

Storks  
Drop-off  
Here



Riley ♡



# Welcome To The Family Riley!



February 6, 2014

Dear Riel Family Memebers,

We are so excited to introduce our third baby boy to the RFNL family! While all of you were off gallivanting in the wild streets of Las Vegas, Riley Hendee Keith was born at 1:23 am on January 4th, 2015. He weighed in at 7 pounds, 8 ounces, and measured 20.5 inches long. The smallest and longest Keith boy. His birth was, by far, the easiest and least eventful of all three of our kids.

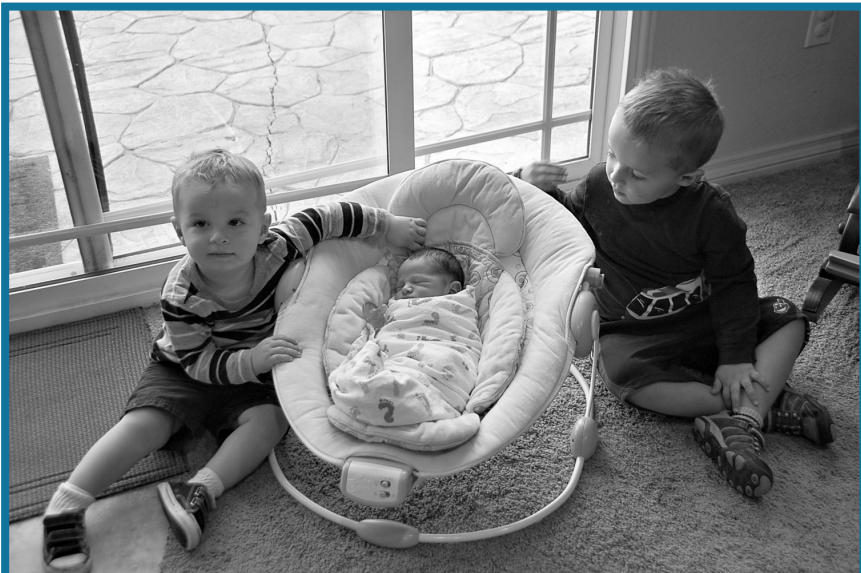
I will always remember Liam's birth as the LOOOOONGEST. Everything took forever. From waiting for him to arrive (he was seven days late), to laboring for close to 20 hours, to pushing for over four hours.



Everything with Liam was just LONG (ask my parents about their waiting room adventures).

By contrast, Braeden's birth was far too QUICK!! We thought we had the whole labor thing figured out from having done it once already, but Braeden had other things in mind. Perhaps his current obsession with fire trucks stems from the fact that he was almost born IN one as we barely made it to the hospital on time??

But Riley, he was the good one. Despite the fact that he didn't heed any of Grandma Listy's warnings about waiting until after the Vegas trip to arrive, he took it easy on me from the get-go. Once I was fully dilated, it only took two and a half push-





es to get him out! And he's been a dream child ever since! I guess he realized early on that if he wanted to get any attention in this crazy household, he had to be sweet, and mellow, and easy-going. Well, he nailed it! He's definitely the calm in the Keith boy storm!

Aside from a few eye-poking incidents and some overly-aggressive kissing, Liam and Braeden have been amazing big brothers so far. Once Liam realized that Riley is too young to take any of his toys, he was sold. And Braeden just likes that he can get away with murder for the 20 minutes that mommy is feeding Riley, so they were BFFs from day one!

We are loving being a family of five, and we are so excited for all of you to meet our newest addition in the near future!

Lots of love, The Keiths



PS - We need to send a serious shout-out to our knight in shining armor, our hero, our guardian angel...ANNIE!!! She was there every step of the way as soon as we realized we were in labor and needed help with the two big boys. Without her, we may have actually followed through with the threat of having a child in a fire truck after all. Annie, we owe you big time. You're our own personal ROCKSTAR.



