

## Sarah Haney—The Forest's New Director of Community Life

by Judy Jo Small

Our new Director of Community Life, Sarah Haney, is a “people person.” She’s approachable, immediately likable, energetic but relaxed, open, and spirited—an excellent communicator. Still, though she has been working here in a different capacity for slightly more than a year—she joined the Forest staff in September 2020, at the height of the pandemic—most residents have scarcely been aware of her presence.

Social distancing, quarantines, loss of usual services, fear, and masks have impeded communication. Yes, we were grateful for meals delivered to our doors, for telephones, for memos in our mailboxes, and for Zoom. Nevertheless, inevitably, weakened communication increased our isolation and strained our sense of community.

Meanwhile Sarah worked behind the scenes with Sharon Pitt and April Ravelli to develop the Early Acceptance Program, which allows people on the waiting list to ensure their future residency while still remaining in their own off-campus homes. Notably, the program allows future residents to receive needed care in Health and Wellness as well as to access activities at the Forest such as dining, the pool, and fitness classes. Approximately thirty future residents have signed up for this program.

Sarah next became project manager for The Forest at Home, a program that premiered this June. Collaborating with Lee Ann Bailey-Clayton and Sharon Pitt, Sarah designed a program that coordinates personalized in-home aide services for Independent Living residents and also companion/sitter services for residents both in Independent Living and in Health and Wellness.

Sarah’s record as a team player and as a team builder is a long one. When she was a student at UNC-Chapel Hill, she rowed for three years on the Tar

Heels’ team. In 1998, while completing her degree with a double major in English and Exercise and Sports Science, she volunteered as Assistant Rowing Coach. After graduating, she was a rowing coach at



*Sarah with Elizabeth Gillis of the Residents' Association Activities Committee*



the University of Wisconsin but returned to North Carolina in 2001 and in 2002 became the Head Coach of the Women’s Varsity Rowing team at UNC, a position she held until December 2019.

A native North Carolinian, Sarah lives in Hillsborough with her wife and their two children, ages 7 and 9.

Sarah is dedicated to helping everyone at The Forest overcome pandemic anxieties, safely restore group interactions, and recover community vitality. Several weeks ago she was assisting Kelsey Fry handle a piano performance in the auditorium, one of the first “big” events here since the shutting down. She listened from the quiet hallway as the pianist practiced and after a while, she saw groups of people dressed up for the concert heading towards the auditorium after dinner, anticipating a night out. “Ah,” she thought, “this is what real community looks like!” She’s determined to enhance that spirit, and she’s eager for your ideas, your suggestions. Her office is at the top of the stairs behind the fountain, and she will welcome you. ♫

### The Forester

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

Sharon Dexter, *Managing Editor*

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#### Columnists

Lois Oliver

Carol Oettinger

Carol Reese

## President's Podium



by Lois Oliver

The Forest has been through a very difficult, complicated, and often somewhat confusing year, which is of course true for most people. I have been impressed by the general resilience of the residents, as we have borne masks, missed time with family, and had so many changes to our routines. Still, I see smiling eyes, friendly greetings, and the usual Forest banter going on. Since I have been writing the brief biographies of new residents, I have often heard that their choice of The Forest at Duke over other CCRCs was made because, when they visited to tour, they found the residents here both friendlier and more welcoming.

I know we all hope for an end to the pandemic, and for getting back to the new normal. Probably it will not be the old normal in some ways, but dining together, attending programs in the full auditorium, in-person committee meetings, and connections with the larger community—these things will return. Also this next year will see some new leaders of the Residents' Association, and they will have new ideas and plans to keep us active and involved.

The construction of the Health Center buildings has disrupted lives for those who had to move and caused a lot of noise and traffic for those living nearby. Soon we will see progress with actual buildings appearing. Like you, I expect the administration to keep us updated and informed, and I am sure they will.

We can now all look forward to basketball and the upcoming holidays with our usual good cheer. The Forest will continue to keep us safe and remain the friendly and welcoming place it is. 🌱

### *In Memoriam*

Diana London

October 10, 2021

## In This Issue ...

On page 7 the Editors invite you, our resident audience, to submit your work for publication in *The Forester*—be it prose, poetry, drawings, or something else that we can print. Or if you have writing or publishing skills or interests, come talk with us. We need you on *The Forester* team—writing or editing profiles, bios, or reviews of books, films, or restaurants; or planning content or laying out pages.

