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# A Record Crop!



# NINE IN LESS THAN A YEAR!

Yes count 'em, NINE new family members in less than a year! Certainly that is a record that should stand for at least this generation of Riels. And yes there will be more, as we all know by now Michelle is expecting again. But we doubt that so many will hit again at the same time.

Here are some interesting facts that our family members should know:

- It will cost about \$306,000 to raise each child to an age of 18.
- Collectively, there will be 24,300 dirty diapers that will need to be changed in the first year.
- Of those 24,300 Diapers only a few dozen will be changed by the fathers.
- How about feeding? It's a safe bet that no matter what time it is, one of these nine kids is getting fed. Where are the dads? Outside cooking on the BBQ. How do you cook a steak for a newborn? Rare?
- And of course feeding leads to changing their clothes.
- Better figure on about 2,700 loads of laundry over the next year. Of which, Dads will only add to the problem.
- Also watch your back; literally, you will be picking up each child over 4,000 times over the next year.
- Oh yes, what about sleep? Each of you parents can expect to lose over 500 hours.



- You can expect that the grandparents will spoil your child at least 3,000 times.
- There will be more photos of each child in the first year than there were ever taken of the parents.
- By the way, newborns don't have kneecaps. Rather they have a structure of cartilage that resembles kneecaps. They usually don't develop them fully until after six months. Which is why babies "army crawl" instead of doing it on all fours.
- Many will grow up and take on jobs that are not even defined as of today. Think about what you do today, was it possible 20 years ago?
- Did you know that a baby cannot taste salt until it is 4 months old? But wait what about chocolate?
- But in all the numbers, facts and figures above only one really matters: It's the eternal love that parents have for their children.



Seamus and Kristy announce Baby Number 3! Due the beginning of January 2015. Who knows maybe a new record will be set the count is 2, any-more out there?



# Curtis Speaks to the Class of 2014

*I know that reading a speech can be lame...but in some ways, you have all helped me live through Curtis' deployment. So now we can all see how it helped to shape him into the man he is today. With graduations around us...I thought this was a wonderful reminder on how to choose to live your life to the fullest.*

*Thanks for indulging me, love, Birdy*



*From Lauren:*

*So...because Curtis never brags about himself, I will on his behalf. Yesterday afternoon (around 3:30) the VP told him that the senior class held a vote for a speaker for the next day's graduation assembly and they voted for him (he tied with another teacher) and he has only a few hours to write the speech for tomorrow.*

*I teared up reading it, it is so good. He got a standing ovation today by the school after his speech. It is attached for your reading enjoyment. Hope all is well. Lauren*

Ladies and Gentleman, Faculty, guests, Mr. Yeazel, and, most importantly, the St. John Bosco High School Class of 2014, thank you. For some strange reason you guys voted to have me speak to you today, to perhaps impart what little wisdom I possess, in what is likely the first of many such speeches you will be receiving over the next three days.

While I am honored by the gesture, I must question your wisdom in knowingly inflicting me for five uninterrupted minutes on a school-wide audience. I can only hope and pray that as you move forward you all make better choices.

In all seriousness, I am deeply grateful to have been chosen by you, the class of 2014, to speak today as in many respects you are my first class here at St. John Bosco. I taught many of you last year in my first semester here at Bosco in World Religions, and almost all of you this year either in Psychology or AP Art History. Those who I did not get to teach probably still darkened my door during some lunch or break time.

In that time, it has been my privilege to get to know you, and walk with each of you on this journey, and though it is a bit of a cliché, I have truly learned as much from you as I hope you have learned from me.

Much can, and already has, been said about the class of 2014. At some point someone will probably compose an epic saga about your athletic feats. But I am a teacher, and the field where I met you most was the intellectual ground of my classroom.

At the beginning of his Metaphysics, Aristotle said: "All men desire by nature to know." I think this may best summarize my experience of working with you, the class of 2014. All of you desire to know....you may not desire to work (James Flores), or write a paper (Cookson), but you all possess an unquenchable thirst for knowledge that will serve as your lodestar in the coming years of college, work and beyond.

Now comes the part of the speech where I smoothly transition from praise to some sort of life advice, where I impart what wisdom I supposedly possess onto you, and you pretend to listen. Well, I hope you do, because in this case I think I actually have something somewhat meaningful. As you may recall from Psychology, humans remember things better when they are couched in a narrative. So I hope you will bear with me as I indulge in a little storytelling, with the hope that you may remember this somewhere down the line.

