

Coming to America

On December 7, 1939, the S.S. *Scythia* (Cunard White Star Line) steamed into New York harbor as the Statue of Liberty welcomed us and the sun turned lower Manhattan's buildings brilliantly white. America at last!

We had spent ten months in England awaiting our immigration visas after escaping from Nazi-annexed Austria. In those days, U.S. immigration policy assigned quotas for the number of immigrants allowed from each foreign country, with the aim of maintaining a high proportion of citizens with northern European ethnicity. Immigrants were also required to present affidavits of support from U.S. residents, to insure that if the immigrants could not find work they would not burden the welfare rolls. Meanwhile, under the Nazi regime there was a kind of precursor of the Iron Curtain, in that residents wishing to travel abroad were only permitted to take enough money for a very brief journey, about \$5 per person in 1930s currency.

After arriving in England, we were dependent, like many refugees, on the kindness of strangers. My parents had pre-paid passage on an American steamship line, but before our quota number came up the war started in Europe, and Congress passed the Neutrality Act, prohibiting U.S. ships from entering European waters. Our tickets became worthless and we had to borrow money to pay for passage on a British ship.

The voyage from Liverpool had taken ten days, as we had steered well north of where U-boats and mines were anticipated. (I learned later that it took Columbus 70 days, so we were speedy.) We spent one expensive night in a New York hotel and then boarded a New York Central train for Rochester with



Maidi Hall, U.S. Citizen

what remained of our borrowed \$100, our three suitcases, one wooden chest and one wardrobe trunk. That trunk, of the sort that has drawers on one side and hanging space on the other, became my personal clothes closet for several years.

Our household goods, including 24 place settings of silver, crystal and Rosenthal china, remained in storage at my aunt's home in Czechoslovakia; sending the crates ahead would have subjected them to import duty since we did not yet have a permanent

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The Forester

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

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In Memoriam

Edward Sherman	April 29, 2011
Eloise Montgomery	May 10, 2011
Bernard Stanley "Barry" Cayne	May 12, 2011
Fey Chu	May 24, 2011

President's Podium

In preretirement years, many of us looked forward to hours and days of rest and relaxation -- no alarm clocks, no hours of reading reports or generating them. Ah, one peaceful day after another, with no need to hurry off to some meeting!

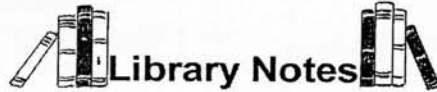
And, if you are like many of us here, you find instead that you are very, very busy. In and among the hours when you can begin a long-neglected book, put in a few plants around your patio, or occasionally lounge in your pj's 'til 9:30, you may find yourself as busy as you have ever been . . . in resident-led committees, community volunteer opportunities, walks in the gardens, visits to neighbors in the Health Center communities.

While we adopt a slower pace with some committee work and some OLLI classes, the work of the Residents Association continues with a Quarterly RA Meeting on July 18, regular monthly meetings of the RA Board, and the ongoing work of the committees. We invite your attention and involvement.

The rejuvenation these lovely spring days promote is demonstrated by residents weeding their cottage flower beds, tending vegetable plots in the Community Garden, bedecking their patios and decks with hanging baskets, and participating in committee planning and evaluation. Meanwhile, robins, mockingbirds, bluebirds, and finches serenade exuberantly, while carefully supervising their fledgling offspring, and tiny hummingbirds are in constant motion in feeders, honeysuckle, and jasmine. Enjoy these days.

Tynette Hills

Library Science 101



Our exciting news is that by the time you read this, our computerized cataloging should be up and running. **Tom Gallie** has spent hours working with the software and the two computers involved. Now **Carol DeCamp** is busy entering authors, titles, and subject headings into the lead computer. By the time the next *Forester* is out, although entering ALL the Library's holdings will take many months, you may be able to use the residents' computer to find the book you are wanting. The Library staff will help you get started.

