

## Farewell to Lucy with Love, Gratitude, and Admiration



photo by Ed Albrecht

Lucy Grant waves at us, or perhaps to a collection of her amazing monthly publications of Forest at Duke activities.

When you think of Lucy Grant, you think of "activities." All kinds of activities: musical and educational programs in our auditorium, activities as varied as chamber music and jazz concerts, Duke basketball, and shopping trips (with Lucy arranging transportation for all of the above.) Add classes ranging from painting to bridge; workshops featuring a variety of crafts; and balloon-festooned celebrations for any and all occasions.

Such activities are at the very heart of The Forest at Duke — and that's Lucy Grant territory. And when you add them all up, you have a Lucy-inspired program that, surveys show, is rated among the best in North Carolina. *The Forester* goes a bold step further: Lucy's activities are not matched by any other retirement community in the entire East, and probably not in the country.

Clearly this claim needs some validation. Let's start with the fact that from the very beginning

Lucy and The Forest were destined to become entangled. She was present at its conception, or even before. At a recent residents' meeting, Lucy said, "I started as the assistant marketing person under Linda Barnett. We sold the place out in a few months, to many of you sitting here. I should add that my whole family has been involved in the Forest in one way or another. My son worked on the construction and as one of the drivers. My daughter worked during our opening days greeting the new residents and taking them to their apartments or cottages."

Lucy became Marketing Director shortly after her start, and Activities Director in 1992. The rest, as the saying goes, is history — but a dramatically successful history and a fortunate one for all of us. A benign power must have been at work here. For Lucy and The Forest were a matched pair

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*The Forester*

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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## A NASCAR Touch at the Forest?

An alert reader has informed *The Forester* of a hot news item that could have relevance here. The source is Chemical and Engineering News: It tells of a lady in Luton, England, whose son-in-law souped up her wheelchair to reach speeds greater than 60 miles per hour.

The inventor confided: "Originally, it was a gimmick. I had a jet engine, and I was going to put it on a go-cart. But the missus says, 'Put it on something unusual', and so I put it on my mother-in-law's wheelchair."

Imagine the implications! White stripes on the carpets. Regular competitions. A brand-new Forest activity with prizes. Some entrepreneurs might set up a book for betting. And then there is a market for armor — for drivers and pedestrians. But don't forget seatbelts and helmets!

## Correction

Jim Shuping's contribution to the preceding issue of *The Forester* contained, as submitted, the sentence "I will NOT present a deficit budget to the Board this year, but I WILL again ask the Board to approve dues of \$10 per year." The Publisher regrets that he dropped the word "NOT" somewhere during the publication process.

## President's Podium



Your Board of Directors met last month to approve our Organizational Chart, Committee Chairs and a budget for FY-05. There was one small change in our organization: a new caucus for the Health and Wellness Center was added. Key personnel and committee chairs are:

### Officers:

Jim Shuping	President
Rosalind Alexander	Vice-President
Betsy Close	Secretary
Carol Oettinger	Treasurer

### Committee Chairs:

Rheta Skolaut	Activities
P.J. Burns	Caucus
Craig Harris	Facility Services
Rosalind Alexander	Finance
Sylvia McCormick	Food Services
Robbie Robertson	Governance
Gene Moriarty	Health
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Ethel Foote	Medicare Certification
Penelope Easton	Accreditation

Your Board of Directors approved a balanced budget for next year, which includes dues of \$10 per member. You will be asked to ratify the amount of dues at our quarterly meeting in January. The above information is posted on the Residents' Association Bulletin Board in the mail room.

Other action taken by the Board was a vote to prohibit ALL solicitation in residents' in-house mail boxes. This action was in response to complaints from residents after finding flyers from United Way in their boxes several months ago.

Remember, the Residents' Association Office is located on the fourth floor next to elevator seven. One of the Association Officers will be available between 1-2 PM Monday through Friday

to answer your questions or to report your concerns.

Our new Mission Statement reads:

To provide a caring, responsible community that fosters the independence of residents of retirement age by enhancing their ability to lead active, healthy, purposeful and secure lives.

The efforts of my administration will focus on supporting that Mission Statement.

