



THE CAROL WOODS NEWS

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WHAT WE DID NOT DO

A major enticement that brought me to Carol Woods five years ago was the natural beauty that surrounded me when I visited. Often I reflect on our name, Carol Woods. It seems to carry promise of a setting still untamed.

I accept that there are residents both new and old who long for, and no doubt work toward, a setting suited to a name such as Carol Gardens or Carol Park. I see this distinction as a serious one, as do so many of my friends here: I deal daily with events that challenge my mental, physical, and emotional resources. For me the awesomeness of a wilder setting is a source of healing and strength that I call on every day and that I feel I could not, in good health and happiness, live without.

The magnificent variety, age and abundance of trees brought their message home to me the day I set foot on this campus: ancient oaks, soaring pines, sweet gum—as did the profusion of bushes and flowers. At the end of my walkway there is a bed of wildflowers hardly bigger than two outspread hands. It is rare pipsissewa that blooms briefly in shy beauty under the protection of the dogwood trees.

We may think of squirrels and rabbits, even birds, as a usual sight, always the same, even boring. Take time and you'll see wild activities prompted solely by the animals' needs and desires. Once I watched a squirrel and rabbit chasing each other, apparently in play. Finally the rabbit chased the squirrel up a large oak tree. Nothing "rote" or scheduled about squirrel play or rabbit games!

One morning I happened upon several deer foraging on bushes in my front yard. I stopped and spoke to them—and they, in their quiet way, spoke to me. Not long ago we had a white deer and then a white rabbit with us here at Carol Woods. Some Native Americans regard albinos as sacred, thinking of them as symbols of peace and purity. There is something numinous about these animals whose guests we are—a feeling that if we stop and appreciate, they will bring to us a spirit of joy.

A deer family lived with us at Carol Woods for a few recent months—a doe with her two spotted fawns, and an ever-protective buck. I saw them often on my daily walk and experienced the watchfulness and courage of the buck who stood his ground at appropriate times.

One sunny afternoon my small granddaughters and their mother came for a visit. My living area has glass doors; the girls soon noticed two fawns asleep on the lawn. We were pleased by their nearness and, looking closely, we soon saw at the edge of the yard the buck lying in the shade resting, yet with his head up, alert, and the doe lying a short distance away.

My attention had wandered when presently the girls called us to look again. The doe mother had come to the fawns and they were standing side by side nursing, their white tails flying as we had so often seen calves' tails do.

It pleases me that Carol Woods continues to live its name in many ways. Some of our finest successes may have come from what we did not do. We are not a formal park or garden—we are *Carol Woods*.

Kay Cameron



PLACES TO GO AND THINGS TO SEE

Were you among the residents who, fresh from a fine dinner, found themselves in excellent seats and enjoying the beauty and athleticism of the U.S. Figure Skating Championships in Greensboro? Were you among those who visited the Civil Rights Museum in Greensboro, replete with the drugstore counter famous for the student sit-ins that spread from there throughout the South, or those viewing the Thomas Day exhibit at the NC Museum of Natural History, or those who traveled to Celebrity



Isabelle Webb, Mary Paterson, Anne Heuer, Maureen Harris, and Miriam Alexander delight in the goats.

Dairy and goat farm near Siler City where a gourmet lunch featuring vegetarian fare (including yummy ice cream made from goat milk) was followed by touring the farm and playing with the baby goats? If you weren't, you missed some real treats.

One of the many joys of these excursions was that someone else made all the arrangements: transportation, tickets, and luncheon or dinner reservations. Residents' only responsibilities were to pay attention to the trip announcements, sign up, pay in advance, and show up on time for the bus.

So how does this happen? As with most events at Carol Woods, organized trips are the results of a hard-working resident committee. The Trips Committee, chaired for the past three years by **Isabelle Webb** and **Maureen Harris**, planned 18 different trips in fiscal 2010-2011. A committee member took responsibility for making the necessary arrangements for each one. The committee has done a great job of identifying places to go and experiences to be had that enrich our lives. Newcomers to the area get to know the variety of its resources through the trips. Even those who have lived in the Triangle for years are becoming familiar with area museums, historical sites and other interesting places they have not yet explored.

Isabel and Maureen, having earned a rest, will turn over the chairmanship of the committee to **Roz McGee** and **Dick Prust** in July. Let them know if you have an idea for a trip.

Nancy Martin

MORE FUN AT THE DOG PARK

The Carol Woods dog park recently added extra agility equipment. Now residents can set up a practice course for their pets at any level from AKC Novice to AKC Excellent.

