

Richard Dix, Our Security Supervisor

by Shannon Purves

Richard Dix's first job at The Forest was, like some other milestones in his life, the result of renewing old friendships. Once, many years ago, Richard Dix was Kolby Shields's boss at a security firm in Chicago. When Richard and his wife, Andrea, decided to move from Chicago to Burlington, NC, to be close to Richard's brother, turns out Colby was living in Durham. They met up and Richard was persuaded to come out of "retirement" and join TFAD's security force. "I hated retirement," says Richard. "Staying at home all day has never been my thing." Now that Kolby has left The Forest for a new job with Homeland Security, his old boss now has his recent boss's job, supervising the nine members of the security force here.

Born and raised in Trenton, New Jersey, Richard went straight from high school graduation to a job as a "track man" on the Reading Railroad. His crew laid track, put ties in, and generally maintained many, many miles of railroad track—manually, as there were no machines for that work back in the early '70's. He left after 15 years—by which time he had been made track inspector—to accept an offer from the Trenton State Penitentiary to work in inmate custody, a job he realized he liked more than he'd expected he would. "Security work seemed to be my niche." Another 15 years went by at the end of which he left the Penitentiary to take a security job in the Trenton public school system. When he'd been



Andrea and Richard on their wedding day.

there for three years, another of those old friendships came into important play.

Sixteen years ago, Andrea Starr, another friend from way back—much further back, even than Kolby—reappeared. She and Richard, classmates in the fourth grade, had lost touch when she went to Chicago to college. She stayed there, earning her BA and MA degrees and going to work in the world of computers. When she happened to be visiting her mother in Trenton the summer of 2002, when Richard was 49 and divorced, they ran into each other by total chance. And the rest—a now 16-year-old marriage—is historical fact. Andrea and Richard, with eight children between them from previous marriages, decided to live in Chicago where Andrea continued her work as director of IT at Envisions Unlimited and Richard joined a security firm specializing in personal protection (the most famous of his clients was the jazz sax player, Boney James).

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The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of the Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents:

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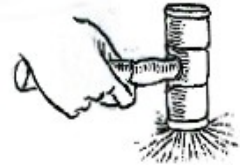
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President's Podium



by Russell Jones

The Residents' Association is midway through its 23rd year, having been incorporated in North Carolina on May 1, 1996. Most of that was before my time here, but I suspect the common theme over all these years has been an infectious spirit of volunteering. I doubt that when Carol Reese came to The Forest, she had any thought of becoming our librarian. But she did and her wonderful contribution led to her being recognized as 2018 Volunteer of the Year. Thanks again, Carol! There are so many ways residents volunteer here, but the sum of all these actions builds the community that we call The Forest.

I'd like to give special thanks to those who help keep the Residents' Association working to help represent the interests of all our residents. Although we will miss Herb Carson due to his recent resignation, two of our officers and five of our directors will be continuing their terms on the Board. Following our 2018 elections we should thank those making the commitment and joining or continuing on the Board. Carol McFadyen has accepted a second term and will continue doing a great job as secretary. Karen Raleigh is joining the Board as our new treasurer. For our directors, Carol Carson (of Listening Session fame!) has agreed to take a second term as chair of the Finance Committee. Bill Losee, currently a member of the Marketing Committee, has become its chair. And Tom Keller, currently a member of the Health Committee, has become its chair.

As a Board, we know we represent the interests of the residents and will do our best to make your home and your life here ever better.