**Jim Shuping**



## Bouquets Of the Month

Neither snow nor storm nor dead of night stays our faithful drivers on their appointed ways. How do we love them? Let us count the ways — no parking worries, no fighting traffic, no night glare of lights to plague us.

Way beyond the call of duty was Mary Dexter's recent rescue of a Befuddled Resident (who shall be nameless.) B. R. discovered her purse missing on a late night's return from a concert. Mary to the rescue. She drove the bus to its parking spot and, in her own car, picked up B. R., insisting on overcoming the crisis. On the drive back to the Bryan Center, Mary soothed the panic of B. R. by assuring her of Mary's own forgetfulness. A security guard let Mary and her ward into the Bryan Center and there at the desk was the missing purse. Back to TFAD — mission accomplished! Mary extended her night's shift by 40 minutes, but left a warm spot in the heart of B. R.

What angels are our drivers!

Bouquets for them all.

## Farewell to Lucy

*(Continued from page 1)*

from the start, a perfect fit in terms of her background, her connections, her talents.

Her unplanned training for the job could not have been more fortuitous. Having majored in art and art history at Michigan State University, she later lectured extensively on these subjects. She spent 30 years of her life in the Triangle, always deeply involved in the artistic and intellectual affairs both of Durham and Duke. (Her husband is a noted Duke surgeon.) At various times she was Chairman of the Duke Art Museum, Chair of the Durham Arts Council, and Board Chair of Creative Arts in Public Schools.

Let's face it, Lucy's talents are the underpinning of the success, not only of the Activities Department, but, to a marked degree, of The Forest. As a starter, she's a superlative organizer. She assembled a talented staff of two (later three) which somehow produced a number of outstanding programs. Let the record show she never went over her budget. And she developed a worthy and much valued replacement in Robin Harper.

Include in the list of her talents, Lucy's impeccable taste and judgment. In selecting artists and speakers, she never underestimates the intelligence of her audience, never plays down to them. She somehow creates an ambience that makes performers eager to play here.

And don't overlook Lucy's talent as a consummate hostess who represents the Forest beautifully: skillfully conducting meetings, giving introductions, making comments, expressing gracious thank-yous, all done with taste and wit. She adds a radiance to any occasion. At a recent concert in our auditorium featuring an outstanding performance by a pianist, he was given a rousing standing ovation. Lucy remarked, "When you get a standing ovation by an audience where everyone is well over 65, you really know it means something."

So far we've concentrated on the showy part, the entertainment side of Lucy's domain. But there's more. Equally important are the myriad of personal and self-fulfilling programs — the paint-

ing classes, the crafts, the video courses, the choral singing, and not to forget Becky Binney's conditioning activities in the pool and in the exercise rooms.

As you've undoubtedly noticed by now, Lucy has tentacles that extend tenderly and quietly across everything at The Forest. She is an appreciator and an abettor of all aspects of The Forest's ventures. She and Barrie Lobo often combine efforts on festive occasions to produce masterpieces of food, drink, costumes, and decorations. The paintings, mostly by residents, that adorn our walls come under her watchful eye and care. With her mother as a resident in Holbrook, she is a perfect consultant for that area. And as a respected veteran on the staff — she proudly claims to be the oldest staff member — she sits high in all the councils involved with the running of The Forest.

Placing on the public record our deep admiration for Lucy's contributions will undoubtedly embarrass her. But it would be easy to underestimate and difficult to overestimate her role at The Forest. A resident was once heard to remark, "When I think of The Forest, I think of Lucy." Those of us who have been under Lucy's spell for any length of time would probably echo that statement.





*"We've grown accustomed to  
your face."*



## Farewell Words from Lucy:



photo by Ed Albrecht

First are all you residents who continually amaze and impress me and who daily serve as a role model to me for life.

If there is one thing I've learned from my years of association with all of you, it is that those who live the most successful and happy lives here are the ones who expect life to be constantly changing and who embrace those changes.

\*\*\*\*\*

I've spent the last fifteen years of my life associated with The Forest in marketing and directing activities. These years have been challenging, educating, and simply delightful. Not a resident or staff member has failed in making my life richer for knowing them.