# FAMILY SHORTS



Scott and Karen are touring Rome and of course seeing all the great sites that city has to offer. Like wine shops, pizza shops, beer bars, and if they have time maybe the Coliseum and the Vatican. I'm sure Scott will have a full story in his adventures for next month's edition. Unless, of course, if they are still in Rome. In that case we will buy them dinner because ... yes Karla and I are headed to Europe in March!



So just who is this young lady with the brand new hair cut? Is this a Photoshop rendition of someone in the family? Or could this be our own Michelle sporting a new quaff that even Aunt Francie would be proud of.



Carol and Jeff made the journey to the east coast last month to visit the Rios family and especially the grandkids. While there they had a chance to visit the Adventure Aquarium and as you can see it was far from being a warm day at the beach like they experience in San Diego. However, they had a wonderful time because after all, any day with the Grandkids... has to be a great day!



February is Uncle/ Nephew month, be sure to spend some time together. All you second generation kids that are both Nephews and Uncles have to do double duty just to be sure not to forget anyone!



# Bet 'ya didn't know!

By Bruce Hartman

This month's "Bet 'ya didn't Know" is all about Annie. We met for dinner on Friday night for the sole purpose of digging and prying into Annie's life to bring you all something that... I bet you didn't know!

Only just a very few years ago Annie was living in Spain and teaching English to age 3 through adult learners. There were some frustrating times which, at the time, had Annie on the bubble with trying to decide her direction. She was at the end of a three year chapter of her life in Spain and Annie was giving serious consideration to the pursuit of a law degree with her eye toward a career in law. Interestingly enough it was living in Spain that killed the idea of that degree.

In Spain the people "work to live" but here in the U.S. we tend to "live to work." This insightful perspective gave Annie a more balanced look at what she was doing with her life and the good she was bringing to those that she worked with. Annie recognized that, on the whole, Americans were more creative and innovative in the work place / classroom than those people she worked with in Europe. She decided that the world needed more people like herself in the classroom that had a true passion to teach...something she was beginning to recognize she possessed but was sadly missing in Spain.



Annie's desire to make a difference brought her home with a laser-like focus on obtaining a teaching credential and getting into a classroom. She began this year as a first grade classroom teacher in a Spanish immersion school. Annie teaches all the subjects including PE and Art in Spanish to a class of six year olds that, for the most part, do not speak Spanish. She starts her day at 7:15am and ends at 3:00pm and in all that time never utters a single word in English. There was no hesitation in her answer when I asked if this was simply a job or was this to be her career. Without a doubt this is Annie's passion.

I asked Annie what she felt was the best part of her job. Her answer showed me a side of her I hadn't noticed before. I realized I was interviewing a mature, professional woman and not my little niece Annie when she explained that the best part of her job was being witness to the kids just being six years old with the innocents and magical moments that go along with that. She expressed that she wished she had another adult in the room to share some of those magical moments with. When I followed that question with "what is the worst part of your job?" her answer was similar: "'being witness to them being six years old!" When all of them are melting down and she is tired there is a recipe for the perfect storm. Luckily those days are few and far between.

It was so awesome to listen to Annie speak about her life path with all the confidence in the world. She is setting some lofty goals with a plan to go for her master's degree in language, administration or policy in bilingual education. She is exceptional at her job and is able to articulate why that is... "We are nearly halfway through my first year and no one has died yet." Annie is retrospective and goes through the process of self-analysis regularly to keep herself on the right path. When I asked her if this was her dream job or more of a stepping stone toward a different path there was pause. She absolutely loves the classroom but nonetheless feels that this is more likely a stepping stone to do more in the bilingual education world. She sees bilingual education as being in its infancy and in serious need of research and development and sees herself in either an administrative or research role down the road. For now, Annie is fulfilled and loving what she is doing!

This next summer Annie has been invited back to Spain as the director of the "Study Abroad Program." It is a one month commitment but she will stay in Europe for an additional month or more to take in the sights that she hopes will include Iceland for at least some of the time.



