



Volume 20 Issue 9

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

June 2015

Wendy Tyson, Director of Nursing

By Joanne Ferguson

Wendy came to The Forest in April 2009 from Suburban Hospital in Bethesda, Maryland, where she was in the Adult Medical Unit as a Clinical Nurse II. Her duties included but were not limited to preoperative and postoperative care, central line care, blood transfusions, trach care and pain management, as well as education for patients and families.

She previously worked at Saint John's Riverside Hospital and Albert Einstein Hospital, both in New York.

Wendy started here as a Charge Nurse. She also held educational In-Services for staff on Infection Control and did Nursing Orientation for new nursing staff. She then became Nurse Manager in the Olsen Neighborhood. In January of this year she was chosen to be our Director of Nursing.

Born in the Bronx at Fordham University Hospital, Wendy was one of eight children— four brothers and three sisters, two of whom are twins. Her mother was from North Carolina and her father from New York City. He had polio as an adult and died in his early fifties from complications. The siblings live in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Maryland.

Wendy was a nursing student at the College Staten Island in Staten Island, New York, and was there on September 11, 2001 when the planes hit the Twin Towers. A call went out for anyone with medical experience to help. Wendy went, but the sad fact was that there were so many dead and so few survivors that a helping nursing student was of almost no avail.

She was in Manhattan studying for her Boards when the Northeast Blackout of 2003 hit, in



which more than 50 million people lost power in New York City. She went outside and found crowds of people mobbing buses and taxis. When she went to her customary bus stop she fell in with a group of women who had been riding the same bus to the Bronx together for some time, a ride that customarily took her 20 minutes to get home.

A man in a car had his radio on where they

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The Forester

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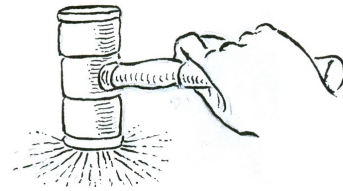
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In Memoriam

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President's Podium



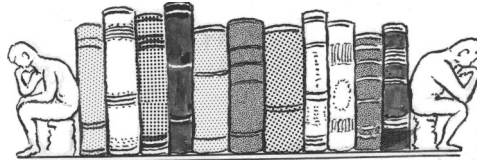
by Dale Harris

Communicating is something we residents are encouraged to do, and we think it is important to have feedback from us to the staff and to the “powers that be.” It seems that it would be helpful for each of us as a part of this endeavor to be familiar with some additional information about how the Standing Committees of our Residents Association work. Then when a topic for discussion emerges, I urge any resident to talk to the Chair of the relevant Resident Standing Committee. It can then be decided whether it would be appropriate to place it on the Committee’s agenda at its next monthly meeting; and if the Committee decides to do so, the matter can be referred to the Resident Association Board for consideration at its next monthly meeting. (Those RA Board meetings are in February, March, May, June, August, September, November, and December.)

This year’s Standing Committee Chairs are **Herb Carson**—Food Service; **Don Chesnut**—Governance; **Bob Jennings**—Health; **Russell Jones**—Facilities; **Tom Keller**—Finance; **Sylvia Kerckhoff**—Marketing; **Nancy Laszlo**—Activities; **Nancy McCumber**—Resident Services; and **Anne Moore**—Caucus Coordinator. Other residents who attend our Board meetings and who are also receptive to your thoughts are **Arnie Lerman**, Forest at Duke Board member, and **Robbie Robertson**, our Parliamentarian.

This is the monthly *Forester* when it is time to wish everyone a good summer. No doubt the “on campus process” will be going fairly constantly through the summer, but toward the end of this calendar year, real progress will be observable in multiple directions and we will be more than glad!

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Along with *The Forester* itself, this column will go on vacation until fall. But the Library will be open all summer for your reading pleasure as you go to the beach or the mountains –or The Forest at Duke. New books will continue to appear as they are acquired and processed. Look for pleasurable summer reading!

As you are looking, notice how much space there is now on the shelves. Books that had not circulated in three years have been discarded by teams of volunteers working on Saturday mornings to make space available for new additions. Since shelving is not expandable, this is the only way to make more room, and we have to do this discarding about every three years. This is the only way to keep a library current and active. WE CONTINUE TO WELCOME DONATIONS.

