

Lions and Tigers and Baers, Oh My

by Phil Baer

There are many creatures to be encountered in our little Cottage 22 garden but, regarding the title, no lions, no tigers, and only two Baers named Ellen and Phil. The ones who aren't us are starting to emerge as winter approaches and the foliage dies back. Things we haven't seen for months suddenly peer back at us. Give us a call if you want to come take a look, and here's what you'll see: two large tortoises, strange dancing birds, two herons, a crab, three frogs, a salamander climbing the carport wall, a giant ant, an owl, a spider, a whale that once was a weather vane, a moose, a fish out of water, a laughing frog keeping company with a laughing Buddha, a toadstool with a humanish face, a gargoye, and a benevolent gnome.

The provenance of our garden menagerie is as varied as its inhabitants. Some were given to us by residents who were moving out of their cottages, leaving behind their gardens and wanting to find a good home for their garden pets. Others I rescued after they were abandoned in cottage gardens, left behind by residents' children who had no place for them. But most came to us as gifts: from me to Ellen—the huge Buddha, from Stone Brothers & Byrd, was her big Christmas gift many years back; from Ellen to me—the yellow bird from the NC Botanical Garden gift shop; from our kids, especially our daughter-in-law/naturalist—the cast iron ant and several wooden birds; and a resident friend—a get-well frog.

And, of course, we have live animals that come to the garden for food and fellowship: the five-lined skinks, as red-headed adults and blue-tailed juveniles; the green anoles, with their red, inflatable dewlap; tree frogs; pollinator insects, not nearly as many as there should be, butterflies having disappeared almost completely; squirrels, of course; and, birds drawn to the feeder and bath.



Taken all together, it's a garden for all seasons, the presence of live plants and animals waxing and waning with the weather, while the faithful *objets d'art* provide year-round, albeit best in winter, viewing pleasure.

In the photo, taken on a chilly, rainy day, the Buddha and frog are sharing a joke and enjoying each other's company, caring not at all about the weather. 🌿

The Forester

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

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Yes, You Can!

Everyone has a story, and the older we get the more good stories we have to share. Why not share them with a wider audience? Write up an article; tell your TFAD neighbors about something that happened to you or something you know and are enthusiastic about. You only need 750 words or so to make a good article; and if you're worried about grammar, don't be. *The Forester* has good editors who can catch any error and fix it!

Maybe you want to write, just not about yourself. There's a spot for you as well—we need reporters who are willing to write about happenings or interesting stories here at The Forest. Maybe you're good at interviewing—we like to run articles on TFAD personalities, both residents and team members. Residents suggest lots of good ideas to *The Forester* staff, but the magazine needs reporters to follow up on those ideas.

If you're interested, or think you might be interested, please contact one of *The Forester* staff members; all our names are on the masthead above. Thanks! 🌱

In Memoriam

Dr. Hugo Sotolongo

October 30, 2025

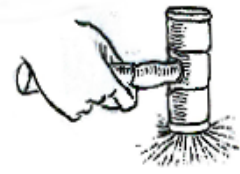
Tynette Hills

November 2, 2025

Dr. Lloyd Redick

November 12, 2025

President's Podium



by Elizabeth Gillis

CHANGE is a word we hear often—but what does that mean? According to the dictionary “change” means “to make someone or something different; alter or modify.”

Change is a part of human experience. As children grow they change, and the same is true for all living things. Look at beautiful trees whose leaves are changing from green to orange, red, and yellow. Then all leaves will fall from the trees until winter changes to spring and leaves turn green again, creating the cycle of life. Right now is a time of change for everyone. Weather is changing from summer to fall, then to winter and spring again. With the end of the World Series, baseball season moves into football season. Football then moves to basketball. Soccer in the US overlaps with both football, basketball, and baseball.

Change is also happening here at The Forest at Duke. Change can be difficult but can also be exciting and rewarding. With the completion of The Terraces, the number of residents will increase by 120 or 121. In addition, there are new residents moving into apartments in the original building and cottages. Where will we all eat? How will we fit into the auditorium? What about transportation to DPAC and other popular series? How can we all take the great exercise classes offered here? The list goes on. We think that we as current residents have to manage all the changes. Think again!

