

## Becky Cunningham, Marketing Consultant

by Joanne Ferguson

For a year and three months **Becky Cunningham** has been quietly filling The Forest apartments and cottages with new residents. She sends out information, keeps the list current, and takes prospective residents on tours and gives them information sessions. So we have her largely to thank for all the new arrivals, though **Allison Rouse** and **Beth Corning** also perform these various services along with their routine duties.

Becky was born and brought up in Springfield, Ohio, a town close to Dayton, with a sister eighteen months older. Their father was the third generation owner of the IGA store in town. Becky began working in the store when she was twelve, along with her sister Kelly and Kelly's present husband Marty.

Her father bought a seasonal ice cream parlor in town (closed November, December, and January) because he liked to eat there. He had a manager and Becky worked there to help out. When this manager walked out, Becky took over the management and worked there for eight years. They served sandwiches and fresh, curly fries as well as ice cream, and made forty sandwiches a day. She had a staff of thirty, two-thirds of them under sixteen. Ice cream was delivered twice a week, and Becky did the payroll, and accounts payable and receivable.

And then Walmart rolled into town. You know the familiar story. The IGA grocery store failed, along with all the other stores along the main street: the old hardware store, the paint store, Hallmark, and the pharmacy. Becky says she won't go in Walmart. Her family home was sold and all the furniture auctioned. Her parents now have an Airstream, spend the winters in Florida in the Walt Disney Camp-ground and the rest of the year traveling.



Photo by Sue Murphy

Becky moved to Denver, North Carolina, nine years ago at Thanksgiving and was a real estate agent for a while. She also worked for five years at The Pines at Davidson, a CCRC a little smaller than The Forest.

Before she came to The Forest she had a job at Summit Place, an assisted living facility of forty-three beds in Morrisville. "I began as the Pat of the place," Becky says. When the dining room manager got cancer and had to quit, she took over the kitchen.

*(Continued on page 4)*

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### The Forester

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### In Memoriam

Ruth Seifert Phelps	October 20, 2012
Anna Lee Hinton Fetter	October 25, 2012
Hildegard Scheffey Ryals	November 1, 2012
Alfred F. Young	November 6, 2012
Dorette Boehm	November 21, 2012
Catherine P. Predmore	November 24, 2012

### President's Podium



by Jack Hughes

Often asked is the question of who is responsible for and who is the final authority in the operation of The Forest? The answer: The Board of Directors of The Forest at Duke and the Chief Executive Officer employed by that Board.

And what authority is delegated to the residents individually and to the Residents Association? The answer: legally none. However, the residents do have considerable influence on current operations and future planning through the three voting resident members of the TFAD Board, and the interactions of the Residents Association Board and individual residents with the Chief Executive Officer. Each of the three resident members on the TFAD Board serves on two or more of that board's standing committees, giving them additional opportunities to communicate residents' views.

There is a large body of government regulations that apply to continuing care facilities requiring transparency in certain administrative and financial matters. All of the material relating to these matters is subject to review by RA Board committees and is available to any resident.

The question of availability of beds in the Health and Wellness Center continues to come up. As has been noted in the past, to guarantee that a bed will be available for every resident every day of the year would require a facility that many, maybe most, of us could not afford. On the rare occasion when a needed bed is not available, we have arrangements with other facilities to provide one.

Remember that all RA Board and all committee meetings are open to all residents. Participation, but not attendance, requires permission of the Chair.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!! May your days be Merry and Bright and some (but not all) Snowy White.

## Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

'Tis the season to be merry, hang holly and mistletoe, hear bells jingling and –

It also seems to be the season for TFAD authors. As noted in the last issue of *The Forester*, Bill Harrington's book *Just There: A Memoir of Autism and Family* was published November 15 and is available in local book stores. Meanwhile, two Library Committee members have also been published.

Carol Oettinger, writing as Carol Phillips, has told about her two years as a Peace Corps volunteer in the Fiji Islands. Based on the journal she kept there, *Fiji and Me* gives fascinating insights into the people and culture of this relatively unknown part of the world and her adventures there. Like Bill Harrington's, it is a personal memoir.