This book might be *Revolutionary Founders: Rebels, Radicals, and Reformers in the Making of the Nation*, the lead editor of which is our own **Al Young**. This is a collection of writings by eminent historians, beginning with Al's chapter "Ebenezer Mackintosh: Boston's Captain General of the Liberty Tree." This fascinating book gives us some entirely new viewpoints about our American Revolutionary War period.

A tip: meanwhile, this book can be found on the "New in the Library" shelves, and later will be shelved with other In House Authors in the Library Classroom.

Please remember that there is no longer a computer in the Library for anyone's personal use. That computer has joined others in the Computer Room on the third floor next to Elevator 7. The room is open 24 hours a day, though the door is closed.

Our puzzle collection is being reorganized by **Janet Hannay, Fran Bryant and Evebell Dunham**. They are being arranged by number of pieces in the puzzle, so you can easily find one to fit the size of your puzzle table. They will still be found in the same location.

Book club selections for September through January have been chosen, and the Library has at least one copy of each. They are:

Sept. *Caleb's Crossing* by Geraldine Brooks

Oct. *Unbroken* by Lauren Hillenbrand

Nov. *The Elegance of the Hedgehog* by Muriel Barbery

Dec. *White Tiger* by Aravind Adiga (NOT the one by Taylor)

Jan. *I Heard the Owl Cry My Name* by Margaret Craven

Have a happy summer, with lots of interesting books. And remember that for beach or travel—or any—occasion, you can take a paperback from the Library Classroom or the Club Room without checking it out. Just return it or another paperback.

Carol Scott

Goldfinches Hook a Ride

The Atlantic in March is windy and the sea boisterous. Irene and I and two friends were sailing the *Stormy Petrel* north to Carolina from Jamaica. It was night and I was at the helm daydreaming about home. Somewhere off the South Carolina coast the wind and sea became wild. Suddenly my daydream was broken; a small bird lit on the main boom. Seconds later a second bird landed in the cockpit next to Irene and me. Goldfinches were hooking a ride on the *Stormy*. The first finch soon flew off south into the stormy night. Our companion hopped into the cabin resting on a shelf. Irene offered water and a few crumbs but to no avail. Our fellow traveler was exhausted and soon died. Irene buried the Goldfinch at sea. Sitting in my easy chair at home my thoughts drifted back to that stormy night and I hoped and prayed one Finch made it south to warmer climes while the other rested in the deep. The Atlantic in March is no place for man or bird.

Blaine Nashold

Coming to America continued

(Continued from page 1)

address in the U.S. They remained there in safety under the Nazi government, awaiting the end of hostilities. With the defeat of the German armies, the



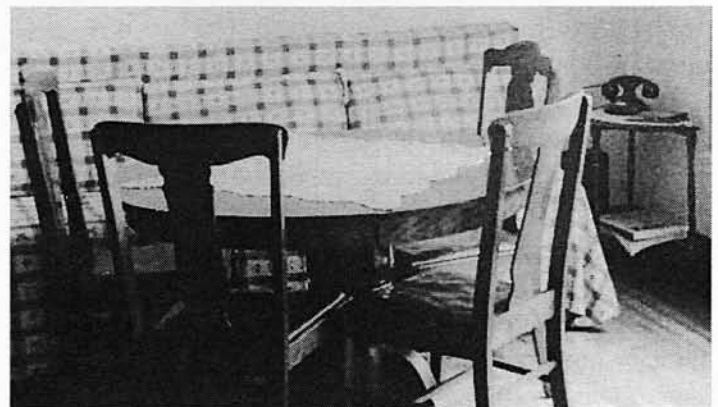
Daybed by day

Communists took over in Czechoslovakia and deported all the German-speaking residents and confiscated all their property. My mother was so bitter at losing her entire trousseau that for many years she refused to replace those things, buying only a Mix-master and a sewing machine.

