



Volume 19 Issue 1

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

October 2012

## Leslie Jarema, Health Services Director

by Joanne Ferguson

As Leslie Jarema [Jar-eh-ma] drove from Raleigh to a 1994 interview with the Crapos at The Forest, she thought to herself that this was a commute she didn't want to deal with. But when she got here everything was new and well laid out and the interview went well, so she changed her mind. What she didn't know was that there would be a surprise on her desk her first day of work: a twenty-five page list of deficiencies, which, unless corrected, would cause the state to close the Health Center down! She says without a health center there would be no Forest at Duke. Her predecessor had told the nurses they need not come in on the weekends! She set to work on the deficiencies, replacing almost all the staff and contractors.

Leslie had a reputation as a fixer when she came to us. She had had a lot of experience with nursing homes, having served as an Adult Homes Specialist with the Wake County Department of Social Services, as a Mental Retardation Specialist on the North Carolina Medical Peer Review Foundation, Marketing Director for Meadowbrook Terrace of Raleigh, and Nursing Home Administrator of Meadowbrook Terrace of North Raleigh, where she administered a 120 bed facility and made the necessary changes to covert to a nursing facility, including construction, hiring new employees, and putting policy and systems in place.

During her time as a social worker, she worked with abused children and the elderly. At that time there were many laws against child abuse but none designed to protect the elderly. She joined a group lobbying for laws protecting the elderly, and they were influential in getting the first such laws passed by the N.C. General Assembly.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Leslie misses working with the residents now that she is so busy with administration. When I drop in one afternoon, she says, "Guess what we did yesterday!" and jumps up to show me. **Lee Ann Bailey** had come in to say **Majorie Jones** had told her she was bored that afternoon. So Leslie and Lee Ann went to her apartment, assembled **Lola Williams** and **Anna Fetter** and Leslie gave them a lesson in painting with water color. She painted a portrait of Lola, who exclaimed, "You made me look beautiful!" and Marjorie's first ever painting was a wonderful execution. Leslie says that if she can just get away from her administrative duties long enough, she hopes to do this once a week.

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**The Forester**

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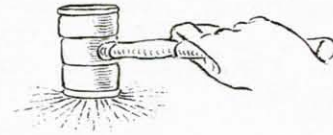
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**In Memoriam**

June Northwood  
 George D. Wilbanks  
 Edna Willard Baker

June 1, 2012  
 June 3, 2012  
 June 11, 2012

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**President's Podium**

by Jack Hughes

Reflecting on the continuing depressed economic conditions, many residents wonder why there has to be another increase in monthly fees. A simple answer is the yearly increasing cost of doing business. The more involved explanation includes inflation, particularly in health care, food and energy. Added to that is the increasingly higher cost of labor due to competition for employees at continuing care facilities. And then there is the aging of the residents and their greater need for the labor-intensive services of health care. Roughly 80% of The Forest's operating budget is for food and health care. The Consumer Price Index (CPI-core index) hardly applies to The Forest. Health care costs increases are in the double digits and increases in food prices almost half of that. Energy costs are way up and that affects the cost of most other things. We could reduce some services, but reducing monthly fees significantly would require greater reductions than most of us would like – but it may have to happen down the road. So it appears that as long as operating costs continue to rise at the current rate, annual increases in monthly fees will be necessary to maintain our standard of living.

Another question sometimes heard is: Why can't there be enough extra beds in the Health and Wellness Center to make certain that no resident has to wait or go to another facility no matter what? The answer is mainly financial. It would require maintaining additional beds which would be unoccupied more than 90% of the time, the cost of which would increase considerably the monthly fee for all residents. Fortunately, we have arrangements with other facilities for the rare instance when no bed is available for a resident.

As a lot of people have observed, coping with old age "ain't easy" and can be expensive.



## Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

Changes have been happening in the Library over the past few months.

On many Saturday mornings a dedicated group of volunteers has continued to cover book jackets with the plastic covers that protect them and brighten them up. Now all mysteries, non-fiction and large print books have been covered and work has started on biographies. You will need book-marks now instead of jacket flaps to mark your place in your reading!

"Have You Read?" titles are being chosen by Barbara Eldridge and placed on the back of the book cart that holds "New In The Library" selections. Take a look to see if there is a book you did not know we have.