Consider how new residents change when they move to TFAD. First was deciding originally where to go. Maybe moving close to children and grandchildren or moving where the weather is nice? Then there is the process of selling or vacating your home. This process can be scary. It is a major change. You might be moving from a home where you have lived for many years. What do you do with all the stuff? One big change after another. Will you like where you are moving? Will people

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Our TFAD Library: An Open Book (and More!)

by Diane Strauss

A Very Special Collection

If you wander down the short hall that leads to the Library Conference Room, you'll find on the opposite wall a bookcase that includes a truly diverse collection of books of varied subjects and copyright dates. What do such titles as *Music as Biology*, *Freud Vs. God*, *Queen Victoria's Secrets* and *Happy Tails* have in common? Why are some novels, essays, poetry, scholarly works, other nonfiction and North Carolina guidebooks separated from the rest of the library's collections? Give up? *All were written by TFAD residents.* It's a splendid collection! Good news! They can and do circulate. And if you're a book author, don't be modest. Donate copies so that the rest of us can enjoy your insights, wit, wisdom and creativity, and in the process get to know you even better.

It's Never Too Late to Celebrate Thanksgiving

Although Thanksgiving turkey and all the trimmings are now just a happy memory, it's never too late to give thanks. Thanks to many of you, our first 2025 book sale was a rousing success. Who was responsible? It includes the kind donors who supplied us with items for the library and the sale, the library volunteers who examined books and determined their fate, the volunteers who prepared books and puzzles to display or helped out during the sale, and all of you who came to look, talk and buy. Although the cash earned was welcome indeed, what was most heartwarming was seeing many of you gathering informally to talk favorite authors, praise (or lambast) specific books, and enthusiastically lug your hauls to the cashier.

Also deserving thanks are **Sarah Haney** and her crew, who prepared preliminary publicity and signage, arranged for the tables to be set up in the hall, loaded and wheeled book trucks to them and after the sale ended, boxed and brought eleven cartons of unsold books back into the library, where they are being stored for future donation to the Durham County Library. Special thanks go to

Glenn Arrington, who did most of the heavy lifting and assembling and disassembling tables. Good work, everyone!

Please Recycle

While we are delighted for you to contribute books and puzzles to the library, know that we do not accept newsletters and that the only periodicals accepted are current issues of magazines that residents donate for temporary inclusion in the double-sided shelves you see as you enter the library. Everything else should go to your closest TFAD recycling location. ♻️

President's Podium

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be friendly and welcoming? It can be overwhelming.

Another change we may have to make is in deciding the time to move to the Health Center. The fact that TFAD is a continuing care facility is one of the many reasons all of us chose to live here. It is simply a change similar to spring, summer, fall, and winter.

One outstanding aspect of The Forest has always been and continues to be the friendliness of our community and respect we have for each other. Reach out to a new resident, introduce yourself, and ask them how they are settling in. Is there anything you can do to help? Answer questions they might have about activities, dining, or transportation. Invite a new resident to share a meal and introduce them to others.

TFAD is a great place to live! Another change for new residents is discovering how to get involved with your new community to see how it is run by both management and residents. We can and will learn to live together as one community committed to helping each other and grow as individuals. ♻️

Welcome New Residents

Betsy Hoguet

Apt. 3026 914-356-7446

bhoguet@aol.com

We welcome Betsy Hoguet who comes to us from Bedford NY. Her decision to move to The Forest was influenced by a close friend who is a Forest resident, and she is delighted to be here enjoying new friends and the variety of activities.

Betsy was born, raised, and educated in New York City, attending The Chapin School until she entered Boston University, followed by attendance at Hunter College where she received a degree in comparative literature. After college Betsy worked as a teaching assistant in an elementary school for three years.



In 1979 she and Geoffrey Hoguet were married and later moved to Paris for three years. Their son Max was born in Paris in 1982. That same year Betsy fulfilled her childhood goal of being a writer when her short story was published in *Mademoiselle* magazine. The family returned to the US in 1983, settling in Bedford NY. The marriage dissolved in 1993. Continuing her writing career, Betsy published a poem in the literary magazine *The Quarterly* in 1989.

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Stephanie K. Seymour

Apt. 3020 918-645-6184

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A warm welcome to Stephanie, a distinguished judge in the 10th Circuit Court of Appeals for forty-five years who was appointed by President Jimmy Carter. Stephanie moved into The Forest at the beginning of June, before heading to her beloved summer home in Crested Butte CO. She was born in Battle Creek MI and received a BA, *magna cum laude*, in Political Science at Smith College in 1962, then went on to graduate from Harvard Law School in 1965, one of twenty-three women in a class of 580. During years as a federal appellate judge, she read numerous briefs and heard oral arguments at the court's headquarters primarily in Denver. Stephanie became the first woman Chief Justice on her court in 1994.



