

*Marriage is like a full bath.
You have to keep it warm until you're wrinkly.*

Dear relatives, friends and acquaintances

At the beginning of October I received an SMS. Domenica wrote that she is looking forward to our annual report. I hadn't thought about writing this report yet. Now we are end of October and I start with it.

This year I give you an overview of the past year 2019 in a first part. Some experiences I describe in more detail in the second part.

Walter and I spent three holidays abroad in 2019. We spent two nights in Sachseln. On Sennis we slept two nights in a row. We visited Vreni and Andy in Thierachern, Aldo in Fextal, Ruth in Uezwil, Elsy in Ilanz, Irma in Klosters, Hamsters in Aadorf, Susi in Dussnang, Jägers in Unterterzen, Regina and Klaus in Bern. Ruedi and Gisela we met in Flims and Claudia and Carlo at Lake Cresta (I hope I haven't forgotten anyone). In Brienzwiler we were invited to celebrate Peters and Andreas wedding, at the celebrations of an 80th and 50th birthday we attended, five times we took part in farewells.

Walter had a cataract operation, a polyp in my nose was removed under general anesthesia and Anni had to have an appendectomy. The lumbago put my therapist's skills and the effect of pain-relieving injections to the test in February and May. In July Walter had a Maxon motor attached to his (almost 20-year-old) bike. I received a new e-bike brand Ibex. Elisabeth and Ladina moved from Baden to Zurich in March. Marc has been in first class since August. In September, the three generations of Giger and their partners met at a photographer's in Chur. We redeemed the voucher I had received for Christmas. Jürg celebrated 25 years of Scantop AG this year. On this occasion he invited to an exhibition at the Flumserei in Flums in October.

My godson Peter was baptized and confirmed in the church in Brienzwiler. On 25 May he and Andrea were married in this church in cloudy and cool (17 degrees) weather. I liked the words of welcome of the parish priest so much that I pass them on to you as the beginning of my report. The sermon was humorous and meaningful. Peter plays in the brass band in Brienzwiler. The service was therefore accompanied by wind instruments. In the multipurpose hall there was an aperitif after the wedding ceremony, which was also accompanied by brass music. Thanks to my therapist I could be present at the celebration and enjoy it. A highlight of the festival was the steam train ride with a decorated locomotive from Brienzwiler to Interlaken. The number of guests was now manageable. Dinner was served in Brienz.

In 2017 and 2018 we did not have any holidays on my dream island Amrum. In August 2018 I phoned family Konrad and reserved a room in the weeks before and after Easter. On April 16th the moment had come. Walter and I arrived at Amrum at Konrads after 24 hours travel time (from door to door). Now we could visit all our known and loved places again. We rented bicycles on Wednesday and drove to the lighthouse, walked on plank paths, visited the cross light, were at the Wriakhörn Lake, at the Wadden Sea, at the beach castles. To my great surprise and joy Jürg and Sascha were standing outside the door on Good Friday. That was my most beautiful birthday present. Since Christmas Jürg had booked an apartment over Easter on Amrum. The three men never said anything. Every day we spent two to three hours with Jürg and Sascha. Saturday evening we were with them at the Easter fire on the beach. In their apartment there was a dinner on Sunday evening, which we had ordered in the restaurant opposite. Good Friday and Easter Walter and I attended the services in the church of Nebel. In the Lutheran churches on Good Friday



In the Fex Valley



Familie



Wedding of Peter and Andrea Schild



Beach castles on Amrum

all ornaments of the church room are carried out during the service. At Easter flowers and candles decorated the church again. Tuesday the ferry brought Jürg and Sascha back to the continent and the train to Switzerland. With melancholy I waved at them. I didn't even know that they were coming to visit us and when they left it hurt me nevertheless. The human heart. The sun shone every day of our holidays, the sky was blue and the wind blew towards us or pushed us. On April 27th Walter and I left the island. Will we visit it again? The journey is long and the carrying of the suitcases gets a bit more tedious every year. We leave it open.

