

## Karen Henry Takes On the Tough Tasks

Karen Henry, The Forest's new Director of Finance, considers herself a team player and there is no position she is reluctant to play. "People at The Forest — both staff and residents — are a team. None of us can do anything alone; it takes all of us to make The Forest work."

She brings a solid financial background and a great deal of enthusiasm to the job. She is delightfully different from the drab stereotype of an accountant; she plays guitar, piano and clarinet, and took dance for many years. Her musical tastes extend from classical music to The Beatles. She also likes crafts and sewing and reading.

Pressed to elaborate on the team metaphor in baseball terms, she said, "At different times, I get to play all positions. Sometimes I'm the coach. I'm the batter, base runner and utility fielder. And, goodness knows, I'm the catcher." In addition, she heads a service department that includes the payroll and service vendors. "We help other departments in ways that go beyond budget — human resources, turnover and management decisions. We don't simply hand out reports, but we also learn needs. We try to be proactive instead of simply reactive."

Karen Henry was born in Connecticut, but she grew up near Scranton PA (a city that has produced many illustrious citizens, including the undersigned.) Her father was in business, her mother a nurse, but Karen was struck by the romance of the former: "I was good in math and originally wanted to be a math teacher. I like taking things apart and putting things together." Her fondness for getting the facts led her to be an auditor for KPMG Peat Marwick and later for Hershey Foods after graduating from college in Shippensburg, Pa.



She moved with her husband, Chris, to North Carolina in 1996. While he studied at UNC, she worked briefly for Liggett & Myers, and then joined Quintiles, a leading outsourcing firm for clinical drug research, for five years. "Quintiles is a fast-paced company where processes changed all the time. The company was constantly acquiring other companies and everyone I worked with was from a different country." She continued this line of work with Constella Group, which mainly worked with the government on human health initiatives. Her husband, who has a doctorate in Pharmacy, oversees projects concerning global drug trials.

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### **The Forester**

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## **Karen Henry — Tough Tasks**

*(Continued from page 1)*

What drew her to The Forest? "When you're in finance, you don't have a great deal of contact with people. It's mostly number-crunching. When I read the mission statement of The Forest, I felt that I could make a difference in people's lives. I am delighted that my experience here in meeting people has proved that it is a special place."

One aspect of her job at The Forest raises a continual question: Why is there a 5½% raise in service fees annually although this is higher than the inflation rate? "That is a challenge we have and it's always on our minds. Other things to keep in mind: we constantly need to consider things that are beyond our control like huge increases in utility costs, 15-20% increase in health care benefits, and staff retention, particularly in health care."

"We always watch expenses, try to do more with less, keeping in mind that we want to provide excellent quality for residents. Our main focus is you!"

Mal Oettinger



## **Don't Forget to Vote**

Tuesday

November 8



## **In Memoriam**

Evelyn Bandy Doyle

October 21, 2005



## President's Podium

The Association starts a new fiscal year this month. We just completed a very successful year. Some of the accomplishments were:

1. The photo directory is on schedule and will be delivered in January.
2. The accreditation process is well under way, and should be completed next fall.
3. The Medicare certification effort is winding down, and I am hopeful that we will have a resident position this month.
4. The Health Committee developed a questionnaire for independent residents, who had respite care in our health facility, to report on the quality of service.
5. The Health Committee also distributed a memo to all residents on Advance Directives.
6. The Food Services Committee worked with Barrie on the details of the POS system.
7. We closed 33 Event Reports.

