

PICTURES AND PERSPECTIVES:

How Retirees Are Surviving the Coronavirus

BACK TO THE FIFTIES

SUSAN LAYNE

Bicycles. Paper dolls. Days in the creek behind my house catching crawdads in brightly colored aluminum cups. Hardly a day without walking to the dime store with the wooden floor for trinkets. It was a time of being up-close and personal with a blade of grass. The smell of changing seasons, the boredom of a rainy day, the requisite afternoon nap.

Mother stayed home and Dad came home from work for a big home-cooked lunch. The pace of family life was slow and steady. Freedom to roam and fill my day with homegrown adventures. Even my dog Gypsy entertained herself by scrambling from the front yard to chase the occasional car that came by our house. Swift, loud and tenacious. She never managed to catch a single vehicle for all her efforts.

As I sit on my front porch swing in these days of an unfathomable pandemic, I see small children on scooters and bikes. Parents walk at least one dog. Families roam the street as the only means of entertainment in an era of quarantine. Where did all these people come from? These unknown neighbors? They must go to work early. Stay late. Drop kids at daycare and school. Drop dogs at doggie day care or leave them at home alone for the day. Myriad afternoon activities: dance, baseball, violin lessons, after school care. Fathers return home after dark, out of sight.

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JUDY GROULX: MAKING MASKS AND HOSTING "BEAR HUNTS" IN BERKELEY

The above photo is from Judy Groulx, who resides in the Berkeley neighborhood in Fort Worth. In addition to making masks, neighborhood residents are placing teddy bears or other stuffed animals in their front windows so that children out and about can go on "bear hunts" through the neighborhood.

**LAST NEWSLETTER
FOR 2019-2020**

This is the last newsletter for the 2019-2020 year. Normally, we publish another newsletter in July with news about the July meeting with the Chancellor. If that meeting occurs, we will either send a July newsletter or a notice concerning the meeting. Hopefully we will be fully back up and running in time for the September newsletter. Take care, everyone!

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Coronavirus Musings

**LINDA MOORE**

It's very real now that we are sheltering in place and there are too many risks out there to be taking this lightly. Our newsletter has little news but we hope you enjoy it as we try to reflect how sheltering in place affects us all. Being at home all day (and night and week and months!) make me think of so many things that often go by the wayside.

Who would have thought that zooming would be a lifesaver? I have seen friends that I've missed and laughed and cried with them. It is wonderful. I have also gotten to see my granddaughter and watch her art projects, her dancing, her running and working out, and her joy. How lucky we are in this age of social media!

Easter is an important and powerful day for me as a "preacher's kid". This year was also the 20th anniversary of my husband's death. Joy and sorrow competed until late afternoon when I got "egged" from 6 ft. by my granddaughter. The highlight of the day!

Who dreams of grocery shopping? I have literally been through each aisle at Albertson's picking up things I don't even need (like moon pies!?) in my dreams and waking up disappointed that I'm not able to go there.

Bartering is a lost skill but during the quarantine a wonderful friend and I were able to trade Lysol spray for paper towels. We all can help each other out (maybe even with toilet paper) as the stores run out of things we may have overbought in our past life.

Humor is my salvation! Thanks to so many friends who have sent or posted things that make me laugh out loud. I have a coozie that says 'Sarcasm: just another free service I provide' and that says it all in this trying time. Laughter is healing.

One particularly hard thing during this time is missing my pets. I've lost 4 since retiring and now I crave holding and petting them. It's a hard time to adopt but I wish I had them now.

It's OK not to be productive. I read that and have heard that but it is really hard to engage in slug behavior daily. Most of us are proud of our accomplishments and there sure aren't as many of them these days as the months go by so slowly. I can say I have read over 20 books (and a million news and magazine articles as well as some cereal boxes) but no one is particularly impressed by that. But it is still OK.

One last thing I want to say is thank you to the TCU Administration for keeping us informed, for responding to this crisis thoughtfully with students and staff in mind, and for all the emails and videos to encourage us to hang in there! It affirms my love of this place.

Take care, stay safe, keep in touch with each other and pray that football returns!

HUMOR FOR THESE TIMES

One thing that has kept me going during this pandemic is being able to laugh out loud. The stories of people trying to cope with children during home schooling are hysterical:

- **Day 1:** What a grand experience for me and my children. What is this math?
- **Day 2:** Well one kid has been suspended and two are in detention for fighting.
- **Day 3:** I called today for a substitute.
- **Day 4:** Teacher fired for drinking on the job.
- **Day 5:** We are all skipping school today.
- **Day 6:** The lunch lady didn't show up today. Kids are starving!
- **Day 7:** Where in the world is the janitor? This place is a mess.