It is so cool to watch all of our kids grow up and become something! It was absolutely my pleasure to sit and chat with Annie about her life and plans for the future...these are not kids anymore! I look forward to interviewing my next victim! Perhaps Megan Rewald is next...or will it be a Benesch?

# Grandpa Frank remembers growing up...

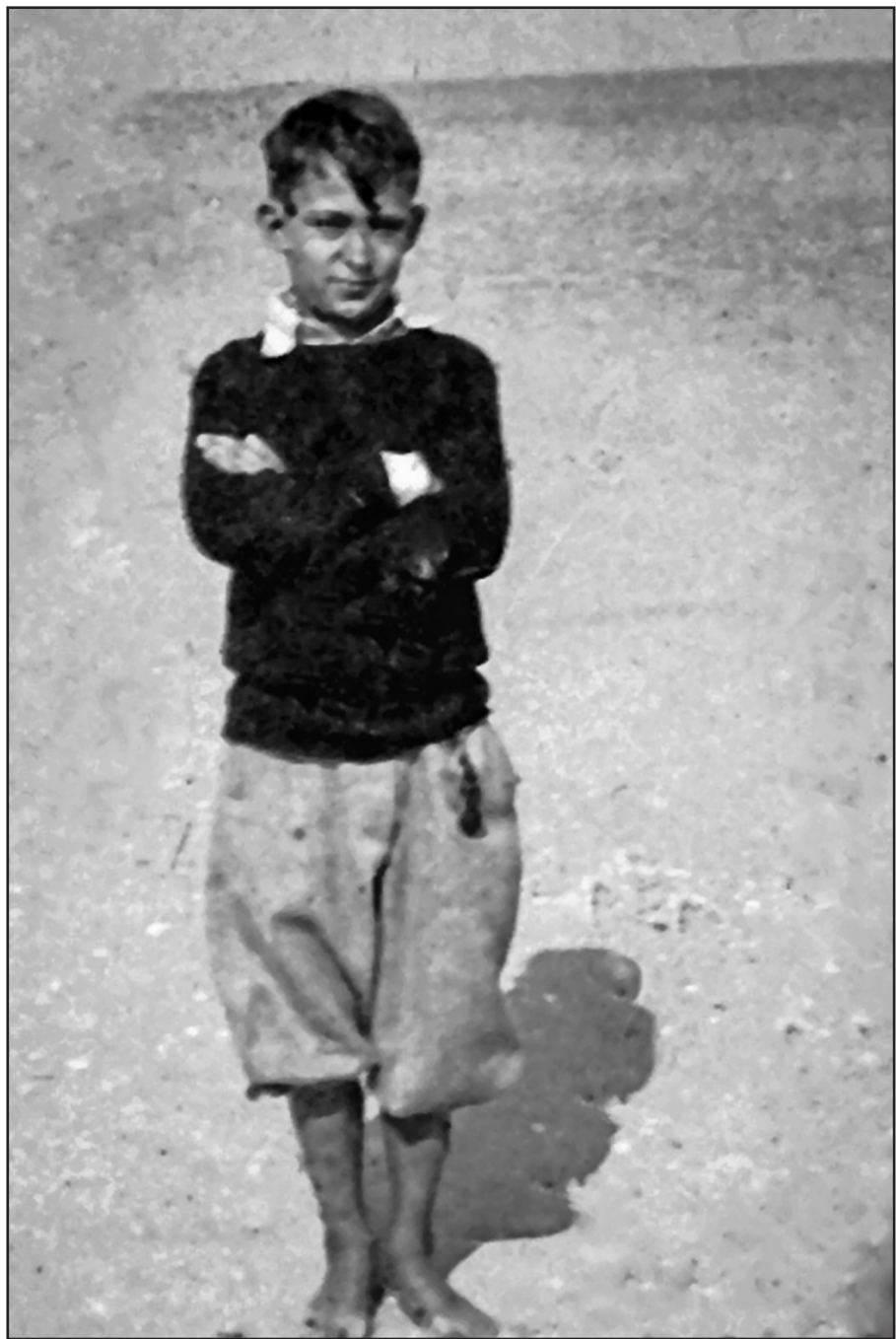
*Editor's note: The following is a reprinting of Grandpa Frank's notes on growing up in Fremont Ohio, while many of us remember this story, I thought some of the younger generations could now learn to appreciate how life was back in the 1920s. In contrast I have added notes about how I grew up in the 1960s to see how much life can change in 40 years.*

