

# R F N I

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Happy  Easter



# Mehan Family Easter Celebration

By Margaret Riel



The City of Encinitas hosts a community Easter Egg hunt and fair, at the park on the Saturday before Easter. It was conveniently scheduled so that YaYa and PopPop could take Emily (Addy was still recovering from a cold) and still play Pickleball in the afternoon. Lively children music encouraged singing and dancing and community booths with freebies and a roaming large Easter Bunny made it festive. Emily collected things that she thought Addy would like.

There were three scheduled Egg Dashes-- divided into two groups, under 5, and over 5 years of age. We missed the first one by a few minutes. I will try to create an image for you. For each age group, there was a large square of grass roped

off about the size of two parallel soccer fields and it was littered with thousands of plastic eggs (1-6 eggs per sq. ft). The kids gathered about 15 minutes before the hunt and were eagerly pushing at the ropes on all four sides (more than 100 kids on each side) waiting for the signal to charge at the eggs. When time is reached the ropes are lifted and the mad dash begins. In 2-3 minutes, all of the eggs had been grabbed and it was over. While most kids, including Emily, had about 6 eggs each containing one small piece of candy, older kids had perfected the grab leaving some little kids with nothing. After the experience, rather than wait for the next egg dash, we collectively decided that it would be more fun to go home and refill the now empty eggs with candy for Addy rather than wait for the last egg dash.

Judi and Gordon MacMitchell invited the Mehan and MacMitchell kids (and families) for an Easter brunch. The backyard was blooming with flowers and plants providing a perfect setting for hiding Easter eggs. The weather was perfect, warm, and sunny but not too hot.



Michael and Ashley's children, Emily, and Addy, were joined by their cousin Alejandro for a more traditional Easter egg hunt. Mico was happy playing on his blanket waiting for the bigger kids to bring back and share their treasures. The children armed with baskets were let loose to search for hidden eggs throughout the backyard. Some of the eggs had names on them making it fun to see kids helping each other, when needed, to find their eggs.



Once all the eggs were found, the children rapidly opened their eggs swapping their treasures with each other and giving toys to Mico. The eggs were filled with candy, money, and small toys.



After the egg hunt, an elegant brunch was served complimented with pomegranate mimosas, and we gathered in groups to chat about family news. Megan checked in by phone to join the chat. It was fun thinking about all of the other Riel Clan family groupings that were taking place at the same time and I'm sure they were all very fun.



# Easter for the Hartman/Halls

By Birdy Hatman/Hall



It is always hard having a family far away. We miss so many big events in their lives. So, for this Easter, we decided to visit Bryce, Bridget, and Kieran in New Jersey. We left on a Friday morning and got in that evening. We quickly found an uber to go into the city where Bryce works. His restaurant is called Terroir, and we invited two friends of ours from Connecticut (Stacey taught with me at Parker years ago) to join us for a little magical cooking from Chef Bryce.



Seriously you all, a night with Chef Bryce is worth your entire paycheck! After we ordered a bottle (or two) of champagne, food started flooding out of the kitchen. Chef Bryce seemed to know just what we would love. He explained to us that we came at the perfect time because Ramps were in bloom. That is a cross between a green onion and garlic. They only grow in the northeast, and bloom only for a couple of weeks. And so, Bryce added them to his menu, and it was truly delicious.

I wish I could tell you my favorite dish. However, have you ever been in a restaurant where every dish made your whole mind explode with delight? I truly loved his gnocchi's because they were the creamiest ones I have ever eaten. And he served us a beef stew that would easily be the most flavorful dish in his restaurant. However, the chicken pot pie also should not be missed. That crust was a masterpiece all on its own! Thank you, Bryce, for an incredible dining experience!



The next day we got to enjoy watching Kieran at his first soccer team practice. Being the youngest member of the team might have been challenging, but Kieran has mad soccer skills. Maybe he did not always perform exactly like his new coaches wanted him to do, but he still displayed some great ball handling skills. When Kieran kicks a ball, you better be ready to return it!

Next, we went to Lower State New Year to Warwick Valley Winery. The weather was very cold, but the wine kept us cozy. There was a live band and Kieran loved rocking out with Grandpa Lyle. We ordered pizzas and chilled out with our wine. It was a fun experience. Kieran was a great sport and enjoyed going out on the hillsides to kick his soccer ball.

We drove back to Ridgewood and dined at a very nice traditional New Jersey Italian Restaurant (we are not talking Little Italy, San Diego-this was a real old school Italian fair, as it should be). The food was amazing, and the waiters were on top of their game!

