

I Beg to Differ

by Carolyn Cone Weaver

They told him not to marry me. They said it would never last, and they cited a list of reasons to support their arguments. Way down that list was this one: *You'll never be happy with a woman who isn't a sports fan. Not even a **Duke** fan.* Oh, I'd cheered for the football and basketball teams when I was at Duke in the 1950s, but that was more than twenty years before. The thrill of the game had long since worn off for me.

MDF's love of sports began well before college. He'd been a high school star, earning letters in football, basketball, and baseball in a western NC high school. He'd graduated from Duke, then Duke Law School. Not only was he a Duke fan, he was an Iron Duke! He had held season tickets to football and basketball games for years.

He had been only twelve years old when Duke played Oregon State in the 1942 Rose Bowl held in Durham—and he was there! He immersed his children in Duke sports as they grew up, football in fall, basketball in winter. The kids and their dad ate and breathed Duke sports. Two attended Duke, and the one who went to UNC is still a rabid Duke fan—*treason* in the minds of many North Carolinians. In fact, MDF's grandson is the fifth generation of his family to go to Duke.

As for me, both my parents were athletes. My father had crewed on the University of Washington rowing teams, and he and my mother played tennis and golf well into their seventies. My brother swam competitively, and our family sailed on Long Island Sound. I even taught sailing, the only sport I know where you can

compete while sitting down. I'm just not a competitor and therefore didn't make an effort to appreciate the finer points of athletic games or deeply identify with a team.

At Duke, I finally had a chance to cultivate my team spirit. We girls treated every home football and basketball game as an occasion, wearing our Sunday-best dresses with hose and heels. Our crew-cut dates wore sports coats and ties, khakis, and white bucks. My happy introduction to live, raucous, in-the-flesh basketball was in Cameron Indoor Stadium. Years before today's long reporters' desk that separates students from the court, we sat right on the front row, so close that sometimes players dived into our laps saving out-of-bounds balls. This was the same arena that is now the famous—or infamous—home of the pre-game student tent city and Cameron Crazies.

In my post-college years, I was getting along just fine without sports. I skipped those pages in the newspaper and missed TV sports reports on nightly news. When MDF and I started seeing each other in 1976, I had lots of catching up to do. When he invited me to go to a Duke home game, I carefully planned my wardrobe, but things had changed. In this newer time, outfits had evolved into the ubiquitous jeans and T-shirts that men and women fans were all wearing.

Not only had clothes changed for the fans, but the intelligent, quiet-voiced, reserved, *gentle-*



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The Forester

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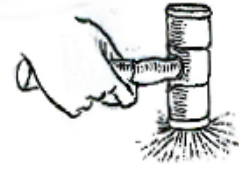
Sanford Berg builds TFAD's only snowman

In Memoriam

Edward Rosen	January 6, 2025
Lucille Casey	January 15, 2025
Barbara Seay	January 16, 2025

This and earlier editions of The Forester are available in full-color digital PDF format from the RA Website <https://ForestRes.org>.

President's Podium



by James Freedman

The 2024 Annual Meeting of NorCCRA (NC Continuing Care Residents' Association) focused on the financial difficulties of the Aldersgate United Methodist Community, Inc. CCRC located in Charlotte NC and the lessons learned. I will review a brief summary of their facts and findings.

There are 64 CCRCs located in 22 NC counties which house approximately 24,000 residents, with about 76% residing in independent living. Four new CCRCs are either planned or currently under development. Of the existing 64 CCRCs, only 8 (12.5%) are not-for-profit, including Aldersgate. The Aldersgate CCRC has been suffering both operating and non-operating losses since 2015, and it was placed under supervision in August, 2023 by the NC Department of Insurance. According to the NCDOI, many causes led to Aldersgate's financial decline, including insufficient oversight of financial operations, insufficient oversight by its Board, failed growth initiatives (including related-party transactions), external economic conditions (COVID-19 and inflation), excessive spending/lack of control on spending, and significant long-term debt.

Aldersgate was a stand-alone CCRC until 2015, when a parent company was created to expand the Aldersgate brand. Over time, all the new initiatives failed to progress. Trust between residents and management started to erode and became an avalanche of mistrust. Failures continued, financial control was non-existent, and resident service fees began to increase at an accelerated rate.