Cardboard jigsaw puzzles – the usual kind – no longer have to be signed out and in. Just take one and return it when you have completed it, as you do with the paperback books in the Classroom and Club Room. The hand cut wooden Rinka puzzles are irreplaceable and still need to be signed out on the card inside, and placed in the designated box nearby.

Resident Ned Arnett has published a book about his experiences as a Conscientious Objector during World War II – a different and less familiar side of that war -- and given a copy of *A Different Kind of War Story* to the Library. It will be located on the In House Author shelves in the Library Classroom.

Members of the Library Committee have donated money to the Library in memory of Jarus Quinn, who was instrumental in getting computerized cataloging started in the Library, working quietly behind the scenes. Checks written TO TFAD,

and designated FOR Library-Jarus Quinn can be given to Kim Williams in Accounting by others who may be interested.

As an experiment toward planning the new Library quarters a transformed and welcoming reading area has been arranged in the space formerly occupied by the long table in the main room. This removes the untidy collection of chairs at the back of the room, which were blocking shelves there and making it difficult to manoeuver walkers around the Large Print shelves. Perhaps you have already enjoyed it. We welcome comments.

To be sure everyone has a chance to see this new arrangement, an Open House on Sunday, October 21 from 4 to 6 p.m. is being planned, with delicious refreshments in the hallway outside, and you are all invited.

See you there (if not before)!

## In Memoriam continued

(Continued from page 2)

Marcia SeEVERS	June 16, 2012
William Rucker "Bill" Hudson	July 4, 2012
Martha Votta	July 6, 2012
Harold Tannenbaum	July 8, 2012
Helen Jennifer Bowes	July 25, 2012
George I. Maddox, Jr	August 9, 2012
Jarus W. Quinn	August 11, 2012
Edmund Albrecht	August 20, 2012
Betty Gray	September 2, 2012
Jean Dunlap	September 20, 2012



**Leslie Jarema** continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

Leslie was born and brought up in Shelby, N.C. Her grandparents were farmers in Rutherford County. Her paternal grandfather was a blond, blue-eyed German named Canipe, and he married a Cherokee woman. Leslie says the family reunions are an interesting mixture of the blue-eyed north European and the dark-eyed Cherokee genes. She has one sister, who was the Ibby Wooten of a CCRC, now retired, and three grown daughters.

She went to Lenior-Rhyne University in Hickory, NC, for a BA in sociology. She did theater in college along with community theater. She did graduate studies in theoretical psychology at Appalachian State and in nursing home administration at UNC-Chapel Hill.

After she was married and had three children, Leslie took a class in water color and has become an accomplished artist, working in water color, acrylic, and oils. Her work has won numerous awards in juried competitions and is represented in galleries and private collections throughout the state of North Carolina. She is a member of the Wake Visual Arts Association and Art Space in Raleigh. She has mounted many shows but says she no longer has time to keep that up. Her painting *Abandoned* of a homeless man hangs in her office and has often been reproduced.

It was Leslie who designed our addition/renovation to the Health Center that was recognized in a Design 2002 competition as "Best in Category" by the Society for the Advancement of Gerontological Environments (SAGE) and Nursing Homes Long Term Care Management magazine. In addition it was awarded a citation of excellence by the American Institute of Architects. It was Leslie who established our on-site dental office and who brought us a resident therapy dog, first Buddy and then Summer, both rescue dogs. She established and implemented a no-wheelchair philosophy (GROW—get residents out of wheelchairs) that has become nationally recognized.

I end my interview with the question that so many residents have: "Where do you get your

clothes?" She says always at discount, at places like TJ Max and Forever 21 in Crabtree Valley, some things from catalogs, never shoes that are uncomfortable. She says she combines unusual things. When she was a teenager in Shelby, she was the first one in town to wear a two-piece bathing suit. Though she was as flat as a board and the suit had a skirt, it nevertheless caused quite a stir.

I could easily have talked all day and taken up all her time. As I get ready to leave after an interview, she is down in the floor activating the mechanical golden retriever, who responds to seven commands. She makes him speak for me and offer a paw to shake. I enjoyed myself.



