

# RFNL

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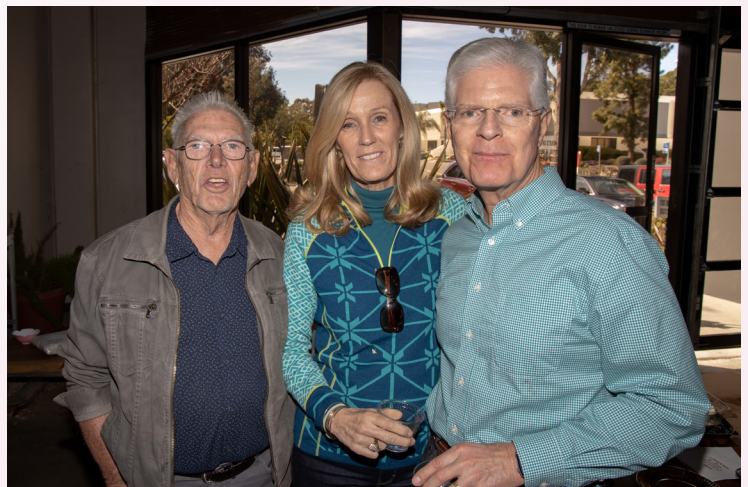
## Brett and Carinda's Engagement Party

By "Favorite" haha Auntie Carol

The love story begins! Their first date, 10-31-16, the "Yes" date, 08-31-18, and the best-is-yet-to-come date, 02-22-20!!

Last Saturday, Brett and Carinda arrived back to San Diego for their official engagement party. Many family members and friends gathered at Burgeon Beer Company in Carlsbad where we enjoyed appetizers, sushi, cupcakes and a great variety of beers-on-tap! Carol had arranged tiny cupcakes into a giant engagement ring and a collage of memorable pictures which proved to be a sweet tribute to Brett and Carinda at this wonderful event.

After many introductions of families and friends and lots of good toasts, it was time for the traditional Riel family song. Jeff took the song, "California, Here I Come" and personalized it for Brett and Carinda. About 20 family members gathered in a corner of the bar and raised their glasses and voices to honor the engaged couple. Throughout the afternoon, more and more people came by to wish Brett and Carinda good luck and lots of happiness. It was evident by the number of celebrants, the length of the party, and the laughter in the bar, that Brett and Carinda have touched all of us, and we are looking forward to being a part of their Palm Springs nuptials, and their love journey in the years ahead!



# CALIFORNIA

California, here we come  
Right back where we started from  
Diego, and Frisco, and even LA  
The beaches, the sunshine  
We're outside nearly every day.

A sun kissed miss said: I'm engaged  
Desert weddings are all the rage  
That's why we can hardly wait  
California, here we come.

And New York City, it's now home  
Central Park is where we roam.  
The Village, and Soho, even Times Square  
The nightlife, food and concerts  
It's a joy beyond compare.

A snow kissed miss said: It's so great  
I'm diving into real estate  
And that's why we are settling in  
New York City, we call home.

But California, here we come  
Right back where we started from  
Our schools, our memories, friends from the hood  
Soccer, beer and skateboards  
It's all understood.

A sun kissed pair, the future brings  
Saying "I Do" in ritzy Palm Springs  
So open up that Golden Gate  
California, here we come.





**Shuffle Board Rules:**  
 1. Must be 16 years or older to play  
 2. \$100 deposit held on credit card for pucks  
 3. One game per group if others are waiting  
 4. Please do not set pucks anywhere except in cup holders  
 5. Please treat our table kindly!  
 Thank You!

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# Travel News From Craig



Hey fam, I've been gone a lot since the new year and thought I'd write a quick piece about where I've been and what I've been up to. I left January 9th for Fort Lauderdale and returned February 4th, I then left February 12th for Kwajalein Atoll and returned February 27th, only again to leave March 1st for Japan and I plan on being home on March 9th.

First trip to Fort Lauderdale was for a private yacht called the Compass Rose. It's a big flat-bottomed boat I understand was originally designed as a lake cruiser and has no business crossing the Atlantic although it has quite a few times. The crew members told me that it doesn't do well in rough water and has a pronounced roll underway. Sounds like a recipe for me being sea sick for sure. I met the chief engineer in San Diego on another vessel and he was so pleased with our work that he told the captain that it was worth the extra cost of having us fly out to do some work rather

than having the local Cat dealer do it. Mostly maintenance gravy work, rebuild one of the small generators, and a few little upgrades but nothing exciting. I went out with the crew a couple of times and usually started at the Mai Kai for quite a few of their delicious Jet Pilot cocktails; Very strong, but very good. I recommend finding a Tiki bar that makes them and drinking several. We finished a little early and I came home but will likely head back sometime in April, whenever they are ready to drop that boat back in the water for a sea trial.