The Residents' Association Finance Committee appealed directly to management as well as to the Board leadership, but it was rebuffed and failed to get an adequate response. Consequently the members appealed directly to the NCDOI as the regulatory agency that holds the interest of the CCRC residents as a priority. Action

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Carolyn Cone Weaver

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man I'd fallen in love with transformed during a game. He became an arm-waving, yelling frenzy, a man who *advised* the team, the coaches, and even the referees. I, too, wanted our team to win, and I knew enough about the rules to cheer at the right times (GO DUKE!) and to boo when things weren't going our way. But...frenzy?

For five years of dating, I sat with him at home games and televised games. Football and basketball in their seasons, of course. Other games, too—college and pro, even Carolina. And March Madness, because that extended the season a full month. The world could stop spinning, but the only people who'd notice would be those few not watching NCAA Basketball.

We married in 1981, despite the dire warning: *She's not a sports fan*. I thought marriage would change things. I'd had visions of the two of us cozily watching TV in the evenings once we lived together. We'd snuggle, enjoying public television documentaries and concerts, movies, and sitcoms, saving our weekends for his televised or home games. What I'd forgotten was that games aired almost every day and evening. MDF even started watching women's basketball. Eventually, our shared coziness became his-and-hers TVs, his in the living room, hers in the bedroom.

Coach K came to Duke in 1980 and built the basketball team into a force. However, the football team was falling on hard times, almost the joke of the ACC. All through that time I continued to go to games with MDF, even though the two of us were often a lonely island in a sea of empty seats. It got to the point where I brought along a book to relieve the boredom, the half-time show the only event to break my game-induced coma.

He finally gave up football, but I couldn't ask him to give up basketball games, too. The Duke team was on a years-long roll, perennially in the top five in the country, sometimes in the top two. Even I had to admit the games were exciting. And Cameron Indoor's atmosphere—the noise, the color, the mascot's madcap antics, the ingenuity of the Crazies hollering *We beg to differ!* at the refs (instead of *F.U.!*). And the play itself was

exhilarating, even for a non-fan. I was able to talk a good game. I knew the names of all the players. I chanted along with the Crazies: *U. G. L. Y. You ain't got no alibi. You're UGLY!*

An observer would say I looked like a loyal, informed fan. I knew I was more excited about spending time with MDF than about the games. He treated me to meals at Durham's highly regarded restaurants, and it was just the two of us for the four hours, round-trip in the car. Then he morphed into a retired, live-in-all-the-time husband, and I didn't crave the companionship the drive offered. We were together almost twenty-four hours a day. Also, the variety of pre- or post-game restaurants had narrowed down to the same beloved standby.

I did care if our team won, I really did, but I didn't care *how* it won. I didn't share the passion. And just as with dropping Duke football, I felt guilty. People the world over, certainly statewide, would love to have had my ticket. On the one or two occasions each season my stepsons went in my place, I was delighted to have an afternoon or evening to myself, to eat what I wanted, to walk in the neighborhood, to take myself to a movie.

Gradually, I found more and more opportunities for other people to use "my" ticket. And, finally, in 2010, MDF decided to share the driving with his son who lived halfway between Durham and our home. They went to dinner or got a sandwich on the Cameron Indoor concourse, then *advised* the referees, having the good father-and-son time they hadn't had since MDF gave up the family's season tickets. MDF finally had someone with whom he could share the fan experience. The new tradition worked for us! My Duke Fan shared the finer points of fandom with his son, while I did my own thing at home.

You may have correctly concluded that My Duke Fan is my Sweetheart. We celebrated thirty-eight years of a truly happy marriage in October 2019, despite my inability to remodel myself into a *Sports Fan*. So, to those nay-sayers who predicted it would never last, I happily exclaim: *I Beg to Differ!* ‡

Welcome New Residents

David Scheidt and Alice Alexander Apt. 1010

David: 919 602-8175 davidscheidt4@gmail.com
Alice: 919 824-4799 aliceanne4@gmail.com

Welcome to Alice and David, who moved into The Forest just before Thanksgiving. They chose The Forest because of its commitment to community involvement and philanthropy. After moving to Durham in 2000, Alice served as the Campaign Director for the Center for Senior Life, and it was The Forest that provided grant funding for her to be hired. They were also attracted to The Forest's culture of intellect and curiosity.

Alice and David moved from one community

Engineers and a longtime anti-war advocate and a member of Veterans for Peace; he is also an avid follower of independent news on current and foreign affairs.