Carol Scott's book, *The Eel Catcher's Travels: Robert Seeley 1602-1667*, is the biography of her intrepid immigrant ancestor who came from England with the Winthrop Fleet of 1630 and helped found the cities of Watertown and Wethersfield, MA, and New Haven, CT. His two trips back to his homeland show parallel events in the two Englands, Old and New. He was not unlike many of your ancestors.

Copies of all three of these books will be available – sooner or later – in our Library, shelved in the Classroom with In House Authors, as well as for sale in local book stores.

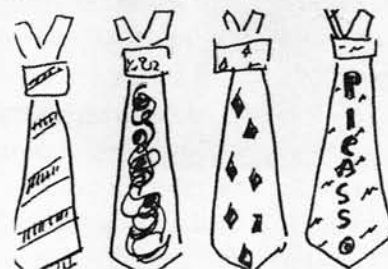
'Tis the season also for visits from children and grandchildren. For their entertainment (and yours) don't forget the jigsaw puzzles in the copier room and the Christmas music CDs and children's books in the library classroom. Also, books with a Christmas theme are featured this month on the "Have You Read?" book stand next to the large print shelves.

OASIS, the bookmobile arm of the Durham County Library, continues to come on the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Thursdays of every month, from 2 to 3 p.m., bringing a great selection of current books in both regular and large print. It is a wonderful supplement to our own library, and you don't need a library card to check out books! They will also bring books that you request by phoning 919-560-0152.

Merry Christmas and a Happy 2013 from the Library Committee! And may Santa bring you many books – print as well as electronic.

**Nashold Nonsense ==>**

### TIES THAT BLIND



### DINING STAFF

1991

**Becky Cunningham** continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

She opened the place, made breakfast, ordered food, made other meals, and administered the whole kitchen. When she left, the residents made her a poster signed with regrets and good-byes. One resident wrote, "I like you, I admire you, I respect you."

I asked how she came to apply for a job at The Forest, and she said several marketers in North Carolina established an organization called The Rat Pack, that meets a couple of times a year to share ideas. Emails are sent back and forth, sometimes listing jobs that are available. One from Beth Corning came

across her desk in which Beth said she had just hired someone and that she planned to open a new position. So Becky got in touch and thus she came to us.

She has a house in northeast Briar Creek where she lives with her two dogs, Razz and Ozzie. Razz is a cross between an American Eskimo and a Chihuahua and Ozzie between an American Eskimo and a Pomeranian.



Becky with Razz and Ozzie



## Mystery Food: Pies

(Taken from an article in *Parade*, a supplement to the *News and Observer*)

by Bill Harrington

What's so mysterious about pies, you ask? It's their history. What would this time of the year be like without pie? The article I've referenced above ended with: "Pie will always take us home again." During this holiday season, here are a few interesting tidbits about pies.

All kinds of pies – apple, cherry, pumpkin, pecan, key lime, chocolate hazelnut, macadamia nut, Mississippi mud pie – have a story to tell. There's only room for a tiny piece of pie here.

Pie has been around much longer than baseball or our flag. Much, much longer. Pie dough was being made by the Egyptians in 1300 B.C.E. The Greeks first mixed flour and water to preserve meat. Sort of like we use Tupperware today. As the Roman Empire spread so did pie. At first, pies were filled with meat. (That tradition is still with us today: mince-meat and Shepherd's pie.)

The American Pie Council states that fruit pies or tarts (pastries) were probably first served in the 1500s in England. The pastries usually contained pears, quinces and apples. Pies were still all about the fillings.

The Pilgrims made use of the ingredients they found around them in the New World. Fruits they were used to (apples for example) were not available, so they learned from Native Americans to cook with local ingredients. Wild berries found their way into the first pies. Later cranberries, eggs, and molasses made up the filling. If the fresh berries ran out, dry fruit was substituted. By the Revolutionary War era, cooks added butter, sugar and spices.

As settlers moved west, many of the pies we take for granted were first cooked. Like the Pilgrims, they used whatever was available: huckleberries, pecans, rhubarb, mulberries and peaches. One pie that we don't take for granted – prairie oysters (i.e.

bison testicles) – was first cooked during that time. (I'm sure you're as happy as I am that this delicacy has gone out of style. Hasn't it?) Sweet potato pie was first cooked in the South at about this same time.