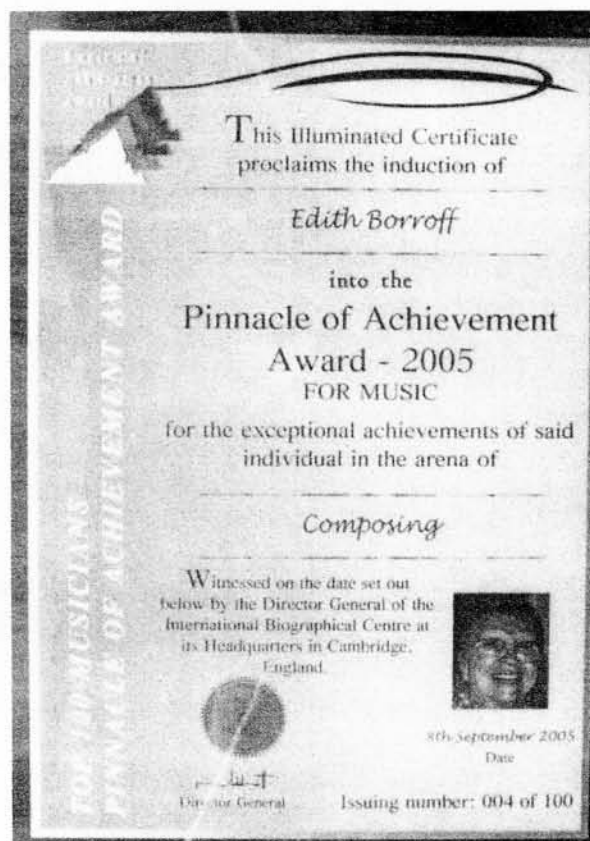
Medicare is the hot subject right now, and on November 3 the residents will meet and discuss the Pros and Cons of Medicare certification. According to the consultant's presentation last month, Medicare certification would "not appear to be cost beneficial at this time." I have conveyed my concerns to our Management about possible increased costs related to Medicare certification, and I am encouraged that they will provide relevant information for our November 3 meeting. I plan to call for a recommendation from the residents to guide the Residents' Board of Directors in preparing a resolution to the TFAD Board regarding Medicare certification.

Your Association will hold its organizational meeting on November 7. Any changes in the Organizational Chart and Committee Chairs will be posted on the Association Bulletin Board. You have given me an excellent Board of Directors to work with this year, and we will continue to serve you as best we can.

Jim Shuping

## Composer Extraordinaire

One of The Forest's most valuable and attractive assets is the high intellectual quality of our residents. (The readers of this article being residents, we assume that there will be no demurrers to this statement.)



To substantiate this claim, we are pleased to report that a *Pinnacle of Achievement Musical Award*, seen above, has been presented to our fellow resident, Edith Boroff, for her achievements in composing.

Edith, whose piano concerts, lectures, and writing have given us much pleasure here at The Forest, has been an especially prolific artist in the composing field. Her wide span includes compositions for orchestra, chamber music, choral music, organ, piano, and harpsichord.

Our congratulations!



## Bombs Over Bond Street

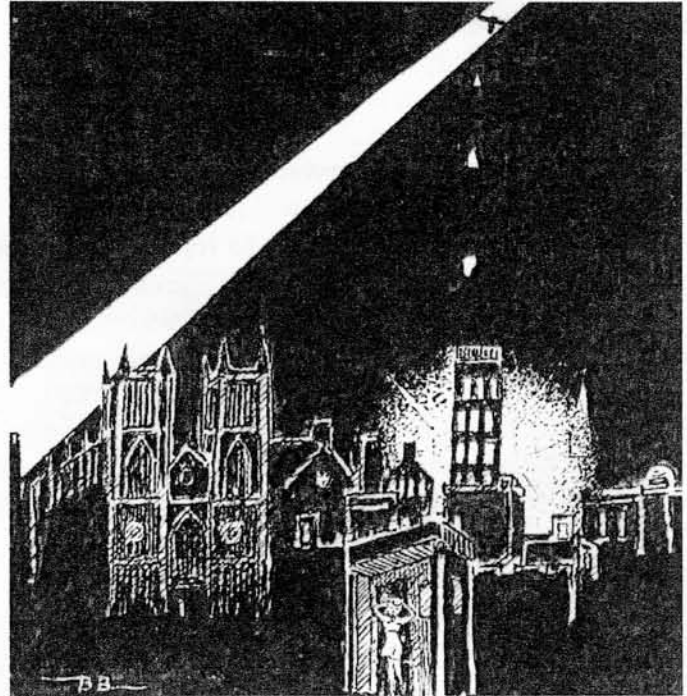
### London During the Battle of Britain

As usual I returned by a circuitous route from my weekly visit to my mother, who lived in the country about a half hour by train from Waterloo Station. That is to say, a half hour in normal circumstances. But these were far from normal times and rail travel in Britain was about as certain as winning the Football Pools. It was no surprise that I arrived in Victoria Station instead of Waterloo after meandering through a large part of Surrey and changing trains a few times. But here I was, on the final leg of my journey to what passed for home at the time, a youth hostel for refugee girls in Hampstead. I sat tired and bored in my Underground train as it entered St. James Park Station, when the familiar wail of the Air Raid sirens blared out and everybody was directed to leave the train and remain in the station until the raid was over.

