

Dr. Milta Oyola Little—Our New Medical Director

by Shannon Purves

Dr. Milta Little, The Forest at Duke's new Medical Director who took over from interim director Dr. Heidi White in July, is a native of Missouri and moved here from her longtime St. Louis home this past spring. "I love the Midwest," she says, but goes on to explain that the job she's filling here now—one part of her position as Associate Professor of Internal and Geriatric Medicine at Duke Medical Center—is exactly what she knew she wanted.

So she and her husband, Josh Little, a neurobiologist, and their two daughters—Audrey, 4, and Eliza, 1—pulled up stakes in St. Louis and found a home they love in Cary. Even better, they found a day care center/pre-school located near Dr. Little's Duke Medical Center office, only a few steps from her assigned parking spot...a time-saving miracle in what is, naturally, a very busy life.

Having completed her medical training with a degree in osteopathic medicine (2006) and specialty certifications in internal medicine (2009) and geriatric medicine (2010), Dr. Little was first an Assistant Professor (2010–15) and then Associate Professor (2015–18) at St. Louis University School of Medicine. She



skilled nursing facilities, an assisted living facility, and a hospice company in St. Louis.

Asked to describe the primary demands of the Forest at Duke's Medical Director, Dr. Little offers two: to effect policies and procedures for the community; and to oversee the Clinic's doctors, geriatric fellows and nurse practitioners.

She explains that her Forest schedule varies as she attends departmental meetings here and also covers for off-duty medical staff members. So far, she says, she finds she's spending about the equivalent of one half day a week with us. The rest of her work week is spent practicing geriatric primary care at Duke Medical Center, as co-leader of geriatric service line enhancement at Duke Regional Hospital, and continuing her ongoing research in her major interests—medication management and interprofessional education. She is currently an associate editor of the 6th edition of the leading two-volume geriatrics textbook scheduled for 2020. Her resumé lists 26 publications in refereed journals between 2011 and 2018.

She answers one last question—how did such a work enthusiast come to specialize in the medical care of sedentary old people—this way: "I'm a Type B personality." According to her, this means she's "laid back." It was, she says, this side of herself that made her realize how much she loved experiencing the graciousness and appreciativeness of the old patients she met in her medical school days. And now she cherishes the time she gets to spend getting to know each one she meets.

Thank you, Dr. Little, for choosing us! ‡



Josh, Audrey, Milta, & Eliza

first met her Duke colleagues, Drs. Heidi White, Gwen Buhr, and Mitch Heflin, when attending their development program in 2011 and was able to develop those relationships over the years. When a position came available in the division a year ago, Dr. Little was encouraged by them to apply. What makes her such a good fit for both Duke and The Forest is her experience as an academic geriatrician and her medical directorships at two

The Forester

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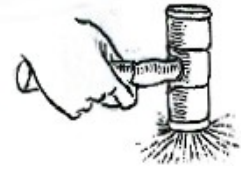
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In This Issue

Two of the professional artists resident at The Forest have contributed to the October issue: Katherine Shelburne, noted for her natural history studies, made the pen-and-ink drawings that frame Mary Lou Croucher's poem on page 7. Jane Woodworth, volunteer art teacher at The Forest, painted the watercolor of our historic tobacco barns for the same page. ☿

President's Podium



by Wes Steen

The top three lessons that I have learned in my tenure as RA President:

3. Initially it's like trying to drink from a firehose. Before Russell asked me to succeed him as president, I had attended all RA meetings as parliamentarian and had worked on governance issues. But there was still a lot to learn: RA history and traditions, expectations, schedules, priorities, and personalities. And repeat all that schooling for the Big Board. It's a lot.

2. The Forest is a complex business. In 50 years as an officer/director/manager/advisor of business and nonprofit organizations I learned that management is difficult, that it requires a lot of work, and that there are few easy, universally acclaimed solutions. TFAD has extraordinary challenges, including regulatory, financial, marketing, and medical care management. The breadth of the complex tasks is abundantly clear as we go through the annual budget process. And while no one is perfect, we are lucky to have very capable people who work very hard to get it right.

