

## Angela Wynne, Director of Nursing

**Angie Wynne** succeeded **Diane Long** as Director of Nursing in June of this year. As early as the third grade she had decided she would like to be a nurse. She was born in Henderson, NC, “by chance,” she says, since that was where her mother went into labor, but she was brought up in Stem, where she lived with her father and where her grandfather had a 160-acre cattle farm and a trading store, which she loved. There she spent weekends driving a tractor attached to a trailer, hauling off rocks so the land could be cultivated.

A big excitement of her childhood was a weekend trip to Durham, with a stop at K Mart and the treat of a pack of Juicy Fruit gum, a small coke, and peanuts (to go in the coke).

When her grandfather died in 1997, his land was divided among his children. Angie’s mother gave her eighteen acres, on which she plans to erect a Deep Creek Log House, projected to be finished in June or July of next year. She will be living on land that was part of her great grandfather’s tobacco farm and will be the fourth generation on that land. The property has a fifteen-acre pond, half of which is on her land and the other half on her mother’s land. She loves to fish and is thinking of constructing a floating dock.

“My well was put in last week,” she tells me. Her aunt’s property is nearby with 230 cows that keep the grass mowed, the fence coming close to her property. She plans a vegetable garden and would like to be organic and self-sufficient. She recently decided she might like to raise alpacas, and when she went to investigate them she “fell in love with them.”

Her log cabin will have a regular heating system but also a boiler system, a wood-burning fire-



Photo by Dick Aroner

place outside the house to heat water and circulate it in coils under the hardwood floor. Angie says she has “a ton of timber.” The warm floor will be a pleasure not only to her but also to her two cats, Magoo and Mooch (who adopted her).

She has lived in Raleigh in a renovated bungalow for the last twelve years, has just sold it, and looks forward to having a 28-mile commute on highway 85N that will be quicker and more congenial than the drive on I40 from Raleigh to Durham.

Angie is no stranger to The Forest, having come to work as a CNA with Diane Long in 1996 while she was finishing nursing school at UNC, Chapel Hill, where she was an honors graduate with a Bachelor of Science, Nursing. Diane then offered her a position as Charge Nurse, where she worked all three different shifts—“I floated all over.” She was then hired as second shift Nurse Manager for three

*(Continued on page 4)*

### 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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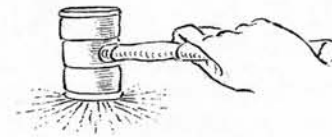
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### In Memoriam

Creighton Lacy October 8, 2010

### President's Podium



At a special meeting of the Residents' Board on October 8, three current issues were discussed at length and decisive motions passed. These were subsequently reported and discussed at the Annual RA Meeting on October 18.

- The Board approved the process currently in motion to implement the very comprehensive Long Range Plan for the future evolution of TFAD.
- Regarding holiday decorations, a divisive issue now settled, the Board approved the Foyer display of both a decorated Christmas tree and a menorah.
- The Board agreed to study the issue of the need for cash flow into the Benevolent Fund which is currently being used in excess of intake. A fund-raising plan will be developed and approved at the November RA Board meeting.

As their terms end we offer our thanks and appreciation to **Bill Anderson, Rheta Skolaut, Bruce Rubidge, Jane Spanel, Katherine Holton, and Oliver Ferguson** for their hard work and significant contributions to the workings of the Residents' Association and to the good life here at TFAD.

We welcome recently elected RA Officers and Directors **Jean Prevost**, Secretary; **Debbie Chesnut**, Treasurer; and RA Directors **Frank Chut, Dick DeCamp, and Nell Rubidge**. **Tom Keller** has been elected to the TFAD Board.

Thanks to **Ty Hills** and **Chuck King** for their efforts at carrying us through the complicated election procedures.

Tom Frothingham

## Library Science 101



Often, when you enter the Library, although someone may be quietly reading in one of the comfortable chairs at the far end of the room, or seated at the large table reading one of our four daily newspapers, there is no one at the desk to help you. What to do?

On the desk is a sign with information about checking out and returning books and audio-visual material. Our Library is often self-service, but signs help you find your way around.