Being at The Forest has taught me that our last years here on earth are filled with more challenge than all the rest. Daily one encounters illness and loss. Yet daily I learn from watching those who face the devastating and continuous onslaught respond with a seemingly endless well of humor, joy, and love. I should also note my debt to those individuals who seem full of prickles and resentment--I've learned from them too.

\*\*\*\*\*

As might be expected, my own mother, Margo Langohr, continues to be a source of loving life education. She moved from Indiana to The Forest in December of 1992.

She has also taught me that it's not always necessary to have everything planned. A few years ago, I kept after her to let us know what kind of final arrangements she desired — standard burial or cremation; what kind of service; what songs or reading. She was always evasive. Finally, she put an end to my queries by saying, "Honey, why don't you just surprise me."

\*\*\*\*\*

I have loved and cherished this job for many reasons. I have experienced so much affirmation and love here at The Forest, my one wish for the community... the staff and residents... is that there might be even more harmony and loving... more walking in each other's shoes to make The Forest at Duke an even more wonderful community in which to love and work.

Maybe I can play a part in making that happen... you may think you've seen the last of me come January, but you know that saying about a bad penny... And today John and I have put our names on The Forest at Duke Wait List... It won't be long!!

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## A Gentleman Caller

'Twas the night before Christmas, not quite twelve  
o'clock;

I had yawned in my chair, turned the key in the  
lock;

But I knew that I wasn't quite ready for bed.  
I'd awaited this night with both wonder and dread.  
It's on Christmas Eve night that the beasts and the  
birds

Are able to talk with us, using our words,  
And twice in the past at just this time of year  
Some very strange creatures had called on me here.  
One Christmas a large troop of church mice  
arrived,

And last year a very big bear had contrived  
To come down from his lair in the mountains up  
north.

Would this evening some other wild creature come  
forth?

I soon had my answer, for I heard clumps and  
bumps,

And then on my door came a pair of loud thumps.  
What I saw when I opened that door seem  
preposterous,

For out in the hall stood a large gray rhinoceros.  
His skin lay in folds over shoulders and hips,  
And his small beady eyes looked like black laser  
chips.

The great horn on his nose made me step back a  
pace;

I was tempted to slam the door shut in his face.  
But he spoke in a mellow and cultured bass voice,  
"Forgive my appearance, but I haven't a choice.  
I know that to strangers I must look quite terrible,  
But I hope you will find that my company's  
bearable."

I first heard about you from old Matthew Mouse  
Who said that at Christmas you keep open house.  
Then last spring a new bear came to live at our zoo,  
And he read me your entry in *The Bears' Own  
Who's Who*."

I invited him in, as seemed only fitting.  
He said he would stand; he was not built for sitting.  
Vermouth was his drink, and I'd plenty of that.  
He lapped it up daintily, much like a cat.

He was neat and well groomed and appeared to be  
prosperous—

In short, a respectable, handsome rhinoceros.

The cause of his visit was quick to appear:

He looked for a publicist able to clear

The rhinoceros image, which he thought was poor.

"Most people," he said, "Think a Rhino's a boor.

I thought first of bringing a friend who's assisted  
me—

A hippo named Herbert—but Herbert resisted me.

He told me I must be a great ignoramus

As your meter'd be mangled by 'hippopotamus'.

So I've come by myself, and I'm glad to be here,

Both to argue my cause and to bring Christmas  
cheer.

A fellow named Kipling gave us a bad press.\*

He claimed we're ill tempered, and to my distress,

He accused us of stealing some poor camper's cake

And of having no manners—that was hard to take

I admit I'm too big to sit down in a chair,

And I can't hold a beer bottle up like a bear,

But I hope you'll agree that I sip my vermouth

In a manner you'd hardly describe as uncouth

If you think I behave as a gentleman should

I hope on behalf of my brethren you would

Tell the world that rhinoceri have the ability

To mingle with men and to act with gentility."

We continued our chat for an hour or so

When the rhino announced it was time he must go.

"Merry Christmas," he said, as he squeezed through  
the door,

"I hope you'll keep well and enjoy many more."

So, reader, I ask you: Believe if you can

A rhinoceros may be a true gentleman.

