

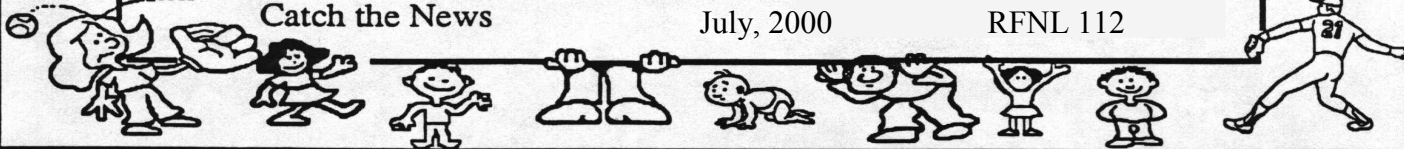


The Riel Family Newsletter

Catch the News

July, 2000

RFNL 112



Family celebrates Father's Day at old ballpark - Tailgate party plus ball game enjoyed by all

The annual Father's Day golf tournament was not held this year, because the directors, Francie and Lyle, were away on vacation.



After some discussion, it was decided to celebrate with a tailgate party, followed by a Padre game. Carol took care of getting the tickets, and everyone met at gate J3 for the fun and food.

The only missing ones were Francie, Lyle, and the Bob Riel family. Robert was in Vancouver, on business, and Francie, Lyle and children were in Boston. Bruce provided the grill, and expertly cooked hamburgers and hot dogs. As usual, there were lots of other goodies, along with cake and pie for dessert. Grandpa was pleased to receive some nice gifts, and he thanks all who helped make it a special day and celebration. However, he goofed by forgetting his camera.

Fortunately, Jan took over, and provided us with some nice pictures, as shown. After everyone had finished off the food and the gifts were



opened, we packed up the leftovers and headed for the game. Because we were such a large group, Carol had gotten tickets in the left field bleachers, where we could all sit together. Some of the group were committed to attend other celebrations, and regretfully bowed out of the game. However, the true baseball fans settled in and enjoyed some sun and fun while watching the Padres coast to an easy win. It was lots of fun, and Grandpa thanks all that helped make it another special day!



Sick call

We were sorry to learn from Carol and Jeff that his mother, Audry, had to have another hip replacement operation. Both hips now have been replaced, and we understand that she is

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making a good recovery. We send our best wishes, and hope that she will be up and around soon.

Grandpa also has been suffering from a sore neck and shoulder. Recently he stopped all medication, and now is on nothing but physical therapy - 3/4 of an hour every Tuesday and Thursday. There seems to be some improvement, so maybe it's working.

Travel news

As mentioned above, Francie and Lyle took the kids off to Boston for a vacation and a chance to see the sights. We hear that they had a great time, taking in some of the historic sites in and around the area. In addition to history they also took in a Red Sox baseball game. As usual, Francie took lots of pictures, and we print a couple, as shown.



Robert also was on the move, with a business trip to Vancouver. However, he wins the longest distance award for another trip, this one to Guam. As we mentioned before, the Electrical Workers Union recommended him to the Department of Labor, to be one of the presenters at an International Conference on training techniques for electricians. Karla and kids met him in Hawaii, on his return, and they enjoyed a vacation. We hope to have a full report plus pictures, for the next RFNL. Margaret also was on the go, again, this time to Atlanta. We hope to get some details from her, also.

Birthday celebrations

There were two birthday celebrations last month. In the first one Michelle celebrated her 18th, and Grandma took



her to lunch at La Pinata, followed by the movie Fantasia. Grandpa was still having neck problems, and bowed out. The

second kid was Brett, who celebrated his 16th and 17th birthdays. Yes, we finally got together on a date when we

could both catch up from last year and take care of this year, all on the same day. We have been behind on celebrations before, but this one (16th) was the going away winner. Everything worked out ok, however, as we met at



Admiral Baker at 2:30 on a Wednesday. After a round of golf we took off for dinner at the



Black Angus restaurant on Friars Road. We have some pictures, and since Brett had two birthdays he gets two pictures. We wish an overdue **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** to Brett, and a **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** to Michelle.

Birthday calendar for July

| | | |
|------------------|---------|----|
| Bryce Sorem | July 8 | 14 |
| David Gillingham | July 20 | 15 |
| Frances Sorem | July 21 | 48 |
| Tim Riel | July 26 | 18 |



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4th of July celebrations

We were invited to share in the annual



Hartman 4th celebration, but due to the fact that we had tickets to the Padres game, we had to miss this happy event. However, Grandma and Grandpa celebrated at the old ballpark, with a tailgate party, the game, and a great fireworks show after the game. We had a great time, but did miss the Hartman fireworks show.

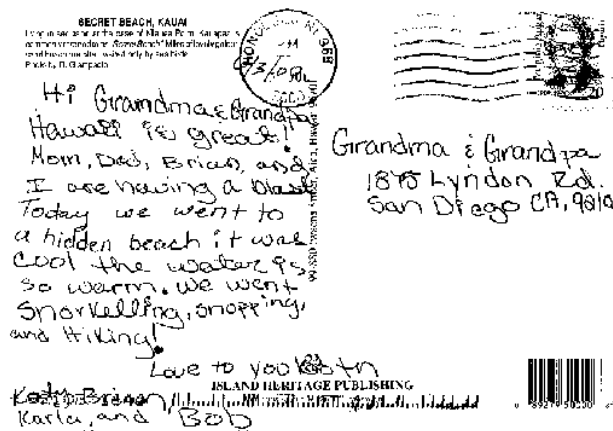


Some late breaking travel news

We are not sure whether or not Robert and family are back home again, but we received the following post card from Katy, so we know they were safely together in Hawaii.

