

Volume 27 Issue 9

A Newspaper by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

June 2022

## Pathmaking Pioneers: A 30-Year Perspective

by Ellen Baer, Shannon Purves, and Judy Jo Small

In September, we will celebrate The Forest at Duke's 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary. The very first residents moved into their homes here on September 1, 1992. By September 1994, with 352 residents settled in place, homes at The Forest had completely sold out and the waiting list had been established. Of the original residents, about 38% were Durham-ites, 25% were from other parts of the Triangle, and 37% were from 25 states across the country.

In preparation for the coming "Pearl Anniversary," three of those very first Forest residents sat down with three Forester editors to describe what it was like to pioneer at the just-opened, not-for-profit Continuing Care Retirement Community we so fondly refer to as Tee Fad.

*(Continued on Page 5)*



### Molly Simes

Ask Molly Simes about her first impressions of TFAD and she'll say "mud." She'll also talk about the adventurous spirit shared by the first residents as well as about their generosity, friendliness, and support for one another.

The adventure began for Molly and Frank Simes in May 1990 when they responded to an ad from Dr. James Crapo of Duke University about a retirement community that was going to be developed on a wooded piece of

*(Continued on Page 4)*

### Mary Ann Ruegg

Pioneer Mary Ann Ruegg will celebrate The Forest's 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in Apartment 2014, to which she moved from Cottage 33 at the end of May. It wasn't easy deciding to leave the home she and her husband, Don, had settled into 29 years ago. They signed up for it and put their first payment down in September 1992, before its construction was complete, and moved into it the following April.

But, having made the decision to downsize in her 97<sup>th</sup> year, Mary

*(Continued on Page 4)*

### Peg Lewis

Peg Lewis "didn't know a soul" in September 1992, when she and her husband Phill moved from New York City to Cottage 50 at The Forest at Duke. Two months later, Phill died. It was the first death at The Forest at Duke. And a hard time.

Peg soon discovered that she was a member of a neighborly and caring "caucus." Pioneer residents had seen, with dismay, that the lovely forested grounds they'd anticipated had been clear-cut, and

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### *The Forester*

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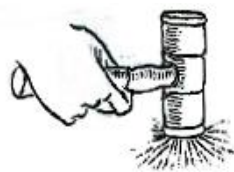
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## President's Podium



by Carol Carson

### Let's add it up for the Appreciation Fund!

First, **let's add up in our own minds the many ways the Team Members at The Forest provide care, comfort, and congeniality for us residents.** This exercise would be a good lead-up now that the time has rolled around for the Employee Appreciation Fund drive. This twice-a-year event provides an opportunity to express our gratitude—even to the Team members who work behind the scenes and that we rarely see.

Next, **let's individually add up how much we are able to contribute to the Appreciation Fund to express our gratitude in a tangible way.** As a point of reference, one percent of our Monthly Service Fee for the previous six months is the amount the Residents' Association suggests.

Finally, **let's add up across all residents' contributions to achieve a large total for this spring's Appreciation Fund drive.** It's more than a matter of just trying to better the previous drive's total. The larger the total of individual resident contributions, the larger the checks that can be written to individual Team Members. A larger check will mean that we can help Team members cope with the challenges of today's economy. The check recognizes their hours worked, shows appreciation for their years of service, and helps to make The Forest the place of choice to work.

**The deadline for contributions for this spring's drive is Friday, June 10. Please give generously. Place your donation in the Residents' Association box located in the Connections Room.** ☸

### *In Memoriam*

|                        |              |
|------------------------|--------------|
| Harold Dunlap          | May 6, 2022  |
| Edward "Ned" Arnett    | May 11, 2022 |
| Alfred "Freddy" Farone | May 19, 2022 |
| Myra Sava              | May 27, 2022 |

## In This Issue...

In our front-page story we anticipate the 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in September of the opening of The Forest by highlighting three Pioneers who have been here building community since that time in 1992.