George Chandler



\* "How the Rhinoceros Got His Skin"  
in *Just So Stories*



## Confessions of a Two Year Old

Now that I've lived at The Forest for two entire years, there have been so many newcomers, I feel like an 'oldcomer' already. Living here is the closest I'll ever get to a combination of life on a luxury cruise ship and life in a lady's dormitory, (surely a delightful experience.)



I must confess I have learned a few of the many traditions and much of the culture of this venerable (13 years old) institution. This 'ship' goes up and down, depending on the culinary art of the kitchens and who did what to whom at bridge that day. There has been, since my arrival, a continued remodeling and upgrading, just as on a ship. With no reference to the personnel residing here, this up scaling has readjusted the entire 'waterline' and perhaps upset much of the accustomed ballast of this floating palace. The overall effect tho has been a wonderfully bright appearance. I am considering revising my wardrobe for the dining room to include a teal tank top and red running shorts.

There are a couple of the arts I have needed to master. One is the art of criticism and the other the art of complaint. Even tho I am completely entranced by every aspect here, I am careful not to neglect these two duties. They are one of the few ways I can prove my sophistication. (If one complains too much tho, one is liable for membership on several of the numerous committees.)

Conversation among the guests is very entertaining and informative. Gossip is frowned upon. However a certain human-ness does persist. College degrees, children, health, travel, sports and above all politics are the norm. There is a wonderful variety of experience here. For example, there are many different degrees, PhDs, MDs, DDs,

NAACPs, RDUs, NRAs, IRAs, and ASAPs, to mention a few. Then there are generals, professors, ambassadors, governors, CEOs, mayors, pastors, musicians, and, there are those "artists." They are necessary for 'diversity.' Some of my best friends are —

I do love the vitality of The Forest. At my age vitality is to be greatly desired. We even have a wonderful 'Vitality' Director. On any given day there are 'vitality' parties, bridge parties, sing along parties, weight lifting parties, portable piano parties, picture show parties, aerobic parties, sit and be fit parties, yoga and Spanish dancing parties. (I'm not sure about the Spanish part but, you know, some kind of — dancing parties.) These parties are held in rooms redolent of a Windsor Castle. Sound proof apartments tho can be a blessing after so much vitality.

Then — there's a place called healthcare, and I guess that's really why I'm here. (So far I don't feel quite ready to go.) But the ship does seem finally to dock. One is set ashore in a quaint village with quaint personnel, somewhat reminiscent of the Streets of Southpoint Mall. There's a glass roof which affords a promised glimpse of Heaven. So maybe things aren't so bad. There's also a picture show, a chapel, and a pretty lady's shop and, I like to think, a pretty nurse too. Just hope my state of mind will still appreciate the pretty nurse.

Like passengers on a cruise ship we all get along. One develops some lifelong friends and enjoys life in first class. I can live here peacefully among my close friends without degrees or adornment. Few expect great brains in an artist. After all even a caveman could paint.

John Henry





## Confessions of a Newcomer

We had just moved into the "Forest" and we met Pete Seay and he said "So, write something for *The Forester*." I said: "What is *The Forester* and what do you want me to write?" (Perhaps my last will and testament?) Well, I told Pete that I'd only seen one copy of *The Forester*, and I was very impressed, but I really couldn't write anything until I had seen more copies and knew what people write about. I should have stopped while I was ahead. Next thing I knew Pete delivered a whole year's worth of *The Forester* and said "READ." So now I have a whole year's worth of knowledge about all the talented and interesting people that make up The Forest community. It was a wonderful introduction and I'm now surer than ever that our move was the right choice.

As most of you already know, it isn't an easy choice to make. First, there is the decision to be made, are we really ready to move into a continuing care community? What does that mean? What are we giving up? What are we going to gain? Continuing care is a comfort level for us and for our children — all five of them. It took us a long time to face the fact that we were indeed old enough to consider "continuing care." We seriously considered many communities from here to California. We considered being close to children and grandchildren, being close to good health care, to good airports, and, to good universities that offered learning in retirement programs. It was all here in North Carolina. How could we miss?

