

# THE FORESTER

Volume 15 Issue 7 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

April 2009

## Kim Prevost

For some months, I walked by Kim's closed office door next to the Administration Office and puzzled about the fact that it was never open, concluding that accountants need peace and quiet. Kim handles Billing, Accounts Payable and Medicare Billing from the Clinic. She and Bhavini Shah are sharing the duties formerly done by Kathy Boone until a suitable replacement can be found. When I went to see her, she said, "I hate closed doors. It won't prop open." Evidently, it's against the Fire Marshal's laws to wedge magnetic doors at the bottom.

Kim was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, as an identical twin with her sister, Laine. Her mother was informed that she was carrying twins two days before they were born, and chose names that were suitable for either boys or girls. Being an identical twin offered certain perks that lent themselves toward mischief. When they went to school, Kim liked science and Laine preferred math, so they arranged to switch identities when test times came. They were caught in the fifth grade. Kim still doesn't know what triggered the discovery, but the teacher appeared beside her desk sternly saying, "You're not Laine" and placed a big green X on her hand with a marking pen and sent her to the principal's office. She didn't go; instead, she went to the restroom, washed off the X and went to her next class. This sin on top of sin caused a gathering in the principal's office of twins and parents. Laine was sent to another school, and Kim envied Laine's new experience while she was left behind in the same old place. Subsequently, both girls grew up to have careers in accounting.

Kim was raised in Andover, Massachusetts, where her father (an ex-Marine Corps officer) was a stockbroker. They lived in a large, three-story house. As Marines are always prepared, he built window



Photo by Chuck King

seats in each of the children's bedrooms that contained huge, knotted ropes on which they would slide down to the second floor balcony and shimmy down the pillars to the ground level during the unannounced and frequent fire drills that dotted their existence. He also rigged an intercom system with which he would buzz coded commands. While the ex-Marine organized his troops, her mother became a gourmet cook.

Her father retired at the age of 42 and moved the family to Tryon, NC, where he purchased "The Block House" farm, a National Historic Site built in 1756. The farm consisted of 100 acres and several buildings, one of which was an 18 stall stable with tack rooms. Each spring, they would host the "Block House Steeplechase," a national horse racing event

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**The Forester**

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Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*

Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*

Tom Gallie, *Graphics Editor*

Bruce Rubidge, *Layout Editor*

Paul Bryan, *Circulation Manager*

Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*

Ed Albrecht, *Photographer*

*Staff Writers*

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Irene Nashold

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**In Memoriam**

|                          |                |
|--------------------------|----------------|
| Johnson, Claranne "Kay"  | March 9, 2009  |
| Darbo, Phyllis Brenckman | March 10, 2009 |
| Collins, Lucy Harms      | March 12, 2009 |

**President's Podium**

This third week of March has been a busy week in governance at The Forest.

At the Forest at Duke Board meeting on March 18 there was extended discussion of the Residents' Association proposal for a 2% reduction of the monthly service fee for the last six months of the current fiscal year. Because the board was scheduled to participate later that morning in the Project Future Summit Meeting in the auditorium, time for discussion was limited. The board finally delayed a decision on the RA proposal to allow for further exploration of the matter. For that purpose a special meeting will be called in the near future. As residents are experiencing significant compromises in their financial status, the importance of a positive response from the TFAD Board cannot be overestimated.

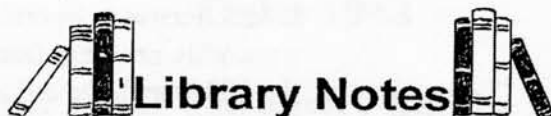
The Residents' Association Board also met this week. Some discussion focused on the board's continuing quest for ways to strengthen the developing bridge with the TFAD Board. Members expressed enthusiastic appreciation for the new 2009 Pictorial Directory. Warm thanks to all who helped with this project: **Tom Frothingham** and **Bernie Bender** for their diligence in producing it and **Bruce Rubidge** for overseeing the finances of this largest undertaking of the RA Board. Success of the project depends significantly on the photographic excellence of **Ed Albrecht**, who has served devotedly over the years not only in this endeavor but also in the development of the RA Board itself. Thank you, Ed.

Please consider attending the CCRC-NC meeting on April 7 at Carolina Meadows. The meeting provides direct opportunity to learn how other retirement communities are meeting their responsibilities. There is no charge for transportation. Cost of the lunch is \$12. The deadline for signing up for lunch is March 31. Contact Ethel Foote for information and registration procedures.