Health Center construction quickly makes any printed descriptions of the work obsolete. But you can watch the action from the comfort of your own armchair through cameras trained on the site at

<https://bit.ly/TFADConstructionCameras>

*Archived full-color issues of The Forester are available under Quick Links at <http://www.ForestRes.org>*

*If you have any recommendations, either for adding to the collection or adding a new service, please feel free to leave notes at the Circulation Desk or in my internal mailbox 4035. After all, this is your library! 🌱*



## Welcome New Residents

### Linda & Eugene Kalnitsky

Apt 2008 984-219-2968  
eugenekalnitsky@yahoo.com

Linda and Eugene met as college students on a New Jersey beach, married soon thereafter, and have been together ever since. Linda grew up in Perth Amboy NJ and went to college for two years at Ohio University. She transferred to New Jersey State Teachers College at Newark and earned her BA in Elementary Education. Eugene grew up in Newark NJ and went to Rutgers University for undergraduate study and to New York University to earn his MD.



Linda taught for a short time, and then raised her children and managed the several moves with Eugene's military service. When they settled in West Palm Beach FL and the girls were in school, she began to discover her administrative skills. She volunteered at the Community Mental Health Center and eventually became the manager of its 100 volunteers. She was given an award for this work by the Governor of Florida. She was President of Jewish Family and Children's Service in West Palm Beach and volunteered for 30 summers at the Aspen Music Festival.

Eugene enlisted in the US Air Force during his residency and served in Texas, South Carolina, and Homestead FL. Then he settled into his medical practice in Florida. He joined Linda in the years of her volunteer work at the Aspen Music Festival.

The Kalnitskys have two daughters. Susan lives in Ottobruno, Germany, where she works as a financial analyst. Her husband is English; their two children were educated in England. Joan works at Duke Eye Center doing flow cytometry.

Linda enjoys reading, bicycling, and water aerobics. Eugene is also a reader, and both he and Linda obviously enjoy music! ♪

### Catherine F. Hitchings (Cate)

Apt 3020 781-844-1044

A warm welcome to Cate Hitchings, who moved here this month from Edgartown MA on the island of Martha's Vineyard. Cate was born in Boston and also lived in Needham, Cambridge, and Arlington, all in Massachusetts. She majored in early American history (pre-Civil War) at Goucher College in Towson MD, where her other interests were part singing, music composition, team sports, and fencing.

In 1964 Cate married Sinclair Hamilton Hitchings, a well-known and charismatic author and lecturer on Boston history and Curator of Prints at the Boston Public Library.

Cate's life vocations have been early American history as well as women's history. She is the author of *Universalist and Unitarian Women*

*Ministers*, which received awards for its exploration of these two religions' dedication to promoting women. (Her book is available in The Forest's library.)

Cate volunteered in the Print Department of the Boston Public Library, preparing and matting artworks for exhibition, and she was also a curator for the Cooper-Frost-Austin House, the oldest residence in Cambridge, where she was a tour leader for 15 years.

Cate's son Sinclair Hamilton Hitchings, Jr. (Hamilton) is a computer specialist in Palo Alto CA, and her son Benjamin Gardner Hitchings (Ben) is a city planner in Durham with his company Green Heron. Granddaughter Emma also lives in Durham, and granddaughter Ashley lives in Chicago.

