

## Teresa Schlauch – Our A-K Social Worker

by Shannon Purves

The Forest at Duke's Social Work Department team has two members—Teresa Schlauch, who joined us in February 2020 and handles the needs of residents whose last names begin with A–K, and Joan Nelson, who has been with us since 2017 and until her recent resignation, worked with residents whose last names begin with L–Z.



Even though my last name begins with P, my first contact with this team was through Teresa. She called me (Joan was away) one afternoon recently because our dog, Kenzie, had frightened a meal deliverer. What could have been an uncomfortable conversation was anything but. Teresa was direct but very pleasant in explaining her reason for calling. She put me immediately at ease and helped me figure out how best to handle the matter. Hanging up at the end of our brief talk, I thought to myself, “That took serious social skill.”

Teresa comes to that skill by way of a long and varied career in social work.

Born and raised in Montana, she spent her early years on a farm near the town of Hingham. As the youngest of six kids, she was the last one at home at a time when she could help her mother meet various challenges. She thinks that may have been what led her to major in Social Work at Carroll College in Helena MT where she received her BA in 1980.

She remained in Montana for the next 35 years pursuing her career. In 2008 she entered the University of Montana to work toward a Masters in Social Work. With that advanced degree in hand, she found herself in more and more interesting—and demanding—social work. Born and raised a Catholic, Teresa was

also a Director of Montana Thrift Store and Ministry. And, from 2000 to 2011, she owned and operated a private business in Helena—Capital City Case Management—which specialized in helping elders who wanted to stay at home. And she figured she would herself always “stay at home” in Montana.

But, in 2015, while she was working in a hospital in Bozeman MT, a friend and co-worker persuaded her to join her in becoming a “traveling” social worker. This involved joining a firm that specializes in placing hospital professionals in temporary jobs around the country. The breadth of experience was advantageous as most of the placements were for less than a year and



located in different parts of the country. Teresa worked in hospitals in Florida, Washington state, California, Connecticut, North Dakota (“in the dead of winter”), to name a few. In 2015, one these assignments brought her to Durham Regional Hospital. Her local lodging was in the then brand-new Residence Inn on Durham's West Main Street, and she found herself becoming more and more comfortable in this North Carolina community and, no small matter, in its temperate climate! Even so, once her assignment at Durham Regional ended, she continued taking traveling

*(Continued on page 7)*

### The Forester

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## President's Podium



by Lois Oliver

Since the start of 2020, twenty new residents have moved to The Forest. Most of us remember our own arrival, when we were given some big white notebooks filled with information about TFAD and all the facilities and activities, etc. Then our mentor arrived (mine was **Ann King**) with an easier-to-read folder of information which we reviewed together. Over the next weeks, she gave me a tour of the place, gave me more answers to questions, and was always willing to point me in the right direction.

Sadly, those twenty new residents, this year and last, had limited contact with their mentors. The mentors were restricted to simply delivering the folders, and offering to help over the phone. Since TFAD mentors are creative, I am sure they found ways to be helpful, but it was not the same during the pandemic. All of us should be grateful for their efforts.

Now that we are opening up to more face-to-face or mask-to-mask interactions, I am hoping that all of us will begin to reach out to those new residents. We need to make them feel more a part of our community, and get them involved in both their neighborhood caucuses, and the activities of the Residents' Association. Some of the new residents have no familiarity with Durham or the Triangle region, and we can add our support to their mentor, who is the first line of assistance with finding one's way around.

I look forward to the day when I can actually meet and talk with residents whom I only know from reading their biographies in *The Forester*. Those always remind me how interesting and well educated we all are. ☿

### ***In Memoriam***

Paul Bryan March 25, 2021

Phyllis Owen April 6, 2021

Elizabeth Dube April 13, 2021

## Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

### PULITZER PRIZE WINNERS BOOKS EXHIBIT

For the months of May and June, the Library's Book Exhibit is highlighting Pulitzer Prize winners. Originally endowed by Joseph Pulitzer in 1917, the Pulitzer Prize awards for outstanding public service and achievement in American journalism, letters, and music are highly respected. Awarded each May since 1917, the awards are made by Columbia University on the recommendation of the Pulitzer Prize Board, composed of judges appointed by the university. The Pulitzer Prize for Fiction is one of the seven American Pulitzer Prizes that are annually awarded for Letters, Drama, and Music. It recognizes distinguished fiction by an American author, preferably dealing with American life, published during the preceding calendar year.