In the years 1995 - 2003 we spent the beginning of the summer holidays in the Toscana on the campground of Marina di Bibbona; two years we were there as a family, afterwards alone with Jürg. Walter and I spent 2009 and 2013 holidays in Tuscany and stayed overnight in the van. In 2014 I declared that I was no longer sleeping in the VW van. Walter drove alone to the sea. Last year he had the idea that we could rent a cottage on the campsite. And now we spent eight days in a cottage and enjoyed it. In the night only from door to door to the WC, our own shower and air conditioning. There were relaxing and wonderful days. In the middle of September we drove from St. Margrethen with buses to Passau. There we boarded the ship "Thurgau Silence". This ship was our hotel for 14 days. We drove on the Danube to the delta and back again. In each direction we had to pass thirteen locks. On the way there we visited under guidance the cities Vienna, Belgrade and Bucharest. An excursion led us to a horse show in Hungary and we were able to witness a Hungarian traditional costume dance. During the trip through the cataract route with the Iron Gate we stayed the whole day on the ship. We went to the Danube Delta with small boats. We were lucky to have an excellent guide. Enthusiastically he drew our attention to birds that we would not have noticed on our own. On the way back we were in Rouse, Novi Sad, Budapest, Bratislava and visited the Melk monastery. Again we were on the ship for a whole day. Unfortunately this time we passed the Iron Gate at night. I liked Budapest best of all the cities. I found the Danube Delta beautiful and the horse show and the Hungarian folk dance appealed to me very much. But after 10 days I longed for home. I still liked the trip on the Danube, but I had enough of the guided tours (which we had chosen). Often ten buses were parked in front of a sight in a city. With the crowd I had trouble and was glad in each case, if we were again on our ship. In Buchs, the house at the Holderweg and our own bed were waiting for us. Of course I was very happy that my dearest husband was on the ship with me. I would hardly travel alone.

Elisabeth and Ladina moved from Baden to Zurich at the end of March. In the immediate vicinity of her apartment there are four playgrounds. Ladina decides where she wants to go, and we two spend one to two hours in the morning on the playground and one to one and a half hours in the afternoon. Supervising has become easier. Ladina can play outside very well. Her imagination knows no bounds. She travels by bus, tram, train or plane and granny always has to go with her. She chatters and tells stories without a break. After dinner she usually sleeps and I enjoy this peace very much.

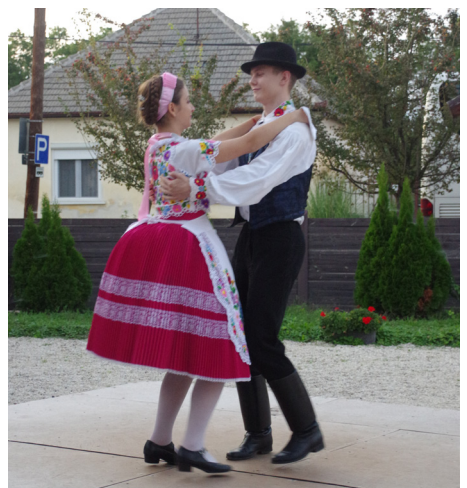
Marc has been a primary school pupil since August. It seems to me that his joy about it is limited. Stella reacted strongly to Marc's entry into school. Lunches became a big challenge for me in the first month. My attendance time in the Staffelhof has been reduced. I usually leave Buchs at 9.15, cook lunch in Zurich and am there in the afternoon until Saschas or Annis returns home. If the children are at home during the holidays, I will be with them an hour earlier. The times when I drove to Zurich the night before are over.