In Memoriam

Martha Fairbank September 27, 2018

Jean Shaw September 30, 2018

Myra Goldgeier October 12, 2018

Robert Young October 15, 2018

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

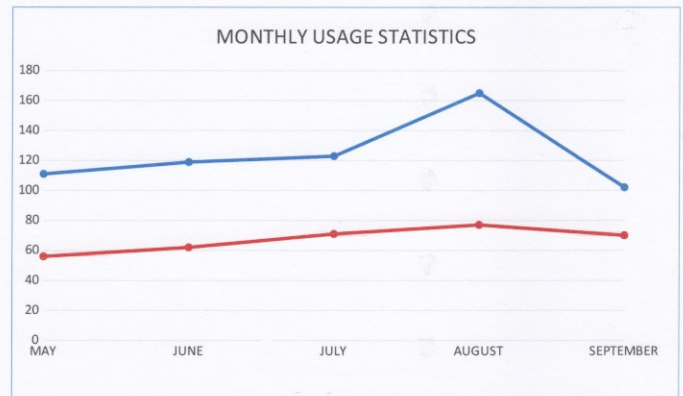
Library Usage

While the Library looks very modern, its charge-out system is very old-fashioned: we use simple three-column check-out cards for all items (books, puzzles, DVDs). You will find them either at the back of the book or in the item's container. Please remember to fill out these cards with the date, your name, and in the third column, your apartment or cottage number. Leave the completed card in one of the silver containers on top of the Library's Circulation Desk.

Although we still use cards to keep track of the collection, volunteers do enter this usage information into our library software once a week. This enables us to keep track of overdue books, how many times an item is charged out, etc. The chart shows monthly charge-out activity for five months. From May through September the average number of individual items checked out each month was 124, by 67 different people. The jump in August was probably due to the closing for inventory, the slump in September to residents stocking up beforehand.

Durham County Library OASIS

Even though the TFAD Library has a nice collection, we don't have a comprehensive one. This is where OASIS—Older Adult & Shut-In Service—comes in handy. If we don't have what you want,



*Number of Items (upper line) Charged Out
by Number of Individuals (lower line)*

call OASIS (919-560-0155). They can check to see if it is available within the Durham County Library system. If it is, they'll bring it to the Forest on their next scheduled stop here. OASIS staffers come to The Forest every 2nd and 4th Thursday of the month from 2:00–3:00 pm. In addition to bringing requested items, they also bring copies of the current publications of most popular authors for you to browse. By the way, if you do borrow a book through OASIS, you don't have to wait until they return to The Forest to return your book. Just bring it to our Library; place it with your name on a piece of paper in the wicker box under the Circulation Desk and the OASIS staff will get it on their next visit. It is as simple as that. Give this wonderful county service a try. You just might find something new and exciting to open up your world.

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

So Tired!!

“Yes, I would like to do it, but I am just too old.”

Here are some interesting statistics that you can think about when you ponder that statement:

- Picasso painted master works when he was 91 years old.
- Michelangelo was sculpting until he was 90 years old.
- Verdi wrote Falstaff at the age of 80.
- Arthur Rubenstein gave one of his greatest recitals in Carnegie Hall at 89.
- Albert Schweitzer headed a hospital in Africa at 89.
- Tolstoy wrote “Why is Art?” at 88.
- Winston Churchill was Prime Minister at 81.
- Benjamin Franklin effected the compromise that led to the adoption of the U.S. Constitution at the age of 81 years.

(Anonymous)

Richard Dix ...

(Continued from Page 1)

In 2016, Andrea and Richard made their decision to retire and move to North Carolina. But Richard hates staying at home, remember?

So here he is, four months into yet another new job, one he describes as “just making sure the day-to-day assignments go smoothly and generally overseeing all aspects of keeping things secure and safe at The Forest at Duke.” He adds, “Everybody asks me if I’m enjoying my new job. I tell them, ‘Hey, I enjoyed it to begin with and I enjoy it now!’”

And what does Andrea have to say about this now two-year-old un-retirement? Richard laughs and shrugs. “Somehow, I don’t think she’s the least bit surprised.”



Richard with Boney James.

Production Help Welcome

The Forester editors welcome TFAD volunteers who wish to help publish The Forester. One current need: **associate layout editor**. No experience necessary beyond word-processing in a PC environment. This is a chance to learn table-top publishing painlessly. If you are curious, please talk to Sharon Dexter <forestersjd@gmail.com>, Managing Editor, or Dean McCumber <dean.mccumber3@gmail.com>, Layout Editor.