Our sponsor (whom we had never met; his father was an expatriate American who befriended my parents in Vienna and instructed his son to give us the required affidavit of support) met us at the station and whisked us off to his home for dinner, which included chicken (I was offered a drumstick as a treat and didn't quite know how to say I didn't really care for a drumstick) and a puzzling orange mush which we were told was "squash." "And when I go to buy it," asked my father (who never shopped for groceries), "is it squash then too?" My mother was mortified to realize that we had apparently arrived on the maid's night out, as our hostess was in and out of the kitchen all during dinner. It was quite a while before she found out that in our new country full-time maids were rare in middle-class homes. In Vienna it would have been unthinkable for my mother to answer her own doorbell.

We moved into a one-bedroom furnished apartment after buying bedding, a frying pan and a saucepan, and a set of Homer Laughlin china. (Sixty years later there were still a couple of pieces of that china in my mother's kitchen cabinet.) Someone gave us an A&P fruitcake in a big round tin; my mother used that tin to bake my first American birthday cake. (It turned out that American flour is different in behavior from European flour. Consternation ensued.) Christmas was approaching, and my parents wanted to make it as normal as possible for their little girl, so there was a tree and dime-store presents. Unfortunately, my mother innocently used real candles on the tree as she had always done in Austria, not knowing that in America trees are not so fresh. The tree caught fire and my mother was badly burned putting it out. She took refuge from the pain of her burns, and incidentally improved her English, by reading *Winnie the Pooh* by the hour. Luckily the super didn't know about the candles and assumed there had been faulty wiring, so my folks didn't have to pay for the damage to the apartment.

Since we were cash strapped, we moved to a cheaper efficiency apartment, which featured a marvelous contraption: a Murphy bed that folded away into a closet during the day. My parents slept on the Murphy bed and I had a daybed, which served as our sofa. There was just room for one easy chair and a small desk in addition to these sumptuous furnishings. Then, since my father rarely had enough free



Ugly Oak Table

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Coming to America continued

(Continued from page 4)

time to get home by bus from the hospital where he was on house staff, we moved into an unfurnished apartment behind a mom & pop grocery two blocks from the hospital. Catholic Charities had promised us a few pieces of furniture, and when the van came, there was a note saying "There will be a few additions." The "few additions" proved to be at least double the originally promised items, including a massive round pedestal dining table of dark oak which we thought was hideous but which would probably be worth a fortune today, if only we still had it! One piece from that era which still survives in one of my children's homes is an elegant little glass-topped coffee table, the glass having long since been replaced by a sensible piece of plywood.

My father soon accepted a house staff position at the county hospital, with a cut in pay to \$100 a month but including an apartment and "maintenance." In lieu of eating steam table food in the cafeteria we were allotted a boxful of groceries every week. The great thing about living in the hospital building was that the grounds ran down to the tow-path of the Barge Canal (formerly known as the Erie Canal) which provided an excellent playground for me and a pleasant spot for my mother to do her mending and crocheting. I never again saw her sitting so still for such long periods; later she was always "too busy."

During our time at County we bought our first car, a dark blue second-hand 1939 Pontiac, and my parents both took driving lessons, having never been behind the wheel before. Pearl Harbor happened, and we were classified as "enemy aliens" because we were Austrians, and Austria was now part of Germany, so my mother's camera was confiscated in case she might be a spy. I refused to speak German any longer because it was the language of the enemy. (I was in high school and the war was over before I came to my senses and realized it would be foolish to lose my native language.)