Four central pages are devoted to the Henry Rogers Art Program—describing the program and showing examples of visual art that residents in Health & Wellness have created. This program, which has enriched the H&W experience and drawn out latent talents, developed from a memorial gift to The Forest by the family of Henry Rogers. The Henry Rogers Art Program is one of several suggested options for donors to The Forest's Annual Fund campaign. ☸

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

# Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

## THE WORLD OF PAPERBACK BOOKS

There are basically two types of paperback books — Mass Market and Trade. The modern mass-market paperback book was developed in 1935 with the publication of the first ten “Penguin” books. They were smaller in size (usually about two inches smaller than the trade paperback), and their font size was also comparatively smaller. The quality of the paper used was, and is, poor, as is the paper used for their covers. This made it possible to sell them at a much cheaper price. This development enabled publishers to place their books in locations never thought of before, such as grocery stores, dime stores, transportation areas, and anywhere else where large numbers of people congregate.

The Forest at Duke has expanded on this idea by placing mass-market paperback carousels throughout the hallways. If you have any of these small paperbacks and wish to share them with other residents, place them on one of these carousels instead of bringing them to the TFAD Library. Remember, these paperbacks are then available for all the residents. After you have finished reading them, books should be returned to a carousel.

A trade paperback, in contrast, indicates any paperback book larger than a mass-market paperback, and it is generally similar in size to a hardcover edition. It is also made with better quality paper. This allows publishers to create cheaper editions of their hardcover publications. These types of paperbacks hold up better and are suitable for use in libraries. Therefore, while the Forest Library doesn’t place mass market paperbacks in its collection, it does accept better quality trade paperbacks for possible addition to the collection.

Donating to the Library is easy. If you have one or two books to donate, just leave them on the Circulation desk, with a note so indicating. If you have more books than that, please put them in a bag or box and leave them back by the workroom. If you want a letter of recognition for tax purposes, place your name and address on a piece of paper in the container holding the donation.

A bit of caution concerning the wire carousels. They aren’t made to hold heavy hardcover books. So, remember, if you have any hardcover books that you no longer want, they should go to the Forest Library as a donation.

## PUZZLERS AND THEIR PUZZLES

Based on usage, the new puzzle top seems to be a big hit. Nearly always residents seem to have two puzzles going at the same time. However, please remember that if you complete a puzzle, you are responsible for packing it up and re-shelving it. Library volunteers are not responsible for putting puzzles away. We understand that you may wish to keep a completed puzzle on the table for a day or two so that all those who worked on it may see the completed picture, but all completed puzzles should be packed up after three days so that others may use the space to work on their puzzles. The puzzle collection is a self-serve collection shared by all residents. Please be thoughtful of others who wish to enjoy this challenge.

Since *The Forester* doesn’t publish during the summer, this is our last article until the fall. Enjoy your summer and drop by the Forest Library any time. It is accessible 24/7. ☿

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## Ladies

by Rachel Hamilton

Teacups in advanced positions,  
They cross hardwood to outstretched hands  
And marbled greetings and curling words.  
Chalk-brittle ladies in hats of blue  
And white and pink—autumnal spring tones—  
Observe the rites of nice survival.

How you loved them!  
Those Southern women  
Who loved God shamelessly,  
As they did sick-headache,  
To excuse everything  
And forestall questions.



## Molly Simes

*(Continued from Page 1)*

land on Pickett Road in Durham. They joined several others for a presentation at an office on University Drive, where they listened to Dr. Crapo talk about plans for the Forest at Duke. Before they left, they had signed up and put down \$1,000. (“He was a good salesman,” says Molly.) At the time, she and Frank were living in a lake house near Clarksville VA, and Frank was getting tired of cleaning the gutters and dealing with the dock that rose and fell according to the level of the lake. He was ready for a different kind of life. Molly was reluctant to move; nevertheless, she joined him in accepting the challenge to create a new life with residents and staff together in a brand-new place.