No one knows who first said "as American as apple pie," but it appears to be a 20<sup>th</sup> century invention. It was during this century that pie became a symbol of America's national pride. During World War II, when soldiers were asked what they were fighting for, they often replied: "Mom and apple pie."

A little history about a few of our favorites:

**Apple pie:** American's favorite pie. First made with unsweetened apples in an inedible crust.

**Pumpkin pie:** American's second favorite pie. First made in the mid-1600s. Illinois is the largest pumpkin producer.

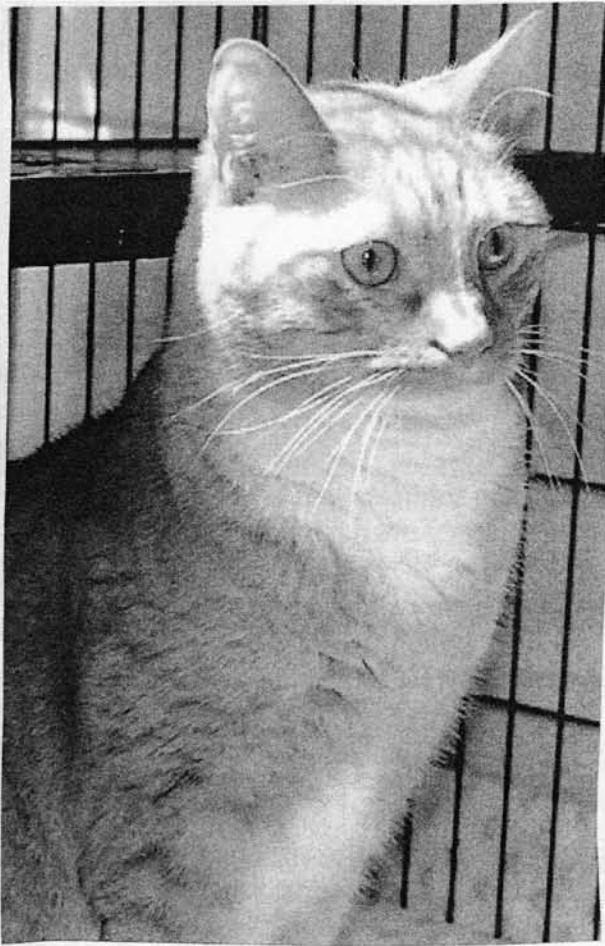
**Cherry pie:** Traverse City, Michigan, claims to be the cherry capital of the world. Michigan gets credit for this dessert.

**Mississippi mud pie:** The story goes like this: After WW II it was made from ingredients that were available in the local grocery stores: chocolate, butter, sugar and others. The chocolate crust reminded locals of the banks of the Mississippi River, and that's how the pie got its name.

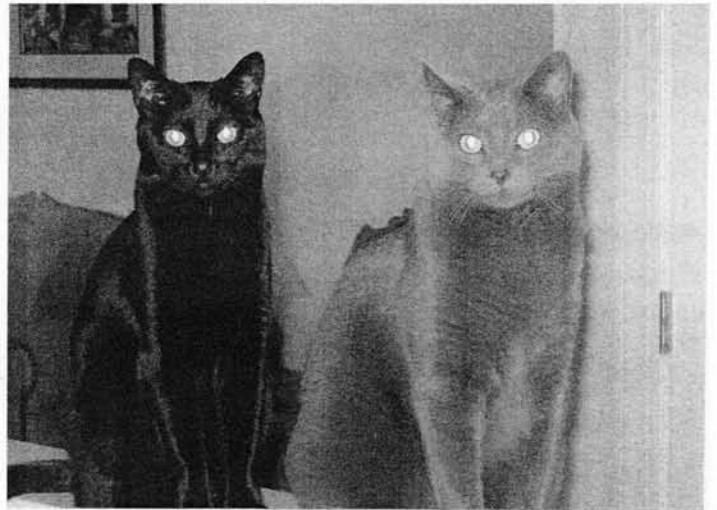
I will leave you with a question. Pie crusts used to be "made from scratch." Then, Pillsbury came along. If a pie is made with a "store bought" crust and the filling is "made from scratch," can the cook claim that it's homemade?