On Easter Sunday, we were treated to New Jersey style bagels. Holy smokes, this was a family run bagel shop est. 1947. San Diego bagels are like lead weights compared to these airy, fresh, amazing bagels. Every bite melted into your mouth. Truly I have never had a bagel with so much flavor.



Then we got to enjoy watching Kieran dye eggs. Bridget bought him a cute dinosaur kit for the eggs and Kieran was so delighted by it. He knew all the colors and the name of each dinosaur. After we made them, he played with them for about an hour. I was impressed by his attention. It was astonishing to see how much delight he got from these silly eggs.



Then we went to Central Park to hang out and enjoy the day. The weather was cool, but if you were in the sun, it was quite nice. We played a little soccer with our star Kieran. Man, that boy can kick a ball! We had a nice lunch in the city, and then drove back to Bridget and Bryce's. We ended our visit with a dinner prepared by Chef Bryce. Yes, we felt so spoiled by them. Bryce cooked steaks, shrimp, and a melody of veggies. So amazing! I need to mention that he has a Traeger smoker and that is why his steaks were so tender and delicious (along with all of his expertise with seasonings)

We ended our visit where Bridget shared a hike around an urban park with lots of streams and bridges. We enjoyed watching Kieran go up and down the slides with his trusty dinosaur buddy. And Grandpa Lyle did an excellent job as the official swing pusher. We had a nice lunch at a historic downtown Ridgewood restaurant and sadly had to say goodbye. We can't tell you enough how much we enjoyed this visit. Kieran is growing up so fast. Bridget is an amazing mom, and Bryce is such a great dad. We can't wait to do this again with them.





HAPPY  
EASTER





By Carol Benesch

**The Benesch  
and Rios Clans  
Party in Florida  
and Easter with  
the Benesch  
Bunch !**

**Jessica** wanted to do something spectacular to celebrate her 40th birthday, so we did! Early this month, Carol, Jeff, Jason, Chavva and kids hopped on a SW Airlines plane and flew to Tampa, Florida for a fun-filled week with our New Jersey family. The Rios clan flew down a couple days early and enjoyed the warmth of St. Petersburg Beach for 2 days before meeting us in our rented Air B & B near Sarasota, Florida. Located on the canals of South Bradenton, our Manatee Cove hideaway was full of activities for all 12 of us.

This house on one acre was complete with BBQ, big patio, dock with kayaks, large game room, (big hit with the kids), fishing poles, tree swing, hammock, hot tub, 5 TVs, and memorably, DJ Jase! Our days were filled with outside activities, with no rain and temperatures in the 80's.







We went to the beautiful Mote Aquarium in Sarasota, spent a few hours on a guided kayak tour of coastal mangrove tunnels where we saw all sorts of wildlife (including manatees), 2 different beach days on various keys off of Sarasota Bay, a day at the movies, a wonderful Italian dinner at Tiramisu ristorante, and much more. The wild nights dancing at our Manatee Cove house to the designs of DJ Jase will be forever etched in our memory.

Many of us spent the quiet early mornings either fishing in the calm waters off our lawn or kayaking in the long canals past the scores of picturesque beach front houses with their docks and large boats. Among the most frequently viewed birds on our canals were ospreys, herons, pelicans, cormorants, egrets, hawks, vultures, ducks, geese, laughing gulls, and many more. As for fish, it was easy to see scores of large snook right off our dock, and leaping mullets were common.

Miguel and Noah each caught a catfish, though they weren't keepers.

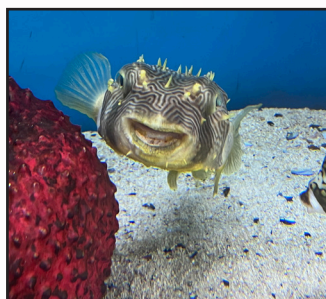




Everyone took turns making fabulous BBQ dinners which included lobster tails, flank steak, chicken, filet mignon, veggies, cheesy potatoes, rice, fruit salad, greens, and much more. S'mores were a big dessert hit!



It was very special for Carol and Jeff to have 6 of their grandkids all together for a week, and it must be said that Grama Carol kept them quite occupied with art projects, games, and puzzles. The cousins all got along famously, and their competitions, dancing, and ball games were fun to see. Celebrating our daughter's 40th birthday was an added bonus. Can't wait until the Summer when we'll all be together again.





*By Birdy Hatman/Hall*

How is it possible for Craig, my first born son, to be turning 40? Well, it shouldn't be that hard to fathom after Michelle enjoyed her 40th birthday last May... but seriously, when did these kids of ours begin to no longer be kids?