Before the buildings that make up the Forest were built, the land had been clear-cut, and the forest that had attracted Molly and Frank was gone. When they finally moved into their apartment in October 1992, there were no trees, no grass, no shrubs, just mud. (“It was a mess. Thank goodness there were sidewalks.”) Other things we now take for granted were also absent at the start, such as awnings over the doorways. (“We got wet trying to get inside.”) Undaunted, the new residents overcame obstacles and began to initiate activities such as community gardening, groups for games and crafts, a gift shop, a newsletter, and a residents’ association for self-governance. Molly describes it as “energy from the bottom up.” She did plenty herself, organizing social events including lunches and golf outings as opportunities for people to get to know and appreciate one another. The result was a keen sense of camaraderie that withstood all the uncertainties and inconveniences, including the mud.

Today Molly shares memories of mud with the same good humor and positive outlook she brought to TFAD 30 years ago. At the end of our conversation, she pointed out the design of the windows in the dining area that gives it the look of a cruise ship. She said the first residents thought the place was so elegant and so special that people wanted to dress for dinner. I had never noticed those windows. Sometimes it takes a pioneer to show us what we missed. ¶

## Mary Ann Ruegg

*(Continued from Page 1)*

Ann knew the best first step: contact The Downsizers, the women-run local company that specializes in helping seniors transition to smaller lodgings.

“Of course I did!” exclaims Mary Ann. “Their manager, Ibbey Wooten, was our wonderful Activities Director here for eleven years. They made my move as easy as a move like that can be. And I’m happy to finally be in my new place.”

She admits, however, that she’ll miss her frequent meetups with Whiting/Turner Construction project supervisor, Lester Hess. The side gate to the new Health and Wellness construction site is just yards from Cottage 33’s driveway, where he sometimes parked behind Mary Ann’s Cadillac with its “XXXIII” NC license plate. She always had questions he was happy to answer for her, especially after a sign announcing “Resident Construction Supervisor” appeared in her bay window next to a hard hat sporting the name “Ruegg.”

Musing about TFAD’s early years, Mary Ann remembers how elegant dining was. “The receptionist wore a long dress! She sat singles with other singles, couples with other couples. Jackets weren’t required, but all the men wore them.” A deeper difference she remembers is that, at the beginning, “We were a family—residents and staff. Everybody was in the same boat; all bonding at the same time.”

As the years have passed and so many more new faces have appeared, Mary Ann has done a great deal to preserve that bonding community. For a long time she and Don managed “The Lunch Bunch,” scouting local restaurants, booking tables, giving rides. After Don died, she wanted to continue meeting and knowing new residents, and so she has, for many years now, organized group dinners in the Rosewoods Room. These dinners happen five evenings every week at a round corner table usually set for six, for whom she extends the invitations and makes all the individual reservations. The word is that those dinners are a delight.

A Pioneer and a Gatherer—for three whole decades. ¶

## Peg Lewis

*(Continued from Page 1)*

the vista—bare red clay—was stark. Peg, a gardener, promptly planted chrysanthemums and azaleas in her yard. On Arbor Day, she planted a tiny redbud tree. She then added a crabapple tree, an apricot tree, and a dwarf pear tree that bore three different kinds of pears. Other pioneering residents, planting and watering, joined their efforts to restore The Forest's landscape. Now, Peg's redbud tree has grown tall and stunningly beautiful when it blooms in spring.

As time went on, Peg took a keen interest in the operations of TFAD. In 1997 she became the first woman to be elected president of the Residents' Association, a position she held until 1999, focusing on landscaping, improving residents' security, and a host of other things. Her term as RA President was followed by three additional years on The Board of The Forest at Duke, Inc.