My story takes place on a relatively large base in the south of Iraq, near where the Tigris and Euphrates rivers meet and form a marshy delta. This region has the unpleasant benefit of being both insufferably hot and humid. At this point, I had been deployed to Iraq for roughly 11 months, and had only one final month to go before I could return to the U.S. and get on with the rest of my life.

I had gone on numerous missions, detained several of insurgents and remained safe while doing so through a mixture of luck and painstaking preparation. I was driving around base in a HMMVW, rehearsing for our next mission with a couple team members of mine, when we heard the siren for Indirect Fire go off. In our armored vehicle, we knew that we were in a relatively safe place and didn't do much but roll to a stop and wait it out. Just down the road from where we parked, two soldiers I didn't know had just emerged from the coffee shop, and were casually walking down the street. I am sure they heard the siren, but elected to do nothing, likely reasoning that the odds of getting hit were small, and that jumping into a nearby bunker would cost them their recently bought coffee. On a something like 999 out of a thousand days, that would have been a safe bet, but on that day, those two chose poorly. Both were killed by an incoming round.

That day taught me an important lesson. We live our lives all too often looking towards the future. Counting down to graduation, the end of a deployment, how many units till we finish our degree, how many minutes till class ends. We meter out our lives in minute and seconds, counting down to attaining that next goal in the master plan: earn this degree to get this job to meet this wife and have the following number of kids. We defer and delay our enjoyment of life to some later date, assuming that that later date will arrive and we will be whole and healthy enough to enjoy it. This is madness.

It would be foolish to live each day like it is your last, but it is equally foolish to assume that that last day is so far away that it can be safely ignored. You get only one lifetime, however long or short. My advice to you, class of 2014, is to enjoy that lifetime. When you are leafing (or scrolling) through your course catalog, sign up for at least one course that looks fun and interesting, and take it for no other reason than that. Chase girls, get your heart broken, and get up and do it again. Play video games, never stop playing them. Sign up for some clubs, make some new friends. Do something gloriously stupid. Enjoy your college experience to the fullest (but not at the cost of your GPA). In short, make plans for the future, but don't forget to enjoy the present.

I wish each and every one of you a long life, but please remember that a long life is meaningless if it isn't filled with joy and love.

Congratulations class of 2014. Enjoy today, enjoy these next three days, and find joy in each day of the rest of your lives.

# Braeden turns 1!



It was an Irish Party held at Kristy and Seamus Keith's house for Braeden who turned 1 on May 25<sup>th</sup> and learned all about the good things in life that are green and sticky! The house was adorned with an Over the Rainbow flavor and many other colorful ribbons and decorations. Braeden had many friends there already to compete for his new toys. Seamus got to show off this many new decks he built and the landing spot for the soon to be play ground.





**And Three is  
our lucky  
number this  
month for  
TWO reasons!**

By Listy Gillingham

On May 16, 2014 we were honored to watch Annie get her bilingual credential from San Diego State University. She walked with 12 other classmates in her program (bilingual) and 66 other graduates who picked up elementary and secondary credentials. We are also thrilled to announce that she signed a contract for next year where she will be teaching first grade in an immersion program school at Riverview Elementary in Lakeside. Students enter the program speaking English only and they're taught all of their classes in Spanish. The expectation is all English instruction should be done at home, so the students can learn to read and write in Spanish at school. Annie loves this approach as she was a student teacher at the same school this last spring and has had a great time learning from her now colleagues all the ins and outs of developing lessons in Spanish. She was also hired to recruit Spaniards to come to America and push into the classrooms as an assistant (much like she did in Spain for the last three years). And, she is now traveling for the summer in Spain enjoying a month of vacation and a month of work (can anyone really call it work in Spain?).

And, our other big news, is that Kristy is pregnant with baby Keith #3! So though we aren't quite up to the numbers Birdy and Carol have, for having only one kid married, we are certainly doing our part for the next generation.



## NEWS FROM YELLOWSTONE

Once again Karla and I are on our 3 week RV adventure starting with Yellowstone. In fact most of this newsletter was prepared up here and will be published while we are on the road, but back to Yellowstone. This park has become our favorite spot to visit just because it's different every time we come. This year is spectacular, spring has sprung, but there is still snow on the ground in certain areas. When we arrived on Sunday the 8th we were greeted with a hail storm that made it feel like it was almost snowing. It only lasted a few minutes and then the sun was out again.