The NorCCNA Annual Meeting

by Margaret Keller, Carol McFadyen,
and Russell Jones

On Tuesday, October 9th, we and others from TFAD attended the Annual Meeting of the North Carolina Continuing Care Residents Association (NorCCRA) in Greensboro along with over 160 residents from other CCRCs around the state. NorCCRA (which used to be known as NCCCRA) is a volunteer state-wide non-profit organization of residents living in continuing care communities.



Its purpose is to advocate for strong laws and regulations for the protection and well-being of CCRC residents, and to share best practices among CCRCs. The continuing existence of your medical expense deduction at the state and national level is due in part to efforts by NorCCRA and the combined lobbying power of CCRC residents across the state. North Carolina is fortunate to have strong CCRC regulation by the Department of Insurance to protect residents, and with this strong regulation North Carolina has never had a CCRC fail.

A highlight of the meeting was the morning presentation by Law Professor Katherine Pearson of Penn State University. She has extensive experience with CCRCs and elder law, and has frequently represented the interests of residents in various legal disputes. The talk focused on her view of eight key challenges for CCRCs nation-wide. These were: 1) occupancy rates, 2) rising costs for providers (and therefore residents), 3) attracting and keeping qualified staff, 4) identity (“CCRC” versus “Life Plan Community”), 5) rising entrance ages, 6) greater need for dementia care, 7) alternative services by CCRCs (care without lodging), and 8) need for greater diversity. While The Forest has been grappling with many of these issues, apparently so have others.

It's My Age, Don't You See!

by Don Chesnut

When you see me now in the hall,
And I don't seem friendly at all,
It's because I've hit that "old" wall.
It's my age, don't you see?

The limp from my back's more pronounced,
What gait I have now's got no bounce,
I'm not now the man I was once.
It's my age is the case!

Trips to the bathroom are often,
I find that I'm frequently coughin',
My next bed may well be my coffin.
It's my age, for goodness sake!

I find it more easy to curse,
Four letter words fill up my verse,
I think it can only get worse.
Old age is my excuse!

If you find that I'm now rather curt,
And frown like I wear a hair shirt,
It's because, G'damnit, I hurt!
Who said old age was fun?

So, finally ...
If I come across as morose,
Be so kind as to show me pathos,
Simply smile as we say adios.
Because you're old, too!

Don Chesnut, a frequent contributor in prose and poetry, is Emeritus Professor of Chemistry at Duke.

The Dog Ate My Homework

by Herb Carson

Truly, my more than forty years in teaching have taught me much. Who am I to quibble with the student who had four grandmothers, each of whom died whenever we had a big exam. Actually, I never heard the dog excuse, but I did hear the grandmother one and then the little brother story.

Seems Pee-Wee (a made-up name) got angry with Big Al (ditto). So he snuck into Big Al's room, abstracted his homework assignment, made his way to the bathroom, tore it up, flushed it down, and later in the evening tended to his bloodied nose.

Or the truly sad tale I heard at U. Minnesota: seems this student had missed some classes and several key assignments. So he came to explain the heart-rending reason for his malingering. Here is an approximation of his own pathetic but literary tale:

"Y'see, my parents bought me a ratty new car. And, y'know, at Spring Festival there was a drawing for a new car. And I won the drawing. So I had two new cars, but cheap ones. And I had to spend my time trying to trade the two cars in for a new one, maybe a Maserati."

I was so deeply moved that I wiped the tears from my cheeks, and sent the malingerer on his way. But then another student came up with an even better excuse.

"See Doc [which I never liked being called], last year I killed three kids."

With my usual aplomb, I replied, "Huh?"

"Yeah, I killed three kids. I mean, I didn't mean to. Just happened when we were playing chicken. Idea was, I followed them and kept bumping their rear fender. My luck—I bumped them just above a ravine, and the car went down into it and burst into flames. So I gotta go to court."