With leadership and organizational skills, Peg became active in shaping TFAD's relationship to the larger Durham community. She was one of six resident members of The Forest Community Relations Committee, along with six members of the TFAD Board of Directors. This committee evaluated

charitable projects that would meet the needs of disadvantaged people in Durham and selected which programs would receive TFAD grants (the 5% of revenue annually required by law to maintain TFAD's tax-exempt status). The Board of Directors of TFAD donated money to hire the leader of the bond drive for the Durham Center for Senior Life, the building in which Senior PharmAssist, Meals on Wheels, and other projects were to be located. Resident volunteers worked hard on these projects and successfully helped pass the bond issue.

Peg also served on the committee to plan the 2004 addition to the original Health and Wellness Center and played an important role in developing the design of the building. Although she knows that the old building needs to be replaced, she says wistfully, "I was so involved in planning the building that now I kind of hate to see it taken down."

Her hope is that TFAD continues to be aware of the needs of the community in which we live and to support nonprofits, particularly for seniors. ☸

## Pathmaking Pioneers...

*(Continued from Page 1)*

Residents at The Forest at Duke today can look with admiration at these three residents, happily still happy among us, and we can appreciate their role as pioneers, pathmakers who took a bold step into a new place and a new kind of life, full of uncertainties (and shall we say, full of mud?). It wasn't easy at first, and most of them were strangers to each other. The challenges they faced were enormous. Yet they reached out to each other, helped one another, supported one another, and worked together, sharing ideas, sharing labor, making time for fun, and cooperating in creating a community that has survived and prospered. These pioneering women are not alike. They have distinct personalities and quite different talents. But each one has contributed her unique gifts to the building of a genuine community. They have showed us how to be our separate selves, how to enjoy

the pleasures of friendship, and how to work together as a community. ☸



*Construction scene looking into the entrance of Silver Maple Court, January 1992. Mud was nearly everywhere on the clear-cut land. Residents joked that "You can't see the trees for The Forest."*



# Meet Kaidy Lewis: Heart of the

## Henry Rogers Bequest Brings Art Classes to Health and Wellness

by Judy Jo Small

Remarkable things have been happening in Health and Wellness. Residents there are creating impressive works of arts and crafts.

The art program was created in honor of Henry Rogers, Durham native, Duke graduate, Korean War veteran, Director Emeritus of The Caring House, and long-time resident of The Forest at Duke. After Henry's death, the Rogers family—recognizing how important painting had been to him—gave funds to start an art program bearing his name.

Jennifer Kea, Health & Wellness Activities Program Manager, along with other key staff, interviewed several candidates and in November 2020 hired an Artist-in-Residence, perfect for the position: Kaidy Lewis. COVID-19 precautions delayed implementation of the plan, but she began preparations, and after a while word quietly began to spread about the art works H&W residents were producing.

Kaidy is a busy professional artist whose own creations can be found at the Eno Art Center in Hillsborough and at Frank Gallery in Chapel Hill.

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*Above: A collage of resident work: clockwise beginning at top with the red poppy by Jane Iversen, landscape by Bo Sudderth, abstract by Pat Markas, two floral paintings by Jane Iversen, miniature dachshund (Jane Lloyd's Drake) by Olga Harding and Kaidy, landscape by Bo Sudderth, and floral painting by Jane Iversen; center: landscape by Bo Sudderth*

*Right: A drawing by Jane Lloyd of "Tulip"*





# Henry Rogers Art Program

## A Wish List for the Henry Rogers Art Program

- 1) a sewing machine in good working order
- 2) a manual or electric typewriter for residents to write poems, stories, and letters to family members
- 3) any art supplies, especially paints and paper/canvases

Thank you!

*Kaidy*

*Clockwise from right: Kaidy Lewis in action and artists at work: Jane Iversen, Olga Harding, and—across to the bottom of the previous page—Bo Sudderth, and Carol Scott*



*(Continued on page 8)*



## H&W Resident Artists at Work

*(Continued from Page 7)*

She's also newly returned from a show of her work in Great Britain in May. And from 9:00 until 4:00 on Tuesdays and Thursdays, she's in the Health Center assisting residents in making works of their own.

