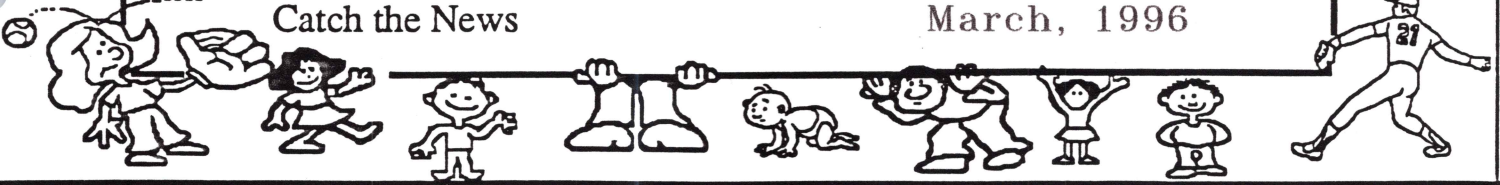




# The Riel Family Newsletter

Catch the News

March, 1996



## FAMILY TEACHERS CELEBRATE END OF STRIKE

### CAROL MAKES TV NEWS SPOT, AND QUOTES IN LOCAL PRESS

The long time lack of a union contract exploded into a full blown teachers strike on February, and family members in the San Diego School District were all affected. One of the active picket line walkers was Carol, and she was one of the strikers interviewed on the local Channel 8 5 o'clock news report. In addition, she was quoted in a comprehensive Union-Tribune post strike article which summarized the issues and circumstances leading up to the problems voiced by the teachers. The article points out that although the former superintendent, Tom Payzant (now superintendent at Boston) had attracted some critical comments from teachers, he had instituted popular site-governance teams which included teachers, principals and parents. These teams had wide leeway in making decisions on budgets, programs and curricula affecting their own schools. Carol was quoted as saying "But when Bertha came along, there wasn't as much credence given to governance-team issues. We wanted to have some input, come talk to us, but it was, 'No, here are my expectations and here's what you're going to do'. It's like what we say and parents say is unimportant. All the progress made under Payzant was shot down".

Other unpopular actions by Pendleton were the issuance of a set of 16 "expectations" and the ban on high school students leaving the campus during the lunch break. Other teachers commented that the expectations list included many concepts already in place, and that Pendleton was out of touch with reality. Better communications and input from the working level teachers would have corrected that problem, and could have provided more insight on the lunch break issue. During the strike the statement by the superintendent that the administration would not negotiate with the union unless the teachers returned to the classrooms was unpopular, suggesting an unwillingness to work toward a settlement.

Fortunately the issues were addressed, in spite of the position announced by the administration, and a favorable settlement was reached. All the family teachers now are back on the job, and looking forward to both pay increases and a stronger voice in the policy making process.

### BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

Kristy Gillingham enjoyed a delayed 13th celebration recently. As a special treat she shared lunch with Grandpa and Grandma plus sister Annie and mom Listy. It was Mexican food, at an Old Town restaurant. Listy and Annie then went home, but the rest enjoyed the movie "Happy Gilmore" at the new 20 screen theater in the Mission Valley shopping center. It was fun day. Another celebration involved both Michael Riel-Mehan and Brett Sorem. Michael and Brett are "calendar twins" in that they both were born on February 10th, but two years apart. Michael celebrated his 15th, Brett his 13th. The first item was a round of golf at the Mission Bay course. Afterwards we enjoyed lunch at the new Oscars, in Mission Valley Hazard Center. A HAPPY BIRTHDAY to all three!!



### MARCH BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

Margaret Riel	March 6	46
Jessica Benesch	March 17	13
Craig Hartman	March 19	13
Jeff Benesch	March 23	44

### HARTMAN HOME GETS NEW ROOF

Recently the roof on the Hartman home needed replacement, and we have the following report from on the spot reporter Bruce.

