



The Kimball Farms



Observer



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Décor Project Moves Forward — Page 3

May 2026

Inside Kimball's Memory Care



Kimball Farms Photo



Photo by Charles Bonenti

Demystifying LEP

By Linda Griffin
Observer Contributor

AFTER the second annual “Families Helping Families” program in March, which was popular not only with the general public, but also with Kimball Farms residents, it was clear that many residents find the Life Enrichment Program mysterious. What goes on behind the plain black doors to the LEP? Who lives there? Why do they live there? What do they do all day? What is the atmosphere like?

Knowledge is power, they say. And knowledge helps to dissipate the sadness and yes, fear, that goes with the realization that a loved one's dementia has progressed to the stage that memory care in the LEP

LEP, continued on page 2

Clockwise from above, a resident shares time with a canine visitor, the spacious TV sitting area, and program director Jenna Bertolozzi chats with a resident.



Photo by Charles Bonenti

LEP, continued from page 1

has become a suitable choice for them.

Before I visited the LEP, I had visions of sad faces trudging through the motions of daily living and of an institutional setting that was quiet, dimly lit and depressing. Now, as a frequent visitor, I know that those fears and visions aren't warranted, and that it is a cheerful, light and activity filled space.

As a visitor, you are admitted to the LEP by a staff member after ringing the doorbell. It is a secure area; some folks with dementia wander. You arrive at the bright and airy central juncture of three short hallways, each of which has about six resident rooms, all with a private bath. Each hallway also has a small seating alcove.

To the left of the entrance hallway is a large kitchen area with long communal dining tables. Residents have three meals a day, served family style and prepared by our Kimball Farms culinary team. Snacks and beverages are always available. Also to

the left of the entrance is a comfortable sitting area with a large television where daily movies are shown. To the right are offices and an open activity space used for a myriad of performances, religious services, games, and exercises.

The staff encourages, but does not compel LEP residents to take part in activities. With the arrival of spring, they will soon be using the newly renovated courtyard, including a fountain and gazebo.

After a period of adjustment to life in their new home, residents often take meals in the Pub with friends, visit the hair salon, or join one of the many outings organized by staff. This month's outings included trips to Mass MOCA and the Clark Art Institute, lunch at Acqua al 2 in West Stockbridge, and a visit to the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield.

Still curious? Visitors are welcome to make an appointment to tour the LEP, but it is best for only one or two people to tour together so as not to disrupt the daily routines of residents.

Tech Wiz Tanner Gains New Job

By Pat Flinn

Observer Contributor

TECH WIZARD Tanner Shepard's last day at Kimball Farms was Thursday, April 2. After graduating from the Isenberg School of Business at UMass Amherst last December, and after two years doing technical assistance for residents at Kimball, he is embarking on his business career.

In a last-day interview, Tanner said: "On Monday, April 6, I start working for Beacon Bank Wealth Management investment services at the Beacon branch office here in Lenox. My title will be 'Wealth Management Operations Associate', and I will be managing wire transfers." His tech wizardry should stand him in good stead.

Thinking back about his time at Kimball, Tanner

admitted being both excited *and nervous* when he first started. "But I soon learned the residents were super nice and caring. I'm going to miss you guys."

He said he learned a lot from the residents and through them made lots of connections. He also enjoyed his fellow employees and the Kimball Farms "culture."

Comparing his four years working with kids at the Lenox Community Center to his following two years helping seniors at Kimball, he commented: "It was very different meeting and learning from seniors."

Tanner ended with thoughts about his future: "I'm looking forward to getting experience and learning. I want to soak it all in."



Photo by Sandy Shepard

Tanner Shepard

President's Letter

New Décor Plans Move Forward

PLANS to redecorate the hallways and replace carpeting in Independent Living moved forward last month with the appointment of Lisa Cini, founder of Mosaic Design Studio in Columbus, Ohio, to execute the project.

Lisa was on site for several days in early April to photograph Kimball Farms' parlors and corridors, and while she was here met with me and the resident team — Stephanie Johnson and Marilé Lynch. Residents were asked to submit design suggestions in writing to Stephanie by April 20.

An award-winning designer with more than 20 years of experience, Lisa has developed interiors for 30 long-term care centers, and she has worked for 10 years with Integritus Healthcare, which manages Kimball Farms.

She has received 37 design awards including 10 from the American Society of Interior Design, and is the author of several books. Her other clients include: the U.S. Military, PGA Tour Country Clubs, and hotels.