I looked around me at the crowded station that served as nightly home and shelter to several hundred people who had made themselves as comfortable as they could on the bunk beds around the walls. All that remained was the none too clean floor; this raid could last all night; I simply had to get out of there! No one paid any attention to me as I slowly edged to the exit. Before I could change my mind I had simply walked out of the station and stood in the street. I drew a deep breath of clean air and started to walk.

On my right I could see Westminster Abbey rearing its towers into the moonlit night. In the distance I heard the muffled thuds of antiaircraft fire and the occasional scream of a falling bomb. So far the action had not yet reached the center of town. My lonely footsteps sounded very loud to my ears as I walked along the deserted streets, up Whitehall, across Trafalgar Square where Lord Nelson calmly surveyed his endangered city, left on Pall Mall to Regent Street with its elegant shops shut-

tered and deserted, left at Piccadilly Circus, its statue of Eros moved to safety, where I turned north into Bond Street.



As I turned into this most renowned of London shopping streets, the air battle came closer. Searchlights stabbed the sky above me and where they crossed I could see a plane caught in their illumination. Antiaircraft fire boomed and the plane streaked to earth like a comet with a tail of fire. Here and there I saw two planes engaged in a deadly duel, our Spitfire and a German plane. At the conclusion of their dance of death, one plunged to the earth, no telling which one. Every time I heard the shriek of a bomb, I dashed into the nearest doorway. This was, of course, just an instinctive move; it could hardly provide any safety. They say the bomb you can hear doesn't kill you. Since no

*(Continued on page 5)*

one has come back to vouch for the veracity of this statement, no one knows if it is true. All I can say is that I was lucky. I walked the length of Old Bond Street and New Bond Street with bombs falling all around me and I was not hurt.

Was I foolish to do what I did? Probably. Was it worth it? I thought so. For this short time I seemed to be the only one walking in London — I owned it — and nothing could touch me — I was invulnerable. In retrospect, this is a feeling that comes only to the very young. As we grow older we become only too aware of our mortality.

As I emerged onto Oxford Street, the All Clear sounded and in the distance I could see a #2 bus, faintly illuminated because of the blackout, waiting to take me home. I climbed on board and suddenly realized how tired I was. I had walked about six or seven miles and I have no recollection how long it took.

Trudy Taub

*Editor's note:* Trudy was born in Vienna, Austria, lived in London for 10 years, moved to New York in 1949, and arrived at The Forest in 2004.

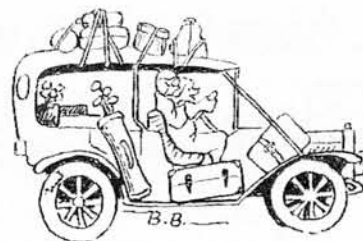
## Noblesse Oblige

Noblesse Oblige is what we think we do,  
except in cases of the few.  
Even try with all your might,  
you can't do it, well not quite.

Body language, if nothing else  
gives evidence of other self.  
Tho you protest, you can't attest  
to feelings that match your full intentions

Noblesse Oblige is such a thing  
it has a certain falsehood ring

Dolores Gifford Johnson



## Resident Ramblings

This has been a great fall at The Forest. We welcomed new residents, enjoyed lovely weather, danced the polka at Oktoberfest, wore costumes at Halloween, and sat for our flu shots. There were concerts and football; trips to the theater and movies here. Let us not forget quantum physics and finance classes. — TFAD “is so full of a number of things. I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.” \*

**Lois Bateson** missed it all. She was in India the month of October. **Barbara Smith** flew to Wales to help her sister celebrate her 90th birthday. **Teri Bronfenbrenner** had a visit from her daughter, June, who lives in Annapolis, Maryland. Teri will spend Thanksgiving with her there. **Ruth and Walter Lifton** had a big family reunion. **Mildred Fuller, Anna Fetter, Virginia Frank, and Ruth Patterson** took a Tuten trip to Williamsburg. **Mary Ann and Don Ruegg** visited family in Phoenix and Colorado and together with **Clare Eshelman** went with Steve Tuten to a resort at Cold Lake, Virginia.