At the far end of the main room, where the large bulletin board proclaims "WELCOME TO OUR LIBRARY," there is a map of the Library and information is posted about Resident Readings, Our Satellite Libraries (Laughing Out Loud because we are really the satellites of OASIS and Southwest Library), and other items of interest to our patrons. Signs direct you to "New in the Library" and "Have You Read?" to call your attention to particular books. "Large Print" and "Please do not remove or clip newspaper" and an elusive "Please, No Eating or Drinking in the Library," hidden from time to time by some mysterious visitor, give further information.

For two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, there is an assistant at the desk. On Monday it is **Nancy Garner** and **Ed Lee**; Tuesday, **Katherine Holton** and **Oliver Ferguson**; Wednesday, **Renee Lord** and **Dorothy Brundage** with **Michel Gavardin**; Thursday, **Rosemary Oates** and **Cathrine Stickel**; Friday, **Carol Oettinger** and **Eunice Grossman**. There are no regulars on Saturday or Sunday, though **Judy Louv** usually drops in to take care of returned books. Substitutes are: **Dolly Sellek**, **Barbara Birkhead**, **Ann Marie Langford**, **Louise Lawrence**, and **Jean Prevost**.

Many of our Library Committee members have special responsibilities. **Oliver Ferguson** and **Leland Phelps** sort donated magazines and take the

timeless ones (*Geographic*, *Smithsonian*, *Our State*, etc.) to local hospital waiting rooms. **Katherine Holton** and **Cathrine Stickel** oversee the books in assisted living and the public areas at The Forest.

**Carol Oettinger** is in charge of our popular Resident Readings and **Priscilla Squier** works with twice-monthly OASIS. **Carol De Camp** has the big job of typing all the book cards for new acquisitions. Our delightful changing art gallery in the Classroom is planned and managed by **Mary Gates**. **Barbara Eldridge** is in charge of "Have You Read?," calling attention to interesting books that might have been overlooked, and Jean Prevost is going to keep our magazines up to date and in order. **Dorothy Brundage** and **Eunice Grossman** have categorized and organized our DVDs and CDs. The puzzles and paperbacks, as well as the copier and shredder, are under the jurisdiction of **Jane Jones**.

And, living next door, I can drop in at any time to water the plant, change flower arrangements, make signs and copies of forms, sort donations and classify them for processing, lend a hand when needed, visit with my co-workers, and enjoy being part of such a thriving and welcoming Library and its wonderful Library Committee.

Carol Scott, Librarian

## Retirement at The Forest

Grow old along with me,

If you can pay the fee.

Don Chesnut

**Angela Wynne** continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

years, followed by a position as daytime Nurse Manager.

In 2004 she got a call from The Cedars in Chapel Hill, where she was asked to start a Home Care Agency (their Assisted Living) and a Clinic. She took the job in which she developed, planned, and implemented policies and procedures, and recruited, hired, and participated in the training for all new staff members. She managed daily operations that included a staff of 60 and a \$500,000 budget and participated in regional administrator leadership programs as well as on site educational programs. As expected, her resume is too extensive to encompass here. "I like to start things up," she tells me.



At The Forest she has a "standup" meeting each morning at 9am when she and her staff make rounds in the clinic—"I want everyone to eyeball every clinical patient every day." They then gather and have a short meeting, covering any acute epi-

sodes of the last 24 hours, Medicare patients, and any relevant discharge plans. She meets with Leslie Jarema twice a week.



Angie finds time to run two and a half miles a day (she's run a 10K race in Raleigh). She loves to ride her bicycle and enjoys the wildlife on her property: red foxes, wild turkeys, deer, groundhogs, and waterfowl on the pond. "It's very peaceful out there," she says.

