The Kimball Farms
Observer

Volume 36, No. 8 | **Haiku as Therapy — Page 9** | October 2026





The author, in blue shirt, hikes the Gould Meadows trail to Stockbridge Bowl with Kimball resident Joan Barrett and her black Lab Little Bear.



Photos by Charles Bonenti

Take a Hike

Easy Trails in the Kimball Vicinity

By Nancy King
Observer Contributor

YOU CAN no longer manage to hike Monument Mountain, but you still want to get out into the woods to experience our glorious Berkshire Hills in autumn. Last spring, I described some lovely nearby trails that could be negotiated with a rollator. Now I'll share information about accessible trails for folks who don't need rollators or walkers — yet!

Off Holmes Road in Pittsfield, there's a Mass. Audubon property called Canoe Meadows. The 1.5-mile Sacred Way Trail there takes you past an oxbow pond and a brook where you can see beaver activity. Part of the trail is a boardwalk. At the beginning, it goes through a swampy area which should be avoided in the aftermath of wet weather. The Wolf Pine Trail, also about 1.5 miles in length, is a nice shady walk

Hike, *continued on page 2*

Forum to Define Life Care

By Linda Griffin and Pat Flinn
Observer Contributors

THERE ARE four different levels of "Life Care" available here at Kimball: independent, assisted, memory, and nursing. Are you uncertain about those levels? Do you know what services are and are not available to the residents in each? What can nursing do or not do? If you develop mobility or cognition issues after moving into Independent Living, can you stay in your apartment? Who makes that decision? What criterion is used? Can a resident be compelled to move to a higher level of care? When returning to Independent Living from a hospital or rehab facility, what help can be provided to you? What services can you expect as a resident in PineHill Assisted Living? Exactly how do you transition to the Life Enrichment Program

Care, *continued on page 2*

Hike, *continued from page 1*

through a hemlock and hardwood forest. There are no hills on either trail.

On Route 41 between West Stockbridge and Housatonic, a perfectly flat rail trail starts at Pixley Hill Road near a bridge over the Williams River and Cobb Road intersection. Hike this trail for about a quarter of a mile and you'll pass a striking, ultra-modern house. A little beyond it, a side trail runs downhill for about 100 yards to the river and a pretty waterfall. The main trail continues for 2.5 miles to Housatonic. You can walk as far as you like before returning to your starting point.

Have you ever walked around Tanglewood beyond the spot where the Kimball van drops you off for the Shed or Ozawa Hall? Behind the Highwood Manor House, the views over Stockbridge Bowl are spectacular. Going in the other direction, behind the Tappan Manor House, there's a nice walk under a grapevine arbor to a statue of composer Aaron Copland. Nearby you'll find the Whispering Bench where your voice really echoes.

If you can handle a little bit of up-and-down terrain, Gould Meadows on Route 183, a little beyond Tanglewood, has a trail downhill to Stockbridge Bowl. From there, follow a yellow-blazed side trail until it turns slightly uphill at the BSO's fenced-in property and curves back to rejoin the main trail, for a total hike of just under 2 miles.

Drive up Route 7A from downtown Lenox to just past the Church on the Hill and you'll find the entrance to Kennedy Park on the left. You can walk the level main trail as far as you like. But if you can handle a bit of climbing, bear left to the grounds of the old Aspinwall Hotel, which burned early in the 20th century. The views over Parsons Marsh to Yokun Ridge are breathtaking. If you continue left along the open area you will see remnants of the old hotel, including a group of concrete pillars which the locals dub "Stonehenge." The trail loops back to the main trail, where you can turn right and walk back to your car.



White wood asters were plentiful along the Gould Meadows trail.

On all of the above trails, be sure to use a walking stick or hiking poles, and wear long pants tucked into your socks to keep ticks away.

Lastly, I should mention two accessible paved walks that anyone can enjoy:

The Ashuwillticook Rail Trail is especially pleasant from Farnum's Crossing north to where it crosses Route 8. The hike is about a mile each way along the shore of Cheshire Reservoir, with views of Mount Greylock and lots of benches for resting. You can park at either end.

At Lake Mansfield in Great Barrington there is now a paved walkway along the lakeshore — with no cars allowed — about half a mile in each direction.

There you have it: "Happy Trails to You!"

Care, *continued from page 1*

(LEP) memory unit?