See you at the dessert table.

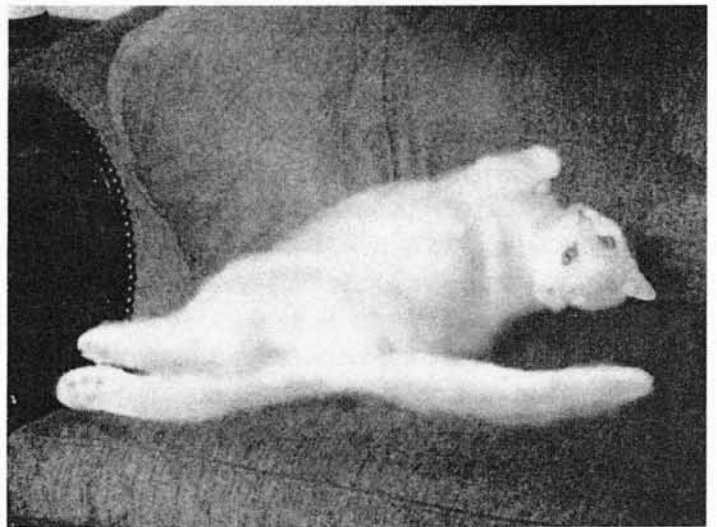
## Little Cat Feet continued



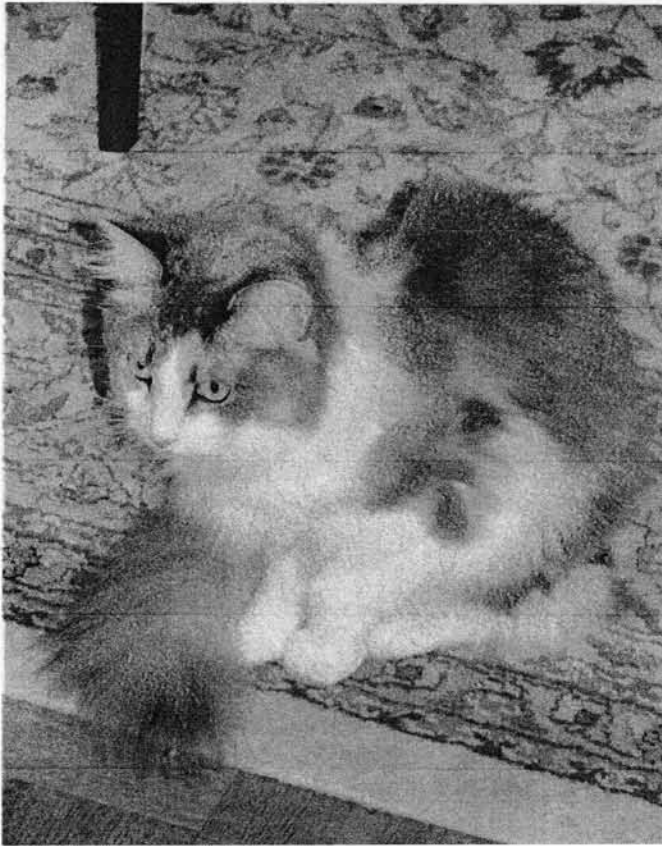
Mr. Sunshine, more familiarly Sunny, sets off an alarm every morning at 6:30, which grows ever louder the longer he has to wait for breakfast. (Ann Kirkpatrick)



Gretchen (left) and Muffin, her sister, collaborate on training their aides. Sassy, a third member of the feline family, refuses even to be photographed. (Sue and Lee Murphy)



Nicky naps with abandon, preferably on a sofa where he can stretch out. (Jean Anderson)

**Little Cat Feet continued**

Misty (a muted calico), above, and Bailey (a muted orange tabby) live in harmony except when Misty flirts through the window with a curious feral visitor. If Bailey interrupts, she runs him off vigorously and resumes her flirtation. (Merrill Petrov)



Sweetie, a butterball lap-popper, when in doubt washes herself. (Eunice and Herman Grossman)



Calie, short for Calico, is antisocial to the core and hisses at intruders from her high perch by the window. (Mary Gates)





## Welcome, New Residents



Gale Glenn

Cottage 19      919 493-6624  
[galeglenn@yahoo.com](mailto:galeglenn@yahoo.com)

After a happy, Depression-era childhood in a Dick-and-Jane, Spot-and-Puff village in New York, I attended the University of Rochester, subsequently graduating from Marymount Manhattan with a degree in English. I was married fifty years to Dr. James F. Glenn, Duke urologic surgeon for 20 years, Dean of Emory Medical School, and President of Mt. Sinai Medical Center in NYC. We have two sons, two daughters, seven grands, and a great-granddaughter, Scottie Glenn.

