

## Michael Lastinger, Security Site Supervisor

by Joanne Ferguson

**Mike** was born in Würzburg, Germany, where his father was in the army. He has two sisters, one a year older than he and the other, Staci, eight years older. Staci went to a bi-school, conducted in both English and German, and became fluent in German before the family left for home in Statesboro, Georgia. As is the way with older sisters, she was a big part of his upbringing, and they still have a close relationship. Mike was six when they returned to the US and says he has no German.

Statesboro is a farm town, and Mike says he grew up in the country trapping raccoons and possums and selling pelts: "It was good money for a boy of 12 and 13." His part of Georgia is beautiful and he says he misses it. His brother-in-law owned a dairy farm where he spent lots of time. When I asked, he said, "Of course I can milk a cow."

After high school he enlisted in the army and was stationed at Ft. Lewis, Washington, with the 2<sup>nd</sup> Ranger battalion. His six years in the army included three deployments; two to Iraq and one with Enduring Freedom in Afghanistan. He says Iraq was worse than Afghanistan, and in his last deployment he was wounded by shrapnel.

When he got out of the army, he enrolled in East Georgia College where he earned an Associate in Psychology degree. His best friend from the army, wounded and in the hospital at Ft. Bragg, needed help with his seven-year-old son, who was Mike's godson, so between semesters Mike travelled to North Carolina to help him. Consequently, Mike finished that school year on line. It was in North Carolina in 2008 that he met his wife, Bobileigh. They were married in 2009. He has a four-year-old daughter

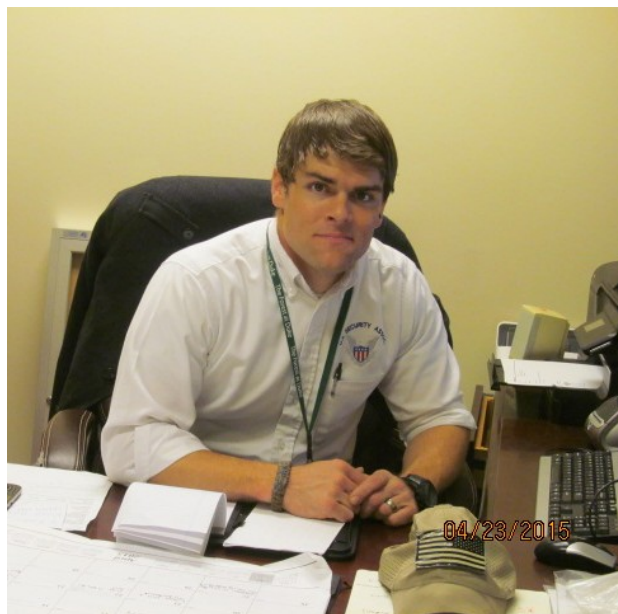


Photo by Sue Murphy

ter named Wren ("she is my life") as well as an eleven-year-old stepson named Levi. The two children are friends. Bobileigh is a home schooler and gets together with other home schoolers to give the children the socializing that is so important. They live in Clayton and Mike has an hour commute on I40 to get to us.

Before he came to The Forest he worked for a year and a half with the State Department as a private contractor in the embassy in Iraq as ambassador support. Among his certifications, too numerous to list here, are NRA Firearms Instructor, WPS (world protective services) certification, and EMT intermediate.

Bobileigh has a knitting and crocheting company (Lastinger Co.) and is a master beekeeper. Mike has become a beekeeper, too, as well as having

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### The Forester

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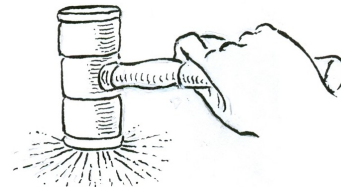
Fran and Doug Whitfield

### In Memoriam

Mary Ann Stone

April 27, 2015

## President's Podium



by Dale Harris

When independent residents are not available to meet them and let them in, who of your family and/or friends have the right to access your home? This is an important question for each of our independent residents and also for the administration and staff of The Forest at Duke. When we signed our Residence and Care Agreement, we named those persons, but that may need some changing as to name, contact information, etc .