#### **Here are some of the books in the exhibit:**

- *All the King's Men* by Robert Penn Warren won the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 1947 and was considered one of the best American political novels. Although it was published over 70 years ago, you will still find it relevant to today's world.
- Toni Morrison's *Beloved*, a novel also based on true events, is about the agonizing remembrances of a former slave in post-Civil War Ohio. It was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1988.
- Anne Tyler won the award in 1989 for *Breathing Lessons*, where she displays her extraordinary gifts in supreme harmony: exquisite narrative clarity, faultless comic timing, and the Tyler trademark of happy-sad characters inspiring a mid-American domestic drama that somehow slips the surly bonds of the ordinary to become timeless and universal.
- *Interpreter of Maladies* by Jhumpa Lahiri was awarded the prize in 2000. This consists of a collection of stories about the lives of Indians and Indian Americans who are caught between their roots and the "New World."
- Finally, in 2020 Colson Whitehead became only the fourth writer to receive two Pulitzer Awards. The first for *The Underground Railroad* in 2017 and then the second for his book *Nickel Boys*. This book is based on a real-life atrocity. It deals with a hellish Florida reform school—historically called the Dozier School for Boys, here renamed Nickel Academy—at which boys who'd been convicted of petty crimes were systematically tortured: starved, beaten, raped, and shot. Following two boys who become friends despite their differences, the book is ultimately a powerful tale of human perseverance, dignity, and redemption.



These distinguished publications, plus many others, await you in the Library's book exhibit. Please make time to enjoy several during this two-month period.

### ANOTHER LIBRARY HOW-TO: ADDING TO THE COLLECTION

While much of the collection consists of donated materials, the Library does have, thanks to the generosity of many residents, a small budget to purchase new titles. Therefore, if you hear of a new book or see a review of something interesting, please let us know. You can do this by: a) leaving a note on the Circulation Desk to my attention or in my mailbox (#4035) or b) sending an email to me at [reese.carolg11@yahoo.com](mailto:reese.carolg11@yahoo.com). Please include as much information as possible—especially the title and author! I will make sure the members of the Acquisition Committee get the request. ¶



## Setting COVID Goals, These Foresters Reach for the Stars

A series stimulated by Phil Baer's observation that the restrictions imposed by the COVID-19 pandemic provided newly found "free time" for doing things long delayed or crowded out by the busyness of life.



### Mastering a Wind Instrument

by Elodie Bentley

I have played with recorder groups off and on for some years. It has been said that the recorder is the easiest of instruments to learn and the hardest to play well. It's easy to learn, so you had to suffer through children and grandchildren playing them. And they are hard to play well, so they are rarely heard.

As part of my being with the group here, I decided some years back to invest in a bass recorder. You didn't know they came in different voices, did you? Well, yes! My bass recorder arrived, I was quite excited, practiced a bit at the beginning and didn't progress as fast as I hoped. You will remember the bit about "hard to play well." I convinced myself that the instrument wasn't a good quality and that it would never sound as I had hoped. So it was played occasionally but mostly not.

Fast forward some time and **Jim Klausman** arrives at The Forest and, long story short, he takes my bass recorder to practice on. It sings! Every note is clear! So much for my theory about my failure!

When we went into lockdown I thought "Hot Dog! Lots of time! I will master the bass recorder before this is over!" And, indeed, for the first few weeks I was diligent! I got some instruction books on the internet! I practiced, consistently, every day. Then, things interfered. Laziness set in. And here we are. I am only slightly improved in spite of all my good intentions. Days pass without my touching the bass. Or even thinking about it, really.

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Shakespeare had it right. ¶



### Translating Kafka/ Learning German

by Phil Baer

Starting about a year ago and throughout the time of COVID, I've taught myself to read German by translating Franz Kafka. With no knowledge of the language, and facing 1,006 pages of a discouragingly complex collection of bits, pieces, and finished works, it seemed at first a near impossible undertaking. But I've made progress. The number of words I look up decreases steadily, and I've begun to see phrases rather than a word-by-word jumble.

There's a meditative quality to reading while translating from a language I don't know. I'm forced to read slowly—*very slowly*—and must often pause to choose among wildly diverse word meanings. Is my translation what Kafka would have written if Kafka had written in English? Unlikely, but I'm starting to feel like I actually know Franz—forgive the informality, but I've been with him every day for more than a year, and I'm sure by now he would call me Phil and use the familiar forms of pronouns and verbs. I'm reading my buddy Franz more closely than I've ever read anything, constantly questioning my understanding.

