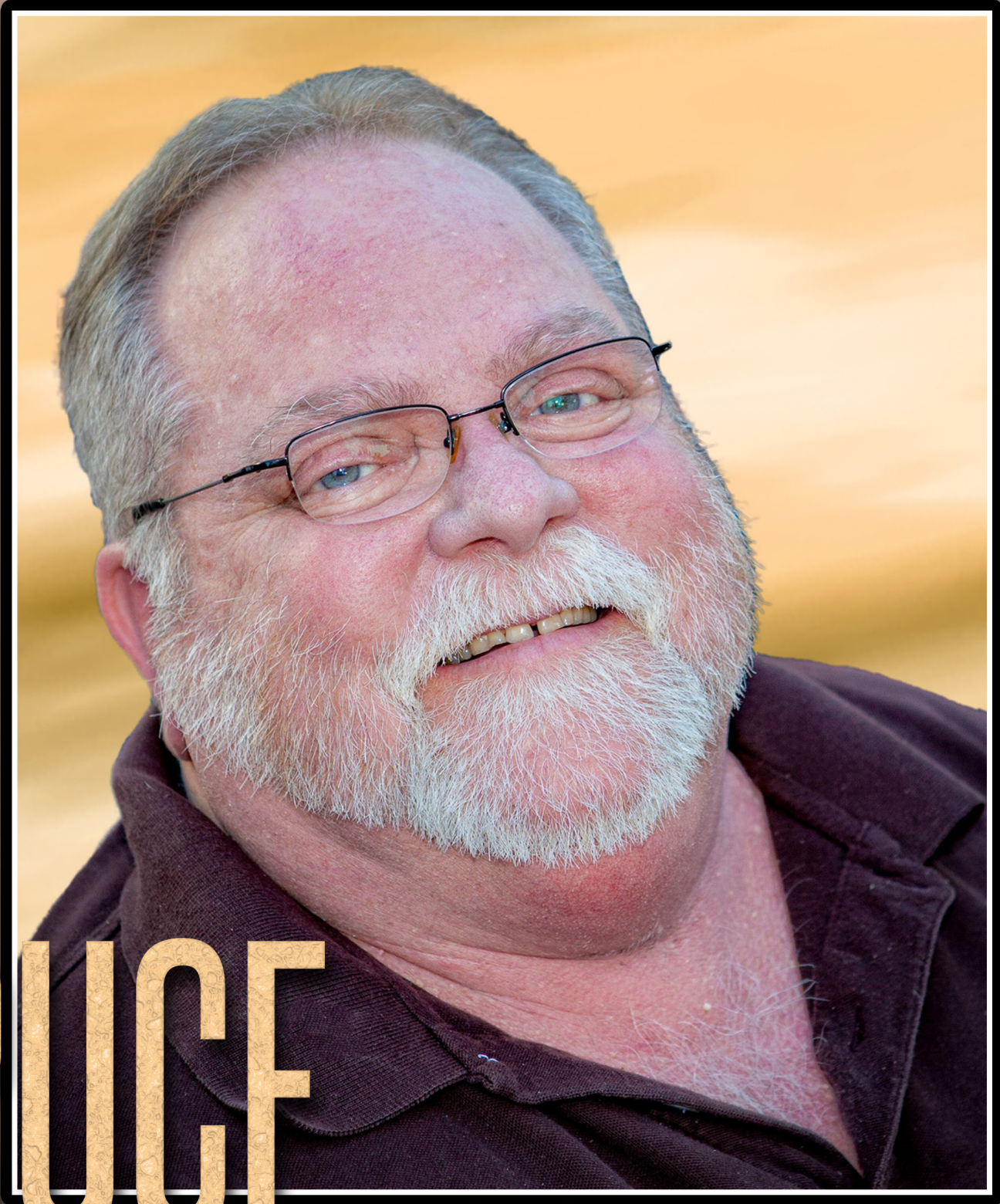




January 2017

Issue No: 312



BRUCE

## *Celebrating Bruce*

As you all know we lost our dear Friend Bruce on January 3rd this year. He died peacefully with his family by his side after spending more than 25 years fighting his multiple diseases. Right now, I can just feel him telling me “OK that’s enough of the sad dribble, get on with the good stuff!” Bruce never was one to want to dwell on the bad news he always wanted us to focus on the positive side of things. Take for instance his article in the RFNL back in April of 1993 where he officially told the family of his illness.

