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# It's All Relative

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A newsletter for the Don and Ruth Rindt Clan

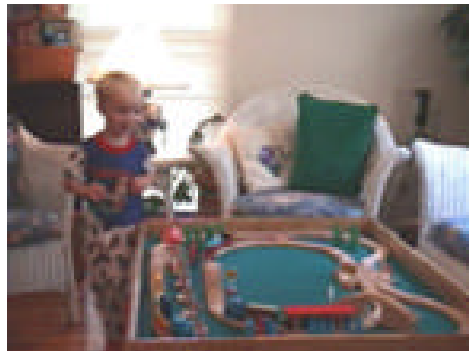
## Isaac Turns 3!

**I**saac's birthday was a lot of fun. His big present was a train set from Grandma and Grandpa with a train table made by Philip. We had it set up and ready to go when he came downstairs the morning of his party. It was like Christmas morning with Santa Claus.

The party theme was Thomas the Tank Engine. Six of Isaac's friends were here along with fourteen parents, neighbors, and relatives. Isaac was so interested in playing with each gift as he opened it we thought he would never get around to opening them all. Some of the presents he received at the party were Thomas and Richard Scarry train cars to add to the set.

Other popular presents were books, a puzzle, a take-apart dump truck with drill, a disposable camera, a cassette tape with read-along book, and a T-ball. My favorites were the clothes Isaac will be able to wear this fall and next spring.

The party was late in the afternoon so the children could play outside in the cooler part of the day. Unfortunately the day was a hot one and it never seemed to cool down. The children had fun anyway running back and forth from T-ball outside to new toys inside to old toys upstairs and back and forth some more.



Isaac discovering his train set

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### Upcoming Birthdays

October

Chris...5th

Bretta...6th

Beth...13th

November

Todd...17th

Charlotte...24th

December

Kenda...4th

Grandma...28th

## Brian, Bursting with Pride

**E**lizabeth has lost her front four teeth which has not inhibited her in any way from smiling. She will enter the first grade this fall after having gotten all perfect grades last year in kindergarten (at least that's how her grandparents see it). She got all "4s" indicating that she "sucessfully mastered all subjects." Elizabeth is also good with puzzles (confirming her Rindt genes).

Several weeks ago, we returned to the Hocking house after a picnic. When we opened the car door, a spoon fell out and tumbled down the storm drain curb inlet. No problem, grandpa just lifted the manhole cover, climbed down and got it. Since it was after dark, Elizabeth and Michael elected not to participate. However, Elizabeth is now interested in a daylight version of the adventure (much to the dismay and displeasure of her father) but only under certain conditions. The video camera must be humming, and she would like to make a taped statement while down in the manhole.

*Note to file: the manhole is three fee deep.*

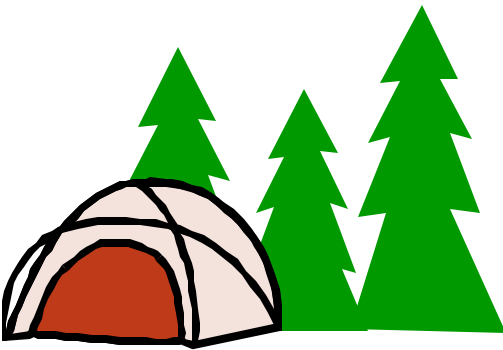
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## Brian, Bursting with Pride (continued)

**Michael's big news** is that he is now talking. It is interesting to note (now that he is talking) that the concepts he expresses are sometimes rather complex. However complex his concepts, he can still be somewhat granite-headed at times (Frances' side of the family I suppose)...So, Frances takes Michael home one Friday evening and waits inside for Michael's mom to get home. Michael picks up his toy golf clubs, heads for the door, and says, "let's play baseball." Frances corrects him, saying, "those are golf clubs and you play golf with them, not baseball." Michael listens carefully, continues outside with his clubs, looks back and says, "let's play baseball." He spends most of his time following behind his big sister doing and saying whatever she does (or objecting strenuously if he doesn't get to do what she does). Michael likes swimming and looking at trucks (bonus if the trucks contain landscaping equipment).

## River Runs Through It



Selecting a location midway between the J. Rindt's country cabin near Front Royal, VA and the K. Rindt's estate in scenic Martinez, GA, a plan was developed to conduct Charlotte's trial by tent in late July. The place, Hungry Mother State Park in southwest VA (Keith's selection), proved to be interesting. Originally constructed by the CCC in the '30s, the park was an attempt to extend the CCC work from national facilities to include state facilities. The park has survived over the years and is a popular site for the locals.

Arriving in the early afternoon, we selected a campsite at the registration station and proceeded to check it out with an option to pick any other available site if we wished. The campground was not in the park proper but just outside the park along Highway 16, the only road through road the area.

By the end of the stay we estimated that 75% of the road traffic was pickup trucks. That should give you some sense of the local area. All campsites were similar so we kept our initial selection and set up our tents. As the sky darkened, we decided to set a tarp over the picnic table. A fortuitous decision. Soon we heard thunder in the distance and saw some lightning. Then it came, a heavy downpour. Water rushed down the campground road, through our campsite, filled up the tent pads making the tents look like they are sitting on a lake, and creating a stream under the picnic table. At first we thought we had a bad site but the other campsites were flooded as well. The drainage system couldn't handle heavy downpours. This event repeated itself every afternoon we were there, hence the theme "River Runs Through It."

Charlotte's favorite activity was playing at the park's new children playground. The OSHA approved playground had two sets of slides, tunnels, climbing things, and platforms. One for 2 to 5 years and one for 6 to 12 years. She handled both with equal aplomb. Challenging Keith and Grandpa Jon (aka wolf) to contort their bodies to crawl through tunnels and other strange contraptions, she managed to wear them out. Mother and grandmother just watched.

The park contains a medium sized lake created by the CCC and with imported sand for a beach. Charlotte's forte was crushing sandcastles. Returning from the beach to eat cold sandwiches for lunch, Kenda noticed the smell of hamburgers from the adjacent concession stand. A short discussion ensued and a quick decision was made. The sandwiches will keep.

Jon, Katherine, Keith, and Charlotte hiked one of the park trails that wound through the various park facilities and along the lake. Charlotte had to have her own backpack and hiking stick. It seems that the woods world is much more interesting at the two foot level. Every plant, rock, and bug had to be examined. It was such a tiring experience, Charlotte fell asleep in Keith's arms on the return. That was until we passed by the playground where she suddenly woke up. The timing of the hike was superb. Just as we reached the cover of the tarp, the evening downpour began.

Biking was another activity shared by Charlotte and Keith. Charlotte enjoyed riding the campground gravel road, requiring a slight push uphill, but freewheeling it downhill. Keith was able to do some serious riding each morning around



## River Runs Through It (continued)

Each evening after dinner, we gathered around the campfire to listen to Keith's Scooby Doo bedtime stories until Charlotte was rendered senseless. We could then have more adult discussions - if that is possible. Using a time honored tradition, we declared it bedtime when Grandma Katherine succumbed to her second slumped-in-chair profile.

During our last evening, park officials notified Keith that there was an emergency and he should call his brother Carter. Great grandmother Staples had passed away earlier in the day. Plans were changed and Keith and family headed to Sheffield after breaking camp the next morning.

We all agreed that in spite of the daily rain, this was one of the most relaxing vacations in recent memory. Thus a good time. Let's do it again.