

THE FORESTER

Volume 10 Issue 8

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

May 2004

Dan Blazer TFAD Board Member

Two years ago Dan G. Blazer joined The Forest at Duke's Board of Directors.

I asked Dr. Blazer why he was drawn to accept election to the TFAD Board of Directors. He answered that he has known a significant number of residents here, and he has visited them in their apartments or cottages. He accepted the position not only because of this familiarity, but because of the close fit with his life's chief interest. His career has been devoted to studying the process of aging — all that happens, physically and mentally — and what happens in the surrounding environment and community that affects the quality of life in the later years. He looks on working for The Forest as a community service which he very much wants to do. He has long had a keen interest in the development of the concept of Continuing Care Retirement Communities. He has two aunts currently in CCRC's (in Tennessee) and his mother is in a nursing home. Finally, he has treasured his friendship with Bud Busse and looked upon him as a mentor.

"The Forest is an excellent retirement community," he said "with a caring staff, and the Board members are interested in seeing TFAD thrive. It will be facing challenges in the near and distant future. It is important to anticipate what we will be facing."

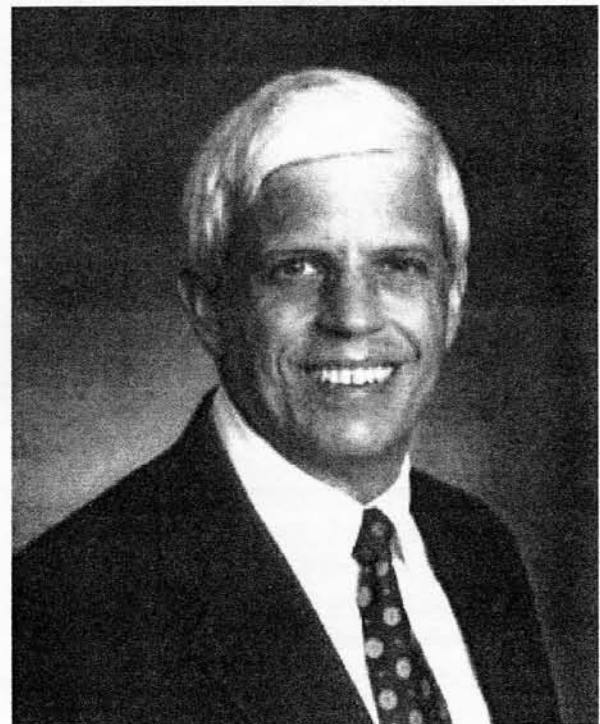
Dr. Blazer is the new Chair of the Health Committee of the TFAD Board of Directors. The other Health Committee members are Mary Ann Black, George Maddox, and Henderson Rourk.

Equally important is the fact that Dr. Blazer is also a member of the Executive Committee of the Board. That committee is chaired by George Maddox. The other members are Barbara Anderson, who was recently elected President of the Board of Directors of TFAD, and Karen Raleigh,

Finance Committee Chairman.

Dr. Blazer is active on these committees and has consulted with TFAD staff and with Jim Shuping, President of the Residents' Association. During his first year on the Board he was at Stanford University, on leave of absence from Duke, but he participated in Board meetings through the technology of speaker phones.

After working as a medical missionary to the United Republic of Cameroon, he came to Duke University Medical Center in 1973 for a two year Residency in Psychiatry. Duke has been his profes-



sional home ever since.

Neighboring Tennessee was where he developed his early roots. He earned his B.A. in Biology at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, his M.D. at the University of Tennessee, Memphis, and completed his Medicine Internship there in 1970. He

(Continued on page 2)

The Forester

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Dan Blazer

(Continued from page 1)

earned additional degrees at UNC-Chapel Hill — a Masters in Public Health (Epidemiology) in 1979 and a PhD (Epidemiology) in 1980. From then on Duke claimed him for clinical practice, teaching, research and for nine years of academic administration (two as Chair of the Department of Psychiatry and seven as Dean of Medical Education.)