Birdy and Bruce throw graduation party for Michelle

We were pleased to be invited to the Hartman home to celebrate Michelle's graduation from high school. Many family and family guests turned out to enjoy grilled hamburgers and hot dog, along with lots of other foods and drinks. There was lots of swimming for the kids, and some pleasant conversation for parents and old folks. It was another great party, and we congratulate Michelle for completing this important step in the education process.



Some movie reviews

Every so often we see some movies that inspire some comment on their merit. Recently we saw three examples. The first one "Small Time Crooks", starring Woody Allen, was very funny and entertaining. In the movie Woody and some pals hatched up a scheme to rob a bank by digging a tunnel from the basement of a nearby store. They talk his wife into using up their life savings for a lease. As a front she sets up a cookie baking business. Although their bank-robbing plan comes to grief, her business takes off. One year later the business has been franchised and they all are extremely wealthy. The wife is happy to,

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excellent movie, and one well worth seeing. The second movie we enjoyed was "Big Mamma's House". This was another amusing comedy, with lots of laughs. The third one, however, was a real bummer. "Shaft" was one of the worst films we have ever seen. The story line was simple and all right. In brief, a vile white supremacist murders a black man, but the police are unable to prove his guilt because the only eyewitness is afraid to testify. The waitress in a bar, near where the crime was committed, is afraid, and disappears. The NYPD gives up, so the investigator, Shaft, resigns in order to continue the case on his own. So far, so good, but the methods he used to find the missing witness include all kinds of violent, unlawful activities. Instead of an intelligent investigation leading to the location of the missing witness, and an orderly trial to establish guilt, Shaft resorts to almost continuous violence. Normal investigative procedures are cast aside in favor of fists, knives, and guns. Finally, when the witness is located and the trial is about to begin, the accused is gunned down by the mother of the original victim. Thus, "justice" is served, and Shaft is reinstated in the NYPD. This Klu Klux Klan form of justice is an embarrassment to police in general, black police in particular, and the American legal system. The bottom line is that the end justifies the means, even if it includes police brutality in its' worst form.

Kevin is back home from England

Yes, after a full term at the University of Sussex Kevin is back in the land of surf, sun, and Mexican food. He wanted to express some of his feelings, and provided us with the following article.



Thanks

Well, as the saying goes: all good things must come to an end. I have been back from England a week and finally seen most of my family and friends. I have been reacquainted with the sun (as shown by the big torturous sun-burns on my face and shoulders), surfing (a tale told by wet-suit rashes and sand in my shoes and bed), and of course my beloved Mexican food (for which I give credit to the frequent stomach aches I wake up to each night). But you know what, it was all these trivial little things that I missed the most while I was away. I was overcome with excitement when I got caught up in traffic four days ago, I felt glee when I had to race to the phone for the 19th time to answer a call for one of my brothers who is never home, and I can't even wait to get back to work. While you are reading this you're probably thinking I must have worked myself into oblivion in England and come back with some

*kind of confused psychological condition that will take lots of therapy, surfing, and Mexican food to correct. But in all actuality, being revisited by all of the annoyances in life that I used to know and loath were the definitive proof to me that: **YES, I AM BACK HOME.***

Unfortunately, for every up there is a down, for every yin there is a yang, for every boom there is a recession, for every salt there is a pepper, and it was just yesterday when the most frightening thought blasted it's way out of the most unholy crevice of my unconscious: "Okay, I think I'm ready for a little rain," and then again: "Man, I wouldn't mind playing a game of soccer.", and again: I could really go for a nice pastie right now." I know, I'm just as concerned as you must be.

I got an e-mail from a friend of mine in England. She wanted to know how I was doing and to make sure I had "made it back to San Diego in one piece." Well, the truth of the matter is I haven't made it back to San Diego in one piece, but in hundreds of thousands of competing and contrasting nuances. I don't know what I like better: pool or snooker, a pint or a bottle, Forster or Fitzgerald, college parties or dance clubs, English cheddar or American. I really couldn't give you a truthful hierarchical distinction with any kind of justice. But I do know one thing, and this is for sure, the fact that I know how each is alike and how each is different: that I know what it's like to walk along Ocean Beach and the Thames rive and how each smells of its' own salty air, that I know what it is like to turn over your shoulder and tell time by Big Ben or to be out surfing and know that the only time that matters is when it's too late to see the beach behind you. I know these little ideosyncrasies and I can explain them to you if you ask me and I can turn them over in my head all day, and the fact that I have the ability to do this is definitely one of the richest and most prized things that I own.

And to this, and this being the most difficult to express, being the deepest of thanks (seems much too a weak a word) to firstly my parents who went through so much grief to send me abroad (and kept me fed at the same time). Nothing I put down on any piece of paper could come close to the gratitude, love, and respect I have. Thanks to my brothers who always love to humble me, and who I love to humble back To Grandma, Grandpa, and all the family for all the encouragement (and of course for always keeping those newsletters coming so as not to leave me in Riel news darkness). And thanks to my friends and my girlfriend for reminding me where and why I belong.

I know they say that all good things come to an end, but all the experiences, friends, and disturbing habits and tastes that I have "accrued whilst" in England will last as long as I do. And again, mom and dad, thanks for that.