When I became a resident a few years ago, I brought along a few jumps, a pause table, and a tunnel and put them in the dog park. Delighted dogs have been using them ever since, especially my Border collie, Eclipse, and Scottish deerhound, Iowa, who are retired from agility careers.

The new devices were added because the retired dogs seemed to miss the challenge and fun of other familiar agility apparatuses. Iowa kept climbing up on fallen trees in the woods and walking along as far as she could. It looked as if she missed the dog walk. Eclipse climbed rocks and seemed to pine for the A-frame. Both dogs sought out unstable surfaces to stand on, which suggested the seesaw.

These pieces, plus a barrel and chute and a variety of jumps, are now set out in the dog park. Private lessons are available to owners who want to teach their dogs to have fun with the obstacles. For photos of all the obstacles, have a look at www.affordableagility.com.



Vanna Condax

Eclipse, rock climber par excellence

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS



Richard Pfaff (“Richard in print, Dick in person,” please), Apt. 190, moved to Carol Woods from the house in Chapel Hill where he and his late wife Margie had lived for over forty years. He was educated at Harvard and Oxford (as a Rhodes Scholar)

and, after completing doctoral and theological study simultaneously, was ordained an Episcopal priest in 1966.

The next year the Pfaffs came to UNC, where he taught medieval history until retiring as professor emeritus in 2006. At the University he was especially active in library and faculty governance matters. He has volunteered as Priest Associate at the Chapel of the Cross ever since coming to Chapel Hill.

Richard (Dick) hopes to continue connections with the world of scholarship and with the church, while enjoying life at Carol Woods and pursuing his obsession with books. His son David (also a priest), daughter-in-law, and three grandchildren live in Milwaukee.

Bob Hellwig and Gordon Whitaker, mentors



Mary Eldridge and Stuart Rosenfeld, Apt. T113, moved to Carol Woods in March. Mary was raised in Houston, attended Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania and Goddard College in Vermont, and earned her LLB from Northeastern University School of Law. Her various jobs have ranged from the ridiculous to the sublime (or vice versa?), for instance, from Dean of Women at a Quaker high school to puppeteering and stilt dancing with Bread and Puppet Theater. Stuart grew up in Madison, WI where he earned a BS in chemical engineering. He worked for GE, started a software business, and then moved to Plainfield, VT to direct an alternative elementary school. After completing an EdD at Harvard, he moved to DC to work at the National Institute of Education.

In 1981 Mary and Stuart married and a year later moved to North Carolina, where he worked for the Southern Growth Policies Board. In 1992 he started a non-profit, Regional Technical Strategies, focusing on state and regional economic development and education strategies. He continues to work there. Mary worked with the NC Department of Mental Health and served on a number of boards, including the Association for Retarded Citizens of NC, National Alliance for Mental Illness-NC, and the Arthur Morgan School.

Stuart and Mary have a blended family of two sons, three daughters, and 14 grandchildren. They enjoy traveling to new places and spending time in their mountain home in Celo, NC. Stuart's hobbies include playing bridge and writing. His dream is to become more right-brained and play music and cook. Mary enjoys books, being outdoors, practicing mindfulness, and playing her English concertina. Her dream is to savor gourmet meals prepared by Stuart.

HAIKU

Hillsides newly green
rippling ocean under wind
pattern spring's return.

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Deepest loving sought
yields ambivalence within
my fortress shaken.

Betty Grant

COMING EVENTS

Concerts – Wednesday Evenings – 7:30 p.m.

- May 11 – Merida Negrete, clarinet
- May 18 – Jacob Reed, cello
- May 25 – Lucas Wollenzien, violin

Lectures – Thursday Evenings – 7:30 p.m.

- May 19 – Jim Dunlap, NC DOT, Weaver Dairy
Road widening
- May 26 – Emily Kass, Director of the Ackland Art
Museum

Special Programs – The Assembly Hall

- Fri. May 13, 7:00 – cello students of Jane Salemsen
- Sat. May 14, 3:00 – piano students of Randy
Shepherd
- Sat. May 21, 2:00 – piano students of Rachel Narula
- Mon. May 23, 7:15 – cello students of Nancy Green
- Sat. May 28, 2:00 – piano students of Greg
McCallum

RAMPING UP

Wondering about those undulating hallways that connect the central apartments to the main building? If the construction workers were amateurs, that could explain the hills and valleys. But the gradually inclined ramps have built-in flat spots on purpose to comply with the standards of the Americans with Disability Act. For handicap access, the law states that there must be no more than a 30-inch rise over a ramp run of 30 feet. And that's the answer!

Janet F. Campbell

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