In other news, there are many activities to look forward to as we enter the warmer weather. On April 15, the much-requested wood shop reopened under the watchful eye of Reed Hand: Thank you Reed! Also back in April were the Kitchen Tours, with a birds-eye view of the massive kitchen operation that produces more than 300 meals per day! And there is a new summer menu due to appear at the beginning of May, with entrée salads and grilled burgers and hot dogs periodically. The Saturday Social will continue through the summer and will expand onto the lovely patio by the Pub.

The garden plots have been prepared for growing season and the patio area will open in May to residents who would like to picnic with family/friends. Signups will be available in the administration office, with an instruction sheet on proper use

The last Residents Association meeting until fall will be on June 1. The *Observer* will not publish in July or August.

— Pat Steele, President,
Kimball Farms Residents Association

Editor's Desk

Visiting LEP

Our focus on the LEP (Life Enrichment Program) aspect of Kimball Farms continuing care operations grew out of the "Families Helping Families" event here March 20. It introduced the LEP team and explained the support and services LEP provides.

Attendees were invited to visit the locked facility by appointment and some later expressed interest in doing so. Independent Living resident Linda Griffin, who is dealing with her husband's memory loss and wrote our March *Observer* advance on the event, offers an insight this month on her own experience visiting LEP. We hope it will demystify what life is like for those who reside there.

Other features this month include a report by Pat Steele, president of the Residents Association, on plans to redecorate the corridors of Independent Living, Marcia Brolli's experience as a member of Ruth Bass's writing group, and Stephanie Beling's column on how sleep restores our bodies.

— Charles Bonenti,
Observer Editor

OBSERVER MISSION

The Kimball Farms Observer is written by and for the residents of Kimball Farms. Our mission is to enlighten, connect, and entertain Kimball residents.

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Honoring the Past & Looking Ahead

By Ellen Kanner

Observer Contributor

OLGA WEISS came into the world prematurely in 1928 and she's been ahead of her time ever since. At 97, she's that rare individual who can look forward to the future and honor the past at the same time.

She was born Olga Glassman in Berkeley, Calif., where her father was a student. She can still picture driving across the country with her parents and sister when she was small, encountering Dust Bowl farmers and their families heading to "Okie camps" out west as she and her family headed east to New York. They settled in Queens, N.Y.

Olga "skipped" the sixth grade (in those days, promising New York City students were moved ahead quickly) and graduated from Forest Hills High School in 1945. After graduating from Brown University with a degree in biochemistry in 1949, her first career was with the pharmaceuticals giant Pfizer.

She went on to earn master's degrees in urban planning and health at Hunter College in New York. But her talent as an alto soloist led her to a place in the Radio City Music Hall chorus and to Temple B'Nai Abraham in Newark, N.J., where a fellow singer insisted that she meet Bob Weiss, a recently-widowed family friend living in New York with two small children.

Olga and Bob dated and married in New York but after their daughter was born, they decided to raise their three kids in a more natural environment. It was Bob who introduced Olga to the Berkshires. She, recalling her early years in California and her love of the outdoors, agreed.

The couple bought their first historic property, the site of Colonel Patterson's home in Lenox in

1961. They managed the property, then called the Monument Inn, for several years and purchased their own historic home on West Street, perhaps the oldest property in Lenox, a few years later.

In the late 1960s, when two historic Berkshire properties, Blantyre in Lenox and Wheatleigh Farm in Stockbridge, came on the market, Bob and Olga bought both. What they did next made music history. They formed a partnership with Bob's cousin,

David Rothstein, an architect with Louis Kahn's renowned international firm, and transformed Music Inn, on the Wheatleigh property, into a venue for popular outdoor concerts, a boon for the Berkshires.

Arlo Guthrie and Pete Seeger were the first performers they engaged and to the delight of outdoor concert lovers, a long list of music royalty followed, including Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Bonnie Raitt and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Music Inn evolved into "a very eclectic mu-

sic scene," according to Olga, that followed "the natural evolution of music trends of the times."

In 1974, the couple gave the Berkshire community another gift. They donated 64 acres of their West Street property to the town of Lenox. It was a parcel of land adjacent to the lovely walking trails at Parsons Marsh today.

Sadly, Bob died in 1983, but Olga chose to remain in Lenox, where she serves on many nonprofit boards and contributes to the historic look of the town by her long tenure as a member and chair of the Lenox Historical Commission.

After rehabbing her West Street home for rental and downsizing as part of her move into apartment #264, Olga's pleased to find herself among old friends at Kimball Farms. She's looking forward to meeting new people and to new adventures. "Here's looking to the future," she said.