What will make The Forest attractive to future prospective residents? Project Future addresses this challenge. We residents, through individual interviews as well as active participation in group meet-

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## Library Science 101



Is spring here to stay at last? There have been signs of spring for two months—days of it, even. We hope it will not turn too quickly into summer.

Spring has come to the library in the form of new banners across the door, inside and out. The Valentine banners, created by clever and creative **Heather** in TFAD's Activities Department, were such a welcoming addition that we asked her to design for us a pair in a more seasonal theme. Comments have been very positive.

No one on the Library Committee—except possibly **Ed Lee**—is tall enough to have placed these banners above the doorway, so we called on hard-working, ever-faithful **Glenn Arrington** to do the job for us. He is also the one who arranges tables for the twice a month visits of OASIS from the Durham County Library (are you one of its patrons? Try it if you are a reader). And every Tuesday the chairs for listeners to Residents' Readings are put out and then taken up by Glenn. He also takes boxes of donations to the County Library for us.

Back to the Readings. **Carol Oettinger** very ably performs the job of coaxing residents to read selections of their choice to an attentive audience. These last about thirty to forty minutes and have covered a wide variety of such subjects as classic and contemporary poetry, wise sayings of famous people, reminiscences of "how it used to be," and all kinds of humor. Foreshadowing April's Book Group meeting when **Peaches McPherson** spoke about her school roommate, F. Scott Fitzgerald's daughter "Scottie," one of the author's short stories was read.

Book Group selections are announced well ahead of time and are always included in our monthly Activities book. The library tries to have at least one copy of the book available for residents who wish to attend the group meetings on the second Wednesday of each month.

In addition to the banners, other up-high

decorations have recently been added. The topmost library shelves are too high to reach, so no books are placed there. Instead, these shelves have been wonderful shadow boxes for the display of beautiful artifacts given over the years by our residents. Recently **Gilda and Norm Greenberg** donated a large Chinese porcelain reproduction T'ang Dynasty horse and a handsome red lacquered brass Korean vase with mother-of-pearl inlays. They are above the far right book shelves. And at the far end near the Biography section are two shelves of Peruvian pottery donated by **Margaret Champion**. If you are interested in the provenance of our lovely and varied displays, we have the information about them at the charging desk. Ask one of our desk assistants.

And ask any of them to pass on to me any suggestion you have for improving our library and its contents and activities.

**Carol Scott**  
Librarian

### Podium continued

*(Continued from page 2)*

ings and the recent Summit meetings, have contributed a broad spectrum of constructive ideas. Along with employees, administration, TFAD Board members and "friends" of The Forest, we have participated in robust numbers. Now we await the plan that synthesizes this input.

**Bill Anderson**



**Kim** continued*(Continued from page 1)*

that drew crowds of 25,000 to 30,000 annually. The Block House property sits in both North and South Carolina and in three counties. It was built as an Indian Fort during the War with the Cherokee. It also served as a tavern and a house of ill repute during its long and interesting history. While digging postholes for fencing, Kim and her father dug up a Revolutionary War bayonet that she donated to a local military historian.

Kim says, "my father fancied himself a 'Renaissance' man." He made his own wine from grapes he grew on arbors he built. It was HORRIBLE wine! Then, he decided to turn his attention to making jelly. When his jelly wouldn't gel, he labeled it as "Very Rare Red Raspberry Sauce." His efforts at becoming a gentleman farmer didn't fare too well either. He bought two steer, one of which ran himself to death the day they got him. The second, "Bucky," was raised and slaughtered. He packaged the meat and labeled it as "Bucky's Butt," "Bucky's Ribs," "Bucky's Shoulder," etc. It was the toughest meat imaginable, inedible actually. The family had come to love Bucky and were heartsick over the whole process. It was not to be repeated.

Kim went to Merrimack College planning to major in psychology to fulfill her ambition of becoming a marriage counselor. Instead, however, she discovered the college radio station and begun a career that would last fifteen years, first in Boston and then in the Greenville-Spartanburg, SC, market. Her father once advised, "Never hesitate in radio. If you say something with enough authority, someone will believe you." One day, she was running late and had no time to prepare for her air shift. She pulled her news off the wire service and read it cold. To her horror, she learned of the death of a high school friend on Mount Everest, at the same time she was reading it on air. She also covered the Challenger disaster and the death of John Lennon. "I enjoyed every single minute of my time in radio," and she continues to

hold a license to operate radio stations. She produced a monthly program featuring the Big Band music of the 1930s and 40s called "Waxworks" (she loves Lionel Hampton and Wes Montgomery) and a weekly two hour classical music program called "Showcase". After her radio career ended, she narrated documentaries and training films, recorded voice-overs for television promos and syndicated commercials that were distributed to stations in the Southeast.

