

Holly Wenger–TFAD’s Nurse Practitioner

by Shannon Purves

Two close family members inspired Holly Wenger’s interest in becoming a nurse. Both her mother and one of her aunts were RNs and she says that, from an early age, she understood and admired their care, as bedside nurses, of hospitalized people.

Born and raised in Raleigh, Holly attended elementary and high school there and chose to stay in North Carolina to earn her college and postgraduate degrees. She attended the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill where she majored in psychology. Upon graduation in 2004, she entered nursing school at Watts School of Nursing in Durham (now associated with Duke Health). Once she had the nursing degree in hand in 2007, she worked for two years in an ICU “step down” unit at Duke Hospital. By then, totally hooked and very interested in further education in her field, she entered a Master of Science in Nursing program at UNC Chapel Hill and became a board certified nurse practitioner specializing in adult-gerontology/ primary care in 2016.

With those impressive qualifications in hand, Holly worked for one year in an out-patient pulmonary clinic in Cary. And then, in February 2018, she came to work at The Forest at Duke. Asked what led to her interest in this job, she is quick to answer that she wanted to work outside the hospital setting and be more involved with health promotion and maintenance and, in particular, helping older adults age well. As a nurse practitioner, she is qualified to diagnose illness, develop and manage treatment plans, prescribe medications and, in many cases, serve as a patient’s principal healthcare provider.

As our nurse practitioner, Holly works with Drs. Buhr and Genao, seeing residents for routine and urgent care in the Clinic. She has increased availability because she works four full days each

week. Additionally, she sees residents in Health and Wellness for routine visits, working in conjunction with the Duke Geriatric Fellows.

And on her one weekly day off? Ah, that one is devoted to her family: husband, Lance, whom she met at Duke Hospital while she was working as a nurse and he was completing his residency. They have a baby boy, Sam, 17 months old and already with a reputation as a “people person.” He loves being the class clown at day care and keeping his grandparents wrapped around his little finger.



Lance, Holly & Sam

Is there, one wonders, any spare time in our nurse practitioner’s life for special interests? Yes! Holly loves to cook and to travel. Happily she and Lance managed to get away this summer to tour The Netherlands and Spain. She also loves cheering for her favorite local basketball team. The Devils, right? NO WAY. Since freshman year at UNC, Holly’s been a Tar Heel team supporter.



Sam & Holly

Duke’s been and still is a huge factor in her education and life choices, of course, but when it comes to college sports teams, she still cheers for those guys in the light blue.‡

The Forester

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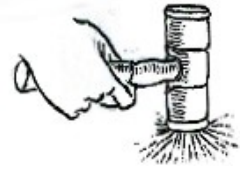
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President's Podium



by Russell Jones

With December here we've already seen the change in weather and the arrival of special holidays celebrated with special treats, special foods, and meals with special people. But let's remember our "I Care for Your Brain" series and *see if we can put those ideas to use* while we have a wonderful and healthy holiday season. Item #3 of Dr. Sullivan's top ten was "move more"—parts of the brain involved in memory are bigger in people who exercise versus people who don't. Item #4 is "eat an anti-inflammatory diet"—a whole-foods diet low in saturated fat and simple carbohydrates. Item #9 is "be a social butterfly in your own way"—being with other people is mentally stimulating! And then there is my favorite item—"prioritize uninterrupted sleep." It all sounds so easy—eat, sleep and be merry! Too bad exercise is not in that old saying.

Our Forest Resident Life Department is working hard with the Resident Association Activities Committee to develop great seasonal events. Whether it is trimming the Christmas tree, enjoying a bell ringing concert, or wrapping gifts for the Boys & Girls Club of Durham—there is no shortage of ways to participate in and help spread the holiday spirit—including your own!

And don't forget our Resident Association standing committees which help in many of these activities. Look for opportunities to volunteer and help these events occur. And speaking of volunteering, some of our committees need help keeping the meeting minutes required by our bylaws. So don't just attend committee meetings—participate in them and their activities. Finally, have you ordered your 2019 Pictorial Directory? Is it too late to order? Have you lost your order form? Check with Elodie Bentley.‡

In Memoriam

Cecilia Spach	October 20, 2018
Jane Spanel	October 24, 2018
Margaret McPherson	October 28, 2018

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

SPECIAL BOOK EXHIBITS

The current book exhibit celebrates our veterans by highlighting books related to both World War I and World War II. These selections will remain on the exhibit cart through the New Year. This will give everyone plenty of time to enjoy several different books from this collection.