Originally from Great Britain, Kaidy has a charming accent, pink sneakers, a paint-spattered apron, and a sparkling personality. At work, she's a marvel to behold. When she's helping someone with a project, Kaidy is entirely focused on that one person and that person's work. She listens, answers questions, makes suggestions. She doesn't interfere; she facilitates. The nursing staff love seeing the resident artists so intently absorbed in creative work.

These art sessions are at the same time quite social and highly individualized. Resident artists work together with a sense of community, and there is a good deal of talk, not all of it with Kaidy. Each resident is working on a project entirely different from the others. Each has chosen his or her own project according to personal interests and is working in a self-chosen medium. One artist I observed was working on a portrait in oil paint, one was using pastels for a street scene, one who likes to incorporate pressed flower petals in her work was trying out watercolor techniques. Others work in wood-crafting



*Above: James (Jim) Agnew at work, framed by photos of recent pieces, including paint on glass objects*



*Left: Freddy Farone in the Art Studio not long before his death, with his wife, Linda, looking on. Olga Harding works nearby.*

*Below: Silhouettes by Freddy Farone (left) and Barbara Seay (right)*





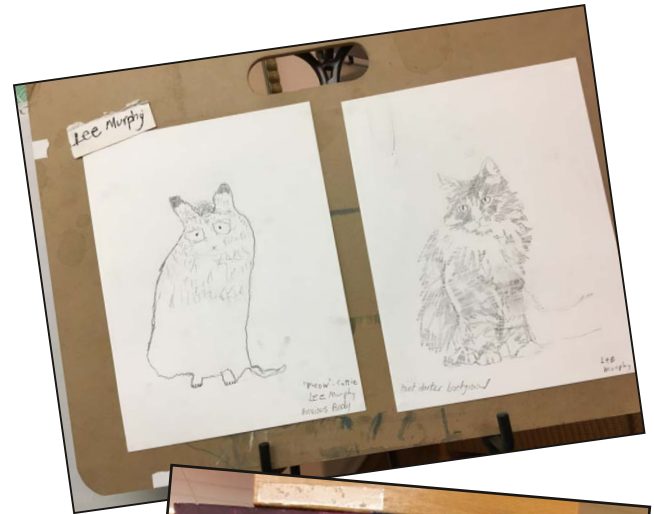
## Recent Henry Rogers Artwork

or with fabrics and other materials. It's fascinating to watch them at work.

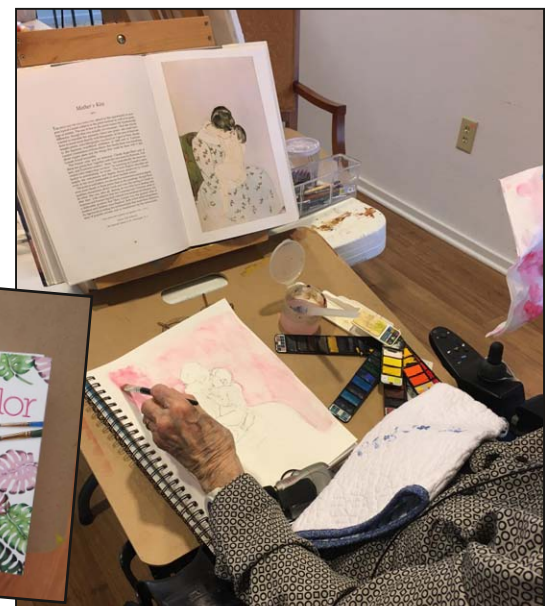
Paintings and craft projects from the Henry Rogers Art Program are on display in the skywalk overlooking the Health Center. Birdhouses crafted by H&W residents hang in the garden below.

Around 3:00, art sessions end and Kaidy reads stories to a larger group, including residents who choose not to participate in the art classes. Frequently there's music and dancing as well—more opportunity for delightful activity! Our Artist-in-Residence's work enhances life here. It's stimulating, enriching, and enjoyable even for residents who are merely onlookers.