Craig was not keen on a big celebration, but he sweetly accommodated his mother by agreeing to a small family party. Of course, with our growing family, small doesn't quite happen. By the time we added up the kids and adults we were up to 20! There were pizzas, salads, beers, wines, and waters for all. We enjoyed catching up with family from near and far.

Brett and Carinda came down with Aro. David and Bethany also hung in with the Hartman family. And Bob and Listy, Craig's Godparents, were also part of our party crew. Bob wrote a funny song in honor of Craig's birthday and Josie got a kick out of calling her dad an old fart! I played The Dice of Fury game with the kids, and we continued to laugh the night away. Congratulations, Craig, on making it to this milestone in life. You make us all so proud, and it is a joy to watch you age so gracefully.





## Craig's 40! (Sung to the tune of "Yellow Submarine")

In the town where I was born  
 Lived a man who sailed to sea  
 And he told us of his life  
 In the land of submarines  
 So we sailed on to the sun  
 'Til we found a sea of green  
 And we lived beneath the waves  
 In our yellow submarine  
 We all live in a yellow submarine  
 Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 We all live in a yellow submarine  
 Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 And our friends are all aboard  
 Many more of them live next door  
 And the band begins to play  
 We all live in a yellow submarine  
 Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 We all live in a yellow submarine  
 Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 Full steam ahead, Mister Boatswain, full steam ahead  
 Full steam ahead it is, Sergeant  
 (Cut the cable, drop the cable)  
 Aye-aye, sir, aye-aye  
 Captain, captain  
 As we live a life of ease (a life of ease)  
 Every one of us (every one of us)  
 Has all we need (has all we need)  
 Sky of blue (sky of blue)  
 And sea of green (sea of green)  
 In our yellow (in our yellow)  
 Submarine (submarine, aha)  
 We all live in a yellow submarine  
 A yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 We all live in a yellow submarine

A yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 We all live in a yellow submarine  
 Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 We all live in a yellow submarine  
 Yellow submarine, yellow submarine  
 Craig was young- and now he's old  
 But he's always had- a heart of gold  
 And he's lived- a marv-lous life  
 With several kids and- a hotty wife  
 And he's flown- the world wide  
 Fixing problems for- those less wise.  
 Just like his Dad- he has this thing  
 Where he can fix- most anything.  
 Craig is now 40 and he's yet to fall apart  
 He's really looking good even as an age-old fart.  
 Welcome middle age and to you a howdy-do  
 Looking back he can't believe  
 Just how those years all flew.  
 Aches and pains, they come in floods,  
 Say hello to- your newfound buds.  
 You'll creak and groan- when e're you bend,  
 But don't you worry now- it never ends.  
 Your politics- will be a fright  
 As your preferences- move to the right  
 And this truth- will come to light,  
 That your mother- is always right.  
 Craig is now 40 and he's yet to fall apart  
 He's really looking good even as an age-old fart.  
 Welcome middle age and to you a howdy-do  
 Looking back he can't believe  
 Just how those years all flew.  
 Looking back he can't believe  
 This life too good to be true!  
 Happy Birthday, Craig!



# GETTING TO KNOW QUINN RIEL

By ED Riel

Unfairly sandwiched between the new achievements of the oldest and the fleeting intimacy of the fledgling youngest is the underappreciated and often unsung middle child—unsung no more! Let me present another great granddaughter in our series: the mighty, Quinn Catherine Ray Riel.

Not used to being singled out, she was a little unsure, even suspicious, as her “Gramps” asked her his silly questions. Your favorite foods I asked her, “Chicken Tenders and French fries,” which, she pointed out, was exactly what she was eating, as we did her interview, around the family at the Boss Bird Kitchen in La Mesa. If only they also served pizza, her next favorite food.





Quinn, at five years old, goes to kindergarten at La Jolla Country Day with her dad, who teaches the upper grades. Quinn's favorite classes are science and Spanish; "Hola!" is her favorite word. On her iPad, her favorite game is ROBLOX; schooled in the amusement by her older brother Blake.

While parents and grandparents have repeatedly introduced Quinn to Unicorns and Mermaids her favorite animal choice is the crocodile; big chompers and all. And it is no surprise that her favorite movie is Godzilla: The King of the Monsters; the 2019 remake, attacking Boston.

Quinn shares a large bedroom with her younger sister Coral. Her favorite game, "monster," is played mostly with Coral. The monster chases the screaming girl around the house; when it catches her sister, they both laugh almost as loud as they screamed; happy fun.