The next exhibit, which will run from January through February, will commemorate cultural diversity by emphasizing books by and about people from other cultures. We hope you will take this opportunity to add to your knowledge about different cultures.

LIBRARY FLOOR PLAN

A new **Library Floor Plan** is taped to the left-side of the post just beyond the book exhibit cart. In a simplified design, it marks the locations of the different sections of the Library's entire collection. It also contains a **legend** at the bottom that explains many of the abbreviations we use in the Library. For instance, if you want to find a biography in large print, check the floor plan to see where they are shelved. It should make finding a certain type of book much faster and easier instead of just wandering around hoping to find what you want. Please check out this new floor plan and let us know if you do find it helpful.

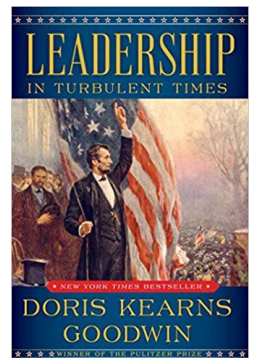
ADDITIONS TO THE COLLECTION

Between June and October of this year, the Library received many donations. The Library's Acquisitions Committee, chaired by Carol DeCamp, plowed through these donations and selected the relevant new items for the collection: 31 fiction books, 17 non-fiction books, 21 mysteries, 10 biographies, 5 large-print books, 4 DVDs, and one puzzle.

In addition to these donated items, we also purchased 7 non-fiction books (including biographies) and 7 fiction books based on requests from residents.

BOOK REVIEW

Leadership in Turbulent Times, one of the new books purchased by the Library, is by Pulitzer-Prize winning author Doris Kearns Goodwin. She explores the lives of Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Lyndon B. Johnson to see how they became leaders. By explaining how each one's character developed over time—their struggles and successes in their earlier years and their different approaches to their political careers—she shows how they were able to develop the character traits that helped them to see a path toward a solution with which many others disagreed. Lincoln's delivery of the Emancipation Proclamation, Theodore Roosevelt's handling of labor strikes, FDR's battle against the Great Depression in his first 100 days, and Johnson's prioritization of civil rights while a nation mourned were actions that could have ripped the country further apart.



Each leader was able to bind the country together by explaining his vision for the country to all the people. Goodwin shows that while great leaders develop in dissimilar ways they ultimately have a vision they reach for and rely on when times are at their most turbulent. If you want a reminder of what true leadership is like, you will want to read this book.☺

Our New Neighbor, the Forest History Society

by Dean McCumber

Those who have ventured up Pickett, around the corner, and along Academy Road toward the dry bridge over US-15/501 will have noticed construction in the 8.6-acre “forest” across Academy Road. A sign announces this as the future home of the Forest History Society. What’s that?

The Forest History Society (FHS) is a 501(c)(3) non-profit dedicated to preserving and facilitating the use of documents of forest and conservation history. It is a library, archive, publisher, and free global resource known for extensive holdings and for advancing scholarship. Established in 1946, it has been headquartered in Durham since 1984 in a repurposed insurance building it has now outgrown..

Its large collections include historic photographs and films, oral histories, and archives. The new facility on Academy Road will provide growth space for the Society’s Carl A. Weyerhaeuser Library, the Alvin J. Huss Archives, and many research programs.



Construction Progress New support areas will accelerate opportunities to conduct oral history interviews, process and digitize collections, expand the website foresthstory.org, and reach new audiences. Each year FHS hosts dozens of visiting researchers. Research topics have ranged widely: wildlife conservation, plywood as a commodity, ancient Chinese forests, and more. An awards program recognizes research and writing in forest and conservation history and stimulates research on the relationships between people and forests.