**Betty Ketch** visited family in Savannah. **Peggy and Jarus Quinn** went to Iowa for the grand opening of their artist daughter's work. Later they went up in the mountains to view the color. **Ginny Putnam's** granddaughter Amanda Johnson was featured on the cover of the magazine *US Dressage Foundation*. **Edna Wilson's** son Greg and his wife were here for a short visit. He is interested in the theater.

\*From Robert Louis Stevenson

Mary Gates

*Editor's note:* The following article was the result of our request, bordering on a demand, for a word from Lucy Grant. She was a member of our founding families and we insist on keeping track of favorite members.

## Update From Lucy



Dear Foresters;

"Lucy who?" To preempt my fear of such a response, I would offer the fact that it has now been nine months since my departure from The Forest at Duke after 15 years of happy association and employment. Your editors have flattered me that there might be some folks who would be interested in my post-Forest life and, revealing my vanity, I've succumbed to this update.

Many of you know that my retirement was predicated on a similar move by my husband, John. I still await his full-time company. He's slowing down but still making America "lighter" by performing obesity surgery. No problem. Like a good Activities Director, I had armed myself with a three page list of places to be visited, friends to catch up

with, tasks to be accomplished, creative ventures to try, and skills to be learned, many of which I could do solo.

The first few months I attacked that list like a woman possessed, but then I started to run out of steam. The closets and drawers re-cluttered, the decorating needed redecorating, the correspondence was again unanswered, the pile of books kept growing. I still hadn't learned Spanish and had done nothing about world peace! To avoid further frustration, I decided that I needed to take one day at a time and just enjoy what it would bring.

This new attitude has brought with it contentment and a lot of self-indulgence. I confess to spending many hours reading — reading in my comfy chair or on our deck accompanied by nature's songs or sometimes propped up in bed reading in my "jammies" until noon. I've traveled back and forth to children and grandchildren, indulging in the joy of being a more regular part of their lives. I've taken a few DILR classes, but learned I can't take them all at once. Becky will be glad to know I'm back to exercising. I've loved being able to shop during the day, although I still feel like I'm playing hooky. I've also learned new respect for the people who lunch — it's a great format for airing problems, catching up on news and enjoying a laugh. There have also been wonderful getaways to the beach and a celebration of our 40th anniversary with two weeks of theater in London.

There are no great accomplishments to report, just the fact that I'm enjoying the luxury of time to reflect and celebrate the wonders of daily existence. I still have lots of experimenting and balancing to do, but I've got a secret weapon to call upon. My years at The Forest provided me with the best "reality show" on aging one could witness. I kept a journal in which I recorded behaviors admired and wisdom gleaned and I intend to keep getting inspired by what you taught me. Some of your pearls from my journal are:

-Practice the three Ls — learning, loving and laughing

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- Travel while you still can — it offers needed perspective
- Surround yourself with positive people
- Exercise body, mind and spirit — neglect of one of these means loss of the others
- Remember old friends but continue to make new ones
- Keep caring and doing for others in whatever way you can
- Don't forget to play

Re-reading all your valuable tips reminds me further how much I MISS YOU all. Whenever I cross paths with any of you, or even see the Forest bus, my heart skips a beat and I am reminded how much all of you are still a part of my thoughts. Thank you again for the chance to share life with you and learn from all of you.

With love,

Lucy.

### Get Ready, Get Set-----Go!!

If November comes, can college basketball be far behind?? We've shed a tear for poor old Duke during the football season, but just you wait.

Pre-season rankings are:

Men's Basketball #1 Duke

Women's Basketball #1 Duke

From the walls of Cameron to the auditorium at The Forest, we'll raise some mighty cheers. Get out your pompoms and your Devil horns — here we come!