My father took the train to Albany to take the English exam that was required before he could take

State Boards, and flunked it the first time because he rushed through it in order to catch an earlier train home. Fortunately he passed the retake and then



1939 Pontiac

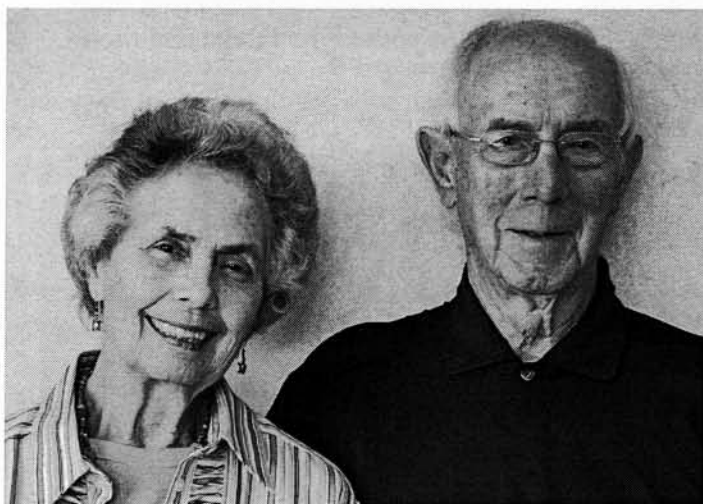
sailed through the licensure exam, having fulfilled his residency requirement, qualifying him to hang out his shingle. From a dentist who joined the army we rented a house with an office and examination room (formerly the dining room and sun porch) in which my father started his American practice.

We were by now full-fledged Americans in spirit, though it would be a few more years before we could become American citizens. The promise of the sun-drenched city that welcomed us in 1939 has been fulfilled. My mother lived to be 96, and her mantra all the rest of her life was: "This country has been good to us."

Maidi Hall

Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Dick Aroner



Linda and Bob Jennings

Cottage 7 489-5136

Bob was born in Baltimore, went to grade school in Bethlehem, PA, and to high school in Evanston, IL. He earned bachelor's master's, and medical degrees at Northwestern University, and began his career as a researcher in the fields of cardiology and pathology there. He joined the Duke Medical faculty in 1975. He has belonged to many medical associations and has published widely in his fields of research. He enjoys gardening, golf, fishing and cooking. Linda was born in Morris, IL, and grew up in a number of small towns in Illinois and Indiana. She trained as a nurse at Northwestern University and Passavant Hospital in Chicago. Bob, according to Linda, having invited her to an interns' picnic where they played baseball, "liked the way I put my face into the ground balls. We've moved on to spectator sports." Linda has volunteered at The Nearly New Shoppe for 35 years and has been active at St. Philip's Episcopal Church. She has been a member of many local organizations including the Duke Campus Club and the Halcyon Literary Club. She enjoys reading, gardening, bridge, travel, cooking and having a dog. The Jennings have a daughter here, another in Colorado, and two sons and a daughter in the Washington, DC, area.



Joel and Barbara Smith

Apartment 3046 489-7971

Both the Smiths have roots in New York. Joel was born and raised in New York City, graduated from Queens College at age 19 and earned his M.A. from Columbia and his PhD from Northwestern in Sociology. Barbara is a graduate of Keuka College in the Finger Lakes region of New York State and served several terms on its Board of Trustees. After teaching at Michigan State for seven years, Joel joined the Duke faculty in 1958. He retired in 1997 but continues to represent his department at weekly meetings of the Medical Center's Institutional Review Board. During his tenure at Duke, the Smiths enjoyed Joel's terms as a visiting professor in Switzerland at the University of Geneva and in Canada at McGill University. As Joel puts it, "I've just never left school." Barbara has found community work in Durham and the state to be challenging and rewarding. She is proud of having received, in 1978, the Fiftieth Anniversary Brotherhood Citation from the National Conference for Christians and Jews, Carolinas Region. In that year she joined the Duke staff and spent 19 years as a member of a team of major-gift fundraisers for the University. The Smiths were married in 1953 and have three children and seven grandchildren.