These questions, and many others, will be answered at a program designed for Kimball Farms residents on Thursday, November 19 at 10 a.m. in the auditorium. Jody Manzolini, director of marketing, will be the opening host for the presentation.

Chris-Ellen Furey, LPN, community nurse, and Jackie Tripicco, LCSW, community social worker, will represent Independent Living. Melody Black, RN, director of nursing, will represent PineHill Assisted Living. Jenna Bertolozzi, LPN, program director, will represent the Life Enrichment Program memory unit.

The Nursing Care Center on Sunset Avenue will be represented by William Kittler, who headed up that unit until becoming Kimball Farms executive director in February 2026.

No pre-registration is required for this program.

President's Letter

Fall Activities Preview, Committee Enlistments

Here we are in October! This is my favorite time of year with cool nights, colorful leaves, and frequent temptations to go outside and enjoy the fall.

Soon we will solicit membership for our 16 committees, present a new budget for 2027, and post nominations for new officers and counselors. Our Staff Appreciation Fund drive begins October 5. It is an opportunity to materially thank our wonderful staff for their service since individual gratuities are not allowed. Bonus checks will be awarded in mid-December to all — except senior administrators — based on numbers of hours worked. The total will depend on what we have raised in the fund drive.

September was a very busy month for the Residents Association. At the kick-off meeting September 14, we introduced 17 new residents and previewed the very busy fall season. We heard from the RMV on when to stop driving, learned about the history of the electric car, had lessons on cybersecurity, and were vaccinated against flu.

Looking ahead, Covid shots will be administered October 8, a recycling Fair is scheduled October 24, and a Newcomers' Brunch will take place November 18. An important Levels of Care meeting on November 19 will answer many questions about PineHill, LEP, and the Nursing Care Center.

John Cheney and his Kimball Farms Singers are preparing for a December concert and folks are practicing their knitting, drumming, yoga, and tai chi. Let's Eat Out samples area restaurants and the Trips Committee takes residents to see museums, exhibits, and other places of interest. Many play bridge on Thursdays and Sundays.

Impressive volunteers staff the Potting Shop, the *Observer,* and the Corner Store. Other teams manage the movies, the Saturday Social, and serve as the Usher Corps. Many others work hard on all our active committees. More than half of our residents serve on one of the teams or committees. Be sure to sign up for your favorites for next year.

— Pat Steele, President,
Kimball Farms Residents Association

Editor's Desk

A Necessary Topic

Observer Contributor Linda Griffin suggested back in June that we pursue a story on the kinds of medical treatment available to Kimball residents in Independent Living, PineHill, LEP, and the nursing care center. Associate Editor Pat Flinn, who is on the Health & Safety Committee, told us that a residents' meeting to clarify that very topic was already planned for November 19. So, she and Linda collaborated on this month's advance.

Elsewhere in this issue, Albert Anderson penned an essay on the healing power of haiku poetry; contributor Patricia Gazouleas describes her experiences as a fan of horse racing; and health columnist Stephanie Beling warns of the consequences of acting hastily.

The Observer NEEDS WRITERS — particularly to interview new residents. If interested, please call me at 7179.

— 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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Welcoming, Wise, and Witty

By Dorothea Nelson
Observer Contributor

WHEN I called to interview new resident Francine Weinberg, her immediate response was "I'm not very interesting." This didn't surprise me since at least 98 percent of other residents at Kimball respond the same way. Yet the very next day *The Berkshire Eagle* carried a quote from cellist Yo-Yo Ma: "There's nobody that's not interesting."

I was expecting to disagree with Fran when she answered my knock at Apartment 215 and my expectation was fulfilled. She was welcoming, wise, and witty.



Photo by Lily Wayne

Fran Weinberg

Originally from the Bronx and Queens boroughs of New York, she earned her bachelor's degree in English in 1967 at SUNY Binghamton. Although she planned to return to New York for a master's in teaching English, she was immediately hired by Harcourt Brace, a prominent publisher of educational materials, to work initially as a copy editor.

After decades of staff positions, from 1994 to recently, Fran did freelance work for Macmillan, McGraw-Hill, W. W. Norton, and other textbook publishers, generating books on grammar, composition, literature, research, and documentation for grades 6 to 12 and college.