1. The Best Part of The Forest is "People." The staff is wonderful. I enjoy getting to know so many personally, to count so many as friends, and to see so many succeed in career advancement. And you fellow residents are incredible. Many of you provide supplementary services to our fellow residents and programs to enrich the TFAD experience. All of you have had extraordinary educations, experiences, and career success. Dinner with fellow residents is always a learning experience and a pleasure.

Thank you for the privilege of being your RA president for the past few months. I will do my best to facilitate my successor's efforts to drink from that fire hose. ☿

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

WELCOME BACK EVERYONE!

While it has seemed to be very quiet in the Library over this past summer, the Library volunteers have managed to keep busy.

1. Carol Goldsmith put together two very successful book exhibits highlighting travel sites within and outside the United States. Each exhibit lasted for two months and managed to introduce residents to new authors and interesting locations.
2. The Library's Acquisition Committee reviewed almost 950 donations: a) 519 hardcover books; b) 363 softcover books; c) 40 paperbacks; d) 20 audio/video; and e) 1 puzzle.
3. During this same period, we added 98 new items to the collection: a) 42 fiction books; b) 11 mysteries; c) 17 non-fiction books; d) 5 biographies; e) 14 large print books; and f) 9 non-print items. Of these new items, 16 were specifically purchased, with the approval of the Acquisitions Committee, by the Library. These purchases included ten large print publications and 5 non-fiction items.

NOW LOOKING FORWARD

The next book exhibit, entitled "From Great Books to Great Movies," runs from September through October. Please take time to peruse these books. I'm sure you will find something very interesting to read.

FOR OUR NEW RESIDENTS

The Library uses a very old fashioned method to charge books out. When you find something you wish to read, you should find a book card at the back of the book. On the next available line, write down the date, then your name followed by your apartment/cottage number. Place this card in the basket on the Circulation Desk. All items go out for three (3) weeks at a time. The Library does not charge overdue fees. You may request that your book be renewed for another 3 weeks just by leaving the Overdue Notice at the Circulation Desk with a request to renew the item.

SUGGESTION CARDS

A reminder—suggestion cards are available on the table on the right as you enter the library. If there is a book you might want the Library to purchase, a new service you think should be developed, or a question you would like answered, please feel free to submit one of these suggestion cards. The Library will be happy to consider your recommendations and answer your questions.

And again, welcome back to a busy new year. ¶



In Memoriam

Edwin Lee	June 14, 2019	Susan Murphy	June 15, 2019
Harrison Brooke	July 2, 2019	Marilyn Young	July 2, 2019
Wolfgang Joklik	July 7, 2019	Joseph Conte	July 11, 2019
Hildur Blake	July 25, 2019	Michael Frank	August 1, 2019
Bernard Bender	August 23, 2019	William Michal	September 20, 2019

Thoughts on Creativity

by Ellen Baer

Our older son started writing stories in elementary school. In high school, he wrote stories that were rather dark and strange, and later he wrote three dark and strange novels that were published by a major publishing house. His writing skills plus his extraordinary imagination impressed numerous critics and readers, including his parents, although we never encouraged our friends to read his books because they were, well, dark and strange. Our younger son is a park ranger who says he's not creative because he doesn't write novels. But he rescues people, solves problems, and adapts to change better than anyone else I know. This, too, is creativity.

Sometimes we tend to limit our definition of creativity to arts and crafts, but in a book from 2004 called *Creativity: Where the Divine and the Human Meet*, theologian Matthew Fox points out that everyone shares in the creative power of the universe. He notes: "Indigenous people are close to their intrinsic creativity—everyone participates in community dance, clothes making, drumming, food preparation, creating sacred space. No one is labeled an artist because *everyone* makes art."

He suggests that our society has set "artists" apart through excessive adulation of entertainers and sports stars, and that we often fail to see art in everyday life and the opportunities we all have for participation. Here at TFAD, we are fortunate to have many accomplished artists—people who draw and paint, take photographs, produce pottery, write poems and stories, play musical instruments, and make wall hangings out of handmade felt. We also have people who arrange flowers, clip rose bushes, send greeting cards, and say sweet words that make us smile. These are all creative acts, and Fox contends that such simple acts of truth and beauty—like poems and songs and (I would add) words and gestures of kindness—create a vibration that is sent out into the community.