The Society grew out of efforts by members of the Weyerhaeuser family working with the Minnesota Historical Society and the University of Minnesota to preserve the historical records of the forest industry. During its initial decades archival source materials were collected from expanded sources, an oral history program was created and a scholarly quarterly journal begun. The organization left Minnesota in 1964,

moving first to Yale, then UC–Santa Cruz, and finally Durham where it is loosely affiliated with Duke University. Funded through individual and corporate memberships, grants, and contracts, a small endowment helps long-term sustainability.

The Society is non-partisan and non-advocacy. It is governed by a Board of Directors with broad academic, industry, private, and public affiliations. Operations are the responsibility of Steven Anderson, President and CEO, and a small staff of permanent employees and volunteers. Currently in his 21st year of FHS leadership, Anderson has a BS in forest management from Rutgers, an MS in forest soils from U. Washington, and a PhD in forest economics from NC State. He worked for the U.S. Forest Service in Oregon, with Native American groups in Alaska, and with the NCSU Forest Nutrition Cooperative throughout the South. Immediately prior to joining FHS, he was professor of forestry at Oklahoma State University, where he also led an extension program in Forestry, Wildlife & Aquaculture.



Anderson

A North Carolina location is fitting because it was at his Biltmore estate that George W. Vanderbilt, III, with landscape architect Frederick Law Olmsted and nascent foresters Gifford Pinchot and Carl A. Schenck, began to develop commercially and environmentally sustainable forestry. It was there also that Schenck opened the Biltmore Forest School, the first practical forest school in the United States. And Pinchot was instrumental with President Theodore Roosevelt in transferring the management of federal forests from the U.S. Dept of Interior to the Department of Agriculture’s new U.S. Forest Service, and in 1905 he became its first Chief. A large fraction of the Biltmore forest became the Pisgah National Forest.

The Society expects to move into its new home by year end, with grand-opening events being planned for April. Anderson hopes to welcome Forest residents as frequent visitors and volunteers.‡

Solidarity Shabbat at Judea Reform Congregation

by Judith Ruderman

After the murders of 11 worshippers at the Tree of Life Synagogue in Pittsburgh on Saturday morning, October 27, and the injuries to attendees and first responders, Jewish congregations across the country were encouraged to organize a Solidarity Shabbat the following weekend. Judea Reform Congregation, so close in proximity to The Forest, put out a call to brothers and sisters of all faiths, and to various organizations working for peace and justice across our area: a call to join in worship on November 2 in commemoration of those who were just the latest to be slaughtered in a house of worship; a call to speak out against bigotry and violence; a call to make a strong declaration that we are one community. The call was heard and answered: congregations and groups of all stripes reached out to their members to encourage them to attend in solidarity with the Jews in their midst, and to make this joint public statement against anti-Semitism in particular and “othering” in general.

Around 900 people gathered in Judea Reform’s synagogue that evening, hundreds in the sanctuary with overflow in the social hall. So many different faith traditions came to pray and to mourn—Sikhs, Muslims, Catholics, Methodists, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Jains, Quakers, Baptists, Unitarians, Mormons, Seventh Day Adventists, and others. Social justice partners came as allies, including Durham Congregations in Action (DCIA); Congregations, Associations, & Neighborhoods (CAN); and Church World Service (CWS). City Council members Charlie Reece and Javiera Caballero, State Senator Mike Woodard, and other officials also came to stand with the Jewish community against hate.

It so happens that I was scheduled to be the lay cantor at services that evening, and thus I had the privilege of looking out over this massive congregation, some standing or sitting against the walls for lack of room in the pews; many others I

could not see gathered in a nearby space to watch on a big screen as the service was streamed live. I saw so many faces from The Forest, my new and wonderful neighbors; because of the size of the crowd, I missed seeing several others of you but now know you were present as well. That gladdens my heart.

For many in the congregation that night, it was their first visit to a synagogue and their first participation in a Jewish worship service. But ours is a singing congregation, and it was wonderful to see that those unfamiliar with the tunes felt no compunction about joining in the singing and clapping their hands in time to the music. I felt the *ruach*, or spirit, from all those assembled.

One of the most meaningful moments for me was when our interim rabbi, John Franken, called up to the *bimah* (platform) those of any faith who were from Pittsburgh, for the privilege of saying the blessings before and after the Torah reading and of being close to these first five books of the Hebrew Bible as the rabbi read from the week’s portion. He also spoke personally to these particularly affected mourners, thereby blessing (and comforting) them as well. This was touching to witness and, clearly, more so to experience.