### *Runny Nose Department*

*I’m seeing all the sign that the Riel “Grapevine” is hard at work. I think it’s wonderful that everyone cares... As a seasoned RFNL reporter, I will do my best to bring all our readers up to speed with what’s going on at the Hartman household... The scuttle butt going around is that I am sick. Okay it’s true... All in all, I’m Okay with all of this. I wouldn’t be honest if I said I was happy about it. I have spent a day or two kicking things... Marriage is a wonderful thing, together we work through these little obstacles and come out stronger at the end. I must admit though that I am very thankful for Listy. This “TWIN THING” is something I don’t think I’ll ever fully understand but it sure works for “The Bird.” An hour or two together with Listy and Birdy is “as good as new,” (or is it the shopping?) - NOT!*

*Sincerely, Bruce Hartman – RFNL & High Ranking Official of the Innocent Bystanders (Self Elected)*

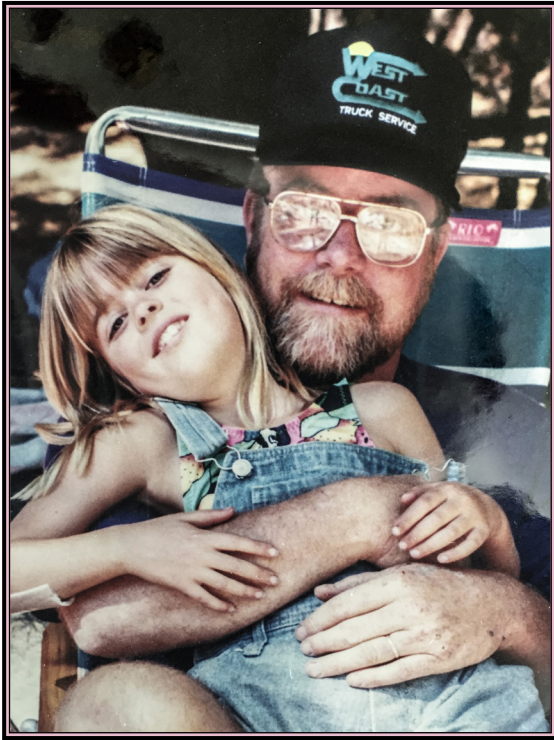


It was Bruce's wishes that we enjoy life not dwell on the harder parts of it. To that end, he wanted a party where everyone would drink and dance and remember the good times. Well that's exactly what he got!

On the following Saturday, we all met up at Listy and Bob's home for what can only be described as the best party ever! There was plenty of food, drink and stories, but there were also a few rules: No tears, just beers, no sappy speeches, just happy dancing! And dancing was the order of the night with a DJ and the back patio as a dance floor. Everyone danced the night away including the grandkids who showed off some cool moves (Corbin was the hit of the party). The dancing ended with one fine toast which was: "To Bruce!"

I know Bruce was happy watching the party from above and he shared his strength with all of us that night, letting us know everything will be all right. We will all miss him dearly but he lives on in our hearts every day and therefore, will always be with us!





I always felt like the title, “Uncle Bruce,” was insufficient. I wanted to clarify to others, “But he’s not like other uncles...” but knew they wouldn’t understand. Since I was a baby, I have always felt a special bond with Uncle Bruce that I cannot explain. Uncle Bruce always made me feel special and loved. He had an incredible way of making me feel like the things that were happening in my life, no matter how insignificant, were important and even interesting. But the truth is, he did this for anyone he came in contact with. He was a person who genuinely listened to others and took an interest in their lives. He made people feel special. Anyone who got the chance to spend time with Uncle Bruce knows what that feels like.

Uncle Bruce supported me unconditionally through every step of my life. He was there for all of my graduations, even in Spokane when I graduated college. When I moved to Spain, I remember him checking that I had the right converter and currency before I left. When I first became a teacher, he was up all night loading cute-sy fonts on my computer and even came all the way out to Lakeside to help set up my classroom. Uncle Bruce was simply the best.

My favorite moments with Uncle Bruce, however, were the little ones. I will forever cherish the times being his “sous chef.” Cooking with Uncle Bruce felt like something out of a movie. There were no recipes and, somehow, if you reach into the spice cabinet a few times and give a bunch of ingredients a hefty shake, you end up with the most amazing meal! I swear that is exactly how it is done. Trust me, I learned it from the best.

My heart is so sad that we had to say goodbye to Uncle Bruce too soon. But Uncle Bruce is reminding me to suck it up and get on with it! His spirit and memories will live with me forever and inspire me to live a more full, happy, selfless life like the one he lead. I love him so much and will miss him forever. Thank you, Aunt Birdy, for picking the most amazing man and sharing him with us all.