We retired to Jim's native Kentucky Bluegrass where, much to my surprise, I managed our 300 acre farm while he "retired" to administration at the University of Kentucky Medical Center. Naturally, I high-tailed it to the U.K. Ag School where, as an extremely mature student, I studied beef cattle nutrition and genetics plus a course fondly referred to as "Fert and Dirt." Agricultural life prompted interest in legalizing industrial hemp as an alternative crop for U.S. farmers and as a "new" raw material for U.S. manufacturers. I was one of the founders of the North American Industrial Hemp Council and still serve as Vice-Chair of the board of directors.



Mary Hicks

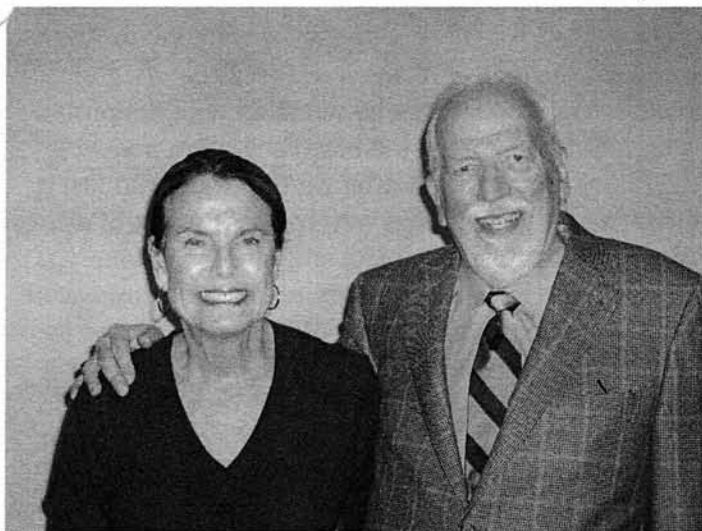
Apartment 3045      919-401-2055

Mary Hicks comes to The Forest from Tallahassee, FL, where she was a professor for 30 years in the Interdivisional Program of Marriage and the Family at Florida State University. She was born in Oregon, went to grade and high school in Idaho, and attended college in Washington and Oregon before graduating from the University of Idaho. She has two daughters, one living in California and the other in Durham.

Mary herself tells us: "I have difficulty in parsing my life into categories. I grew up in small rural towns in Idaho and spent most of my adult life in a university community. Civic and volunteer activities are part of my bones, and I don't know how not to do them. The major portion of my adult life was as a university professor, mostly at the graduate level, with a strong focus on relationships. I am a licensed marriage and family therapist and a clinical psychologist. As may be noted, I am a creative writer mostly. I think my life is my hobby."