I conclude with a sentiment that my congregation sent out in the days after this service of solidarity: “For one night, love did conquer hate. We are not alone. As we sang loudly—Hinei Mah Tov [the first verse of Psalm 133]—we were able to behold how good and wonderful it was to come together in unity.”✚

Judith Ruderman retired from her administrative and teaching positions at Duke but keeps busy writing literary criticism. At Judea Reform Congregation she is past president, longtime lay cantor, and co-chair of the current search committee for a new senior rabbi.

Welcome New Residents

Ida Daniel Dark

Apt 4043 919-957-0919
ieddark17@gmail.com



Ida was born in Wilmington, NC, and grew up in Rocky Point. Her high school, Palmer Memorial Institute in Sedalia, NC, is now an NC historical site.

She earned her bachelor's degree in music education at Hampton Institute and during the period of integration, she taught music to 1st–12th graders in Charlotte. After full time study for her MA at Teacher's College, Columbia University, she taught in Yonkers, Westchester County, NY. During her time there, she also earned an MEd. degree from Columbia. Ida moved back to North Carolina and taught at a school for troubled boys and then moved on to Philadelphia. She taught in the Philadelphia Public Schools and at Temple University. While teaching she became intrigued by music as therapy and became a board certified music therapist. She earned a doctor of musical arts degree from Combs College of Music in Philadelphia.

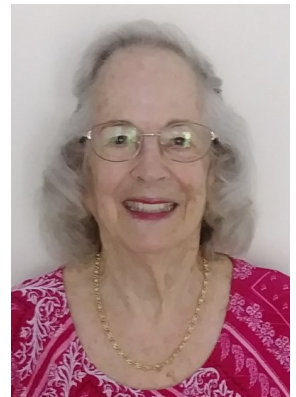
Her husband, Leon Orlandis Dark, was a deputy court administrator for the city of Philadelphia. When they retired, the couple moved to Durham. Sadly, Leon passed away shortly after their move.

Ida has won numerous honors for her work, including the 1985 Pennsylvania Teacher of the Year, the 1986 National Conference of Christians and Jews Award for Service to Youth and Education, and, in 1988, induction into The Gallery of Greats in Washington, DC. In 1993 she was the first African American inducted into The National Teachers Hall of Fame.

Ida has always been active in her professional and local communities. At present, she serves on the board of the Durham Colored Library, and she attends Saint Joseph AME Church. She is a member of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc., and an alumna member of The Links, Inc.

Florence Baker

Apt 4022 702-218-2761



Florence is a westerner. Born in Seattle, she grew up in the Los Angeles area in southern California. After high school she attended Compton Junior College and then the University of Southern California for her degree in business administration. She married Carl Warren Baker, Jr., the year she graduated. When Warren finished his military service in the navy, they bought a home in La Mirada, CA, and their two daughters were born there. Nine years later they built a home in Pasadena, but rather soon Warren's work took them to San Francisco, where Florence earned her credentials as a realtor.

The next move was to Chicago where Warren became corporate vice president of the National Can Corporation. Next, San Diego, where Florence sold new homes for developers. After thirteen years, Florence's opportunity to sell new homes in Las Vegas, NV, prompted another move. She remained there after her retirement for a total of 25 years.

After she lost Warren in 2017, her daughters, who have given her four grandchildren, were anxious for her to be closer to one of them. Daughter Cynthia is a special education teacher and lives in the Chicago area. Daughter Cheryl is an internist on the faculty of Duke University. Cheryl made all the arrangements for Florence's move to The Forest. Florence only had a video of her apartment until she arrived to move in. Her arrival coincided with a hurricane, which unfortunately shared her name.

Florence enjoys being close to her local daughter's family, and looks forward to getting to know the local area and places to shop.☸

Ida enjoys crossword puzzles, reading, and, of course, music. She brings a wonderful gift to The Forest with her musicianship and enthusiasm for sharing it.☸

A Writer's Christmas Gift

by Bill Harrington

I could not have been a writer when I was younger. My skin was too thick. A writer has to have some understanding of emotions, especially his or her own. Real men weren't supposed to cry, a message that became a part of me very early in life. It was as though my emotions had been locked away in the family trunk during my formative years and hidden away in the attic. I didn't have the key. I couldn't even find my way to the attic.