I will love you forever and always Uncle Bruce! Love,  
Annbanan the pizza man (Uncle Bruce! It’s WO-man!)



What I loved the most about Bruce, was no matter how poorly he was feeling he always made your problems his problems. I loved the way he would ask you questions and offer up answers that were hard fought for. We often commiserated on the good thing, bad thing about steroids. And how great the good days were. How he could help me when even getting in his car was a challenge. He always put others first. I will miss his infectious laugh when we would compare notes together. I always felt so lucky and privileged to see an email from him in my inbox. Thank you Bird for generously sharing this great, funny, laughable guy with us. we will love him always. - Francie



Bruce Hartman was one of the strongest, most courageous people I've known; another, the love of his life, Birdy. Together, they were selfless, generous and always positive and encouraging, no matter how many times life sent them down an unexpected, unpleasant path.

Bruce, and therefore Birdy, endured years of pain and physical difficulties in a most remarkable, unimaginable way. The two masked his pain and their troubles as much as possible, always turning their attention to their dear friends and

family. And, time and time again, both went over the top in providing for others' joy, happiness and comfort.

That Bruce, a force of nature with such big dreams as a young man, should end up sitting and compromised was his greatest frustration. The young man in a hurry to get a job, to buy a house, to own a business, to get married and to have a family was prematurely, cruelly slowed. Ever the planner, however, Bruce anticipated these changes by buying and renovating a single-level house, shifting from swinging wrenches to supervising others doing the same, and venturing further into the culinary arts, an avocational path that brought great pleasure to him and those fortunate enough to sample his creations.

Personally, Bruce was like a brother to me over the 41 years I was lucky enough to be able to spend with him, but a brother I never fought with. In thinking back on the many and varied things Listy and I did with Bruce and his family, I can't recall a time when we had any cross words. I'm sure that I must have pushed his buttons from time to time, but he was gentleman enough never to mention them. Also, if any member of our family ever needed help with anything, Bruce would be the first one to jump in, immediately making our needs his top priority.

When I last saw Bruce, I was shocked to see how peaceful he looked, and it was then that I realized the extent to which he had suffered over the years. His soul had moved on, finally freed from a body that had betrayed him so many times, and I couldn't help but think that he was 20 again, skinny, the world at his fingertips, and an untroubled Birdy by his side, their life together just beginning. And, now that he's gone, I take some solace in believing that, God willing, that scene will play out again in time.

We're all going to miss Bruce for his gentle soul, his keen insights (especially his pragmatic view of the world), his easy self-deprecating laughter, and for the boundless, daily expressions of love he had for his family, but especially Birdy. Bruce may have been taken from us too soon, but he left behind a lifetime of love and kindness and an example to which all of us might do well to aspire.

Rest in peace, Bruce, till we meet again. - Bob Gillingham



It's hard to say goodbye to a friend you've known since high school and who played such a significant role in our lives. Bruce was more to us than a brother-in-law and certainly he was never an innocent bystander. He stood by any of us and all of us whenever there was a need and would have certainly done much more if he didn't have such serious bouts of medical problems. I can never thank Bruce enough for:

- being an amazing friend to us for over 40 years
- inviting us to countless gourmet meals
- supporting us by being a second dad to our kids
- loving us by being an incredible husband to Birdy and father to Craig, Michelle, Curtis and Scott
- helping us by giving Birdy and me time to be together to shop with mom for many years
- rallying behind crazy ideas that included attending Riel Bowls aplenty and other family events
- creating fabulous 4th of July parties
- displaying Christmas decorations that included a blinking sign that said "Ho Ho Ho" before it became more of a norm
- making our lives rich with fun and laughter
- having dinner with us even when it meant scaling a dozen steps with a broken foot
- coming to Ponchos for dinner on Friday nights regardless of the pain he had
- living the "happy wife, happy life" motto every single day by taking care of Birdy with so much love

I could sit here for hours listing what made Bruce special, but even then, the list would never capture how much he will be missed by us all. The party, for us, was the epitome of who he was. He didn't need to hear from us saluting him, nor would he want it. A simple toast was all he needed and whenever we raise our glasses it will be to Bruce!

-Listy



Mom, brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews, and grand's, as we continue on this mortal plane we are linked forever with members of our family who have gone before us. The older we get the more accelerated is the passing of people whom we have shared this world with. Living is only part of our lives. Even as we draw breath we are spirits within our bodies.

The spirit lives forever!