Welcome, New Residents *cont'd.*



Ella Jean Shore

Apartment 3013 493-2727

Ella Jean Shore was born in New Bern and, during her younger years, lived with her family at a number of places in North Carolina, Ohio, and the Washington, DC, area. She went to high school in Arlington, VA, and graduated from the College of William and Mary where she was an English major. She taught school in Tappahannock, VA, and served as Director of Religious Education for a church in Charlotte. She earned master's degrees from Duke Divinity School and UNC-Chapel Hill, settled permanently in this area, and served for 30 years as an administrator of student affairs at Duke. She is a member of the Duke Chapel Congregation, has served as a docent for the Duke Chapel, and has been active in a number of organizations including two interest groups of the Duke Campus Club —the Mystery Book Group, which she started in 1996, and the Out-to-Lunch Group.

Ella Jean is very happy at the Forest at Duke and hopes soon to become active in a number of things and get to know a lot of people.

Mystery Food: Edamame

(“Ed” is pronounced like Ed, sounds like Ted. The “a” is pronounced like uh. “Ma” sounds like a nickname for mama. And “me” sounds just like May.)

Edamame is an immature soybean harvested at the peak of ripening right before it reaches the “hardening” time. You could have fooled me. When I first saw it, I said “Give me some of those butter beans.” I thought someone had perfected a way to fatten up one of my favorite eastern North Carolina foods. A light green bean about the size of an edamame was called a butter bean in the little town where I grew up. Lima beans looked like butter beans but were larger. I have been corrected numerous times in my life especially by my friends from north of the Mason-Dixon Line as well as by the servers in our Café. No matter how hard I try, some people simply are not ready for the truth.

At The Forest, edamame can be found as one of the ingredients at the salad bar or can be prepared as a stand-alone side dish. There are numerous additional recipes that include appetizers, snacks and rolls. The word means “Beans on Branches.” Once harvested, the beans are parboiled and quick frozen.

Like several of our food offerings at The Forest, edamame is classified as a super food. It is high in fiber, vitamin C and folic acid. It is low in fat and cholesterol. One half cup of fresh, shelled edamame contains 100 calories. It also contains all 9 essential amino acids that the body does not make on its own.

Edamame has anti-inflammatory properties making it a great food for those who suffer from arthritis or other inflammatory diseases such as asthma.

See you at the salad bar.

Bill Harrington

Odds and Ends

The Tragedy of the Duke of the Forest (Conclusion)

Nearly ten years have passed and the Evil Ones who murdered the Duke have not been found. The **KING** has taken some **FLACH** about this. **PEARL MUTTER** fell in **LUOV** with a Duke basketball star, married, and went to live in Wyoming.

However, the hunt went on. Breakfast diners in the Cafeteria were asked to keep a record of all tips on the criminals' whereabouts. Each year the book grew **FULLER**. The **KING** called up in **SERVICE** all Super-Sizers. Fit and well trained by **Becky Binney**, they were ready for any dangerous mission.

When a great tip was received, the **KING** gave the order and the Super-Sizers left on a **BLACK** moonless night. They captured all the wretched ones in their hideaway and called the **KING**.

The next day, with Queen **ANNA** at his side, the **KING** announced the murderers had been captured and were being returned in **FETTERS**. Upon arrival, they would be thrown in the dungeon for life!

A holiday celebration was planned. **PEARL MUTTER** returned with her **NEECE** and her **YOUNG** and beautiful daughter, who was truly a

chip off the old **BLOCH**. Her husband came too and ran a basketball clinic, very popular. There was a **BOWES** and arrow competition. In a West Indian game a **BARLOW** was set lower and lower for dancers to dance under. After several falls, this game was discontinued.

A great time was had by all; and the sad saga of the Duke of the Forest was **CHUT** forever.

Mary Gates

A Few Words About Mary Gates

Mary Gates has, for years, informed and entertained us with her column, so I guess we can't begrudge her retirement from her position with *The Forester*. But we regret it.

One of our staff members said, "You never know what Mary Gates is going to come up with, but it's always entertaining."

Thank you, Mary

Mystery Photos



Before the ball, Jamaica

Do You Know Them?