She met her future husband Larry Strauss in 1974 in a group summer house rental in East Hampton, N.Y. They were together for years without tying the knot, but Fran felt she was in good company. Plenty of couples wed only when one of them needed medical coverage. When Larry discovered she was about to pay for her own, he insisted they marry.

The story of their 1995 wedding is a gem. First, they were kept from entering the court building because of a bomb scare. Then, although the officiate was a city judge, the ceremony was laced with Jewish rituals. Next stop was a tea salon for tea, cake, and — martinis. The World Series was on, and the newly married couple wanted to know the score. They stopped at the window of every bar on the way home to see how the game was going. When Fran finished the tale, she couldn't remember whether it was the Cleveland Indians or the Atlanta Braves who won. (It was the Braves, 4 to 2).

They lived in New York City with Larry working in finance and Fran in publishing until travel to the Berkshires convinced them they would have a better lifestyle here. They moved to Lenox in 2004. The abundant cultural attractions appealed to both of them and outdoor activities were another plus. Larry felt his retirement years here "were his happiest," Fran said. Sadly, he died unexpectedly last year.

Not driving and living alone prompted Fran to apply to Kimball Farms.

She was involved earlier with groups including the Active Agers Advisory Council of Age Friendly Berkshires and Berkshire Supergenarians.

Objects of art add a special touch to Fran's apartment. At the doorway are Indonesian sculptures known as *loro blonyo.* According to *National Geographic*, they represent the protector of rice fields and her consort. Fran said she is hopeful "they will protect me."

Inside the apartment stands a minimalist sculpture, *Looking Backward,* by Joe Wheaton, and a large, dramatic painting by Marilyn Kalish in various shades of red depicting an easy chair.

All this is from a woman who describes herself as "not interesting."

Sharing a Love of Sports

By Marcia Brolli
Observer Contributor
(With Joan Kadin)

JOAN Sobo and Tom Kadin met on a blind date set up by friends at their respective colleges — Skidmore for her and Wharton for him. Tom agreed when he was told: "She likes baseball." Joan also likes golf — a passion he shared. In fact, they both just love sports.

Joan, from Union, N.J., and Tom, from New York City, married in 1967 and forged a life that included friends, travel, and golf, but also allowed them to pursue their own careers.



Photo by Lily Wayne

Joan and Tom Kadin

A graduate of The Choate School and University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, Tom went into his family's business, Kadin Bros Inc., manufacturers of women's handbags. Headquartered in New York City, the company moved its production to Hudson, N.Y., in 1933, which was like going to Asia in those years. He divided his work between the two locations, handling sales and marketing in New York and production in Hudson. Confronted by lower production costs in Asia, the firm phased out production in Hudson in 1992.
Tom transitioned to a career in executive-level search.

In a sign of the times, an investment group saw possibilities last year in the former Kadin plant in Hudson and reopened it recently as the Pocketbook Hudson, a luxury hotel with a fine dining restaurant.

Joan made her career in textiles and home furnishings, becoming a marketing and licensing executive with firms such as Celanese Corp., JG Hook, and F. Schumacher/Waverly. She continued after retirement as a freelance consultant to dinnerware designer Lynn Chase and ornament designer Christopher Radko.

A competitive spirit, in her youth as a member of the U.S. Figure Skating Association, Joan competed in both the Middle Atlantic and North Atlantic regions. While at Celanese, she was twice invited by her account, Fieldcrest Mills, to play in an LPGA Pro-Am in North Carolina.

Travel to Europe on business for Kadin Handbags was often extended to include vacation pleasures. Most loved were their visits to their niece and her family in the United Kingdom. Now almost fully settled at Kimball Farms, they hope to travel to beautiful West Sussex and visit family in the near future.

The couple bought a second home in Spencertown, N.Y., in 1992, moving there full time in 2010. Both were active at the Columbia Golf & Country Club, with Joan a board member over 10 years. They joined the Stockbridge Golf Club in 2018, where Joan now serves on the membership committee.

Additionally, she was among the founding members of Columbia County Bounty Inc., the first organization fostering relationships between farmers and restaurants in the Hudson Valley. She has fond memories of working on the yearly dinner held at the Chatham N.Y. Fair Grounds, a fundraiser, but also a consciousness raiser. Agritourism has become extremely important to the Hudson Valley.

