

Perrin continued

(Continued from page 1)

work to keep up with what was going on. There were underground tunnels connecting the executive dining rooms and Kahn's meeting rooms. They once managed a holiday party for 7,500 people.

He was one of the four or five executive chefs for dining at meetings of the World Bank and IMF.



Family Picture

Most chefs lasted no longer than 13 or 14 months at the IMF, which was such a rough place, but Mike stayed for 16 months, leaving only to pursue a position with Compass Group. Which leads me to suppose that if he could make it there, he can make it anywhere, even through the remodeling of The Forest.

While living in the D.C. Metro Area and working at Flik International, Compass Group (a

Morrison entity), he met his wife, Sarai, who is from El Salvador and also a chef. They have two sons, a one year old, Ethan Kenneth, and a two year old, John Michael Benson III. He says Sarai is a stay-at-home mom, and he doesn't know how she does it all day. He fills in whenever he's needed, and they share the cooking. They get out seldom, leaving the boys with his mom, aunts, or cousins, but after a couple of hours they feel the need to get home to their sons.



Michael and Ethan

We discuss the portable kitchen, which he says will be the size of five trailers, and he is eager to experience this marvel. He says our salad bar will be larger by a third, and he hopes to bring some excitement and gusto to the enterprise, maybe with some surprises. He says the gratification to him of this position is the challenge and honor to feed so many people and make them happy.

Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Carol Carson



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sferre@verizon.net



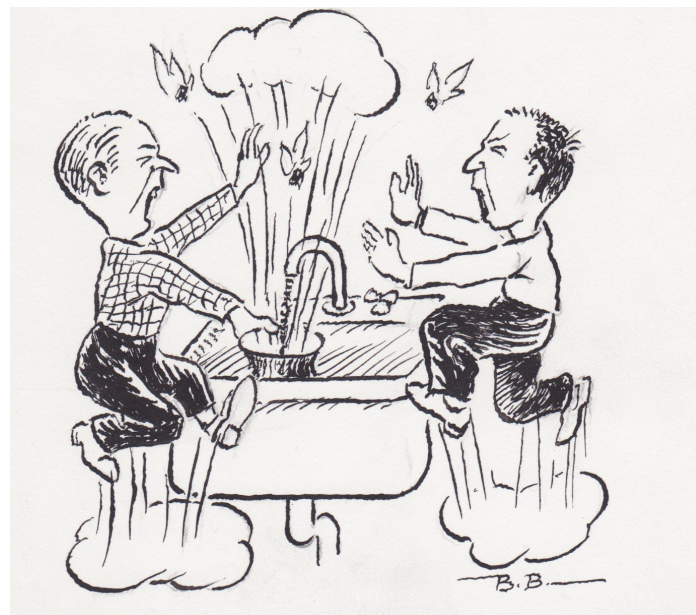
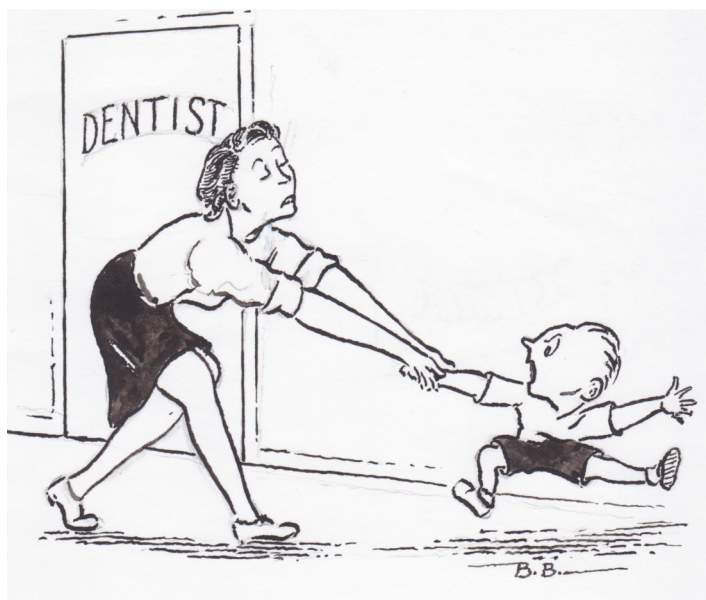
Carolyn Thomas Apartment 4045
919-489-4855