Dr. Blazer's current positions at Duke are J. P. Gibbons Professor of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences, Professor of Community and Family Medicine, and Head of the University Council on Aging and Human Development. The Council was established at Duke by our own Dr. Bud Busse. Bud's first successor as Head was George Maddox, who was succeeded by Dr. Blazer.

For many years Dr. Blazer traveled between Duke and Washington, D.C. where he has been involved with research projects and as a member of the Epidemiology and Disease Control Review Committee, which he chaired in 1988-89. Most research projects focused on the prevalence of physical and mental illness in older adults and the relationship of this with degrees of impairment and the availability and utilization of community services. He also chaired a Committee for the Institute of Medicine which reviewed efforts of the Department of Defense to provide adequate medical care to Persian Gulf War veterans.

He has been honored by, and held important positions in, many professional organizations, such as the American Association for Geriatric Psychiatry. He will become President of the AAGP in February, 2005.

Ethel Foote

In Memoriam

Noel Lester Freeman

April 6, 2004

Ruth Stanton Blumenthal

April 23, 2004

June A. Wheat

April 29, 2004

President's Podium



retained by them. They have their own MEDICARE provider number, and MEDICARE reimburses them directly for their services. Any therapeutic services performed without The Forest physician's order, or if MEDICARE has determined that additional services would not benefit the patient, the resident would bear all costs.

Jim Shuping

From time to time I will use this column to expand on subjects of resident interest that are not adequately covered in the Disclosure Statement.

This month I will discuss the reimbursement procedures for the Clinic located in The Forest at Duke Health and Wellness Center.

We have many medical support contracts, e.g., physician, therapy, laboratory, supplies, etc. I will discuss only physician and therapy services.

PHYSICIAN: We have a contract with Duke Private Diagnostic Clinic to provide a staff Medical Director, and also a provider of resident medical services. Dr. Tony Galanos fills both of these positions. Dr. Galanos has his own MEDICARE provider number; therefore, when you receive services from the Clinic, The Forest bills MEDICARE for those services using Dr. Galanos' provider number. The Forest receives the reimbursement from MEDICARE into our general revenues. As you know, MEDICARE does not reimburse the full cost of services, so the difference (or shortfall) is made up from your supplemental health insurance and then our monthly service fees. The monthly service fees are not only used to supplement the MEDICARE reimbursements, but also to supplement the Health and Wellness Center costs.

THERAPY: Now, let's look at the therapy procedures. We have a contract with Legacy in Raleigh, NC (at no cost to The Forest) to provide various therapeutic services to our residents when ordered by The Forest Physician. This is accomplished by having Jane Hamilton and other therapists on site to perform services ordered by Dr. Galanos. The Forest provides space and some equipment for the therapists' work. All billing is done through Legacy, and any reimbursement is

Library Notes

This month is one for reminders. To help our assistants keep the library running well for the convenience of all TFADers, please remember the following:

1. Sign out everything except paperbacks and magazines. All books, videotapes, audio books, and CD's have cards in them.
2. The small audio tapes should be signed out in the notebook on the desk and then crossed off when returned.
3. Please do not sign out anything on a slip of paper. These do not work in our filing system.
4. Please return *everything* to the front desk — even magazines from the rack. Our assistants will place them where they belong.
5. All donations should also be left on or near the front desk with the name of the donor included. (A slip of paper is fine for the name and address.) An assistant will make out the form for a tax donation. You will receive it later in your in-house mail.
6. Never take anything away from the front desk before it has been processed.

Thanks to everyone's help, our library will stay in order and its holdings will always be available.

Mary Ruth Miller



Clouds and Silver Linings

This is a tale of a recent sequence of unexpected events.

In the spring of 2002 I received a call from Conductor Phillip Greenberg telling of the Savannah Symphony's plans for the 2003-2004 season which would celebrate the 50th anniversary of the orchestra. They hoped to have a major new work for the opening concert and asked me to consider a commission to write a symphony for the event. The idea appealed to me and soon contracts were signed and I set to work.

For a historic occasion, the idea of a programmatic relationship to the home city of the orchestra seemed, in this case, a rich possibility. Hence the first movement's opening measures state a rousing motive, proclaiming "SAVANNAH" several times and introducing a bustling Allegro. A waltz-like second theme leads to the development and recapitulation of the themes and a happy coda based on the Savannah motive.

