

Refior News Bulletin

August 3, 1996

The headline of the last *Bulletin* announced the birth of our grandson, Luke Lambeth. We detailed some of his early difficulties, including the days in the neonatal unit and the undeveloped sphincter at the top of Luke's stomach. Although the condition has not been resolved, Luke is doing very well indeed. He is four months old, healthy, happy, very smart, strong, and the greatest blessing you can imagine. Nikki and Jon are wonderful young parents. We have been blessed by being able to see Luke, Nikki and Jon frequently since Luke was born. I am just sure that recently while Luke was cooing that he actually said, "Grandpa."... While at our house, Luke went in the swimming pool. He also had a ride on a black horse (a.k.a. Millie - our black lab).

Oh ... I was just reminded that I haven't announced about Millie our new member of the family. I have clients who are involved breeding Labradors for competition. They spent a long time and a great deal of money to finally attain Millie from a breeder in Canada. When they took Millie in to have her hips x-rayed to certify that she does not have hip dysplasia, the veterinarian recklessly switched dogs and **spayed** Millie. The short version of the story is that we now have Millie who is two years old and has the most delightful disposition. She's with me at the office, and she shadows me throughout the day. Our other dog, Candy, is not sold this new addition, but she is at least tolerating Millie. Now it is like Millie is my dog and Candy is Pam's dog, so everybody has a friend. Of course, Abby Cat is still Laura's pet. Laura tries to give her as much attention as her allergies will allow.

We are so proud of our Nikki Jo. She completed her **MASTERS DEGREE** in French Literature at Purdue University. The timing was perfect. Nikki completed and passed her comprehensive written and oral masters exams just in time to give birth to Luke, then she had their baby (see the last *Bulletin*), then she had time to recover before she walked to receive her masters degree diploma at her graduation ceremonies. We were all there and it was a big and important event. **WAY TO GO, NIKKI JO !!!!**

It has been a delight for us to have Laura home for the summer. She is working at the law office. Her primary responsibilities have related to computer work. Our goal is for me to be fully trained and operational on some new uses of computer programs, especially relating to the Internet and the world wide web. Since technology is changing so rapidly, I am convinced that it is necessary for me to either "ride the waves" of this technology or I will be left behind. It also works out well for Laura to increase her knowledge and skills with the computer operations. Laura has enjoyed the freedom of being able to take off and visit people like her roommate in New York, her new

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little nephew (and his parents of course), and her boyfriend in Ohio. She is also taking 10 hours of literature out of class from Cedarville. Because of these extra classes and CLEP, Laura will actually become a senior part way through this upcoming academic year.

Something really sad happened two weeks ago. Pam's dad, E.J., has had Schotzee, a Doberman pincher, as his "buddy" for more than twelve years. Schotzee was showing her age, but would still go out walking with E.J. While outside in their fenced backyard, she became..... She has not been found at this point. E.J. is really feeling the loss of Schotzee.

This *Bulletin* is being dictated while Pam, Laura and I are driving north from Atlanta on our return trip from THE 1996 OLYMPICS IN ATLANTA. We had a marvelous time as a family. There were so many very interesting sights and scenes. The Olympic events themselves were spectacular. Allow me to share some of the lasting impressions.

First, I think of the **generosity and hospitality of Tim and Barb Cash**. They live in little Auburn, Georgia, which is in the greater Atlanta area. I had called Tim to inquire about how to make hotel reservations in the Atlanta vicinity. Rather than provide that information, Tim invited us to stay at the Cash house for the entire week. It turned out that a couple who are close friends of the Cashes were leaving for Los Angeles on the same day we were arriving, and they were scheduled to return to Atlanta the same day we would be leaving. They had asked the Cashes if they would watch their four children by moving into their house. So the Cashes not only opened their house to us, they vacated their house and we had a warm and lovely home to use as our home spot during the Olympics. On the day we arrived we had some sweet fellowship with the Cashes and their two great kids, Rachel and Benji, before they went off to "babysit."

Another lasting memory relates to **the Atlanta/Olympics transportation system**. We were impressed that things were so well organized. Circling the outskirts of Atlanta were many places to park and then board a bus to a MARTA train depot (the mass transit system for Atlanta). Getting a seat on a MARTA train was a priceless commodity. With the throngs of people siphoning onto those trains, they would get fuller and fuller and over-filled. It was not quite so bad in the morning. By the end of the week, we were old pros at using the system, and we found ourselves giving helpful hints to the newcomers who has just arrived to take in the final days of the Olympics.