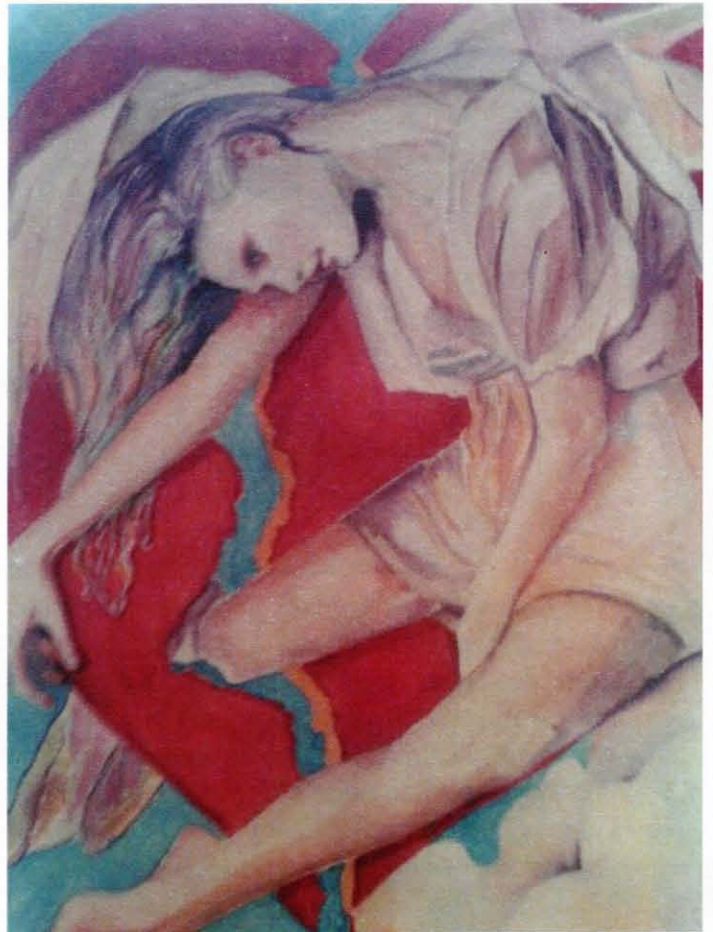
Coolidge Elkins and Summer commune



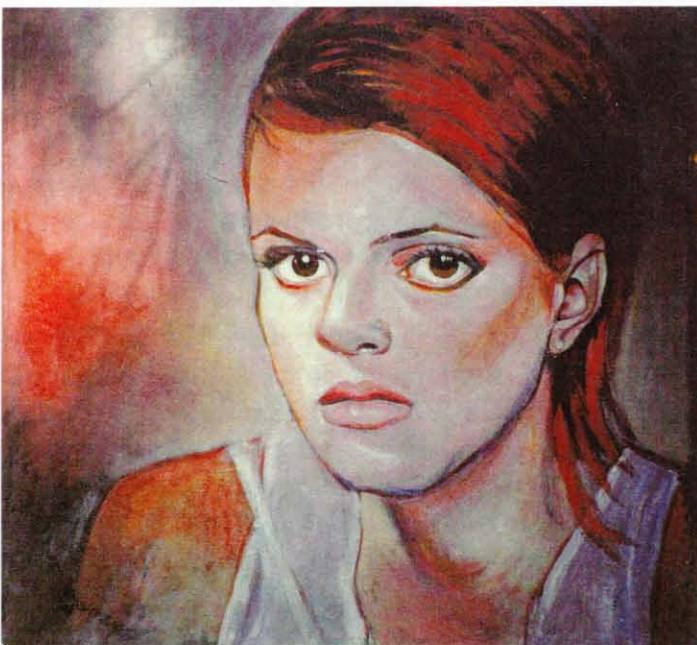
## Paintings by Leslie



"Abandoned"



"Weeping Angel"



"Nichole"



"On the Beach"



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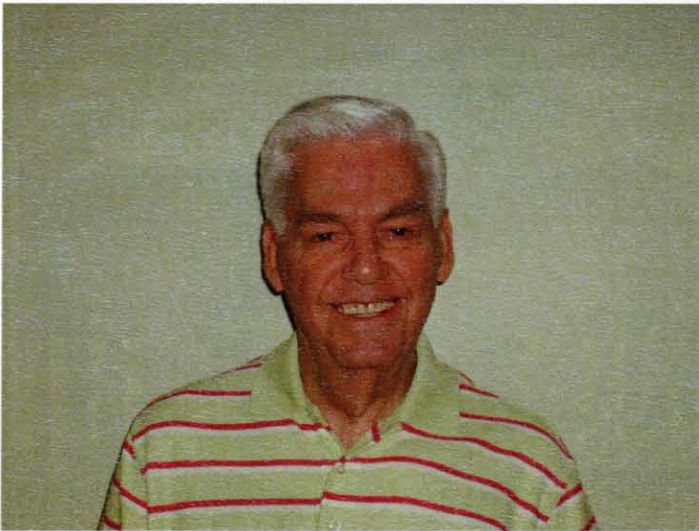
## Welcome, New Residents