Joanne Ferguson



## Welcome, New Residents



**Lorraine Clark**

Apartment 4040

419-0007

Lorraine was born in Knoxville, TN, and moved with her family to Portsmouth, VA, in 1941 where she met her first husband. After WWII they attended Duke University where her husband obtained an engineering degree and Lorraine graduated with a BA in psychology. They moved to Dallas, TX, where Lorraine returned to school at Texas A&M-Commerce where she earned a PhD in Student Personnel and Guidance/Adult Education. Upon graduation she worked for 23 years as a field representative for AARP. Her husband died two months after their golden anniversary. In 1996 Lorraine and her mother (who lived to 102-1/2 years) moved to Durham. But that's not all! When she was 75 and husband #2 was 80, Lorraine married again for 10 years of travel and fun. She has a son here in Durham, another in California, and a daughter who lives in New York City. She loves to travel, especially to see her children. In her spare time, Lorraine enjoys reading and writing.



**Louise McCutcheon**

Apartment 3029

489-5111

Lou was born in Williamson, WV, and was brought up in Fork Union, VA. She has also lived in Richmond, VA, and Cheyenne, WY. She earned her BA from WestHampton College of the University of Richmond. Her husband of 60 years, Dr. W. B. McCutcheon, died earlier this year. She has a son, Kerr, who works for Allscripts in Durham. Another son, Bill, in NewTown Square, PA, is a website developer. Her daughter, Julia, is a psychiatrist in Asheville, NC. Lou has been an active volunteer in a number of fields and has been awarded the North Carolina Order of the Long Leaf Pine. She has served as a Trustee of Durham Tech, as Chairman of the Board of the Department of Social Services, as President of the Greater Durham Community Foundation, as a member of the Board of the Durham Library Foundation, and as a Trustee and Sunday School teacher at Trinity Church. She enjoys bridge, music, tennis, and reading.

## Odds and Ends by Mary Gates

Autumn 2010 is a good time to be at The Forest. It is pleasant to have cooler weather and to welcome back our summer vacationers: **Mary and Bruce Pennybacker** from Maine; **Ann Marie Langford** from the mountains; **Donna and Tom Given** from New Hampshire; **Margaret and Tom Keller** from Virginia; and **Neomi TePaske** from Michigan. And don't forget all our interesting new residents. We welcome them all and look forward to becoming better acquainted.

Do you know some favorite pastimes of your friends? Match the number of the participant group to the activity listed below. PLEASE NOTE: The residents listed are *not* the only ones enjoying these opportunities. All of these groups welcome newcomers!

1. **Julia Clark, John Henry, Peter Wharton**
2. **Carol Scott, Carol DeCamp, Eunice Grossman**
3. **Barbara Birkhead, Debbie Chesnut, Betty Ketch, Louise McKee**
4. **Betsy Close, Greg Lockhead, Frank Sargent**
5. **Martha Mendenhall, Phyllis Magat, Loma Young, Barbara Birkhead**

6. **Jean Anderson, Sheila Mason, Elaine Sandahl**

7. **Helen Monson, Barbara Seay, Marilyn Ulick, Jean Peters, Lois Klauder**

8. **Sylvia Arnett, Marion Gilbertson, Sarah McCracken**

9. **Charlie Black, Penelope Easton, Barbara Eldridge**

10. **Kelly Matherly, Betty Gray, Maidi Hall**

11. **Ray Blackman Bill Louv, Jim Shuping**

- \_\_\_ In the pool for Aqua Moves
- \_\_\_ Playing billiards (Ladies)
- \_\_\_ Playing table tennis
- \_\_\_ Playing piano for Sing-Along in the Health Center
- \_\_\_ Toiling in the Encore Store
- \_\_\_ Working in the Library
- \_\_\_ Members of the Mac Group
- \_\_\_ Starting the day at the Cafeteria Breakfast Club
- \_\_\_ Playing bridge in the Party Room
- \_\_\_ Playing billiards after dinner
- \_\_\_ Singing in the Forest Chorus

The correct numbers are: 3, 5, 6, 1, 7, 2, 4, 9, 10,

## Who Are They? by Mary Gates



Graduate of Women's College, UNC



Athletic Star at Rutgers

## First Grade: Miss Sadie's

*Reading Bette Gallie's piece about her early years in Kansas brought back memories of my own first year in school. There must be a wide variety of first encounters with school here in The Forest. Here is what I remember.*