Photo by Charles Bonenti

Olga Weiss

Writing Workshop with an Expert

By Marcia Brolli

Observer Contributor

RUTH BASS has been a constant in life in the Berkshires. As an editor and writer for the *Berkshire Eagle* (the *BEagle* to many locals), she has been in the public eye for her entire adult life. As a resident in Richmond, I knew her as fully involved in the life of the town. So it was natural that the first activity I joined at Kimball Farms would be her writing workshop; in fact, I attended my first meeting before I moved in.

Ruth's work at the *BEagle* started as a police and court reporter, then segued into editor status as the editor of the *Berkshire Week*, *Berkshire Sampler*, and the Sunday edition. Her published writing varies from cookbooks for Storey Publishing to four novels of a late 19th-century farm family to a personal memoir. *Triangle*, a crime novel set in the 1960s followed, and she is working on another novel now.

This career started in the sixth grade, when Ruth's teacher asked her to start, and to be the editor of, a school newspaper. Ever since, her life has been full of writing—news-papers, novels, travel writing—and she still writes a weekly opinion column for the *BEagle*. Like many of us here at Kimball Farms, she has had and continues to have a varied and fascinating life. So, who better to encourage us in our own writing?

In 2014, coming off this successful career, Ruth agreed to take over the writing workshop at Kimball Farms. One of her best work experiences at the newspaper had been the *Berkshire Sampler* (1977–87), working with a great staff and mentoring young writers. Now she is mentoring older writers who

have so much to draw on—not teaching writing but giving us the opportunity to find our voices.

We meet on the first Wednesday of the month for 1½ hours. First, we giggle at the day dedication (i.e., April 15 is National Laundry Day, April 18 is National Animal Crackers Day and also National Lineman Day). Then Ruth reads aloud a page or so of good writing from the pieces we have written based on a prompt given the month before.

One by one we read our writing. Ruth points out felicitous passages, a well-turned phrase, a gentle nudge to make the writing better, sometimes giving suggestions like “Bring to Charles for the *Observer*.”

Then, as time allows, she offers an exercise that joins quick thinking and imagination. The session closes with prompts for the next month, which generally occasion groans and raised eyebrows.

Her purpose in these varied activities is to have us see what's around us; to notice and be aware. So, with a choice of topics, we go off to ponder and listen and look and then write.

The results are so worth the agony of the process: not only a bit of writing, but also a use of our memories and insight, and an awareness of the process of creating.

Addendum

For those who are considering writing a memoir: So many of us have so much to say—so many memories, and we don't where to start writing down our lives. Ruth Bass started hers based on advice from Marcella Hazan, the cookbook author: “Write the favorite story of your life.”



Photo by Nick Delsordo

Writers gather with author Brolli at left and Ruth Bass at far right.

Open Mic

*Letting Them Go***Your House**

By Lita Moses
Observer Contributor

WHEN my husband, Bruce, suggested we visit Kimball Farms, I consented, confident that I would never leave my home in the countryside of Egremont. Eventually, I agreed to visit on a warm day in May. I remember walking through the empty hallways, both quiet and deserted. Not one person. The silence reminded me of the long hallways in the hotel where I grew up. When the hotel was closed, the hallways were silent, eerie, with loneliness clinging to the walls.

In my heart I was convinced I could never live in such a place. A year went by. It was suggested that we visit again. This time we took my family. Ellie, my niece, said after leaving, "It really looks like a nice place." I didn't pay attention.

Another year fled by. One day Bruce said, "Lita, I can't keep the place up. It's gotten to be too difficult. We need to move to Kimball Farms." By then, Bruce's swim buddies, Buck Smith and his wife, Anna, and Doane Perry and Karen Carmean, were settled in.

Bruce had been the primary caretaker of our property. There was no way I could keep it up on my own. I no longer had a choice. I agreed. "But," I said, "let's just wait until after New Year's." I wanted one last Thanksgiving and Christmas with my family in our home. However, a neighbor told a friend that we were selling our home, and within a week the house was sold. Our four-bedroom house was emptied out in a month, except for the furniture the new owners wanted. Bruce said goodbye more easily than I did. Partings have always been difficult for me.