Contemplating the city's great springtime beauty, its stately mansions, and its tree-lined boulevards suggested an idyllic movement with a trio which portrayed the night life when the blues float out on the warm summer air from the restaurants and dance halls.

In the early years of our country Savannah became a thriving port and this inspired me to a third movement describing a sailing ship which, to the tune of a spirited chanty, rides into harbor. When the gang plank goes down, it disgorges its crew, hungry for the arms of their wives or sweethearts or for the closest saloon. My operatic imagination suggested a middle section digression of a

romantic night broken by the ship's bell and bos'n's whistle at dawn calling them back to duty. Then, as they hoist sail, the chanty is again heard as the ship sails into the open sea.

At this point I began to hear rumblings of the fiscal crisis facing the orchestra, and soon I learned the worst. Bankruptcy had been declared. It was a crushing blow, for it meant that the commission would not be honored and there was no premiere scheduled. Suddenly there was no deadline to urge me on, though having gone this far I was determined to complete a final movement. But what would be the spirit of the movement?

Enter Donald Portnoy.

My association with Donald had begun when, as an entering violin major from Philadelphia, he was assigned to my Literature and Materials of Music class at Juilliard. I don't know when his aspirations as a conductor started, but we had no contact again until the 1980's when I joined the Board of the American Symphony Orchestra League and found Don, now a rising young conductor, an active member. His work in developing a summer training program for aspiring young conductors was also drawing favorable attention. An integral part of this program was to familiarize the student maestros with established American composers' works, along with the standard repertory. Later, when Donald learned of my new symphony, he scheduled a performance by the University of South Carolina Orchestra for March 2004.

Meanwhile I was becoming deeply concerned about what was happening as a result of the preemptive war with Iraq and the resultant deep cuts in the government support for the country's cultural, environmental, educational, and health programs. In 2001 I had written *Cherish Your Land* for the inauguration of the North Carolina Museum of Natural Science's new building. It included an environmental hymn for chorus and chamber orchestra and was to be performed in the new building. But, because a large crowd was expected, the ceremony was moved to the plaza and we performed on an improvised stage with heavy amplification. The work was well-received, but

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

we, the performers, felt much was lost by the move outdoors.

It occurred to me that the spirit of the hymn was appropriate to my feeling about cherishing and nurturing our grand cultural heritage. Hence, I decided to build my Savannah Symphony finale around the hymn.

Coincidentally, Donald Portnoy, who also conducted the Augusta Symphony, was chosen by Columbia University to honor his dedication to American Music by awarding him the Ditson Conductor's Award for 2004, and I was asked to present the award.

This set in motion a quick decision to substitute my Seventh Symphony for Dvorak's Seventh Symphony at the Augusta Symphony's next concert, to be given shortly before the scheduled University of South Carolina performance. Thus my world premiere was combined with the presentation of the Ditson Award to the Conductor. It turned out to be a grand occasion.

Meanwhile, more good news is that progress is being made to revive the Savannah orchestra. So clouds do sometimes have silver linings. Let us hope that these events will inspire the leaders of the many organizations which are experiencing difficult times to take heart and keep up their efforts.

Bob Ward

Forest music lovers can hear the composer speak about his symphony and then enjoy the world premiere on May 11 at 7:00 PM in the auditorium.