It was my mother who walked me around the corner on the first Wednesday in October, 1935, to start me on my academic adventures. Both the school year and the school day were short. Mid-October to after Confederate Memorial Day, May 10; and 9am to 12 noon each weekday. I would have had on a new homemade gingham dress, probably with the stripes or plaids not matching very well because it was made by Ella who did sewing and mending once a week. I would also have had on a brand new pair of homemade white cotton panties trimmed with eyelet lace (my father insisted on the lace). I would have been carrying my silver baby cup, which would soon reside on the dark marble mantelpiece in the schoolroom. Our only refreshment available at Miss Sadie's was water from a dingy bathroom reached down the ill-lit back hall from the schoolroom.

Miss Sadie's was a Dame School, a very common occurrence in Charleston. Both my parents had been to Dame Schools, my mother to one run by Miss Sadie's aunts, the Misses Sass. My sister, seven years my senior, had been to Miss Sadie's and committed a great offense when she was in the second grade by not telling Miss Sadie of my birth, thus endangering my place as one of the three girls entering the first grade six years later.

On that first day of school, my mother and I may have gone in through the front door and up the front stairs, not through the backyard gate and the dark backstairs which would become the regular route for the young. Our schoolroom was originally the second floor front bedroom. These twelve first and second graders, three boys and three girls in each class, I had played and fought with since birth. To this day every time I bump into one of them, usually

at a funeral, he, a very conservative old-line lawyer, reminds me that I scratched him mightily and he would gladly show me his scars.

Miss Sadie, whose nose wriggled like a rabbit's, immediately marshaled us to our seats at tables for two where we found our slates with the slate pencils tied to them. I sat with Joe Maybank, a regular playmate with whom I did not seem to fight. We were near the back of the room. I suspect Miss Sadie did not expect too much trouble from us. Ruddy Smith, who was tiny, lived in an elegant early 19<sup>th</sup> century house, then in the slums as was most of the rest of the old city, but not in the immediate neighbourhood (we learned "our" rather than "or"), always wore black patent leather tie shoes on his tiny feet. He was extremely pugnacious. Miss Sadie put him by himself at a small table.

Our daily routine was probably like that of most other small schools. Miss Sadie started the day by reading a chapter from the Bible, and we all said the Lord's Prayer. I have no memory of a pledge of allegiance to the flag, or indeed the presence of a flag. (It may have been a bit too close to the end of the Confederate War.) We learned reading by memorizing phonics, a b ab, e b eb, i b ib, o b ob and u b ub, etc., and reading about Baby Ray's one bunny, two ducks etc. But our greatest effort went into learning the multiplication tables. Each day we were seated in a row of 12 seats in front of all the desks, and there we sing-sang our way through the multiplication tables, rising to a great crescendo with  $12 \times 12 = 144$ . On Fridays, our great competitive event was a multiplication bee. Sometimes a first grader might outlast the second graders.

Recess was a bit of a problem. We were let out onto the upstairs piazza which had railings but no screen. One swing hung from the ceiling. Twelve six- and seven-year olds were let loose to play on one swing. The greatest crime was to climb up on the railings by putting our feet on the lower rung of the

*(Continued on page 8)*



## First Grade: Miss Sadie's continued

*(Continued from page 7)*

railings. I remember no games up on that second-floor piazza, only the boys daring to put their feet up on the rails, challenging the eagle eyes of Miss Sadie.

The only discipline I remember was being rapped on the knuckles by a well-worn yardstick firmly held in Miss Sadie's hand, which she used primarily as a pointer to emphasize a lesson being taught on one of the two ancient chart stands. The only textbooks I remember were Baby Ray and an ancient geography book. No workbooks; most of our learning must have come from those charts and exercises written on our slates. On Fridays just before dismissal at noon, we recited poetry, adding a new verse every week. Robert Lewis Stevenson for the girls, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" for the boys. Though I can still do "Dark Brown is the River," I have a far more visceral memory of "Half-a-League, Half-a-League Onward, into the Valley of Death into the Mouth of Hell."