While thinking about the future as they aged, they remembered a good friend telling them to make their own plans before plans were made for them! They heard about Kimball Farms, paid a visit, liked what they saw, and got on the wait list. When a "great apartment" became available, they acted quickly, were able to finalize in September 2025, and began moving in on July 10 this year.

"It's lovely," Joan said of Kimball Farms. "Everybody has been so helpful and friendly."

At Kimball, But Still on the Move

By Jean Rousseau
Observer Contributor

WHY did lifelong New Yorkers Karen and Ed Risley move to Massachusetts and Kimball Farms? Local relatives: one of their two daughters, two grandchildren, three in-laws, and a great-grandson, Monty, already 19 months old. All are residents of Lenox.

The couple met through mutual friends in New Jersey while Ken was in Rutgers Business School. They married in 1974.

Karen Woodrick was born and raised in Ilion in Herkimer County, N.Y., but most fondly remembers her family's camp summers on Lake Piesco in the northwest corner of Adirondack Park. She was five when her family bought it, and she has loved and enjoyed it to this day.



Photo by Lily Wayne

Karen and Ed Risley

Karen earned her nursing qualification at Rochester General Hospital, and later earned a psychology degree at St. Joseph's College of Maine in Standish. She spent most of her career in a mix of public and private nursing practice, much of it in the Westchester County health system.

They divide time between New York and their golf community in Florida.

Ed grew up largely in Mount Kisco, NY., graduated from Hamilton College, and later earned his MBA degree at Rutgers Business School in New Jersey. He became a certified public accountant, took those skills to Wall Street, and applied them at a succession of commodities firms, ultimately with the futures division of Merrill Lynch & Co. On retirement from Merrill Lynch, he became a consultant to J. P. Morgan, and an advisor to several start-up firms. He retired in 2003, to devote his energies to building their homes in Florida and New York.

Daughter Sue Merritt is known to a number of Kimball Farms residents as the proprietor and manager of Lenox Fit on Pittsfield Road. Her sister, Jennifer, is single, lives in Rockland County, N.Y., and practices privately there as a vocational counselor to people with disabilities. She graduated from Hamilton College as the fourth generation of the family to attend.

Ed and Karen are both keen golfers — Ed, perhaps more so. He was the top winner in last month's Labor Day Classic at Kimball. Both sport respectable handicaps.

They divide time between New York and their golf community, Heritage Pines, in Hudson, Fla. They love travel, too, and concede to being very content with river cruising. A major trip was from Budapest to Amsterdam via the Danube River to the Main and the Rhine rivers in Germany. The dramatic Roof of Europe Canal connecting them was a favorite experience. The 64 locks over the whole canal trip didn't faze Karen. Her early memories are of the many locks on the Erie Canal near her home in New York.

The Risleys also enjoyed a tourism week with knowledgeable friends in London, followed by a Eurostar train trip through the Chunnel under the English Channel, ending with an equally special week's tour of Paris and environs with friends there.

Besides their Hudson retreat in Florida, Bermuda is another favorite vacation spot, as are several islands in the Caribbean.

Golf, travel, grandkids and a great-grandson. Sounds like busy years ahead.

Open Mic

Reflections on Horse Racing

By Patricia Gazouleas
Observer Contributor

WHEN I WAS 17, we moved to Louisville, Ky. for a year while my father built a refrigerator factory for GE. One of the perks of his position was a box at Churchill Downs. Corporate dignitaries got the seats for important races, but I went on weekday afternoons when more important people were at work. I loved the races because I loved watching the horses, so when Kimball Farms offered a trip to the race track in Saratoga, N.Y., I was among the first to sign up.



Nine of us took the 90-minute ride in the Kimball van on a cloudy Wednesday early in September. The Saratoga track is nothing like the 1950 Churchill Downs I remember. Getting off the van, we were confronted by a large concourse with a lot of concessions selling food, drink — especially drink — tip sheets, and various merch relating to racing. There was not a horse in sight.

We made our way through the crowd, went up an escalator, and proceeded about a quarter mile to our seats in covered stands high above and far away from the actual track — really three oval tracks set within one another. The shortest was in the center. Its grass was very green and there were hurdles for the horses to jump. The middle track was grass too, and the outside track was dirt. A fleet of machines like Zambonis kept the dirt raked smooth.