And so much more. Be on the lookout to keep laughing.



BACK TO THE FIFTIES

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Now they wander at will. The flow of these families is so familiar. The sounds of squeals and laughter and warning calls about the occasional impending car. I am back in the 50s.

The way to the future is never a trip backward. Yet, I yearn for this time to be one of unexpected lessons. The long pause. The deep breath that this generation has never experienced. An awakening to creativity and connections and figuring out how to survive the dissolution of hurry, go, rush and not-now.

GEORGIA MILLER: MASK-MAKING MASTER

I retired from TCU in 1996 after 17 years of service in the Financial Aid Office. My daughter, Cindy who is a nurse in Labor & Delivery, and I are making masks. In 2 days, I made 25 from fabrics left over from quilting. The pattern we are using is more fitted than the rectangle pattern and is sized for men, women and children.



MISSING FAMILY AND THE FAMILIAR

NANCY MADSEN

What am I doing during this pandemic? First and foremost, I am missing my newest grandson, born March 13. We haven't been able to hold him yet so we "visit" him and his parents, big brother and sister through the glass door at their house (see photo at right). We have Facetimed and Zoomed with them and our other kids (son, daughter-in-law and 3 kids, other daughter and son-in-law who all live here, fortunately).

Other than that, I divide my days among reading A LOT, cooking, working crossword puzzles, playing Solitaire on the computer, doing laundry and household chores, cleaning out drawers, looking out the front window to see what others on the street are doing. I am not much of a TV watcher, although my husband keeps recommending shows he's recorded. Maybe I should start binging the Doc Martin series I bought during a PBS fundraiser.

I stress over ordering groceries far enough out so that I don't run out of anything. I alternate among Central Market, Tom Thumb and even HEB Burleson, choosing between pickup and delivery. I tried going in person once during "senior citizen" hours, and it was a madhouse, so I try to avoid going in person anymore. I patronize HEB Burleson mainly because they have the wine I drink! It's weird prioritizing things like hand sanitizer and Lysol wipes over ice cream and frozen pizzas, although I haven't been able to find any cleaning supplies for weeks!



On the days I'm fed up with cooking, we weigh the risks inherent in ordering to pick up versus delivery. I feel for the restaurants and whether they will survive, and grocery workers, in my opinion, are angels.

I try not to watch the news, but it's hard since I'm a newsaholic. So much of it is exaggeration, but so much is heartbreaking. I miss hugging my kids and grandkids,

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LOOKING TO THE HELPERS

STAN HAGADONE

When I was a child, my mother would sometimes prepare a plate of food and ask me to deliver it to one of those in our neighborhood she called the “shut-ins.” These were those who, because of illness, infirmity, or simply old age, were confined to their homes and experienced little human interaction. Once I arrived with the food and placed the plate in either the recipient’s oven or refrigerator, I would sit and we would talk for a few minutes before I would take my leave and make the short walk home.

Many years later I would make similar visits, only this time in my role as the pastor of a church. By now we had changed the nomenclature from “shut-in” to “homebound,” but their circumstances were not all that different. Their quarters were usually somewhat larger and the television had replaced the radio as their constant companion, but the feelings

of isolation and loneliness were still pervasive. Once more I would sit and listen as they shared stories of their lives from a better day and answer their questions about others we both knew. Before leaving we would share a prayer and they would ask to be remembered to their friends. Not surprisingly, their kindness and their receptivity to my visit always left me feeling better than when I first arrived.

Today, Kay and I are like most of you and largely confined to our home, although I trust that this will not be our permanent condition. And unlike those I once visited as a child and later as a pastor, we have an ample supply of books, music, and movies to keep us entertained and informed, food that can be purchased at a drive-through or delivered directly to our door, and the ability to remain in contact with others

through FaceTime, Facebook, and the wonders of Zoom.

Like those I once visited, we live on a fixed income. Unlike them, however, our resources are more than adequate to meet our basic needs. For that reason we are following the wisdom of Mr. Rogers: “In times of trouble, always look to the helpers.” We can’t stand on the frontline with those who are staffing emergency rooms, feeding the hungry, and assisting those who find themselves in circumstances they could not have imagined only a couple of months ago, but we can take the money we are saving while living in confinement and direct it to those who are not only helpers but truly our heroes. Will our gifts make a huge difference? No, but when combined with the gifts of others, they create the possibility of an impact that is truly transformative.