And I've learned more than vocabulary and grammar. In *Letter to My Father* I became familiar with Franz and his three sisters, both as children and as adults, his mother, and, of course, his father, in excruciatingly revelatory detail. And I'm learning about German history and society. For example, in *The Trial*, a main character is *der Untersuchungsrichter*, which translates as "examining magistrate." Wondering if we have a judicial equivalent, in Wikipedia I learned that in Kafka's time Germany had an inquisitorial system of law, and *der Untersuchungsrichter* carried out the duties of our grand jury. But the title was abolished when Germany switched to an adversarial system similar to ours.

Oh, and I'm up to page 549: 457 pages to go. Can't wait to see how it all turns out. ¶





## FOREST BOOK DISCUSSION GROUP

**House of Mirth**

by Edith Wharton

by Judy Jo Small

In mid-March, **Liz Clark** led the Forest Book Discussion Group in a lively discussion of Edith Wharton's 1905 novel, *The House of Mirth*. The book gives a portrait of a lady as well as a brilliantly complex portrait of New York society at the turn of the century.

First, it's a riches-to-rags tale foregrounding the radiantly beautiful young Lily Bart, brought up in the luxury of high society, then orphaned soon after her father is financially ruined. Her aunt takes her in, and Lily self-confidently sets out to seek her fortune. She, like everyone she knows, assumes that her fortune will be found almost immediately in marriage to an exceptionally wealthy husband. Rich men pursue her, but never quite the right one, so little by little her opportunities fade. Moreover, since it's expensive to keep up with the rich set's clothes and hedonistic amusements, Lily quickly runs into debt. Members of the book group discussed her sometimes arrogant behavior and her mixed motivations. They talked about the defects of her various suitors and sympathized with Lily's vulnerability to blatant sexual harassment and to malicious gossip. They pointed out that while both the male characters and the married women in the book carry on love affairs without scandal, Lily's reputation is compromised when she is seen merely walking out of a man's apartment.

An additional fascination of the novel lies in background scenes detailing Lily's decline through the various strata of New York society, from richest to poorest. Wharton's account of the social and monetary hierarchy is edged with sharp, subtle satire. Below the glamorous top echelon of New York society, readers



*The 1905 first cover portrait in the NY Times Book Review, a "departure from custom surely justified by the widespread interest in the subject [Edith Wharton]."*

examined Wharton's depiction of several levels of aspiring social climbers, who lack refined tastes and social graces but who are no less materialistic than the upper class. The hard lives of the struggling working class, upon which the higher classes depend, are portrayed realistically and compassionately.

Reading group members devoted considerable attention to the novel's moral dimension, considering the hypocrisy, anti-Semitism, and casual cruelty that infect American society as well as individual virtues and kindness. The title is taken from Ecclesiastes: "*The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fools is in the house of mirth.*" The group agreed that none of the numerous characters is without flaws and that Lily becomes a more sympathetic character as she becomes sadder and wiser.

**The Forest Book Discussion Group**

During the pandemic, this discussion group has provided intellectual stimulation and a measure of social connection for its members. They've read a wide variety of books: *Plainsong* (by Kent Haruf), *Meet Me at the Museum* (Anne Youngson), *The Other Einstein* (Marie Benedict), *Big Little Lies* (Liane Moriarty), and *The Time of Our Lives* (Tom Brokaw). Normally the group has met once a month except in summer and December. But in the summer of 2020, some readers decided they needed the group to carry them through a dispiriting season, so they added summer sessions on Wharton's *The Age of Innocence*, Yōko Agawa's *The Housekeeper and the Professor*, and Haruki Murakami's *Men Without Women*.

The leader of the book group, **Pam Harris**, has steered it safely through turbulent times. **Carol Carson** mastered the Zoom technology necessary to conduct discussions electronically. Participants, eager to meet together again in person, welcomed the chance to discuss their April selection in the auditorium (masked face to masked face), when **Mary DuBard** led a conversation about Amor Towles's *A Gentleman in Moscow*. On May 12, the group will be talking about F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* and its starkly different portrayal of New York society a mere twenty years after Wharton's *The House of Mirth*.

Reading expands the mind. "One of the best things about this group," said one member, "is that I've read things I would never have read on my own."