In my usual sophisticated manner, I expressed my concern for him and sympathy with his plight. My words will go down in the history of savoir faire, understanding, and compassion. I wish to close by quoting my brilliantly sophisticated response:

"Huh? Huh?" (Hair of the dog that...)

A retired Professor of Humanities, Herb has published poems, stories, essays, and, with his wife, five books.

Welcome New Residents

Diane Goff

Apt 2001 540-352-0767



Diane was born in Mullens, WV, and grew up in Pulaski, VA. She graduated from Radford University with a BS in Business Education and later returned to Radford to earn an MS in the same field. She has two children and three grandchildren, with her daughter living in Durham and her son outside Washington, DC.

Diane met her future husband of 50 years, Jim, on a blind date in college and they were married a year and a half later. Diane and Jim moved around the southeast with Diane teaching and Jim coaching at the high school and college level. While they were living in Pulaski, VA, their son John was born. Four years later, while they lived in Eden, NC, her daughter Leslie was born. The family eventually settled in Lynchburg, VA, and started a thriving State Farm insurance agency. They spent nearly every day of the next 38 years working together, managing and growing their business. During these years they spent a lot of time at their favorite place, Smith Mountain Lake, where they would eventually live for 8 wonderful years.

Diane loved traveling with Jim and since his death in 2014 has found new travel buddies for trips to Peru, Ireland, Kenya and Tanzania, Belize and most recently France. At TFAD she hopes to find time regularly for meditation and yoga. You may see Diane walking her wire-haired terrier Cody around The Forest or you may find her reading in a quiet corner or welcoming her 14-year-old granddaughter, Laura, who lives in Durham.

Rebekah Jordan

Apt 2013 757-266-0639



Rebekah grew up in Russellville, KY. After high school, she studied to be a medical technologist, and, for certification, needed two years of a pre-med. She did this at the University of Tennessee, in Knoxville, TN. She worked nights in the hospital lab and x-ray and attended classes during the day. She visited her aunt in Georgia each summer, and at the church she met Glenn Jordan when they were both teenagers. Glenn was committed to a US Navy career as a pilot. They were married when he completed flight training.

Glenn's career kept the family moving back and forth from the West Coast to the East Coast. Two sons were born in Pensacola, the third in Russellville while Glenn was on a carrier in the Mediterranean.

When her sons were in college, she retrained as a cytotechnologist and worked in a pathology lab in Newport News, VA for 18 years. In all their homes, Glenn was such a capable craftsman that he could fix or build anything, and together they made over their retirement home. Rebekah has a wonderful collection of old family furniture which Glenn had repaired or restored, and much of which she has refinished. She continues as a dedicated fixer-upper.

She has five grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. Her oldest son, Glenn, moved to Hillsborough and convinced her to move to The Forest. He is a retired neonatologist. Her second son, Dan, is a jeweler in Virginia Beach, VA, and the youngest, David, retired as manager for environmental health in Williamsburg, VA.

BOOK REVIEW

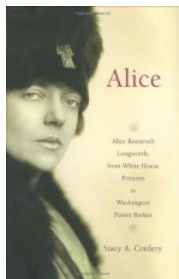
Alice Princess and Power Broker

by Stacy A. Cordery

(Viking Penguin, 2007)

by Caroline Raby

Alice Roosevelt Longworth (1884-1980) truly was a rebellious White House prima donna and Washington doyenne. She was involved in national politics from her father's first campaign with the Bull Moose party, through the Nixon Watergate years, into the Carter presidency. The 590-page bio uses Alice's personal letters and journals to paint a fascinating picture of a unique but isolated child, a renegade teen, and a most complex, politically powerful adult.