Then, something started happening at the same time every year—around Christmas. I developed a craving to watch the Dickens classic, *A Christmas Carol*. Later, I added *It's a Wonderful Life*, starring Jimmy Stewart. The yearning to watch these classics occurred over and over, before I realized that something was going on inside of me, a change that I guessed must be for the better.

This alien sensation made me feel a little like Ebenezer Scrooge when he awoke on Christmas morning and could not wait to wish his nephew and his fiancé a Merry Christmas. Mr. Scrooge talked differently, smiled more—even walked with a happier gait as he greeted his neighbors on the street, neighbors to whom he had only grunted Humbug during Christmases past.

I had been Scrooge, but something was happening—not overnight like the Dickens character—but so gradually that the change became a part of who I was before I knew what was happening.

Along the way, I was learning George Bailey's lesson: one of the most important reasons to live a good life should be apparent to all of us; each of us does make a difference. Take this away and the effect on others' lives can be catastrophic. Of course, this is what Clarence, George's Guardian Angel, was trying so desperately to get across. I recognized in my own life that I needed to take this realization one step further. Not only did I need to start recognizing my

emotions, I needed to demonstrate them, as well. In other words, I started having emotions, and, more importantly, I started showing them. I could actually cry and hug and sense my emotions, all foreign to me in years past.

For comic relief, I added Chevy Chase's *Christmas Vacation*. Yes, a comedy, but with a message for anyone who cares to delve a little deeper. We cannot be sure if Clark Griswold will ever see the light like Ebenezer Scrooge or George Bailey; but, as the story progresses, we are assured that his heart is in the right place, even if his brain is not. And that, after all, is a good place to start. I am always left with the hope that with more practice on some future Christmas, the household will experience that special Griswold family Christmas that Sparky so passionately desires.

Yes, I continue to watch these stories during the Christmas season, alone and at night. Yes, I still cry when Ebenezer Scrooge crashes his nephew's Christmas party and when George Bailey's family and friends crowd into his living room and pour all of those bills and coins on the table. I grin a huge grin when the bell on the nearby Christmas tree rings in recognition of Clarence finally receiving his wings.

Before I found my way to the attic, opened the trunk, and captured my feelings, a runaway tear would have been quickly wiped away so no one could have seen the evidence. Now, the sensation of a warm tear slowly creeping down my cheek until it becomes a cool bead of water just before dropping onto my shirt seems as natural as cranberry sauce on Christmas day.‡

Bill Harrington grew up in Ayden, a little "dusty spot" in eastern North Carolina. He holds degrees in education from East Carolina University and UNC-Chapel Hill. Bill's doctorate in Mental Health is from the Gillings School of Global Public Health at UNC-Chapel Hill. Bill and Maija have lived at the Forest since December 2009.

Mrs. Davis and Mr. Astaire

by John Howell

In September 1954, just out of college, I took an entry job in the mail room at Twentieth Century Fox Studios, hoping to transfer into film editing. But this hope was delusional. The movie business was in a significant slump, thanks to the growing popularity of television. The editing department was not about to hire an innocent like me.

Since delivering mail quickly became a bore, I was happy when the publicity office invited me to conduct tours of the Fox lot. I found the prospect daunting, though. I had only been on the lot for a few weeks and the Fox lot was vast. It stretched between Santa Monica and Pico boulevards, and encompassed 260 acres, including the 176 acres that once belonged to the cowboy movie star Tom Mix. To me, it was a bewildering collection of production offices, sound stages, and sets created with “flats”—that is, walls with nothing behind them but weeds.

Fortunately, the publicity office supplied me with a canned tour. It began with a visit to the Tom Mix ranch, including his house and outbuildings. It continued to a western cow town with a saloon and a bank. And then on to a Southern mansion and a church. Easily the most interesting structure on the tour was “Sersen Lake”—an Olympic size pool with underwater side ports for the movie cameras, and a tall blue backdrop for the horizon. Built in 1939 for the movie *The Rains Came*, it had been used in numerous movies—most notably, perhaps, in *The Black Swan*, *Crash Dive*, *Life Boat*, and *Titanic*. Shooting below the water, or above the water, special effects experts like Fred Sersen could fool the eye by using miniatures of ships and objects.