It is on earth that we share and learn about living. We are born with nothing and die with the same. We have learned about love as we have lived. We, the Riel Family are linked together by a bond created over a century ago. As the links of our chain move from this life to another, the chain remains. The circle of the spirit is unbroken, it is only the links and where they are that changes. Bruce and Dad are a celebration of our lives. Words have no meaning when we talk of our family. They can only inspire the feelings inside us to communicate the truth that is the condition of our spirit. To all of you, these poor words can only inspire our feelings, but they are all we have, "God Bless you all, here and in heaven."

waiting with the rest on this planet who are rich in spirit

Bruce always strived to make others happy. My memory comes from the early 80's when our family was still relatively small and Christmas was celebrated at the canyon house of Mom and Dad. On one memorable Christmas morning, three wonderful animals appeared--the rocking giraffe, the rocking elephant, and the rocking lion--All the work of Bruce Hartman and Bob Gillingham. These went to three households with kids, the (Ed)Riels, the Beneschs and the Riel/Mehans.



I love the rocking lion and continue to keep it as a part of us. Sometimes, even now, I sit on it and rock back and forth. For me

it is more than a rocking toy. It is a symbol of the treasure of kids and extended family. Now, as I look at the now slightly crooked eyes of the rocking lion, I see through them to the love of the maker. With the strength of a lion Bruce found deep meaning and pleasure in giving to, and caring for others. He brought so much joy to the world. - Margaret





One of my favorite memories from my Uncle Bruce has to be when I was around 7 or 8 years old. The Hartman boys and I were hanging out around the old Bonnie Vista Dr. house. Scott and I used to love climbing on to the three and four wheelers that were in the side yard. We would spend a lot of time pretending like we were racing on the dirt tracks at Cajon Speedway!

One day, Uncle Bruce came around the side yard and saw us sitting on the four wheelers and, in his 1950's-esque super cool Uncle Bruce demeanor, asked me if I wanted to go for a ride down the street. You see, while the Hartman boys regularly rode three and four

wheelers down in San Felipe, I had never ridden on an off-road vehicle before! I ecstatically agreed and before you know it, we were pushing the four-wheeler on to that seemingly mile-long driveway! Once we got to the end of the driveway, I climbed on top and Uncle Bruce climbed on behind me. He fired up the four-wheeler and before you know it, we were cruising around the streets of Casa de Oro.

After about 15 minutes of joy riding, we turned the corner and Uncle Bruce began to climb up Bonnie Vista. He started picking up speed and as we passed the Hartman house and let out a huge "Wahoo!!" Simultaneously, Aunt Birdy stared at us from the driveway with a look of pure terror that I had never seen before on her face. As we turned around and ascended the driveway, Aunt Birdy stood there with a look on her face that non-verbally communicated, "BRUCE HARTMAN I SWEAR TO \*&#^@\*&^!@#(\*... HOW COULD YOU @(\*Y#!( \*#@\*(&#!"

Meanwhile, my cousins ran up to my Uncle Bruce cheering, and Scott said "That was the coolest wheelie I've ever seen!" You see, apparently Uncle Bruce had managed to pull the front two wheels of the four wheeler a full two feet off the ground for about 30 feet! I hadn't noticed, probably because I was white-knuckling the handlebars for dear life! Needless to say, I will always remember the day that my Uncle Bruce risked his marriage to show me the thrill of a lifetime on his four-wheeler. Love you forever Uncle Bruce. - David





# 3rd Annual Riel Bowl Golf Tournament

*It was December 24th 2016, the day before Christmas. Most people spend those last minutes scrambling through target in search for a gift they forgot to buy for a family member they don't really like. We, however, decided to spend it scrambling on the course. There were seven of us total. Bryce, Big Al, Lyle Allen, Kevin, Chris, Nathan, and myself. In typical Sorem/Riel fashion, we kicked off the tournament with much needed Bloody Mary's, mostly to use an excuse later for our erratic ball control.*

*It was supposed to rain this day, so there was no-one else on the course, really! For the first 2 holes, we tried to play in a 7-some. After about an hour had passed, we decided it was in our best interest to attempt to finish the game in under 10 hours, so we split up. The first 9 it was Big Al, myself, and Kevin to lead the groups with the others playing from behind, no pun intended.*



*The weather cleared up, we split up into two groups and it was time to rock in roll. On the front nine I got up near the green of a par 5 in two, to eventually miss my eagle. After draining the short birdie putt, with Kevin and Big Al to follow, we head towards the next hole. I ask Kevin if he has ever had an EAGLE, and he responds "Yes" with the subtext of, "yes of course I have had a few Eagles, it's not like it's that hard or anything," sort of tone to it.*