In his book, he cites an amazing experiment. A Japanese doctor photographed water while it froze, and, when Mozart or Bach was played or words of praise were spoken, the water formed beautiful ice

crystals. But with noise and curses, the frozen water turned gray and ugly. Fox observes: "If this happens to water crystals, think about what change happens in the human body, which is made up of 70% water. I conclude that if we create meaningful sounds, words, and images, we contribute to cultural healing."

This reminds me of the Mozart Effect, so called because studies have shown that certain kinds of music (especially Mozart) help students learn and patients heal. Even as a non-musician, I've had music lift me up and fill me with a sense of wellbeing. Maybe music has this power because it by-passes the mind and goes straight to the heart; maybe all great art does the same thing, serving as a direct channel to the creative energy of the universe, or to God.

I like to think that smaller acts of creativity can do the same thing, and, of course, I'm talking about creativity in the broad sense offered by Fox because it includes all of us whether or not we can play the piano or dance the tango. This means that when we get together with other people at a concert or performance or any other gathering where something is created with words and music and goodwill, we are sending a vibration out into the community, a little bit of creative energy for peace and healing. We could call it the Song Book Effect. ♪



Our Publishing Objectives

The Forester is published by and at the expense of The Residents' Association. Its purpose is to inform and entertain the residents. It serves as a vehicle for the writings of the residents, and should, to the extent possible, be the work of the people living here.

It is not a "gripe sheet," nor is it a vehicle for promoting particular religions or political views, and the editors should exercise restraint in publishing controversial opinions. *The Forester* also serves as a resource for preserving the history of The Forest at Duke. ♪

—The Editors

Sunrise On The Beach

by Mary Lou Croucher

As I walk barefoot in the cool sand, the western sky sleeps
Covered by a dark blanket of night.
On the eastern horizon, a faint light emanates quietly, yet boldly.
With breathless anticipation, I feel a primal, cosmic quickening.
I stand motionless, as a new day awakens.
That timeless, yellow/orange orb eases into view with silent energy and affirmation.
I feel the quiver, the unstoppable force of a distant power
And present entity manifest in every particle of creation.
My very being, my aroused senses, fluctuate between placidity and exhilaration.
A new day is born, and I am witnessing, experiencing, the birth!

The sun has risen. I sit on a rock, embracing the moment.
The ebb and flow of water and time soothes me.
My nose is alerted to the smells of salt air and sea life
Lungs breathing in the bounty and magnitude of marine mysteries.
A line of clouds playfully rolls across the horizon, hiding the sun's face.
Bright, vertical rays of light escape victoriously
Like the fingers of God reaching downward into the watery depths to caress
A panoramic display of luminescent fragments—sparkling, dancing, celebrating.

I reluctantly return from my reverie ... serene, energized ... in awe. ☘



Pioneers!—Residents, here represented by Evebell Dunham and Molly Simes, and Team Members, here represented by Glenn Arrington and Laurie Lach, and Board Members celebrated The Forest's 27th Anniversary on September 18th at the Pond.

Background watercolor
by Jane Woodworth

Welcome New Residents

Elizabeth Hopkins Heinmiller

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chkfizhein@frontier.com



Liz grew up in Tampa, FL, as did her husband, Charles, though the three years between them didn't offer opportunities to get together. Liz went off to Randolph Macon Women's College for her BA in

English, but Charles was at UNC Chapel Hill. When the two schools had a combined choral concert, their paths crossed again. When Charles finished his masters in physics, and Liz finished two years of elementary school teaching, they married. They settled in Rochester, NY, where Charles worked for Eastman

Kodak until his retirement. They raised their two daughters, and were active in their church and community. They came to Chapel Hill in 1989.

Liz has been active in the Junior League in all the places she has lived. Her commitment to her faith led her to teach Bible study, to work with women's groups, and to enjoy friends. Her avocations are writing (prose and poetry), reading, cross-stitch, meditation and Bible study. The award she remembers best is being a football sponsor and Maid of the Orange Bowl.