Though I dutifully studied the prescribed tour and rode around the lot a few times on a Vespa motorbike, I still barely knew the route when I was asked to take



Mrs. Harlow “Ruthie” Davis and her friends on a tour. I was told that Mrs. Davis knew Fred Astaire, and that she had requested a visit to the sound stage where he was preparing *Daddy Long Legs*. Needless to say, I looked forward to meeting Astaire, since I had seen most of his movies and, as a former drummer, had particularly enjoyed those in which he integrated drumming with dancing.

I was told to meet Mrs. Davis in the guest parking lot. When I got there, she was sitting at the wheel of a Cadillac Eldorado, with an older couple in the back. After introductions, she handed me her car keys and slid over to the passenger seat. Since I had never ridden in a Cadillac, let alone driven one, I was nervous. But I managed to get the car started and over to the Tom Mix ranch, where I recited the few facts I had memorized. When I finished, I asked if there were any questions, hoping there would be none, since I knew I couldn’t answer them. But I needn’t have worried. Instead of questioning me, the woman in the back seat questioned Mrs. Davis: “Ruthie—didn’t Bette make *All About Eve* at Fox?” And Mrs. Davis answered, “Yes. In fact, she’s reading a script for another Fox movie: *The Virgin Queen*.”

When I heard this exchange, I realized I had just recited my meager facts to the mother of the most celebrated actress of her time: Bette Davis. How could I keep going? She already knew I was a fraud. But after a painful silence, she smiled: “So what’s next?” And her smile gave me the courage to confess my ignorance and ask for her help in making the tour a

(Continued on Page 9)

Mrs. Davis ...

(Continued from Page 8)

success—and to be relieved when she laughed and said, “Certainly. We’ll do the tour together.” And we did.

Since she had toured the lot more than once with her daughter, Mrs. Davis added illuminating details to my prescribed narrative, and often with humor. But her tone changed when we drove up to Astaire’s sound stage, and she reminded us that Astaire’s wife had recently died of lung cancer—and that he had almost canceled the production.

As we entered the sound stage, we heard loudspeakers blaring music and saw Astaire tapping on a table with drumsticks, echoing the rhythm with his tap shoes, then throwing the sticks to the floor and catching them on the bounce. I thought of *A Damsel in Distress*, where he not only drummed on tom-toms and cymbals, but kicked bass drums with his tap shoes. And of *Easter Parade*, where he danced to Irving Berlin’s “Drum Crazy,” hit bass drums with his head as well as his tap shoes, and ended by playing on variously pitched toy drums.

When the music stopped, Astaire walked over to Mrs. Davis. She introduced us, and I mentioned his drumming in *A Damsel in Distress* and *Easter Parade*. He smiled, but said his routine would be much simpler in *Daddy Long Legs*. (In fact, he just dances and plays briefly with a conventional set of drums.)

Then Mrs. Davis saluted other Astaire musicals and expressed her sympathy for his recent loss. And with that, we returned to the parking lot, where she thanked me for the tour—a tour she had essentially given. But though she left with her friends, the “Ruthie Davis Tour” remained, because I gave it to all the visitors who followed.‡

John Howell was a professor of American Literature and chair of the English Department at Southern Illinois University. This is an excerpt from a memoir in progress.

The Wagers of Friends

Lines by Oliver Ferguson and Don Chesnut written on the occasion of their longstanding custom of betting a penny (a shiny penny!) on sports events.

From Oliver to Don:

To The Game (And US)—

If it's only a penny, no more than a game,
Then why all the bother, the fret, and the fuss?
So may the world wonder, but it isn't the same:
Perhaps only a penny, but to people like us
It's far more important, much more than a game
And not all that mysterious:
the annual World Serious*
*(Ring Lardner)

Don's Response:

You had better bring your A-game
At least that's what the theory is,
To test a friend with a wager,
A bet on the world ser-i-es.

Such bets are not for beginners,
Nor are they for the faint of heart,
You must be good to be a winner,
You must, indeed, be very smart.

