

Wedding Bells for Francie and Lyle - Hawaii, June 22, 2003



Since we were not present for the wedding, we gladly accepted an offer by Margaret and Bud to fill in the details of the entire celebration. Their descriptions of the activities are recorded on pages 2 and 3 of this issue.

The Riel Family Newsletter

Catch the News

July, 2003

Forging New Ground in Wedding Protocols

By Margaret Riel
NFNL Staff Writer

Francie and Lyle arrived in Kauai on Friday, June 19 after a week of honeymooning in Maui. Margaret and Bud were there waiting with leis for the new bride and groom. By lei-ing Lyle, Bud officially inducted him into the order of the innocent bystanders with all rights and responsibilities, (also making him guiltless for any deviations from normal wedding rituals).

A little known secret is that Francie and Lyle also got married in Maui --providing for some interesting material for trick questions for the Riel Bowl. They discovered that Hawaii only officially recognizes weddings performed by local ministers. So Francie picked Reverend Bev out of the phone book and arranged a wedding on the spot. Rev Bev, as Francie and Lyle came to know her, was perfect in her purple robes, and performed the wedding on Maui complete with leis and a special romantic dinner--all part of the Hawaiian wedding package. Francie threw the lei into the Pacific as is the Hawaiian custom, so the Riel surfers might want to be on the look out for Francie's floating flowers.

Once on the island of Kauai, Francie and Lyle drove back and forth to the airport as their tall kids- Brett, Bryce and Lyle, two friends- Brian & Matt, and nephews Michael & Megan arrived to fill their condo. Also arriving were Lyle's mother and sister and 2 nephews, the minister Scott and his wife and their son, and Barbara with guest representing Lyle's colleagues. The night before the wedding we had a non-rehearsal dinner of burgers, chicken and hot dogs which brought together the Hall & Riel families around an outdoor barbecue in paradise.

The wedding party consisted of bride and groom, the minister Scott, Celeste, Lyle's Mother, and Margaret all dressed to enjoy the sun. The event came together at the right moment without any glitches that plague more traditional weddings. The wedding guests mostly jumped on top of a picnic table to take pictures that featured a view of Kauai's canyon valley.

The wedding party mostly took place in the non conventional space of a tour bus with music that was selected by guests rather than by the bride and groom, and one sing along that was well known by the Riel children. Wisely, giving the winding roads up and down the Island's mountains, the guests did not attempt to drink, drive, and eat cake on the bus.

The wedding cake and accompanying toasts took place at the spacious condo decorated with colorful Hawaiian flowers. The cake, in rainbow colors to match the spirit of the day, featured a plastic replica of the Eiffel Tower with small red hearts flowing from the top--a piece of French that Lyle collected for this purpose at the moment of their engagement. Cake was consumed ignoring traditional cake side rituals. While the old Martha Steward would not have approved, it is amazing how new life circumstances can suggest offer new practices, and perhaps even Martha will agree now that she has time to reflect on this matter.

The partying continued through the week, as people went out to sea fishing, under the sea diving & snorkeling, on the rivers in kayaks, and dropping into the river on ropes. Megan said it was the best wedding ever--however, she has not had too much experience with weddings, this being her first. Perhaps some will need to tell her that board shorts, in matching wedding party colors, are not traditional.



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The Most Unusual Wedding Ever!!

By Hugh (Bud) Mehan
RFNL Staff Writer

The most unusual wedding in Riel Family history took place between Francie Sorem and Lyle Hall somewhere on the Island of Kuauai, Hawaii on June 22, 2003. Francie and Lyle commandeered a tourist bus for the day; 22 friends and family members jumped aboard. The tour bus driver, "Hilary" by name (who professed to be more attractive than the other Hillary), tried to give the group the standard tour of the island. But he finally relented to the songs and tributes prepared by the wedding party. Led by Francie and Lyle's friend, Scott, who was the designated wedding official, pre-recorded songs that reminded those in attendance and those who could not attend of Francie and Lyle were belted out over the loud-speaker system. Moving statements by Francie's parents and Lyle's Mom were read.

From time to time, Hilary, who is a good-Samaritan-type Hells Angel on his off duty time, was able to show the group the island's beautiful sites, including the Blow Hole, the Red Dirt Shirt Factory, a coffee plantation, Waimea Grand Canyon, and the Wailua River. Responding enthusiastically to Francie & Lyle's plans to marry at a gorgeous spot, he careened his bus crazily up the mountain so as to arrive at the wedding spot before the fog rolled in. His frenzied driving caused many aboard to turn green-which harmonized nicely with the blue color of the Pacific.

At the top of the mountain overlooking Waimea Canyon, Scott presided over a moving ceremony in which Francie and Lyle professed their undying love, shared their vows, and exchanged gorgeous rings. Upon returning to the Hall-Sorem sumptuous condo at the Marriott Resort in Poipu Beach, the group raised glasses of champagne and ate wedding cake with ice cream to the blushing bride and groom. Because this ceremony proceeded in reverse order (first kids, then honeymoon, then wedding), only soggy balls of rice left over from the previous night's dinner were thrown as Lyle and Francie walked hand-in-hand into the sunset.