Liz has two daughters. Mary Gene and Nancy. Mary Gene was on the faculty of the University of Rochester and now lives in Durham with her husband and son, Aidan. Nancy and her husband retired to Boone, NC.

Now that her family are all in North Carolina, the move to The Forest was a wise choice and a happy one, she says. ☘

Jane & Michael Goetz

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Jane and Mike grew up where Iowa, Illinois and Missouri come together, Jane in Illinois and Mike in Iowa. They met on a Continental Trailways bus, and two years later were married. They moved to the Twin Cities in Minnesota, where Mike earned his PhD in economics and Jane taught elementary school. After stops in southern Minnesota and Oklahoma, they settled in a Philadelphia suburb. Mike taught economics and was a university administrator at Temple University. Jane stayed home with their children for some years, and then taught special education students.

In the early 2000's, they bought a house in Durham to be near their daughter and her family, and when Mike officially retired in 2008, they moved to Durham. They did not stop working—Mike volunteered at the UNC Cancer Hospital and at Duke Hospital and Jane volunteered for a kindergarten class quilt project. They traveled a lot—Mike has visited 100 countries, and Jane, about 80. Mike creates photograph books from their travels. Jane began quilting in Philadelphia and has studied the art for many years. Some of Mike's pictures inspire her work, which is to be seen outside their apartment in a rotating display.

Two of their children are close by: Lisa, a physician and public health research scientist, and

(Continued at the bottom of Page 7)

Welcome New Residents

Mary & John Dailey

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Mary grew up in Richmond, VA, and John in Westernport, MD. The Daileys met at a University of Virginia mixer, when Mary came there after two years at Chowan College and John was a graduate student in pharmacology. He had done pre-pharmacy study at Potomac State College and earned his pharmacy degree at the University of Maryland. At UVA he completed his PhD in pharmacology. Their marriage awaited John's completion of his fellowship in Stockholm, Sweden, and a postdoc at Cleveland Clinic. When they were finally together, John's career included 3 years at George Washington University, 9 years at Louisiana State University, and 16 years at the University of Illinois where he was Professor of Pharmacology at the School of Medicine in Peoria. He has an extensive list of scientific papers, concentrating in neurochemistry. Mary completed her degree in speech pathology at UVA, and raised her two sons, supporting their activities and John's career.

John volunteered for the American Heart Association for 26 years, and was a member of the Rotary Club for 34 years. When the AHA reorganized, he was the first president of the Midwest Affiliate. The president oversees and appoints the committees that award Heart Association grants. The position also includes a certain amount of lobbying.

John and Mary moved from Peoria to Southport, NC, when John retired, and then to Durham, in part to be closer to Duke University Medical Center, and the pulmonologists with whom he is familiar. John has had a lung transplant at Duke, and reminds us that

everyone should sign up as an organ donor. Many organs and tissues do not wear out with age. They found The Forest by an on-line search and a visit convinced them that this is where they want to live.

Their son John lives in Pasadena, CA, where he works for NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab. His office is at Cal Tech. Son David lives in Chicago, where he is a computer consultant for the financial system. For pleasure, John and Mary exercise and both enjoy canasta. John enjoys reading, mostly history. Mary enjoys golf, zumba, mah jongg, and playing the ukulele. ¶

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

A Campus Is a Campus Is a Campus

by Doris Fields

The question has been raised about the use of the word "Campus" for TFAD, because it implies a school.

A "school" does not necessarily have to have a building, as, for example, references to "Schools of Thought."

We are certainly in a shared learning experience here—about memories, hopes and fears, and life and death. Certainly the varied lectures and other activities available are comparable to those in a university.

So why is it not appropriate to call this a "campus"? It is a short and expressive word, and better than "Institution" or perhaps even "community."

Goetz (Continued from Page 6)

Stephen, an environmental chemist. Lisa's three children and Stephen's son allow their grandparents a lot of access and, of course, some child care. Their other son Joel and his wife are in Memphis, TN. Jane continues her art quilting and Mike continues his photography, and both continue to pursue travel with more countries yet to conquer. ¶

(This piece was first published in *The Forester*,
Volume 5, 1999, Issue 12, page 7.)