Jürg and Sascha visited us on Amrum



Marina di Bibbona: Evening at the beach



Folk dance in Ungarn



Budapest: Danube and Parliament



Ladina

Jürg has been working since January on his exhibition for the 25th anniversary of Scantop AG, where he has been boss and employee in one for three years. At the Flumserei in Flums on 17 October, he invited to the vernissage of the exhibition "People of today with the technology of the past". The exhibition was on view for 14 days. On weekdays one could go to the Flumserei in the evening, over the weekend from 11.00 - 16.00. Jürg is on the road a lot with his 60-year-old Rolleiflex. "I am analog" is his motto. But he also photographs with his digital camera. He can edit and change the digital pictures on the computer. As a polygrapher he works on the computer. In the exhibition, he presented his work as a polygrapher, but also led visitors into the realm of analog photography. He explained how to develop and enlarge images. He dedicated a large wall to the development of the Rolleiflex since the First World War. I received an SMS, the beginning and wording of which I pass on to you: "Photos of Jürg in this exhibition are awesome. Very idyllic, multifaceted, exciting, meaningful and beautiful. Juerg is an artist."

Finally, I would like to thank everyone who visited us in Buchs. I would like to thank everyone with whom we are in contact, be it by e-mail, SMS or telephone. I would like to thank everyone who has read this report. I wish you a blessed Advent season, a bright Christmas and a fulfilled New Year. This year I close with the words of Käthi Hohl - Hauser from the 2019 slogans.

*Lord, give me freedom and space,
to smile at my own plaintiveness,
take me out into the wide space of your love.*

Franca



Stella and Marc



Exposition Flumserei



Exposition Flumserei



Exposition Flumserei

*Fruits and corn fill the house and the barn;
Autumn has come like every year.
Shall I be absent from the rich table?
can I choose better things today?
(Hans Roelli)*

Autumn 2019

Or would the next verse „Quietly snow falls on the tired earth...“ have been more appropriate? Well, „we are still standing in the flowery grove“ to quote Jakob Ehrensperger, we therefore enjoy the harvest as long as possible; winter will come sometime, like every year. So, as far as the year 2019 can already be seen, it was a flowery, sunny year! In order to put „fruits and grain“ into concrete terms for the time being: Our mini-garden has given abundantly, occasionally to Francas horror, if somewhere completely hidden a giant pumpkin had grown. Many kilos of beans were hanging from the six sticks, on the terrace we could harvest cherry tomatoes for weeks, the plum tree almost covered us with its sweet fruits, on the prickly blackberry bush the black berries shone and capuns leaves were also more than Franca liked.

In the figurative sense: The autumn of life. It has also set in, albeit still gently, almost imperceptibly, so that we can still enjoy the „rich tables“. Last year Beni Schmid (doctor) found that driving a car with my eyesight was problematic, which resulted in an operation for cataracts in January 2019. With some trembling and hesitation I went to the Kreuzspital, because my only usable eye was not allowed to be botched. Well, after her work the ophthalmologist could confirm that I see 100%, more is not possible at all. Thank you, Dr. Lindeman!

Compromises

And yes, we compromise. The previously smiled at electric bikes are now also in our garage and accompany us on trips. Franca makes the Rhine valley uncertain with her „Steinbock“ (Ibex), while I drive with my „Gumpesel“ (name suggestion of Pia: „jumping donkey“) again to the sunny heights. I didn't want to give up my almost twenty-year-old mountain bike and so I had a Maxon engine installed, which supports me on mountain rides. So I drove via Ölberg to Wildhaus or from Pontresina over the Bernina Pass to Tirano. But I am still loyal to my 63-year-old bike, which I received for confirmation. With it I ride from the railway station in Chur to the pool in the Obere Au for swimming, or from Heerbrugg to Diepoldsau on the old Rhine. Even when it comes to heavy work with the trailer, the veteran three-gear bicycle is indispensable.

Is it also a sign of old age that I am sitting more behind the wheel of our („suboptimal“, as Franca says) VW van? To my astonishment I covered 13000 km in one year. After all, we drove with it to „our“ beach campsite in Marina di Bibbona. However, we did not spend the night in the car anymore, but rented one of the small bungalows. Nothing but advantages: No dress code like in a hotel, but a small kitchen and sanitary facilities right near the bedroom, a comfort that one learns to appreciate at our age. There was even air conditioning! What would Greta say?