One Independent Living volunteer, **Sharron Parker**, helps Kaidy and her artists once a week, doing whatever needs to be done. An extra set of hands is valuable; Kaidy would welcome other volunteers. Donations of art materials such as canvases, paper, paints, pastels, beads, buttons, and colored pens are also appreciated. Monetary donations add support to the program as well. If you're interested in making a financial gift, see Robin Rogers about ways to do it. 🌱



*Clockwise from top right: Drawing by Lee Murphy, painting by Judy Louv, Barbara Seay and her watercolor (left, in smaller photo), and Kaidy Lewis in sombrero ("We sometimes dress up.")*



## Waiting Room

by Joan Seiffert

You sit watching a school of seven aqua-and-orange neon tetras swimming wavily around in lazy ovals from one end of the aquarium to the other. You sigh, knowing that the fish tank is there for you to watch, to feel just as you do now, like you've taken an extra dose of Xanax. Sort of floaty and not caring. You know that they set it up that way. But you don't care.

You remember overhearing the two secretaries giggling about "Vitamin X" and wondering if they are referring to your favorite pill. Do they call Prozac "Vitamin P?" Can you help it if you have a Xanax deficiency and need more? Most of the time they talk low as librarians and treat you like you're retarded or something, like they think you're a mental case.

You also know that the magazines have been specially selected—no *Newsweek* or *Time* covers with the latest testimony to serial killers. No *Cosmos* or *Glamours* with bewitching cleavages, no lusty movie zines—in short, nothing that you really want to read. Just the usual assortment of old Grandma-type stuff with "30 Minute Meals" on the front and a stack of aging *National Geographics*.

You slide your eyes back to the aquarium, wanting it to work its magic, wanting to at least look calm and maybe a little different than some of the others in the waiting room. After all, you just have a little problem with test anxiety, but only at the DMV road signs test, and maybe just once in a while when you go to a big party or have to drive to the beach by yourself, nothing really serious. Like that guy over there, the one on the small beige sofa, muttering to himself. You're glad you're not like him. Probably a real schizo. All wrinkly, pale skin. Way old. You wonder if you'll get like that when you're old like him. Looks like he smells bad. Maybe he started out with anxiety, mild like yours. You can't tell about people. You think somebody is normal as blue jeans and the next thing you know they're trying to kill themselves or something.

All you really want is another refill on your

Xanax. But, no. Now you have to talk to a "therapist." Whatever that means. Lee Something or other. They'll want to know all about your mother and your toilet training and if you fought with your sister. Nosey bastards. Why don't they get a life without prying into yours? And they'll give you that phony friendly stuff, leaning forward, eyes shining, all empathy and understanding. Like they really care. If you told them the real truth about what you and your brother did, they'd lean back fast as Nascar. And a whole hour! God. At least with the real shrink it's only twenty minutes *and* you get the refill.

You check your email for the fifth time. They're always late. You could be doing better things, like watching Judge Judy, rather than sit around waiting for some "therapist" that you don't want to talk to anyway. You pick up a *Geographic*. There are pictures of naked natives, the droopy poached-egg boobs on the bald women and bulgy loin cloths on the business side of the scrawny men. You pick at your nails. Maybe they won't notice that you bite them. You check your watch again.

Who is that long drink of water? Omigod. This guy must be seven feet tall. A shrink with a beard. Or is he a "therapist?" Scraggly grey hair to his shoulders. Walks like a duck. You figure he's yours. Or that one, with the nose hair, the one that walks like his head is growing straight out of his chest. And these guys tell you you've got self-esteem problems. You breathe easier as they walk by you to get to their next victims.