You will be pleased to know that Brett Soren, fledgling videographer, videotaped the entire day's proceedings. He says that he will have a 12 hour show "soon." All family members and Innocent Bystanders will be expected to attend the first showing.



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The adventures of Carol and Jeff in Europe

We have the following interesting account of how Carol and Jeff are enjoying and/or coping with their travels through Italy and France. We hope to have some pictures for the next RFNL.

Dear all

As Carol and I celebrate our 24th today, we don't know how we put up with each other, but we have for 24 years and going strong!

We last updated you a week ago, and we've now got a full sense of Italy, and the Italians of us. These are the certainties of European travel (as we see it, anyway):

Whoever wrote the book Europe on \$5.00 a day would now re-title it: \$5.00 per minute! Italians can't drive. An of them. Crosswalks mean nothing. Even the policemen can't drive. And we've yet to see ANYONE getting a ticket, anywhere. Except in France. The national sport in Italy is See How Close We Can Come to Hitting The Tourists with the Luggage in the Crosswalk. Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha. I'm not laughing. They are.

As badly as they drive, they know how to eat. Everywhere. There are as many places to eat in Italy as people. Everyone with a sidewalk in front of their place sets up tables, chairs, umbrellas, and overpriced menus. Water is not provided unless you pay for it. Ice Cubes are a non-factor in Italy and France. Gelato, however, is a gift from God.

We over packed by about 25 lbs. each. We curse our luggage everyday we travel. We've already had to buy a new rolling suitcase for Carol as her first one bit the dust in Rome. Stairs are everywhere, esp. for train and metro riders like us. Our feet, calves and shoes are worn out, but nothing compared to our arms. We are writing a new exercise book as soon as we get back. Our chiropractor will have a field day with our backs, now fully tweaked from bad mattresses and heavy luggage. And Carol is working hard to make her luggage even heavier. \$\$\$\$ Did I mention shopping is only slightly below eating in Italy? If you don't own a restaurant, cafe, bar or gelati in Italy, you own a shop. Bathrooms are a whole new adventure in Italy. Most are added on, so either the toilet is in the shower, or the shower is on top of the toilet. You could easily do both at the same time if so inclined. And there are 3 types of public toilets, with seat, without seat and hole in the ground. Jeff's goal before ending this trip: master the use of a bidet. So far, not much luck. We now rate our hotels by the quality of the bathroom and whether there is air conditioning. Nothing else matters.

Vespas are the most obnoxious man-made invention in history, right up there with leaf blowers. The sound of a Vespa makes us jump, especially when we're crossing a street, alley or any pedestrian only area ignored by Vespas.

I am continuing the Armando-inspired scientific experiment begun in Nice, to examine the full width (so-to-speak) of topless beaches throughout Italy. I am happy to report they extend at least all the way to Positano, near Sorrento, Italy. We are visiting Lido today, so I'll have a complete north to south report by the end of the day. Not that I'm really looking that closely . . .

Train travel has been good and not-so-good. Most of the trains are on time, fast and fairly comfortable. The bad, some are over-crowded, rife with pick-pockets, smelly and graffiti covered. Since we can't read any of the graffiti, we just consider it modern muralism. Our most adventuresome trip was from Rome to Napoli when Carol and Jessica forget where Dusty and I were waiting with ALL THE LUGGAGE at track number 7 and hopped on the train at track number 10. We were still waiting when the train (the very fast and comfortable Eurostar, for which we paid extra for reserved seats) left the station, with the shoppers aboard. We didn't know where they were, of course, until we called Jessica's cell phone, and they informed us they were 1/2 hour closer to Naples than we were. We caught the next, 2nd class, train some 90 minutes late (Jeff's story, mine will be at a later date!).

We've had rainless, very hot and humid weather, though Venice is delightfully, unseasonably pleasant. Took the train through a rainstorm yesterday, but haven't seen a cloud in any of our stops. Positano was breathtakingly beautiful, and our Hotel California was large and nice. The views were unbelievable.

Rome was busy and exciting and hot. Oh yea, and yesterday we attended a mass with the Pope. No kidding. With 10,000 other folks and hangers-on in St. Peters. The church holds 95,000, so it wasn't even crowded. We didn't get to see the Pieta or Sistine Chapel, both closed off, so we may take a day trip to see them on Weds.

Dusty and Jessica are enjoying the hostel life more than we care to know. They are, however, meeting kids from all over the world and enjoying some time away from us...and vice-versa! Yesterday in Venice, they stayed next to three gals that just graduated from Scripps Ranch H.S. (Listy, Lindsey says hi and thanks for helping her with the late fine!) More later.

The traveling fools, Jeff, Carol, Dusty and Jessica