Besides that, we already had a base here since we moved to North Carolina in 1995 from our home in Washington D.C. We have become acclimated to the "Southern way." We know that when the fish are bitin' you don't expect workmen to come and fix your roof. I've had a wonderful introduction to southern writers and I put Lee Smith, Clyde Edgerton, Doris Betts, Reynolds Price, Hal Crowther, and William Faulkner high on my list of good reads.

Not everything in the South was welcoming. Our initial tour of Raleigh and the observation

of the statues of the confederate soldiers, the women of the confederacy, and all the Southern generals put me into a "northern shock." Perhaps it had something to do with the real or imagined history of my family which claims to have been related to George McClellan, that illustrious but often maligned general in the Civil war. He, of course, was a Union general.



U.S. Grant



R.E. Lee

So, here we are! I'm fortunate enough to have a loving and caring mate who shares with me our newest transition. We're lucky and most happy to be members of The Forest. Long live the South.

Peggy Quinn

## End of Mystery!

The mystery has been solved. It was Molly Simes who made the cover for the croquet set. This talented, dedicated lady never toots her own horn, so we shall do it for her. Thank you Molly.

The croquet court will be leveled and sodded in the spring. Do plan to join us when we begin playing. It is lots of fun.

Edna Wilson

## Herman



For the seventeen years before coming to the Forest, I was the owner of a Beagle Dog named Herman. His body language seemed to tell me that he considered himself the luckiest dog alive. He felt that our family (Bill and I, another dog and three cats) ate delicious food and had a lot of fun. He looked forward each day to our walk in the New Hope Creek park, just a hundred yards from our house.

Herman was mischievous and loved to play tricks on us. For instance, each day on our way back through the park, he would take a higher path; when we would catch a glimpse of him, he would be trotting, sniffing and seemingly paying no attention to us. Yet each time, where the paths converged, he would trot out just in front of us. We thought that was cute trick, and he knew it.

He was scheduled to move to The Forest at Duke with us; which is the reason for the brick wall in front...our Herman wall. But just a few days before the move, during his elation at the prospect of an afternoon walk, he suddenly suffered a massive stroke, and died within hours. We consoled ourselves with the thought that he was in his nineteenth year and had never suffered a painful illness. I had him cremated and returned as ashes in a small sealed box.

After we moved into The Forest, we returned to our old home with the box of Herman's ashes. We planned to bury them at the edge of the woods behind our old house, where he had loved to explore. There had been a long drought that summer — we took our sharpest spade, but could make no impression in the hard soil.

A few weeks later, I said "I know what to

do, let's go back across the creek where we used to walk and scatter his ashes on the hillside." Alas, Bill could not remove the box lid. It seemed to be sealed shut.

About this time, we decided to install a little pool and fountain in the side yard of our cottage. As the workmen dug down, I suggested that this might be the perfect place for the ashes; so Bill rushed into his shop, and etched "Herman Hutchins" into the box. (He didn't say "Beagle Dog".) It was then placed just under the new molded pool we had bought from Lowes. We laughed at the thought of some future resident of the cottage discovering the box and wondering what wife had chosen to bury her husband there.

Several weeks later, after an all-night rain, we discovered our pool floating! I called my son in Boone and was bemoaning the lack of a solution. He said "I have the answer. I'll be there tomorrow". By a stroke of good fortune, while completing construction of an addition to his house, he retained four six foot steel bars with forged hooks on the end. They are now holding down our pool, with water lilies hiding the hooks.

One of our fellow residents, a well-informed agronomist, explains that the problem was that the underlying stratum of clay prevents rain from soaking far into our ground. Well, maybe; but I truly believe Herman's mischievous spirit lingers.

Grace K. Hutchins





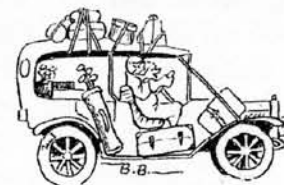
## The Procession

The hallways—  
 Animated at dinnertime  
 By people carrying baskets  
 Going for "take out" at the café.

A procession,  
 Not unlike those of Mycenaeans  
 In ancient frescoes.  
 The Mycenaeans moved stiffly,  
 Carrying boxes.  
 Offerings to deities?  
 Oil or grain to storage?  
 Grapes for wine?