Stephanie loved her career as an appellate judge because it involved numerous interesting cases. The most famous was *Brown v. Board of Education*, in which the Supreme Court held in 1954 that Topeka KS must desegregate its schools with all deliberate speed. By the time that case was decided, the iconic little girl who brought the case had already graduated from high school and was in college. So when the Court sent the case back to Topeka, it was shelved. Years later, when the

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Welcome New Residents

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Betsy Hoguet

At some point her writing interests changed directions to focus on children's literature. In furtherance of her desire to write and illustrate a children's book, she studied art. In 1990, upon attending a show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art titled *American Impressionists*, she was inspired by the landscape paintings and decided to become a painter. She has studied art ever since and has sold a few paintings. Her art can be seen on her website by entering her name, "Betsy Hoguet," into Google. At age 67, upon deciding to pursue a new interest, Betsy enrolled at Pace University to obtain a degree in mental health counseling followed by two years of employment as a child and adolescent therapist.

Betsy's son, Max Roland Hoguet, lives in Los Angeles where he studies art. 🌿



(Photo by Sanford Berg)

Stephanie K. Seymour

young lady returned to Topeka, got married and had her own little girl, she reopened the original case. Stephanie was the presiding judge and in an historic decision ordered Topeka to immediately desegregate and comply with the law.

Stephanie was married to lawyer Tom Seymour for fifty-one years, and their children include Bart Bartlett, owner of a computer-related business in Chapel Hill; daughter Bria Simpson, a business coach in Durham; daughter Sara Crecca, an Albuquerque NM lawyer; and Anna Knipfer, retired general manager of the Friends School of Atlanta. A resident for many years in Tulsa, Stephanie was a supporter of the Tulsa Opera, Tulsa Chamber Music, and the Symphony and Ballet. She was a member of Unitarian Church All Souls. Her awards include those from the Federal Bar Association and the Tulsa County Bar Association.

Stephanie's great love is travel, especially to her home in Crested Butte where she enjoys skiing and hiking. She loves reading historical fiction and looks forward to joining The Forest's book club, as well as enjoying movies and lectures here. She will also be matching up with a physical trainer and joining yoga classes. 🌿

"Aging is an extraordinary process where you become the person you always should have been."
David Bowie

Walking

by Joan Seiffert

I don't recall learning to walk. There are no photos of a chubby little toddler with wispy hair confronting the vertical world. I don't recall having any difficulty learning to walk except when I was learning to tap dance while walking, tapping in my patent leather heels with the black ribbon bow on top. I have been walking for years...successfully. Walked to school. Walked to Brownies. Walked to the library. Walked to Mary Zweemer's chicken coop clubhouse as a sixth-grader. That was at least a mile, maybe two. However, as an adult, at least as an adult in my world, how I walk seems to be the object of gratuitous advice and suggestion. Some observations came from a physical therapist following a knee replacement ten years ago. But not all.

Do you remember "Pat," a comic character study on Saturday Night Live? I am uncomfortable admitting that there was a suggestion that I embodied Pat-type posture and style while walking—but this came from my sister-in-law who never did like me anyway. And isn't an accusation a kind of confession? I always thought *she* was a prissy walker, to be honest. [Why would one say "To be honest" unless this was just the beginning of honesty? NOW, I'm being honest. What was all the rest, truth-stretching and downright lying?]

Now, Pat. Pat didn't let her/his arms move when she/he walked with a kind of rigid, tight, arms-close-to-the-hips look. Left arm walking with left foot, a style of walking in which there is no classic heel-toe movement. The whole foot and arm goes up and down in one motion. Clomp! Clomp! Loud walking. I learned that I was walking like that as I heard my physical therapist urging me to walk, hollering at me across the crowded room amongst all the others, "HEEL TOE! HEEL TOE!" That was way more than a suggestion. It was an embarrassment.