Life after radio was in accounting, both in the private and government sectors. Most recently, she spent the last decade working for the Polk County Department of Social Services as their fiscal officer, managing a large budget and securing reimbursement from the State and Feds for all the programs provided by DSS.

Kim was 19 when she purchased her first house for \$10,000 and remodeled it. She came to Durham this past August from Columbus, NC, where she owned a house on three acres of land. She enjoyed a vegetable garden and extensive flower and rock gardens. She loved to heat with wood, and cut and hauled her wood herself, using her tractor, which sported a front-end loader and a scrape blade. She loved her tractor.

In the fall of 2007, she went to Wilmington, NC, to visit a friend. There, she found a vacationing Steve Williams doing renovations on the house. "I went to my knees. I still haven't recovered." After a long distance relationship, she and Steve bought a house in Dunbarton, and live just a couple of miles from The Forest. Kim spent a lot of her spare time down through the years playing guitar in a Rock and Roll/Blues band, and she and Steve really enjoy playing guitar together.

Kim just recently lost her 103-year-old grandmother, "Nana" and misses her terribly. When Nana was in her 90s, she fell down the 20-stair flight of stairs leading from her house to her garage. As Kim flew down the stairs to see about her, Nana got up, brushed herself off, and said, "Damn!" Unin-

*(Continued on page 8)*

## From the Bookshelf



### *The House on Mango Street*

By Sandra Cisneros

It is quite true that very often good things do come in small packages. Such is the case with *The House On Mango Street*, a novella, a series of vignettes, a little book, only 110 pages. You can devour it in one sitting. It is the story of a young girl growing up in the Latino section of Chicago; do you recall *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*?

Esperanza Cordero is a young girl who dreams of living in a house on a hill. She lives with her family in a house on Mango Street... "It is small and red with tight steps in front and windows so small you'd think they were holding their breath ....out back is a small garage for the car that we n't own yet, and a small yard."

The book is short on plot and character development but rich in revealing experiences, feelings, and yearnings of a life lived between two cultures. Each chapter is an individual story or vignette of young Esperanza's neighbors and friends.

Life in the Barrio is not always good but the people who live there, especially the children, do not complain. Some are trapped by poverty, others by abuse, illness, lack of education, lack of imagination, but they make the most of what they have and dream always of better times.

Esperanza invites us to meet her friends Lucy and Rachael... "Their clothes are crooked and old. They are wearing shiny Sunday shoes without socks. It makes their ankles all red, but I like them. Especially the big one who laughs with all her teeth." Cisneros writes short, sharp sentences, she doesn't waste words, but her words are like poetry. There is some laugh-out-loud humor: Louie's cousin and his

big yellow Cadillac. He takes all the children for a ride, six times around the block, but the seventh time there are sirens and everyone has to exit fast so the cousin can run from the police.

Marin is Louie's cousin and they live in the basement apartment. Marin is older and she wears dark nylons and lots of makeup that she gets from selling Avon. The little girls all like Marin because she tells them things. She is the one who told them how girls get pregnant and what is the best cream to use to take off moustache hair.

The story of Geraldo No Name is sad: a handsome young boy who wore a shiny shirt and green pants and liked to dance. He spoke no English. He was killed in a hit and run accident. The hospital had no name, no address. They didn't know about the two- room flats, the sleeping rooms he rented, the weekly money orders sent home, the restaurants where he worked. He was just another "wetback." His home was in another country. The ones he left behind are far away. They'll always wonder what became of Geraldo.

*The House on Mango Street* is dedicated A Las Mujeres (To the Women): Esperanza (who hates her name) and Sally and Mamacita, Nenny, Minerva and all the other women who are trapped in the Barrio. It is storytelling that can appeal to any age because there is courage and hope. Always there is hope for tomorrow and a better life. Esperanza will some day move to the quiet house on the hill with her pillow, her porch, and her pretty purple petunias.

(I am going to buy this little book for our library. Be sure to look for it.)

Peggy Quinn

## Odds and Ends

### Taken from the News and Observer, April 1, 2014

Hog Heaven\* in the Piedmont may be found at that resort retirement community, THE FOREST AT DUKE in Durham.

