



Sherwood Forest Friends

Celebrating and Preserving Our Natural and Cultural Resources

Winter 2026

President's Corner: Too Many Choices

My father said about me, in my youth, "She went through one damn phase after another." Personally, I think that means I have had a rich life!

Having respect for all things historical, and having room to keep most of them, I still have evidence of lots of phases in our house. Deciding what to take to evacuate the fire danger of last year proved to be a dilemma.

Should I take all my pictures from my years of professional and personal photography? Should I take all my weavings and rugs from my fabric arts phase? Should I take the gold and white monogrammed china that my mother and I painted, or the quilts she taught me how to make? Or the vast number of Christmas ornaments that we made over the years?

Realizing that these would not be valuable to anyone else but me, I felt a responsibility to "save" them—but save them for what? David's children are like most of the next generation- they don't want someone else's old things cluttering up their houses. The love of these objects stops with me.

So, I pulled out everything, touched and held them and remembered the circumstances and the fun stories of each, and relived all those phases! I took a few pictures with my phone (I'll always have that with me) and then packed everything back up and realized that in my memories I will always have those things.

If the fire had come, I'd hope for my treasures to be spared, but looking ahead, it probably won't be the last time I have to pare down my possessions. I will enjoy them while I can, and then go into my "minimalist" phase!

Carol McCullough, President

Celebrate Earth Day 2026 on April 23

Lang Hornthal, the Executive Director of EcoForesters, will speak at Sherwood Forest Friends annual Earth Day celebration, April 23.

Join us at 4:00 p.m. in the Robin Hood Centre.

EcoForesters is a non-profit professional forestry organization dedicated to conserving or restoring Appalachian forests through education and stewardship.

In this issue. . . In honor of Valentine's Day, neighbors tell us about their "Love Objects," and we meet the new management of Cedar Mountain Café.



The Quilt

Miss Betty (my grandma) was a young woman in rural North Carolina at a time when mules were pulling tobacco trucks through the fields and men walked along filling them with hand-picked leaves. Folks gathered at her house on Saturday night to listen to the Grand 'Ol Opry on the only radio for miles around. On Monday, the kids would lug water from the artisan well at the bottom of the hill. It was a tough chore getting a number 10 washtub back up to the house. Back then, you either did for yourself, or you did without. Grandma could sew, spin, quilt, make a broom for the

(Quilt, cont. page 4)

Large Life, Small Things

If I had to leave my home in a hurry, I would reach for three small things that fit easily in the cup of my palm: a Japanese blue glass fishing weight, a small wooden Hotei Buddha, and a smooth rock painted with a sun by a child.

They were my father's.

After he died in Alaska, most of his carefully packed belongings never made it back to us. Alaska is still a frontier, and the boxes were quietly "redistributed." What survived were these small treasures—the ones I grabbed from the top of his dresser and slipped into my suitcase at the last minute — along with a single inlaid box that once held arrowheads, a bear claw, and his business card: *Action Distributors. Richard Duncan & Wonder Dog. Beer, Wine, Spirits.*

My father was larger than life, a storyteller, a man Alaska was big enough to hold. Our relationship wasn't perfect, but we found our peace. He died on my 52nd birthday, the sun spilling down the mountains.

The glass weight holds his love of fishing.

The Hotei Buddha, his gregarious spirit and uncanny resemblance.

The painted rock, his tenderness.

The inlaid box, the life he gathered.

A large life held in small things.

Lelia Duncan



The Elephant

Mom was German and dad, Dale Worley, was from Kansas, but my sister, Gina, and I grew up surrounded by Asian art, souvenirs Dad brought home after each of several tours of Vietnam. Dad was a Green Beret, a medic with the Airborne Special Forces. He didn't say much about his experiences "in country," but his time there was evidenced by many life-long friendships, slide images of tropical landscapes and "the guys," and his keen appreciation for the arts and crafts he found there.

Picture richly carved tables, elaborately embossed wooden screens, and so, so much brass. As kids, Gina and I were in charge of polishing the brass, which is probably why I wasn't anxious to take ownership of anything that needed shining when I set up housekeeping.

(Elephant, cont. pg. 4)

The Picture



I would grab this iconic picture I took of my mom, Nan Maurer, bonding with her first and only grandchild while showing him how exciting a beach in Florida can be. She was a “show and tell a story” grandma all the way!

Gwenne Hayes-Stewart

Decisions, Decisions

I’m not sure you realize how difficult the question posed is to me. Have you ever seen how I pack? Minimalist does not describe me!

Contemplating what I need most . . .hmm . . .my new guitar would give me great satisfaction while in exile . . .but what about those in close quarters to me? Not sure they’d feel the same way. My uke is much smaller, taking less room but would it be bothersome, too? Also, it’s important to bring familiar items, right? What about my rediscovered Nespresso espresso maker. . .and don’t forget the frother! Might be slightly noisy but so worth it — makes a better latte than any barista out there! Plus, I can share it!