Discarding is now complete, and a number of these books have been bought by residents for \$1 each. A great bargain! Puzzles are also being discarded, and will be for sale soon, also for \$1 each. And paperbacks will be offered at two for \$1. Watch for notices in the *Forest Forward*.

As I write this, the floor for the new Library has been poured, and the floor space is no longer a mud puddle. Progress is being made every day and by the time you read this, walls might be up. It is hard to envision the final Library, even with the drawings on the newspaper table in the present Library and on the wall of the bridge to the Post Office. By the way, the description beside that drawing tells of curling up in the new space with a book and a cup of coffee — remember! the coffee cup in

the Library is not going to happen. Our present policy of no food or drink in the Library will still be in effect, no matter where it is located.

There are predictions that in the future there will be no books, but my prediction is that there will always be books, though probably many more in a form like Kindle or Nook, and not for years to come. Therefore, you don't have to speed read now to be sure you get to read everything you have wanted to before they go out of style.

So — have a happy summer reading in an enjoyable way at your own usual speed - and look forward to reading this column again in the fall.

A Balcony Seat

by Helen Stahl

For a season ticket to a delightful show, just hang up a hummingbird feeder filled with a mixture of 1 cup boiling water and ¼ cup sugar, which has cooled. Suspend the feeder where you have a good view, sit back and enjoy. Hummers are quite bold, not at all shy about being your entertainment. An added bonus is the appearance of little goldfinches who happen by to try to take some sips of the “soup.”

Enjoy!

WendyTyson continued

(Continued from page 1)

heard how severe the blackout was. She and her bus friends conferred and decided that they had better start walking. They walked and walked and kept on for four hours. They saw people walking across the bridges, and Wendy was disturbed because she was afraid of heights. Much to her relief they found a bus with standing room only that carried her over the bridge into the Bronx, and when she got home there were lights. She has never seen those ladies again since that day, and we agree that it would be great fun to have a reunion.



Jada and Wendy

She lives in Creedmoor with her nine-year-old daughter **Jada**, where she now has a commute of twenty minutes. Jada goes to Cresset Christian Academy, a convenience for them both. Wendy is a faithful churchgoer at Agape Worship Center in Stem, NC, where she sings soprano with the Praise Team.

Her mother, who is close to eighty, lives in Murfreesboro, NC.



Twin systers
Nanya and Sonya

As is often the case with nurses who are tapped for administrative duties, she misses being able to socialize with the residents as much she used to. However, she is always able to check in with them on a daily basis. And that's a bonus for all of us.



Young
glamour
girl

Mystery Food: No Mystery, Just History

by Bill Harrington

“Our diet reflects the history of the region and its people: Native Americans, Europeans, and Africans. Our food tells us where we came from and who we have become.” — Bill Neal, 1990

I visited the Museum of Durham History (500 W. Main Street) on May 7 to investigate the display on food. After you’ve read this piece, you will still have two months to make the short trip before the exhibit changes.

Before entering the museum, there is a two-sided board titled “Connecting Kitchens.” It succinctly shows how “foodie” became associated with our city. Beginning with the Magnolia Grill on 9th Street in the 1980s, one can trace the openings of numerous eateries that eventually led to this label. Once inside, another board goes back further in time when barbecue, collard greens, and cornbread were king.

The history of pizza in Durham is particularly interesting. A Duke student asked Annamaria Malanga, a woman who had moved to Durham from New Jersey, if she would make him a pizza. She did.

Annamaria and her husband eventually opened the city’s first pizza restaurant in 1956.

I went to browse through the information on food but found lots more interesting stuff. For example, a small room contains an oral history library of Durham. The visitor is encouraged to record his or her “Durham history” on the spot. Eventually, the “histories” will be moved to the Durham Library.