Butner

by Banks Anderson, Jr.

Have you been to Butner? It is as close as Hillsborough and closer than Cary and Raleigh. But it is now and always has been a clandestine and off-limits sort of place. You pass right by it thirteen miles up I-85 going north, but there is no reason to stop unless a friend or relative is on the rolls of one of the public institutions there. It boasts several state and federal continuing care communities housing 6,000 or so felons in addition to those in drug and youth rehab units.

In January of 1942 Butner did not exist. After Pearl Harbor the need for trained soldiers was acute. So federal officials bought 40,000 acres of farmland north of us, evicting the former owners and building roads and barracks. They named it Camp Butner after Major General Henry Butner, a Tar Heel who had commanded an artillery brigade in WWI. By August 1942 the barracks were ready for recruits. Officers of the 78th “Lightning Division” and the governor officially opened its gates. Subsequently the 35th and 89th Divisions trained there. Earlier, in 1940 in North Africa, the Italians had attempted to wrest the Suez from the Brits. But by February of the following year the Italian 10th Army had surrendered, prompting Hitler to send Rommel and his Wehrmacht troops to help. When the first Americans arrived there in May of 1942 the Brits held thousands of Italian prisoners. The returning troop ships brought many of them to the US. Three thousand ended up at Camp Butner where they cooked and cleaned for the recruits.

This was the beginning of the transformation of Camp Butner from training camp to prison camp. Rommel’s defeat at El Alamein in October resulted in German arrivals and after D-Day Romanians, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Czechs, Bulgarians, et al., who had all served in the Wehrmacht, were added to

the mix. Fighting among nationalities led to the segregation of the Germans. Durham labor shortages resulted in a hundred or so Butner prisoners “slinging hash” at Duke and UNC. Satellite camps of three to four hundred were scattered among regional farms. Farm families picked up their prisoners each morning and returned them in the evening, creating some lasting relationships. Compared to the starvation and death rampant in late-war Europe, Butner prisoners were safe, warm, gaining weight and not anxious to leave.

As a preteen in Durham I was fascinated by the trickle of information that leaked out of Butner. I heard that the Germans maintained military discipline by rank and published a newspaper. A few escapes did occur but no one in my circle knew of any nor had any fear of escapees. Prisoners were still being repatriated during 1946. In 1947 the camp became state property and much of the land was sold back but NC kept



Google photo showing the four principal elements of the Federal complex at Butner. Not shown is North Carolina's highest security Polk Correctional Institution.

13,000 acres. A National Guard training area, the Polk state prison, and the hospital, now the Umstead Hospital, opened. Since 1995 the Federal Prison Bureau has operated a huge complex including their major hospital. About 5,000 federal felons are housed in minimal to medium security environments. Bernie Madoff is one well-known resident.

For sixty years the State of North Carolina governed Butner until in 2007 the town incorporated. Its population of 7,800 approximated the total living there as wards of governments. Butner is a unique neighbor and TFAD could run a bus to it. But access to most buildings is restricted and their museum is only open for five hours the first Saturday of each month. As a substitute for a personal visit, this historical travelogue must suffice. ¶

Banks Anderson is Professor Emeritus of Ophthalmology at Duke, Durham native, and frequent contributor to The Forester.

Some like it hot...others not so much

by Bennett Galef

We humans are all born with the same taste preferences; we like the sweet and reject the bitter, the sour and the “hot.” However, as any lover of coffee, margaritas or pica di Gallo could tell you, congenital taste preferences are easily modified, even reversed, by experience. Particularly relevant to the present discussion, when I asked my waitress at a local restaurant just how hot the items in the menu marked with three chilies were (better safe than sorry), she responded that she wasn’t a good person to ask. As a special favor, the chef would sometimes prepare six-chili dishes for her.

Four years ago, when Mertice and I moved to the Forest at Duke, one of the first restaurants we visited was the Thai Café, conveniently located less than two miles from our new home. The dishes were reasonably priced, food freshly prepared and tasty, but not terribly Thai. We moved on.