Over the years, a lack of surplus parking spaces around the main building has made it difficult to build new cottages to accommodate the dozens of retirees clamoring to be accepted at this popular place.

This problem has now been solved. All residents in the new outlying areas are required to own and operate Harley Davidsons when moving about The Forest campus. (Automobiles may be used off the grounds.) Two small parking areas have been designated for Hog use. One area is painted pink for the use of women operators. The other is a beautiful royal purple. The Gift Shop and the Boutique in the Health Center stock Harley Davidson accessories and clothing of all kinds.

At one time, some residents expressed concern about noise. They were invited to contribute to a fund to provide state-of-the-art mufflers for all Hogs at The Forest. A few residents said they couldn't hear the roar anyway and refused to support the muffler fund.

All in all, it has been a happy solution—adding Harleys to the retirement life.

Another addition to the campus is the new Animal Shelter. The building is located next to the Dog

Run and adjacent to the Oliver Ferguson Wild Bird Refuge.

Several years ago, a pet census showed there were 19 dogs and 27 cats in residence. The Board gave permission to the animal lovers to build the shelter which is staffed by professional veterinarians aided by volunteers from The Forest. Some residents who have erratic sleeping patterns have taken over the 3:00 a.m. check of the animals.

Now that the shelter is functioning smoothly, the media will be admitted for pictures and interviews. It is widely believed that *no other retirement center* in the United States has an Animal Shelter as well as Home for "Hogs!"

\*Harley-Davidson motorcycles are often called "HOGS."

(THIS IS AN APRIL FOOL STORY!!!)

#### TRAVELERS IN MARCH 2009

**Kathy** and **Jack Bergstrom** were in Destin, Florida. **Murray Huntoon** went to Kitty Hawk with his son. **Mary Ann Ruegg** and **Helen Monson** went to Las Vegas. **Don** and **Betsy Bernard** were in Belize, Central America. **Jim** and **Susan Shuping** traveled to Florida. **Bill** and **Dottie Burns** went to the NCAA Tournament (lucky!).

Mary Gates





## Who Are They?

From child to adult

Norfolk, Virginia



Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



Aberdeen Proving Ground



Mount Holyoke



## Wet Suit

It was 1944. I was "Apprentice Seaman, US Navy," the lowest form of life. The code of conduct was simple:

If it moves, salute it.

If it doesn't move, pick it up.

If you can't pick it up, paint it.

The abnormality in the situation was that I was a student at Harvard in the Navy's V-12 program.

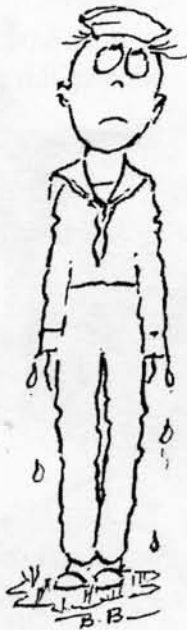
It was summer, and the uniform of the day was "whites." Inspection by the Commandant occurred every Saturday morning when we fell into ranks in the courtyard of Eliot House, a splendid Harvard dormitory (or "House" as they are called at Harvard) named after an ancestor, God knows which one, and what he did.

The day began, it was Saturday, but I was not ready. All my whites were filthy. I ran to the laundry, but had time only for the washer. So I struggled into a soaking wet "swabby suit" with its 13 fly buttons, and "fell in" for inspection. The Commandant moved down the lines peering closely at each of us lowly sailors. He stopped in front of me, and after gazing at my unusually moist condition, turned to the clerk at his elbow and ordered this man to "report."

Thus, yet another weekend of "restriction" was born, which meant scrubbing walls in some ancient Harvard building.

What would that Eliot have thought of this one?

Tom Frothingham



## Kim continued

(Continued from page 4)

jured, she continued about her business as usual. Nana credited her long life to bananas and really good Scotch. She spent most of her spare time driving "the elderly" around town to do their errands, to doctor's appointments, to have their pets groomed or to Mass, which she attended daily. When she failed her driver's license test three times at the local DMV office at the age of 92, she drove 45 miles up the mountain to another DMV office and passed the test there. Kim took her car keys away from her at the age of 94, and suffered Nana's displeasure for many months to come. She continued to live by herself until Kim moved her into assisted living at the age of 98.

Kim's only child, Susan, is having her first baby in late July. Kim is ecstatic about becoming a grandmother.