I came home for a very short week in SD and even squeezed in a Disney trip before heading back again to the dreaded Kwajalein Atoll in the Marshal Islands. I've been there far too many times in recent years for the commissioning of the original power plant upgrades, and more recently for the new Space Fence project power plant. We had some big jobs to complete, so my partner and I started early and worked long hours which ended up being a mistake because we ran out of work before the parts we needed finally arrived. Because of that we had some down days to putt around the island and drink waaaaaaayyyy too many beers on the beach. I snorkeled quite a bit and got through 2 books while soaking up the sun. I have some pretty good photos of my partner passed out on the side of our hooch I can show you next time we get together. Luckily for our livers, the parts arrived, and we were able to get it all done before we left.



Sadly, the morning we were set to leave was started with a phone call from the boss about an emergency in Japan, asking if one of us could go. My partner could not so I agreed. I flew home, did some laundry, went bouldering with the family, and headed back out 30 hours later to Sasebo Japan. This was in support of a Coast Guard vessel that has been having intermittent shutdowns of 2 of their 3 generators. They had a set date that they had to be out of Japan and could not make the trip on only one reliable generator. I took the direct flight from SD to Tokyo, then a domestic to Nagasaki, and a taxi to Sasebo. Luckily for me, the crew had already identified part of the issue by the time I arrived, and it didn't take long at all to figure out the rest. I have had 2 days of down-time so far but yesterday weather was miserable, so only today did I do any sightseeing. It's so cold and

rainy here, rarely getting out of the 50s, and especially cold after I've gotten used to tropical climates. Today I jogged from the hotel to Ishidake Observatory where they shot some scenes from the Last Samurai. It was really pretty in the forest but the view of the Kujukushima islands was obscured by the fog. I also strongly regretted not wearing a long sleeve shirt because I was freezing, especially on the jog back down the mountain. I'm heading back to the vessel tomorrow to check in with the chief and hopefully flash the firmware on their new engine computer, then fly back Saturday evening, only to arrive in SD Saturday morning. Time travel is awesome!

Sadly, I have missed all kinds of family stuff, multiple Corbin soccer games and Josie's Hula Hoike that from the videos looked awesome. I'm sure some of you saw stuff on social media about it. Ana is way better than I am about that. That's always a bummer and I miss everyone terribly when I'm gone. Life's about compromises but some of them suck. Haha.



## **Bud throws Margaret a Murder Mystery Dinner Party for her 69th Birthday**

On Friday March the first Bud invited a select group of characters to join him in wishing a happy 69th birthday to Margaret. In doing so he also invited them to be a part of a murder mystery that would take place that very same night! Even Margaret was surprised as the guest started showing up in full costume ready to figure out - Who Done It!

Bud arranged everything including a catered dinner where the participants were grilled along with the food! As the story unfolded the group learned just how devious and corrupted each of the possible suspects could be. There was a real competition to figure out who actually committed the murder. In fact, with the Riel family competing against each other who knows maybe a real murder might even happen!

It was a very fun evening and we won't spoil the game and reveal the solution but below is a brief synopsis of the game and a description of each of the participants



*It is June 1940 aboard a train leaving from Paris. The German troops are about to enter the city. Roads are a hopelessly snarled; the trains are full with little space aboard them. Yet, to remain in the city will not be pleasant. Aboard a government train heading for the safety of southern France, a murder is discovered. The passengers must decide who committed the crime. Certainly, the elegant refugees and the dramatic circumstances of their flight from Paris will provide the answer to this mystery.*

*Don't be late. Miraculously, the trains are running on time.*





## BARBRA Z. ENHUSSI

Barbra may be described in a few words - "rich, spoiled and beautiful." Daughter of the late French perfume king, Louis Z. Enhussie, she was brought up in extravagance and has carried on the tradition of the Enhussies in all respects. Châteaux Enhussie, on the outskirts of Paris, and Barbra's luxurious apartment in the city, are centers of lavish social activity. Everyone who is anyone is a regular at Barbra's.

## RAF GROUP CAPTAINS WEYLAND W. AWFCORCE & SON

Known to his men as "Wey," Capt. Awfcorce is a pilot of renown. His squadron of Laklustre Bombers is likely to prove one of the most formidable armaments available to the British Armed Forces. Shot down on a reconnaissance mission over Germany before hostilities commenced, Wey evaded capture and made his way to Paris, and is now trying to return to England. Born of English nobility and educated at Oxford, Wey epitomizes the strength, endurance and noble character of that island race.