The few minutes that I spent in the center of Durham were nostalgic for me. I traveled to Durham in the fall of 1967 to take my first job after graduating from college. I was a guidance counselor at Holton Junior High School on Driver Street in east Durham. (This was before middle schools were invented – at least in North Carolina.) At that time, the following statement would not have been too much of an exaggeration: If you didn’t like steak or barbecue, you were out of luck. Depicting Durham as a “foodie town” still seems farfetched to me. But it’s true. So, enjoy the many, many restaurants just a few blocks from The Forest.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



high school Senior



high school grad

Welcome, New Residents



Carol McFadyen & John Duvall

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Carol and John come to The Forest from Fayetteville, where Carol was born and grew up. An English major in college, she received a MEd degree from UNC and found a career in education, first as an Exceptional Children's teacher and later as an Educational Technologist working in Department of Defense Schools. "I felt as if I were being paid to play," Carol said of the last 16 years of her career where she taught teachers how to use technology in their classrooms. John is a native of Baltimore. He attended Kenyon College, earning a history degree. After serving in the Air Force during the 1960s, John's interest in history led him first to the NC Department of Archives and History and then to UNC for graduate study. Beginning in 1975, John began a career as an historian and curator for the U.S. Army at Fort Bragg. He was principal planner for the Airborne and Special Operations Museum, where he was director, 2001-09. Carol and John are both avid gardeners and readers, and have been active supporters of the NC Symphony.



Craig & Jackie Casey

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Jackie and Craig come to The Forest from Durham's nearby Hope Valley. Jackie was born in Missouri. Craig was born in Texas and grew up in Oklahoma. They met during their high school years in Boonville, MO. Their paths diverged until Craig arrived in Durham in 1979 to become Head of Duke's Department of Electrical Engineering. Soon thereafter they married. Craig received his undergraduate degree from Oklahoma State and joined Hewlett-Packard in Palo Alto. During this time he obtained his doctorate from Stanford. He brought a distinguished record in solid-state device research at Bell Laboratories with a textbook and multiple published papers on the subject. He maintains a consulting practice in light-emitting semiconductor devices. Jackie graduated from Sullins College (Bristol, VA) where she majored in music and sports, interests that together with painting and retailing continue to this day. Both she and Craig are regular Duke Men's Basketball fans. Craig enjoys hiking in the NC mountains from their summer home at Hound Ears in Boone, NC. There he also enjoys an extensive garden. Together they have six children and nine grandchildren.

Welcome, New Residents



Jane Woodworth

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Jane comes to The Forest from Fredericksburg, VA. Born in Norfolk, Jane grew up in Princess Anne County (Virginia Beach). She attended Mary Washington College and later, when established with a family in King George County, received her BFA from Virginia Commonwealth University. Her principal interests were, and remain, fine arts, music, and dance. Her late husband, Pat, was a graduate of the US Naval Academy, and the early years of their marriage were spent at naval facilities in California. Returning east to Richmond, Jane concentrated on her growing family, elementary-school teaching, and art, while Pat completed the dentistry program of the Medical College of Virginia.

In King George County, a rural area with needs, Jane volunteered as an art teacher in elementary schools; taught techniques discovered by deaf researchers to correct speech defects in young students; and taught life necessities to older disadvantaged children, while maintaining an active art life creating paintings and travel prints. She and like-minded friends established after-school art programs, a biennial art show, and in 1992 in Fredericksburg the first co-op gallery, the thriving "Art First Gallery."

Jane has four children, one nearby in Hillsborough, and five grandchildren.



Harold & Judy Vick

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Judy and Harold were born and grew up in Jacksonville, FL. High-school sweethearts, both attended Duke and married shortly after graduation. Judy pursued a BS in nursing, which together with voluntarism and homemaking became her life's vocation. Harold majored in Civil Engineering, planning to become a registered professional engineer. After four years serving as an officer in the US Navy, he earned an MS from NC State University in Transportation Engineering and in 1968 joined the newly formed firm of consulting engineers Kimley-Horn & Associates, specialists in the field. His career was spent in the West Palm Beach and Phoenix offices. He retired in 2002 as chairman of the firm.

Judy and Harold have both been very active in their communities, churches, and church-related ministries. Judy was director of the Crisis Pregnancy Center and is a member of the board of the Community Health Center in West Palm Beach, FL. Harold was chairman of Guidestone Financial Resources and of Mission ONE, and member of numerous ministry boards. The Vicks have a daughter in Raleigh and a son in Tucson. Besides nine grandchildren and, of course, Duke basketball, Judy and Harold savor American antiques and native American crafts of the Southwest.

Tall Tales or True

by Herbert L. Carson

We can imagine cavemen and cavewomen sitting around the cave fire and telling tales of the gazelles that got away. People tell stories. Sometimes they are boring, sometimes fascinating, sometimes important, sometimes trivial. Sometimes they are even true!