Currently, under the guidance of the TFAD leadership, this very significant process is being updated, both as to the current information and to the on-campus system for making the information accessible to those who need it as the occasion arises. Such a need may arise during any of three time-frames: during hours when the Reception Desk is staffed and the Entrance Gate is open; during hours when the Reception Desk is not staffed and the Entrance Gate is open; and when the Reception Desk is not staffed and the Entrance Gate is locked. The system for storing this information has to be maintained and accessible under the varied circumstances. We residents have to do our part in providing current information when that is requested by TFAD.

Fortunately, in mid-May the Administration will have the set-up of this very important system ready to explain to us in its up-to-date form, and information will be distributed to us then about how to supply our updated information on this topic. We really appreciate that this is in process, and look forward to hearing about it in mid-May.

## Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

*Feliz Cinco de Mayo!*

As we are getting closer to our move to the new Library (ONLY 6 months away as I write this!) we are getting busier in preparation for it. "Downsize!" has become our mantra, as we realize that we will likely have less running footage for shelving than we now have. Something has to go!

Many patrons will be delighted to learn that because we must be in compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act, we can no longer have books on what are now the highest shelves in use, or the lowest. Patrons like me who cannot reach the top shelves, and those who cannot bend enough for the bottom shelves will be pleased, but this will change the space arrangement of bookshelves. Also, we will start with shelves only  $\frac{3}{4}$  full, allowing for the acquisition of new books. At present writing, many shelves are completely full, with books lying on top because of the difficulty of shifting books from shelf to shelf. This situation has happened in the past 18 months, when we last discarded books and left shelves  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. So many have been added in the meantime! But we must continue to add new publications or the Library will become static and dull.

Discarding has already begun. Those books not checked out in the past three years are going, to make room for more up-to-date selections. **Carol** and **Dick DeCamp** are leading the team of discarders. We keep reminding ourselves that we are not a repository of books, but an active collection that appeals to older people who want entertainment instead of the books of dry and outdated information they

can find on Google (we are going to have two computers for locating quick information).

Our collection of puzzles is also being downsized, with **Ted Harris** and his committee thoughtfully weeding out older and less appealing jigsaws, for less shelf-room in the future.

RINKAs are a different matter. In this category MORE are needed. Ted's inventory shows that about 20% of the Rinkas are MISSING! An urgent SOS is going out here for you to search for them in your home if you are a Rinka puzzle maker. They are special and valuable, and we wish to keep them all. They are to be re-boxed and will be checked out just like our books are. We must keep track of them.

After these problems, some pluses are welcome. First, cataloging has caught up, so there are many new books in circulation --- on the cart next to the charging desk. Second, only current copies of magazines need to stay and be read in the Library. Older issues may be taken out to be read at home. No check-out is needed.

*Adios!*



**Lastinger** continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

a license in wildlife and pest control. He learned his trade from the owner of the company where he sold pelts and had a job when he was growing up. He says he deals mostly with fire ants, foxes, and raccoons. He had an opportunity to display his expertise at The Forest when **Marilyn Young** called from cottage 50 to report a copperhead on her patio, Mike came, saw that she was correct, got his snake hook from his truck and whisked it away.

When he was a boy in Georgia a guy called Okefenokee Jo came to the school to talk to the children about snakes. He showed them the wound on his hand inflicted by a cottonmouth and described the terrible swelling of hand and arm as he lay in the hospital. This talk helped propel Mike into his interest in animal control. He tells his wife he can pick up a poisonous snake by hand “very carefully” and not get bitten. She didn’t like the sound of that, got on the internet and looked up the expense of the anti-venin and then added on the expense of a hospital stay—all to the sum of thirty or forty thousand dollars. That was impressive. Mike promised always to use his snake hook.