## **PREFACE - Frank Riel**

The purpose of this document is to set down in writing a history of the life of the author, and a description of the way things were during the formative years of his life. Its intent is to provide for his descendants some insight into their past, with respect to where they came from, and also the prevailing lifestyles which influenced the characteristics of their ancestors. In addition to the author, the document also includes the ancestry of the author's wife, Edith, to the degree that it can be recorded. Obviously, the accuracy of the contents are subject to memory limitations, and some details may be subject to best recollections. However, the basic contents of this document can be considered to truthfully describe the life and times of the author, and only the less significant details may be influenced by faulty recollections.

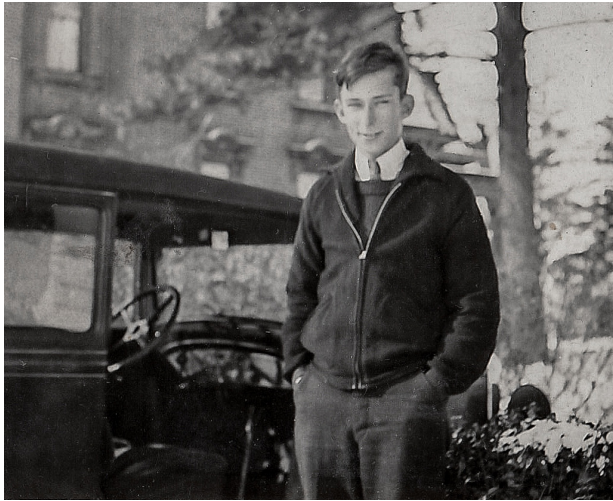
## **The Place and the Time Fremont, Ohio, 1921 - 1941**

In the mid-nineteen twenties life in a small Midwestern farming community was simple, by whatever set of standards you may care to apply. Modern-day problems of violent crime, racial disturbances, street gangs, excessive sexuality, alcoholism, drug abuses, and the like, simply did not exist, or if they were present, their scale and visibility was such that they had no discernible influence on the local scene.

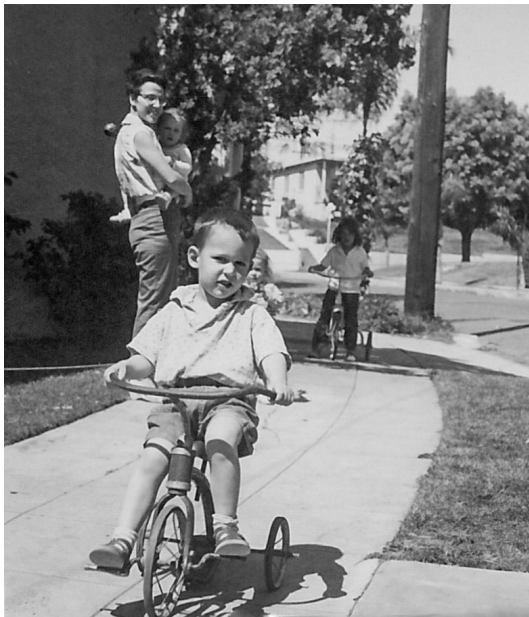




To be sure, big city problems existed, and were reported in the local press. The kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby, and the subsequent events were described in detail. The doings of the crime bosses, Al Capone, John Dillinger, and the like were covered whenever some especially heinous event came to light. However, it must be understood that the world was bigger than it now is. The big cities were a long way from Fremont and a trip to Cleveland, a distance of some 90



miles, was a major event, involving careful pre-planning, an early morning departure by auto, and a slow and careful journey along paved but two lane highways, with traffic in both directions. The age of the automobile had arrived, but its major influence on travel was in the formative stage. The rapid movement of large numbers of people from one city to another was limited by equipment and highway limitations. Since the big cities were so remote, problems experienced by them were theirs, and had little to do with life in our town.