Anyone interested in joining the group may contact Pam Harris at [ploganharris@aol.com](mailto:ploganharris@aol.com). ☸

## Welcome New Resident

### Robert Ashton

Cottage 60  
 robert.ashton@duke.edu  
 919-403-8292



Photo by Richard Ellman

Born in rural Lynnville, Tennessee (pop. 327), Bob graduated from Middle Tennessee State University (BS in Accounting, 1968), Florida State University (MBA, 1969), and the University of Minnesota (PhD in Accounting with a supporting field in Cognitive Psychology, 1973). Bob's notion of a suitable PhD program was unorthodox: He wished to study at the intersection of accounting and cognitive psychology, but was told by many top universities that there was no such field. With rejections piling up, in 1970 he visited the University of Minnesota, where both the Accounting and Psychology departments understood the potential of this new idea and were willing to take a chance.

It turned out well. By 1973, Bob had his first faculty appointment—at the University of Texas at Austin, where he met and married Alison Hubbard of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Later, Bob and Alison left Austin for faculty positions at NYU, followed by the University of Alberta and, in 1986, the Fuqua School of Business at Duke, where Bob taught until his retirement last year. The dean of the Fuqua School at the time was **Tom Keller**, one of our Forest neighbors.

During his career, Bob published three books and dozens of articles focused on the judgment and

decision-making practices of accountants, auditors, tax specialists, financial analysts, and corporate executives. As a sidelight, he published several papers on wine quality evaluation by both renowned wine critics and ordinary wine drinkers. Much of Bob's teaching at Duke was in Fuqua's Global Executive MBA programs. He taught in 20 countries throughout Asia, South America, Western and Eastern Europe, and the Middle East.

Bob's beloved wife, who had a 25-year career at Fuqua, passed away last year from complications stemming from Alzheimer's. Bob has a wonderful local daughter, Amelia, who is an attorney and works at Duke Law School. He has two other daughters (also wonderful) who live in Texas, as well as four super grandchildren, two in Texas and two in Durham. 🌿

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## TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

### Advice for Happiness

1. It is well documented that for every mile you jog, you add one minute to your life. This enables you, at age 85, to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$5,000 per month.
2. My grandmother started walking 5 miles a day when she was 60. She is now 97 and we don't know where she is.
3. The only reason I would take up jogging is to hear heavy breathing again.
4. I joined a health club last year, spent about \$400. Have lost a pound—apparently you have to show up.
5. I have to exercise early in the morning before my brain figures out what I am doing.
6. Mostly I don't exercise at all. If God meant us to touch our toes, He would have put them farther up our body.
7. I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me.
8. I don't jog—it makes the ice jump right out of the glass. 🌿

—Anonymous

(Volume 7, Issue 8, May 2001)

## Aged or Aging

by Don Chesnut

Aged or aging,  
The question is that.  
Do you want to keep moving,  
Or do you want to lie flat?

If you stay as you are,  
It might well be said  
That since you're not aging,  
You might well be dead!

But if you are aging  
There's hope for you yet.  
You're not really aged,  
So there's no need to fret.

Aged or aging,  
Does it matter that much?  
We've now reached that time  
When we all need a crutch.

So let me help you,  
And you can help me,  
And together we'll age  
Goodness graciously! ☘

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

## Squirrel Tales

Squirrels, squirrels, squirrels ... cute little creatures which with ingenuity and persistence entertain, challenge, and perplex us. In an upcoming issue of *The Forester* we are planning to feature resident experiences, both here at The Forest and in earlier venues, of life with these interesting creatures. We would like to include some of your own. Please forward your tales to our Managing Editor, Sharon Dexter, by email (forestersjd@gmail.com) or snail-mail (Box 3023). Fancy phrasing is not required; our editors handle that! ☘

## Teresa Schlauch...

(Continued from page 1)

assignments for four more years. These took her to other interesting jobs in other interesting areas of the country. But she kept revisiting the Triangle whenever she could and, in 2017, she bought a house in Hillsborough. Two years later, she figured it might be “time to settle down.”

And so she did, accepting TFAD's job offer and beginning her work with us in early 2020. Teresa says there are many reasons she's glad she finally allowed herself to put roots down here. She greatly appreciates the nature of the work at The Forest. “The thing I like the most? That I have the time to deal fully with each resident who needs my help.” She loves Hillsborough from which her commute is only 20 minutes. And her son, Steve, who works in urban development, has also moved to this area. (Her daughter, Stephanie, is a nurse in New Hampshire.)

We are very lucky to have our North Carolina blessings to share with Teresa Schlauch (the second ‘ch’ is not pronounced) as she shares her wide and wise social work experience with us. ☘

## Tadpoles and Polliwogs

If you were ever near our pond at dusk last fall, you heard a euphony punctuated by bull frogs!