Happy Graduate

An Unbelievable Trip to Asheville, North Carolina

Who would have believed that at 9:15 am on Wednesday, March 9th, four seniors (ages 86-98!) and three professionals from The Forest at Duke—**LeeAnn Bailey**, Health Care Resident Social Worker; **Katie Cloninger** Med Tech/CNA, studying to become an RN; and **Jennifer Perry**, Health and Wellness Activities Director—departed in a TFAD van, with Jennifer driving, for points west. It was a long and bumpy ride on I-40, but after a stop for lunch at a Cracker Barrel, we arrived at the five star Biltmore Inn, completed just ten years ago, to spend Thursday and Friday. LeeAnn, Katie, and Jennifer took care of our every need, helped in every conceivable way to make us comfortable.

A bit of background: **Leslie Jarema**, the Health Services Director, while attending a conference, heard of the idea for a “Make a Wish” trip for three or four seniors to enjoy, possibly something they had experienced years ago or something they had always wanted to do. Last year a small group went to the beach and had a wonderful time.

Our participants this year, all residents of TFAD assisted living, included **Martha Mendenhall**, who was born near Asheville, and this was her wish. Martha graduated from the University of North Carolina College for Women, as it was known then. She taught English for many years, earned more advanced degrees, served in the Waves during World War II, and traveled extensively after retiring.

Lola Williams joined us. She has three sons, all graduates of the Phillips Andover Academy in Massachusetts. Lola confided that she taught English there during summer sessions for years.

Martha Votta, who was originally from Michigan but grew up in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was one of fourteen children. I think she was the youngest!! She obviously could handle herself in a crowd.

Janet McKay was born in New Jersey, but grew up in the Philadelphia area, graduated from the University of Pennsylvania where she was President of Student Government and Head Counselor of University Camp for inner city children.

Even though we came from different back-

grounds, we melded into a very companionable group. We toured the Biltmore House, had an elegant tea at the Biltmore Inn, ate dinner in the Bistro at the Winery, had an interesting lunch in a cleverly renovated stable, and of course we shopped!

The “Piece de Resistance” was dinner in the main dining room at the Biltmore Inn on our last evening. Everything was elegantly served, starting with a very small cup of creamy onion soup to whet our appetite while waiting for the main course. Din-



ner included beef tenderloin with all the trimmings and ended with a five layer chocolate cake and yogurt dessert to die for, even if you didn't have room!

As we were leaving the dining room, a gentleman came over from his table to say that we were the loveliest group, no matter what age, in the dining room that evening. Needless to say, we left for our rooms and slept with wonderful visions of our once in a lifetime stay at the Biltmore Inn in Asheville, North Carolina.

Our biggest accolades, many thanks and admiration go to LeeAnn, Katie, and Jennifer, and The Forest At Duke for seeing that our “Make a Wish” trip actually came true.

Janet McKay

From the Bookshelf



LEAVING VAN GOGH

By Carol Wallace

Many years ago I visited Amsterdam. One of the main attractions of that great city was the Van Gogh Museum. When my husband and I entered the elevator to take us up to the main floor of the museum, the doorman announced, The Vun KHOKH Museum! I turned to my husband and said, "We're in the wrong museum." People on the elevator smiled and assured us that it was indeed the right museum. The doorman was using the Dutch pronunciation of Van Gogh.

Although it was a long time ago I shall never forget those paintings. The vivid colors: blues, yellows, reds, all bright, alive and inviting. The portraits and the scenes he painted were strong and real. I had read enough of Van Gogh to know that he possessed a great talent, but had been ignored and dismissed as a major artist while he lived. He died in poverty, plagued by a periods of insanity and self-doubt. He was thirty-seven years old.