Within days of Alice's birth, her mother and paternal grandmother died of kidney failure and typhoid, respectively. Her father, Teddy, filled with raw grief, promptly left her in the care of his sister and traveled West. Teddy was not even able to say the baby's name, which was her mother's. He essentially abandoned the child, saying, "She would be just as well off without me." Alice was called Baby Lee, and even as an adult, she would sometimes sign her name as "L."

Alice soon had a new stepmother, and eventually five step-siblings. But, as a teen, she was isolated after her charismatic father successively won the New York governorship, the vice-presidency, and finally, the presidency (1909-1913).

In 1905, Teddy sent Alice as an ambassador to East Asia. Ohio Rep. Nicholas Longworth, a friend of his, also joined the entourage. He was 15 years Alice's senior and an impressive father-like figure to a girl who had always wanted a close relationship with her own father. Alice was enamored of Nick, and the trip resulted in their White House wedding in 1906.



Cordery records that Longworth, a Harvard lawyer, "turned to politics for diversion." Longworth became majority leader of the House in 1923, and Speaker from 1925 to 1931. Known for gentility and tact, Nick gained powerful Capitol leadership in his own right.

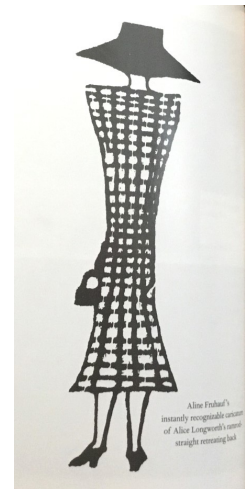
The author paints a fascinating picture of Alice and her family, plus the Washington and global social and political culture of the period. She details the wedding gifts from the couple's friends, families, and foreigners, including a diamond-studded bracelet from Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm and an enamel snuff box from King Edward of England. Also, Cuba, in appreciation for Teddy and his Rough Riders, gave her a \$25,000 string of pearls that she wore the rest of her life.

In the 1920s—a time of "women's liberation, suffrage, flappers and more educational and work opportunities"—Alice did something socially unthinkable: because of her father's constant badgering over her childlessness (due to Nick's infertility), she had a daughter, Paulina, out of wedlock. Yet it is possible Alice never told Nick the truth about her daughter, Cordery writes. Nick doted on Paulina and they were exceptionally close.

Historian Cordery says Alice was good at "analyzing people and events, exceptional at running a salon, and bringing different people together for extraordinary results." Alice was also labeled "the most fascinating conversationalist of our time." She served on national boards, frequented the Capitol visitors' gallery—loving the "political game"—and knew as much about politics and civics as the members of both houses. She swayed governmental policy makers and was noted for her intellect. Alice was even on a 1927 *Time* magazine cover. But she still remained a "poor little rich girl."

I highly recommend Cordery's bio for those relishing a well-written story of the era's history, a remarkable *modern* Washington woman, and a "famed institution" far ahead of her time.

Caroline Raby, a retired science writer, is a history buff and a regular reviewer for The Forester.



Cruising to Cuba

by Carol Reese

On September 12, 2018, after arriving at the port of Tampa, FL, I joined my sister on Royal Caribbean's Majesty of the Seas for a short cruise to Cuba. Before we docked in Cuba, the Activities Director held a talk on Cuba—its visa requirements, money exchange rates, working habits, etc. During this meeting we learned we would be docking right by Old Havana (the historic area of the city) and that we would need to go through Immigration and Security lines each time we left the ship and returned. At this point we were warned about "Cuban time." Cubans take their time and take breaks when they wish—no matter how many people are waiting to go through security. The other main issue brought up by the passengers was whether or not we could just walk around Old Havana on our own if we didn't have a tour. The official response from Royal Caribbean was that Americans could only go around with an official tour. This is a requirement of the U.S. government, not the Cuban government. Unofficially, the Royal Caribbean officials wouldn't stop anyone from leaving the ship—what we did was between us, our conscience and the FBI. The passengers were told to keep our copy of our visa application for at least five years since the FBI can question us about our Cuban trip at any time in the five years. (So, if the FBI wants me, they have until 2023.)