# Craftsman Museum

*By Listy Gillingham*

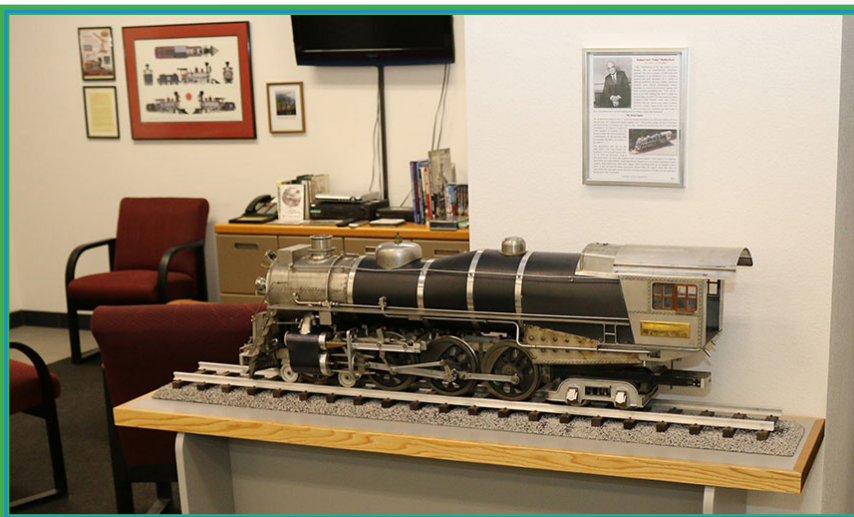


We're often looking for something fun to do with our grandkids especially on rainy days and this outing proved to be an excellent yet educational experience that was enjoyed by all three grandsons.

A craftsman is someone who likes to make mini models of anything that also truly works. You've seen samples of this around from time to time as you've likely seen miniature trains or doll houses with details that amaze you. Joe Martin was a craftsman and he noted that there was no place to honor the work of these masters who created a model that would eventually lead to the real invention. Having no heirs, Mr. Martin decided to leave as his legacy a museum that was designed to honor the people who created the models in a significant way.



He bought a building in Carlsbad for \$1,000,000 and another building to lease out. The building that is leased supports the museum by giving it a monthly income which can be used to pay the bills for the museum making the entry fee for all that visit free.



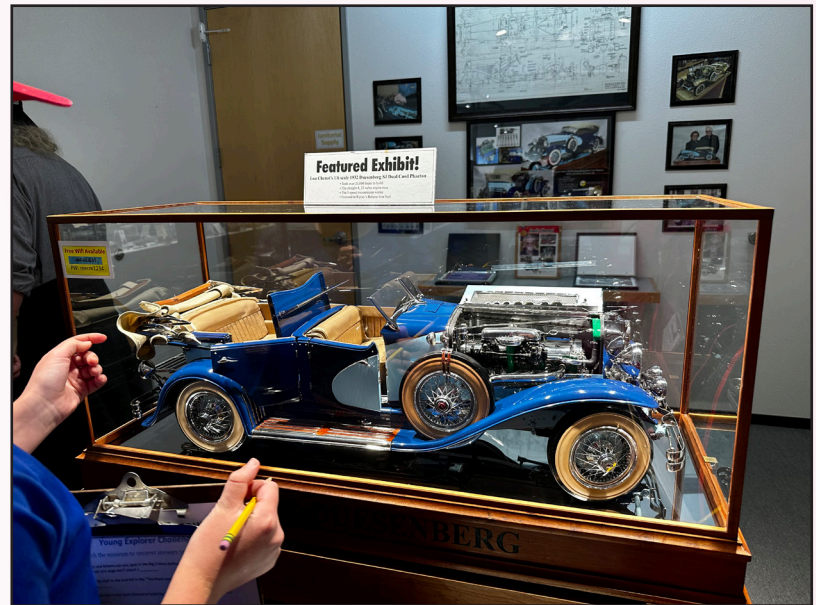
He then created a process for those who would eventually have their work displayed in the museum. In order to be selected for display, a craftsman's work must be judged to be among the "best of the best."



The center project that draws you in the mini scale model of a 1932 Duesenberg car in 1/6 Scale. This model is a complete replica of the real car and drives with a gas-powered engine just like the larger scale version. Everything works like the real car except the display dials and the powered windows. Everything else is exactly like the large car running with pistons, carburetors, and leather seats! From there you get to see steam engine models and displays showing various gizmos that can be powered by steam or air used as a replacement to make the point. There are model of airplanes, scooters, race cars, power boats, cruise boats, violins, tiny guns that really work that are the size of a penny, houses, and historical buildings (like the Eiffel Tower).