Alice grew up in northern Virginia and is a Washingtonian at heart. She received a BA in Psychology from the College of William and Mary, with a minor in philosophy and religion. She did graduate studies in Social Work at Virginia Commonwealth University and Public Administration at George Mason University. At Duke she received a Certificate in Nonprofit Management. Alice's life work has been serving nonprofit causes, with a focus on fundraising, board development, and strategic planning. She served as Vice President for Planned Parenthood and later as Executive Director for the Cohousing Association of the US. Alice loves being creative in the kitchen and hosting lunches for friends, and she is an avid reader of science and nature writing. She exercises daily and loves hiking, particularly on canyon trails outside Tucson AZ with David.

Both David and Alice are enjoying the fitness and dance classes at The Forest and attending our talks. They plan to join the chorus and explore volunteer opportunities. 🌿



to another: they co-founded Durham Central Park Cohousing, an intentional community in downtown Durham which opened in 2014. They lived together for 16 years before marrying in 2012. They are both active at Eno River Unitarian Universalist Fellowship.

David was born in Lexington KY and grew up in Vincennes IN. He has lived in Glendale AZ, Alexandria LA, and Bien Hoa, Vietnam, last living in Cincinnati before moving to Durham. He attended Valparaiso University in Indiana where he developed a longtime interest in foreign affairs. He served in the US Navy as a petty officer from 1963 to 1967 and developed his life's vocation as a skilled tradesman and facilities manager. David is a member of the International Union of Operating

Durham Civil Rights Bus Tour



Seated Volleyball

by Joan Seiffert

ALL RISE! Are we in court? No, we are ON court and it's time to rotate. Some say the rotation is the athletic part of volleyball at The Forest. We get up from our chairs, accompanied by moans and grunts, complaints, and one voice droning the "Volga Boatmen," and move to the next seat clockwise. The next serve cannot happen until all are seated.

Volleyball. In the Summer Olympics I have seen two female athletes square off against two other female athletes, on sand, and dressed in bikinis. The athletes will dive after the ball and land in the sand, quickly popping up to continue play.

This is NOT what happens when volleyball is played in the back of The Forest at Duke auditorium. No sand. No popping up. and, blessedly, no bikinis! In fact, if one wanted to invoke a universal team laugh, just bring up the image of all of us in bikinis. Perish the thought! I need not expand.

Let's get to the "seated" part. I discovered that World ParaVolley was developed in the Netherlands in 1956 for athletes with disabilities. It seems that "sitting" volleyball has athletes sitting on the floor: they must have "one cheek" on the floor at all times. Men's "sitting" volleyball first appeared in the Toronto 1976 Paralympic Games. In 2004, women's sitting volleyball was added.

Why don't we at TFAD sit on the floor as athletes do in the Olympics? If The Forest players wanted to do Olympic "sitting" volleyball, we would have an immediate problem. Even if we found a bare floor and sat down on it, we would then have to get up. I think most of us might have to use a crane to get vertical.

The Forest seated volleyball occurs using armless chairs. Participants must have both "cheeks" in contact with the chair lest a foul be called. Sometimes an eager player will lunge or reach to return a volley and fall off her or his chair. This is considered heroic, not a foul, and others will rush to help lift the downed player. The carpet has cushioned the fall. No floor burn. No crane necessary. Only teammates.

We love the days when a child or grandchild is visiting a player, as they often participate and even chase the ball when it gets away from us. We do not use a standard 9- to 10-ounce leather ball, twenty-six inches in circumference. We use a beachball, a good thing, as we often bounce a ball off the head of whoever is sitting in front of us. We are, for the most part, not athletes. Anymore.



The seated volleyball teams battling it out on Saturday morning.

Our game calls for six people on each side of the net, twelve in all. We often have as many as eighteen show up for the 10:30 Saturday morning game. And then there is Sunday afternoon at 4:30. We have developed a set of Sunday rules, as sometimes we do not have twelve players available. In original volleyball the ball is served over the net and must be returned with no more than three hits; no player may hit two times in a row. On Sunday we dispense with that, and a team can keep hitting the ball as many times as it takes to get the ball over the net without hitting the floor.