## PRINCESS IDELLE CHATTRE

A royal refugee driven to Paris by the advancing German troops, Princess Idelle is the sole surviving representative of the ancient and noble Chatre family. Those European rulers descend directly from Nonnes Taupe Chatre, who, in 1124, at the head of an army of fierce Northern tribesmen, conquered and carved out a small, heavily wooded land where his descendants now live. Despite her youth, Idelle is aware that she alone carries on the family line. Strong-willed and quick to anger, she is quite beautiful and, it is said, possessed of considerable family wealth safely invested overseas.



**DUKE SCHWAZHE B. U. KLARE**

Another royal victim of the German advance, the Duke fought his way through enemy lines to reach Paris. His own small army in tatters, he and a few hand-picked men succeeded in bringing valuable information concerning German troop disposition to the French High Command. The Duke remains a hero to his now captive people, the sturdy peasant stock of the region known as AlzŠse-Laverne. He is a man of noble bearing, schooled extensively in military matters and a swordsman of considerable talent. Young to be the leader of even so small a nation, the Duke is not married and is considered to be one of the most eligible bachelors in Europe.

**MARY K. TRAIRIE**

A journalist for a large metropolitan U.S. newspaper, Mary has lingered in Paris to send the true story of the war in Europe home to her readers. She has interviewed men in the street, soldiers and generals, ministers of state and celebrities. Her articles are published in metropolitan papers across the United States under the byline Mary Trairie, but those who know her past remember her as little Mary Kohn, daughter of the late Augustus Kohn, journalist, publisher and news hound. It was Augustus who said, "There's them that wants news and there's them that wants truth. Don't ever confuse one with the other." Mary was briefly married to a young city editor named Harold Trairie, but it didn't last. She has kept Harry's name, feeling her father's too austere.



**KHOVER T. AGEANTEI &  
AGENT ILLA SNOOPITOUT**

A well-traveled and worldly individual, Mr. Ageante is seldom home in the British Isles due to the necessities of business travel. Distinguished, impeccably dressed and courteous to a fault, he is welcome in the finest hotels and restaurants in Europe. Yet there is an aura of mystery about him, and no one seems to know exactly what his business is or why he travels between Berlin and Paris with such regularity.



MALCOLM R. CONNTINT "Mal"

is a soldier of fortune. Restless, cynical and secretive, he is well-known in Paris society; it is whispered that for some undisclosed reason, Mal cannot return to his home in the United States. Some say he killed a man; some say it was an affair of the heart; others say he makes his living in the active and thriving black market of Continental Europe. Whatever the truth, Mal is a welcome participant in Paris high society where his worldly toughness stands out against a backdrop of leisured affluence.

## BELINDA SCREETEA

"couturière extraordinaire" is the way Belinda is described by her wealthy clients. Usually she just blushes and responds, "Really, I'm only a simple dressmaker," but those in the inner circle of Paris society know better. Owner of a thriving high-fashion studio, Maison de Screeeta, this clever and well-educated American has thrust her way into the Paris fashion world. More than a caterer to the patrons of high-fashion, Belinda participates in that society as actively and as well as any. Vivacious and charming, she is a frequent guest at the mansions and châteaux of wealthy and influential citizens of Paris.



"I'm Innocent"

# Ed offers his opinion on the wall

*Editor's note: The opinions in this article are the author's, and do not necessarily represent the views of RFNL or any other family member.*



With the benefit of age, I have come to see that simple solutions are easy to frame and chant, but that it is much more difficult to determine the problem. In this case, it is even more difficult, as the people involved in the problem have good reasons to remain invisible. The “Build a wall!” simple solution strategically and deceitfully cloaks the real problems.

The root problem that the wall is supposed to address is illegal immigration, but in reality, it is more about labor laws. There is, historically, an inverse relationship between the strength of worker's rights and Immigration. When citizens, through fair laws or unions, force the labor market to pay living wages, it lowers the need for exploitable foreign labor. Conversely, there is no better tool to diminish unionism and living wages than exploitable labor. And there is no better exploitable worker than an illegal worker living as a second-class citizen. I do not claim



that guest workers (legal or non-legal) are bad for America or bad for American workers. The easy solution is to treat all guest workers with the same rights as American (union) workers and the level of immigration would be more market-based and mutually beneficial for all. Those immigrants, who come to this country for work but can't find any because of laws that prevent minimum wage undercutting and favor US citizens, will go elsewhere, without the need of a wall or ICE. The immigration problem is that exploitable labor is good for profits and the last thing that the profiteers wish to talk about is the enforcement of labor laws protecting US jobs or making illegal workers legal.