Mike and Bobleigh



<<< Levi and Wren at left

## Music and Memory

by Scott Hughes

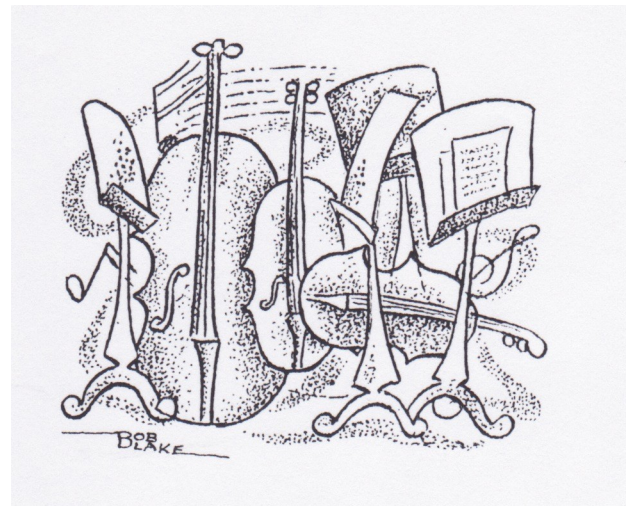
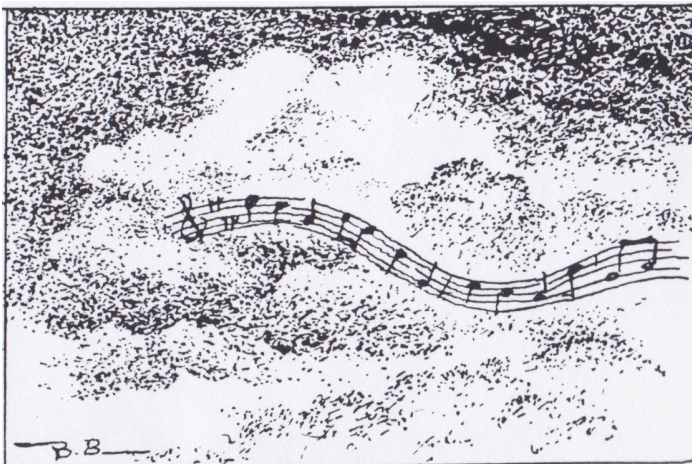
Music has long been recognized as a universal language, bringing pleasure and comfort at all times of life. How rewarding to discover that people suffering from Alzheimer's and other forms of dementia also continue to find happiness and joy through listening to music that they once knew and loved. Music and Memory provides the opportunity to make that happen. As the film "Alive Inside" showed, favorite music can awaken happy memories, promote socialization and conversation for those suffering from Alzheimer's.

Music and Memory was founded in 2006 by Dan Cohen, who continues as Executive Director. It provides an opportunity to make a playlist of favorite music which is then recorded on i-pods or other electronic devices. It can be listened to now in our daily lives, when we are recuperating from illness or surgery, or later -- should we become physically or mentally disabled.

When **Dawn Asbell Davis** was Executive Secretary here at The Forest, she heard about the program. As she had been a music major in college, the program caught her attention. Through her efforts

The Forest became the first CCRC to be certified in North Carolina to implement Music and Memory, and she was certified to oversee it. **Jennifer Perry** now has that responsibility.

The "Music and Memory" committee, composed of 14 of your neighbors, is chaired by **Zena Lerman**. Its members stand ready to answer your questions or assist you in making a list of your favorite music which will be given to Jennifer to be recorded. Lists might include Broadway songs, classical, country, hymns or religious music, folk ballads, swing, etc., and not only can you list songs, but performers of that music as well! Any music that you love! Forms will be placed in your mailboxes in the near future for you to complete and return to Zena. The music will be recorded, at no fee, for your use whenever you want or need it. Those who have already made lists report it was fun to do and brought back fond memories! If you have questions, call Zena at 919-419-9161.





## Welcome, New Residents



**Marilyn Hogle**

Apartment 4023      919-402-0166  
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Marilyn arrived at The Forest from Jerusalem, Israel, where she lived for the past 20 years. After raising her family in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, she moved to Israel to be closer to her daughter. She had lived in the Cleveland area for over 30 years, raising two daughters as a single parent while working in Human Resources at the local community college. Born in Hartford, CT, Marilyn earned her BA at Simmons College in Boston and the University of Delaware. She obtained her M.Ed. at Cleveland State University. Currently, her younger daughter lives in California while the older one is in graduate school at the University of Kansas. After retiring in Jerusalem, Marilyn volunteered in the English-speaking community, as treasurer of a fund-raising group, in a library, and played Scrabble with homebound individuals. She also enjoyed reading, playing bridge, attending concerts, traveling and caring for her two dogs. She is currently looking for a Scrabble partner and is available for pet sitting and dog walking.