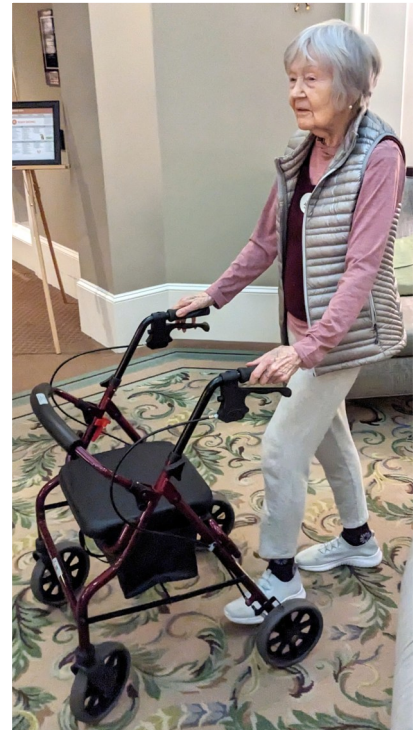
One never knew the gender of Pat. That was part of the SNL sketch. As a viewer, I was curious, hoping the live cast would make the mistake that revealed Pat's gender. I do worry as I get older, much of my torso has let gravity win, my hair is shorter, and I am a pseudo-preppie unisex dresser, that I am Pat-like. A Clomper. Of uncertain gender.

Someone else, also a person in a helping profession, told me that my right shoulder is higher than my left when I walk. How could I not notice that? And that I must pull in my belly, except when I am asleep. Impossible. Although she said "abs" not "belly." She also said to me that I walked like "a New York model." I rather liked that until I got a quick look at actual New York models walking. So blasé. So one foot in front of the other. I can't even stand that way. Ask my P.T. And, there are no models with bellies. Never.

Although I have been successfully walking for eight decades, I am now determined to walk better, challenge my Pat-ness. It works like this: I walk every day. I start out fine. Head up and back. I accomplish the head back part by pushing my nose in: I am not a turtle. CHECK. Eyes on the light at the end of the hall to keep my head up. CHECK. Right shoulder down and back. CHECK. (Or was it left shoulder?) Belly in, well, partially but when I inhale to accomplish that I lose the light I am focusing on to keep my head up to check my belly. I have not yet taken one step. I decide to walk as best I can and start off. I get halfway down the hall and realize that I have forgotten HEEL TOE.

The hall is covered in carpeting. I must have been clomping. STOP. I realize that I can't hear how my foot is landing anyway, even on flooring, because I have forgotten my hearing aids. Try again. Concentrate.

Then I bought a rollator; it differs from a walker because it has wheels, but I call it a walker.



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The Breakfast Tour

by Carolyn Cone Weaver

When my husband and I married, our adult children—his and mine—were scattered across the country and globe. We hardly ever saw them and felt more like acquaintances than family, so during our rare reunions I treated them like special guests. My mother's warm hospitality had set the pattern. My parents welcomed visitors from around the world to their New York City home. Mother, Georgia-born and bred, served bountiful home-cooked meals, including breakfast in the dining room, after everyone had dressed properly for the day. As my own children grew and their grandparents visited, I continued the tradition of sharing breakfast, properly dressed, though the menu was not as bountiful.

Later, in a new chapter of my life, my husband and I left the house for work at different times, so we fixed our Cheerios and bananas and ate separately. But when various of his crew came to visit I tossed our routine. I planned on home-cooked meals where we'd sit around the table creating warm family memories. And of course the day must begin with breakfast. In anticipation of those mornings, I baked homemade muffins and eggy strata casseroles. I had juices and fresh fruit and coffee-makings at the ready so I could get up early, dress, and be ready to serve our hungry guests.

My vision of everyone gathered happily 'round the groaning board was dashed time and again. The cyclist left the house before anyone else was up and biked his daily fifteen to twenty miles. The others straggled in over the next two hours in various stages of night-wear, none "properly dressed." The casserole, which had been oozing its warm, cheesy-bacon aroma, now sat cold and congealed. Our guests would rummage through my one-butt kitchen, opening random cabinets and drawers, and stand eating (usually off paper towels) what they'd found at the kitchen counter or read the newspaper at the table. Some skipped the meal completely. No passing of coffee or muffins, no happy conversation.

Whether they intended to or not, the kids trained me. I'm a slow learner but my *Breakfast Tour* was a head-slapping experience by the time

it finally occurred to me. *Why hadn't I thought of this ages ago?!* Now that I've caught on, I conduct the Tour before we go to bed their first night with us. We tour the kitchen together. I show them what's available and where to find it, from quick-and-easy-cold to labor-intensive-hot, as well as everything needed to get it to the table. It works so well I even offer the Tour to non-relative visitors.

So now, thanks to my Breakfast Tour, each does breakfast his or her own way. I get to sleep late, I don't have to watch in frustration as they look for what they want, and they don't stress trying to do it *Carolyn's Way*. It took years for me to realize that they didn't want to be treated like guests. All they wanted was for me to treat them like family. ¶

"Old age is the harvest of a life well-lived, full of memories and wisdom."