The next impression that comes to mind relates to **the bombing incident at the Olympic Centennial Olympic Park on the first Saturday of the Olympics**. One woman had been killed and one hundred had been injured. The park was still closed when we arrived in order for an army of law enforcement types to gather evidence. This terribly tragic event took on a life of its own as the media reported about it constantly. Yet a remarkable transformation occurred. Our first day to the Olympics was the day that Centennial Olympic Park re-opened. A mere three days after the bombing there was a unifying determination that criminal terrorism would not ruin the day in general, and they would not shut down the Olympics or the celebrations. Every day and night, there was a throbbing sea of humanity in Centennial Park. The other effect of that bombing was that all of the Olympic venues and even hotels and restaurants were guarded and secure. At every stop you went through another metal detector and we had our bags carefully inspected.

The U.S. Border Patrol had been called in. Because they were so well trained and experienced at going through personal belongings, they were neat and virtually non-disruptive.

The next lasting memory is of **the crowds**. People. More people. Unending landscapes of people. So many people. ... Here's an amazing thing about those crowds at the Olympics. Those waves of humanity, being a blend of individuals from all around the world with countless personal histories and stories to tell, all seemed to be "nice." We did not see (or feel) people pushing or shoving. You did not hear people engaged in hostile talk. Indeed, that may have been a world record. It may have been the record for the most people being assembled, with the most diverse backgrounds, being packed so closely together, and yet everybody was getting along, and seeming to be glad to be there. I wonder if I will ever experience anything exactly like that again. Mind you, I don't particularly like crowds. And if it were not for the special events, I would not gravitate toward an event or activity where one is bundled together with several hundred thousand other folk ... but, really, it was okay. Amazing, huh.

I will long remember **the freestyle wrestling competition**. We had the privilege of getting tickets to the gold and bronze medal matches. It brought back some memories. I even chuckled as I thought about some of those memories and as I watched the unique wrestling crowds. Here is an interesting reality. Anyone who has ever wrestled at all, has at least a piece of them that identifies himself as a "wrestler." My winter sport was basketball but one year in high school I wrestled. During that year I learned first-hand about the sacrifice and dedication of wrestlers. I also learned a few wrestling techniques. I was not great, but that experience meant that I have a brick in my foundation that reads "wrestler." My accomplishments in wrestling were so meager that the only positive thing that I can say is that during all of college, intermural competition, I was the undefeated 190 lb. weight class wrestling champion. Now, back to REAL wrestling. The crowds for the wrestling match were simply different. You noticed far more men with bull necks and powerful biceps. The men in their 60's and 70's looked tough. In addition to the distinct physical attributes of the wrestling crowd, there was a consuming passion for wrestling that filled the arena. These were knowledgeable sports fans. Seating was extremely limited. The structure of the smaller arena captured and even seemed to magnify the sounds of the crowd. The Iranian fans were wild. The numerous American fans shouted, "USA ! USA ! ..." While we were there we saw Americans win a bronze, a silver, and two golds. It was a natural reaction of patriotism when the American national anthem is played as the flags are raised. Pam and I were caught up in it 100%. (Laura was a little less "into" the wrestling.) I will never forget the fever pitch of the crowd during the gold medal match at 220 lbs. When the decision was announced that America's, Kurt Angle, won the gold (a referee's decision), it was one of those electrifying moments when the mind, heart, legs, and vocal chords of thousands of Americans were networked together in spine-tingling euphoria and excitement. Later there was the thrill for this Iowa Hawkeye alumnus, who used to go with Pam to all of the tremendous home wrestling matches there in Iowa City, to watch the match of Tom Brands on T.V. as he won the gold, and then as he hugged his family and his old Hawkeye wrestling coach, Dad Gable.

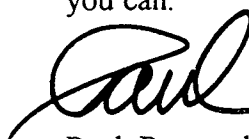
And who could forget watching **the semi-final women's basketball games**. The reigning World Champion, Brazil, trash talked and shot off their mouths about how they would win the gold. The women's "Dream Team" was undefeated. After seeing so much newspaper and television

coverage of the American team, it was fun to be there in the massive Georgia Dome to watch them. We had the good fortune of having very excellent seats for both semi-final games. The results of the two semifinal games were according to the script. Brazil won by 21 points and the US won by 22. [I am dictating this the day before the gold medal game will be played ... by now you know that the US beat Brazil easily for the gold.] It was a lot of fun to join with many thousands of other Americans to cheer not only for a specific team of exquisite athletes, but also to be in touch in a rather unusual way with the countless strangers whose common bond is our homeland.