Cate loves singing and looks forward to joining the choral groups here. Other strong interests are local Massachusetts history (as well as learning about North Carolina history), reading (especially biographies) and American colonial history, herb gardening, and Chinese and Japanese art. ♪



Photo by Jo Mooney

## Telling a Story in Six Words

Ellen Baer

Six words. What can anyone do in six words? Quite a lot, as it turns out. According to literary legend, Ernest Hemingway was once challenged to tell a story in just six words, and he wrote: *For sale. Baby shoes. Never worn.* With this inspiration, the editors of a web publication called *Smith Magazine* issued a more personal challenge to their readers in 2006: tell your life story in six words. They got so many clever and ingenious submissions that they published a book that became a *New York Times* best seller in 2008. Its memorable six-word title was *Not Quite What I Was Planning*. They published several more books in the six-word-memoir series, and teachers started using the prompt in classrooms at all grade levels. Oprah got a huge response when she challenged her own *O Magazine* readers to describe their lives in six words, offering her own: *Seeking the Fullest Expression of Self.*

Many more people climbed aboard the six-word train before 2020 with a resurgence of posts on Reddit and Tumblr, platforms totally unfamiliar to me, but which I found in the *HuffPost* on a search for examples from ordinary people. Here are a few that demonstrate the versatility of the exercise.

*Ring. Church. Groom. Where is she?*

*Artist's bane: fresh idea, empty pen.*

*Only child, but never the favorite.*

*They lived happily ever after, separately.*

*Why are you in my selfie?*

As you see, the format is flexible, and the “stories” run from funny to sad, with stops in between. They reflect a mood, an incident, an experience, and the only requirement is the six words. The *Smith* editors have recently revived the phenomenon with a brand new book on the pandemic by teachers and students and parents titled *A Terrible Horrible No Good Year*.

I don't know what inspired my neighbor, **Chelley Gutin**, but one day a few months ago she sent an email to me and another neighbor, **Sue Howell**. She wrote: *My good health, only five specialists.* Next

came: *Sister, cancer. Brother, covid. I'm bereft.* Sue jumped in with: *Something outside the window. Careful now,* and Chelley fired back: *No help here. I'm exclusively verbiage.* When the Delta variant began curtailing our activities, I offered: *Freedom was brief. Back to Zoom.* Chelley responded: *That says it. Frustrating, not tragic.* Sue continued: *Not thinking about the future. Difficult.* I closed with: *Be Here Now. Still good advice.*

None of this was planned, and Chelley summed up the endeavor perfectly: *Incipient insanity masquerading as literary brevity.* Whatever it was, it was fun at a time when fun was scarce. Maybe you'd like to do it too. What can you say about yourself or your life in six words? Try it alone or with friends. Just remember these six words: *You don't have to be Hemingway.* ¶

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## Autumn Meditation

by Ned Arnett

... and so, suddenly here I am,  
An old man, sitting alone outside,  
Listening to the gentle rain,  
Spattering on the sidewalk,  
And the lovable rumbling  
Stumbling, bumbling thunder  
Of an approaching storm.  
  
Alone, sifting through my memories,  
Turning the pages of my life  
Before my inward eye,  
With a certain inescapable sadness,  
For those moments,  
Lived, but for an instant,  
Of joy, bitter devastation,  
Or high adventure  
When Life as I had heard about it,  
Read about it, imagined it,  
Became suddenly, existentially  
True, before my very eyes.

## A Garden Grows in Brooklyn

Judith Siegel

Although it is hard to believe, according to Bill Leonard's *This is New York* there were 105 farms in New York City in the 1940s. From 1944–47, my family lived in a basement apartment at 8908 Avenue B, Brooklyn NY, on a street of row houses that backed up to one such farm. Beyond the backyard fences, cows grazed. From time to time, one would break through a fence into a backyard and wander around till its owner could be contacted to retrieve it.

Not far from our apartment was a vacant lot of about an acre. My father tracked down the owner and got his permission to grow a “victory garden.” These were very popular during World War II. My father was a city boy, but very athletic. Using only a pitchfork, spade, and rake, he broke up the ground, laid out the rows, and so a victory garden was born.

I remember a dazzling array of vegetables—radishes, beets, carrots, corn, several kinds of tomatoes, green peppers, cucumbers, leaf lettuce, scallions, green beans, green peas, squash, and probably others that I can't remember. We also grew Swiss chard, which I hate to this day. The thing about Swiss chard is that cutting off the leaves only made more of them grow back – a little like how when the female mosquito bites you, your blood enables it to reproduce. Everything flourished, except cantaloupes, which my father tried to grow every year, but always without success.

