

The curtamous page

June 2006 Archived Notes

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June 5, 2006	June 19, 2006	June 26, 2006	
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June 26, 2006 - *Jak se Maj! I hope all is well out there... Things are going OK here, despite our recent loss. Kinda strange being "parent-less" now, as one co-worker called it. Kind of a strange weekend... I've been spending quite a bit of time with my parents over the last few years as they grew old, and to have time where I wasn't planning when I'd next go to see them was a little weird... But they're doing fine, and I'll get used to it...*

Lets start off with a couple notes from the eldest grandson and Grampa's namesake:

On Saturday our family lost another member. At roughly 2:00 in the afternoon, grandma and grandpa were reunited. Throughout these couple of days, lots of stories and laughs were shared to accompany the tears. Even though all of those stories were shared, there were so many that went left untold. I personally have a few that I thought I would share with all of those that read this web site.

One of my most fond thoughts is of my card playing days with grandpa. He was always my favorite card opponent, I think this went for all of the grandkids. The main reason was, no matter how bad you lost, you still didn't lose. Grandpa always gave your money back. It wasn't the money that we were playing for, it was just to be able to spend time together. There were many an afternoon at Shawano lake spent at the table of cabin #1 with Grandpa getting taught a lesson in cards.

Another fond memory comes with a theme that all seem to associate grandpa with, Kingsbury! I remember being young and when the truck discontinued stopping by the farm, we would have to go to Leiterman's to get beer. I would have to go load up the "Luv Truck" with the empties and then unload and re-load with full cases at Letterman's, then unload again at grandpa's. And when it came to Kingsbury, there was one important thing to remember when getting a beer for grandpa. the cold one's were always in the door, the warm ones went on the shelf of the refrigerator.

We all sat back and remembered the many great times that we had with grandpa, the stories, the humor and just the casual conversation, whether we understood him or not, these last few days. When asked what my favorite one was, it was tough to go through 27 years of great memories and pick one, but I will end with this one.

Just after I got back from New Zealand, I had lunch with grandpa, I brought him Basil's, a meal that we shared together many times in the last 27 years. I was there for an hour and we talked the whole time, about everything. We both had good laughs and he told me I should hurry up on finding a girlfriend, because my two cousin's were beating me to the punch. You may think, why is that my fondest, for

one simple reason. It was the last time that I was able to sit down and talk with the man that I was named after. It is the way that I will always remember him, happy and proud, not just of me and what I did, but of everything that he had worked for, namely his family. Nothing made him prouder than his kids and Grandkids.

With this I give my final good bye. Good Bye Grandpa! We will miss you, but be thankful for everything that you have given us and know that we were all just as proud to be able to call you Grandpa!

Ric

Ric then followed up with this one:

P.S. In my first entry in honor of my grandfather, I omitted one story that is perfect for a website based on deer campers and hunting. It is the story of the day the President's daughter shot a deer. As tradition went, we met and grandma and grandpa's before a day's hunt. After a long day in the woods and a civil war re-enactment, a deer was finally shot. A great day for our crew. The joy ended for all of us except the presidents daughter upon entering the kitchen at the farm. After sharing the story with grandpa, his response was this, "It took a women to get a deer. What is wrong with you guys? I never missed a deer in my life!" I am sure that isn't a direct quote, but you can imagine what I may have missed. The final thing that really was a trademark of Darwin Nelson, not a congratulations to the young Mathies offspring but a "Did you save the heart?" If you couldn't save the heart, it almost didn't seem worth it!!!!

A Final Send Off

Richard Darwin Thompson

Some great memories there. I have a lot of good memories as well. Over the last couple years as Dad faltered sometimes we dwelt on those tough times a little too much. Over the last week its been nice to think back on the good times, and there were a lot of them.

Obviously, the "Pig Story, was one of the classics, but farming was a big part of Dad's life. I remember taking bottles of Kingsbury out to Dad in the fields or taking the old truck to Francis Creek for lime. How about the trips with Dad out on the milk truck or eating breakfast while Dad had a few beers since he just got off of work and was heading to bed? Obviously, the beer truck delivering 25 cases of Kingsbury at a time right to the shed is something few believe when I tell them. Learning to drive the Luv truck with Dad while we went to the local creek to check crab traps. Lots of good memories...

Some of the best involved Deer Hunting. I learned from Dad that the best part of Deer Hunting isn't necessarily the part in the woods. The trips up there, while steeped in mystery due to the infamous "North of 64" rule, were legendary. The years he went up alone with Bob Debroux and Sipiorski involved stories that even I have a hard time believing. By the time I was able to accompany him, things had tamed a bit, but my sixteenth birthday, and the spaghetti dinner he helped clean up is pretty special, and luckily, I have pictures. Dad really loved Debroux's cabin, and I think he felt pretty bad after we left there, not only because Bob Debroux had died, but that it wasn't really the same after. But our President welcomed him (and me) with open arms, and the traditions continued. Even the slippery steps were OK in deer camp at Bob's. And when Dad got to the point where he couldn't make the trip, he was always there with us, as a lot of the traditions we follow were started by him, and will continue on for a long time... I hope!

As Dad got older and less and less able to get around, I still spent a lot of time with him. I was happy to be his translator when needed, and the weekly trips to the tavern to pick up tickets

during football season were no chore at all. And right up to the end, he was more than willing to talk thru problems and offer his personal brand of advice, crazy or not. Just last month I had problems with the toilet at home, and he was right there with ideas... A couple even WORKED!!!