But how do we judge when a tall tale is true? Here are some stories about a one-time presidential candidate and controversial figure in pre-World War II America. Gerald Lyman Kenneth Smith (1898 – 1976) was an American clergyman and political organizer. He became a leader of the Share Our Wealth movement during the Great Depression. In 1940, he founded the America First Party and was their presidential candidate in the election that year. His views were what might be termed isolationist, anti-black, and anti-Semitic.

Cigarettes and Whiskey: Tale 1

The Hollywood image of a reporter, this man drank much and smoked more. And he loved nothing better than recounting his adventures.

“One time in the 30’s, I interviewed Gerald L. K. Smith. He was a good-looking man, well spoken and courteous. I wondered if he would have admitted me if he had known that I was Jewish.

“I was searched for weapons and then ushered into his office. He answered all my questions. I already knew everything he believed, but he still held forth about blacks and Jews. He still maintained that America needed a strong defense but also insisted that we needed to avoid getting involved in the European conflicts.

“Nothing new came out of that interview. My last question was, ‘Mr. Smith, why is the lighting so dim in here?’ I received a somewhat twisted smile. ‘Because,’ Smith replied, ‘I like to work in the dark.’”

Compassion and Regrets: Tale 2

Our class was learning methods of teaching in high school. The elderly professor always preached to us about being more than teachers. He urged us to be aware of our students’ personal needs, to assist them to learn, to develop their characters, and to help them overcome their deficiencies. But he also confessed an ambivalent attitude about a youthful encounter he had with a young junior high-school student.

“Back then, English teachers taught six classes and performed other duties: directing plays, overseeing the student newspaper, coaching debate, etc. I did all of these. And in one class I met a young boy who seemed smart, but he was extremely shy — reluctant to participate.

“The boy was a minister’s son. He had already committed himself to becoming a minister himself. But he spoke rarely in class. I wanted to bring him out of his shell. I urged him to join our debating society. I helped him prepare speeches to deliver in class. I assisted him in becoming more active and more outgoing. By the time he left my school, he had become a forceful and effective speaker. His name was... Gerald L.K. Smith!

What if I had ignored him? (The professor sighed.) I think when it comes to evil, there is no indispensable person. There is always someone to take an evil person’s place. Do you think there is always someone to take the place of someone truly good?”

Most of the class continued to squint into their notebooks. Many of them were doodling. When the bell rang, the students—as usual—ran for the door and freedom.

Eloquence and Embarrassment: Tale 3

The history prof shared his story with a group of us whom he had joined for lunch. “I had heard

Tall Tales or True continued

(Continued from page 8)

about Gerald L.K. Smith and the America First organization. I was opposed to their pro-Hitler and anti-black and anti-Jewish policies. Still, when I heard they were having a rally at the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial, just across the street from the university, I attended.

"I wasn't alone. The platform was crowded with local celebrities. The crowd was large and attentive. It was a Sunday, so the proceedings began with prayers. I waited impatiently for the main speaker.

"I guess I already knew what he would say. There was the usual tirade against Roosevelt, some remarks about the president's alleged part in the murder of Huey Long, strong denunciations of Jews and blacks. Then came the insistence upon a strong defense of America and a strict non-interventionist (I called it 'isolationist') policy with respect to Europe. The crowd cheered. They were favorable to his views.

"As I left the rally, some youngsters were hawking 'extras' on the street. The headlines blared, and the boys shouted: 'Japanese attack Pearl Harbor. War is coming.' As I slunk away, hoping no one who knew me would spot me, I saw ahead of me, his coat collar high, his hat low, his head hidden, a well-known local politician. Suddenly America First was a group with whom we wanted to be associated of all groups—last and least!"

Well, these are the stories. I know one thing: everyone who has ever served in the military has tales, and many are tall. It's no tall tale that I heard these stories. The question is, are any of them true?

Humility and Humiliation

by Ned Arnett

When I saw the dirty T-shirt
Bearing the admonition, "Stay Humble"
I was greatly intrigued.
The teenager wearing the message
Looked normal enough. Had he even read it?

Did he appreciate its profundity?
Perhaps he was really a humble person,
If so, did he know it, or was his message just
meant
For anyone who happened to read it?

Unless you do know whether you're humble,
How can you try to stay that way?
Can you even make a decision to be **more**
humble,
At least, let's say, as a discipline during Lent ?