My sister and I did manage to see some of Old Havana—it contains some beautiful churches, old stone plazas, etc. This historic area is built of stone and has survived. What I found nice was that people strolling around actually looked at and talked to one another.

They haven't had a chance to develop their telecommunications system yet, so cell phones don't really work.

When we joined our tour of Havana the next day, the tour guide told us that Cuba lost over 30% of its



Morro Castle Guarding Havana's Harbor

GNP when the Soviet Union collapsed. While they don't have much money to maintain the rest of the city, their artists have used their imagination to



A home in Fusterland

improve their old neighborhoods and encourage tourists to come to Cuba. One artist, Jose Fuster, decided several years ago to decorate his home with colorful folk art. His neighbors liked it so much that he continued to create his art work throughout the neighborhood—now called Fusterland. Fuster has also encouraged other

artists to display their work. Our tour ended at Morro Castle, which has been guarding the Cuban harbor since the early 1600s.

After this we returned to the ship where we experienced "Cuban time" for ourselves. It was approximately 2:30 p.m. and all the tours were returning to the dock. The ship was sailing at 4:00; everyone was supposed to be on board by 3:00. We were all waiting to go through the Cuban security line but there wasn't any staff; apparently it was their break time. The lines kept growing; finally about 15 minutes later a supervisor appeared and started rushing all of us through their lines. By this time they just wanted to make sure we made our ship on time.

Final word: the people are friendly, they want to encourage travelers, but bring cash—they won't accept our credit cards and they don't have ATMs.

Carol Reese is the chair of the Library Committee



Old Havana

Amazement

by Ned Arnett

The older I grow
The more I am surprised,
The more I am amazed,
That ordinary life,
That which takes place
Every day, twenty four/seven,
Actually works!

There it goes:
Minute after minute,
Century after century:
Conception, birth, life, death.
Life: biological, physical,
Intellectual, social, spiritual,
Working away,
Quietly, flawlessly.

Of course we only see
That which works;
That which survives,
First as an egg or a sperm,
Living against unfavorable odds,
Until their unlikely collision
Initiates a new cell,
Again facing the big odds
Against its survival.

Life, from the single cell
To the fully developed creature;
Perhaps as a human being,
Perhaps one in a culture
That encourages a great athlete
or mathematical genius.

Life in the social worlds of humans:
From tribal villages to great cities
In powerful countries
Where people go to college,
Get interesting jobs,
Have happy marriages,
Or spoil it all with crime
Or war.

More likely, the next human life
Is formed in some little village,
Too poor to give the care,
The education or the support
For his/her fulfillment.

A life cast in a constant round
Of pregnancy, motherhood,
Child rearing, or
Dreary labor in a mine
Or factory.

Yet, that's what it takes
To put bread on the table,
A roof overhead,
Clothes on your back,
And a bed for sleeping
Or generating new life.

Starting again the story
Of childhood, youth,
Adulthood and old age
And finally its mysterious end.

*Ned Arnett is Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Duke
and a frequent contributor to The Forester.*

Learning Self Reliance

by Ursula Kappert

At the end of World War II, Germany was a maelstrom of people fleeing voluntarily or being expelled from areas occupied by the German military government in the East. The first mass exodus of German civilians from the eastern territories began in the summer of 1944 and extended through the early spring of 1945.

My family lived in Berlin. By the end of 1943, most children had been evacuated from the large cities because of the air raids, and I went with part of my high school first to Poland, then to Czechoslovakia and, as the Russian Army advanced, to Bavaria. My father, who worked for the Naval High Command in Berlin, was moved out of the city. My mother and my younger brother and sister were sent to a small village on the Oder River. When the war ended, we were in three different places and had lost contact. Through the Red Cross we found each other again. My mother and the two younger children ended up in northwestern Germany near the town of Varel in Oldenburg where in the spring of 1945 they were assigned refugee quarters in a tenant-farmer's house on a big farm. My father eventually joined them there and then picked me up and brought me "home."