As I said the park always serves up new experiences each time we visit and this year was no different, unfortunately it was also very tragic. We had decided to take a hike to Fairy Falls (about 5 miles round trip) on what was a very windy day. We had gotten down the trail about ½ mile when I told Karla I was going to climb up to an overlook of the Great Reflecting pond to take some pictures. It was only a few 100 yards off the main trail but it was a very steep slope so she waited below.

As I approached the top I noticed a group was already taking advantage of the view. Then I heard a loud crack and saw that an old tree, about 35' high was falling down. I yelled "look out" but the tree fell right where the group was (about 10 yards from me), I asked is every one all right and got no response. As I approached them I asked again and realized that it was an Asian group that did not speak English very well. One lady told me that that they had a very badly injured friend and to call 911. Here is the problem, you are in the wilderness and cell reception is very spotty at best.



I yelled down to Karla to get help telling her we had a bad accident and we needed medical help fast. Another lady tried her cell phone with no results, so she started running back down the trail toward the parking area. She also relayed the message as far ahead as she could. Working with other visitors the call for help moved down the path, to the parking lot, where two maintenance employees called in for help. Then the reverse happened and again it was relayed down the trail that help was coming.

Meanwhile, Karla was stopping everyone on the trail asking if they had any medical training. She found an EMT and a first year med student who as luck would have it had a first aid kit in her back pack. The EMT was up in a flash and took control by putting pressure on the head wound that was really bleeding badly, also the guy (about in his mid-30s) was bleeding out of his mouth. We didn't want to move him because we didn't know if he had any spinal injuries. But the EMT made a plan in case the victim stopped breathing. By the time the med student got there, the EMT had the bleeding slowed down considerably. She helped to assess the wounds and try and stabilize him. As the news traveled down the path an orthopedic surgeon responded and the three of them took care of the guy until the rangers and ambulances showed up, which took about 25 minutes.

During this period he was not very responsive but could grunt when talked to. With the help of the rangers and other medical personnel, he was transported to the trailhead to wait for air rescue to arrive. Unfortunately, once there, he could not be revived and died at the scene.

Here is the thing to keep in mind about this incident; things happen, and you never know when they will happen to you. Nature is unforgiving, and at times extremely cruel, but the way everyone accepted responsibility to help, without question, is a true testament to the human spirit. National parks can show you a lot of different things, but today Yellowstone highlighted not only the horrific consequences of nature in its rawest form, but, even though in a vain attempt, it also showed off the terrific nature in its own visitors to the park.



The man, who I later found out was from Taiwan, the Republic of China, probably never knew what hit him. Hopefully he passed without much pain. It's a very tragic set of circumstances that led to his death. Even though I only briefly spoke with his friends I felt their obvious pain. There are no words that can heal their pain, only time will do that. I hope that time goes quickly...

# Edith the Golfing Legend

--by her golfing partner Margaret

As most of you know, Mom has been playing golf for 50 years. For many of those years she and Dad played at the Stardust County Club. But in more recent years they played on Mondays at the Admiral Baker Golf Course. After his stroke, Dad continued to come with her for as long as he could manage, but soon it fell to me to take up the clubs and partner with Mom. In doing this, I have learned how well loved Mom is at the golf course.

In part it might be due to the fact that Mom always brings a large container of small chocolate candies to the people in the pro shop. This act of kindness has made her well known by all of the staff, some of whom only know her as the candy lady. Jimmy, the person who used to drive the support golf cart would always stop and give us a handful of “sacrificial balls” for hitting over the water. The person who replaced Jimmy tells us that it makes his day to see us on the course. He goes out of his way to chat with Mom and always has nice things to say about her and Dad. One of the other workers asked if he could have his picture taken with Mom who he called “a legend on this golf course.”



The golf course effects a change on Mom that is wonderful to see. While in some contexts the almost 90 years slow her down a bit, but as soon as she steps foot on the golf course, she sheds the weight of time and moves with speed and skill. She would never think of using a golf cart. For her, golf is a game of being outdoors, walking after a small white ball, that most often moves down the center of the fairway but not as far as it might have years ago. It is lovely to see her swing that club. All of her energy and power is transferred to the simple task of guiding that ball to the hole. We play nine holes instead of the eighteen that she used to play but she loves every minute of it. She often tells the people at the golf course that she would be perfectly happy if her last minutes on earth were spent playing golf.

