

The Refior News Bulletin

Paul, Pam, Nikki & Laura

June 22, 1992

Hello from Nikki!

It is finally summer here in Indiana. However, I'm afraid that someone forgot to tell that to the weather. This has been one of the strangest Junes I have ever seen. Temperature wise, we have had spring, summer, fall and winter all in one month. We have ranged from 30 degrees to over 90 degrees. It has also been an exciting month with several big activities crowding into a short time. One of the biggest to me was my graduation from Cedarville College.

Saturday, June 6 was the big day. We all got up early and met Jerry Walden at the local Perkins for a nice breakfast before the ceremony. Then it was back to the college. I put on my cap and gown and prepared myself for the grand finale of my college career. After leaving my family and Jerry in the gym, I made my way up to the student center with the rest of the graduates. Friends I had known for the last four years were all there, talking, laughing and nervously waiting for the call to get lined up. It was a fun time of sweet interaction with good friends. All too soon the call came, and we all filed out of the student center and into the beautifully transformed gym. My seat was absolutely perfect. I was right on an aisle where I could easily see all of my family, and get a little more of a breeze than those in the middle of the rows could. Mom and Dad later told me that they had ideal seats too. They were up on the top row of bleachers, right below the video window, which happened to be air conditioned. So, while the rest of the gym sweltered, they sat in cool comfort. Our president, Dr. Dixon, addressed the senior class, focusing on our class verse: Jeremiah 29:11 "...for I know the plans I have for you. Plans to give you hope and a future...." His message was interesting and practical as always. Eventually the moment came for graduates to walk up to the platform and receive the diplomas. I was toward the back of the class, so I watched most of my friends walk up before I moved to the aisle. When I neared the platform, Dad joined me. He had come up front with several of the other parents taking pictures. But unlike the other parents, Dad put his arm around me and walked me the rest of the way to the platform. It was a little unorthodox maybe, but I loved it. Then in just a matter of seconds, it was all over. I had my diploma and was back in my seat. We all turned our tassels and then turned to our families and sang our class song, Will You Be The One by Al Denson. After the final prayer the band began to play the recessional and my classmates filed out past me. Once again I was very thankful for my particular seat on the aisle. I had the rare opportunity of either hugging or squeezing the hand of almost all of my good friends and several professors. And I loved every minute of it.

After saying my good-byes, I went with my family to finish packing up my room. It took a little while because I had to fit into the cars everything I had with me at school. But it did all go in,

with plenty of room to spare. Then we left. A four-year-long chapter of my life was closed. I would not be coming back to Cedarville as a student any longer, and neither would most of my best friends. There was a little lump in my throat as we pulled out onto the highway. It's always at least a little hard to leave a place I've enjoyed so much, and people I've learned to love.

There was not much time for looking back however. As soon as we arrived back in Warsaw, we all dove into the task of cleaning, slicing, and preparing food for my open house on Sunday. Laura had already spent hours working on a beautiful arrangement of pictures placed on the office mirrored wall. Sunday found us rushing from church to the office where the final preparations were under way. Mom and Laura spent the entire morning working to get sandwiches, decorations and everything else in perfect order on the second floor lake room. People began arriving at 2:00. Within a little while there was a fairly steady stream of friends and family entering the room. I enjoyed so much the chance to greet everyone, and was more touched than I can say that so many wanted to congratulate me. I only regret that I could not have talked longer with each person. As we cleaned up afterwards I commented that we should have something like that more often. The atmosphere was just so comfortable and fun, and people genuinely seemed to be having a good time. It was great!

Mom, Laura and I spent the next week tearing apart the entire Refior residence, getting ready for a yard sale. Because of the time limit for getting all my old clothes and other "stuff" ready for Saturday, I did not even get unpacked from college until Sunday afternoon. Laura and Mom spent hours in the hot attic sorting through old boxes of clothes, stuffed animals and who-knows-what-else. After everything was finally sorted, priced and arranged, Laura and I conducted the yard sale most of the day Saturday. Things went relatively well, and the two of us had a nice little profit that Mom and Dad said we could split.

The following Tuesday Laura went in to the beauty salon for a hair cut. This was not just the ordinary trim though. She had six whole inches whacked off. I think it was a little surprising for her to feel so lightheaded after over a year with very long hair. But her new shorter style is adorable. We were all used to it within a day, and love it.

The next big event was the removal of Laura's wisdom teeth. She went in to have them taken out here in Warsaw the next Monday. However, because of her exercised induced asthma, the oral surgeon told her to come to Parkview in Fort Wayne the next day so that all necessary equipment would be available if she should have any problems breathing during the operation. So Mom drove Laura over to Fort Wayne Tuesday morning and checked in at the hospital around 9:00 a.m. for her 12:00 appointment. She had some blood work done, and then nurses put in her IV at 11:00. The surgeon happened to have an emergency surgery that day, so the two of them waited until 3:00 before Laura actually went into the surgery room. She

went completely under for the operation. They ended up having to break all four bones to get the teeth out, so it was a very good thing that she did not try to have them do it with just a local anesthetic like I had done. She went into the recovery room at about 4:00pm, and left the hospital with around 7:30pm. Poor girl. She came home with puffy cheeks and gauze sticking out of her mouth. One of her friends, Kristine Masur, brought Laura a balloon and was waiting with Dad and me at home for Laura. Dad and I had bought bags of frozen peas which the doctor recommended because they can more easily form to the shape of the cheeks without poking them. So when Laura came in, she plopped down in the recliner with a special wrap tube, filled with frozen peas around her head. She was pretty much out of it for the next few days as her cheeks continued to swell and she took some rather powerful pain medicine to keep her from feeling the intense pain. That was a week ago, and Laura just went into public for the first time yesterday for church. Her cheeks are still not quite back to normal. She still has to take Advil for the pain, but she doesn't complain and is doing pretty well.

The Refior Law Office Dodgers had their first out of town game last night. They went to Mishawaka last night for the national little league tournament game. They won their first game here in Warsaw to qualify for this honor. They lost this game, but still have several regular season games and the Warsaw Little League tournament to go. The boys were especially excited last week when they had the opportunity to see Tommy Lasorda and get his autograph at the little league ball fields.

Sunday, we celebrated Father's Day. Laura and I got Dad a double-wide hammock to put up by the pool. He and Mom went shopping for roller blades last Friday, but could not find ones to fit yet. The plan is still on, but for the time being, Laura has a short reprieve from embarrassment. Dad did the shopping for grandpa Petro and had fun buying several little presents that he and I wrapped and he put together as a "Father's Day stocking." Dad has mentioned several times this summer that he thinks it would be fun to have a Christmas in the summer as well as in December. I think this was part of his way of implementing the plan.

We are excited about the upcoming move of my Uncle Tim (Mom's brother) and his family to this area. He is transferring with John Deere to Fort Wayne. Aunt Ann will set up a branch of Petro Reporting in that part and begin working with Grandpa and Grandma Petro. They have lived in Mississippi for the last couple of years, before which they were in Iowa, Tennessee and Kentucky. Having them less than an hour away will be a welcome change.

I hope this letter finds you well and happy. Let us know what is going on in your life too.

Sincerely,

Nikki Refior
for the Refior Family