Panta Rhei

And finally: ship trips. On our Danube trip from Passau down to the delta and back again the lower age limit was probably sixty years. „Floating old people's home“, as I noticed with a grin. But we really enjoyed the trip on the mighty river, the lonely landscapes, the natural paradise of the delta, the huge breakthrough of the Iron Gate, but also the trips to cities unknown to us, and of course the Pusztahorsemen... (so beautiful, even if it was probably a show for the tourists). I hope it wasn't the last trip on a riverboat!



Autumn in Engadin



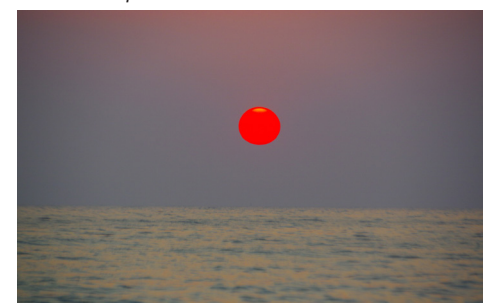
Pepperoncini on the Terrace



My „Jumping Donkey“



Biking at the Heinzenberg
Exposition at Urmein: textile art



Sunset at Marina di Bibbona

The contacts to our relatives, friends, acquaintances we were allowed to maintain further. The circle of friends and relatives becomes smaller, the connections partly however more intensive. We had to say goodbye to Georg Koprio forever, germanist and historian, intellectual with many interests, gifted craftsman. He was one of the first colleagues whom I met in 1964 in Samedan and whom I then met again in 1968 in Chur, member of the „Fressclub“ of the young colleagues, he introduced Eva to this circle, and, and... Now his heart has stopped beating, on a small hike in the surroundings of Chur. When we met, we were immediately involved in the longest discussions, with various topics. I miss Georg. His wife Eva now lives alone, fortunately in a beautiful old age apartment in Bener Park, where she finds all the necessary services. Her children take care of her, although they live quite far from Chur.

Berni Liechti, boss of the legendary Pizza-Connection, is no longer with us either. He was the boss when we bought computers at the BKS and set up computer science lessons. Such a funny and yet efficient team won't be back soon, not least thanks to Berni's humour! Down-to-earth, solid, also a bit crafty, he was exact and performed and demanded performance. I think of him with respect and at the same time with a smile.

About a year after her husband Dölf, Irma Schwegler has just left us. „S'Hüfali“ was the loving, unofficial scout name of the small, sweet, lively, but also very capable woman. When Dölf's body failed, she replaced his arms and legs. At the age of 100 he left her; she probably saw no sense of existence any more. „Er het mi aifach hogga luu,“ (he left me alone) she used to say half jokingly, half seriously. Now she was allowed to follow him.

In motion

Movement is still important to me, even if the sporting activity decreases almost imperceptibly. There are fewer mountain hikes and if there are, they are much shorter. For the first time in decades I wasn't on the Alvier! But I went swimming even more often, in summer practically daily in the morning early in the old Rhine, now, in the bad swimming season, in the airhouse in Chur. Partially cycling takes over the place of hiking. Franca and I can ride together again thanks to the E-Bike. She rides a little faster and with the help of the bike computer I reduce the speed, so that we meet at about 20 km/h. And I'm more motivated in making interesting tours again, for example through the Valcup Valley to Oberschan and back in the Rhine Valley or quickly covering 25 km within an hour, thanks to Maxon in Sachseln!

There was already talk of the trips abroad. There remains Amrum, which we visited once again and found accommodation with the Konrad family as usual. And as usual we travelled by train, this time via Innsbruck, because the night train Zurich - Hamburg-Altona was fully booked. On foot and by bike we visited all the familiar places, the lighthouse, the cross light, the birdcage, the Odde, the Wriakhörn Lake and so on. I did not go for the morning swimming in the North Sea, in April it was still too cold for me. On Amrum changes happen slowly. Here and there a new house was built, mostly with a thatched roof, of course. A usual boardwalk is slowly in need of repair, but others have been rebuilt. On the way back in Hamburg we still had time to look from the Altona balcony on the Elbe and to see how one of the huge cruise ships started its journey. And then the farewell dinner at the „Schweinske“, afterwards the journey home in a couchette coach instead of a first-class sleeping car, at least with a huge private cabin and generous reimbursement by the OeBB at home.