(Marcus Tullius Cicero)

Walking

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I don't actually call it; it won't come to me like a well-trained pup. Now I use my walker sometimes, except when I don't. The challenge goes on.

I am NOT Pat. My right shoulder alignment is easier to fix as I can grasp the walker handle lower with my right hand. I did mistakenly think that it would be easier to keep my head up to avoid other people walking, especially to lunch, as I have been known to forget to look at various turns, nearly mowing down my neighbors.

Sometimes I start out walking, concentrating on just one area of change: say, HEEL TOE. Then I may catch a glimpse of myself in a window looking all hunched over as my head is down, checking my feet to remind them how to HEEL TOE. I am breaking the essential, first rule: Keep your head up. This learning to walk is exhausting. Just call me Pat. ¶



A Visit to the Death Café

by Beth Timson

Last night I made my first visit to a Death Café. Since I know that sounds a little strange, let me explain what a Death Café is before I describe that visit. A Death Café is a place where, according to its literature, “strangers gather to eat cake, drink tea, and discuss death.” The organizers stress that it is a discussion of death, with its agenda set by the participants; it emphatically is not a counselling or grief support session. The purpose of the discussion is “increasing awareness of death with a view to helping people make the most of their (finite) lives.”

The Death Café model was fleshed out in London in 2010 by Jon Underwood, based on ideas developed earlier by Swiss ethnologist and sociologist Bernard Crettaz. In 1982, Crettaz and his wife, anthropologist Yvonne Preiswerk, were studying modern mortuary rites and customs. One part of their study was the founding of a *Café Mortel* to discuss death and its accompanying social customs in regular bistros, open to all comers.

After Underwood had opened the first Death Café in London, the idea spread quickly across Europe, North America, Australia, and parts of Asia. As of 2024, there are 22,152 Death Cafés in ninety-three countries. To use the name “Death Café” an organization must be not-for-profit, accessible, confidential, and have no commercial or specific religious affiliation; it must also use the volunteered process developed by the original models. A short YouTube video at <https://youtu.be/iVMBCZjk4c0> shows the founding of a Café in Portland OR.

So: back to the meeting here in Durham. On a rainy night I went to the Southwest Durham Library branch; the two facilitators there were set-

ting out cake, tea bags, and hot water. They said they had taken over the job a year ago from the former group leaders and that the attendance varied from twelve persons to more than twenty.

As with any group conversation, some topics raised fizzled out, and some had legs. One topic that grabbed everyone’s time and attention was the idea of how we view dead bodies. It started with one woman’s relating that her church group had been studying Jim Crow oppression in the earlier 20th century and how horrified she was by images of Black bodies, hanging from trees, with people gathered around them talking and laughing. Another woman mentioned visiting the Tollund Man in a museum and being both fascinated and appalled by studying his perfectly bog-preserved corpse. A man confessed to wondering, when he saw some Egyptian mummies, what those persons might think if they could see how their remains had ended up.

That led us into considering attitudes toward seeing dead bodies. We talked about brutal executions in earlier ages: hangings, beheadings, deaths by guillotine, all of which were public events, and the various plague waves that had swept Europe. We discussed the impact of seeing gruesome war events with piles of bodies, once cameras became available, from the last days of the Civil War to news reels from WWII and Vietnam. And now, of course, gory dead bodies are a staple of movies, television shows, and video games. It is so common that we scroll through images of mass shootings in America and starvation deaths in South Sudan without any apparent pangs.

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Death Café

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We considered how people used to be more sensitive to dead bodies, when deaths occurred in every home and *at home*. A beloved dead person was washed and laid out in a room, then visited by friends and relatives. In our more modern attempts to avoid any pain and suffering associated with death, for both the dying and the family, we have moved death to a hospital or hospice setting and a dead body is whisked away quickly by a professional team.

Some group members spoke of attempts to re-humanize our association with bodies. One woman told of her son-in-law, a doctor, whose medical school anatomy class holds an end-of-term memorial service for their “Silent Teachers”—the cadavers they have worked on. Another woman who works as a death doula said that some of her clients now are reverting to the tradition of washing the body at home after death and keeping it there for family to visit.