I lingered for two more weeks, dreading the moment when I would have to part from my precious home. I sat for hours on our deck gazing out,

House, continued on page 7

Your Stuff

By Patricia Gazouleas
Observer Contributor

MOVING into Kimball Farms was not very difficult. The staff was very helpful with everything both before and after moving day. I got rid of the boxes and had my pictures up in no time. It was also easy because I had done it twice before: first from a really big house on the North Fork of Long Island to a smaller house in Great Barrington and then some twelve years later to a local retirement complex.

Our house on Long Island contained the accumulation of forty-five years of family life. The dining table from our first apartment was in the basement, repurposed as a workbench. The bunk beds my sons had long outgrown were set up for my grandsons. I had four months to figure it all out.

It was interesting researching places, people, and institutions that would take my stuff. I found an organization that supplied clothes for men who were looking for work—they were happy to take my late husband's suits. His fishing clothes went to Goodwill. My daughter's collection of bridesmaid dresses went to a similar organization that supplied prom dresses for girls unable to buy their own.

Of course, I appealed to my grown-up children to take things, but with limited success. My son took his complete collection of Superman comics but refused to take my mother's silverware. My other son accepted my aunt's white china dinner service and an ethnic area rug from Greece that was small enough to pack in his car. My daughter took an inlaid side table that had belonged to my grandmother but she, too, refused the silverware.

We had rooms full of books from a variety of sources. I threw in the trash the Anthro 101 textbooks gifted me by various academic publishers. I gave the books in Greek or about Greece, including

Stuff, continued on page 7

Home, *continued from page 6*

watching our marsh and the deer, geese, and fox that roamed our large backyard. I thought about the huge turtles that come up the hill from the marsh every Memorial Day to deposit their white golf-ball-sized eggs, then lumber back to the water. I remembered the skunks digging up the eggs, leaving small holes in our dirt pathway. I walked around our property and lingered at the pond, home to frogs who surfaced to acknowledge my presence.

My home had been the place where family and friends gathered. It was filled with memories of celebrations and of quiet talk. A huge oak stood just outside my window. I spent hours watching its leaves changing through the seasons, the crisp

brown ones clinging to its limbs through the winter months. The tree became a member of my family.

Uppermost in my mind was the question of where my family would now meet. With great relief I came up with a plan: I decided that we would rent a house for all family gatherings. Now I could say goodbye and join Bruce at Kimball Farms.

Three years have quickly passed. Though it took a while, I am happy with the move. It was the best thing we could do. Kimball Farms has provided me with friends, community, and a place where I can comfortably be old. Bruce doesn't have to fix the leaky faucet, clean the gutters, or shovel the snow. He and I now have the freedom to pursue whatever we like.

Stuff, *continued from page 6*

multiple review copies of Greek cookbooks, to the local Greek church. I sold several books of photographs and two books that belonged to my brother with illustrations by Howard Pyle and the senior Wyeth. I tried to sell my daughter's Nancy Drew collection on eBay, but they were not buying so they went to the dump. (I did sell a few other items on

Of course, I appealed to my grown-up children to take things, but with limited success.

eBay, though I found the transactions complicated and I won't do it again.)

Disposing of my record collection was interesting. I saw an ad in the local paper offering to buy old records. I had a vast collection of LPs and old 78s for which I no longer owned equipment to play them. I loaded up boxes and set off for the store. They were not interested. They only wanted vintage Beatles covers and other pop stars of the '60s. They did not even care for the records themselves—it was the artwork of the covers that people were collecting. So off to the dump went Leonard Bernstein conducting Beethoven and Bruno Walter conducting Brahms and all the Gilbert and Sullivan recorded by

the D'Oyly Carte opera company.

I sold the boat back to the dealer, sold my car to another dealer, gave the truck to a veterans organization, and kept only my husband's car, which I liked better than mine. And finally I shredded income tax returns going back to 1957. The whole process took many hours spread out over the summer of 2004.

Mostly I enjoyed this process, so when it came time to move out of the Great Barrington house to a retirement complex, I decided to do it myself again. This time I sold furniture through an auction house, gave some to Habitat for Humanity, and sold a lot of little things through a wonderful store in Lee called Finders Keepers. I never made much money this way, but it tickled me to get any at all.

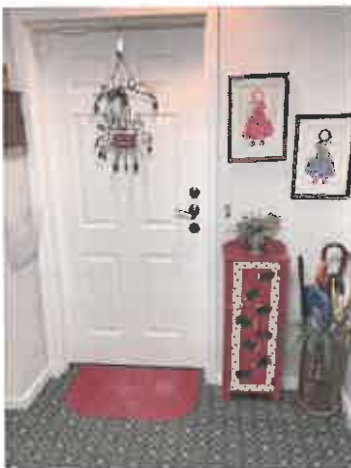
Finally, in the move to Kimball Farms, I tackled the photographs—in volumes going back to 1940. So I reattached loose pictures and rewrote faded labels and threw away all the duplicates and photos of people I could not identify. This reduced the collection to movable size.