I do not remember this being either a marvelous or a dreadful experience, but looking back on it, I realize that few children now go to school with their silver baby cups in order to get a drink of water from a back bathroom. Slates have long gone in the developed world; and twelve children let loose on a second-floor unscreened piazza would be unacceptable; but we learned, and like the rest of the world some of us had happy, successful lives, and some met very sad ends.

Harriet Williams

## Carpe Diem with Carol

Awhile back, I was enjoying a dance class that **Murry Perlmutter** presented when I saw a particularly graceful figure float by. I watched her and was impressed. It was Patty Vincent. When I asked

her about her skill, this is the story that emerged.

She grew up in Charlottesville, VA, went to Sweetbriar College and majored in art history. Physical education was mandatory, and she had been taking dance lessons "ever since I could remember," so she chose a dance class. Twice she took intensive dance instruction in summer courses, first at Bennington College and then Mills College in California. These courses were forerunners of what later became the American Dance Festival.

After college she moved to New York and shared an apartment with three of her college friends. She apprenticed with the Humphry Weidman Dance Company one of the new modern dance groups emerging in the 1930s. She was with that group for four years.

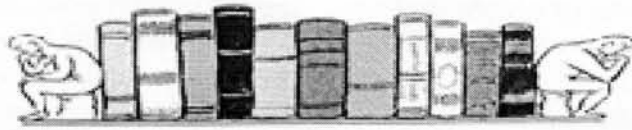
When World War II began Patty joined the Red Cross in the club program. She trained in DC and when asked where she would like to go said, "England." She was sent to India where she spent two years and served in clubs in Bombay and New Delhi. Later she was sent to a rest camp in the foothills of the Himalayas where she met her husband to be, a British officer, named Patrick Vincent. He was a British officer with a regiment in the Indian Army which had been fighting in Burma. By the time they left India they had made plans to marry.

Patty came home in 1945 and in 1946 married Pat and moved to England. Pat's education had been interrupted by the war, so he went back to university to finish. They decided to come to the United States to complete his PhD at Johns Hopkins. He taught there and then came to Duke.

The Vincents had three children. Patty was a docent at the Duke Art Museum for many years and an active member of the League of Women Voters. When the ADF came to Durham Patty was a docent for visitor tours. She continues to be an avid supporter.

Carol Oettinger





### ***Suite Francaise* by Irene Nemirovsky**

*Suite Francaise* takes us on a walk through a period of history that we would just as soon forget. The story is told in two narratives, one fictional and the other a fragmentary, factual account of the German invasion and occupation of Paris and surrounding villages in 1940 and 1941 — World War II.

While the story itself is dramatic and intense, the life of the author, Irene Nemirovsky, and the actual publication of her book which lay hidden for 50 years is a tale that has to be told. Ms Nemirovsky was born in Kiev in 1903. In 1917 her family fled Russia and finally settled in Paris. The young woman became a major French novelist and published several books after graduating from the Sorbonne. However, in the late 30s when war threatened and Germany was rounding up people of Jewish descent, Irene Nemirovsky was classified as a Jew under racial laws, which did not take into account her conversion to Roman Catholicism. French publishers refused to publish her novels and her adopted country would not allow her to become a French citizen. In 1940 she began *Suite Francaise*. She was writing her novel during the actual occupation of France as things were happening all around her. Her plan was to write five novellas. In 1942 two were complete but before she could start the third she was captured by the Germans and sent to Auschwitz where she died at age 39.

She left a husband and two young daughters. The husband turned Irene's manuscripts (all hand written) over to his eldest daughter who had been sent to Burgundy with her younger sister for safety.

Soon after this, her husband, Michel Epstein, was captured and sent to the prison camp where he also perished. For fifty years the manuscripts remained untouched because the daughters did not want to read them, thinking that they would stir up old memories of their mother. When finally discovered, they were published in France in 2004 and in the United States in 2006. As you can see, this is a background story that risks overshadowing the novel itself.

The book is described as two novellas. The first part, entitled *Storm in June*, follows a number of Parisians fleeing Paris before the German arrival in 1940. The second novella, *Dolce*, is set in a village in central France the following spring.

