

2025

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NTZ

Neue TiKoWi-Zeitung

Umfangreiche Jahressausgabe für die Schweiz mit punktuelltem Versand auch ins Ausland. Nicht im Abo - nur verschenkt! Auflage 200 Ex.

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Wer einen Rechtschreibfehler findet, darf ihn behalten! Der Text wurde mit gütiger Mithilfe von ChatGPT gekürzt.



Dear friends! Dear, wonderfully widespread NTZ family!

The year kicked off—just like it always does—with the legendary Winterthur Knallbumpäng, which reliably produces more smoke than a Swedish wood-fired oven. AnnA, upholding sacred tradition, grilled the salmon down by the River Töss (traditions are important). Eric was “managing” his official Boy-Scout-Boys-Retreat in the Engadin, while we at home threw ourselves—optimistically—into the kitchen, the apartment, and everyday life... in whatever order, and with only moderate success.



And yes—the wall still isn’t painted. We don’t talk about it anymore.

Despite construction dust, military schedules, and recurring back pain, we still enjoy our weekends around the notoriously loud, lively, beautifully chaotic “Sicilian family table”—the one that keeps us young, even if we pay for it with grocery bags, mountains of dishes, and deep breathing.

But it is beautiful. Always.

But let’s take it from the top.



House & Home

The planted green wall facing the SBB blooms, hums, and cools —much to the delight of a colony of monster spiders who, once fall arrives, begin migrating indoors with confidence. AnnA keeps setting new personal speed records outrunning them.

In House 67a we had both departures and arrivals: Naïma and Simeon moved to Lucerne, but in April little Dan was born—a baby who almost never cries, making him officially the calmest house resident of 2025 and an excellent “dress-up object.”

The passing of our neighbors Kathrin and Ruedi touched us deeply; we miss them. But it also reminded us how precious our house community is—neighbors waving out the window early in the morning, helping repot Tina’s many portable plants, feeding the cats, showing up for parties, and simply being there.

The Zoo

And then there were only two

After one last afternoon walk across the Bäumli in mid-April, and after nearly 14½ years, Bob wouldn’t get out of the car anymore. Then he wouldn’t eat—not even his beloved banana—and that night he passed away at home, with us beside him. “Unexpected” isn’t quite right—and yet ...