Last spring, a Thai restaurant opened in downtown Durham, and after Mertice and I had eaten our first meal there (it was pretty good), we decided to go back to the Thai Café so that we could tell any who inquired just how much better the new Thai place was than the old. Surprise! The Thai Café had changed; it was now a very good Thai restaurant indeed.

Thai food, you say. Thai food is spicy, and I don’t like spicy! Well there are some fine not-spicy items on Thai Café’s menu (for example, fresh basil rolls, the Thai Café basket, beef or chicken satay, as well as one of the world’s great desserts, mango with sticky rice), and because everything is prepared to order, you can ask for any of the dishes (except for the curries) with less (or more) chili pepper than suggested on the menu.

In one-chili dishes (for example, the delicious lamb chops), the heat is detectable, but easily tolerated even by those who don’t much like the heat (or so two of my hot-averse friends have told me). Two-chili dishes are a step up (the soft-shell crab and beef and squid salads are all great), more demanding, but very Thai. I would, however, recommend three-chili dishes only to those already pretty comfortable at the two-chili level. I can’t imagine what a six-chili dish would taste like.

While two-chili dishes can be challenging when first encountered, it is surprising how little exposure is needed before the heat becomes really pleasant, something to be sought after rather than avoided. And learning to enjoy chilies in Thai food provides entree to a world of classic ethnic dishes: Szechuan hot pots, Indian Vindaloo, Mexican salsas, Indonesian sambal, Korean kimchi, to name but a few.

Thai Café is unusual among Durham restaurants in two ways: first, it is open seven days a week (for both lunch and dinner), and second, it is quiet. Prices are low, parking is easy, and the restaurant is handicap accessible. Most important, much of the food is both authentic Thai and first-rate. So, give the Thai Café a try; uncap a Singha beer and enjoy a quiet conversation with friends over a range of excellent Thai dishes.

Thai Café, 2501 University Drive, Durham:
Phone: 919-493-9794.

Lunch: 11:30-3:00; dinner 5:00 -11:00 seven days/week. ♪

Outlive the Dawn

by Don Chesnut

I’m in my room, alone at last,
The morning’s gone and noon has passed.
Cool shadows fall across my wall,
It’s time to rest, night soon to fall.

The morning sun was always bright,
There was no thought of coming night.
So brilliant in the sky above,
We were content with friends and love.

But now it’s gone, dark settling in,
I know the state of grace I’m in.
The future I must disavow,
The past is what life’s made of now.

I hope that you who stay behind
Will keep good thoughts of me in mind.
That’s how I want to carry on,
And in that way outlive the dawn.

Don Chesnut—Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Duke, poet and playwright—is a frequent contributor.

150th Birthday Anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi

by Prem S. Sharma

Mohandas Gandhi was born on October 2, 1869, in the city of Probandar, India. Growing up, he was described as a shy, timid boy, a mediocre student, showing little indication of the greatness he would achieve in later life. Married at a young age in 1888, Gandhi traveled to London to study law and returned to India three years later and began practicing law. In 1893 he traveled to South Africa to join a law firm. The racial discrimination and abuse he experienced there turned out to be a defining moment of his life. He began working among black Africans and Indians, and vowed to devote his life to rooting out all prejudice, without ever resorting to violence.

In 1906 the Transvaal Asiatic Registration Act was passed, depriving blacks and Indians of their civil rights and leading Gandhi to organize his first mass nonviolent civil disobedience movement. He provided free legal services to those in need and worked tirelessly for the rights of blacks, Indians and women. He tended to the sick and to lepers. During the Boer War, Gandhi established an Indian ambulance corps whose members worked as stretcher bearers and in military hospitals, saving lives.

In 1915, accompanied by his wife and four sons, Gandhi returned to India and joined in the struggle for freedom from British rule. Following his example, people all over India began spinning cotton thread at home to make their own fabric called Khadi, replacing fabrics shipped from Britain.