Bouquet of the Month

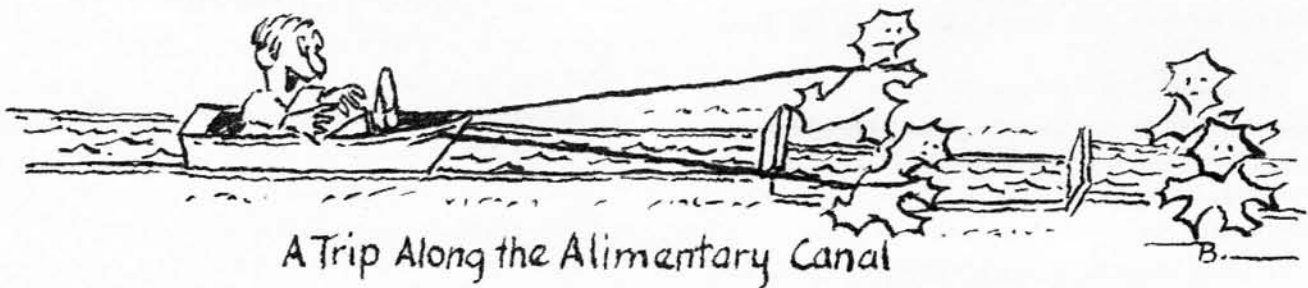
To Peg Lewis who is scheduled to receive a special award for volunteerism at the May 10-11 meeting of the North Carolina Association of Non-Profit Homes for the Aging. Our directors, staff, and residents have long admired and appreciated Peg's leadership of this important work.

Surprise! The Liftons are expecting

It is not what you think. If you look at our balcony, you will see three large flower pots. One has become the home for Mr. And Mrs. Dove. She is keeping two white eggs warm. Papa Dove hasn't been around much since he helped supply the pine needles for the nest. In the meantime, we keep our curtains drawn so Mama Dove has some privacy.

Walt Lifton





To the Editor

Your March 2004 issue included, over my signature, a bit of verse entitled "Internal Strategy." I fully admit submitting it to you, but subsequent reflection has persuaded me that it was written under circumstances that rendered me less than fully responsible for its contents. The poem was a smart alecky boast by an unidentified collection of viruses and other disease-causing germs, including unspecified bacteria, bragging of their ability to outsmart the human race.

"Some boast!" you might say. "Who couldn't outsmart a human?" Be that as it may, I submit that the text of the poem had been insinuated into my subconscious by some of those same disease-causing little buggers who had entered my system and given me a touch of The Forest Flu.

The day after the poem's publication, I had a dream — or, as I prefer to think of it, a Vision — in which a delegation of highly respectable bacteria visited me to complain. They contended that their activities benefit mankind and denied responsibility for the great run of human illnesses. They asked for equal time. If you will publish the manifesto entitled *Bacterial Riposte* that accompanies this letter, they will not only be grateful, but they will also promise to continue to perform their normal functions in the bodily areas to which they are regularly assigned and not to stray into other sectors where their activities might not be entirely benign. Otherwise. . . .

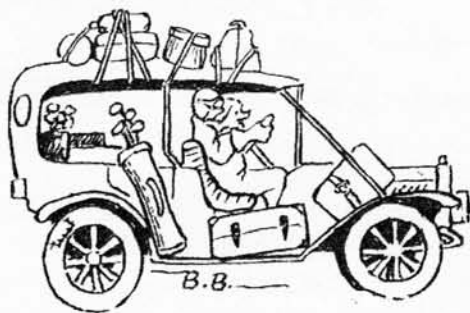
Bacterial Riposte

When you sip that welcome drink,
Do you have to stop and think
if a little booze your body's health may mar?
When you've gobbled down that steak,
Do your innards start to ache?
Of course not! If your system's up to par.

Whatever you may choose as daily rations,
Exotic fruits or hamburgers banal,
We welcome them at our strategic stations
Along your alimentary canal.
We transform them into new configurations,
Which your body's busy organs neatly hone
Into sophisticated cellular creations
for rebuilding flesh and muscle, blood and bone.

It's us you have to thank;
We're like money in the bank.
We're bacteria controlling your digestion.
So please bear this in mind:
We're the beneficial kind,
And we offer free the services in question.

George Chandler



Resident Ramblings

Last month we thanked Bob Blake and his helpers for their care of all the plants around the complex. Unfortunately, due to *Forester* publishing errors, we omitted **Hazel Scheblik**'s name. We apologize. The greenery would not be as lush without her assistance!

How nice it was to see so many families in the dining room on Easter. Two and three generations (perhaps even four) gathered to enjoy the Buffet and greet the Easter Bunny.