There are wonderful organizations that can take on this job for you, but I enjoyed it. I took pleasure in assessing my possessions and finding creative ways to dispose of things, particularly those things that meant something to me. Now I am happily and comfortably settled at Kimball Farms, surrounded by cats and all the things that really matter to me.

Distinctive Doorways

Kimball Residents Welcome with Style

Photos by Charles Bonenti



Sleep: A Body's Work of Restoration

By **Stephanie Beling, MD**
Observer Columnist

EACH NIGHT your body is given a gentle invitation — to rest, to restore, and to renew. Sleep is not simply the absence of wakefulness, but an active and essential process during which the brain and body perform some of their most important work. Like many of the body's natural systems, it functions best when allowed to follow its own rhythm.

During sleep, the body moves through several distinct stages, each with its own purpose. In the lighter stages, you begin to disengage from the day, your heart rate slows, and your muscles relax. As you move into deeper sleep, the body turns its attention to physical repair. Tissues are restored, immune function is strengthened, and energy stores are replenished. It is also during this deeper phase that the brain's glymphatic (waste clearance) system becomes more active, clearing away metabolic products that accumulate during the day. In a very real sense, the brain is being gently cleansed while you sleep.

Another important phase is the rapid eye movement known as REM sleep. This is when the brain becomes more active, processing memories, integrating new information, and helping to regulate mood. It is also the stage most associated with dreaming. During REM sleep, the body enters a remarkable protective state in which the muscles become profoundly relaxed, almost paralyzed. This temporary stillness prevents us from physically acting out our dreams, allowing the mind to be active while the body remains safely at rest.

A healthy night's sleep involves cycling through these stages several times, each contributing in its own way to overall well-being. When sleep is short-

ened or disrupted, these cycles are interrupted. Over time, this may lead to difficulty with concentration, increased irritability, and a reduced ability to cope with stress. The body may remain in a more activated state, rather than settling into the restorative "rest and digest" mode that is so important for long-term health.

In recent years, many people have become interested in tracking their sleep using wearable devices such as the Apple Watch or the Oura Ring. These tools can provide useful information about sleep duration, patterns, and even estimates of time spent in different sleep stages. For some, this increased awareness can be helpful, encouraging more consistent sleep habits.

At the same time, it is important to remember that these devices offer estimates rather than exact measurements. Sleep is a natural process, and becoming overly focused on the numbers can sometimes create unnecessary concern rather than calm. The goal is not perfect sleep, but rather developing a pattern that leaves you feeling rested and restored.

There are simple ways to support healthy sleep. Maintaining a regular bedtime, limiting exposure to bright screens in the evening, and allowing time to unwind before bed can all be beneficial. Gentle breathing, reading, or quiet reflection can help signal to the body that it is time to transition from the activity of the day to the rest of the night. Keeping the room cool and avoiding eating close to bedtime also help.

Sleep, like so many of the body's healing systems, is both powerful and accessible. When we respect its rhythm and give it the time it needs, it offers us one of the most reliable pathways to health, resilience, and a renewed sense of well-being.



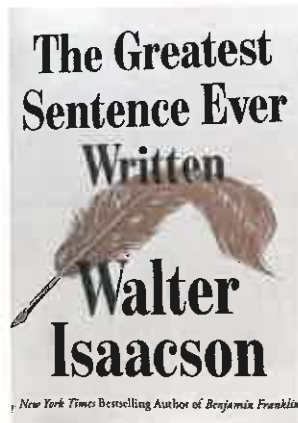
What They Were Thinking

By Mary Misch
Observer Columnist

WALTER ISAACSON, a highly respected scholar and communicator, has put together a very small book, *The Greatest Sentence Ever Written*, in celebration of the 250th anniversary of the 1776 Declaration of Independence and the founding of our country. The first eight brief chapters of this book analyze how the Declaration's second sentence was perfected by Thomas Jefferson, with major input from Benjamin Franklin, to become, as Isaacson says, "the greatest sentence ever crafted by human hand."