In 1919, British soldiers shot and killed 379 men, women and children and wounded an additional 1200, in a park in Amritsar where they had gathered to celebrate an annual festival. Gandhi led a nationwide strike and the entire country was shut down. Gandhi was arrested and put in prison. In 1930, he led the famous Salt March to protest the unfair tax on salt by the British Government. He was once again jailed and went on a hunger strike. Not wanting to be held responsible for his death, the British Government released him. The struggle for freedom continued, with Gandhi playing a leading role. Indians began referring to him as Mahatma, 'great soul' and as Father of the Nation.



Gandhi leading the Salt March

I was born in Mandalay, Burma and was 10 years old in 1942 when the Japanese attacked and invaded the country. When our home was blown up during a bombing raid, we had been taking shelter in air raid trenches and my parents took our entire family fleeing west towards faraway India. The journey through the dangerous and dense jungles and over the treacherous mountains lasted two months. We went and lived in the city of Rawalpindi in northern India. I was now growing up, was angry at the British, and became a member of an Indian militant youth movement which was struggling to help gain freedom from the British.

World War II ended in 1946. The British government and the Indian leadership finally reached the decision to divide the land and create the country of Pakistan. Communal rioting between Hindus and Muslims broke out all over the country. Mahatma Gandhi was greatly dismayed and went walking barefoot from village to village, preaching love and harmony between people of all religions. He came to our city and stayed there for five days. Along with the other members of the rebellious group, I attended his talks each day, and we were so touched by his message that we quit the militant group and became Gandhi's followers.

India received its independence on August 15, 1947, and the country of Pakistan was created, encompassing Rawalpindi. The largest migration in the world's history occurred when 15 million Hindus and Sikhs tried to escape from Pakistan to India, and Muslims fled from India to Pakistan. I tried to escape to India and, to my parent's great relief, finally succeeded and made it back to Mandalay.

On January 30, 1948, a zealous nationalist Hindu by the name of Godse came to attend the daily prayer

Mahatma Gandhi...

(Continued from Page 10)

session conducted by Mahatma Gandhi in New Delhi. With folded hands, he bowed to touch Gandhi's feet and then standing up, shot him dead. The nation was deeply grieved

Many world leaders and scholars considered Gandhi to be one of the most pivotal figures of the twentieth century. Some stated how Gandhi had found his courage and inspiration from the holy books of the Gita, the Koran and the Bible. A charismatic leader of millions, his life and message went on to inspire leaders in many parts of the world. At the time of Gandhi's seventieth birthday, Albert Einstein with foresight wrote, "Generations to come, it may be, will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth."

Mahatma Gandhi often stated: "I have implicit faith in the mission that, if it succeeds—as it will succeed—history will record it as a movement designed to knit all people in the world together, not as hostile to one another but as parts of one whole."

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was 19 years old when Gandhi was assassinated. In 1959 he went to India with Loretta Scott King to learn more about Gandhi and his teachings. Upon his return to the United States, Dr. King stated that he had gone to many other countries as a tourist but went to India as a pilgrim. He wrote "Gandhi resisted evil with as much vigor and power as the violent resister, but he resisted with love instead of hate. True pacifism is not unrealistic submission to evil power. It is rather a courageous confrontation of evil by the power of love."



Prem Sharma, DDS, MS, served as Professor and Associate Dean for Academic Affairs and Alumni Affairs at the Marquette University School of Dentistry. He is also the author of three novels. He is a member of the TFAD Diversity & Inclusion Collaborative.

CAROL'S CORNER

Hadiyah Parker by Carol Oettinger

Hadiyah is Interim Service Manager of Dining Services. She works with Jeffrey, Josh and Kadijah to keep things moving smoothly in the dining rooms.

Hadiyah was born and grew up in Washington, D.C. She is the baby of the family, born on Valentine's Day. She has five sisters, two brothers and 22 nieces and nephews. The family has always been close. She goes up to D.C. to visit them often.