Leaving Van Gogh tells the story from the perspective of Van Gogh's personal physician, Dr. Gachet, a specialist in mental illness. The doctor is also a great lover of the arts. We are taken to a little town outside of Paris, Auvers-sur-Oise, and introduced to the doctor's family. Blanche, the doctor's wife, died many years earlier but there is Margarine, his twenty-one year old daughter and Paul, who is seventeen. The doctor has his clinic in Paris several days a week, but comes home to Auvers for the rest of the week. It is a comfortable but lonely life for the doctor, but he takes great comfort in his artist friends who like to come to paint in the beautiful countryside. We meet Pissarro, Cezanne, and Gauguin. It

was Gauguin who quarreled with Van Gogh and angered him so that he cut off a piece of his own ear lobe. (The story has been so exaggerated over the years. Vincent Van Gogh never cut off his whole ear).

Dr. Gachet is sought out by Theo Van Gogh, Vincent's younger brother. Theo begs Gachet to take on his brother as a patient. Vincent has spent many earlier years being restrained in institutions for the insane. His brother feels that he needs supervision, not restraints. Dr. Gachet believes that these patients should be treated with compassion and, as a man of science, he feels bad for another man's suffering and agrees to take on the project. He is excited at the thought of the challenge that Vincent presents. Vincent agrees to move to the village of Auvers. He is happy to leave all the noise and confusion of Paris. The Doctor finds him lodgings in the village inn and invites him into his home as a frequent and welcome visitor. Paul and Margarine are quick to invite the strange, unconventional painter to join them in their activities.

Carol Wallace, the author, has done massive amounts of research for her book, and she very cleverly weaves in the dialogue as she imagines the conversations between the doctor and Van Gogh. They became great friends and Van Gogh came to trust the doctor and his gentle ways.

For a short period Vincent thrives in the little village. He paints and paints and fills up every available space with his work. He paints houses, churches, wheat fields, flowers, people. His paintings are raw, canvases filled with rich colors, wide brushstrokes, canvases that confront life and its reality. But then his uncertainties come back. He hears that Theo has become very ill and he worries that his support is gone. Who will pay his rent and buy him paints and

(Continued on page 11)

Bookshelf continued*(Continued from page 10)*

canvases? He avoids the doctor, stops painting and considers suicide. How to do it? How to do it so that he doesn't botch it? He finds a pistol and one summer night in 1890 Vincent Van Gogh shoots himself in the chest. In two days he is dead. He left over 2000 works of art. He sold only one. Isn't it ironic that this mad genius's painting of Dr. Gadget sold in 1990 for \$82.5 million?

Many books have been written about Van Gogh's life. Carol Wallace's historical fiction, *Leaving Van Gogh*, deals only with the last few months of Vincent Van Gogh's life. There are stories within the story which set the scene for that period in time: interesting accounts of the treatment of madness in the 19th century, a bit of suspense, and a mystery which has never been solved. Where did the pistol come from? Finally, the story leaves one with a new admiration and respect for the genius that was Vincent Van Gogh. The question remains, does one have to suffer to be a genius?

Peggy Quinn

Dogwood

Taking us almost by surprise,
the cherry, redbud, azalea
announce spring extravagantly
and then they're gone.

Deeper in the forest glades,
dogwood's virginal white
blooms lie layer above layer
a quiet, lasting masterpiece.

Ned Arnett

The Unused Room

Now day is done, the children pray,
And in their beds you hope they'll stay.
A calming time to reminisce,
To linger over each child's kiss
'til morning's light.

During the day the sun was out
And I could hear the children shout,
And I shout back I love you, too!
I hope you know how much I do.
And we're together.

But now another time has come.
The time to teach the child is done.
A quiet house, the children grown,
We find ourselves at night alone,
No child to ponder.

Those once bright days of youth are spent.
Did I say the things I meant,
Did my loving nature show?
I did my best, I hope they know
I'll love them always.

Then faintly from the unused room
I think I hear young voices croon
We love you still,
We always will.
And all seems right.

Don Chesnut

The Forest Singers Spring Concert