Dear RFNL Readers,

I'd like to take up a little space in this edition to give a huge, heartfelt thank you to three family members; Bob Gillingham, Ed Riel, and my brother Steve Hartman. Under Bob's leadership, they completely stripped, resheeted, and reroofed my house, while I worried and stressed from the ground.

On Friday, February 9, early morning radio was reporting rain in the forecast. Though the scheduled deliveries of materials, trash bin and fork lift were in place, I was ready to postpone the job...it did not sound like a good time to remove a roof to me! I called Bob at 6:15 A.M. and suggested we wait until the weather improved. His calming response was so professional and articulate. He said, "Oh Bruce, don't be such a wimp! No

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problem! Don't worry!" Well, I sure felt better after that! Later the same day, he told Birdy that he had to get over to our house and start the job early, so that Bruce couldn't wimp out! Thus, when I got home from work, I found that I was missing approximately 25% of my roof (and rain was still in the forecast). Despite me, the job was still on!

Saturday morning Foreman Bob, Ed, Steve, and two of my co-workers showed up at 7:00 A.M. and in very short order (about three hours) they had completely removed my entire roof. Did I mention rain in the forecast? Anyway, by the end of the day, 75 sheets of new plywood were nailed into place and all of the roofing felt (black paper stuff) was rolled out and stapled down. I was voicing my concerns about the threatening skies (for probably the 100<sup>th</sup> time) when Ed chimed in with this pearl of wisdom... "That's why houses have insulation, to soak up the water." Thanks Ed, now I could really sleep well! Sunday was a day of rest so that those over 40 muscles could rest (Ed noted many times how the old body is just not as good as it used to be!). I was a nervous wreck with visions of leaks and water stains forever.

Sunday night it rained lightly and by Monday morning, it looked awful outside! Nonetheless, Foreman Bob, and Ed were here bright and early. Also, a surprise hand came once again from my brother, Steve. He called in sick to work just so that he could offer his help once more! The three of them worked tirelessly in the rain nailing on the new shingles one by one and completed 3/4 of the job!

Tuesday, Bob and Ed worked and by the end of the day, they had the entire roof FINISHED! I probably don't need to tell you that it has been nothing but sunshine since they finished. The job they did is absolutely perfect! I have a beautiful, new, gray, 30 year roof and NO WATER DAMAGE (I never doubted your judgment Bob!).

I send an extra big thanks to Bob Gillingham. This whole thing was his idea. When he found out how much the estimates were from the roofing companies, he wanted to die. From that time on, he said he would do it. Birdy made me promise that I would not get up on the roof. My equilibrium is off because of my poor eyesight and lack of depth perception, so they all collaborated to keep me on the ground. I felt a little like a third wheel, which was hard to take since I have always been a doer in these sorts of jobs. It certainly was however, better than taking a big fall. I have given this whole experience a lot of thought. I have come to realize that the reason I feel so thankful to these three family members, is not that they saved me thousands of dollars. I feel thankful to them for the fact that they rallied together just for me! Just to help out! I am a very fortunate man to have them as my friends!

Thank you all,  
Bruce

## SOME TRAVEL NEWS

Francie's busy business travel schedule has kept her on the go recently. San Jose and Sacramento were successfully completed, and she took off on February 29 for Chicago on



Steve, Bob and Ed get ready for another batch of plywood



Dad Bruce operates the fork lift, with lots of advice from a bunch of sidewalk superintendents

schedule. The next weekend will be New York, but the trip to Hawaii has been called off, due to a conflict of interest regarding products handled by the local supplier who was organizing the visit. Tough luck, but there still is Green Bay Wisc. to look forward to. Not to be outdone, however, Margaret spent a few days in Dallas, recently. She has a new consulting job, hence the meeting to review objectives and activities.

While Francie is on the road Alan takes over responsibility for Brett and Bryce, and they enjoyed a real travel treat recently. They spent the first weekend in March at Peoria to take in some Padre spring training exhibition games. We look forward to a report on how the Padres look, for the coming season.