*I, in the 30 years I have been swinging a golf club, have never had an Eagle, in which case must have motivated me. I could not let Kevin have the leg up on me. Come the 15th hole on the back*

*nine, I am just off the green of a Par 5 in two. I line up to chip it, in which case either works out really well or really bad. This one happened to go right in the cup. I yelled "EAGLE" to which Big Al was barely able to make out half way back down the fairway. Good thing Lyle, Allen and Bryce were there to witness it. (and no I didn't need to pay them!)*

*All in all, it was a great time. Thanks to the Eagle, I came away with the none existent trophy, edging past Big Al by one stroke for an 84. It was a great day. We meet up in the bar afterwards and sipped on a fine craft beer dreaming of the possibilities for next year's Riel Bowl Golf Tournament. I better get to practice, I have a title to defend!*



# Francie Travel News and Updates

Hey Everybody,

December 17th, 2016

I have been waiting for the light chain report to come back before sending this out today, but I have to tell you it ain't good news.

So last update I left you with the party scenario with my immunotherapy drug Daratumamab at the front door trying to keep out any new party crashers. Meanwhile in the back yard we have sent in the Kyprolis to kick out the interlopers sneaking in the back door. So far instead of my light chain (attendance keeper) showing lower attendance, it has almost tripled. Not good news for the home team.

We are not giving up, we have decided that the Revlamid has gotten a bit lazy and we are throwing them off the team and replacing it with some cytoxan which I can also take in pill form, much easier. I took it back when my light chain was in the 500's and it worked successfully so it is being called up to first string. Here is the rest of the team:

Dexamethazone, a steroid reducing inflammation and working with the chemo

Kyprolis, a protease inhibitor working on the mass of myeloma that seems to be expanding in greater numbers

Cytosan will pick up the slack Kyprolis can't get done alone and work as a team of bouncers to get the job done.

Am I disappointed, hell yes, I am working too hard to get this kind of news. Have I given up, double hell no, I have too many options left to try. I will be having a PET Scan on Tuesday to see what my cancer is up to. We know that it is all over my bones, it is the nature of the disease, I have a couple of masses on my chest that appear to be plasmacytomas. A Plasmacytoma is a plasma cell neoplasm which forms tumors when plasma cells become malignant and grow out of control. Plasmacytomas crowd out normal cells in the bone marrow as well as invade the hard outer part of the bone and then spread into the cavities of the large bones in the body. Plasmacytoma in the bones may cause pain or broken bones. Plasmacytoma of the bone often becomes multiple myeloma. When only one tumor is formed, it is called a solitary plasmacytoma. When multiple small tumors are formed, the disease is multiple myeloma. Plasmacytomas can also invade soft tissue in the body.

So we will check out the scan and see what it tells us, in the mean time our new Swat team will take over and kick some ass.

I don't want you to all feel sad, I've already done that enough for all of you. I want you to continue to pray and keep positive thoughts for me while I try to get this treatment under control. The cancer battle is full of ups and downs that we just have to deal with from time to time. My super power team of doctors are rallying together to make a plan, my job is to run with it.

I have had a lot of pain to deal with in the last few weeks and that is never a good sign. But I am sucking down a few pain pills and sucking up my attitude. I'm not going to lie it has been tough. I had a day last week when I was more afraid of living than dying. But I realized that we are all dying, we just don't know when. And our job along the way is to find the best in everyday we are privileged enough to live through and appreciate all of the fine people in it. And that is what I will continue to do.



Hey Everybody

December 20, 2016

Ok Everyone, I was kidding when I said last week was bad news. I just didn't have any idea how much worse it could get this week! But in my travels with Cancer I have found that this is the path I am on and I need to keep moving forward without fear or trepidation. It is my journey and I will not take it lightly.

I was having a wonderful time in Pebble beach when on Saturday night I was not able to sleep because of excruciating pain in my lower spine, right shoulder and several other areas.

Try as I could, pain pill after pain pill, it would not subside and by morning my adorable husband paid a fortune to cab me an hour and a half to san Jose to put me on a first class plane home to my hospital of choice, Scripps Green in la Jolla. My kind sister picked me up after my 3 hour delayed flight, double ouch, and got me admitted to a pain program there.



They knocked the crap out of me with some delauded that damn near killed me but took the pain away. Having a conversation was nearly impossible, but luckily Carol was there to interpret for me. My doctors conferred with the info from the last update and the current circumstances and came to the conclusion that out patient treatment was not going to cover this situation. Sooooo, I get to spend Christmas and most likely New Years to in the hospital with the best medical staff imaginable.