Delilah Stites

Apartment 2025 919-401-1537

Delilah was born and has lived mostly in Jacksonville, FL. She has worked as an accountant and bookkeeper. Her marriage to Arthur Stites ended in divorce, but they continue to be close friends. They have a daughter, Denise, in Anchorage, Alaska, who is office manager for a private school; a son, Stephen, in Hartford, CT, who is an insurance company vice president; and a son, Greg, in Jacksonville, a teacher and drama coach.



Arthur Stites

Apartment 4038 919-401-1539

Arthur was born and grew up in Millville, NJ. He received his degree in accounting from the University of Florida in Jacksonville and has lived in that city practicing as a CPA and certified financial planner ever since. He was an active Rotarian and, for 15 years, a director of Good Will Industries of North Florida. He enjoys sports, reading, and travel.

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## Welcome, New Residents



**Robert and Rosalind Abernathy**

**Apartment 2044 919 401-8283**

Robert and Rosalind Abernathy are physicians who earned their medical degrees from Duke in 1949 and were married in Duke Chapel that year. Rosalind was a Duke undergraduate, where she was a member of Duke Chapel choir, while Robert studied at Davidson and Yale and subsequently earned a PhD in medical microbiology from the University of Minnesota. Rosalind spent her early life and went to school in Durham and Robert was brought up in Gastonia, NC. They came to The Forest from Little Rock, AR, where they were both on the faculty of the University of Arkansas Medical School, Robert specializing in infectious diseases and Rosalind in pediatrics and allergy.

They have five children: Robert, a civil engineer and software designer in Atlanta; David, a Duke Med School graduate practicing internal medicine in Morganton, NC; Susan, in Durham, a speech pathologist; Thomas, a computer designer with Pfizer in New York City; and Douglas, a physicist at Oak Ridge Laboratory in Tennessee. Robert enjoys word puzzles, and reading mysteries, history, and biography. Rosalind enjoys gardening, running, and choral singing.

## Reading Too Much

by Carol Oettinger

As I was enjoying my time as a library volunteer, Carol Scott came in to help a person who wanted to learn to use the new computer inventory of all our books. When she was free we began to talk about our lifelong love of reading. I told her the story of a time in my life that I began to read less and here it is.

One day when my children were 7, 5, and 3, they were home because it had snowed and an inch always shuts N.C. schools. They came into the kitchen where I was reading and sipping a cup of coffee. The oldest said, "We are requiring you to come into the living room." They were all looking very serious so off I went with them. They had a special chair in which I was to sit and said that I was a prisoner in the dock. I was accused of reading too much and not going outside to play in the snow with my children. They had apparently been watching television because I was informed that Janet (7) was Perry Mason, Charlie (5) was the prosecuting attorney and Nancy (3) was the witness for the prosecution. As you might guess I was speedily convicted. We had a wonderful day out in the snow.

## Don't Call Me "Sweetie"

by Elizabeth Dube

At 16 to be called "Sweetie" gave me a thrill.  
Instead, at maturity, it brings on a chill.  
Now it suggests I have little sense,  
Stumbling, bumbling, and rather dense.

In my soft, gentle tone, with smile that melts  
I always reply, "DAH-LIN," you mean  
somebody else!"

I'm sharp as a tack and bright as a nickel,  
Also known as "Lil' Dill Pickle."



## Let's Dance

by Elizabeth Dube

In July 2012 the United States Postal Service honored four famous dancers on Forever stamps, available at TFAD front desk: Isadora Duncan, Katherine Dunham, Bob Fosse and José Limón. I have danced with one of them. ONE time—José Limón!

In the thirties the famous Humphrey/Weidman Dance Group, with Limón as premier dancer, was engaged to perform at WC-UNC Greensboro. A reception to honor the dancers was to be held in the gym a day prior to their performance.

As a freshman at WC, I had barely been admitted to join the student modern dance group.