Joanne Ferguson

## Ageism

Every new doctor no matter how sage  
Is sure all my problems are due to my age.  
Gets blood test results from a tiny sample,  
Has me count backwards by sevens, and bounce,  
Then checks my weight to very ounce,  
Yet finds my figure appropriately ample.

So to make sure the tests weren't misread  
Included a scan of my brain and my head.  
X-rays showed I'm really young instead!

Penelope Easton



## Duke 1943

### The Battle of the Chemistry Building Basement

The Second World War was rising to its midpoint: the disasters of 1942—the surge of the Germans toward the oil fields of the Caucasus and of the Japanese toward Australia—had been stopped, but the road to Allied victory was still long and uncertain. The Chemistry Department at Duke was staffed by professors and graduate students. The former group was desirous of making a contribution to the war effort and maintaining the integrity of the department; the latter group was desirous of making a contribution to the war effort, continuing their education, and honorably avoiding the draft for which all were immediately eligible. The United States government was desirous of carrying out various war research projects, and it turned to many universities to provide the facilities and manpower for these researches. The Duke Chemistry Department was awarded contracts to pursue several of these projects, and the old chemistry building was a beehive of activity.

I was one of the graduate students, and I was very eager to take part in these research efforts for the reasons mentioned above, but also because one got paid for the efforts, and I was a very poor boy who had to work for funds to stay in school. Need-blind admissions to Duke were at that time sixty some odd years in the future. My office/laboratory was in the basement of the chemistry building, and Dr. Marcus Hobbs was the director of the war research that I was doing. Our work was being done under contract with the Cumberland Ordnance Works, if memory serves, which was an Army installation concerned with what I shall call artillery warfare. My first assignment in my job was to abstract a rather large pile of technical reports about artillery rockets that had been provided to Cumberland Ordnance by our British allies, who, in 1943, had already been in the war for four years. Most of these reports dwelled upon a problem that the British had encountered, namely, that rockets which worked very well

when tested in England exploded catastrophically in the air when used in North Africa.

Abstracting these reports wasn't easy! The rockets were propelled by the burning in the rocket motor of grains of cordite with lengths of about six inches and diameters of about an inch. The reports that I was assigned to abstract were concerned with the mathematical analysis of the physical behavior of these powder grains under the stresses caused by the acceleration of the rocket when fired. Now the physical properties of cordite are anisotropic, that is, behavior is different in different directions, and thus the mathematical analysis involved the extensive use of tensor analysis, an arcane discipline. I sat and puzzled and swore and puzzled, and finally I had to be satisfied with just giving my qualitative understanding of the phenomena occurring. I was later told by the people at Cumberland that I gave them what they wanted.

Well, why did the rockets explode in the desert? Answer: during the acceleration of the rocket the powder grain is subject to severe inertial forces, which cause the grain to distort. If the distortion is so great that the grain fractures, new powder surfaces are formed, burning accelerates, producing more forces, producing more fractures, and so on until the burning becomes an explosion. So what is different about England and North Africa? It's hotter in North Africa, which makes the rocket grains weaker, they break up more extensively, and BOOM.

Frank Field

## Wandering in The Forest



On St. Patrick's Day **Rose Levinson** told me a story. In 1960, on St. Patrick's Day, she went to her synagogue to hear a Jewish Lord Mayor of Dublin, a rarity, and a delight with his broad Irish brogue. He told of growing up in Vilnius, Lithuania, and of the bed on a shelf above the house stove. As he talked on she thought, "Those are the stories Mamma used to tell about Vilnius!" After his speech she went up and told him they must be related. They fell into each other's arms as happy kinfolk.

As you may know **Bill Griffith** is the retired vice president for student affairs at Duke. He and his wife **Carol** recently attended a ceremony to honor the newly renovated Griffith Board Room, a student meeting space in the Bryan Center, originally dedicated in 1982. This occasion highlighted the William J. and Carol T. Griffith Endowment and the programs it has supported: Bill set the course for the Duke Artists Series, sparked the creation of the Duke Student Union, which became a national model for cultivating student leadership. He had a hand in shaping the Duke Student Government, Project WILD, the Community Service Center, the Women's Center, the Black Student Alliance, the Career Development Center, Counseling and Psychological Services, and The Publications Board, to name only a few. After retiring, Bill founded and chaired Duke University Retiree Outreach, which engages retirees with local service activities. And that's not all. You can see him riding his bicycle around Forest at Duke Drive in the late afternoon. That may be the most impressive thing of all.