In final form, it reads, *We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.*

Jefferson's "Original Rough Draught" had stated: *We hold these truths to be sacred & undeniable.* Franklin had crossed out *sacred* and written in *self-*



Isaacson brings up to date the question of whether "all men" meant "all people."

evident in the heavy black ink he was known for. Isaacson points out that Franklin's thinking was greatly influenced by a recent association with the Scottish philosopher David Hume. Jefferson, he

says, was a believer in John Locke's 1690 ideas of government. Both were aware of the Virginia Declaration of Rights, written by George Mason and completed in June of 1776, which stated, *All men are by nature free and independent, and have certain inherent rights.* Isaacson brings up to date the question of whether "all men" meant "all people." His answer is no, citing the influence of the philosopher

Rousseau on our Founders, making women subordinate to men.

Isaacson recounts how, as presented to the Continental Congress, "Jefferson's passages in his draft of the Declaration denouncing the slave trade as 'a cruel war against human nature' were edited out by the delegates before it was approved." Other changes were made before the first copy was signed and 200 copies were distributed here and in other parts of the world. How it was received by the English king is not covered here.

When General George Washington, while defending New York City, received the document, he had it read aloud to his troops. As Isaacson tells, "Afterward, some of the crowd rushed to the four-thousand-pound equestrian statue of King George III a few blocks away, pulled it down, and cut off its head."

It is interesting to note that, while the word *sacred* was crossed out once, it was kept in the last sentence of the Declaration: *And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor.*

One copy of this book is available for circulation from our library. Others are available, with a cover price of \$20.00, from The Bookstore near you.

May Events

Monday, May 4 • 7 pm

Speaker Series
Auditorium

Wednesday, May 6 • 7 pm

Berkshire Lyric Choir
Auditorium

Wednesday, May 13 • 7 pm

Afro-Groove
Auditorium

Thursday, May 14 • 7 pm

Lenox High School Jazz Band
Auditorium

Monday, May 18 • 7 pm

Elder Fraud Presentation
by Berkshire County D.A.'s Office
Auditorium

Thursday, May 21 • 7 pm

Olga Vinokur, pianist
Auditorium

Wednesday, May 27 • 7pm

Quartetto Mosso
Auditorium

Transport is Offered to Airports, Trains

Transportation for a fee to airports and train stations in the region is available to Kimball residents. Michelle Rosier, director of residential services, said one-way service is \$150 to Bradley International Airport in Windsor Locks, Conn., and Albany International Airport.

It is \$125 to the Metro-North stop in Wassauc, N.Y., and the Amtrak station in Albany-Rensselaer. There is no service offered to JFK airport in New York or to Logan Airport in Boston.

Michelle said the service will be provided by Kimball Farms drivers using Kimball vehicles on an as-available basis. The charge will go on the resident's bill.

May Trips

Saturday, May 2

Bus at 12:15 pm

Mahaiwe – Met Opera
Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*

Wednesday, May 6

Bus at 8:15 am

Historic Huguenot St. Stone Houses
New Paltz, N.Y.

Monday, May 11

Bus at 9:45 am

Breakfast at Blueberry Hill Café
and Shopping at Trader Joe's
Colonie, N.Y.

Tuesday, May 19

Bus at 6:00 pm

"Let's Eat Out"
Location TBD

Date & Time TBD

Barrington Stage Co.
Backstage Tour

Birthday Wishes

Twenty-one residents celebrate birthdays in May.

There is a 20-year spread between the youngest and oldest celebrants.

May birthdays belong to: Charles Cook, Rick Pocock, Robert Baum, Lu Ann DeGenaro, Hans Heuberger, Dorothea Nelson, Alan Price, David Quinlan, Laird White, Michael Behnke, Leonard Rosenfeld, Betty Furey, Erika Mueller, Mary Misch, Eugene Kalish, Jeannette Cooper, Rhea Schindler, Robert Cloutier, Henry Fenn, Christine Parton and Theresa Griffin

Happy Birthday to each of you!!

In Memoriam

Barbara Carty

June 15, 1940 to March 14, 2026

Observer Spotlight

Photos by Charles Bonenti



ABOVE: Residents dined at the Culinary Institute of America in Hyde Park, N.Y., on an April 1 field trip.

LEFT: Superintendent of Maintenance Joe Dewey, left, demonstrates safe cutting methods on a bench saw at the official reopening of the Kimball woodworking shop on April 15. Others, from left, are Gary Lagarce, first responder on security, and residents Charles Cook, shop monitor Reed Hand, and Gene Liebowitz.



ABOVE: Julane Reed ponders a challenging jigsaw puzzle.

LEFT: The art room is a busy place on Friday afternoons.