As the weather warms, suitcases were packed and off we went. In April, **John and Sylvia McCormick**, **Don and Mary Ann Ruegg**, and **Marjorie Jones and Mary Ruth Miller** took a cruise down the Mississippi River from St. Louis to New Orleans with Steve Tuten. Just before this departure, Mary Ruth attended her 60th class reunion at Plant City High School in Florida. **Clare Eshelman** and her family also did a barge trip up the Mississippi from New Orleans.

Florence Manning had a visit from her 88-year-old brother and her niece from Washington state in March. Her granddaughter from Vermont and son, Dr. Claude Manning, from Seattle visited in April. **Gerald and Henrietta Wolinsky** have returned from Florida. **Bill and Harriet Fine**'s son from Denver visited his parents. **John Friedrich** went to California to spend time with his daughter. **Una Galli** visited her daughter in Sea Island. **Pete and Barbara Seay** made a trip

North visiting family along the way — the highlight a stop with the great-grandchild! **Sylvia and Ned Arnett** will be in Houston in May to see their son and grandson. **Louise Goshorn**'s family came at different times in March to visit her, and she is looking forward to a grandson's wedding this month in Williamsburg.

Residents are showing interest in Elderhostel trips too. **Jenn Van Brunt and Peg Lewis** did one at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. **Mary Ruth Miller** will go next month to Poland on an Elderhostel. **John and Betty Gray** will study at the Art Institute in Chicago and also visit their daughter. **John Henry** and I studied art in the Netherlands and Belgium. We also attended a ballet, gaped at the tulips and other flowers, and walked miles on old cobblestone streets!

Elaine Hastings will attend an Executive Seminar in the Humanities sponsored by UNC at the Trinity Center at Pine Knoll Shores. **Penelope Easton** will vacation in Vermont. **Bill and Dot Heroy** will spend a few days in May at Edisto Island.

Did you catch the great photo of **Elizabeth Trapp and Bernard Peach** in the *News and Observer* repeated several times? This may lead to a career in modeling!

Here are some recommended "How-To" books written by resident authorities:

How to Win at Ping-Pong by Gene Magat

Selecting Fine Millinery by Mary Ann Ruegg

The Eclectic Apartment by John Henry

Planning Opera Tours in Europe by Steve Baxter

Innovative Decor for your Entrance by Evebell

Dunham

Planning Weddings in the Woods by Ruth Dillon

Mary Gates

Growing Pains

Grounds: The flowers in The Forest at Duke front beds were splendid this spring. Each year we have something different that makes it more interesting. The gardens at the new building are developing nicely. I'm eager to see the fountain in operation.

Recently Chad's wife was sprinkling something around my azaleas. Of course I gave her a quiz about what she was up to. It was a bug-preventer — sure glad that is being done.

Rose Garden: As this is being written the roses are coming on like gang busters. Bess Bowditch has her committee all ready to go. The faithfuls are Ginny Putnam, Jenn Van Brunt, Sarah McCracken, Sally Sheehan, Tina Land, Minnie Mae Franklin and Jean Mason. Sometimes someone goes on vacation or has a health problem, so Bess needs some new people to sub. Call her if interested. It involves cutting off dead blooms in the proper manner.

Garden Plots: The garden plots are producing lettuce, radishes, spinach and flowers. Our gardeners are busy digging and planting. Several plots are not being used, so our chairman Frank Melpolder is covering them to keep down the weeds.

Greenhouse: In April we had a very successful clean-up day at the greenhouse. A good number of helpers turned out. Bruce Burns was our leader — other participants were Molly Simes, Bob and Hildur Blake, Evebell Dunham, Betty Gray, Carol Oettinger, June Northwood, Pat Anderson and Jean Mason. It was a nice day, so the workers moved most plants outside. The give-aways disappeared in a hurry. Our thanks to Jim Thompson for providing a strong young man to spray and power wash inside and outside. After two and a half hours everything was in place, looking much improved.

Bob Blake did a rendering of the greenhouse before it was built. He gave the painting to Noel Freeman because Noel was instrumental in the production and was the manager from November 1999 to September 2003. The Freeman family has returned the rendering and it is being hung in the greenhouse as a memorial to Noel.