I was allowed to pull the simpler vegetables, such as radishes, and I remember the mystery of divining what they would look like, as they varied in hue and shape. But my most vivid memory was being shown the difference between a cutworm and an earthworm. My main job was to sift through the soil to collect the cutworms, which ate the plants, and to put them in a

tin can. I guess I was just the right size for stoop labor.

Winter was the time for the seed catalogues to arrive with their glossy pictures of perfect vegetables. My father liked to try one or two “exotic” vegetables each year, so we had such vegetables as kohlrabi as well.

I can still taste the corn, which we had in abundance, and which was so sweet and tender that sometimes we didn't wait until we got home to cook it, but ate it raw right in the field. We had so many tomatoes that my mother set up a stand for me in front of the house, and I would sell them to passersby.

A couple of blocks away was a farmers' market. Oh, how I remember the watermelons! These were the oblong 25-pound-plus type. With a huge, expertly wielded knife, the seller would slice open a triangular wedge from the top for the buyer to taste to be sure it was sweet. After all, when a melon costs 50 cents, one has to be sure it's sweet as sugar.

My father would then hoist the melon onto his shoulder, and my younger sister and I would walk back with him. My mother worked on Saturdays, so it would always be the three of us. That night, we would all pig out on the sugary, juicy melon, the copious juice running everywhere.

I loved our neighborhood, my

school, and our garden. Sadly, in early Fall of 1947, our landlady decided she needed our apartment for her mother and we had to move. But I never forgot our wonderful victory garden. To this day it brings back wonderful memories. ♣

*Judith Siegel is a retired attorney who worked for Legal Aid in the Durham office which served a six-county area of North Central North Carolina. Prior to that, she was a stay-at-home mom, part-time teacher and then principal of the Beth El Religious School in Durham. She is married to Lewis Siegel, who also grew up in Brooklyn.*



*Judith with her mother in front of their house on Avenue B. It is easily recognized in Street Views on Google Earth.*



*Judith (left foreground) with her family in front of the garden fence.*





## Publish in *The Forester*

*The Forester*, a newsletter of the Residents' Association, is published monthly from October through June. The editors welcome contributions from TFAD residents who wish to share their insights, experiences, and knowledge; their prose and poetry; or their illustrations, cartoons, or photos—things that we can publish. Published poems have ranged widely in theme and style. Prose pieces have included excerpts from memoirs, or memoirs in process, and pieces previously published elsewhere. (Copyright permissions may be required for excerpts from published pieces.)

Published prose typically runs from 350 to 1,000 words (one to three columns). Photos, graphics, and eye-catching illustrations can add interest and clarity—and sometimes tell their own story. The editors can provide advice and suggestions.

It is preferred that submissions be sent as digital files attached to email addressed to the Managing Editor, Sharon Dexter <forestersjd@gmail.com> but hard copy is acceptable. A style sheet for preparing digital copy is available.

*The Forester* is a vehicle for the works of TFAD residents. It is not a “gripe sheet,” a vehicle for religious or political proselytizing, or a forum for inciting insurrection! Due to space constraints, not every submission will see print, but we’ll do our best to bring as much to our readership as we possibly can. ¶



## The Speech by Carol Oettinger

At first the speaker's words were fascinating: “We must accept and come to terms with the shadow side of our nature. The therapist who avoids answering a client's questions is not necessarily practicing good psychoanalysis, he is sometimes simply being rude.” Then the subject became more involved and began to focus on the needs of the therapist.

Soon the behavior of the speaker became more interesting than the words he was saying. He leaned on the podium with his right hand holding his left elbow and his left hand holding his right. A few more words and his right hand went up and he put his index finger into his right ear. After burrowing there a bit he pushed up his glasses, which had slid quite far down his nose. This was repeated fairly often. Apparently having the glasses slip down his nose made his ear itch. When he made a point I knew it because his voice rose and he made a number of interesting gestures that I enjoyed. A special thought called forth both hands, which were held at waist level as if holding a football. A joke—I had heard one so could identify the behavior—was accompanied by a toss of the right hand with the fingers flicking open and closed. Both hands held up with palms raised and fingers opening gradually showed an offering of facts. When he reached the end of a section of thought, he gathered up his papers, tapped them on the podium to straighten them, making sure all the edges were together. He then replaced the papers and was launched on a new set of ideas.