We should all be so lucky to find something that brings so much joy and relaxation. For Mom it brings back memories of Dad and the many years they had together. So for a few hours each week, life is simple and she is still walking with Dad down the fairway.

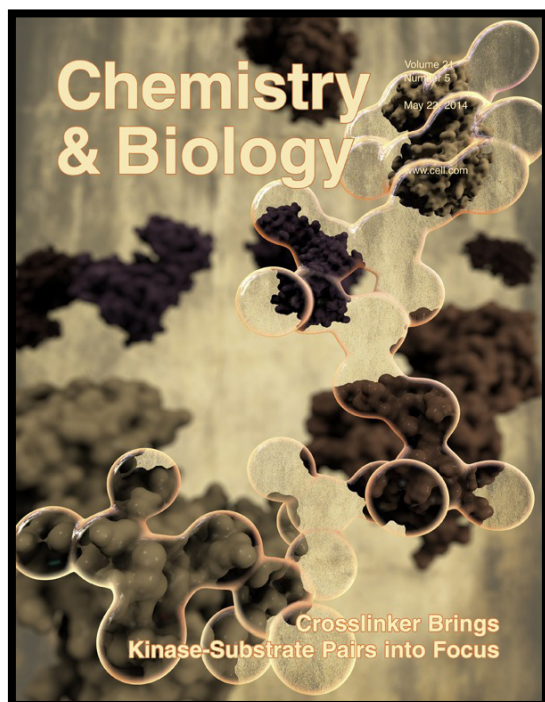
# FAMILY SHORTS



I can't believe it's already been 6 weeks since the twins were born! Time flies when your hands are always full! I don't know how grandma and grandpa did it because Miguel and I quickly learned that when the kids outnumber the adults, chaos ensues. We were lucky to have my parents here for a few weeks and Miguel's parents have been a big help. We all realized that raising twins and a toddler is a four person job (3 people to manage the kids and 1 person just to wash all the bottles, change a million diapers, and do laundry every day).

When Miguel and I are alone we just look at each other in disbelief at the amount of work, sweat, and patience this entails. So... we decided to spend the summer in San Diego! My parents have graciously agreed to take all 5 of us in and help us out. Miguel will be traveling back and forth and I will be praying that I am never left completely alone with all my little ones. If you want to come by and hold a baby or play with a rambunctious 3 year old, please do! We can cure any case of baby fever! Also, to all my cousin moms, I can lend a very sympathetic ear or we can just exchange war stories. We can't wait to see everyone and introduce you to the newest members of the family!

- Love, Jessica



Megan's article detailing her PhD work was just published in Chemistry and Biology, and to add to that excitement, the artwork she submitted with it was chosen as the cover image. Congratulations Megan!



Richard who sings with the St. Columba Contemporary Choir for Spirit filled music recently met the Bishop after the choir performed during a Confirmation Ceremony.



On June 7, Mom, Ed, Margaret, Carol, Jeff, me, and the twins all met for lunch at their usual hangout Sammy's restaurant. After a nice lunch and lots of gossip the group decided to celebrate the Twin's birthday one last time, by ordering a very large and messy sunday.

Out came the sunday with plenty of chocolate and whipped cream. Of course the Twins could not possibly finish it without the help of everyone else at the party. As many of you know this family has never let chocolate go to waste and today was no exception. We all had a fun time together an look forward to celebrating many more birthday with this new tradition. Reporting for RFNL... Francie Sorem



Participant Detail	
439	Listy Gillingham
	San Diego, CA
	Age: 55   Gender: F
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Overall: <b>2752</b> out of 5332</li> <li>• Division: <b>14</b> out of 74</li> <li>• Gender: <b>918</b> out of 2245</li> </ul>	
• 10 km	• 0:59:18
• half	• 2:08:37
• 20 mi	• 3:27:04
• Pace	• 10:55
• Chip Time	• 04:45:54
• Clock Time	• 04:49:16

Listy just finished her 17th straight Rock & Roll Marathon. In fact, she has competed and finished in every Rock & Roll Marathon held in San Diego, making her a legacy runner, one of less than 100 people in the world who can make that claim! Listy ran the race with good friends and fellow running colleagues Doug and Kym Farkas, congratulations to all!