Well, it's spring, and big frogs from little frogs grow—actually from tadpoles and polliwogs which themselves from little globular eggs grow. The photo, taken by **Bennett Galef** in early April, shows bull-frog tadpoles resting on the muddy pond bottom near the pedestrian bridge. The photo was difficult because of poor lighting and turbulence, but also because these larva are quick to escape to deeper water once they sensed movement above. Only a few will survive to become adult frogs, but there will be enough for the evening chorus to build over the warm days of summer.



*Tadpole* is a compound of the Middle English *tade* (toad) and *poll* (head or roundhead). In *King Lear* (1608), “Poore Tom, eats the swimming frog, the tode, the tod pole.” *Polliwog* came along at roughly the same time from *poll* plus *wiggle*—a wiggle head! ☘



## Angels in Disguise

by Carol Oettinger

I began to notice the angels in disguise around me when I flew off to Utah for a granddaughter's wedding. As I was getting ready to go, I exchanged purses—my small every day one for a large tote which could carry food, a book, and the other necessities for airplane travel. I carefully put my driver's license (we must have photo ID) in an inside pocket, lipstick and a comb in another. A friend called on the phone to wish me bon voyage. Then I went back to my tote and added my lunch, a book, and some munchies. I was ready to go. The only things I forgot, as I discovered when I got to Dallas, were cash and a credit card. I ate my banana and peanut butter sandwich and tried to find money for a drink. Oh well. I went to a concession stand and asked the woman for a cup of water. She gave it to me and asked what food I wanted. I said I had already eaten, and added, in fun, "I seem to have forgotten my money anyway."

Sandra, angel number one, told me that she would be glad to fix me anything they had without charge. I assured her that I wasn't hungry, but she came around the counter and offered to buy me something from another booth if I didn't like Taco Bell. I finally convinced her that I had eaten. I told her I would never forget her and I won't.

Another group of angels appeared on a Sunday morning in Montreat NC. I was on my way to see my daughter in Nashville TN. I had packed the car with many gifts for the children and things to take to my daughter. I drove up toward Asheville and thought it a good place to stop for gas. The car was full, all right, but among all the other things I didn't find a purse. So there I was with no money—again. I drove to the first church I saw. It was about 10:30 AM, and they said the minister was in his study and could see me for a moment. I went in and told my story to the minister and the assembled elders. I asked if I could borrow \$20. That would more than fill a gas tank in those days. Every wallet came out, and I had tears in my eyes as I accepted \$40, to be paid back on my way home. I drove very carefully without a driver's license and paid the money back. I'll never forget those kindly donors.

During a Danube River trip I became even more aware of the angels all around me. My husband got on the Metro just as the doors closed. I was left standing alone in downtown Vienna. I did know the place where the boat we were on was moored. So, with my halting German, I found the way to what I thought was the right stop. It wasn't, and I was lost on a towpath along the river. But then I saw Gerda, who was with a group of other college students and a big pit bull named Oof. She spoke English, and they walked over two miles with me and stayed with me until we found my ship. Not too long after that, Angel Anya, our tour leader, rescued me and, I believe, saved my life after my husband's sudden death on a train in Budapest. When I got home, my children suddenly sprouted wings before my eyes, as they cared for me.

I keep finding angels around me every day. If you haven't seen any lately, look in the mirror. ‡

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### TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

#### Sonnet to My Dogs

What risky bargain has your species made  
 With homo sapiens, to be his ward,  
 Relinquish all your world for his, to guard  
 And cherish, charm and comfort him? You laid  
 Your life before him, fought his fights, played  
 His games, endured his wants, enriched his sword  
 With safe nights, sleeping, taking him as lord,  
 To be in trust his slave, in joy his aide.

What did you ask of man? A pat, a bone,  
 A smile, the warmth of his abode, a tone  
 Of speech that strikes a flint of mutual fire  
 And shared regard. Surely I must admire  
 The only creature even known to move  
 Through time and evolution spurred by love.

—Edith Borroff

(Volume 7, Issue 7, April 2001)

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FOREST LAUGHTER CRAFTERS: THOUGHTS FOR THE HEART

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## On Grandparents

- A garden of love grows in a grandmother's heart. Grandmothers hold their grandchildren's tiny hands for a little while but their hearts forever.
- The best place to be when you are sad is in your grandmother's lap.
- Grandchildren are God's way of compensating us for growing old.
- God created grandchildren to help recharge our life's batteries. Taking them in our arms and being hugged by them, produces a state of divine ecstasy which even the most prolific poets of the world have not been able to aptly describe.
- Grandparents are always so proud of their grandchildren.
- No cowboy was ever seen to be faster on the draw than a grandparent pulling pictures of grandchildren out of a wallet!