Though each game on either day is played with hearty laughing and joking, Sunday is often uproarious with much juggling of the ball, many hits, many hands, and shouts of "Keep it off the floor!" "great shot," "heroic," "good play," "hit it again," and "great volley." Someone said that we play with "wild abandon." Only on Sunday. ¶

Journey Through Bicycle History

by Howard Goldsweig

Among Forest residents, a cadre of dedicated cyclists can be found in their bright yellow jerseys and black tights. This article is not about us but the object of our affection: the bicycle. In the early 19th century, humans got tired of walking everywhere or depending on horses. In 1817, Baron Karl von Drais invented the "draisine"—essentially a two-wheeled, human-powered scooter that you'd straddle and push along with your feet. It wasn't glamorous, but it was the first step toward the modern bicycle (fig. 1).



Figure 1

By the 1860s, inventors decided the walking machine wasn't uncomfortable enough. Enter the "boneshaker"—a delightful name that perfectly described the riding experience. Made with iron-rimmed wooden wheels and an impossibly rigid frame, this bicycle would make modern riders weep (fig. 2). Over the ensuing years, the French and Americans began competing to create more refined versions of the bike. Entrepreneurs like Pierre Michaux added pedals



Figure 2

to the front wheel, transforming the walking machine into something resembling a modern bicycle (fig 3).

Fast forward to the 1870s, and bicycles underwent a truly bizarre transformation.

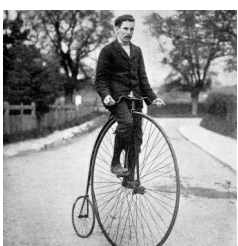


Figure 4

The "penny-farthing" had a massive front wheel (sometimes up to 5 feet in diameter) paired with a tiny back wheel. (fig. 4) Riders sat perched atop these gigantic wheels, looking like circus performers ready to tumble at any moment. Getting



Figure 3

on required gymnastic skills, and falling off was an art form. These bikes were the sports cars of their era—impractical, dangerous, and spectacular.

John Kemp Starley's "Rover Safety Bicycle" in 1885 was a game-changer (fig. 5): finally, a bicycle with two wheels of similar size, a chain drive, and a much lower center of gravity. Suddenly, cycling wasn't just for daredevils and acrobats—it was for everyone! This design is remarkably like modern bicycles, proving that some innovations are so good, they barely need improvement.



Figure 5

Technologic Innovations

Frames

Early bicycles were made of iron, heavy and rust-prone. In the early 1900's, steel became the material of choice, offering a perfect blend of strength, flexibility, and low weight. Aluminum burst onto the scene in the 1970's, promising lighter bikes that could climb hills without making riders weep. Suddenly, cycling became less about leg strength and more about technological innovation. In the 1990's, carbon fiber appeared. Frames became incredibly light, stiff, and strong. Now, bikes could be lighter than some people's shoes.

Gears

In the early days, one gear, one speed...hope you're in good shape! French cyclists in the 1920's invented the derailleur, allowing riders to change gears and tackle different terrains. Hills suddenly became less terrifying, and cycling became accessible to mere mortals. So-called indexed shifting appeared in the 1980's, and precise gear changes with a satisfying click were now possible. No more accidentally shifting into a gear that makes you feel like you're pedaling through molasses.

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Journey Through Bicycle History

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Brakes

In the 1890s stopping was achieved with coaster braking. Pedal backward to stop—simple, effective, and occasionally surprising. The 1950s saw the emergence of caliper brakes, rubber pads that squeeze the wheel rim. More reliable, but still not perfect. Currently disc brakes are the gold standard, providing consistent stopping power in all conditions.

Power

Pedal power previously meant human muscle. Now it's all about E-bikes. Forget electric cars; E-bikes are the leading electric vehicle worldwide and, in the US, the first patent for a battery-powered bicycle was filed in 1895! While the technology has evolved, the basic concept of electric assistance for cycling has been around for over a century.

From the ridiculous draisine to today's carbon fiber marvels, the bicycle has rolled through an incredible journey of innovation, proving that sometimes, the simplest ideas can change the world, two wheels at a time!