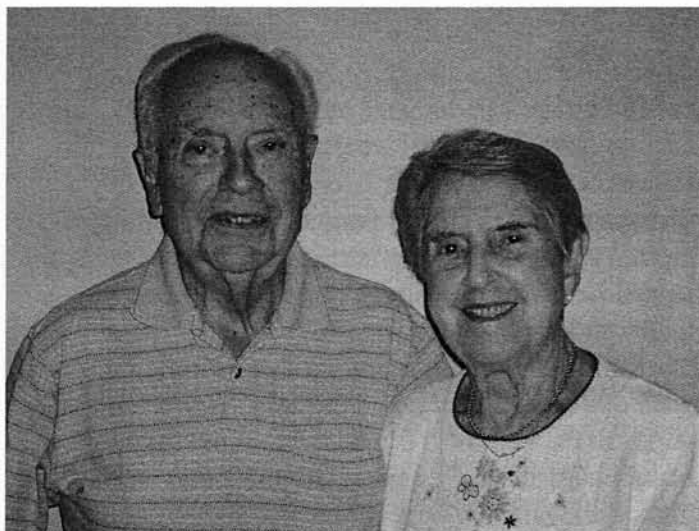
## Welcome, New Residents



**Ben and Celeste King**  
Cottage 22 919-381-4471

Ben was born in Chicago. Majoring in French as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, he became a naval aviator for four years, returning for an A.B. with honors in the College, and an M.B.A. and Ph.D. in the Graduate School of Business. He has taught statistics at the University of Chicago, the University of Washington, and Florida Atlantic University. He still works as a statistical consultant and expert witness for various business and law firms and government agencies.

Celeste is a native of New Orleans. She graduated from Smith College and studied foreign affairs at Johns Hopkins. She is a volunteer teacher for the Durham public school system and is a member of the Hope Valley Baptist Church. There are three children: Ben in Columbus, OH; John, in Santa Monica, CA; and Alexandra, at Cornell University. Ben's interests include bird watching, current events, foreign affairs, reading, and music, and Celeste's are similar. Both of the Kings are active members of the Forest's French conversation luncheon group.



**Hugo and Priscilla Sotolongo**  
Apt. 2032 919 572-0383

Xsotolongo@frontier.com

Hugo and Priscilla were born in Havana, Cuba. After graduating from high school, Priscilla attended Ursuline College in New Orleans for a year, then went back to Havana where she graduated with a B.A. from the Catholic University of Villanova in Havana.

Hugo graduated from medical school in Havana and then came to this country, where he did an internship and a residency. He went back to Cuba in 1950 and married Priscilla, and both returned to the United States.

They lived in several states until they settled in Live Oak, a small town in northern Florida where Hugo practiced medicine for 45 years, delivering 4,800 babies.

They have five children. Hugo, the oldest, is a CPA and lives in Dallas. All the other children are here in Durham: Bob, an architect; Carlos, a physician; Priscilla, a Special Education and English-as-a-Second-Language teacher; and David, who heads a department at RTI. They have seven grandchildren.

Hugo was the founder and physician for the Florida Sheriff's Boys' Ranch located in Live Oak. Both enjoy reading, gardening and going to the pool. They have lived in Durham 14 years where they belong to Holy Infant Catholic Church.

## Raffaello and La Barba Nera

by Carol Scott

In college I had a year of Italian, musical and easy to learn after three years of high school Latin. However, many decades later only a few words and phrases of that beautiful language remain in my memory. Several of them are there because of a story I heard in my college class. It is about Raffaello and his *barba nera*.

Raffaello lived in a tiny village in Italy. Otherwise quite undistinguished, he was known far and wide for his beautiful *barba nera*. This luxuriant black beard flowed down to his chest and was so glossy and silky in appearance that many people – especially women – wanted to touch it, stroke it. Raffaello was alternately pleased and squirming at this unasked-for attention. Although proud of his *barba nera*, he was not a person who wished to push himself forward.

Now L'Antico Maligno, that sly devil, had long noticed the attention Raffaello received. Always on the lookout for mischief, he decided to take Raffaello down a peg or two, for his own amusement.

One day, in the guise of a visitor from another village, as planned well ahead he encountered Raffaello on a footpath. "*Buon giorno!*" he said in greeting "*Que bella barba nera, signor!*"

After a few minutes of casual conversation he inquired off-handedly, "So, signor, do you sleep with this beautiful *barba nera sopra o soto i lenzuoli* (over or under the covers)?"

Raffaello scratched his head, puzzled, because he had never considered this. He had always just gone to bed and gone to sleep, with no special arrangement of his beard. "*No lo so,*" (I don't know), he replied.

"*Buono. Arrivderci,*" L'Antico Maligno said, and strode off, smiling to himself at his clever plot for unsettling Raffaello.

Raffaello gave the question no more thought until that night when he got into bed. Settling the covers about him, he suddenly wondered "*Sopra o soto?*" He tried one position and then the other. Neither

seemed right. All night he wrestled with the problem, but could not decide between *sopra* and *soto*.