As I return to my apartment  
 With my basket of food;  
 I wonder — could it be  
 The Mycenaeans were going  
 To a bring a dish.

Dolores Johnson



## Resident Rambling

Thanksgiving Day looked still like autumn; but will there be snow for Christmas? Many residents traveled this fall to view the foliage — including **Kelly Matherly** and **John Setzer**. **Caroline Long** went on a Caribbean Cruise with Steve Tuten. **Mal** and **Carol Oettinger** did an Elder-hostel, focusing on art in Philadelphia, which they enjoyed very much. Earlier this fall **Barbara Smith** went to England and visited her sister in Wales and a friend in Essex.

**Sally Sheehan** went to Bald Head for a family Thanksgiving. **Steve Baxter** was in Richmond with children that day. **Leland** and **Ruth Phelps** were in Sanborn. **Barbara** and **Pete Seay** went to Silver Spring MD for a big dinner with 17 family members. **Evebell Dunham's** daughter and family came from Kentucky for Thanksgiving. **Bill** and **Dot Heroy** had a part of the family here for turkey. **Dorothy Brundage** went a long way — to Texas — to be with her daughter. **Georgia Cam-pion** went to Potomac MD. **Mildred Fuller** was in Gettysburg PA to be with her sisters.

Mary Gates



## Library Notes

Have you thought of our library as a resource? Not only is it a source of reading, listening, and viewing materials for entertainment, but it also has much information, useful or just interesting. Although we do not consider ourselves a reference library, we do have a great many informative materials.

For example: would you like to know something about that odd-looking dog that has just moved in? Consult the *Complete Dog Book*. Would you like to try your hand at creative writing? See our Language section, or *The Writer* magazine. A new recipe for holiday cookies? Look in the Cooking shelf. Information about a new house plant you have received? See our Gardening shelf. That unusual bird you spotted? We have many bird books in the Nature section. Animal lovers and conservationists will find enjoyable reading there too. Maybe you have come across a Biblical allusion to a character or story you've forgotten. See the Bible dictionaries in the Religion section and in our Reference section.

The Reference shelves have all kinds of information *available-to be read in the library only!* (The copy machine can be used to take it home.) The *World Almanac* is a source of all kinds of information and statistics. The *Physicians Desk Reference* is the Bible for physicians, giving the definitive word on all kinds of medicines and illnesses. If it is too big, heavy, and hard to understand, try one



of the several books on pills, drugs, home remedies, and symptoms. You can also find a copy of Shakespeare's plays there (as well as in the Drama section), a copy of Robert's *Rules of Order* and several dictionaries, even a Japanese one and a crossword puzzle dictionary. A *Movie and Video Guide* is there, plus the *Interpreter's Bible* and atlases. Travel planning information includes a listing of B&B's. (Numerous tour books are on the shelves next to the computer, and individual folding maps of cities and states are on the top shelf in the copier room.) On the bottom Reference shelf are alumni directories for Duke University, the University of North Carolina, and North Carolina State University. There's also a North Carolina Bar directory.

Of use for writers are the thesauri and the *Chicago Manual of Style*. The encyclopedias are full of all kinds of information, and our several books of quotations are frequently consulted. (If one doesn't help, try another!) The Reference shelves house several *Who's Who* volumes, some of them listing TFAD residents. Looking for an ancient myth? Try one of the mythologies. There's also a directory of retirement communities.

Minutes of the various TFAD boards and committees can keep you informed. All are there for the reading. So are copies of *The Forester*. (Back extra copies are in the copier room.) On the top shelf behind the desk are copies of the *Value Line* investment reports which several people like to check.

Please note that various TFAD records (including resident biographies, photos, In Memoriam volumes, and our tenth anniversary memories) have been moved to the new club room. There too is a world globe, perhaps a bit old, but still quite interesting.

The big table in the main room holds not only four newspapers, but also best-seller lists, our recent acquisitions (ready to check out) and several other publications not found elsewhere.

I could keep going, but this column is getting too long. Just go enjoy our library's resources.

Mary Ruth Miller