Here are some interesting facts about bicycles:

- The first mountain bike, created by the Italian manufacturer Bianchi in 1912, weighed a hefty 35 kg, and was used by the Italian military.
- The first Tour de France in 1903 had only 60 cyclists, and only 21 managed to finish the grueling course. There were 176 riders competing in the 2024 Tour de France, with each of the 22 teams fielding eight riders.
- There are roughly 2 billion bicycles in use around the world today, meaning about 1 bike for every 4 people on earth.
- China, India, and Taiwan are the top three manufacturers of bicycles and bicycle parts.
- In the Netherlands, over 30% of all trips are taken by bicycle.
- The first bicycle race was held in 1868 in Paris.
- The longest tandem bicycle seated 20 people.
- The fastest bicycle speed ever recorded is 183.932 mph (in a specially designed aerodynamic setting) (fig. 6). A professional



Figure 6

bike racer, particularly in a long stage race like the Tour de France, typically averages around 40 kilometers per hour (25 miles per hour) on flat terrain, with speeds potentially reaching higher during time trials or downhill sections; however, this can vary depending on the terrain and race type. Howard's speed on the American Tobacco Trail is about 8.5 miles per hour on a good day.

- Cycling has been a part of the Olympic Games since 1896.
- Before they became pioneers of aviation, the Wright brothers were deeply involved in the bicycle business. In the early 1890s, their bicycle sales and repair shop played a crucial role in their journey to inventing the airplane.
- Albert Einstein supposedly came up with the theory of relativity while riding his bike (fig. 7). Steve Jobs found inspiration from a bike shop's clean, functional design while developing the Apple brand. Even Queen Elizabeth II was spotted cycling in her younger years.
- Lance Armstrong was the only person to win the Tour de France seven times, but he was stripped of his titles after a doping controversy.
- The bicycle is more popular with men than it is with women. In the US, 24% of bicycle trips are by women. ♣



Figure 7



Mari Lisa Puterbaugh

By Sanford Berg

The first person most people see when they visit the Health Center welcomes residents and visitors with a warm smile. Mari Lisa believes people really need to be listened to if they are to feel heard. Greeting visitors and residents with a “How are you doing today?” she initiates friendly conversations. Her previous job as a medical social worker at a hospital prepared her to be helpful to everyone who enters the building. She values those times when people share their interests and concerns and has also observed those somber, emergency situations when clear and sensitive communication is so important.



As the oldest of five children, she became a caretaker at a youthful age. Graduating from a small town Ohio high school in 1975, her summer job involved her being the first female attendant pumping gas and washing cars at a gas station in town. After living in Durham and Topsail Beach, she worked at the Council on Aging in Jacksonville NC in the 1980s. Returning to her home state of Ohio in the 1990s, she married and raised two daughters. As a stay-at-home mom, she was active in her children's school and in the “Ohio Reads” program. Her daughter Emily earned a dual MA in Urban Planning and Public Health at UNC, remaining in Carrboro with her husband Irakli. After a divorce, Mari Lisa moved back to Durham in 2018 to be near Emily. Rachel, her other daughter,

and her husband, Troy, and their daughter live in California.

When she was a hospital social worker, her father went back to school and became a radiation oncologist. He taught her that “attitude matters.” She admired him for his relationship with patients, whether in family or specialized practice. Now in a retirement community in Florida, he continues to serve as a role model for her, emphasizing empathy, patience, and kindness as core values.

In addition to welcoming people to the Health Center, she makes medical appointments for residents and arranges transportation, schedules podiatry and audiology sessions, makes hair appointments, and coordinates with The Forest at Home for companions. She finds that her job fits both her professional skills and her personal needs.

Only at TFAD since June 2023, she was honored with one of the seven Community Champion Awards last October. Typical of her modesty, she did not mention the award during my information-gathering interview! Mari Lisa is impressed with the way residents are taken care of here and enjoys working with a strong team that includes Lisha Harris (Transportation) and Tiketha Collins (The Forest at Home). She feels appreciated and loves being the first person people connect with at the Health Center. She also adds that she is “just one of many here” who help residents, friends, and families navigate the system. 🌿

Pool Sharks





I Am Mr. Cat

He sits so proudly on the windowsill.
Erect, alert, aloof, and looks quite still.
“How dare you challenge my most favorite spot!
I am the king of cats, that says a lot.

“Don’t judge me by my pretty, fluffy fur.
If I’m aroused, I’m quite the evil cur.
I may seem slow when I do slouch around.
Yet fast, so fast when I spring in a bound.

“Don’t call me ‘pet’ or ‘kitty,’ that’s a curse
On you, for nothing ever irks me worse.
I stand alone, the master of my fate.
Respect and worship from you what I rate.

“You see these eyes which stare into your soul?
My oval pupils, green as yon hill’s knoll.
If you see loving thoughts, you’re so far wrong.
I love myself, my narcissism strong.