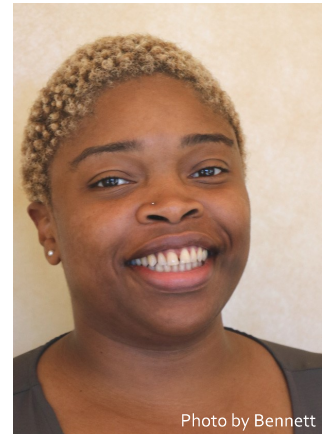


Photo by Bennett

She left D.C. in 2009 to study at NCCU. She finished school there, and liked North Carolina, so decided to find work here. She worked for the Durham Housing Authority to help underprivileged people find housing and other state-funded help such as food stamps. She worked there for two years. After that she worked for the Wake County Public Schools as Nutritional Care manager. She came to The Forest at Duke in 2013. She worked part time in the Health and Wellness Center until last August, when she began in Dining Services as Dining Coordinator. She worked on menus, catering and reservations. She recently became one of the Service Managers. She likes The Forest and the residents and plans to stay.

When she goes home after work she is eagerly met by her house mates, two Yorkies named Bella and Blaze. She likes the water and is learning to swim. She learned to box for exercise and self-defense, starting with cardio kick boxing. She also enjoys reading mystery stories.

We are very happy to have Hadiyah in our Forest family. ♡

Forest Murmurs

by George Chandler

When the move-ins started in ninety-two
It looked like there still was a lot to do.
The dining room work was underway,
So we all ate together in the new cafe. (Repeat)
 The friendships brewed over coffee and tea
 Made the Forest at Duke a real community. (Repeat)

The people in charge said, “Those old folks
Shouldn’t just sit around exchanging jokes.
They’ll need entertainment at the drop of a hat,
So we’ll put Lucy Grant in charge of that.” (Repeat)
 Now it’s Ibbby and Betsy and a crew of five
 That keep us entertained and looking alive. (Repeat)

Before dinner on Fridays, we have a big party,
The wine keeps flowing; the hors d’oeuvres are hearty.
There are cocktail snacks and anonymous punch.
But please don’t pocket your tomorrow’s lunch. (Repeat)
 There are concerts in the evening to keep us merry,
 Followed by more eating and a glass of sherry. (Repeat)

If you want to keep slim or control your size,
We’ve got seventeen kinds of exercise.
You can walk that treadmill ‘til your muscles say “Quit!”
You can try the dancing or Sit and Be Fit. (Repeat)
 You can use our pool or swim or walk
 But some of us would rather float around and talk. (Repeat)

The Forest has buses that keep on the go.
They’ll take you to a concert or a play or show,
To a medical appointment, on a shopping run,
To men’s or women’s basketball at Cameron. (Repeat)
 You won’t have to find a place to park,
 And you’ll never have to drive after it gets dark. (Repeat)

At the Forest, our major field of strife
Is bridge—it seems to be a way of life.
You can hook up with a bridge group if you dare,
And private-party foursomes flourish everywhere. (Repeat)
 Round Robin bridge is a sociable game,
 But duplicate on Tuesdays isn’t quite so tame. (Repeat)

Like everything else we were getting older,
And the Big Board’s plans kept growing bolder.
The Wandering Garden was the first new thing.
Then they started the construction of a whole new wing. (Repeat)
 Assisted living was all the talk,
 And soon we were parading on the new sky walk. (Repeat)

The Forest’s bus had passed its prime,
So we bought a new model with no steps to climb.
When you tire of shopping or touring the town,
We now have volleyball sitting down. (Repeat)
 We’ve put down new carpets and painted the walls,
 And spruced up all of the Forest’s halls. (Repeat)

Though your years may number a hundred and three
You needn’t be concerned about longevity.
If you’re feeling a little bit long in the tooth,
Then take what I say as the gospel truth: (Repeat)
 Surround yourself with the Forest’s cheer,
 And you’re sure to find contentment in each golden year. (Repeat)

George Chandler (1930–2015), a lawyer, moved to The Forest with his wife, Marjorie, in 1996 after a 30-year career with the ICC. He and Marjorie were Editorial Assistants at The Forester. George loved Gilbert & Sullivan. This poem, to be sung to the tune of “When I Was a Lad” from HMS Pinafore, captures the spirit of The Forest’s early years.