Can you believe it? Within 10 minutes of my Doc looking for a room for me I get a text from one of my fave Docs, that he heard from my Fave Nurse I was coming "home" to them, who could ask for more!

I did have a bit of a pity party for myself with my kids both in town for Christmas and our plans disrupted, but I have no choice right now, there is a bigger battle going on and my presence is required. I am so lucky to have so many warriors at my side, Lyle and Leo my generals manning their specific duties, and my family has stepped forward like they always do. Thanks to all for the kind letters and thoughts, you are my backbone right now. I do feel like we are getting some work done here. I will be taking massive amounts of Cytoxan 2X a day instead of once a week. Now that ought to get some business done. It will also take out all my hair but there are so many options for me making myself look ridiculously fun, thanks for the inspiration Brig!

The newest members to the Kumbayaa party that are in charge of sadness for me led by Marge Cushman, I really do need you guys too. I know that our friendship covers a long period of time and every once in a while I step out in the hallway with you for a good cry. But Luckily my generals are keeping me strong and positive and that is what I need to be.

Today I am pain free and even though I know that does not mean I am cancer free, I am moving into the right direction.

Thanks again for the great support, I am not too sure about having visitors because as of today they are going to beat the crap out of all my good and bad cells. I will keep you posted or you could always call and check, I am on 3 north Scripps Green room 382. Emails works well.

Love you all, I am going to fight the good fight. See you soon

**Hey Everybody,**

**December, 23rd, 2016**

Here it is just days away from Christmas, I love the whole present thing, no matter how commercial that whole thing makes me be, Hahahah. I have my boys here and Bridget, my almost Daughter-in-love. Forget that almost Daughter -in-Law word, too meaningless for me hahaha.

Things are not really improving except for the following:

- Yippee yay, no pain, that's a biggie
- I am still able to do 3 miles a day on the treadmill, the envy of most of the gym rats on my floor
- Dr. Lundy, who I met here last July, came for a visit the other night and told me I was never alone here. And that is true. I get the best love and attention from so many it feels like you are all here with me.

However the Chemos they are throwing at me are not a great match for this Mother of all Myelomas I have been struck with. That does not mean I am giving up. It just shows you what I am up against.

I guess that what I am doing now is buying myself time to get me to the ability to #1, have a transplant and # 2, benefit from having one

I Am being very challenged at this time. However, I am a pretty tough fighter and that is what I intend to do. I am so sorry to miss the Taco/Tuesday/Frijole/Friday night, this evening, but my amazing sons are stepping in for me as they have so many times before. And poor Lyle, cold and all is trying to keep up. He is the joy of my life.

That said, I am going to have a fabulous Christmas this year not because where it is, but because of who it's with, all of you!

Merry, Merry Hollidays and may all of you be as blessed and grateful as I am, for with all that is going on in my life right now, I feel fortunate to be a part of yours!

**Hey Everybody,**

**December 29th 2016**

Ok, let's recap the last 10 days I have spent at the Scripps Green Resort and Spa in La Jolla, San Diego.

- Monday Check in and room assignment (Luckily, I got a room with an extra bed for Lyle to stay in with me)
- Tues, Wed and Thurs, 3 days of massive twice a day doses of Citoxin and Doxorubicin. I can't swear to

that but I am relatively certain they were the weapons of mass destruction.

Now if you remember our analogy, we are trying to use these whoop ass Bouncers to get rid of the Party Crashers in the back yard that are increasing the numbers of my myeloma cells. Since the doses are quite high, unfortunately they are also taking some very nice guests of the party with them.

My platelet count is so low, I can actually assign names to the 20 that are left behind, to keep me from bleeding out. But the good news is my Doctor Super Hero Team are ordering up transfusions of platelets and red and white blood cells etc. to take on the Party Crashers and send them running.

- Fri, Sat, and Sun. were spent visiting with the family while my IV's worked overtime giving me different meds to build me up again while restoring my Kidneys and Liver so that they were not destroyed in the process. We also managed to open a ton of Christmas presents with Bryce, Bridget, Brett, Barinda (haha just kidding, Carinda) all those B's I got carried away! Lyle, Allen and Cindy, Lylie and me. We had so much fun, I did almost believe I was staying at a resort. All my nurses and Super Hero Doctors have made my stay more like a family stay than a medical one.

- Mon, Tues, Wed and Thurs. more transfusions, more meds, more blood tests and still I am feeling great each day.