We had an hour until post time, so we found lunch — hot dogs or huge New York-style deli sandwiches. Then the more experienced race-goers among us studied their papers and placed their bets. I did not bet yet because I still had not seen a horse. I wanted to choose a live horse, not a number on a piece of paper. Finally came the sound of the horn in the traditional race fanfare and the cry "They're off!" from the loudspeaker.

The first race was on the inside track, the one with the jumps. The horses just floated beautifully over the hurdles. One of the horses fell about two-thirds into this race. We saw the jockey walk away, but we never found out what happened to the horse. The other races were all on the far-away middle grass track. The closest view we ever got was after the race was over: tired horses walking along the dirt track on their way to their stable.

In Kentucky in 1950, seventeen-year-olds were not allowed to place bets. A friend of my father's bet for me after I had a chance to look at the horses in the paddock before the race. I am no judge of horse flesh. I would just choose a pretty one. Sometimes I won and sometimes not. It may have been possible to get a close-up view of the horses at Saratoga, but I didn't manage one during the races.

Everything was set up to facilitate betting. There were multiple screens listing horses and the odds on each one. There were many windows for making bets so that you did not have to stand in line. Our Kimball group bet on each race. We had no big wins or big losses, but we had a wonderful time.

On the way out, I failed to follow instructions and got ahead of the others. I had the good luck to approach the path to the stables just has the horses from the last race were going by. I finally got a good, close look at these beautiful animals. Too late for bets though.

OPEN MIC is a platform for residents to share memorable experiences.

Haste Can Affect Health

By Stephanie Beling, MD
Observer Columnist

RUSHING often has serious consequences. The most serious, of course, is falling. We hurry across a room, down the stairs, across the street, along a path, and suddenly, without warning, we are on the ground. At our age that moment of haste can have consequences far beyond the few seconds we were trying to save.

Then there are less serious—but often exasperating — consequences. We speed to get to somewhere on time, get stopped for speeding, and arrive even later. We rush to get to the theater on time, ignoring the large sign reminding us to bring our hearing aids, and then spend half the play wondering what everyone is saying. We hurry to mail a bill to avoid late charges and later discover that we forgot to put the check in the envelope. We quickly put our glasses, keys, or phone in a "safe place" and then can't remember where that is.

And then there was my recent post office fiasco. A visiting friend, leaving in haste to avoid airport traffic, forgot her 12-by-16-inch calendar affixed to my refrigerator with a magnet. While enroute she texted apologetically and asked if I could mail it to her in Naples, Fla., as it contained all sorts of vital information.

At our age, that moment of haste can have consequences.

Of course, I could. It was late afternoon. The Lenox post office closes at 5 p.m., and my smart watch read *4:56 p.m.* Rush-rush! A pleasant clerk helped me find a large enough envelope, handed me a Sharpie, and I easily found my friend's Naples address. However, there were two addresses listed: a former one and a current one.



In my haste to meet the closing deadline, *I wrote the correct street address but used the ZIP code from the old address.*

Off went the calendar and I congratulated myself for making the five-o'clock mailing. I was told it would arrive the following Tuesday. That day came and went. After several increasingly frustrating telephone calls to the postal service, I learned that the wrong ZIP code had sent the calendar into postal limbo. Eventually, on September 1, *26 days after I mailed it*, it arrived back at my apartment in Lenox. The calendar finally reached Naples because a mutual friend happened to be flying there and kindly carried it along.

All that distress because I didn't *pause* for a few seconds to recheck the address and/or consider the possibility that Naples might have more than one ZIP code.

In addition to avoiding mistakes, *pausing* provides a benefit to our bodies. When we hurry, our bodies respond with stress hormones such as adrenaline and cortisol. These increase heart rate and blood pressure. Living in a perpetual state of self-imposed urgency increases risk of heart disease and stroke. So now, when I find myself rushing, I try to remember my favorite word: *PAUSE*, even if stopped for a red light. As I say it to myself, my hands unclench, shoulders relax, and breathing slows. When the light turns green, I have *unhurried myself* and relish the delightful feeling of *calm.*

Why is it so hard to remember?

Haiku as Therapeutic Poetry

By Albert A. Anderson
Observer Contributor

WHEN my late wife (Lelo) was at Kimball Farms in the final stages of her battle with Alzheimer's disease, I began collecting poetry that I had written during our relationship. We had been married for 43 years when she died in 2019.