In *Storm in June*, the author creates fictional characters who are thrust into the panic-stricken flight of refugees from Paris. It is impossible to get accommodations on trains leaving Paris, railroad tracks have been bombed, petrol is in short supply. There is nothing left but for people to take to the roads on foot with as many of their belongings as they can carry. The road is long and there are no hotels with empty rooms, stores have run out of food and the French villagers are reluctant to take these strangers into their homes.

Tempers become short, hoarding of precious food is rampant, greed surfaces, and even

*(Continued on page 10)*

*Suite Francaise continued*

(Continued from page 9)

those patient souls who are willing to remain noble and fair are tempted to reach out for anything which would hasten survival.

It does sound grim, but the narrative is eloquent and glowing with life. Its tone reflects a deep understanding of human behavior under pressure and a hard-won, often ironic, composure in the face of adversity. There is pain as the truth of the situation sets in and the refugees realize that fleeing is not the answer and sadly, but hopefully, turn around and head back to the homes they abandoned in Paris.

The story in *Dolce* is more of a factual account of the lives of the people in the small village of Bussy who were forced to share their village and their homes with the young German soldiers, the occupiers. Relationships were formed, the young girls of the village were pretty. French men were either missing or prisoners of war, and the fair-haired young German soldiers were lonely, far from home and susceptible to the flirtatious young women. Patriotism was questioned but staunchly defended and life went on. There was deprivation as the Germans confiscated farm animals and crops, but there were also favors to be had, and the French quickly realized that there were rewards for cooperation.

Irene Nemirovsky never survived to enjoy her success as the author of *Suite Francaise*. While only two of the five novellas were completed, each can stand alone as amazing and lively accounts of life in France in 1940-41. As we noted before, it was history in the making, but this historian never had the satisfaction of knowing how it all ended.

Peggy Quinn

**Around the Neighborhood**

Have you checked out any of the local eateries lately? Durham has become a Mecca in the world of culinary creations. In our own little neighborhood we are surrounded by eateries that offer a variety of good food. Have you tried lunch, or dinner, at **Pop's Backdoor** restaurant? If you are familiar with Pop's in downtown Durham, you will love its little brother. It is close for us Foresters, 3710 Shannon Road in Hope Valley Square (493-0169), the same block as the post office and open every day for lunch and dinner (11am-9:30pm). They have wonderful thin pizzas, sandwiches served on fat, fresh ciabatta rolls, great salads and something new and different, bowls of pasta where you choose your own pasta and your own favorite sauce. Best of all, the price is \$6.00. My very favorite is a big bowl of Pop's famous mussels served in a thin, garlic-tomato broth, accompanied by big slices of fresh, crusty French bread. If you like mussels, go for it! But if not, just go for it and enjoy.

Peggy Quinn

**George Boguslavsky Is 100!**

George Boguslavsky turned one hundred October 17, and friends and family gathered to wish him well.

This young man remembers when the Bolshevik army came to Siberia in 1917 to fight the Japanese, and he watched the Japanese gunboats coming up the River Amur. "We had never seen anything like that," he says. The Japanese ferried the women and children of his village to an old warehouse full of beaver pelts on an island in the middle of the river and then proceeded to shell his village into rubble.

He remembers that and more, much more, and vigorously blew out the candles on his birthday cake.

Joanne Ferguson

## Autumn, 2010

Even though the leaves may not be their best this  
year  
there is something poignant, even heartbreaking  
in the clear golden light, too beautiful to last,  
as the shadows fall across the nation's football  
fields  
or intolerably bifurcate the sixty feet  
between the pitcher's mound and home plate.

Speaking of baseball, what ballet is there to  
match  
the perfectly executed double plays,  
the perfect throw-outs from outfield to home  
plate,  
the hush that falls over a packed ballpark  
as the pitcher approaches a perfect game  
or even just a shut-out.

What can match the casual swagger of the  
batter to his box,  
the fabulous control of major league pitches,  
fast balls, sliders, change-ups, knuckleballs,  
the duel of master athletes in the moment of  
truth,  
the obligatory ritualistic chewing and spitting  
declaring this game to be manly and  
American!