Yeah, a lot of good times and great memories... Parentless now, I'll miss Dad (and Mom too), but am very grateful for all they did for me, all they taught me, and all the good times we had... See ya Pop...



Darwin Nelson
"Darvin" "Pop" "Grampa"
1925-2006

Not much else going on in the world... Saw The President and FM this weekend... The President is looking to schedule the BBC Night at the Races... More on that coming... (No more Blatz at the races either!!!) The Chief and FM Jr. won a JV basketball tournament this weekend... Heading out east Wednesday thru Friday for a project... Otherwise, we'll just keep trucking on... Despite the 4th of July holiday, I should have an update out next week...

So, that's about it... but before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"When you gonna get your hair cut?" -- Grampa, to any grandson right after they got a haircut...

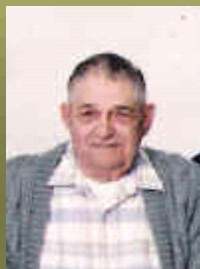
Until next time, take care...

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

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June 19, 2006 -

Darwin Nelson
"Darvin" "Pop" "Grampa"
1925-2006



Dad passed away quietly Saturday afternoon, basically from pneumonia, after a long a full life. He's back with his Vivian now, and I'm sure he's in a better place.

We're still in the midst of the process, with the wake tonight and funeral tomorrow, so I'll forgo an update this week, but be sure to be here next week. I'm sure we'll have a tribute to Darwin, as well as time to catch up on everything else going on...

Keep Dad in your thoughts and prayers, and have a great week!

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June 5, 2006 - Jak se Maj! Happy Monday! Back to a "normal" work week... I'm pretty excited about that... Its been kinda quiet around lately. No big news that I'm aware of, and nothing big on the agenda... Hmmm....

Well, last week Pa Nelson sold his house. They closed on Thursday, so that's nice. Its been a bit of work getting ready for that, but my sisters called the night before and we had our last beers on the front porch. Very nice, except for the mosquitoes...

Had a wedding to attend on Saturday night. The other trustee at church was wed, and 600 of the couples closest friends and relatives helped celebrate. Nice time... Boy, they had good weather!!! Beautiful day, good food, and cold beer! What a way to go! Welcome to the club Chad, and congrats to the happy couple!

I spent quite a bit of Saturday learning how to mud drywall. I finally got to the ceiling project again, and got out the tape and the knives and the mud and went at it. If it wasn't for having to work over your head all the time, I wouldn't mind it. It took me a little while to get the hang of it, but I think it went well. At least the first coat did. I was going to tackle more on Sunday, but there was the whole hangover thing... I did take a look at it, and attempted to sand a little bit, but realized that working over my head again and having all that dust coming down was not going to be pleasant... so I took the day off... I'm really NOT looking forward to the sanding... yuck...

Is it just me, or is the freaken grass really growing this year? I have been cutting twice a week... Maybe I should lay off on the old fertilizer, huh? The first couple weeks cutting multiple times is not so bad, but now you get up and the day after you cut you can tell the damn stuff grew already! Maybe I'll buy some goats or something... The FM probably knows where to get some...

Rumors out of the T-Bone Racing camp report a poor weekend. Multiple spin-outs in the Sport-4 and a crash in the SuperStock resulted in some low finishes and reports of a bad frame on the #31 car. However, despite the poor showing, the 141Raceway website shows the #31 car in the overall standings... Go figure... Hopefully more details next week... I'd send you to the T-Bone Racing website for more news, but the latest update there is from 2004...

I really like this drink-of-the-day thing... always something humorous...

*5 Pancho Villa's Birthday (1878). Last words: "Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something." **Pancho Villa Tequila.***

*6 Anniversary of D-Day. Fullbore drunkards FDR and Churchill drive stake in that evil teetotaler Hitler's heart. **Steel Reserve 211.***

*7 Dean Martin's Birthday (1917). "I feel sorry for people who don't drink. They wake up in the morning and that's the best they're going to feel all day." **Scotch rocks.***

*8 Name Your Poison Day. Build up your immunity to the nasty stuff. **You name it.***

*9 The Witch Is Dead Day. Hatchet-wielding, saloon-smashing prohibitionist Carrie nation croaks in 1911. **Saloon whiskey.***

10 Alcoholics Anonymous established. Where the bad drunks go.

So Long Sucker

1 oz Absolut Kurant

1 oz Absolut Citron

1 oz Apple Pucker

1 oz Blue Maui

Shake with ice, strain.

11 Ferris Bueller's Day Off. Fake a note from your doctor. 3.2 beer.

Like this week... We have Tequila today, a Dean Martin reference, and on Sunday, Ferris Bueller's Day Off!!! Awesome!

Not much going on this week... Might have to head to Chicago Thursday, but I'm hoping now... Almost certain I'll be in Chicago next Monday thru Wednesday, so don't expect an update next week... Other than that, its dry walling a cutting that damn grass...

So, that's about it... but before I go, a few words of wisdom for our junior members:

"I once shook hands with Pat Boone and my whole right side sobered up."

"If you drink don't drive. Don't even putt."

"You're not drunk if you can lie on the floor without holding on."

-- Dean Martin

Three good one's from Dean, all for the price of one!!!

Until next time, take care...

As Red would say, "Keep your stick on the ice!"

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