In the Flumserei: From commercial art to fine art

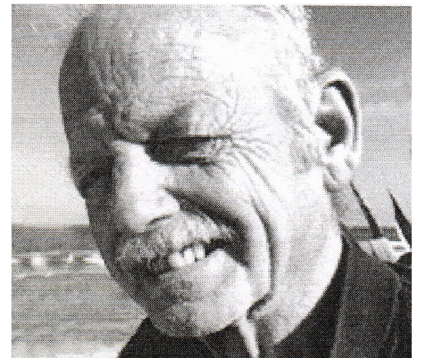
Jürg's Scantop AG is 25 years old. This was the occasion for an exhibition at the Flumserei, the former Spoerry spinning mill. The rooms, which were dominated by the former machinery, offered the secret and uncanny background for Jürg's photographic work, from the unique analog Roll-eiflex prints, to uncanny and gloomy insights into past industrial buildings,



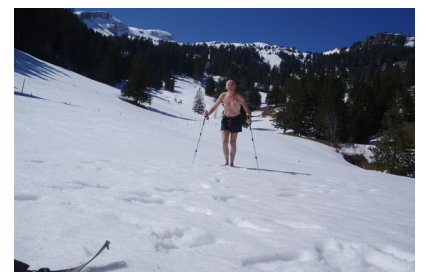
Danube: The Iron Gate



Eva and George



Berni Liechti



Barefoot on Alp Farnboden



In the old Rhine near Diepoldsau



Franca near the crosslight/Amrum

to bright and friendly commissioned works for mostly regional companies and organizations. What a pity that the exhibition has no permanent home!

**How the morning greets us so trustingly and beautifully,
when friends accompany us through life (Jakob Ehrensperger)**

When I go through my photo albums and e-mails, I notice with astonishment how many trips, occasions, visits, celebrations have taken place with friends and family. I don't want to list them, but I want to point out some of them. My „cou-cousin“ Urs Hodel turned eighty and celebrated his birthday in the restaurant St. Urs and Viktor at Walterswil. Urs and I have a great-grandfather together. I appreciate that we have been able to maintain family ties over the generations. A little later Urs' and Martha's son Peter turned 50! Again a celebration in the family circle. Traditionally the age group of 1940 of Buchs, Räfis and Burgerau met at Corpus Christi. It is astonishing how youthful the almost eighty-year-old pensioners look! The 1959 commercial school-leavers of the Kantonsschule St. Gallen met for the first time in Werdenberg. Some of them had to travel across Switzerland! And then the visits we were allowed to make. How were we spoiled culinarily, and, how do you say?... mentally built up! Many tanks to everybody!

The Grütlichhörli: joy of being together, joy of singing, I always look forward to our meeting. Of course, this includes different variants of the Werdenberg dialect, really my home.

If God wills and we live, we will also make our Salzburg trip this year in December and visit the Advent singing in the big Festspielhaus; each time a new musical variation of the Christmas story, a pleasure for eyes, ears and mind. And at the end, all visitors (more than 2000 listeners) get up in the Festspielhaus, which is occupied to the last seat, and sing the devotional yodel. Impressive!

Also musical and soulful, but in a completely different environment and style, the Obwald Folk Culture Festival in Giswil, which has become a tradition for us, including an overnight stay in the „Engel“ in Sachseln. And as usual there was a visit to the saint of Obwalden (Saint Niclas of Flue) in the quiet Ranft gorge.

And I want to end with the saint from Flüeli. He gives us the hemp-bound advice:

After the fall one should immediately get up again.

I tried it in practice today. It works. But it hurts...

So I wish you all that you may not fall if possible; but if it must be that you have the strength to rise again immediately (which is sometimes easier said than done...).

Walter/koks



Scantop in der Flumserei: 3D-reconstruction of an old kitchen



Jubilarian Urs Hodel



Salzburg Advent Singing: Choir right side



Obwald Folk Culture Festival



the Ranft gorge with the ermitage