**Ursula Kappert**

Apartment 4036      919-401-9227  
ursulakappert@cox.net

Ursula came to The Forest from Great Falls, VA, her home for 35 years. Born in Berlin before the onset of WWII, she lived in Germany and its eastern territories through the war and in the British Zone in its immediate aftermath under circumstances that fostered self-reliance. Earning interpreter's degrees for English and French in Heidelberg and looking for an opportunity to explore America, she found an opening in Charlotte, NC, with a German manufacturer of machinery for cotton finishing. She was on her way, by herself. It was a small outpost and eight months later it closed, leaving her with the options of returning to Germany or finding employment with another German-capitalized firm. She found a position with Volkswagen of America in Englewood Cliffs, NJ. This was a move of greater opportunity: cultural resources in nearby New York City, recreation in the Adirondacks and New England, and romance. In due course Ursula married a young Volkswagen Sales and Marketing Manager, Lou Kappert. Volkswagen transferred its Sales Managers among different locations in North America so that together they saw the country she had read about in the novels of Steinbeck and others. Ursula has one son, Christopher, working at Duke Medical.

## Welcome, New Residents



**Alex & Mary Denson**

Cottage 81                      919-489-9582  
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Mary and Alex are the first residents on Fountain View Lane! Mary grew up in Southern Pines, Alex near Rocky Mount. They come to The Forest from Durham's Hope Valley. With a BA in sociology from Meredith College and master's degrees from NC State, Mary's vocation has been human resources. She and Alex are also active volunteers in the community and their church, Westminster Presbyterian. Alex graduated from NC State in engineering and, after serving three years on active duty in the US Navy, he earned an LLB from Duke, practiced as a trial lawyer in Wake County, and was appointed a federal trial judge for the Eastern District of NC. Encounters with the homeless on the streets of Raleigh led him to become deeply involved in Emmaus House and CASA-NC, two organizations dedicated to helping the homeless. Recently a new CASA apartment complex in Durham was named in his honor, The Denson Apartment for Veterans. Alex is also interested in the Shroud of Turin, sharing his studies through slide presentations. Mary volunteers with the Duke Cancer Patient Support Program. Both are Master Gardeners. Mary and Alex have two children, a daughter in St Louis and a son in Ft. Lauderdale.



**Richard & Nancy Miller**

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[NRRELLIM@aol.com](mailto:NRRELLIM@aol.com)

Nancy and Dick Miller arrived from Boulder, Colorado, after electing to move to The Forest at Duke for its superior medical care and nearby cultural strengths. Dick served in WWII and graduated from Georgia Tech and Harvard Business School. His career was in computers and telecommunications. Early on he worked in Italy and this initiated a lifelong interest in the visual arts. Dick has served on numerous museum boards and as president of the Merce Cunningham Dance Foundation. Nancy grew up in Shelby, North Carolina, and graduated from Cornell University with degrees in textiles and education. Her interest in the visual arts led to volunteering at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an MS in museum studies, and a job at The Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Their daughter Hillary (Northwestern University) is a senior administrator at The Baker Demonstration School in Wilmette, IL and their daughter Dana (Duke University, Columbia University) is curator of the permanent collection at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York City. The Millers have four wonderful (!) grandchildren.

## Mystery Food: Tabbouleh

by Bill Harrington

**Bread:** What could be so interesting about bread that I would choose to write about it? Turns out – quite a bit.

Bread is the most widely eaten food on earth. Baked bread probably dates to 30,000 years ago. In 2010, the National Academy of Sciences published a study that chronicled how prehistoric people pulled this off. They didn't have Durham's Guglhupf, so they had to make their own. A concoction from the roots of cattails and ferns was mixed with water and fried on stones heated with an open fire. The bread was sort of like today's flatbreads: Mid-Eastern pita, Indian naan, and Central American tortillas.

Fast forward to around 800 B.C. in Mesopotamia and slaves and draft animals were being used to "mill" flour by the use of two, flat circular stones. These stones were placed one on top of the other and rotated to make flour that was a giant step closer to our powdery flour of today. Over thousands of years, the course, whole grain "prehistoric" bread was replaced with the fine -grained bread of the current era.

To make the white, fluffy bread that we can now purchase at our grocery store, three things had to happen. In addition to the evolution of making flour, two other developments had to occur: leavening (by using yeast), and mechanized slicing.

Bread was always cut at home until 1917 when a jeweler named Otto Rohwedder invented the first mechanized bread slicer. It took a while to catch on, but once it did, the breads at the grocery store took on the mass-produced appearance of Wonderbread and Merita.

The earliest breads may have looked like dark pumpernickel. I've often wondered where this name came from. The bread originated in the province of Westphalia in Germany. It means "devil's fart." (Remember, I'm just the messenger.)