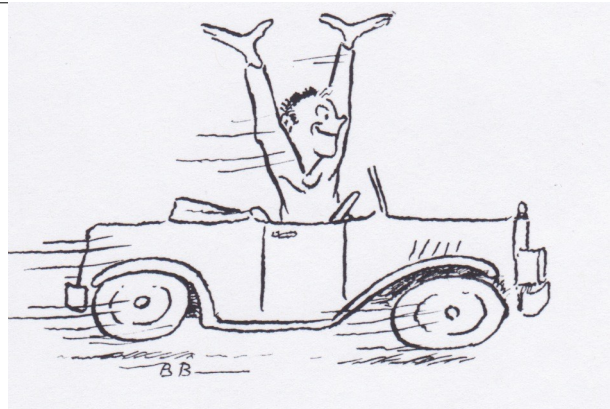
Sharon was born and grew up in Decatur, Illinois. She married after one year of college and had five children. After a dozen years of homemaking, she re-enrolled in Decatur's Millikin University to increase her economic clout. Juggling homemaking and scholastic responsibilities, she earned a BA in history and a fellowship for full-time graduate study at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. Four years of graduate study and a summer in France supplied material for a doctoral dissertation on the significant French contributions to the agricultural revolution of the 18th century. While working on this dissertation, she accepted a position with the Federal Government which seemed to have more attractive career prospects than an uncertain university appointment. This proved to be an excellent choice. After eight years in Maryland, she received a sequence of overseas assignments well suited to her analytic skills and her expertise in Western economic history. These took her to live in Athens, Ankara, Milan, Paris, Moscow, and Malta for the next fourteen years. The decision to re-enroll at Millikin had opened a totally new set of life experiences. Sharon moved to The Forest from retirement in Ocean Pines, MD.

Carolyn was born and grew up in Durham. After high school she earned a four-year Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Administration degree at what was then the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. (The Woman's College later became coed as UNC-Greensboro, the same year that UNC-Chapel Hill admitted women to its first-year class.) Carolyn married her high school sweetheart, Norwood Thomas, and settled into life as a homemaker in Durham. She has been a member for 37 years of the Junior League of Durham, a member since 1956 of the Halcyon Book Club (and its President for five terms), and a life-long member of Duke Memorial United Methodist Church. Her late husband, Norwood, was active in the banking and business communities. He retired early from the Central Carolina Bank & Trust Co., where he was executive vice president and senior trust officer. At the time of his death in 2001, he was principal and senior portfolio manager of Wilbanks, Smith & Thomas Asset Management, LLC, in Norfolk, Va. Carolyn has one child, a daughter, Ashlin, who resides with her husband, Wayne Wilbanks, in Norfolk, VA, and two granddaughters. Wayne is the son of *Forest* resident **Evelyn Wilbanks**.

Remembering Bob Blake

1915-2015





BOB
BLAKE

Jennifer's Bear

by Carol Oettinger

The new writer's group leader said, "Look around you for the stories in things you see every day." My first thought was a little teddy bear, about 6 inches tall. It has no hair, but is white with small pink ribbons scattered about on its body. It sits on my grandmother's old rocking chair next to my bed. Every time I look at it I think of my granddaughter, Jennifer, who gave it to me when I had breast cancer. She was a young teenager, so I was pleased that she cared. We had a lot of fun together as she was growing up. I believe I enjoyed her more than her mother did some of the time because Jen was always fearless. I got several of her mother Liz's stories.

She said that Jen's older brother, Chris, saved her life a number of times. They were out in the yard one day when Jen was about two. Chris said, "Mom, Jennifer just ate a big mushroom. Is that OK?" She said that she and the poison control people were on a first name basis so she knew the number. They suggested ipecac, which was handy and cleaned out the mushroom and all.

One day they were visiting a friend who had a swimming pool. Liz put inflatable armbands on Jen, 3 years old, and began talking to her friend. Chris said, "Mom, Jen just jumped into the pool." The inflatables were put neatly on a chair and when Liz looked, Jen was sitting on the bottom of the deep end of the pool smiling up at her. So in Liz went, clothes, shoes and all, to fish her out.

Liz decided that Jen needed swimming lessons, so she went to a swim center to sign her up. She checked carefully to see that there were no plants to eat and no benches or chairs to climb up on and jump. She stationed Chris next to the door and told him not

to let her escape. She put her keys on a high counter, so she could look at the list of possible classes. Somehow, Jen got the keys and put one in an electric socket. A woman coming in said, "Oh my God, that baby is flying." Liz looked up to see Jen flying about 20 feet through the air. She called the doctor and asked him what to do. He asked if she was conscious. Liz said "Can't you hear her screaming!" He said that any damage that could be done had been done already, so just watch her. Luckily she wasn't holding the key tightly.