All of the travel was not business, however, since Bob and Karla recently spent a long weekend in Las Vegas, staying at the MGM Grand hotel. They did not enjoy any big wins at the tables, but enjoyed seeing the sights. The new downtown area, with Fremont street closed in for several blocks, is something to see.

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## RUNNY NOSE DEPARTMENT

David Gillingham showed up recently at Grandma's, feeling poorly. It took two days of TLC for him to get over whatever he had, but we understand he is OK now. We also learned that Margaret and kids are under the weather. We wish them a speedy recovery.

## SPORTS NEWS

Baseball season is back, and we are looking forward to news about our favorite team sport. We hear that Brett Sorem now is in pony league, where the competition is tougher. However, we know he will do well, and we look forward to seeing some of his games.

The big sports news, however, is LISTY GILLINGHAM RUNNING IN THE MARATHON. We have the following report directly from her. The accompanying picture shows the tired but happy runner, after the finish.

"Dad, Here's a picture from the marathon. I ran it on January 21st and did it in 3 hours and 54 minutes. (9 minutes short of qualifying for the Boston Marathon) Margaret, Bud and Megan were at mile 18 to wish me luck and hand me a power bar. Birdy, Bob's parents, Bob, Kristy and Annie, plus some other friends were at the finish. (Birdy brought the flowers) (Bob's parents sent me good luck balloons) I hit "the wall" at the 23rd mile, but managed to find the strength to finish...it was a lot harder, physically and mentally, than I thought it would be, but it was also a triumph that I'll never forget! Listy"

We congratulate Listy on this great achievement, and hope she continues to participate in marathons.

## SOME FAMILY NEWS

We received a note recently from Margaret, in which she includes some addresses of our children's cousins. They are the three daughters and one son of Byron and Ophelia Merica. Byron (who died several years ago, in Paris) was your mother's older brother, and his death left only Edith and brother Michael, who lives in Manchester, England, living. Ophelia now lives in Nice, France. The addresses are as follows.

Nicole Merica  
2402 Spruce Street, 1 F  
Philadelphia, PA 12103  
Telephone 985-1919

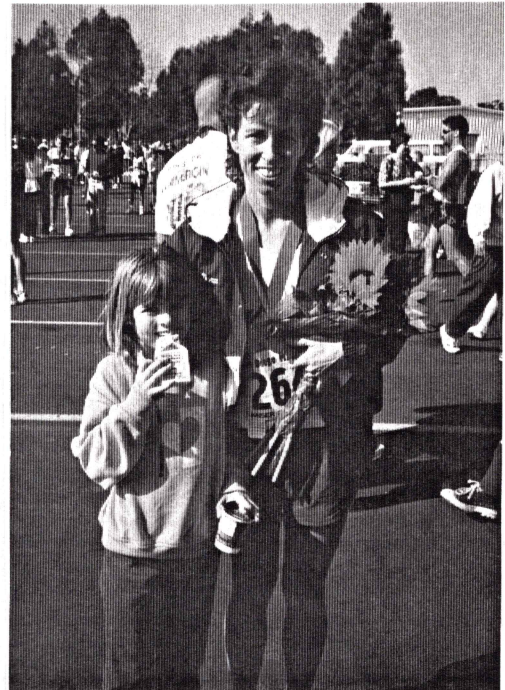
Dr. Helli Merica Fortune  
8 Avenue de Geneve  
Divonne-les-Bains Ami  
01220, France  
Telephone 50201713

Dr. Helli Merica Fortune  
72 Chemin Ami Argand  
Versoix, Geneva, Switz.  
Telephone 7551311

Lili Blairon  
48 Avenue Gustave Latinis  
1030 Bruxelles  
Telephone 2421846

Hermon Merica  
Residence Divonne Centre  
76 Grande Rue Bat. A  
Divonne-les-Bains Ami  
01220, France  
Telephone 50207610

Some of you may recall that Nicole visited us about 15 years ago, in the old house. Helli has her PhD degree in chemistry, but we do not know her field of interest.