Those of us who watch the Indian summers  
come and go remember the autumn smoke  
of burning leaves on the fall breeze,  
snappy as crackling wine and wonder  
how many more days as immediate as these  
are there to savor.

Ned Arnett

## The Man Who Hated Flowers With His Dinner or Ferdinand He's Not!

Along with the salt, and the butter,  
Those damn flowers just made worse the clutter.  
Need he deal with this strife,  
For the rest of his life?  
The conditions just led him to shudder.

The plates and the cloth had to stay,  
Coffee cups you could not take away.  
With the cups if one tinkers  
You'd upset coffee drinkers,  
And would have all your meals en café.

To rid by executive action  
To some might be seen as infraction.  
Part of Dining's creation  
Was to him a damnation.  
Who thought up this wretched malefaction?

But there's a happy end to this ballad,  
For he found a solution quite valid.  
No longer appalled,  
Flower problem resolved.  
He eats them as part of his salad.

Don Chesnut

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## Chaos

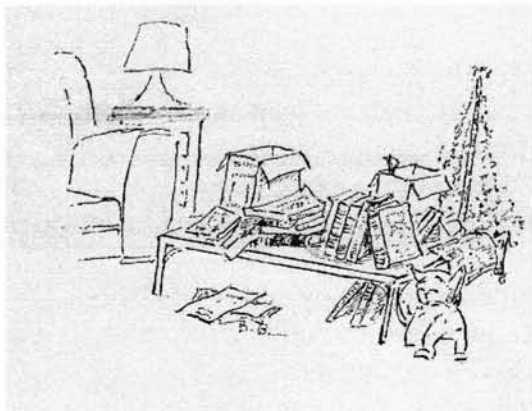
On my front door hangs a lovely wreath of pink roses brought home from a London trip, above the sign from Portugal that proclaims my profession – BIBLIOTECA. The shelf beside the door showcases a crystal owl next to a small vase with a bouquet of deep pink silk roses. A neat and simple but warm invitation to ---

Chaos!

That is what meets my eye as I enter the apartment, nearly tripping on the Oriental rug inside the door, askew again, thanks to my cat. But that is almost all that I can blame on her.

A cart holds two boxes of --papers? Odds and ends?--from my home in South Carolina. On the floor beside it are two decorative pillows and three boxes of curtains, scrapbooks, and framed pictures, also from S.C.

The coffee table is buried in three lopsided piles of books, photos, magazines, reading glasses, and TV controls. The round dining table is so covered by papers, magazines, this week's mail, newspaper cuttings, pens, scissors and Scotch tape (widely scattered by said cat) that a space must be cleared away each morning for breakfast.



And a partly decorated Maypole stands in the center of the room.

The den is no better, with unopened boxes and untidy heaps of materials I'm working on covering the surfaces of desk and computer table. Where did I put the bills? I cannot find a pen! My day

planner is not where it belongs!

These visible scenes of chaos reflect my chaotic life, but which is cause and which is effect is difficult to untangle.

I am Librarian at The Forest. We are having a Library Open House in three days. I must finish the Maypole. The May baskets are ready to put out for decoration, but there has been an offer of real roses instead of silk flowers. I hope the refreshment committee has its assignment under control. And next week the Library Committee meets and I must work on the agenda.

Meanwhile, I am in the process of getting my house in South Carolina ready to go on the market next month. Will my grandson move out in time? He's had six months notice but still hasn't found a place. My nearby son is overseeing all the repairs required by the Inspector (I am getting the bills), but he will be out of the country for three critical weeks while painting and floor finishing are supposed to happen. Should I go down to check on these while he is gone?

Next week I am going to the house to dispose of some last items there. What shall I do with the genealogical materials? Shall I give that painting to the University? How much can I bring back on the train?

My daughter, granddaughter, great-grandson and brand-new great-granddaughter might come up to see me while I'm there.

Chaos and stress leave little energy for introspection. If I clean up the chaos in my apartment and I have order here, will I be less stressed about the Open House and S.C. visit? Or should I get through those events to arrive at a less-stressed time to eliminate the chaos here?

I console myself with the philosophy of my oldest son: "It will all work out."

Carol Scott