"Pat Taylor?" You hear your name. You look up. Who's this? Young. Nice smile. White teeth. How does she know you? Blonde hair, flowered dress, tanned legs in white sandals. "Hello, I'm Lee Struthers. Come on back to my office." You feel some better. Not bad for a Xanax connection. ♣

*Joan Seiffert wrote for a local newspaper, edited a magazine, taught English, speech, and drama, and opened a psychotherapy practice, now virtual.*



# More about the Enneagram, or Confessions of a Nine

by Ellen Baer

It's clear that some people enjoy a good confrontation and others will go to great lengths to avoid one. I'm a prime example of a conflict-avoider, and I've always thought that it was because I was brought up in the Deep South where nice people are taught not to "make scenes," especially if they are girls. But it may just be because I'm a Nine.

That's Type Nine according to the Enneagram, a system of personality typing based on ancient wisdom traditions. At least that's what the experts think; no one knows for sure because the Enneagram is more than 2,000 years old. In the middle of the last century Western teachers and counselors started studying and using *The Enneagram*, and now many good books have been published on the subject. The first one I read was *The Enneagram: Understanding Yourself and the Others in Your Life*, by Helen Palmer.

Palmer says that the main reason for learning your type is so that you can put it aside. The idea is that we automatically respond to circumstances according to our type, and if we can be aware of those tendencies, then we can choose a different response if we want to. Besides giving us more choices and more control, it also helps us see how we tend to focus on information that's important to our own type; that's why we see the world a little (or a lot) differently than other types. She advises us to read about the nine types and to identify our own type by seeing which one really speaks to us. I read the whole book, seeing myself in several types, before I got to the Nine (Peacemaker) and then—bingo!

Certainly, peacemakers are to be cherished in a world that seems alarmingly short on them. But I couldn't help being slightly disappointed since the Nine is a much less glamorous and rather milquetoast, namby-pamby type compared to the others. The One (Perfectionist) wants to be right, the Two (Helper) wants to help others, the Three (Achiever) wants to be

successful, the Four (Individualist) wants to be special, the Five (Investigator) wants knowledge, the Six (Loyalist) wants certainty and security, the Seven (Adventurer) wants to have fun, and the Eight (Leader) wants to be in charge. It's hard to tell what the Nine wants; it's even hard for the Nine to tell.

That's because Nines tend to agree a little bit with everyone, so they often have no strong position of their own. They are agreeable and conciliatory, not bad qualities, but I've often wished I had a grand passion. Yet the Buddha is supposed to have said that people with strong opinions just go around bothering one another. My husband, Phil, has expressed something between chagrin and amazement that it's so easy for me both to be an Episcopalian and to embrace Buddhism, without being disturbed by any inconsistencies. I like the way Palmer explains it: "One constructive version of accumulation is a Nine's ability to absorb volumes of information about a subject from every conceivable point of view and to reconcile the differences among them all."

When my women's book club read Palmer's book, we saw that, among the six of us, there were three Twos, one Five, one Seven, and one Nine. The Five took notes and wanted to read more books, the Twos banded together to form a support group for helpers, and the Seven had to leave early to pack for a trip. One woman said that learning about her type would save her a fortune in therapy costs. I admit that knowing about Nines helps me understand myself better too: why it's hard for me to change course, why it's easy for me to be non-judgmental, why I've always done well in school, why I rarely get angry, why I'm often indecisive, why I have trouble cleaning out a closet, and why I love what Adlai Stevenson said, "Not only do you need the courage of your convictions, sometimes you need the courage of your doubts."

That quotation really resonates with a Nine. So does this one by Alice Walker: "I give to the extent that I can, and then I sit back and eat tomatoes."

Please pass the salt. ☸



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## My Enemy

by Ned Arnett

A tree-climbing rat with a bushy tail  
 he makes my cleverest defenses fail,  
 robbing my bird feeders before my eyes,  
 the finest nuts and berries are his prize.  
 Even if they're steeped in red pepper,  
     "hot meals,"  
 undeterred, he just steals and steals  
 all the favorite goodies of my finches.  
 Despite his burning mouth he never flinches.

