

January 23, 2010

## **A tribute to John Tegeler**

by *Cornelia Smith*

### **A Good Life \*\*\*\*\* A Good Man**

Lying in bed this morning  
a whole raft of memories came flooding  
you can't stop them.

Ten years of wonderful funky stuff  
with this really remarkable man.  
He started life in a hazardous manner:  
part of his lung taken out to combat TB,  
followed by onset of diabetes at 15 —  
his lifetime companion.

But, he was up and at'em  
leaning his architectural skills  
at Pratt School of Design

We met at Kennedy Airport.

I was on my way to bike the Danube  
and had a few hours between planes to know John.  
Well, that was it — we were friends from the git-go!

And, what a friend he was.  
Always there when I needed a helping hand  
be it picking up after my dropping stuff  
from my walker after knee surgery  
to going with me to the pulmonologist  
who had questionable news for me.

And then the fun stuff —  
dinners at the Culinary — he loved that so much;  
the golf tournaments he'd arrange at Vassar  
for his ski club (and let me win a prize);  
our hikes on the trails he'd cleared at Baird Park  
and adventures on the Appalachian Trail locally.  
We costumed up for an outdoor concert at Caramoor  
a lot of Vivaldi with his Croton friends

Of course, suppers on the lawn at Boscobel  
down at Cold Springs preceding The Bard.

And, looking for his dream cottage,  
the one in the forest far removed from humanity  
an endless search.

Once we drove way north in Canada  
to learn how to make birch bark canoes  
from an Ojibwe Indian maiden.  
plus have moose soup.

Many, many adventures til life caught up with him,  
and he spent time in an assisted living facility.

Yes, he made many friends there  
I hope to revisit them today and  
tell them of his sudden death yesterday.  
They will not be happy with the news.