## SCIENCE NEWS

The science competition is on again, at Paul Enke school, and Megan asked Grandpa to repair last year's catapult, which had a broken arm. This he did, along with some upgrading of the device. However, in response to Margaret's request he built a better one, which now is being calibrated for the contest. We hope to have a picture for the next issue. Brett Sorem also is involved in a school science project, and is undertaking a study on the distance different golf balls travel, when hit. He has written to several manufacturers, and has received some replies. Alan is helping out, and Grandpa has offered his assistance in the design and construction of a test device.

## CAREER NEWS

Richard reports that his Wells Fargo banking center is doing well. He still among the top five, statewide, in sales, and he and Liz are being treated by the bank with a 3 day cruise to Mexico.

**WELLS FARGO BANK**

**Rich Riel**  
Banking Center Manager

"Inside Vons"  
620 Dennery Road  
San Diego, CA 92173  
(619) 428-7954/968-2636 pgr.  
(619) 428-8306 fax

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Things are not going that well for Ed Riel, however. So far there have been no good leads on a new job. He has been pretty busy, however, doing various jobs for the family. Margaret had a remodeling job, and Ed has been doing some much needed minor maintenance at the Lyndon Road home. A switch on the kitchen stove and a thermostat on the sink hot water heater were replaced, the outdoor steps and landings painted, some broken tiles on the kitchen counted replaced, and some outdoor work was done to upgrade the edge of the patio next to the workshop. We really hope that before long a new job will put him back on the regular work force. If anyone hears of an opening be sure and call Ed.

## EDITORIAL

Recently we were given an essay by Megan, which we reproduce as follows.

### TAKING A STAND

BY MEGAN RIEL-MEHAN

Drugs--they are no joke. They aren't just toys to have a good time with, they are a cover-up for people who are hurting inside. I personally know some people my age who smoke and drink, and it's painful to see them willingly start their slow death. I know I don't want to end up like that. I have too many people that I don't want to lose, too many things I want to do, and too many things to look forwards to, I could never give it all up. I always know that there is a new day with a clean start. I never need a way to hide in the dark, away from my problems, because there are too many joys I would be giving up.

I promise to respect myself and every one around me that I care for, so I will never make the mistake of using drugs. Using drugs would mean taking my life and throwing it out the window, letting it shatter into a million pieces. Like a broken plate, you can always glue it back together, but it's still as fragile as ever and can fall apart any moment. Life means so much to me, it was my first birthday present and nobody is going to rip it into lost memories damaging my heart, soul and body in ways beyond repair.

Wrong decisions like that can be very costly and may even end up in death.

Drugs aren't worth dying for.

Gangs aren't worth dying for.

Violence isn't worth dying for.

In my opinion living is the only thing worth dying for.

### THE LOST

BY BRETT SOREM

Chapter 4

The Note

After School, Tim and Kenny met outside the boys locker room. "I think I better make certain the coast is clear, before we head out" said Kenny. "Yeah, better you than me", said Tim, "They know who I am". Kenny headed down the main hallway towards the front door of the school. As he approached the door, he glanced in the main office and saw the robbers with Mrs. Chatterly, the school secretary.

"It was so nice of you to return little Tim's ID Card" she piped. Kenny stopped to listen. "I'm so sorry that you can't give it to him in person, but, rules are rules...we just can't allow it!" She continued, "When students lose their cards they pay five dollars to get a new one. I'd like your names, boys, so that I can tell little Tim who to thank!" She turned to get her notepad to write down the names. The men quickly backed out the door.

"Wow, man get me away from that lady," said Joey.