The thought process of this member of the audience had been hopelessly lost soon after the start of the lecture, so it seemed that taking note of the speaker's appearance offered grist for the writer's mill and a lot of fun. He was medium sized and rather stocky. His shirt was white with woven vertical stripes. His trousers were brown and he wore a belt. He had quite a paunch which brought up the always interesting thought about what powers kept the belt and the trousers from slipping down. He wore a tie, which he loosened more and more as the evening wore on. It was olive green with tiny rose spots within cream colored circles. (Obviously, I was sitting near the front.) His hair was black and white and worn long in the back. His beard was neatly trimmed and had interesting patches of black and white. Words suddenly surfaced, “Jung was the first person who posited the existence of common archetypes.”

When one is a member of a creative writing class, no lecture need be dull. ¶

## VOLUNTARISM AT THE FOREST

## The Things We Do for ...

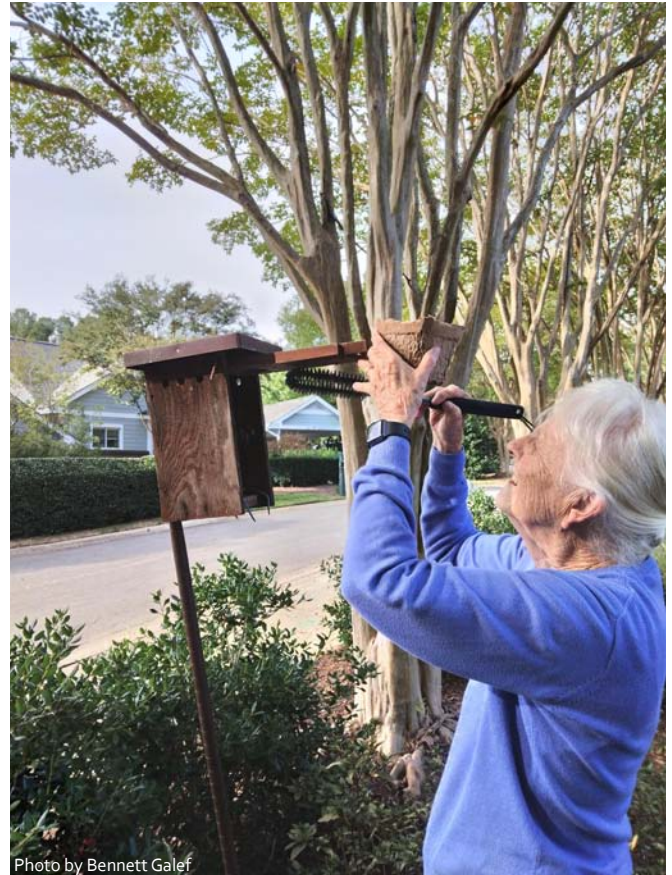
by Phil Baer

Do you know how many bluebird houses there are here at The Forest? Well, I don't either, but **Ann Inderbitzin** knows there are at least 15 because she maintains that many, checking on them four times each year, cleaning them, discarding old nests or the new nests of other species (unless occupied by eggs or babies), and doing whatever housekeeping is needed to make sure the boxes are healthy, welcoming places for bluebird parents to rear their young.

The boxes were originally put up by former resident **Horst Meyer**, who maintained them for many years. Shortly before his death in 2016, Horst mentioned to **Larry Inderbitzin**, his close friend and Ann's husband, that he was worried because he didn't know who would take on the task of caring for the houses. When Larry relayed this concern on to Ann, she quickly agreed to become the bluebird house maintainer. During the five years since then, dozens of baby bluebirds have successfully fledged from those houses. And because bluebirds tend to stay close to their place of birth, the ones you have enjoyed seeing around campus probably hatched and fledged on Ann's watch.

After five years of diligent service, Ann is ready to turn over the tools of the bluebird housekeeping trade to one or more people who would like to make this valuable contribution to The Forest's conservation efforts. (She finds it helpful and more enjoyable to have one or two others along to share the work.) Related to those efforts, later this year we will have a follow-up visit from members of the New Hope Audubon Society as we progress toward Bird Friendly Habitat Certification. On their initial visit, they commented favorably on the number and location of bluebird houses.