**Reminisce** this month was set up to hear about our favorite decade. As usual, we strayed far and wide. **Joyce Albrecht** began by telling us each decade was different and ended up with details from every decade of her life with **Ed**. It was apparent that

they had had a very happy life. "Ed found me on a streetcar," she said. Six and a half years later they were married. When they moved from Wilmington, Delaware, where she had seen her first dogwood, to Texas, driving with children in a car without air conditioning, she was in tears when she felt the heat of Texas. When they drove to their house the weeds were a foot tall. But the winters were wonderful, and when they left sixty-five years later, she was tearful about leaving the fast friends they had made and with whom they still keep in touch. By the time they moved to Florida and built their dream house, they had an air-conditioned car with automatic transmission; Ed grew camellias, and they were very happy. Now she praises the all-round good weather of Durham.

But back to the trolleys: Everyone who grew up in an urban area was familiar with and had ridden them, remembering times stuck behind them in crowded streets, before the changeover to trolley-buses, that could pull over to the curb. **George Chandler** told of visiting his grandmother in Washington in the summers, where, in the thirties, she had a boarding house. When he was as young as seven or eight, she bought him a bus pass, and he could ride alone anywhere he liked, transferring at will from trolley to bus. He visited the Smithsonian, and often ended up at the Wardman Park Hotel where a friend of his grandmother lived and where there was a swimming pool. He then mentioned the decades of the 70s and 80s when he and his wife travelled abroad annually. These were the times of a strong dollar, and they stayed in the best hotels in London, Rome, and Paris for never more than fifty dollars a night. Their favorite times were walking the countryside in England.

**Editor**

## Why Me?

“You deserve the best” said the commercial  
with the six o’clock news.  
Phooey! How Phoney!  
Phlattery will get you anything,  
almost, but not me.  
I already have a car and some toothpaste,  
I already am one of the richest,  
most favored members of *homo sapiens*,

I have great genes, but that’s not my fault.  
Born in the right place at the right time,  
I have lived longer, more comfortably  
and safer than 99% of  
the richest, most powerful men in history.

History aside, why am I not  
one of those hungry kids  
picking through the garbage  
on the Mumbai landfill,  
hoping to strike it rich  
on a gold-mine of leftovers  
from somebody’s dinner  
last week in the rooftop restaurant  
atop one of those new skyscrapers downtown.  
Doesn’t seem fair, does it?

Maybe they think it’s Karma,  
the inexorable result of sin or virtue in a previous life,  
not so bad really, to be untouchable,  
they could have been reincarnated as roaches.  
Call it Providence, Fortune, whatever;  
theological hand-waving aside,  
it looks like Luck to me,  
another way of saying “nobody knows.”

Ned Arnett

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## Prevention

Many of us at The Forest have one physical condition or other and cannot afford to catch an infectious disease that can take a serious toll on us. In many cases these diseases are preventable. Prevention is just a matter of consciously taking some precautions.

We all know that infectious diseases are caused by microscopic organisms generally referred to as germs or viruses. Because they are not visible to the naked eye we must remember their presence around us and even in us. This awareness and simple behaviors can protect our neighbors and ourselves.

Remember your mother telling you to wash your hands before eating? She knew what she was talking about. We still need to wash our hands under running water, and as often as possible. However, even washed hands that touch our noses, eyes, ears, or hair are no longer clean. Eating in the dining room with so many others demands that we keep this in mind.

Don't touch the bread without using the napkin provided or use the tongs in the salad bar after coughing or sneezing in your hands. Many pathogens, disease causing organisms, are airborne and spread disease between people by careless coughing

and sneezing. A recommendation is to cough into your elbow if you need to cough or sneeze or use a tissue that you quickly discard.

These are simple thoughts that we all know but need to be reminded of. However, it was shocking on a recent Sunday to see a guest dip her spoon into the large tub of ice cream at the dessert table. Her response to a resident's reaction was denial, another shocking behavior. Perhaps even our guests need to be reminded that eating together requires careful behavior from all.

Besides the dining room requiring behaviors for prevention so does the outdoors and guests are offenders here too. All dog walkers need to pick up after their pets so that the rest of us don't step in the waste and bring it into our homes. Animal waste (poop) is a breeding place for flies and other insects that spread disease.

The kitchen and dining room staff do their part in protecting us, and in addition to being grateful to them we need to be grateful to the Health Center for preventing the spread of disease from their patients to the rest of us.

Life is good at The Forest.

Louise C. Chut