Frenzied Old Fan

### Grumbler's Lament

I order my food; I'm in a bad mood.  
 But the waiter's most respectful.  
 I want to complain, But I have to refrain,  
 For there's nothing that's neglectful.  
 I ask for the beef, And to my grief  
 It's cooked to my direction.  
 The coffee is hot, They leave us the pot —  
 The service is perfection.  
 Oh, doesn't your food seem dull and drab,  
 When you've got no excuse to act like a crab?  
 And don't your meals seem stale and flat  
 When there's nothing whatever to grumble at?

We're off on a trip; I look for a slip,  
 But it seems the plane called "Boeing"  
 Is parked at the gate; We won't have to wait,  
 We actually will be going.  
 I look with disdain At the state of the plane.  
 Does it threaten my survival?  
 But today, if you please, The crew guarantees  
 An ahead-of-time arrival.  
 Then they bump us up to a first-class seat  
 And I can't find a thing to make me bleat.  
 A trip by air is a flop, no doubt,  
 When you've nothing at all to complain about.

For my health plan I always can  
 Produce a nagging question,  
 But with their new pill I can eat my fill  
 And not get indigestion.  
 The tax man's bill Can make me ill:  
 Good cause for belly-achings.  
 But he says this year That I'm in the clear;  
 They've exempted all my takings.  
 Oh, don't the world seem lank and long  
 When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?

And isn't your life extremely flat  
 With nothing whatever to grumble at!



George Chandler

## Welcome New Residents



**John and Jeanne Blackburn**

Cottage 47

489-5511

John was born and raised in Miami. He received his bachelor's degree in accounting from Duke and earned his PhD in economics at the University of Florida. Jeanne was born in Asheville but went to grade school and started high school in Glencoe, Illinois before her family moved to Daytona Beach, Florida. She earned bachelors and masters degrees in speech at the University of Florida. John made his career as Professor of Economics at Duke and also taught at the American University in Beirut. Jeanne describes her career as teaching and mothering, but she found time to co-author "Say It in Turkish," upon which she collaborated with Turkish students at the University of Florida. She is a collector of medieval manuscripts. Since his retirement from Duke, John has written several books advocating the use of renewable energy and resource conservation. He is currently working on another looking toward renewable-resource use in North Carolina. The Blackburns have a daughter and two sons.

**Robert and Christel Machemer**

Cottage 45

493-6080

Christel and Robert came from Germany where they went to medical school in Freiburg. After Robert's residency in ophthalmology they came to the US in 1966, initially for a two year fellowship in ophthalmologic research. An irresistible offer lured them to stay permanently in this country. Christel took a residency in psychiatry and then opened a private practice while Robert continued his research and clinical work at the Bascom Palmer Eye Institute in Miami, Florida. In 1978 he was offered the chairmanship of the Department of Ophthalmology at Duke. He is known for his work in complicated retinal detachments and for introducing vitreous surgery. Christel enjoyed continuing her work in outpatient psychiatry. When they retired in 1998, they finally had time to follow their hobbies: Christel loves gardening, orchids and spoiling their grandchild. Robert took up metal working and stamp collecting. He also edits an internet *Atlas of Ophthalmology* that is intended as a cost-free resource especially for third world countries. They have one daughter Ruth who with her family lives luckily only 1 ½ miles from The Forest at Duke.





**Shirley Billings**

Apartment 3039

489-2626

Shirley Billings was brought up in a farming community near Decatur, Illinois. She is a graduate of Milliken University in Decatur where she majored in biology and was trained as a medical researcher and technician. After graduation she remained at Milliken where she was in charge of the laboratories in biology and zoology and taught the Nursing School course in microbiology. She met her husband, Dwight, while participating in a summer course in the mountains of Wyoming. She accompanied her husband, a botany professor at Duke, and served as his unpaid assistant on a lifetime of teaching and botanical research around the world. Their travels took them back to the western mountains of this country, to Alaska, to Peru and Venezuela, to the mountains of Scotland and Scandinavia, and to Dunedin, New Zealand, and Canberra, Australia. Shirley has been a volunteer at Duke Gardens, and it will surprise no one to learn that she likes growing things, mostly in containers.

## Tempus Fugit

As I reflect on my life I am impressed at the degree to which "time" seems to have been such a central factor in what I did and how I felt. Most often there did not seem to be enough time — both for work and for enjoyment. To say that it was frustrating would be a monumental understatement.