More likely, humility is actually a by-product
Of spiritual maturity, from finally learning
What you really are and what you really aren't.

When I was only fifty I asked my father,
"What's it like to grow old?"
In an instant he said "It's humiliating!"

Now I know that he was right.
As the body and mind wind down,
Everything moves slower
And we ain't what we used to be.

Such humiliation should be good for something.
Do you know yourself better?
Are you more honest?
Are you more humble?

Stop! Some things are really too private
to write on T-shirts or make poems about.

Attempted Murder at the Labor and Delivery Suite

by Lloyd Redick, MD

It was a Friday, early spring, in the labor and delivery suite. I was the attending anesthesiologist, with a senior anesthesia resident and a certified registered nurse anesthetist as assistants assigned to the area. Three or four patients were in active labor.

One patient of approximately 32 years of age was having labor induced for the birth of her first baby with her husband in attendance. About 1:30 p.m., she requested epidural analgesia, which was quickly accomplished by usual protocol without problems, and successful analgesia established, with an initial dose of 8 ml. of 2% chlorprocaine local anesthetic. After about 30 minutes, 8 ml. of 0.2 % bupivacaine was administered via the epidural catheter to maintain the analgesia, a usual practice. At 4 p.m., another dose of 0.2% bupivacaine was administered, and the patient observed for about 8 minutes for any untoward result.

Between 4:10 and 4:15, the patient's nurse left to obtain an antibiotic solution to add to the patient's intravenous solution. The patient's husband was in the room. On her return, the husband said that something was wrong, and the nurse noted the patient was not breathing and seemed to be unresponsive. The nurse immediately called out for help! I and the resident immediately responded, he to the patient, I to pick up a resuscitation bag a few feet outside the patient's door. She was indeed not breathing, and bag and mask resuscitation was begun immediately. A quick blood pressure was reported as somewhat elevated, with a rapid heart rate, and the fetal monitor showed the baby had a slightly elevated heart rate. The patient's obstetrician was also nearby and appeared quickly in the labor room. We all wondered "what happened?"

A rapid decision to move to an empty operating/delivery room was made, and the patient transferred to a procedural table, all while resuscitation was continued. No response to painful or other stimuli was noted. The patient's trachea was intubated readily, and a ventilator attached to maintain arti-

cial respiration. Fetal monitoring continued to be unremarkable, and exam by the obstetrician showed progress in labor had and was occurring.

After several minutes of observation and discussion, no cause of the problem—cerebral vascular accident (stroke, hemorrhage, embolus)—‘total spinal’ anesthesia (a recognized complication of epidural analgesia), or some other seemingly catastrophic event, could be elicited. The patient was continually monitored with no change for a time.

At about 5 p.m., I attached a peripheral nerve stimulator. This device applies a small electrical charge through electrodes applied over a nerve so that muscle movement may be observed. No movement was noted, which should not be the result with a spinal anesthetic situation. A neurologist was called to come for consultation, and found there was no response to the test of cold water in an ear canal, which will cause eye movement in a normal situation. The lack of muscle activity with nerve stimulation was further documented. Tubes of blood were drawn; one saved and refrigerated, the others sent to the laboratory; and results arriving a short time later showed electrolytes and other factors were essentially normal.

About 6:20, the neurologist returned, and after brief discussion, the patient was administered a drug (muscle relaxant) to reverse drug-induced paralysis. Within a couple of minutes, the patient opened her eyes, began to breathe, showed signs of agitation, and nerve stimulation showed movement. Within a few more minutes, she was extubated (her breathing tube removed). After a few more minutes, labor had progressed, and she delivered a normal appearing baby boy. The baby, however, was not breathing well, but after administration of the muscle relaxant reversal drug, he rapidly developed normal breathing. He was taken to the newborn nursery and monitored closely with no further difficulty noted during his hospital stay.

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Attempted Murder continued

(Continued from page 10)

The patient recalled a number of things: being unable to breathe, the intubation, the nerve stimulations, the cold caloric test, and the loss of analgesia (which was approximately the time for analgesia to be dissipated), and the onset of labor pain lasting until delivery.

What Happened!?