Merv looked around, "Well, I don't see the little twerp here. Let's wait by the main gate and grab him, when he passes by." As they headed out the door, Kenny stepped out from the side of the hall and headed quickly back to the boys locker room.

"Double trouble at the front gate" Kenny said to Tim. "The robbers are here and they know quite a lot about you. They just turned your ID card into Mrs. Chatterly!" Tim sighed, "Wow, I'm dead meat!" He felt sick, how could he get out of the school, and where would he go? Not even his home was safe, as long as the loot was there.

Kenny looked at Tim, "Well, the best we can do is find some way out of here and stick, together." Tim made a slow smile, he thought, this is what real friends are for. "O.K., Kenny, let's figure a way out of here." Just then, a group of giggly pom-pom squad members came out of the girls locker room. They had their big blue and gold pom-poms and banners hanging from their shoulder bags.

"Hey, Kenny follow me" yelled Tim. He scrambled into the center of the girls and put his arm around a red head in the center. "I've got the spirit, too," he shouted to her and walked with them to the front door, down the steps and right past the robbers waiting by the front entrance of the school yard. Kenny came behind with Tim's bike and gave it to Tim behind the bushes at the edge of the school yard.

"Grab the bag, from your house and tell your Mom that you are spending the night with me" said Kenny.

"I'll meet you at your house in a half-hour", said Tim.

Tim headed home. When he arrived, he saw a note tacked to the front door. It read, "Tim, give up the loot..or we'll give mom and dad the boot.- Bring the money to 12286 Ginger Drive, by 12 midnight." Tim read the note and opened the door to his house. The rooms looked like it was hit by a cyclone, and mom and dad were gone!

Tim turned and walked out of the house..his first thought was the loot. He ran over to the tree fort and climbed up. There it was, the robbers had missed it. Timmy went back into the house and found the phone in the clutter on the floor. He dialed Kenny's number, the line was busy. "I've got the spirit, too." Tim was getting ready to go to work at the hospital. "I'll be working a double shift tonight, Kenny, and you know dad's still in Chicago on his trip. Will you be all right, home alone?" Mrs. Gilbert asked..

"Yes, Mom" he said, trying to call Tim's house. "Can Tim spend the night?" he asked. She agreed to the sleepover and after giving Kenny a quick hug, she headed to work.

Finally Tim got Kenny's phone to ring Kenny picked up the phone Tim was shaking with fear "m..m..my p..p..parents.."

Kenny interrupted "Take a deep breath calm down ,ok, now tell me what happened "There gone, there both gone", Tim said trying to calm down "Take your time, who's gone? Kenny said calmly, "My parents, the robbers took my parents. They left a note"

Tim answered, "Get the money and the note and come to my house," Kenny said reassuringly

"O.K.", Tim said feeling better. Tim did what Kenny said and got to the Gilbert's house as fast as possible. Kenny was up stairs. Tim knocked, but their was no answer. Tim knock on the door again.

"All right, I'm coming," Kenny yelled as he walked down the stairs. Kenny open the door and slowly Tim walked in

"Is the bed ready," he said as he walked up the stairs. "Yeah, it's ready" Kenny said and ran up stairs to catch up to Tim.

## Chapter 5

### The Plan

"It could of happen to anyone" Kenny said hoping it would make Tim feel better. "You go relax and I'll find a way out of this mess." Kenny saw Tim head for the bathroom and he went down the stairs.

After thinking and thinking about what to do, Kenny got an idea. It took him a while to work out the bugs, but finally the plan had a chance of working. Perhaps, only a slight chance.

They took the loot and hid it in a pillow case and put the pillow case on Kenny's bed they fluffed the money around inside it to make it look like a regular pillow. The boys took the bag the money was in and filled it with rocks. The boys hurried to Tim's house.