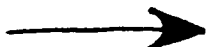
There were so many more memories and lasting impressions. In order to avoid making this *Bulletin* into a book, let me just state **some additional things that we did**: synchronized swimming (true perfection by the Americans who won the medal) ... baseball in Fulton County Stadium ... dinner in the rotating restaurant at the top of the sky scraping Weston Hotel where we had the same view of the 1996 Olympics landscapes as the Goodyear blimp ... vendors more numerous than the sands of the sea selling their pins, t-shirts, foods, and other temporary treasures ... street musicians providing sounds and music, which changed more rapidly than running a lap of the channels with the remote... the exceptional friendliness and manners of the countless Olympics volunteers (They were obviously well-trained and good people.) ... the opportunities for fellowship and conversation and laughing as a family during the car rides from Indiana to Atlanta and back ... the set-in-granite common life experiences that Pam, Laura and I will have and keep ... the precious times of Bible studies and prayer in the early morning hours. Were the Olympics relaxing? No, it certainly was not a respite or that kind of vacation. Were the Olympics extraordinary and special? Absolutely. This past week was a highlight that will not be forgotten this side of heaven.

Ah, the Olympics. And we are now headed home - back to our "normal" life. I dive in with a trial on Monday. You may recall that Cedarville college starts late - in the middle of September. Pam and I are thankful that we have more that a month before Laura moves back to college in Ohio. I am so excited that we are now moving back into the season of the greatest sport of all - FOOTBALL ! It is time for me to be designing an advertisement for the Warsaw, Indiana *Times Union* which will brag about the Iowa Hawkeye's football team. Yes these things are a lot of fun. Yet I am reminded that neither the Olympics, nor vacations, nor football amount to a hill of beans when compared to things of the Lord - heavenly treasures and high responsibilities for all who put their faith and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

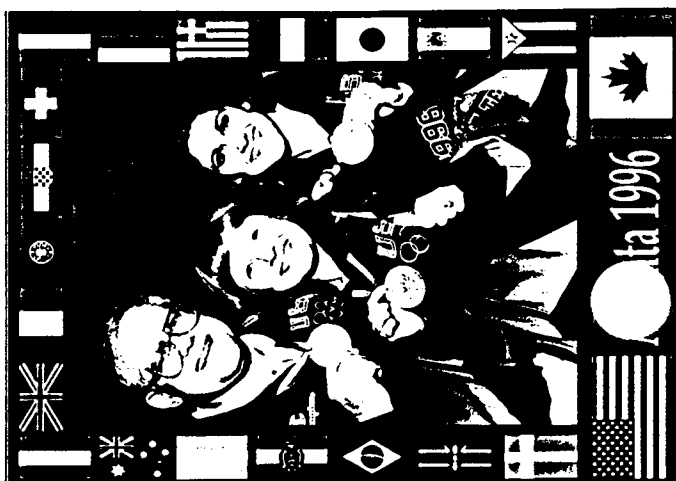
As always, we would love to hear from you. Please drop us a line. Come and visit us in Warsaw if you can.


Paul, Pam and Laura

Truly the
medal-winning
joyful trio



-4-





Graduation Day - Purdue U. and Parenting 101 😊



The whole gang at Purdue's Commencement



On Mothers Day: Luke with Grandma + Aunt Laura



MILLIE



Grandpa loving Luke

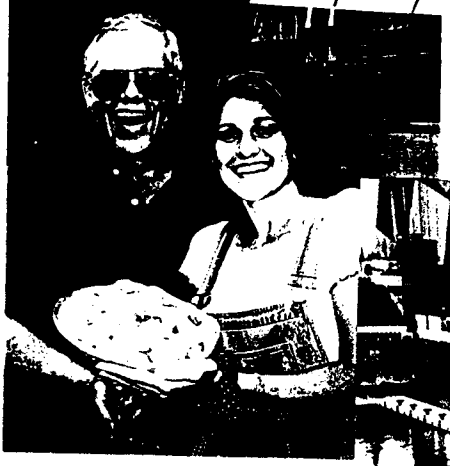


...the brave swimmer enters the waters ...



The Lambeth family on July 4th

Laura made the apple pie "from scratch" for the 4th of July



4 generations:
Shirley → Pam →
Laura, Mike →
Luke

At the Aquatic Center for Olympic Synchronized Swimming



Gold and Bronze Medal matches... "USA...USA!"



11 medal winner, Kurt Angle →

The Happy Family in Centennial Park



Atlanta 1996

After the mens basketball games in the Georgia Dome



Atlanta 1996



Does this guy know yet that he will never make an Olympic team ???

Going in for Synchronized Swimming