“You say whate’er you choose, yet here I sit.
Will I listen? No! For mischief I am fit.
I see a lovely couch just waiting there
For me to scratch, to rip and leave a tear.

“I most of all seek comfort, that’s my aim.
Luxurious in favored haunts remain.
I’m picky ‘bout the food that I consume
And when I sleep, I own the entire room.

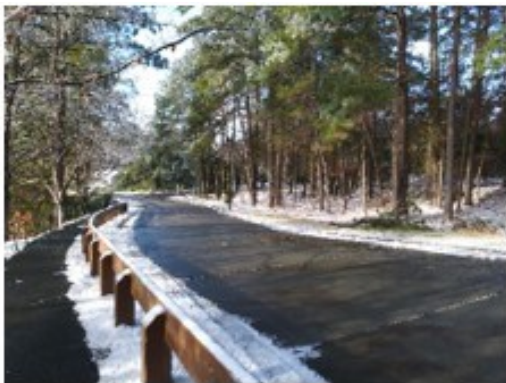
“At heart a cat is very practical.
We sing at night a catching mew chorale.
Why night? In daylight none would feign to heed.
At three in morning ‘Silence!’ do you plead.

“So that’s enough, yes on your way you’re sent.
If I do purr, alone I am content.
For now, I’ve told my tale while here we sat.
My name for you is simply, ‘Mr. Cat’.”



January 11 Winter Weather

Photos by Robyn Sloan



President's Podium

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was implemented, and the unit is slowly recovering.

What has been learned? Residents must have a voice, be heard, and be involved in collaborative relationships with management and the governing body. Each resident needs to understand the organizational structure and who is in control and should not assume the governing Board is always fully engaged. The Residents' Association Finance Committee must have the skills to understand the financial condition of the organization. Management must be transparent with residents, and the Governing Board must balance strategic planning with ongoing oversight of operations. CCRC residents have rights, but they also have responsibilities, and they need to be clear on communicating their expectations.

Where do we stand at TFAD? The good news is the NCDI resources are there for help, if needed, and have been proven to work. However, looking at both TFAD Management and the Residents' Association, and what is defined as a necessary working relationship for a successful CCRC, I believe we are in very good shape. Improved communications and processes have been a major emphasis of the Association for several years. Management has been quite open with frequent coffee/information sessions and updates with the residents. The ten RA Committees have regular open discussions with appropriate members of the Management Team, and that information is rapidly made available to all residents with electronic posting in both Cubigo and on the RA website.

In addition, there continues to be joint involvement of Executive Management and the RA Board to address the issues involving the opening of The Terraces. Three of the 12 Governing Board Members are TFAD residents, and work is underway for a scheduled retreat for the Governing Board, including planning and team building. Our current overall finances are in very good shape, and TFAD has been recognized as one of the best CCRCs nationwide. What your RA has been doing is working well. However we do not plan to rest on our laurels: we will continue to

explore ways to improve our communications and our ability to express our expectations to management.

A reminder: *You* are the Residents' Association. 🌿

The Forest Diary

Since 1976, the *New York Times* has featured its "Metropolitan Diary," composed of short pieces of writing where (in the paper's words) "New Yorkers of all ages and eras, regardless of where they live now—as well as visitors to the city—share anecdotes, memories, quirky encounters and overheard snippets that reveal the city's spirit and heart." The limit is three hundred words. Not every submission is printed, and any of them may be edited.

One of our residents and regular writers, Joan Seiffert, suggested that *The Forester* could solicit similar submissions from residents who may not want to write a long article but who have something interesting about TFAD to share. So with the NYT as a guide, let's try it: send us a short article, no more than three hundred words, of an experience, an anecdote, an encounter, or a snippet, relevant to our campus.

An example, submitted by Joan Seiffert:

Soon after I moved into The Forest I ordered a new mattress from a local source. My conversation with the delivery person was short, as he was certain that he knew The Forest and my apartment's location and would bring the mattress right away. Time passed, but no mattress appeared.

Two hours later I received a call from reception: "A man with a mattress has been carrying it up and down the halls looking for your apartment." I ran downstairs and there were a mattress and a man, both leaning against the wall near the library. I led him to my place and offered him a drink of water, which he gratefully accepted. He phoned his co-worker and together they installed my new but well-traveled mattress. 🌿