### *The Place and the Time San Diego, California, 1960 - 1975*

*I grew up in the Mission Hills community of San Diego. Mission Hills was, and still is, a very quiet, upper-class, community perched on the hills above downtown San Diego.*

*Because we had such a large family, we had a rather large house that was set on the edge of what became the best playground we kids could ever have, the canyon. Our house had 3 floors of main living area, an attic that Dad had converted into a large bedroom with 3 beds, lots of closet space and two study areas, and a large, unfinished basement that one could easily walk around in.*

*Our neighborhood was considered upscale, quiet and a very safe place to live. To be sure there was crime in San Diego, lots of it in fact, but it never really made it to Mission Hills other than the occasional petty crimes that seem to happen everywhere. As kids our biggest concern was the guy in the old overcoat, wearing yellow glasses and a top hat, who walked around the neighborhood carrying an old bag all the time. It was rumored that he carried a gun under that hat, so we should all steer clear of him. The truth is more likely that he was just an old man that liked to walk for his health, but then that would not have made such a good story to us kids.*

*I grew up in the times where the big news was the assassination of President Kennedy and later his brother Robert and also later Dr. King. The space age had just started and Russia was seen as the one nation hell bent on destroying the USA. There were air raid sirens, on big yellow poles, that went off once a week at noon as a practice for the “real thing”. Although I’m not sure what we would do if the “real thing” ever came as we didn’t have a bomb shelter at our house. I do remember one person building a shelter in his front yard but that was down by Grant School and some distance from our house.*

*Television was just getting started and was only in black and white. Because we lived at the bottom of a hill our reception was not very good. We could get 3 channels, 6, 8 and 10. Then Dad decided to add a motorized antenna on the roof and we really thought we were living because now, not only did we get much better reception, but we could also pick up channel 13 out of Los Angeles.*



*By the way, Dad’s idea of a remote control was telling one of us kids to get up and change the channel, which not only entailed turning a knob on the TV, but also changing the rotation of the antenna on the roof (via the remote switch set next*

*to the TV). This whole process could take as much as 1 minute so channel surfing was not really practical and a good TV guide was essential.*

*Telephones were hard wired to the wall or an outlet and the way you made them somewhat portable was to have a 25’ cord on the handset that would allow you to walk around and do other things at the same time. Our phone number started with “CY” which was short for Cypress. I guess that when phone numbers first came out they used words and numbers together to make it easier for one to remember.*

*As a side note, the phone was just as important back then to the social development of young children as it is today. Except back then there was only one phone and we all had to share it. This resulted in time limits on calls, almost constant fights about who was on the phone, and with 5 sisters who are not known to be able to keep any conversation short, all-out war when one was expecting an “important” call.*

*Cars were big and bulky with lots of room in them. Since gas was relatively cheap (about 25 cents a gallon), there was not a lot of concern over gas mileage. Dad drove an old, stick shifting, metropolitan coup made by Nash. Mom drove the family station wagon that had a push-button automatic transmission system. I’m not really sure but I believe that our entire family could fit in that wagon. I remember many a trip to Disneyland stuck in the very back with the twins for what seemed like hours but was probably less than 2. Speaking of Disneyland, there were still orange*

*groves all around it when we made our first trips. Basically it was located out in the country away from the city life. Of course that has all changed now, but from what I remember it was truly a magical sight as the Matterhorn became visible above the orange fields.*