The meeting ended after two hours, but the time had gone fast. It was an experience to hold such a serious conversation, with strangers, with no one afraid to broach any idea on the topic of death. 🌿

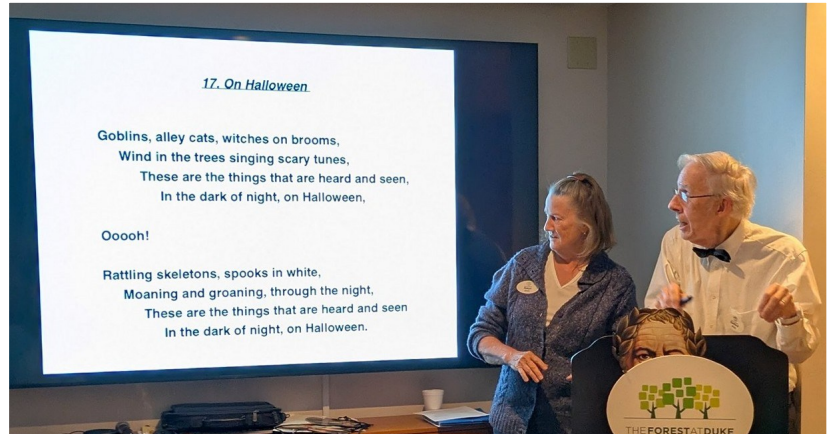


(Photos by Sanford Berg)



Recent Events on Campus

Photos by Sanford Berg



Robyn Sloan & Sanford Berg, Saturday Singalong, Oct 25



Duke Student Chamber Music Concert, Oct 28



Rummikub, Oct 28



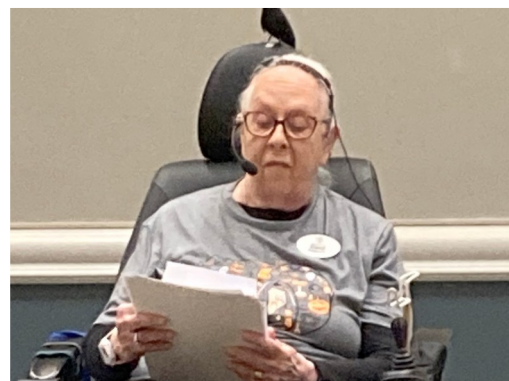
Lynn Featherstone, Forest Readers, Oct 29

Recent Events on Campus

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Halloween Social Hour, Oct 31



Carol Goldsmith sharing "The Raven"
at Resident Readers, Nov 5



Carolina Harmony Chorus, Nov 2



Rummikube, Nov 7



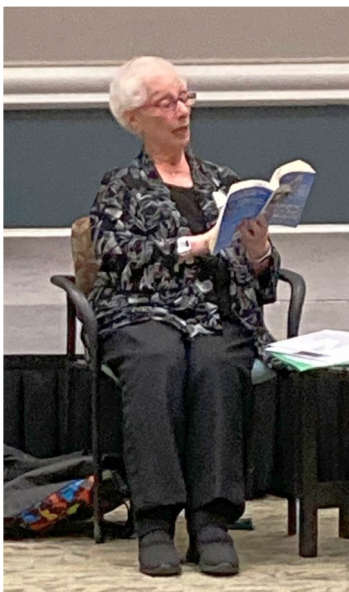
Vincent van Gelder, Nov 10

Recent Events on Campus

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[Click here to see a video clip from the November 11 Veterans' Day ceremony](#)



Roxana Bossen,
Forest Readers, Nov 12

Recent Events on Campus

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Dewali Social Hour, Nov 14

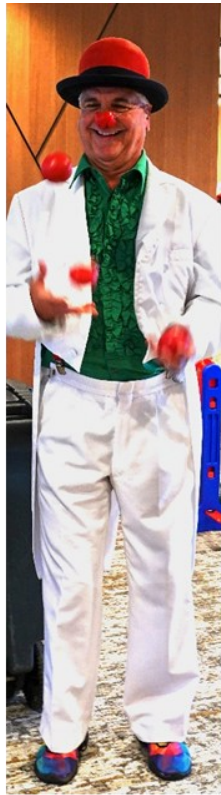


Bruce Jentleson, Triangle Thinkers and Doers Lecture, Nov 17



Ambassadors Big Band Concert, Nov 18

Fall Festival, Oct 30



Fall Festival (continued)



Fall Festival (continued)



Fall Festival

(continued)



Fall Festival (continued)



Fall Festival (continued)



Fall Festival (continued)



Fall Festival (continued)



Is Sanford worn out from photographing all the events?