When you walk in, you are greeted by a docent who helps you understand the museum by giving you a quick rundown of the place and concept. Because we had kids, they offered us a scavenger hunt for them, which was a big hit as it gave them something to focus on as they wandered through each exhibit. The hunt wasn't exactly easy because you really had to hunt to find some of the answers, but it was worthwhile to do, and the docents were around if you got stuck to help steer you to the right area.

The museum is located in Carlsbad and if you visit the website, (<https://craftsmanshipmuseum.com>) you'll see some fancy photos and good background information about the museum. We found it through friends, who took us there when we went up to visit them for dinner. We highly recommend a trip as it will remind you of Dad in a way as he enjoyed making a tiny model of their house before they built it in Mission Hills.



# Maui for the weekend? You bet!



*By Birdy Hatman/Hall*

Lyle and I were sitting around after dinner moaning about the upcoming rain. It has been a relentless winter in San Diego with chilly days and flooding showers. I hate when I can't play pickleball outside or go golfing with Bob and Listy. Fortunately, the airline Gods were listening in on my moans, and decided to throw out some airplane trips to Maui for under \$500.00 for two. Really? We could sit on the beach and enjoy sunshine; or stay in SD and be tortured with more rain? Seems like a no brainer to us. So, we packed our bags and headed for Island life.

It was a long trip there, because we got a rain delay out of San Diego for an hour, and a gate delay on the ground in Maui for an hour. But we kept our spirits high because as we gazed longingly out the window, we saw the sun shining! We were escorted to our hotel by a nice cab driver that kept us laughing (even though we were stuck in traffic from a fatal accident earlier that day).





We had a sensational dinner at the Ritz Carlton, which was where we stayed. In the morning, with the sun beaming a comfortable 77 degrees, we set out for a coastal hike. We hiked through a defunct golf course and some hillsides. Then we unpacked our bathing suits, books, and bags to head off to our poolside place of luxury. I did not want the day to end. We were in such a happy spot. We enjoyed watching whales spout on the coast, and just relaxing without a care in the world. The sushi restaurant where we had a reservation for dinner was just a short walk up the hill. And we ended our evening sitting by a fireplace in our shorts. No jackets needed- which was a welcomed relief after being in San Diego.

The next day we enjoyed another coastal hike and a beautiful breakfast on our Lanai. Then it was time to pack our bags and fly home. I know it sounds crazy, but Lyle is still a working man. He had to get back to man the office, and I was just thankful that we both got a break from the rain. So, if someone asks me if you can do Maui happily for just a long weekend, I would say, "GO FOR IT!" Aloha!

# Richard is a Presenter at an Ethics Seminar for High School Seniors.



*This picture is of all of the adult participants for this years' program, I am the one wearing the cowboy hat.*

As the senior member of the first generation of the Frank and Edith Riel's San Diego family, I have the distinction of being the first to earn a college degree in our family and the only one so far to get that degree from a military college. I earned a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Political Science from The Citadel, Military College of South Carolina. When I graduated I decided that based on my training and experience from that college I was a philosopher.

My classmates have recognized me by giving me the honorific "The Citadel Class of 1969 Class Philosopher." Of all the accolades I have received in my life, I consider this recognition by my classmates, unequaled in my life amid a number of honors.

Being a philosopher is an exclusive profession for a number of reasons. First among them is that no one really understands what a philosopher does. Other than teaching there are very few job openings for a philosopher. It takes a special personality to identify oneself in a profession that is based on ideas and other intangibles. When you are asked what you do for a living, the best response is usually a joke about the income potential of the calling. One of the best retorts I ever got was from an Irishman, who after a minute of hesitation with a dead pan expression, replied in a heavy Irish brogue, "Pays the big bucks, does it?"

The undergraduate program in Philosophy trains students to think clearly and critically about the deepest and broadest questions concerning being, knowledge, and value, as well as their connections to the full range of human activities and interests. The Philosophy major presents students with the perspectives of past thinkers and introduces students to a variety of methods of reasoning and judgment formation. Courses in the major equip students with core skills involved in critical reading, analytical thinking, sound argumentation, and the clear, well-organized expression of ideas.

Until a couple of weeks ago I had never taught a philosophy class or delivered any presentations that utilized my training. The San Diego East County Chamber of Commerce has been hosting a thirty five year old program called "Ethics in Business" for selected high school students in the East County. Because I am an affiliate of the Chamber, I was asked to participate as a facilitator and instructor.

Ethics are moral principles that govern a person's behavior or the conducting of an activity. The field of ethics, or moral philosophy, investigates theories that can systematically describe what makes acts right or wrong.

I was fortunate to have some especially bright and interactive high school seniors, so it was a very enjoyable experience. I look forward to doing it again next year.