"What goes around, comes around." Now, we've gotten back to the old – very old – ways; some of us like coarse bread that we can cut ourselves. I am currently reading a book by Andy Rooney of "60 Minutes" fame. He liked his bread this way – as he put it, "Bread that I can take home and cut myself."

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



Washington, DC 1954



Virginia in the 40s



## Foreign Language Failures and Successes

by Carol Scott

My first important attempt at speaking a foreign language in its native country was a failure. But I feel that I redeemed myself many decades later.

A 6-week trip to Europe with a group of girls, chaperoned by a Duke professor and his wife, was my high school graduation gift. There were ten of us teen-agers, high school seniors or graduates, and one girl who had finished a year in college. All had had at least two years of French, the requisite foreign language at that time, and some had taken more. Having a certain facility for language and three years of French and a year of French conversation behind me, I decided to add Italian to my repertoire (probably from a latent desire to impress the other girls), so I bought an Italian phrase book and did some studying in advance of the trip. I felt quite pleased with myself for this new language acquisition.

My first experience at using it in its native country was encouraging, for on the train to Florence I was able to ask the conductor “A che hora arriveremo a Firenze?” AND was able to understand his reply that it would be at 8 p.m.! So, I felt quite capable of conducting in Italian a business transaction later in Venice.

On leaving home, my mother had given me a sum of money with which to buy for her a cut-work tablecloth in that city, saying that Mrs. Edwards, having been there several times, would know of a good linen shop. And she did.

As we entered this specialty store behind the Piazza di San Marco, I saw displayed on a stand ahead of us the perfect, beautiful tablecloth. It was the right size, also. But there was no price listed.

In my excitement over this find and wanting to know if I could afford it, I blurted out in my best Italian, “E tutto!” (too much!), instead of the “Per quanto?” (how much?) I should have said. Immediately recognizing my mistake, I was much embarrassed.

My humiliation was completed when the saleslady conducted our transaction in perfect English...

(My mother did enjoy the tablecloth for many years, and now one of my daughters is enjoying it).

About four decades later I was able to redeem myself linguistically -- not in Italian but in rusty, seldom-used French.

One summer my husband and I joined a group of university-associated travelers touring the Soviet Union. We visited five Soviet republics, staying in university cities and meeting with faculty members there. One was the North Ossetian Autonomous Republic, a place our geography books had never told us about. The university city was the capital, Ordzhonikidze, with over a million residents and its own subway system, located at the base of the beautiful Caucasus mountains, a city of which we also knew nothing.

Seated at dinner with North Ossetian counterparts, I discovered that they knew no English! And, of course, I had no knowledge of their language. However, the woman seated next to me was fluent in French. I went mentally through my long-dormant French vocabulary and realized I could converse with her--about libraries, OF COURSE! And very interesting it turned out to be.

This accomplishment helped to erase the old humiliation of my disastrous teen-age encounter with Italian.

Nowadays, English, not French, is the *lingua franca* of the European continent. But what we need in this country is fluency in Spanish--and probably Chinese for the future.

*Merci! Grazie! Gracias! Sheh sheh!*

## A Spool of Blue Thread

by Anne Tyler

a review by Peggy Quinn

Like Norman Rockwell, Ann Tyler is a chronicler of American life. Her characters appear with all their warts and bumps, all their fears and prejudices and all of the funny little vices that endear and hug us to them because they are like us, they could be our families. Ann Tyler has created another American masterpiece.

The Whitshank house in Baltimore is the perfect setting for Anne Tyler to unspool her tale, told through several generations. It is a family saga and the house takes on a character of its own. Abby and Red seem the perfect occupants, and down through the years their children have grown up living and loving every nook and corner of the big sprawling house built by Red's father, Junior. The wide open porch with the wonderful swing in the corner invites Abby's story telling on warm summer evenings. As the children gather around, Abby begins, "It was a breezy yellow and green afternoon ..." and goes on to tell of her falling in love and marrying Red Whitshank, whom she had known since she was twelve years old.

Abby is a social worker and she likes to see the good in everyone. Sometimes she feels as if her heart is breaking over the needy people she meets in the grocery store. Much to the chagrin of her family she invites these orphans to Sunday dinner. She is surprised when they accuse her of failing to pay attention to what is going on in her own family.

Red too has his moments when he is obsessed with his house and his construction business and fails to see Sten's need for recognition or Denny's craving to be understood and loved by his father.