There were three reasons I chose to write haiku during her final years: That process allowed me to recall the various phases of her demise; expressing my emotions that way was therapeutic; and the haiku format of 17 syllables forced me to use succinct language that focuses on essences.

Tracking the phases of her demise helped me remember the person she was before the symptoms began to appear. She was fluent in six languages, had a graduate degree in linguistics, was the source of unconditional love (sometimes tough), and she was smarter than I am. At the beginning of the struggle, humor was a good antidote, providing some distance from the bizarre events that emerged:

Chinese restaurant
order spicy shrimp and rice
pour your wine on top

Later, the pernicious nature of that disease demanded a search for words that might convey the depth of the agony.

my name is not Job
so tell me why I wound up
on this dry dung heap

Therapy was no longer an option for Lelo at Kimball Farms, but as the disease progressed one consolation was that she lived increasingly in the moment. Memories of the past and anticipation of the future were unimportant. Words, which had previously been essential, failed her in all languages. Only music remained until the end as a form of expression that captured her attention and had a positive effect on her life.

The haiku I was creating were for my benefit, not hers. As I was collecting those short poems under the title *Fading of the Light,* Michael Severens, who has composed and performed cello music for my company (Agora Publications) since 1994, suggested that we explore the idea of "musical haiku". We tried it and were pleased with the results.

After Lelo's death, I had the unexpected good fortune of finding a new partner at Kimball Farms. Mary Taylor and I formed an ongoing relationship, not marriage but a formal commitment that was sealed in a ceremony conducted by the rector of her church in November of 2020. Four years later, Mary began having health issues, the most serious being the lung cancer that ended her life in July of 2026, two days after her 88th birthday.

Once again, I turned to haiku as I became her primary caregiver. Unlike Lelo, until the end Mary was able to understand and react emotionally to everything, so I was able to share my poetry with her, a benefit to both of us.

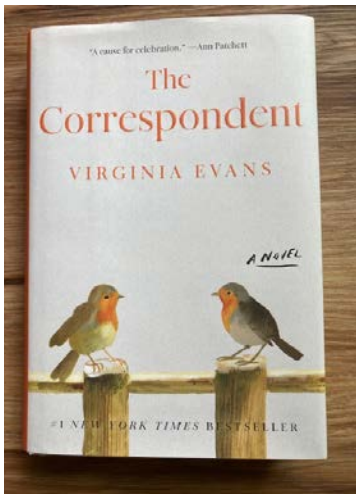
lucky eighty-eight
is double infinity
dancing forever

I collected 76 of those haiku and again collaborated with Michael Severens. The collection, under the title *A Merry Waltz,* can be found with the music on the *Agora Publications* website: *aaacirrus@gmail.com*.

Collected Letters from a Complex Life

By Mary Misch
Observer Columnist

The Correspondent, a best-selling first novel by Virginia Evans, tells its tale in just 281 pages, many of them partially blank, as it follows an irregular pattern of letters and emails with and without replies. Its content, like that of many personal letters, could still be cut in half with little loss.



Evans sets up her plot in a one-page preface describing the protagonist, Sybil Van Antwerp, at her desk four days every week, writing on proper stationery with a fountain pen. Sybil conceals "a stack of upside-down pages in the drawer, a letter she has been writing going on years now, still unsent."

Most of Sybil's early letters, starting in 2012, are long and conversational to the extreme. A letter to her adopted brother gives too much information in a description of herself: "Seventy-three feels the same as seventy-two for what it's worth, arthritis, constipation, and trouble sleeping, and I've decided to stop dyeing my hair." She goes on for two full book pages, which would amount to quite a bit of handwriting, of light chitchat laced with significant family background.

The next page takes up just eight lines in a stilted thank-you note to a near neighbor, Theodore Lubeck. He is destined to take a significant role in her life. Readers are left to question why these two characters bear the names of old European cities.

Sybil's self-indulgent tone carries through in several overly chummy letters to famous authors. In her unsent pages, she reveals weaknesses. She has wrecked the Cadillac. Her eyes are failing. She has nightmares.

A sly side of Sybil shows up in chilly emails to a fellow garden club member about matters that do not suit her, signed: "Warm regards." Her nurturing side comes out in a long-standing two-way correspondence with a troubled but gifted young boy.