It has been said that we don't stop laughing when we age, but we age when we stop laughing. So let us reverse our aging process and laugh and laugh! To learn more about the health benefits of laughter and about The Forest's *Laughter Crafters* contact **Prem Sharma** at [prem72357@gmail.com](mailto:prem72357@gmail.com). ☸

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## The Cave

by Ursula Kappert

Remember the old tenant farmer's house where my family lived as refugees after the war? This was in Northwestern Germany, pretty close to the Northern Sea. The land is flat, and the wind was blowing constantly. The farm was crisscrossed by drainage ditches. While the earth is fertile clay, it was hard to harvest potatoes or carrots from the ground, but we had to help the farmer with the work in order to be paid in kind. My sister and I made pots and vases out of the gray clay and fired them in the kitchen stove.

My brother Gerhard claimed one of the islands formed by the ditches as his territory. He built himself a den in the roots of an old tumbled tree and stored his stolen food there. It wasn't much—just some potatoes and carrots which he had dug up and some apples or pears stolen from the farmer's trees. One night, after a heavy rain, the fields flooded, and the water came quite close to our house. And what came bobbing along on the small waves created by the eternal wind? My brother's supplies out of the cave! We never explained this miracle to my mother. ☸



## “Springing” Back to Life

by Ellen Baer

April brought us Earth Day and National Poetry Month, and now we’re in the full swing of Spring, trying to balance hope and fear as the nation opens up too fast for some and too slowly for others. It’s still a time of uneasiness and scary headlines and possible panic as we try to make progress on so many fronts: medical, political, social, and personal. It’s a surprising challenge for me just to figure out how to get back out into the community—how far to go, how much to do, how many masks to wear—but, fortunately, the burden of the pandemic feels lighter as nature re-asserts itself with growth and renewal.

It helps to remember that this is always true, even at the worst of times. If you asked people for a list of worst years, no doubt 2020 would be on it. And, for Americans, probably 1968, another year of anxiety and despair, this one with the Cold War, the Vietnam War, the assassinations of King and Kennedy, and the aftershocks of Rachel Carson’s warnings in *Silent Spring*. It was at that time of tumult that Wendell Berry, writer and environmentalist farmer, published his first book of poetry. Now 87 years old, Berry still lives with his wife on the farm in Kentucky where he has written nearly 50 books of fiction and nonfiction and won numerous prestigious awards. This poem, one of his first, remains a favorite.

### THE PEACE OF WILD THINGS

by Wendell Berry

When despair for the world grows in me  
and I wake in the night at the least sound  
in fear of what my life and my children’s lives may be,  
I go and lie down where the wood drake  
rests in his beauty on the water, and the great heron feeds.  
I come into the peace of wild things  
who do not tax their lives with forethought  
of grief. I come into the presence of still water.  
And I feel above me the day-blind stars  
waiting with their light. For a time  
I rest in the grace of the world, and am free.

Always a spirit-lifter for me, this poem can speak directly to weary people in a pandemic that goes on and on. It’s easy to tax our lives “with forethought of grief,” when it comes to the big issues of today—not only health care but also racial justice, gun violence, political polarization, species extinction, and climate change. Even as President Biden starts the process to rejoin the international climate accords, many people think it’s already too late. Tipping points have already been reached, and we’re doomed!

Maybe. But you may be familiar with Thich Nhat Hanh, the Vietnamese activist and poet who was nominated by Martin Luther King, Jr., for the Nobel Peace Prize. In his book *Being Peace*, originally published in 1987, the poet recalled the “boat people” who tried to cross the Gulf of Siam in small boats. Sometimes the waters would be rough, people would panic, and the boats would sink. But other times, if just one person would remain calm and clear, then that calmness and clarity would help the others resist the panic, and the boat would survive. He compared our planet to a small boat and suggested that we are all boat people.

So, as boat people on an uncertain voyage, we can be grateful for the solace of nature and poetry—and for our fellow travelers who bring peace to the journey. After all, peace is where progress starts. ☸



## Earth Day Program

In celebration of Earth Day, **Chelley Gutin**, **Lynda Carlson**, and the Holiday Sub-Committee invited three residents to make Auditorium/Channel 1390 presentations about The Forest and its surrounding environment. The following are excerpted from their talks. Readers wanting additional information and access to local resources may find the Internet links on page 13 useful.