Much of my career was devoted to getting a brand new congregation off the ground and running. I had no staff other than volunteers who sat in the office. I had to write my own letters. Five nights a week I visited three families who might become parishioners.

Time was precious.

Then something strange happened. I got old.

All of a sudden I had plenty of time!!!

Now my big challenge is "Killing Time." My biggest task every morning is brushing my teeth. Killing time is a greater challenge than finding time. In Holbrook they have two wonderful therapists whose job (I can't believe this) is to help us kill time. Of course the trick is to keep us awake. I have found that staying awake is very very tiring. They do a good job at making us think — use our minds whatever is left of them. However, much of the responsibility still remains with us.

I kill time in many ways — looking at TV is a demanding challenge. I haven't looked at the soaps since I was a child sitting in my grandmother's room looking at "Ma Perkins." I have also become an expert at solitaire. Unfortunately, I play on my computer which means I cannot fudge a little. I get caught every time.

Fortunately, they have placed a rocking chair on the deck and I find it is very helpful for the mind. You must be very alert to make the thing rock.


Peter Robinson

## Felines at The Forest


Protected and secluded behind residents' doors are these pampered pets. Cats come in various sizes and different colors — including black, white, gray, orange, and combinations of those colors with spots and stripes. Owners find them aloof and affectionate, curious and capricious, friendly (sometimes) and finicky (about food.) Cats will greet you at the door with a hearty "meow;" but is it true affection or only cupboard love?

No special park is needed, since they show a preference for shedding hair on a chair with a familiar smell or scratching holes in sofas they remember well.

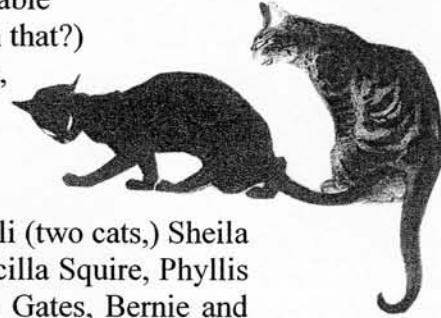


### Poem To A Cat



Anyone's life has a sad missing vector  
Without the advice and support of a cat:  
In your work an advisor, your house an inspector —  
You can't have a better companion than that!



So households that claim to be fully respectable  
(And who would be willing to ask less than that?)  
Require as a member a madcap, delectable,  
Wise, unpredictable family cat.\*



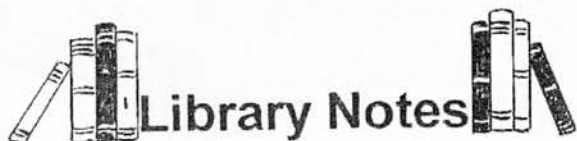
Households that are "fully respectable" include Una Galli (two cats,) Sheila Mason, Ted and Grace Ann Hovet, Bob and Ann Durden, Priscilla Squire, Phyllis and Harry Owen, Bill and Janet Holley, Carol Withers, Mary Gates, Bernie and Marion Bender, Jean Anderson, Connie Service, Ann Kirkpatrick, and Herman and Eunice Grossman.

\*This poem by Edith Borroff appeared some time ago in *The Forester*

Mary Gates



author's cat



Our library keeps acquiring more books (regular, large print, audio) and videotapes, plus a few DVD's. In fact, we don't have room to display all of them, but many new videos are on the shelves, specially marked. New book acquisitions are kept for a time at the end of the large reading table, all of them ready for checking out. Please make use of them! As they are taken out, we can find room for more.

Note that the reading table also holds other items of interest — magazines or other publications which don't fit elsewhere, and a box of free calendars. Many 2006 ones are coming in. Take one if you wish, and if you receive extras, donate them.

When you return a book, remember to remove your bookmark. Sometimes valuable or special items are left inside — even checks! Of course we want everyone to use a bookmark rather than dog-earring pages. Also, keeping the dust cover on a book not only protects it but gives good information about it.

If you tire of reading, take out a puzzle from the copy room. There's a special check-out box for them on the puzzle shelves. Our puzzles come in several sizes and forms, including wooden ones.

For music to read by or work puzzles to, take a look at our many CD's and music tapes. All can be checked out. The CD's contain cards, but the tapes should be signed out in the book on the desk.