Betty Niles Gray

Ad Lib

"Stressed spelled backwards is desserts."

VERDE

Verde is the Italian for green; green the color of grass, money, envy, hope and the name of Giorgios Bakatsais' newest restaurant. Verde is not one of Giorgios' splashy, big efforts. It entered the restaurant scene on "little cats' feet," tiptoeing into the space once occupied by the Mad Hatter Pastry Shop on Erwin Square. Why, I asked myself, had he placed it so near to one of his flagship restaurants, Parizade? Verde is a modest undertaking, a cafe, really, small with pleasing green decor. The outside is preferable to the inside. Inside the young had taken over. The music was earsplitting. Outside was delightful. It was a balmy evening, and we found our way to a terrace table. We sipped our wine as we took in the view which was extraordinary. Parked in front was something huge and white. A Hummer is a pretty eye-filling vehicle, but a white, STRETCH Hummer simply cannot be taken in at one glance. There were seven windows on each side. I wondered at the driver who could maneuver such a monster! But back to VERDE. The menu is café casual. The trick here is to start with a sharing platter and then on to something more substantial. My companions ordered chicken, pannini and I, lasagna. They seemed happy with their choices and I was delighted with mine. It was absolutely delicious. We finished the meal with cappuccini. Next time I would like to try their mushroom soup with curry, ginger and coconut. Verde is not fine dining, but it's enjoyable. The service was college casual.

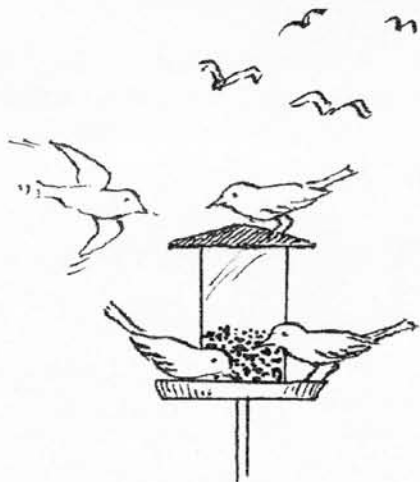
VERDE - Erwin Plaza, 2200 W Main St., Durham. Tel. 286 9755. Sharing platters \$5.00-\$9.00 — Lasagna \$6.00 — Pannini with prosciutto etc. \$5.00

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

WHAT'S IN YOUR POCKETS?

Not long ago I set off bells and whistles at the airport and was searched three times before security found the culprit, a tiny pocket knife I use to open peanut packets on airlines. The Smithsonian has a box containing the contents of Lincoln's pockets the night he was assassinated and guess what — he had a pocket knife. He also carried two pair of spectacles, a lens polisher, a linen handkerchief, a wallet and nine newspaper clippings admiring of his policies. The clippings were interesting. Even then the media found its way into a president's pockets. How revealing are the contents of my pockets (a.k.a. purse?) If I am assassinated and The Smithsonian gets ahold of said purse — how will posterity judge me? By my lipstick, by my checkbook, by my cell phone? The airport has my penknife.



BIRDS:

I am fortunate. My living room gives out on a view that is as green as a bowl of fresh lettuce, and trees ring an expanse of grass about the size of the auditorium — Pines, a weeping Yaupon, a Magnolia, and Dogwood. About ten years ago Best

Friend planted a Dawn Redwood that has grown at such a rate, that if I don't die first, I can climb to heaven on it. It is a bosky pocket of The Forest and an ideal setting for bird watching. I love watching the antics of my feathered friends — it's peaceful, relaxing — Zen really. I have a bluebird house but no bluebirds this year. They are a tease, some years they take up housekeeping, some years not. All sorts of birds come to the feeder — always a faithful pair of cardinals, lots of finches. This time of year some of the finches turn gold, and I love to see the flutter of yellow among the trees. On the ground below, the towhees scratch and the robins root around. The robins are wonderful, so round and rosy and what bathers! One bath and they displace half the contents of my bird bath. The other birds are more discreet as they do their ablutions. There are little heartbreaks connected with this pastime. I went to fill the feeder the other day and at its foot was a bundle of feathers. I had spotted a hawk circling earlier.