The house was a very low-slung cottage with an often-patched tile roof, quite romantic-looking. Typical of its type the living quarters were at one end and a livestock barn at the other. The barn had a toilet at one end. Well, not a real toilet, just a hole in the ground with a wooden seat. Every now and then, my sister and I had to empty it and spread the manure over the surrounding fields. As you might expect, it was a job we hated.

There was a living room, where my father and brother slept, and a tiny adjoining chamber for my sister and me. My mother slept in a little storage chamber off the kitchen. Our mattresses were bags filled with straw. We heated the kitchen and the living room with peat, which my father helped dig. The nearest water was a well in front of the house that gave yellowish, boggy water. For drinking water, my sister Irmgard lugged water from a neighboring farmer

who had a deeper well. Did Irmgard ever get mad if someone used the drinking water for any other purpose, such as to wash oneself!



The Tenant-Farmer's House in Varel, Oldenburg

We were, of course, city people and didn't know anything about farming. But we learned! My father worked for the farmer, and during our vacations we had to help dig potatoes or turnips. The earth was very fertile. It was some type of gray clay, horrible to dig in, but fun to form into vases and pots and bake in the oven. Drainage ditches crisscrossed the land, forming little islands where my brother Gerhard dug caves and hid his stolen apples and carrots. Yes, we were hungry but never starving.

My father planted potatoes and vegetables. We had rabbits which became Sunday roasts and a goat to give us milk. The goat died giving birth to kids, a very sad event. We then bought a sheep which did have three lambs. When the lambs were sold to the farmer, the ewe cried most pitifully, and we had to hold her back so she wouldn't follow them, and of course we cried too.

During the war, we had rationing. After the war, when all systems broke down, we had to fend for ourselves. There was no electricity, but there were ration stamps for lamp oil—mother used some of it to swap for food. The old Reichsmark was not worth anything anymore, but the farmers did sell us milk.

(Continued on Page 11)

Learning ...

(Continued from Page 10)

Irmgard and I were learning how to sew in high school and made clothes for a tenant farmer's daughters, again for food. I forgot where we got the



Irmgard and Ursula with Ewe & Lambs

old-fashioned treadle sewing machine. We were quite good at patching things together from remnants and joked that we could make an evening dress out of a stocking.

When the war ended we were in the British Military Zone. My father, who had an engineering degree, got a job in a factory where Dodge and Chevrolet truck engines were repaired. Slowly our lives returned to normal. We were lucky.

Ursula Kappert earned her undergraduate degrees in language interpretation (English and French) at Heidelberg University in Germany and moved to the United States where she worked as an interpreter for various companies. One of these was Volkswagen of America in New Jersey where she met her future husband, Lou.

CAROL'S CORNER

Kenny Johnson

by Carol Oettinger

You have all seen Kenny tossing the pizza crusts in the air. He learned to do this by "shadowing his boss" and practicing. He is also the master chef who



turns whatever fish the catch of the day may be into a tasty treat.

Kenny grew up in Huntington, on Long Island, N.Y. He has a brother and two sisters. He went to Nassau Community College on Long Island. He and his dad used to tinker with cars when he was a teen and he still enjoys doing this. He has always been handy and likes to do tune-ups on cars.

He was the State Champ Wrestler in New York. Now he shares his ability in wrestling by coaching kids at Brogden Middle School from time to time.

He loves to go to Topsail Beach and luckily has a friend from back on Long Island who lives there permanently and likes to have Kenny visit.

In 1977 he had an opportunity to open his own pizza restaurant in Palm Bay, Florida. He worked at that for two years and then sold his share to his partner and went back to New York. He worked in restaurants and had his own catering business. He still does some catering.

After 9/11, New York City, he felt, "became a rougher place to live." One of his sisters had moved to North Carolina and encouraged him to come live in Durham. One day he was throwing darts with Peter Hoffman who used to work at The Forest. Peter encouraged him to come to The Forest at Duke. He came about 15 years ago and plans to stay. He likes the residents. The residents like Kenny and the delicious pizzas and fish he cooks for us.