### **The Forest's Community Gardens, by Craig Daniels**

The Community Gardens are readily accessible via a flat, wide sidewalk between Cottages 68 and 70. Visit during daylight hours—the Gardens are not lighted at night—and see what the gardeners are growing. Rest on the comfortable bench, or sit on the edge of a raised bed, and absorb the quiet.

A committee of gardeners is working to make the Gardens more interesting and attractive to both gardeners and visitors, and we would welcome your suggestions. An educational pollinator bed will be planted this year, and possibilities for the future could include a culinary-garden bed, a medicinal-plant bed, or a scented-garden bed. Tended by volunteers, these special beds will provide information and enjoyment for us, the gardeners, and for you, our visitors. If you wish to garden with us—a few beds are still available for the 2021 season.

### **The Forest Understory Restoration Project (TFURP), by Phil Baer**

The Forest Understory Restoration Project will remove invasive, non-native plants from the wooded ravine above the tobacco-barn pond to Pickett Road and from the bog beside the greenhouse. Such plants out-compete native plants for nutrients, sunlight, and water; they prevent native plants from flourishing. On TFAD campus, the most troublesome invasive, non-native plants are Chinese wisteria, Chinese privet, Japanese honeysuckle, and English ivy. After removal is completed, a diverse array of attractive native trees, shrubs, bushes, vines, wetland grasses, and flowers will be planted.

Native plants act as host plants for beneficial insects and provide food for insects, birds, and animals. They are essential for a healthy, fully integrated ecosystem. Beneficial insects attract local birds, and fruiting plants attract migrating birds—making our campus more Bird Friendly, perhaps winning such certification by the Audubon Society. Our expectation is that greater familiarity with the beauty and benefits of native plants will lead to their more frequent use throughout the campus.

### **Durham Area Walking Trails, by Walton Smith**

Since moving to The Forest two years ago, Susan and I have actively explored walking and biking trails in the greater Durham area. There are many well-documented trails available for different skill levels. As to the best sites for Forest residents to walk, number one has to be Sandy Creek. It is close by, paved, level, and relatively short. A good place to begin. It also has several foot-trail extensions for those seeking slightly more adventure closer to nature.

Next, I would say the American Tobacco Trail (ATT) starting at Southpoint and going north toward Durham. This section is paved, level, modest gradient, mostly shaded, and includes the bridge over I-40. South from Southpoint, there is an incline down from Renaissance Parkway but from there the trail returns to its normal railroad grades. There is a paved access point from the back of the Southpoint parking lot directly to the ATT.

For a quick taste of the Duke Forest and what the unpaved trails in the area involve, I would suggest Hollow Rock Nature Preserve and the connecting trails across Erwin Road in Duke Forest. There is parking at Hollow Rock, the connecting trail goes under Erwin Road along New Hope Creek, and most of the hiking is relatively level. It is, however, dirt, with rocks and roots. Many Duke Forest walks can be taken exclusively on fire trails which are dirt roads capable of handling trucks. They are dirt, but free of roots and rocks. The primitive foot trails are narrow, sometimes difficult walking, can have substantial grades, and can run into water which is either an obstacle or a pleasure, depending on the season and your mood. ♣

## Brood X is Coming

by Ted Harris

Late April or early May this year will be the swarming time for Brood X, according to Gene Kritsky, a cicada expert at Mount Saint Joseph University in Cincinnati. Billions of cicadas will soon make their unmistakable presence known to millions of Americans.

X, ten in Roman numerals, is part of the effort to categorize the three hundred various broods of the cicada species, *Magicicada*, a rather rhythmical name for an insect. Found in fifteen states as well as D.C., Brood X is the largest brood in the country, ranging north to New York, as far west as Kansas, and to Mississippi in the south.

In the spring of 2004 the Brood X females laid their eggs. Each female deposits between ten and twenty eggs. They cut tiny slits in a tree twig to hold and harbor their young. Shortly the hatched eggs, called nymphs, tumble out of their nest and fall to the ground. The nymphs burrow a foot or two into the soil, seeking a tree root to which they attach themselves. The nourishment furnished by the tree's xylem is minimal and is not harmful to an established tree. The nymphs' length of stay in the ground is mind boggling and biologically unique: not just a year, nor even five or ten years—but seventeen years! (Colloquially, cicadas are known as seventeen-year locusts.) While underground they molt as many as four times, increasing in size with each molt.