A MEMORY

Anna Louise Spigener was reminiscing the other day. She remembered one summer when she was a young girl visiting her friend Mary Heyward, whose family had a home just outside Charleston. She remembered another house guest, a small man, who mystified the girls by constantly banging on the piano, playing chords and snippets of melody, but never seeming to bring the music to a conclusion. She later learned that the man was George Gershwin and that he had been in the throes of composing the music for *Porgy and Bess*.

See you in the fall.

Libby Getz

Welcome New Residents

Your Driver's License

It seems there always has to be a GUINEA PIG. And in this case I am IT.

Something new has been added, and I received it full blast when the lady who was questioning me came up with this one:

"I see your name is Robert H. Moyer. What does the 'H' stand for?" "HOLDEN," I replied. "Can you prove it? Do you have a birth certificate?" "Not here," I replied.

"What about a passport?" "Yes, at home," I replied.

"You will have to bring it with you next time you come. We are done for today."

Yes, there really is a new law requiring positive ID — probably due to the influx of over 8 million illegal aliens in our midst.

The other part of the examination was to look through very small eyeglasses in an extremely awkward position to prove I knew all the Warning Signs that she pointed out. (If you miss more than 3 out of 6 you flunked for the day.) There are 27, a number of which are obvious, like Deer Crossing.

I'm told these signs are available in our copier room — top shelf, *Motorists Handbook*, several copies.

GOOD LUCK

Bob Moyer

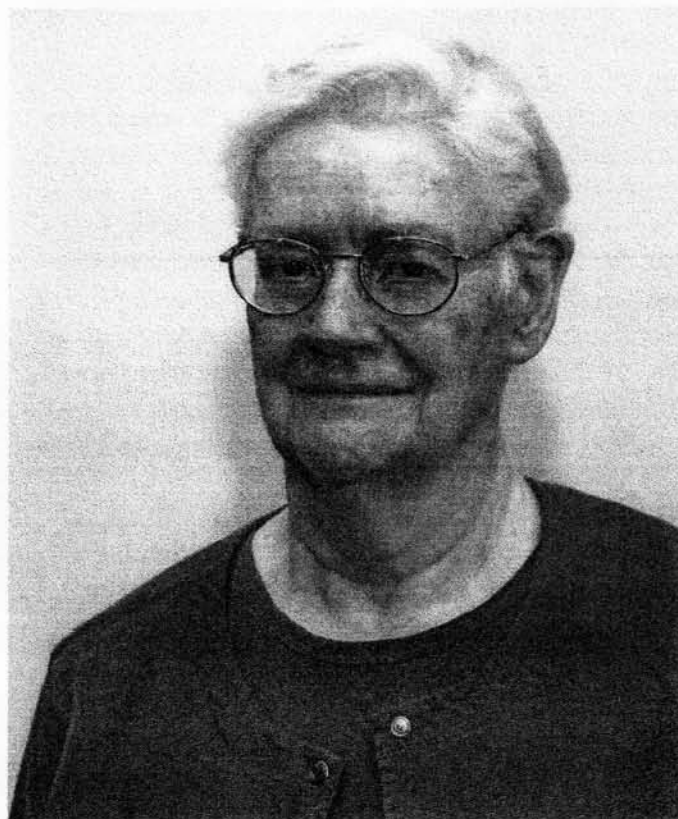


Photo by Ed Albrecht

Dorothy J. Brundage

Apartment 3020

401-0276

Dorothy is a long-time North Carolina transplant (since 1968). Educated at Case Western Reserve, Emory, Walden, and Duke, she came to North Carolina from Ohio by way of Colorado and Alabama. Her husband, Don, was in banking and retired to raise rabbits and later to grow bedding plants, azaleas, and chrysanthemums. She taught undergraduate and graduate students at Duke University School of Nursing for almost 30 years. Her clinical interests were in chronic illness, and she wrote primarily about renal and respiratory diseases. She now is involved in DILR (as teacher and student,) reads mysteries of all types, and likes to travel. Dorothy's son lives in Mebane, NC and her daughter in Houston, TX.