It is such a delightful, amusing, poignant sto-

ry and so darn realistic. Like all families, four children don't always get along. They keep secrets from each other, are often jealous and resentful. Some are moody and stubborn but they do love one another. Abby is the consummate mother, constantly on guard, ready to stamp out small fires before they become bonfires. The Whitshanks are a perfectly normal family, one might call them mundane.

Now we come to the heart of the matter. Abby and Red are aging, both in their early seventies. Abby is having trouble with her memory. She has her spells where she just seems to black out. She is there but not really there. Life seems more challenging, little things annoy her, and she seems not to have as much patience with the young grandchildren. Red seems more tired lately, more removed and more oblivious of the small fix-it jobs around the house. They wonder if he is even aware of the sagging screen doors? It is decided that the family will rally around and come to the rescue. Sten, his wife Nora and their three young boys take it upon themselves to move in with the old folks. Nora will take over the cooking and Denny, the prodigal son, will also move home just to help out. So much for a big house!

Neither Abby nor Red are consulted about these arrangements. Yet it is difficult for them to repudiate their children's enthusiasm. Abby, who has never said an unkind word against anyone, finds herself annoyed with Nora's use of the name "Mother Whitshank" when speaking to her. She finds herself resenting another woman in her kitchen and often finds herself avoiding Nora. Like the day when she slips out of the house with the dog

*(Continued on page 11)*

Review by Peggy Quinn *continued**(Continued from page 10)*

just to take a walk by herself. After walking several blocks she realizes that she is lost. She has no idea where she is and in a panic she drops the dog's leash. The dog dashes into the street. Without looking, Abby runs after him. The car hits both of them.

The family finds Abby's notes on the type of funeral she wanted. Red decides to give up the house and move to an apartment. Denny leaves with no forwarding address but promises to come back if anyone needs him. Nora and Sten go back to their own house with their little boys. They all leave the house together on Halloween while Abby's filmy-skirted ghosts frolic and dance on the porch. And there they stay until the next family arrives with their own history still to be written.

(Abby cut the six ghosts from gauze and they were hung on the porch every year on Halloween.)

**Falls the Night**

Don Chesnut

Bodies broken, blood that's spilled,  
The battlefield is filled with dread.  
I always thought I might be killed,  
But never thought I would be dead.

Yet here I lie beneath this stone,  
Above me some kind words were read.  
The battle's done, the war's been won,  
And here I lie among the dead.

Will you remember years from now  
The reason why my body bled?  
You kissed my cheek and stroked my  
brow,  
And never thought I would be dead.

I was so young, life just begun,  
My future bright, or so they said.  
Yet here I am, my life is done.  
I never thought I would be dead.

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## A Grey Ghost

by Banks Anderson

It was before yesterday, pre-pollen, and I was spying between the window slats at Gardenia Court. There was no trace as yet of any rosy-fingered dawn and judging by the shine on the asphalt Eos's fingers this dawn would be grey and wet. I was up early enjoying that relief that comes after relieving and had just turned on the coffee pot and was on my way back to the cozy covers of a double bed. Motion out there on the court grabbed my eyes. Could it be across-the-drive Alfie? No it couldn't. Alfie loves the sound of his own voice and always announces his outdoor trips. Besides it was twice Alfie's length. Was it back door neighbor Larry's hound? No. Larry's dog is still recovering from the psychic trauma of a surprise electric fence encounter and never roams this far south. This beast was smaller and unspotted. Its spine was perfectly parallel to the glittering asphalt from nose to fuzzy tail tip and it glided rapidly without a ripple, arrow straight, up the drive disappearing past Jon and Judy's cottage. In the sodium yellow of our cul-de-sac light, its feet were invisible. There was only this grey fuzzy rapidly gliding linear blur. Raccoons are nocturnal. Was it a coon? It didn't hop. Could it possibly have been a fox?

A few days later Nancy and I were hiking Forest at Duke Drive in the gloaming before the stars were out but after most carport lights had flicked on. We had arrived at the last cottage before the greenhouse when I saw the same sort of grey blur streak across TFAD drive from the property line fence into our little feral forest growing there. Thirty or forty paces on looking to the right and down I could see standing water, a little creek, and lots of cover for a possible den.

We have never seen a rabbit at The Forest during the year that we have been here. Could this be the result of a resident fox? Some years ago and two miles away at our previous residence on Cranford Road I snapped a picture of a vixen and her kits traversing our back yard. So I think it is possible. Do you?