Done in by a pinch hit homer,
Or a wild throw to second base,
Try again next year if you want to,
But for now simply lose with grace.

Don Chesnut is an emeritus professor of chemistry, Duke University; Oliver Ferguson is an emeritus professor of English, Duke University. They share a special love for baseball and the ability to rehash a game play by play.

They also enjoy betting a shiny penny accompanied by a short poem to enhance their pleasure in any sport at hand.

A Flood Benefit

by Banks Anderson, Jr.

Did the possibility of flooding worry you during our recent hurricane spin downs? A quart of water did seep under a stairwell door in Health and Wellness but down Pickett Road there was a real flood. Had you driven out our gate, turned left and gone past the Texas Tower and on down to the bottom of the hill you would have seen the flooded acres of a new lake. The Durham Academy athletic fields were submerged with only tennis court fences, tops of soccer goals and light poles visible. Canoe races might have been possible.

Now drive out our gate and turn right and right again at the light. At the top of Hwy 751 across the bridge and before turning you will find the Durham Academy Middle School. When our children were small this was the only campus and it housed kindergarten through grade eight. As a member of the school's Board of Trustees then we had voted to use tuition for operating expenses and parents as the borrowers for school expansion capital. A refundable bond had to be purchased for each child enrolled. When that campus expansion was complete and all of those bonds had been retired, we felt ready to build a high school. Durham Academy had been accepting children of every race, creed, and color years before the city and county schools became integrated. Scholarships were offered. The school had been very successful in attracting highly qualified students, and there was a wait list.

But high schools are expensive. They require large athletic fields and complex science laboratories. Frank Kenan and Watts Hill were trustees. They had surveyed all the nearby area for a high school site after determining that land adjacent to the current campus was too expensive and too limited. They discovered parcels on Pickett Road that combined great value for the school and highest and best use for the community.

Triangle developers have never needed nor wanted to build on flood plains. There were acres by Pickett Road that were designated as likely to be submerged at least every 50 years.

Consequently that large expanse of level land was cheap. Adjacent elevated land was reasonably priced and available for classroom buildings and a gym. The tract was purchased and construction begun. Two important decisions were made. Everyone agreed that the academic profile of the school was important if graduates' transcripts were to be honored by college admissions officers. The first students for the new high school were to be recruited only from those we had been teaching for years. The school design would accommodate outsiders but the extra income was not felt worth possible damage to the new school's academic reputation.

A second and more contentious decision was to dump football. One trustee who had played football felt that football was important to male high school culture. Together with most other trustees, I (having broken a clavicle playing club prep football) was unconvinced, not least because of football's large and continuing equipment expenses. One helmet costs around \$250. Thirty of these plus pads, pants, and jerseys—even with players buying their own shoes—was expensive. This objection was overcome when that trustee bought a full set of uniforms for the entire team. But so few male students turned out and so many of those that did were injured during the first weeks of practice that the initiative died. So if you missed seeing football goal posts standing high above the flood, it was not because the water was deep.‡

Banks Anderson is Professor Emeritus of Ophthalmology at Duke, and contributes regularly to The Forester.

CAROL'S CORNER

Our Smiling Bride in the Dining Room— Genevieve Josol Brown by Carol Oettinger

Genevieve smiles because it makes her feel good. She feels that when people smile in return, it makes them feel good too.

She was born in the Philippines and was adopted by a military family named Weaver, who brought her to the United States when she was 11 years old. Her family moved to Jacksonville, NC, where she graduated from high school.

She really wanted to work in nursing because she likes taking care of people. She planned to go to nursing school. A surprise pregnancy prevented that, but she has a lovely daughter, Annika, who is now 12.

She worked serving in a Chinese bistro and later in a Japanese steak house, and enjoyed both jobs. When she decided she would like a change, a friend who worked here suggested that she look at The Forest. She did and found that she liked the people. She felt that it was a joy to serve and take care of older people.



Genevieve met the man she was to marry on a blind date arranged by a friend in June of 2014. After several years of being friends, they were married on August 18, 2018.

Her husband Michael likes and is good to her daughter. He is also pleased that Genevieve enjoys taking care of people.