When they reached Tim's house, they began to put the plan into place. The first thing they did was paint the likeness of a stairway leading into the darkness on a black piece of cardboard. Next, they hung mirror in front of the basement doorway and closed all the drapes. They used a rope to make a trap like the ones in Indian movies. They cut loose the banister so if anyone leaned on it, it would crack sending the person who leaned on it tumbling down the stairs. They finished by waxing the kitchen floor, so they that it was very slippery.

Tim called and ordered a taxi cab. When it arrived, they where ready to go. There was alot resting on their plan, the least of which was the freedom of Tim parents!

Kenny gave the cab driver the address of the drop-off, "12286 Ginger Drive, and step on it!" Both boys got in the taxi.

"Where's the money," growled the taxi driver The boys looked at each other and Tim thought to himself, does everybody know? There was a pause and Kenny realized the taxi driver was thinking about his fare.

"Oh yeah, here it is" he said waving a \$20 dollar bill.

"In fact, we are meeting, Mom and Dad cause their car broke down and we'll need a ride home, too." "Will you wait," Timmy asked. The taxi driver turned around, "For another President Hamilton, I will."

In few minutes, they were at the address on Ginger Drive. The boys hopped out and went up the walk to the house. Kenny knocked loudly on the door, after a few minutes he tried the door and it was opened. The boys opened the door and walked in.

"You-who" they hollered.

In the back of the house, they heard a noise. "So you came you little brats. You should be happy to see your parents"

Dad,

Here's a picture from the marathon.  
I ran it on Jan 21<sup>st</sup> and did it  
in 3 hours 54 minutes... (9 minutes short  
of qualifying for the Boston Marathon)  
Margaret, Bud, + Megan were at  
mile 18 to wish me luck + hand  
me a power bar.

Birdy, Bob's Parents, Bob, Kristy, +  
Annie, + ~~Bob~~ other friends  
were at the finish.

(Birdy brought the flowers!)

(Bob's parents sent me Good Luck BAWONS!)

I hit "the wall" at the 23<sup>rd</sup> mile,  
but managed to find the strength  
to finish... it was a lot harder,  
physically + emotionally, than I thought  
it would be, but it was also a  
triumph that ~~is~~ I'll never forget!

☺ listy

# TAKING A STAND

BY MEGAN RIEL-MEHAN

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I promise to respect myself and every one around me that I care for, so I will never make the mistake of using drugs. Using drugs would mean taking my life and throwing it out the window, letting it shatter into a million pieces. Like a broken plate, you can always glue it back together, but it's still as fragile as ever and can fall apart any moment. Life means so much to me, it was my first birthday present and nobody is going to rip it into lost memories damaging my heart, soul and body in ways beyond repair.

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Saturday morning Foreman Bob, Ed, Steve, and two of my co-workers showed up at 7:00 A.M. and in very short order (about three hours) they had completely removed my entire roof. Did I mention rain in the forecast? Anyway, by the end of the day, 75 sheets of new plywood were nailed into place and all of the roofing felt (black paper stuff) was rolled out and stapled down. I was voicing my concerns about the threatening skies ( for probably the 100<sup>th</sup> time) when Ed chimed in with this pearl of wisdom... "That's why houses have insulation, to soak up the water." Thanks Ed, now I could really sleep well! Sunday was a day of rest so that those over 40 muscles could rest ( Ed noted many time how the old body is just not as good as it use to be!). I was a nervous weak with visions of leaks and water stains forever.

Sunday night it rained lightly and by Monday morning, it looked awful outside! Nonetheless, Foreman Bob, and Ed were here bright and early. Also, a surprise hand came once again from my brother, Steve. He called in sick to work just so that he could offer his help once more! The three of them worked tirelessly in the rain nailing on the new shingles one by one and completed 3/4 of the job!

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Thank you all,  
Bruce

Hi Dad,  
Couldn't  
decide on the  
best font  
size for  
your letter  
so - we  
thought we'd  
let you  
pick! Hope  
this is O.K.  
for you!  
😊 Birdy  
&  
Bruce