The public persona of Sybil Van Antwerp, retired attorney-at-law, begins to come out in a chatty letter to a former colleague in a Maryland circuit court, where she served as chief clerk to the presiding judge for nearly 30 years. Her sly side reappears when she encloses a recent, overall favorable newspaper column about her career. Her vindictive side is there when she sends a blisteringly critical letter to the writer of the column. At the same time, she shares something genuine: "We worked in symmetry to each other.…We savored it, both of us in love with the practice of law (to a fault)."

Sybil's story meanders through new events and echoes from her past, both personal and professional. It reaches its climax in 2019, when she struggles to let Theodore know what is haunting her: "I probably couldn't tell it, but I am going to try to write it." This becomes one of her longest written efforts. She soon follows it by adding another long letter to the unsent stack. Sybil lives on serenely, with few letters exchanged, through late 2021. A final letter, years out of order, places the last piece in the puzzle.

Most of Sybil's early letters, starting in 2012, are long and conversational to the extreme.

Our library has been given a copy of this book.

October Trips

Friday, October 2 **Bus at 6:15 pm**
Berkshire Symphony
Williams College

Sunday, October 4 **Bus at 12:15 pm**
Met Opera at Mahaiwe
Mozart's *Così fan tutte*

Sunday, October 4 **Bus at 2:15 pm**
South Mountain Concert

Thursday, October 8 **Bus at 1:45 pm**
Barrington Stage
The Urmetazoan

Sunday, October 11 **Bus at 11:15 am**
Berkshire Coaching Weekend

Sunday, October 11 **Bus at 2:15 pm**
South Mountain Concert

Sunday, October 18 **Bus at 12:15 pm**
Met Opera at Mahaiwe
Verdi's *Macbeth*

Date, Location TBD
"Let's Eat Out" **Bus at TBD**

Residents should come to lobby 15 minutes prior to departure to board bus.

Birthday Wishes

Twenty-one residents celebrate birthdays in October. There is a 29-year spread between the youngest and oldest celebrants.

October birthdays belong to: Melanie Trumbull, Ann Trabulsi, Felicity McClenachan, Jean Rousseau, Philip Detjens, Jane Gilligan, Jim Tremblay, John James, Janet Johnson, Audley Green, Jack McDonough, Pat Flinn, Nancy Curme, Katherine Ness, Buck Smith, Lorraine Roman, Arlene Potler, Cecile Beckman, Nelda McGraw, Susan Smith and Anna Smith.

Happy Birthday to each of you!!

October Events

Thursday, October 1 • 7 pm
Piatigorsky Foundation Concert
Evan Drachman, cello, Doris Stevenson, piano
Auditorium

Friday, October 2 • 7 pm
Concert: *An American Sampler*
Marcia Eckert, pianist, Sara Paar, soprano

Monday, October 5 • 7 pm
Speaker Series

Wednesday, October 7 • 7 pm
The Hammerhead Horns

Thursday, October 8 • 7 pm
Howard Bass, classical guitar

Wednesday, October 14 • 7 pm
Musicians of Ma'alwyck

Friday, October 16 • 3:30–5 pm
Alzheimer's Association
Benefit Art Show Opening

Wednesday, October 21 • 4 pm
Sewing Workshop w/Deb Carter
PineHill Art Room

Wednesday, October 21 • 4 pm
Word Games w/Stuart Edelstein
Auditorium

Saturday, October 24 • 10:30 am
Recycling Fair
Auditorium

In Memoriam

Kathy Stell
January 15, 1930 to August 21, 2026

Elizabeth Myers
March 7, 1928 to August 29, 2026

Ernst Rosenberger
August 31, 1931 to August 30, 2026

Observer Spotlight

Photos contributed by Kimball residents



Kimball Farms residents spent a day at the races Sept.2 on a Trips Committee visit to the Saratoga Race Track. See story on page 7.



Top winner Ed Risley, left, poses with event chairman Dave Vacheron at the Labor Day Golf Classic Sept.7.



Residential Services Director Michelle Rosier and Kimball Director Bill Kittler pose for the camera at a picnic Sept. 4 featuring Andy Kelly's Jazz Band, below.





Karen Rhinehart, left, and Marilyn Wightman, right, engage with sculptures at the Mark Twain House in Hartford, Conn., and in the Connector Gallery.





Lock on the New York State's Erie Canal was a highlight of a Trips Committee voyage Aug.28.