Flying from branch to branch with ease,  
 effortless as the passing breeze,  
 just watching his performance is a treat  
 he's a natural pro, a real athlete!  
 To me, an American, he's a skwurl  
 to the Brits he's called a skwiddel.  
 And who knows,  
     perhaps he's actually a gurl.

[*The Forester*, Vol 18, Issue 9, page 7 (June 2012)]

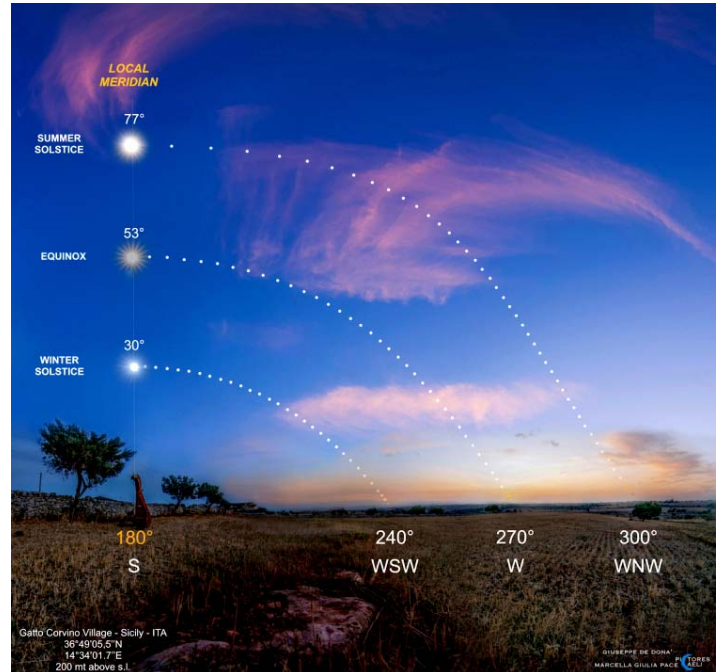
## To Ned Arnett

The above piece "My Enemy" appeared in *The Forester* twenty years ago. It's hard to believe that Ned had enemies. But squirrels? ... well maybe.

Ned and Sylvia came to The Forest in the summer of 2000. The December 2014 *Forester* noted that "Over the past eight years *The Forester* has published almost a hundred poems written by Ned Arnett. In the spring of 2012 the first sixty-nine were published as *Not for Sissies and other poems from The Forester* with illustrations by Bob Blake.... Now Ned's latest twenty-four poems have been assembled as *Unhappy Birthday and a few more poems from The Forester* and again are on sale in the Gift Shop with all income going to the Benevolent Fund." These two volumes full of homespun wisdom have long since sold out, but volumes of his poems are available in the Library.

Ned died May 11, four months short of his 100th birthday. RIP 🌿

—The Editors



## Seasons in The Sun

*We had joy, we had fun,  
 We had seasons in the sun.*

— Jacques Brel

As the earth rotates, the sun rises in the East, crosses the sky, and sets in the West. Because the axis of rotation of the earth is tilted, the path of the sun is slightly different every day but follows a regular pattern. On the Earth the path varies with latitude and elevation, but is otherwise the same everywhere.

Photographer Marcella Giulia Pace took this extraordinary multi-exposure image from Gatto Corvino Village, Sicily, Italy, whose latitude (39.33° N) and near-sea-level elevation are close to the latitude (35.97° N) and elevation of The Forest.

With her camera pointed directly south she photographed the Sun at 10-minute intervals starting at true local noon (starting from the top arc) on a summer solstice (the longest day, June 21 this year), an equinox (equal days and nights), and a winter solstice (the shortest day).

The image was a Universities Space Research Association (<https://epod.usra.edu/blog/>) Photo of the Day and posted March 20, 2022, by Deborah Byrd on the EarthSky website (<https://earthsky.org>). 🌿

—Dean McCumber