With several hundred attending, the reception began with dance demonstrations. It was announced that José Limón would dance next.

He rose and came to my front row seat, took my hand and led me in bewildered amazement to the floor. I was whirled into a stance with arms outstretched and legs askew as Limón spun all around me. Each of my novice's moves of "Where'd he go? Where'd he go?" was matched with elegant responses of dance. He made US look good.

When the music ended, I got a hug and kiss from José which I treasure nearly 80 years later as I purchase a sheet of U.S. Postage Stamps honoring dancers—and José Limón.



Elizabeth, still dancing

## Don't Look Now, But ...

by Don Chesnut

When I was young, not yet senile,  
I took great pride in my profile.  
Youth and exercise kept me trim,  
It was good to be both sleek and slim.

But now I find with each new year  
Unwanted bulges do appear.  
Where once I was quite nice and thin,  
I now don't like the shape I'm in.

Parts of me are large and bumpy,  
Including stomach and my rumpy.  
I hope that you'll not think I'm crude  
To note that parts of me protrude.

Shirts are skimpy, pants are tighty,  
I struggle to put on my nightie.  
I need to look for larger sizes,  
My figure won't win any prizes.

But when viewed from front or rear  
Bumpiness tends to disappear.  
Our profile's not the only view,  
Head on's a better thing to do.

I've solved the problem, bon ami,  
By choosing the pose to look at me.  
The moral's this, I hope you hear:  
Don't look sideways in the mirror.

Perhaps we simply should confess  
That we don't always look our best.  
And lest depression us befall,  
Don't look into the mirror at all!



## Penny-Ante Al

by Herb Carson

Later this year, Canada will no longer produce the penny. It will be legal tender, but as pennies are returned to the Canadian mint, they will be melted down.

In the United States, there have been calls for a similar move. As of an estimate made in February of 2011, it costs about 2.4 cents to mint a penny. Eventually, we will see us adapt the Canadian system, thus saving each year an estimated 300 million dollars.

But for the seniors among us, what a loss. My older (by four years) brother and I were raised by a single mother during the Depression. How precious a penny was to us. We could buy so much with a penny: candies in an amazing variety of choices; as we reached our young teens, a cigarette; best of all, for three cents, a soft drink.

And if we joined forces, we could get together five cents. There was a gas station that sold sodas for three cents each or two for five cents. My brother Al would frequently ask me, "Got three cents?" Warily I would count my riches. "Why?" Al would give me his most reassuring smile. "Hey, we could get two sodas for a nickel." Sounded reasonable. Still I had to put in three pennies, Al only two pennies.

But I didn't really mind. Because if I had no pennies and Al went to the candy store, he always came home with a licorice whip for me.

When we moved to Philadelphia, one of our great pleasures was the Saturday matinee. It cost a whole dime, but Mom would manage most weeks to give us each ten cents for the show. And what a show: four hours of entertainment. There was the double feature, the cowboy, the serial, the cartoons, the short subjects, and in some theaters a stage show (such as a yo-yo expert, a harmonica player, a tap dancer—all obviously of the highest caliber).

To add to the festivities, if we had any extra pennies, there was a candy store near the movies where we could stock up on treats for the picture show marathon.

One Saturday we were in the long line waiting to buy our tickets. Kids from the front of the line kept walking away from the line, some in tears. Al went up to ask what was wrong. He came back and asked me, "Got any pennies?" I did have three or four, but clutched them in my pocket. "Why?"

It seemed the state had added a movie tax: one penny. And many kids had only the precious dime gleaned from our depression-era parents. Thus the tears.

Al asked again. "Here, keep a penny so you can get a ticket." And Al went off and shared our extra wealth with some of our neighbors. That was my brother. He might have taken slight advantage in buying sodas with me, but he was unfailingly kind and generous.

So, for those who do not know the value of a penny, when the U.S. government does stop spending more to produce a penny than it is worth, remember how much it was worth in the good old dark days of Depression, when a penny lit a light in the shadowy theater.

I still feel as I felt then—Al was more of a hero than Tom Mix and Buck Jones put together. I'm gonna squeeze a penny in remembering my hero: Penny-Ante Al.



**20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Gala**

Photos by Sue Murphy and Chuck King





## 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Gala

Photos by Sue Murphy and Chuck King



Many thanks to our friends on the Staff for making this party possible!





## 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Gala

Photos by Sue Murphy and Chuck King