Oh, but wait, I’ve got it — a Christmas present new to my mountain wardrobe and just in time for our frigid ice and snow storms. I now own a long luxurious, fluffy hooded robe to keep me toasty warm with plenty of room to fit Mike, Bella, and any number of forest critters looking for refuge! Could even make it into a bed in a crunch. It can be sealed and vacuumed flat to fit into a small bag. Hmmm, so really I guess that means I could realistically bring all the items mentioned here right? Problem solved!

Sally Leonard



Café Evolves

On Halloween weekend 2025, Barbee Livingston and Nick Moutselos took over operating the Cedar Mountain Café from Lucia Gerdes. Barbee and Nick have been best friends since the late 90’s, when they met while working in the film and TV industries. Nick’s grandfather and father had both been restauranteurs and Barbee is passionate about creating comfort food, some from her grandmother’s recipes. The COVID pandemic and the last Actor and Writer strike inspired them to pivot together and open a small soup shop. After several fits and starts, their search ultimately led to the Cedar Mountain Café. All staff who wanted to remain during the transition were retained. The couple credit Deb, a long time employee who manages both the kitchen and the floor staff, with the reasonably smooth transition. They also give high praise to their kitchen staff, who are responsible for executing the entire menu and are largely responsible for the restaurant’s continued popularity.

Barbee is the creative source for the menu while Nick focuses on the administrative and social side, enjoying engaging with their patrons. Barbee has introduced multiple desserts and homemade baked goods to an updated menu. She is creating new specials and additional offerings. Their food is locally sourced when possible (e.g. Bracken Mt. Bakery, Brown Bean Coffee, and the Farmers’ Market). Watch for new services, some from customer suggestions, like a weekly prix fixe, 3-course menu inclusive of beer or wine. Additionally, they will be offering a ‘Grab & Go’ section with prepared entrees and desserts for an easy meal and deli-type sandwiches for hikers, bikers, or anyone looking for a quick bite. The partners were both surprised and delighted with the sense of community in Cedar Mountain and the conviviality of the Café’s clientele. It has given them a sense of belonging and a desire to contribute to the community. They hope to continue getting to know and serving us for a long time to come.

Karin Bar-Zeev

(Quilt, cont.)

yard, and hammer a toothbrush for her snuff from a black gum twig. She also made the most delicious biscuits. She made them every day, so she had plenty of practice! Food production, “farm to table,” for Grandma was a full-time job.

Of all that Grandma passed down, one piece stands out. My love object is a patchwork quilt she made during those lean years of the Great Depression. It's a little soiled but too delicate to clean. To most, it's just a worn-out patchwork quilt, too small for modern beds and too tattered to show. To me, it's a treasure. I spent many contented hours in Grandma's lap wrapped in that quilt. while she rocked. One of the most interesting things about Grandma's quilt is a message printed on a patchwork piece that reads: “This flour sack is made of the finest cambric material and has many household uses. This message will disappear after the first washing.” Almost 100 years later, you can still make it out if you look closely.

Thurman Hill



Love Object

My first impulse upon reading the “Love Object” assignment was to skip it. After all, through much esoteric training from various perspectives, and living in a spiritual community for 20 years, I am sold on the concept that everything we truly “have” resides inside of us in our hearts. Any random thing can be imbued with meaning or value. I am an artist... paint and canvas can go for thousands of dollars!

On Day One of the fire evacuation, I was fostering a rescue dog. Sweet, but super skittish. I ended up giving over half the car to the dog's domain. I took the necessities, go bag, clothing, some food, and dog food.

I left a note in the villa thanking it and all my stuff for bringing extra joy and beauty to my life.

I have started over many times and know for sure we are held in grace always.

June Ellen Bradley

Gifts

In memory of Wendell Wiley

*Carol McCullough and David Messer
Linda McGehee and Caroline Joe*

In memory of Irene Granger:

*Carol McCullough and David Messer
Martha and Ed Bridges
Jim Granger*

In honor of Jim Granger

Martha and Ed Bridges

In memory of Marge King

Jerry and Libby Brown

(Elephant, cont.)

What I was happy to have was one of the ceramic elephants that arrived around 1967. What five-year-old wouldn't be fascinated by a large, colorful pachyderm? Apparently, Dad and his troop loaded a cargo plane with hundreds of the heavy creatures. By the time they finished, each was just another “BOFE,” or Big Old F***ing Elephant. My family wound up with several -- supporting plants or lamps, lounging on the patio, and grazing in the living room. Their weight insured that once placed they tended to stay put.

When Rob and I started our household, BOFE moved in with us. He remains a fond reminder of years past and my dad.

Tammy Corrie

We welcome your comments and suggestions. Send your ideas to Susan Wilkinson (sgeew7@gmail.com). Many thanks to our stellar copy editor, Daphne Larkin!

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