Asked about what sort of person would be best fitted to take this on, Ann mentioned love of walking, love of birds, and love of being outdoors. She will act as guide and trainer, handing over a map of locations, a history and list of instructions written by Horst, records from previous visits, and her trusty wire brush



*Ann brushing out one of the bluebird houses.*

and scraper. If you are that sort of person, and if you're interested in considering being a bluebird housekeeper, please text Ann at 570-898-0076 or email her at [awi856@terpalum.umd.edu](mailto:awi856@terpalum.umd.edu). She and the bluebirds will greatly appreciate it. ♣

*A graduate of Kalamazoo College—where she met and married Larry—Ann worked at the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History and as an EPA Wetlands Enforcement Coordinator before retiring. Both Ann and Larry have green thumbs. In addition to her current work with the birdhouses, Ann has been caring for the bed of blue iris adjacent to our tobacco barn. These were first planted by Bernie Peach, former resident in Cottage 29.*



## What would you do?

by Don Chesnut

What would you do ...  
When there's nothing left to do,  
When you can only sit quietly and stew?  
What would you do?

What can you do ...  
When all the poems have been said,  
When all the books have been read,  
When all the songs have been sung,  
When all the bells have been rung  
When all the flings have been flung,  
What can you do?

What will you do ...  
When all your friends are gone,  
Why bother then to carry on?  
What can you do?  
What is there to do?

It's not so much that I don't care,  
I just don't seem to have a porte cochère,  
Is there another who like me withdrew,  
Another like me who has nothing to do?

Perhaps together we could start anew,  
Giving us both now something to do.  
For now we have each other to call upon,  
And that's a good reason to carry on.

Together we can say again the poems once said,  
And read again the books already read,  
Together we can sing the songs once sung,  
And ring again the bells already rung,  
And perhaps we might have that fling not flung.  
That's what we could do.

Friends are now no longer gone,  
Now there's good reason to carry on.  
That's what we could do,  
That's what we could look forward to.

## To Autumn

by John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;  
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells  
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,  
And still more, later flowers for the bees,  
Until they think warm days will never cease,  
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:  
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep  
Steady thy laden head across a brook;  
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,  
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,  
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;  
Then in wailful choir the small gnats mourn  
Among the river shallows, borne aloft  
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;  
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;  
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft  
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;  
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

# Pandemics

by Banks Anderson, MD

Forty years ago the CDC sent out an alert that a group of young, active, apparently healthy homosexual men had died of an infectious pulmonary disease that seemed to be communicable. The HIV virus is still with us and still killing people.

There's a big difference between the public panic then and the present-day lack of fear. In the past, all HIV victims, once infected, slowly died because there was no effective treatment. I remember when an accidental operating room needle stick caused us terror. As one result, in the United States, hypodermic needles are not recycled. All of the millions of syringes and needles used for COVID-19 immunizations become landfill. Although effective treatments are under development, most COVID-19-infected persons survive without them. Asymptomatic victims actually spread the virus while most of the seriously ill escape death with ventilator support. The thousands who actually die seem not to perturb the large demographic who fear needles. Polio immunization delivered on sugar cubes ended the polio pandemic here although elsewhere in the world polio victims still die.

A virus that quickly kills every host becomes extinct; a successful virus needs a reservoir of hosts. A large reservoir serves as a breeding ground for mutations that are more infectious and resistant to host defenses. The SARS CoV-2 virus probably got its start in an animal host reservoir such as a bat colony. There are probably thousands of other such viruses now in animal reservoirs that, given continued close contact with humans, might successfully make the jump to humans. Something analogous is also true for human hosts. The more virus particles there are in human hosts, the more mutations that will occur and the more likely a mutated virus will successfully adapt to survive longer in, and spread more easily to, other

humans and their close contacts such as dogs, cats, and mice.