*During my entire lifetime in Fremont, I cannot recall a single instance of a report of any kind of violent crime occurring in our community. As far as racial problems are concerned, there was a small black population. In those days they were referred to as “colored people” or “colored folks”. They lived in one section of town on a street along the river and not far from the downtown section. I suppose they were discriminated against with respect to employment opportunities. No black person could be seen working in any service position, such as a clerk in a store. There were no black professionals of any kind, and so far as I can recall, their job opportunities were limited to those involving menial labor. However, I do recall two who were in my high school class, and they seemed to be treated no differently than anyone else. I knew them only causally, but would say “hi” if we passed on a downtown street. Although they lived in houses of lesser style than the town average they probably enjoyed a far better life style than the modern black living in a big city ghetto, where modern antidiscrimination laws have not yet solved the basic needs of a better education and a fair chance to compete in the job market. Of course sheer numbers are a factor, and the size of the black popula-*

tion in Fremont was such that they easily fit into the local economy. There was one other racial, minority, the “Pollocks” as those of Polish ancestry were called. The all lived in one area on the west side of town, in houses which generally were of a class in-between those of the blacks and the average homeowner. So far as I could tell, once they left the confines of their own residential area they were indistinguishable from anyone else. I suppose there were some older persons who retained their native language and customs, but for the most part they seemed to be integrated into the community in all ways except housing.

*The 60's were a time of great racial tension but that never made it to our neighborhood. In fact, I never even encountered a “black person” until I was around 4 or 5. I remember driving with mom through hillcrest, which at that time was the center of commerce for the area, and seeing a black man driving a car. I pointed him out to Mom and said “that guy really needs a bath.” Mom was mortified! She quickly explained the idea of race in such a way that to me, there was no difference other than the color of our skin between us. Unfortunately at that time this was a significantly rare opinion and later I was to learn that there were people out there with a vastly different point of view than my parents held.*

*Like I mentioned before, Mission Hills was a community of San Diego and there were many others that were not as economically and socially developed. San Diego had its own areas of not what one would call a ghetto, but more a poorer loca-*

*tion of town. We had areas of black population, usually in the southeast side of the city, and a large Mexican population that tended to be in the south by Chula Vista and National City. We also had a significant Italian population but from what I remember they were, for the most part, very “well-to-do” as my Mom would say. They were the owners and workers on what was once known as the great San Diego tuna fleet. Tuna was a very lucrative business back then and many boat owners lived in the prestigious Point Loma or La Jolla areas of San Diego.*

As far as unwed motherhood and teenage pregnancy are concerned, these events represented a sin which shamed not only the individual involved but also the entire family. Consequently they never occurred, or if they did, they were carefully concealed from public knowledge. I can recall once or twice when a high school girl simply disappeared from the scene, and inquiry revealed that she was visiting an aunt and uncle somewhere in Iowa. It never really occurred to me that there was anything wrong, or that her absence was due to anything other than a longing to visit distant relatives. Teenage childbirth simply was not acceptable behavior in our town, and if it occurred it was a well-kept secret.

As far as alcohol abuse is concerned, it must be recalled that the 18th amendment to the U.S. Constitution was enacted in 1919, and was in essence, a consolidation of many years of local regulations regarding the manufacture and use of alcoholic beverages. The repeal of prohibition, via the 21st amend-

ment, occurred in 1933, hence during most of the time frame under discussion alcohol was not readily available. However, the terms “bootleggers”, (dealers in illegal liquor), and “speak easies”, (places where illegal drinks were purchased and consumed) were common, and those who were interested in indulging apparently experienced no difficulty in locating suitable sources for their needs.

However, in the predominately protestant Midwestern community the use of alcoholic beverages was considered to be a serious moral transgression only a notch or two below adultery on the sin totem pole. Consequently indulgence in alcohol was somewhat like unwed pregnancy in that, if it existed, it was carefully hidden from public scrutiny.