Jennifer started riding Chris's small two wheel bike when she was five. One day she rode down the hill next to her house and skidded into the gravel driveway. She catapulted off the bike face first. Her brother called for help and after the blood had been sponged off, away to the emergency room they went. There was a rather large white spot on her forehead. The doctor probed and out came a pebble. It didn't even leave a scar.

When we drove together she would turn on the radio and ask me to direct the orchestra. One day she said, "Gram, what is that stuff hanging off your arm?" I said, "Jen, it's called flab and if you live long enough, you will get some too." I don't believe she will ever get flab, because she was always coordinated and started to play softball as soon as she could hold a bat. She also played basketball and is a marathon runner.

She took ROTC in college and joined the Army as soon as she graduated. After a short time she was sent to Afghanistan. A new general took over her unit and chose her as his aide de camp. She emailed that she was busy from morning to night with all the

Jennifer's Bear cont.

things the general needed doing and that she had advanced in rank to captain. When her term was over the general wanted to recommend her for a scholarship to law school. That was not for Jen. She wanted to do something with action attached. She was sent to Fort Bragg, where she began parachute jumping with the 82nd Airborne Unit. After she had done 35 jumps she became a "jump master." This means that she lines up every one and is the last to jump. I asked her what happened if someone refused to jump. She said that they were sent to the end of the line. If they refused a second time, they were eliminated from the unit.

Did You Know

... that if you are ill or otherwise unable to go to meals in the Dining Room or Cafe, your meals can be delivered? To arrange delivery to your apartment or cottage for a period of up to 72 hours, call the Clinic at 919-419-4020 (or the Health and Wellness Center's reception desk, 919-419-4022, on weekends).

The Health Committee

The Court of Last Resort: The Trial and Tribulation of Miss Periwinkle Jones

by Don Chesnut

Nestled in the piney woods in south central North Carolina is the hamlet of Commercetown on the Stickley river, a setting the residents at the nearby CCRC refer to as Comatose on the Styx, the Styx being the river in Greek mythology that forms the boundary between Earth and the Underworld. The CCRC residents see quite a parallel.

The retirement community is named *The Last Resort*. The founders thought it was a clever name, thinking that it would be the last place you would like to be. But the residents think it has another meaning. This is emphasized by the motto that The Last Resort has taken: "No One Lives Forever. Join Us at The Last Resort and Decline with Dignity." Folks there are declining, but no one seems to know who the Dignity person is.

Just recently the CEO, Marvin Pinchpenny, proposed and the silly Residents' Association, sometimes known as *ResAss*, agreed to implement a group to oversee resident misbehavior. The group has a retired judge as committee chair, and a small group of five residents act as jury, the whole arrangement known as The Court of Last Resort.

Our story centers about Periwinkle Jones, a new resident at The Last Resort. Periwinkle, or Winki to her friends, is accused of stealing a diamond ring belonging to Belle Delaball, a serious offense that could lead to her dismissal from The Last Resort. If she had to leave, she would face applying to places less selective, like The Forest at Duke.

And this is where our story is set. Will Winki be convicted? What will she do if forced to leave The Last Resort? If she's innocent, who did the dastardly crime? Has law and order overstepped its bounds? On Wednesday evening, February 25, at 8:00 in the Auditorium, all will be revealed.

Campbell's Homecoming

by Debbie Chesnut

In February 2006 my daughter Lynn and I went to Guatemala City to pick up her new daughter. It took three days to collect the necessary paperwork. Campbell, never losing her smile, spent the three days in a hotel room with two strangers who spoke an alien language.

Then the three of us set out for home. We left the hotel at 6 AM and, after spending the day in three airports and on two airplanes, we arrived at RDU that evening. Don picked us up at the airport and drove us to Lynn's house where we were met by the rest of the family—our son, his wife, and their two sons. The boys (ages 10 and 13) were eager to play with their new cousin. At 8:30 that night Lynn took this picture. You can see how tired and upset Campbell was by the whole experience. We knew we had a princess!



Trust

by Ned Arnett

Approaching Houston at six thousand feet,
looking down into the forest of skyscrapers,
I was suddenly struck by how much
the whole thing depends on trust.