All paperbacks and magazines need not be signed out. Just return them when you have finished enjoying them.

Don't forget OASIS, which comes twice a month with books from the Durham County Library. The ladies bring a large selection and will also take requests. Please don't get their books mixed up with ours, though. Try to return OASIS books on their Thursday schedules.

Many people enjoy our newspapers — the two local ones, plus the *New York Times* and the

*Wall Street Journal*. All are donated. Usually the *Times* and *Journal* are a day late — after the donor has had time to finish them.

The library is a great resource for keeping your mind stimulated and your inner self refreshed.

Mary Ruth Miller

## Arachnidan Reflections

### Spider web

tiny  
dew-counters  
glisten  
on a  
spider-abacus

a trap?  
or  
idle beadings  
of spider-time  
to count  
the spinning hours?

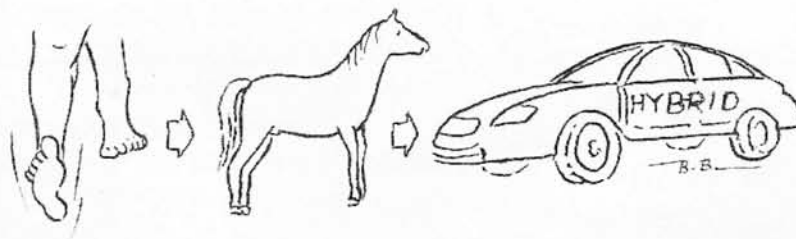
### Spinnings

a lonely empathy was spun  
upon the empty bridge,  
the busy spinning spider  
and the casual stroller, me

we cast our gossamer filaments  
to soar upon the breeze,  
his spinnings made a lovely web,  
my spinnings?...lovely dreams.

Florence Manning





## Ad Lib

"Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length" Robert Frost

### Transported:

In the beginning his feet were man's only means of getting from here to there. From here to there often stretched many miles. Feet ache, blister and tire. There had to be a better way. There was and man found it. Soon the camel, mule, horse and even the elephant were saddled up and doing man's bidding, carrying him across deserts, up mountains, into war and around town.

Man had a wonderful relationship with his horse. Down through the ages the horse was part of his history. The Spanish conquered most of South America and Mexico with 1,600 men, eight muskets and a scattering of horses! The sight of tall men on tall horses terrified the Incas etc. They had never seen a horse!

The horse is a marvelous creature with few downsides, though I remember many years ago a dinner in a French home. I was seated next to an aging opera singer who was telling me how he came to Paris as a young man at the turn of the century. "What was your first impression of Paris?" I asked. The answer I received was not what I expected. "Madame, the smell of fresh horse manure in the streets!"

About that same time the man/ horse relationship was beginning to show strain. The automobile had been invented. Henry Ford was perfecting the assembly line. Soon every garage had a car and every car a gas tank. Oil was almost as cheap as hay. America floated on it. Rockefeller licked his

chops. Desert sheiks bought gold bathtubs. Highways be-ribboned the American continent. Monster trucks competed with freight trains, and almost everyone moved to the suburbs. A car was as essential as a wife. Oil was a bubble that had to burst, and burst it did in the early 70s. The price of oil doubled, tripled, then went through the roof. It was time to do some rethinking about powering the automobile. Electricity?

I remember when I was a small girl my mother had an "electric." It was a very feminine vehicle, a glass box on wheels, that accomplished space at a very ladylike pace. The upholstery was pearl gray and it boasted a bud vase. No man in his right mind would have owned one. It had a back seat of sorts and the person "conducting" the car — I hesitate to use the word "driving," — sat in a lone seat in front. There was no steering wheel, just a stick with a handle for steering. The "electric" didn't go very far or very fast and needed juicing up at fairly frequent intervals. The "electrics" had a short shelf life.

There have been, since then, some half-hearted efforts by automobile makers to produce an electric car. In the early 90s General Motors came out with the EVI. The car was a technical success, but proved too expensive to produce. Honda and Toyota are now offering hybrids: half gas, half electric, a compromise. Many at The Forest have them — Don Bernard, Steve Baxter, the Grays and Hildegard Ryals.

The consensus seems to be: there is more gas saving on the highways, not so much in town. Why not do like the Europeans — drive smaller cars?

Libby Getz