This went on night after night. Raffaello lost sleep, could not eat, lost weight, and, worst of all, his beard lost its glossy and silky look. No one stopped him to touch it anymore, and questions were whispered behind his back "What has happened to Raffaello and to his beautiful *barba nera*?"

L'Antico Maligno, meanwhile, was laughing to himself at the mischief he had caused, as he visited the village again and again in various guises.

Finally Raffaello could stand it no longer. He cut off his *bella barba nera*, shaved himself clean, and at last was able to sleep through the night. Freed from his one distinguishing feature, he became just another villager, no longer a squirming recipient of unasked-for attention.

And he found he enjoyed his newly discovered *oscurita*. L'Antico Maligno had inadvertently changed his life for the better.

These few words of Italian would not get me very far in Italy, I know, but then --- I have no plans to visit that *bella patria* once more.

## Whoa, Nellie!

by Don Chesnut

I'm sometimes asked by those gung-ho  
"Why is it that you move so slow,  
why aren't you always on the go?  
Life's all too short, I'm sure you know."

I reply simply and well meant,  
"I'd like to be a rapid gent,  
I'd like to try and go hell bent,  
But ...  
my get up and go got up and went!"

## Grouchy Entrepreneur

by Ned Arnett

Sometimes I sit in stunned bemusement,  
an object of self-inflicted wry amusement  
considering a life of opulence  
(but free of irritating pretense)  
had I but seen the inventions right under my nose  
that answered one of our simple, universal woes.

Our fridge, like everybody else's, once bulged  
with bottles of the condiments we indulged in  
like ketchup that could only be removed  
by futile shaking; until delivery was improved  
when someone driven to near depravity  
inverted her bottles and left the rest to gravity.  
Someone, that is, but not me.

Carrying luggage through the years  
brought many hardy souls to tears.

Gripping the handles of a bulky, heavy bag  
from car to check-in was an endless drag.  
Of course, you could always rent a cart or,  
here's a fresh approach that would be smarter:  
**PUT WHEELS ON THE BAGS, DUMMY!!!**

Now someone sits in his hundred-foot yacht  
or on his thousand-acre ranch, a real big shot.  
He made the first bag with wheels and, bright  
with expectations, sold his rights to Samsonite.

Speaking of wheels, what could be greater  
than owning the patents and income for the  
rollator?

Someone else saw the possibilities in the Frisbee.  
Why wasn't it you, or me?

## Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



Office party 1956



Sweet Briar grad



Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

Each word below can be found by reading either  
 up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

T N A N G E R P F T N E M A N R O D  
 N N C C I F L S H F J B K S F E X E  
 E O E N A G P B I T E A I D R E Z V  
 V E N G O M R R I T O B Y R A R G I  
 D L S F A S E I H B J Y N A T T N E  
 A P U T T P U L V W H O S C S H I C  
 N R S Z L H E A S O M S P M J K P N  
 G E N A X H G R L S K G E E K R P O  
 E S C O E V K I I C F N H A E K O C  
 L E A M S J D R N P A I A B L H H S  
 H N R R K A H O R T M T M E J S S U  
 A T O E Y C E O R E N E N A D Z F T  
 I S L G V X G S R E C E N A R U Q S  
 S P S N K R J R Q E H R L A S Y J U  
 S Q W A A K Y Z D U F G J I M K O G  
 E N E M E S I W H P E S O J S O Y U  
 M Y E K N O D S D R E H P E H S R A  
 A N A Z A R E T H L E U N A M M I K

**Pertaining to Christmas**

ADVENT	CENSUS	INN	ORNAMENT	SHOPPING
ANGEL	CHRISMON	JOSEPH	PREGNANT	SILENT NIGHT
AUGUSTUS	CONCEIVED	JOY	PRESENTS	SON
BABY	DECEMBER	JUDEA	PROGRAM	STAMPS
BETHLEHEM	DONKEY	MARY	ROMAN EMPIRE	STAR
BIBLE	FIREPLACE	MANGER	SANTA CLAUS	TOYS
BIRTH	GREETINGS	MERRY	SEALS	TREE
CAMELS	HEROD	MESSIAH	SEASON	VIRGIN
CARDS	HOLIDAY	NAZARETH	SHEEP	WISEMEN
CAROLS	IMMANUEL	NOEL	SHEPHERDS	