Occasionally, someone would refer to the “town drunk”, but I do not recall any one person who laid claim to that dubious distinction. Once in a while I recall seeing a somewhat seedy individual slowly meandering into the “comfort station”, the term used to define the down town public bath room maintained for the convenience of the many shoppers who descended on the business district, especially on Saturday night. On the whole, public drinking was not evident, and if someone had asked me where a drink might be obtained, I would not have had the slightest idea where to send him.

Even after the repeal of prohibition things did not change very much except for the appearance of a very few establishments where drinks were sold and/or consumed. Be-

cause of the strong moral attitude against drinking, the community by and large remained “dry” even after the legality issue was put to rest.

The use of drugs was recognized, of course, but not in Fremont. The mention of drug abuse conjured up an image of a pigtailed oriental reclined on a wooden bench in a darkened, smoke filled room and puffing on a long stemmed pipe. The caption on the picture read “an oriental dope fiend in opium den”. China was someplace about a million miles past Toledo, and was about as remote as one of the outermost planets.

To the best of my knowledge there were no “Orientals” in town, although the term “Chinese hand laundry” was a part of the vocabulary. If there was a hand laundry somewhere nearby it must have been operated by a Chinese person, and if there was a Chinese person, he must have operated a hand laundry. During our geography lessons we did learn that there was a city in California which had a “Chinatown” containing only residents of oriental extraction. San Francisco was only about a half a million miles beyond Toledo, and in order of remoteness was about as far away as the moon.

*Considering Dad's comments on unwed pregnancies, there certainly were a lot more of them during my childhood, although in our neighborhood it was a rare event. However in the late 60's and into the 70's was the so called sexual revolution. There were statements like “free love” and “make love not war”, the*

*so called hippies were into experimentation not only with sex but also drugs. Triple X rated movies became main stream and most every movie had a sex scene in it so it could be rated “R”, because anything less was a kid's movie. I remember my first “R” rated movie, the Godfather. Francie and her “boyfriend of the week” took me to see it. I am sure that it got its rating because of the graphic violence but there was short nude scene in it that I thought at the time, really, this is what all the big deal is all about? I had seen more than that while taking hikes in the local mountains as girls hiking topless was not unusual. Also there was black's beach where swimsuits were optional.*

*Alcohol and cigarettes were seen as social requirements for a good time. I remember Mom would always have cigarettes on the coffee table for any guest that didn't bring their own. Drinking was just part of the life back then, this is not to say that either Mom or Dad drank to excess, they didn't. But Dad would have his beer and Mom her wine and that was about it unless they were throwing a “Bridge Party”. I remember being a bar host when I was about 10. Mom had this serving cart that was loaded up with rum, scotch, whisky, gin, and all other kinds of “mixers” which I would push from table to table and make the drinks as directed by the guests. Then after the opening round I was dismissed as the party was starting to get a bit livelier and thus not appropriate for young kids.*

*Drugs on the other hand, were and still are, the scourge on society that they have often been described as. I think Drugs were just one more way to be different from the rest of society.*

*I also believe that in the early 60's the lasting effects were not known and thus was seen as harmless experimentation by many who partook in this activity. As I became a teenager the effects were well documented and exaggerated to a point that I was so scared of having my brain fried that I never once tried them.*



*It should be noted that our neighborhood really was our world. Many things took place outside of it that really did not affect us, so we just didn't pay that much attention to them. To say I had a sheltered life is not fair, I knew there were problems in the world, even in my own city where there were major issues. But growing up in an upper-class community gave me some insulation from these problems and allowed me to make up my own mind by considering the issue but not having to live it. This is neither good, nor bad, just the way it was. It's not like today where there is much more diversity with your friends on Facebook, Twitter or whatever, whom all may be part of a completely different community. But that is now and I hoped to help you understand about what it was like when I grew up. Much Like Dad tried with his notes. We will have more the next time where Dad discusses his community in much more detail...*