Shirley Buckley

Apartment 3033 493- 7805

Born in Connecticut, Shirley Buckley studied nursing at Simmons College in Boston. She earned a bachelor's degree at the University of Connecticut College of Pharmacy, where she met her husband. While he pursued graduate studies at Purdue, Shirley worked as a pharmacist in the University Hospital and was an instructor in pharmacy in the nursing school. Later, at the University of Pittsburgh, Shirley worked at Children's Hospital, advised women pharmacy students, and helped the police in drug-use prevention programs. Then her husband became Dean of the College of Pharmacy at Texas Medical Center in Houston. After retiring to Durham, Shirley worked as a volunteer in the Senior PHARMAssist program — a program supported by The Forest — which provides prescription medicines at reasonable costs for low-income senior citizens. Shirley watched The Forest being built and finally decided to move in. She enjoys the theater, sewing, photography, and travel.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Herman and Eunice Grossman

Cottage 48 403-7828

When asked what drew them to The Forest at Duke, both Eunice and Herman Grossman replied that they wouldn't have considered anywhere else. They are long-time residents of this area where Dr. Grossman was Chief of Pediatric Radiology at Duke University Medical School. He is a graduate of The University of North Carolina, earned an MS at Wesleyan, and received his medical degree from Columbia. Eunice attended St. Margaret's School in Middlebury, CT, graduated from Smith, and earned a Masters in Education at Duke. She worked as a counselor and educational administrator. The Grossmans are both natives of Connecticut. For 17 years before coming to Durham they lived in Oradell, NJ. They are both art lovers, and Eunice adds music and dance, while Herman admits to an interest in politics and basketball. They have three daughters and four grandchildren.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Living at The Forest For Rest

When I wanted to try out for The Forester (at college we called it heeling,) the Editor assigned me the task of casting an unjaded eye on Life in The Forest. Having observed this quaint culture for less than a year, I have reached some tentative diagnoses.



"She gets too hungry for dinner at eight;

She loves the theater, but never goes late," wrote Lorenz Hart, and he could have been referring to a Forest denizen. Heck, if she isn't lined up at the dining room door at five, there's a good chance the Freedom (formerly French) bread will be all gone. At The Forest it's definitely not fashionable to dine fashionably late. And if the bus to the theater is slated to depart at 7:10, best be in the lobby by 7:00. On the other hand, I spent years in the Triangle watching buses disgorge at concerts after I had trudged miles to park. Moving here, I have substituted the sin of Pride for the sin of Envy.

I spent years in the Foreign Service but found that The Forest is the place to learn about diplomacy. Political opinions and risqué remarks come back to haunt one (particularly if combined.) Also there is a local college whose athletic abilities it is unwise to disrespect. In fact it is safest to feign interest in whether this college prevailed at such endeavors as football, basketball and volleyball. Some retirement communities have ladies with blue hair — but here one can occasionally see blue body

paint at the meetings of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Cameron Crazies.



One of the delightful aspects of The Forest is the social whirl. As Satchel Paige observed, it "ain't restful." But at The Forest it is an art. One can enjoy having a dinner for six or more people, if one is not obliged to cook it. Some hostesses offer such bountiful appetizers at home that the meal itself is an anti-climax. The profuse thank-you notes remind one of the canard that Southern women dislike group sex because there are too many thank-you notes. (This not a family newspaper, I assume.)

One learns to be crafty about activities. One learns to use the exercise room when no one else is there, for fear the TV will be tuned to Oprah or Fox News. The bathroom in the Party Room has two doors: Lock them both. The Library reflects what a cosmopolitan place The Forest really is, and it rewards inquisitive investigation. (It took me months to find them, but the Library has books of True Confession wherein residents have expressed their secret desires and related their past adventures: it's endlessly fascinating.)

Perhaps the best aspect of The Forest is that residents respect diversity and privacy. There is an air of tolerance. My wife is a dynamo, on four or five committees, while I am a dreamer and procrastinator. Yet folks at The Forest seem to welcome us both.

Mal Oettinger