Trust in the expertise of the architects,
trust in the construction contractors,
trust in the legal system
that ensures that people will do
what they say they'll do or pay for it,
trust in the complicated economic system
which protects the value of the money
that people use to exchange their things of value:
their work, their time, their expertise for pay.

Yesterday, a six story building suddenly
collapsed
killing thirty people in it and injuring the rest,
in some country where "you really can't trust
anyone."

Killed by the cheap, substandard concrete.
Killed by the bought-off building inspectors.
Killed by a web of deceit, bribery and extortion,
and by a generally accepted cynicism and distrust
and by the knowledge that "you can't do any
thing about it."

At least in that country. Too bad.

Accents

by Carol Scott

In a country known as a melting-pot because of the diversity of origins of its citizenry, now fused together as one – Americans --, we are also becoming a melting-pot of language, of regional accents. Listen around the café table at meal time. Can you tell from the speech of whoever is talking where he or she came from? With one or two exceptions, our speech has become homogenized. We no longer have New England, Boston, New Jersey, Midwest, Deep South, Charleston, or Appalchian patois, to name a few. Radio, television, and travel have virtually eliminated the distinctive accents and speech patterns of just a generation or two ago.

My parents were from Pennsylvania and Maine via Connecticut, and I was born in Philadelphia. When we moved to North Carolina I was four and talking well, so naturally I never have really talked like a southerner, although I have lived in the South ever since age four. However, my younger sisters learned to talk in the South, though in a Northern-speaking home, so their accents sounded a bit different from our relatives when we visited them in Connecticut, especially when the Boston cousins came to visit too. In fact, for some years I had to translate for my baby sister, who had somehow become a real southerner in her speech.

One of my college years was spent in Connecticut. My mother was a graduate of Connecticut College for Women's first graduating class, 1919, and had I also graduated from CC I would have been *THE* first graduate of *A* first graduate, and she was eager for me to be that one (however, I was not happy there and graduated from Duke).

When I entered CC all freshmen and transfers were required by the Drama Department to meet with the department chairman to read aloud a particular selection, from which she said she could deduce from the pronunciation of certain of the words just which part of the US we came from. It began "Arthur was a rat." My pseudo-southern accent

("Ahtuh") apparently placed me as being from the South, although that was otherwise easily known because I was the only student that year from below the Mason-Dixon line. I took a speech class from her that fall, which did nothing for whatever accent I may have had.

In the spring it was customary for the Drama Department to put on a play. This year it was to be about a lynching in Mississippi. And I was asked to coach the players in a southern accent!! Now, we all know that a true North Carolina accent and a Mississippi accent are totally different --- and mine was not a true North Carolina accent, being tainted by the earlier Yankee speech I had learned before I was four. But somehow --probably because the audience had never heard a Mississippi accent -- the actors' spoken words sounded different enough due to my coaching that they passed for authentic.

This event took place after radio but before TV, and before our extensive traveling in the U.S. after WW II, and I truly believe it was just on the eve of the homogenized speech and speech patterns we hear (almost) everywhere today. However, it is still a pleasure to hear a Deep South accent, a New England one and also one from Charleston from special residents here. And I enjoy hearing the old-fashioned "Ma'am" and "Sir" from young people respectfully addressing older ones (are you listening, grandchildren?).

Facilities

By Helen Stahl

Restroom, WC, the john, the throne room, one hole, the facility, the pot, the commode, the head, Porta Potty, bathroom. These are all euphemisms on the theme of this article. You probably have never given a thought to all the bathrooms for hall wanderers and guests that TFAD has to offer. Well, I will just plunge right in here and share with you what I learned during my survey of our public plumbing.

My curiosity was aroused the first time I entered the palatial restroom between the clinic and the glass elevator on Level 2. It is a study in lilac, mauve and grey, with elegant beribboned hand towels bear-

ing a card reading: "For decorative use only." It got me to wondering how many other doors marked Restroom there are. Thus began my journey through the labyrinth of hallways in the Independent Living areas, all three levels of Health and Wellness hallways and the pool and exercise areas. All in all I counted 17: there are four on Level 2, two on Level 3, four in the pool and exercise area, five on Level 1 in the Health and Wellness center, and two on Level 0. Each and every bathroom was immaculately clean with paper necessities and a spray can of Febreze.

Now I am flushed with pride to have shared these important statistics with you.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



1970s



Merced, CA 1950