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ANDY FORT: FEEDING THE FORT (WORTH) WITH TAFB

Being President of the Board of the Food Bank has given me an opportunity daily to be grateful for all I have. Tarrant Area Food Bank (TAFB) – tafb.org – is doing fantastic work under a lot of pressure, and in March we delivered a record-breaking five million pounds of food to the western half of the Metroplex (we cover 13 counties, the size of Vermont). I am also enjoying daily walks on the Trinity Trails, always north of downtown where I virtually never see another walker.



NOTE

If you do not wish to continue receiving this newsletter, notify the newsletter editor or any of the others listed as contacts here.



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Search “TCU Retirees’ Association” in the search line, and filter by groups. Click the “Join” button.

MISSING FAMILY AND THE FAMILIAR

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going to church, taking vacations, going to museums, shopping as what used to be usual. But I also have hope that this too shall pass, I will get to hug my grandkids again and I can go in a grocery store without wearing a mask. The good part? My dogs and I are bonding and my husband and I are coexisting peacefully!

LOOKING TO THE HELPERS

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I have no idea what life will look like once life returns to something approaching normalcy, but I do know that it will be different. Perhaps, however, we will have learned to be a little more generous, a little more compassionate, and a little more grateful for the lives we share with our families, our friends, and our colleagues in retirement.

MISSION STATEMENT

The TCU Retirees' Association exists to provide opportunities for fellowship, to promote lifelong learning, to advocate for fair benefits, to recognize the accomplishments of its members, and to strengthen the relationship between the retirees and the University.

KENDRA BELFI: EMBRACING THE 'NEW NORMAL'

Victor and I are sheltering in place at Trinity Terrace. They would prefer that we all stay in our own apartments – all activities have been cancelled, the dining rooms are closed and our meals are being delivered to our apartments. The resident services staff

is trying to keep us from going stir crazy: we have received puzzles to do, the opportunity to be pen pals with people at the Stayton – and even had a sing along from the balconies over looking the terrace (I slept through that one). On Good Friday, the doorbell rang and we found an Easter basket outside our door (see photo above).



We go out for groceries and to the pharmacy and to walk on the trails in Trinity Park. This morning we walked about 4 miles along a relatively newly completed side walk which goes from 10th Street past Pappasito's and Pappadeaux on the east side of the Trinity River, essentially to I-30. We have sorted paper – and our next task is to go through our book cases and to cull enough books so that all our books will once again fit. Somehow I doubt that all the things which really need to be done will be done before the restrictions are lifted... or all the books read which have been waiting for me to read them.

TCU RETIREES' ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE COUNCIL 2019-2020

TERMS OF OFFICE END MAY 2020.

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News from TCU



TCU PRESS BOOK CLUB

VIRTUAL BOOK CLUB LAUNCHES

TCU Press is launching a virtual book club. Join its Facebook group, TCU Press Book Club, for up-to-date book selections and weekly discussions – as well as live videos with our authors – all from the comfort of your home.

First pick: *Odd Birds* by Severo Perez [CLICK HERE](#) to learn more.



GARY & KELSEY PATTERSON MAKE GIFT TO FROG FAMILY CRISIS FUND

Head Football Coach Gary Patterson and his wife, Kelsey, made a generous gift this week to the Frog Family Crisis Fund. The fund supports Horned Frog students in times of need. The gift was announced by Athletic Director Jeremiah Donati on social media April 8. For more information about the fund, visit makeagift.tcu.edu.

[CLICK HERE](#) to read the full story about the Pattersons' gift and their current work in the Fort Worth community through The Gary Patterson Foundation in the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*.



HORNED FROGS LEAD ON, WHEREVER THEY ARE

We're hearing stories daily of Frogs supporting their communities during these trying times.

[CLICK HERE](#) to read a few that are sure to lift your spirit and inspire. If you have one to share, send it our way via news@tcu.edu.

Photo courtesy of Paolo Bigiarini, TCU Marketing student



HOUSING TEAM TAKES LEAD ON STUDENT SERVICES

When the Chancellor announced the extension of Spring Break and a transition to online instruction due to the COVID-19 pandemic, Craig Allen, director of Housing & Residence Life, and his team thought of students who had left vital supplies in their dorms. "We knew that many students would need books, laptops or notebooks from their rooms, but since they had already left for Spring Break, they wouldn't have them when online classes started," he said. "Many students couldn't return to campus due to travel restrictions and social distancing. We needed a way to get them their essentials, while keeping everyone as safe as possible."

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