The lack of peripheral nerve stimulation ruled out total spinal anesthesia. When the patient awakened without deficit, it was fairly well assured she had not had a cerebral accident. Sudden onset of a generalized muscle paralysis has been reported, but is very rare. She may have been given a muscle relaxant, but how? Who? The intravenous solution bags had been saved as well as vials from which the local anesthetics were drawn, and the small residuals were analyzed in the laboratory. No muscle relaxants were found. After the weekend, the one tube of saved whole blood was sent to one of the only two laboratories in the country that could analyze for muscle relaxants. The results returned about 2 weeks later, and showed a very high metabolite of the potent muscle relaxant pancuronium (as the blood cells had not been separated from the plasma and properly refrigerated, this result would be expected). This muscle relaxant was rarely used on the labor and delivery suite, though three ampoules were kept there for special needs—none was missing. The labor and delivery nurses did not even know the nature of the drug or its uses.

The patient was a nurse, and had been very aware of any medications she was to or did receive. Her husband was also a nurse and worked in the neurological intensive care unit, where the muscle relaxant was sometimes used to help patients 'accept' mechanical respiratory assistance. The couple supposedly had been having some marital problems. The patient was told of our suspicions, and the husband left town immediately. The child has been noted to be somewhat mentally deficient in follow up after 2 years. No charges were ever filed.

The Magic Day

by Carol Oettinger

What made it a magic day, to be remembered always with joy: The weather was perfect, sunny and mild with a gentle breeze blowing. I was in a place that I always enjoyed, the home of my best friend, Diana, in Beaufort. I was near the ocean and could enjoy that wonderful salty smell of the ocean breeze. We walked the three blocks into town to get a newspaper and met several men friends we knew casually. They decided to join us when we told them that we were thinking about swimming across the creek to Bird Island and taking a picnic over to the ocean.

When we set out it was low tide, so the creek swim was an easy one. We wandered about looking at birds' nests, plants, shells and the clouds which were especially beautiful that day. And then, over a dune, there was the ocean. Whenever I'm near the ocean I feel at home. There wasn't any set picnic time. We ate whenever we chose. We made sand castles with moats. The talk was slow and easy and about things that mattered to us. We felt very close to one another. When the time seemed right we began to wander back toward the creek. Part of the magic was that things simply happened. We didn't have to make decisions.

Swimming back across the creek was a little more work because the tide was coming in. We were ready for it and enjoyed the challenge. After a shower and a change of clothes, we walked to the Spouter Inn. It was right on the waterfront. We watched the sunset and the boats coming in from the roof garden. Whatever we were drinking tasted like ambrosia. And then we ate some of their fresh, delicious seafood.

My friend and I have always treasured that day. When I meet the two friends who shared the Day, they too remember it with a smile.

Orienting

by Banks Anderson

A yellow slip was in box 40 today telling Nancy and me of another orientation. These sessions have been extremely helpful but I miss the traditional orienting that comes from the heavens. Where should I look for a rising Passover/Easter moon? *Oriens, orientis*: present participle of *oriri* to rise. At TFAD locating the rising spot at night is not easy because of light pollution. There is never a dark sky. The rising and setting sun does orient us during the day, and if I can remember the site of its set I will be occidented. Finding north from Gardenia Court using Polaris is impossible.

Edison's first bulbs illuminated residences after dark dangling from ceilings on two insulated wires. Early on, this glare became intolerable and gas and kerosene lamps were modified to house his new invention, the latter requiring plugs and their receptacles. A new professional, the electrician, has by now hidden millions of them in ceiling cans. But outdoors almost bare light bulbs still persist, including those on pole tops in our TFAD cul-de-sacs. There they waste a third of their energy illuminating the bottoms of

clouds, and much of the rest produces horizontal glare that would be intolerable indoors. (There *are* thankfully full cut-off fixtures on TFAD Drive.) In spite of that yellow glare from our pole, I was able to find and track a full moon after our last vernal equinox.

But was it the very *first one*? Muslims who also set holy days by the heavens have adopted the first tiny sliver of a rising crescent moon as their date anchor. The smallest sliver is much more accurately eyeballed than determining the instant of absolute fullness. Muslims celebrate the superiority of their lunar technique over that of the Jewish and Christian by adorning mosques and flags with that crescent. But you get the idea. REAL orientation is cathedrals and **Nancy McCumber** and I when spotting Betelgeuse rising really are oriented. But those sessions in our windowless auditorium could just as easily and perhaps more appropriately be called occidentation except that falling is not a happy connotation for those of us living inside a CCRC.