Now I do realize I am feeling great because I am on pain management now and receive 15mg of morphine each morning and evening, but I am pretty sure that even though the cancer is still there, not feeling it anymore gives me a more positive and happy mindset.

I will probably stay here until the 2nd or 3rd of January so I can start 2017 off with my blood labs a little stronger.

**Hey Everybody,**

**January 6, 2017**

So much can happen in a week. We lost my wonderful, kind and caring Bruce Hartman, Brother to many, Husband, Father and Grandfather to a lucky family. My heart goes out to my sister Birdy who now knows he is at peace even if it cannot be with her. We will all miss him. A week before Bruce passed away, Lyle also lost his Mom to complications of living a long and happy life, not a bad way to go but a huge loss to the legacy left behind.

The last 2 days have been very good ones for me, but then

those dexamethasone (steroid I take weekly) days are always full of energy. I love those days. Unfortunately, I was diagnosed with a mild case of Pneumonia, one more reason to keep me at the resort a little longer!

My Myeloma, as I have told you before, has become a more aggressive form known as Plasma Cell Leukemia. Here is a brief description from the Myeloma Institute:

Plasma cell leukemia (PCL) is an aggressive form of multiple myeloma characterized by high levels of abnormal plasma cells circulating in the peripheral (circulating) blood. Normal plasma cells in the bone marrow produce antibodies that fight infection.

In myeloma most of the abnormal plasma cells remain in the bone marrow and are not found in the peripheral blood. In PCL, the abnormal plasma cells are in the peripheral blood. Therefore, PCL is considered to be an advanced form of myeloma. PCL can either originate as the primary manifestation of the disease (primary PCL with no history of myeloma) or as a transformation of myeloma (secondary PCL with progression of previously diagnosed myeloma).

That is basically why my lead Dr. Mahindra wanted me in hospital so quickly and we were told that Lyle saved my life by flying me home early from Pebble Beach.

Thus my battle plans changed and became more aggressive. Besides the Autologous transplant, that should occur in the next month or so, I will be receiving an additional type of transplant. As a refresher for your science class here is a description of both

- Autologous Stem Cell Transplant
- An autologous stem cell transplant is when stem cells collected from the patient are transplanted to replenish stem cells. The cells are stored until they are needed for the transplant. Then, myeloma patients will receive treatment such as high-dose chemotherapy, sometimes with radiation, to kill the cancerous multiple myeloma cells. Following the chemotherapy or radiation therapy, the stored stem cells are infused back into the patient's blood.
- Autologous transplants are the most common type of transplants for myeloma, as there are fewer complications than transplants that require a donor. The procedure may be inpatient or outpatient, depending on the center and/or patient preference.

We are adding in the following:

#### Allogeneic Stem Cell Transplants

Allogeneic transplants involve transferring stem cells from a matched donor (usually a relative) to a myeloma patient following high-dose chemotherapy or radiation. This type of transplant is infrequently performed today because of the high risk of complications, although it does offer beneficial effects against the myeloma by boosting the immune system. A mini (non-myeloablative) allogeneic transplant is a

modified form of allogeneic transplant that uses somewhat lower doses of chemotherapy to make the transplant safer. Allogeneic stem cell transplantation is used to cure multiple myeloma patients who are at high risk of relapse, don't respond fully to treatment, or relapse after prior successful treatments.

They will be testing my siblings first, if a perfect match is not found then they will be going to the national database where they feel they will most likely find a match. This is a little riskier exercise and I will have to be on anti rejection drugs as well as isolated for sometime after, but the greatest benefit is I may get a new immune system that will replace the one I have that is not so good. And we have to believe that that will happen. Otherwise it is a waste of energy.

I will be able to go home when my platelets stay at 1000 (a reading of 10 on my lab sheets), he says I am at 9 right now so I am close. And I have to be fever free for 48 hours, which I believe I have been. I believe this will translate into Monday, which will have given me a 3 week vacation from house work and cooking, haha!!!!

I received two very kind emails from Tammy and Judy that picked me up at 330 this morning and started out a great day for me, I expect to turn that into several in a row with the support the rest of you have shown. The texts and emails keep me going and I love seeing you on Facebook. I will continue to fight the fight, I will be on the treadmill in a couple of hours, it scares people around here if you are up too early, hahah, they are not quite used to my crazy schedule.

Love you all, miss you more, hope to be less immune soon!!!!





Hey Everyone,

January 11, 2017

What a difference a day makes. Got the call from Dr. Hutchins today how great my bone marrow looks. There is only about 2% that is cancer. All your prayers are working, I am ready to move onto the transplant. That's the great news for the day. The scary news is I am going back into the hospital tomorrow for treatment again. Be careful what you wish for, hahaha.