When a virus is so specialized that it only reproduces in human cells, it is possible to eliminate it. For example, a modern medical and political miracle is the worldwide effort that eliminated smallpox. But if there are animal reservoirs, as is probably the case with the SARS viruses, we must learn to live with them. By far the greatest medical advance of humankind is our ability to teach our immune systems to recognize and destroy many deadly viruses. This must be a continual effort. The 1918 flu pandemic was so deadly to the young that there are allegedly a billion fewer humans walking the earth today. Some young folk see a benefit in COVID-19's selective elimination of thousands of Social Security recipients or praise a social benefit in eliminating anti-vax idiots. Although we were prioritized to receive COVID-19 vaccines before younger age groups, for many nurturing our Forest demographic is unimportant. We should vote, join NorCCRA, and support our political allies. But first and foremost we should identify and take advantage of all available medical protections. We can keep our herd as immune as possible by getting our vaccinations. Don't pass up the opportunity to get this year's quadrivalent high dose influenza immunization, and don't forget a COVID-19 booster eight months or more after your last shot or after a breakthrough infection. ¶

*Banks Anderson, MD, is Professor Emeritus of Ophthalmology at Duke. He has been President of the TFAD Residents' Association and member of the Health Committee of the TFAD Board of Directors. He is a frequent contributor to The Forester.*

## In a Secluded Arbor

by Mary Lou Croucher



Frida Freudman Arielle (oil on canvas) Private Collection

Memories of summer hours with books and flowers,  
Experiencing the miracle of words and visions,  
Rites of passage, dreams and decisions.  
Feeling hidden, knowing freedom—  
Tasting the manna of introspective youth,  
Embracing the world, searching for truth.

Winnie the Pooh, Owl and Roo,  
Dr. Doolittle's Pushmi-Pullyu.  
I *knew* Heidi and remember her well;  
I gazed at the Alps, sensed the goatherd's bell.

The Bobbsey Twins, and Nancy Drew,  
Girl of the Limberlost, Scarlett and Rhett,  
Others long forgotten but living in me yet.

A soul planted in the mountains, roots and wings intact  
Perhaps like some other in a Himalayan shack.  
A young girl's naïveté ... teenage angst  
Digging deep to my center, feeling pain and mirth.  
Dreaming, wondering ... vastness and worth.  
Tears and laughter, growth and grace—  
One step at a time to maintain my pace.





## **A TRIBUTE**

### **Maidi Hall, Text Editor of *The Forester***

Volume 12, Issue 10 – Volume 26, Issue 9

by Shannon Purves

The first issue of *The Forester* to list Maidi Hall as Text Editor on the masthead was Volume 12, Issue 10, October 2006—142 issues ago. It has been fifteen years since Joanne Ferguson grabbed Maidi's arm one day in the auditorium and said, "I hear you can type," and persuaded her to come work with her on *The Forester* that she was going to run as the new Editor-in-Chief.

Recounting this, Maidi laughs and explains that, back then, most submissions came in "on paper, not computer screens," and that a good many were handwritten and had to be typed—by the Text Editor—before she could copy edit them.

Over the fifteen ensuing years, more and more aspects of producing *The Forester* were accomplished online, and Maidi's editorial computer skills grew as a result. By the time she decided fifteen years were enough and submitted her resignation to the rest of us on the current masthead, Maidi was teaching us online tricks.

Maidi's *literary* skills took root when she was only eight years old and her family emigrated from Vienna, where she was born, to the United States with a detour of a

few months in England. By the time the family found its way to its permanent new home in Rochester NY, young Maidi was

speaking English fluently. Rochester was where she grew up, met the man she would marry, spent the summers off while she was getting her BA degree (from Vassar) and MA (from Harvard) in German Language and Literature, and where she married Kenneth Hall in 1954.



Durham was where Kenneth's medical career at Duke ultimately led them and where they raised their three children, who are all once again residents of Durham after leaving "forever," but finding that the grass was not greener elsewhere. When Kenneth died in 1999, Maidi retired to The Forest at Duke and, until very recently, lived in Cottage 60. Now a happy resident of a "wonderful apartment," Maidi maintains her avid enthusiasms: reading, Duke basketball, bridge, mahjongg, and chamber music. We hope she'll let us know of any errors—grammatical or otherwise—that she sees in this and all future issues of *The Forester*.

Thank you, Maidi—for so much! ♣