This spring, when the soil warms to the mid-sixties a few inches below ground, the adult nymphs will claw their way up and emerge, looking like short, fat white worms. They will crawl up anything vertical, such as a tree or even a telephone pole, thinking it is a tree. Part way up they will stop, metamorphose, shed

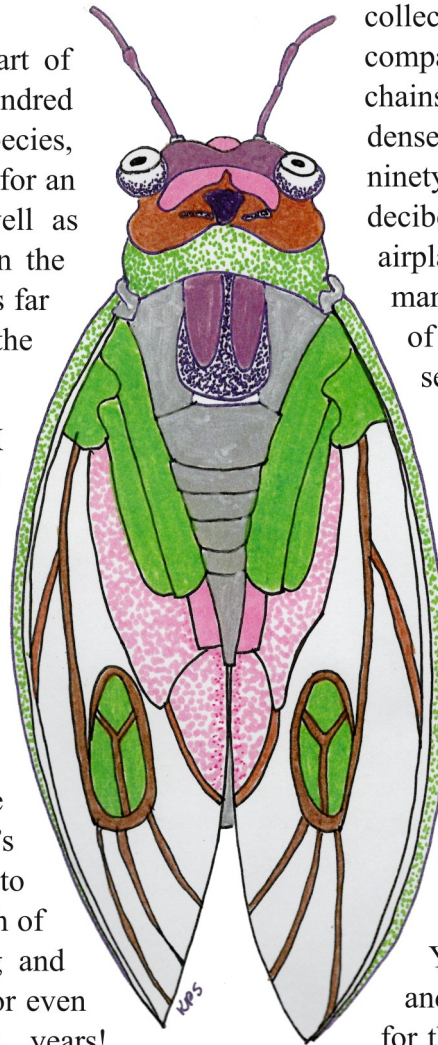
what looks like a leftover shrimp shell, and become flying bugs with large orange eyes.

Then it's mating time! The male has two ribbed appendages known as tymbals that he rubs together to create his love serenade to attract his mate. The males' collective "beautiful music" has been compared to the sound of a lawn mower or a chainsaw. Where cicada populations are dense the noise has been measured at ninety-six decibels. (For comparison, eighty decibels is the noise of a low flying airplane.) With an estimated number of as many as a million and a half per acre, half of which are males, the loud noise lasts several weeks, night and day.

The female cicada accepts the male's amours by clicking her wings. After copulation he keels over and dies. She lays eggs and follows suit. That's the beginning of the next Brood X.

Dogs and cats and wild animals will feast on the dead bugs covering the ground, gorging themselves in some cases into a gastronomic stupor.

Then the life cycle begins again. You may choose to alert your children and grandchildren to be on the lookout for the next Brood X arriving in the spring of 2038. ♣



*Ted Harris, former banker, legislator, and promoter of old-growth forests, has serious interest in environmental issues. He is a frequent contributor to The Forester.*

*Katherine P. Shelburne is an illustrator of biological subjects. Her drawings have been published in botanical studies and exhibited at the North Carolina Botanical Garden and the North Carolina. Natural History Museum.*

## Internet References for Earth-Day Program (page 11)

### *The Forest's Community Gardens, by Craig Daniels*

- <https://nccommunitygardens.ces.ncsu.edu/2020/08/accessible-gardening-raised-beds-containers-and-garden-tables/>

### *The Forest Understory Restoration Project (TFURP), by Phil Baer*

- <https://www.thestar.com/opinion/contributors/2021/04/19/were-in-a-climate-emergency-and-a-biodiversity-crisis-what-we-plant-and-how-we-alter-landscapes-matters.html>
- <https://www.nytimes.com/2021/03/31/realestate/oak-trees-why-you-should-plant.html>
- <https://wildlife.org/when-privet-is-removed-native-plants-and-pollinators-return/>

### *Durham Area Walking Trails, by Walton Smith*

- <https://www.AllTrails.com>
- <http://www.sandycreekparkdurhamnc.com/trails-map.html>
- <http://www.triangletrails.org/American-tobacco-trail>
- <https://www.dukeforest.duke.edu/recreation/maps/>
- <https://mountaintoseatrail.org/the-trail/map/>
- <https://www.ncparks.gov>
- <https://Durhamnc.gov/1031/Durham-Bike-Hike-Map>
- <https://webgis.Durhamnc.gov/portal/apps/webappviewer/index.html?id=c041008eec1a471bae728e41f759c972>

The first of the latter two entries can be used to generate a paper map (side 1), with written resource and safety information (side 2). The Web Map of the last entry is perhaps less portable, but zoom features makes it very useful for planning and for resolving route questions.

A word of caution and encouragement. Internet links and the information pages to which they refer change with the whims of the URL owner. If some links do not work or do not provide the information you are seeking—or sufficient information—use the search features of your system to locate other sources. There are many.