HURRICANE RESCUE

A Dog-Eared Tale

by Dean McCumber

In addition to its huge impact on the people, farms, and businesses in the eastern low counties of the Carolinas, Hurricane Florence left hundreds of pets homeless or stranded. Even in the best of times pets are abandoned or delivered to shelters for placement or death. Hurricane Florence was not the best of times. It filled shelters to overflowing—in many cases literally.

For Lab (Labrador retrievers) and Lab-mix puppies salvation comes in the form of rescue organizations like Peak Lab Rescue of Apex, NC, the largest foster-based dog rescue in North Carolina.



They've been saving Labs for ten years. They rely on volunteers to transport the dogs, "fosters" to take care of them until adopted, and

donations and adoption fees to cover expenses. Fostering a dog just means allowing the dog to stay in your home from the time it leaves the shelter until the time it finds a permanent home. When Peak Lab Rescue receives a dog, it is sent directly to their vet for a complete physical and then, after vaccinations and appropriate care, to a foster family. Peak Lab Rescue advertises availability of dogs for adoption, approves potential adopters, and facilitates adoption direct from foster homes.

Two years ago Sheri Sampson (our fitness program manager), her husband Chris, and her two now-teenage daughters, Emma and Annabel, adopted the 10-month-old Lab-mix Roy to join their older rescue dog Freckles, a beagle. Residents in fitness classes have heard about all the troubles that Roy caused. "He used to eat couches and steal food from the counter, but he has matured a lot," Sheri says. "He has proved to be a wonderful dog."

Given their experience with rescue dogs, Sheri and Chris always wanted to foster, but with two dogs and two busy teens, they decided against it—until Hurricane Florence! Because so many shelters were evacuated due to flooding, they decided to help out. So, on September 12 they picked up brothers Will and Tony. Will is cuddly; Tony has big paws. Freckles and Roy made them feel right at home.

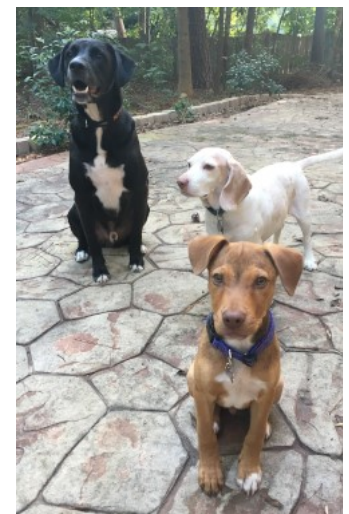
After a few days a handsome young fellow passed the Peak Lab Rescue adoption screen and came to call, intending to adopt big-pawed Tony. While he was chatting with Sheri and family, Will crawled up into his lap. He said "I picked Tony, but Will picked me. So, I guess I'm taking Will"—and Sheri burst into tears. "It was really hard to say goodbye to sweet Will, but they had an instant connection and I think they will be a great pair."

Tony seemed to be a bigger challenge, and Chris was beginning to think that maybe they should keep him, but a retired couple came to meet Tony and found that he was just like a beloved dog they had recently lost to age and illness. They fell in love with him right away and took him home.

Sheri says, "You really meet the nicest people. All promised to keep us updated on our fostered pups."

Late-Breaking News

Sheri says "We adopted a Peak Lab Rescue this weekend. After the puppies left—we missed them! Another foster mom asked someone to take over her hurricane foster named Peanut because of a travel conflict. She told us all about this perfect pup—completely housebroken, sleeps through the night, knows several commands, and even rings a bell when he has to go out. He's very small, super smart and so sweet. After fostering him for 12 hours, we decided to keep him."

*Shopping with Annabel**Shopping is exhausting!*

*Clockwise from top:
Roy, Freckles & Peanut*