Before the wall (or fences) laborers, mostly men, and domestic workers, mostly women, crossed the border and found work in the unregulated labor markets. These workers earned honest money to send home, and from time to time, went home themselves to enjoy their family connections. With the wall, home visits were made very difficult. The solution was to have the whole family cross the border as tourists and then overstay their visas. So rather than preventing illegal immigration, the "Wall" played role in increasing it. Furthermore, by simply lowering the number of legal immigration permits at the now controlled entry points, below those job positions open in our unregulated labor market it created the market pressure for continuous illegal immigration. While border fences have their place in a wide variety of law enforcing measures, they have had no effect on immigration which, very slightly, ebbs and flows because of market conditions on both sides of the border. The real need of the "Wall" is to divide us.

The "Wall" is to prove that bad lurks on the other side; that we need to be afraid. It divides us between those who believe this bad exists and those of us who do not. It divides us between our Mexican and other international neighbors and us. It divides us as illegal and legal workers without recognizing the role of our employment laws. It divides families. It divides us socially and politically. It shuts down our government and calls out our army. Please tear down this wall!



# The Newest Engagement

By Birdy Hartman



I know that for many, this engagement was no surprise. Lyle and I have been enjoying a wonderful new chapter in our lives. And if you have had any time to spend with us, you would notice that we certainly fit together very happily. It goes without saying, that both Bruce and Francie helped us on our journey. It is because of them that we so value being in love. They each helped shaped the people that we are today. And the gifts that they left in our hearts could never be replaced. But we both had to trudge onward and luckily, that onward was with someone we already knew and trusted. It is a comfort for me knowing that my sister would already approve of the new man in my life and Bruce has always liked Lyle. I feel a sense of relief knowing that they would be happy with our choices. So having Lyle propose to me felt as perfect as a Disney happy ending.

Lyle had been trying to throw me off by telling me that he was going to propose when we went to Hawaii next month. But really, I knew he was going to do it on this trip. It was just too perfect of a place not to propose. He took me to this amazing restaurant atop the hillsides of Mexico that overlooked the sea as the sun was setting. We were on this private balcony with tables only on the mountainside. You felt like you were all alone. There was a harpist playing beautiful music just a few feet away. Out



of sight but the music he played filled the air with beauty that only added to this magical moment. After a bottle of champagne was popped, Lyle turned to the waiter and asked him to take our picture. The waiter quickly responded but instead of sitting close to me for the picture as he always does, he got down on one knee. My heart melted, and tears sprang into my eyes. Even expecting that this could happen did not take away from the moment that he asked me. The words are etched in my heart and I know that our adventures have just begun.



We have already picked a date, so mark your calendars now. On August 30th, you will all be invited to the Bahia Hotel to join us on our new excursion in life. And we hope that you are as happy about this as we are. A huge thank you goes to our families that all gave Lyle a nod of approval before he asked me. That was more important to both of us than you will ever know. Cheers to the beginning of a wonderful romance.



# FAMILY SHORTS



We are officially homeowners! Kevin and I found the perfect little house in La Mesa and we love it already. It is just a few blocks from the La Mesa Village and a mile from Club Gillingham where we are now members. Our house was built in 1929 and definitely needs some love but we got right to it! After closing, we quickly knocked down a wall, painted everything and installed new floors. We are lucky to have so many helpers, especially Bob-the-Builder, to help us along the way. We have many more projects and are loving transforming the place into our dream home!

## NEWS FROM KATY

Okay guys. Apparently, my body thinks I'm over 50 and I've ended up with shingles. I had to see a neurologist to rule out optic neuritis because of where the shingles were and whatnot. I have nerve pain all along the left side of my body but it's manageable.

I went back to the doctors and he had a feeling that I had developed a complication from the shingles called Ramsay's Hunt Syndrome. So, he had another look at my ears and asked some questions about my dizziness and how my face was feeling. He asked if I had been feeling pain or numbness in my face, which I had. So basically, Ramsay's Hunt Syndrome is when the shingles virus attacks the facial nerves near one of your ears. It can cause facial paralysis and hearing loss.

But in the newest episode of How Can My Body Screw Me Over This Week...

I started getting a tightness below my sternum and it developed into horrific pain that radiated under my ribs all the way to my mid back. The pain was so intense that Brandon woke up my roommate to drive us to the ER. As soon as we were ready to go the pain just simply stopped and I was fine. We didn't go to the hospital, but I did schedule an appointment with my doctor for the next day. When I told him what had happened he pressed on my abdomen in one spot and I stopped breathing from pain. He said that was the telltale sign of gallstones and that I would need surgery.

I have surgery coming up on either March 28th or April 4th for my gallstones and I had my first Physical Therapy appointment today. hopefully things are looking at least in the uphill direction of things.