With a second job in dining at Hope Valley Country Club, in what little spare time Genevieve has she likes to cook. She especially likes to make egg rolls to share with friends. She also likes to run.

We are glad to have smiling Genevieve in our Forest family.☸

Photos by Bennett.

Diwali Festival...

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forces, invaded Lanka and rescued Sita. Having thus spent fourteen years in forests, the party including Hanuman returned home to Ayodha. This triumphant return of the Lord was celebrated by lighting the whole city and the homes of the residents.

In the Gregorian Calendar, the festival generally falls between mid-October and mid-November. This year in India, Diwali was celebrated on November 7th. In the lead-up to Diwali, celebrants prepare by cleaning, renovating and decorating their homes and offices. During the climax, revelers adorn themselves in their finest clothes, women especially in their beautiful silk sarees and suits, jewelry, and ornaments. They buy new gold jewelry and ornaments as an act of faith. (If anyone has paid attention, they may have noticed that the price of gold rises between September and November throughout the world because of added demand for gold ornaments!)

During the celebrations, temples, homes, stores and shops, and office buildings are brightly illuminated. National and state government offices are closed, private business offices also observe the Diwali holiday. People illuminate the interior and exterior of their homes with lamps and candles, and offer prayers to Lakshmi, the goddess of prosperity. All households light fireworks and partake of family feasts where sweets and gifts are shared and exchanged. Mothers give their daughters gifts of cash; children, too, receive cash gifts. For most people it is the beginning of the New Year, and most small business people begin their yearly account books from the first day of Diwali. Diwali is also a major cultural event for the Hindus and Jains in the Diaspora.☸

Umesh Gulati (MA, University of Delhi; PhD, University of Virginia) was an economist for the government of India for eight years; taught economics, international business, and cross-cultural courses at East Carolina University for 32 years; and is now professor emeritus. Umesh and his wife, Usha, have been living at The Forest since 2012; at the first opportunity both acquaint other residents with the food, dress and relationships of Indian culture.

Diwali Festival of Lights

by Umesh Gulati



Thanks to the Resident Diversity & Inclusion Collaborative Committee of The Forest, Diwali Festival of Lights was celebrated on Friday November 2. The Forest staff, especially Sandy Mouras, Nathan Summers, Art Ernteman, and Meghan Rodriguez (far right above) actively participated. Ms. Meghan was dressed in a silk suit that our resident **Usha Gulati** (third from the left above), the organizer of the event, had provided. Nathan Summers and Art Ernteman, too, adorned themselves with Indian turbans, which looked fantastic on them.

A slide show depicted Usha dressed in different Indian sarees, which she wore at her own wedding ceremony, after-wedding reception, and at other different occasions. Some of our own Forest residents also wore Indian sarees or suits.



The highlights of the event were traditional dances performed by two young Indian women of the Raleigh-Durham area dressed in beautifully embroidered Indian silk suits. There was also a fashion show by six Indian women of the Raleigh-Durham area, including Usha, who wore colorful Indian silk-embroidered sarees. All the participants,

including the Indian residents of The Forest wearing traditional Indian dresses, added beauty and color to festivities the audience liked and cheered.

The Diwali Festival of Lights is celebrated every autumn by the Hindus, Jains, and Sikhs in India. Diwali symbolizes the spiritual victory of light over darkness, good over evil, and knowledge over ignorance. It commemorates the return of Lord Rama, whom the Hindus consider to be one of the early incarnations of God before Krishna and Buddha, from a 14-year exile in forests. Rama had gone into exile by the order of his father Raja Dashrath of Ayodhya in northern India. The Raja issued this order so that Raja's other son from his second wife could ascend the throne. (In ancient India, Rajas or Maharajas could have more than one wife; Raja Dashrath had three wives.)

Rama's consort Sita and brother Lakshman accompanied Rama in exile. As if by an act of providence, during the time the 10-headed Ravana, king of Lanka (now Sri Lanka), abducted Sita and kept her in prison until she agreed to marry this evil king. But Sita was the very nature and embodiment of purity; indeed her whole life was purity; she turned down the proposal and even refused to look at the face of the devil king. In the end, Lord Rama, aided by Lakshman and most importantly by Hanuman and his

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