Tomorrow I will be returning to the La Jolla Green Day Spa, Oncology floor 3 North at 8 am. I can hardly wait, hahaha. They will be placing a special catheter in my chest area, to administer the Neupogen (filgrastim) which is a man-made form of a protein that stimulates the growth of white blood cells in your body. White blood cells help your body fight against infection. After I receive the Neupogen and Cytoxan, a chemo that treats many cancers including multiple myeloma and in conditioning regimens for bone marrow transplantation.

#### Autologous transplants

For an autologous stem cell transplant, the patient's own stem cells are removed from his or her bone marrow or peripheral blood before the transplant. The cells are stored until they are needed for the transplant. Then, the person with myeloma gets treatment such as high-dose chemotherapy, sometimes with radiation, to kill the cancer cells.

When this is complete, the stored stem cells are infused back into the patient's blood.

This type of transplant is a standard treatment for patients with multiple myeloma. Still, while an autologous transplant can make the myeloma go away for a time (even years), it doesn't cure the cancer, and eventually the myeloma returns.

Some doctors recommend that patients with multiple myeloma have 2 autologous transplants, 6 to 12 months apart. This approach is called tandem transplant. Studies show that this may help some patients more than a single transplant. The drawback is that it causes more side effects and so is riskier.

I am not exactly sure if we are doing the tandem transplant, but I do know there are plans in the works for an Allogenic transplant afterwards.

#### Allogenic transplants

In an allogeneic stem cell transplant, the patient gets blood-forming stem cells from another person – the donor. The best treatment results occur when the donor's cells are closely matched to the patient's cell type and the donor is closely related to the

patient, such as a brother or sister. Allogeneic transplants are much riskier than autologous transplants, but they may be better at fighting the cancer. That's because transplanted (donor) cells may actually help destroy myeloma cells. This is called a graft vs. tumor effect. It is a riskier transplant but the benefit of sharing the healthier immune system with the cancer patient sometimes makes it a viable choice. If siblings are not a match then the national donor registry comes into play.

At Be The Match, we are committed to providing the best possible outcomes for patients. At donor registry drives, we focus on recruiting new registry members ages 18 to 44. This is based on medical research that shows younger donors are best for patients and provide the greatest chance for transplant success.

This is all I know for now but will keep you posted while I am in the hospital. I will probably be there for about two weeks, though I may get to do some of it on an outpatient basis. As before, I am going to have a very compromised immune system and have to limit the amount of visitors I can see. This last go around I caught pneumonia not because someone sick came to see me, but because I have

very few resources to fight with. I appreciate your prayers, emails and FB comments, as I continue to fight this battle with cancer. I also will be a little more limited in my head coverings since my room at the hospital is not exactly palatial, hahahahah. I hope to be back home soon to Lyle's amazing culinary skills!

Hey Everybody,

January 14, 2017

A quick clarification for all, I am having the autologous stem cell transplant first, but it takes several days from chemo, to stem cell mobilization, to harvesting, to high doses of chemo, to returning stem cells to my blood, so i will be in the hospital for 2 to 3 weeks or longer depending on many factors. Those being bringing back my white blood cells and red blood cells afterwards, and getting my immune system able to stand alone again.

The Allogeneic transplant, using a donor, is something that is being considered as well.

This process will take some time and I will let you know as we go along, how i am doing. For more information, this web site is very helpful. Thanks for all your kind emails and FB replies, will keep you posted,

<https://www.themmr.org/multiple-myeloma/multiple-myeloma-treatment-options/stem-cell-transplants/>



### ***Bridget's wedding shower was a big hit!***

A full report with a lot more pictures will be in next month's edition. The truth is with everything else going on there wasn't enough time for the RFNL to do the event justice. But we promise a much better report next edition!



# R I E L B O W L 2 6



Riel Bowl 26 AND Grandma Edith's birthday was celebrated at Listy and Bob's home on January 1st this year. As usual there was a lot of food, fun, family and friends but this year we wanted to focus on Edith's 92th birthday.

After lunch (prime rib, salads, twice baked potatoes and Carol's "World Famous" orange salad/dessert) we all settled around Edith to watch her open her gifts. Even her friend Charlie was there to join in on the fun.

Birdy and Listy passed out this year's family calendars (a must have accessory for every kitchen wall) and Margaret/Bud provided posters that depicted the Riel Family tree.



Once again we had a fine time and as Dad would always say - "a good time was had by all"

