

<u>Elizabeth</u> William and Catherine (Schechinger)	<u>John Marie</u> Lipharda Elizabeth (Zimmerman) Lawrence George Joseph Nicholas Aloys Peter Odelia Marie (Foxhoven) Marie Adelaide Suzanne Magdeline Anthony Vitus Pauline Lucille (McAndrews) Genevieve Helen (Scheuring) Agnes Maxine (Retz) Ivo Lawrence	<u>Jacob and Marie (Hunter)</u> Peter and Elizabeth (Schechinger)	Isidore Nicholas Sylvester George Ferdinand Henry Hilary William Cornelius John Francis Paul Joseph Gerald Vitus Adelaide Marie (Croghan) Peter Joseph Leo Isidore Charles Sylvester	<u>Theodore and Jacob Joseph</u> John and Odelia (Schnuettgen)	Cyril Nicholas Valerie Marie (Zimmerman) Roman Anthony Marian Kathryn (Marshall) Colette (Butterfield) Verner Peter Dewie Joseph John Mark Angela Therese	<u>Nicholas</u> Paul Francis and Magdalena (Heinzlmeier)	Wilfrid Nicholas Gregory Michael Rita Mary Mildred Rose (Gromak) Irene Odelia (Goetzinger) Lucille Mary (Stangl) Joseph Henry Paul Urban Donald Isidore Joanne Elizabeth (Harding)
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Vol. XI No. II

December 1, 1998

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**Gaul**

## The Things We Learn at our Father's Knee!

The following are e-mail exchanges between some of us Gauls about some, as Chris puts it, "Gaulism's."

From Chris Gaul (Son of John & Ann Gaul, grandson of John) Denver, Colorado

Roman and Millie Gaul celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Earling, Iowa, on October 4, 1998. . . . There were many fine conversations and recollections made that day by the young and not so young.

Roman's son, Joe Gaul, and I talked about the Luxembourg and German phrases we heard our Dads use over the years. They learned them from our grandfather, John. John must have learned them from Nick. Did Paul's, Will's, and Pete's children also pick up these expressions?

We concluded that our Dads used the same phrases with the same meanings. We came up with these "Gaulism's". (The spellings are phonetic approximations. The "oo" sound is as in book.)

**Ach - Gerveershof!** Meaning: Oh, such a business! Used as a mild expletive.

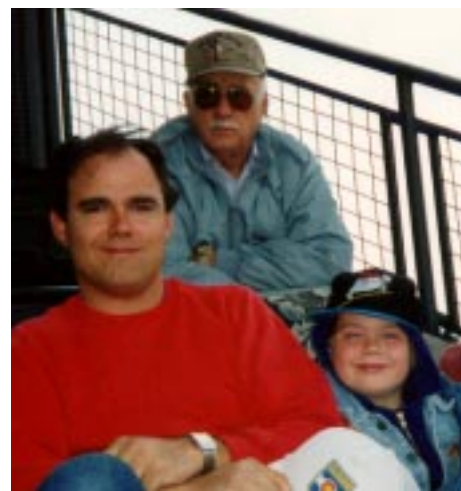
**Koonchen** Meaning: A lot of trouble, effort, or inconvenience. "It was so much koonchen driving in mud."

**Lupsock** Meaning: A mischievous or misbehaving child.

**Frutz** Meaning: See Lupsock.

**Der bengel-duce** Meaning: A worse behaving child than a lupsock.

**K'nooter** Meaning: Whining, moaning, or complaining. "He k'nootered about having to do his chores."



From his father, Jack (background), to his small son Nicholas, Chris Gaul keeps a bit of his grandfather's (John) and great grandfather's (Nicholas) tongue alive.

**Pea-zock** Meaning: To pick on or irritate someone, usually a sibling. "Don't peazock your brother."

**K'noan-shee-ka-nosht** Meaning: A mild expletive.

**Ob-shoy-lick** Meaning: Crude, without style, no care taken. "The shed he built was obshoylick."

**Weer** yourself Meaning: To be wary, to be careful, to be thoughtful and circumspect. "You must weer yourself when you go out on the frozen lake."

Make **Shput** Meaning: To make wisecracks or derisive comments. "He made shput about my idea."

If anyone has additions or corrections to this list, they should write in!

(I sent Chirs's e-mail along with the following message to Roland Gaul in the country of Luxembourg.)

Roland, I received this message from my cousin's son to put into the up-coming newsletter. What is especially interesting are the German or Luxembourg phrases still used in that family. Chris is a third generation descendent of my grandfather who was born in Luxembourg. Unfortunately, the use of "old country" languages was discontinued during World War I and,

# Jack's Story Corner

Two years ago this past October was the second anniversary of our buying a bit of ground in Iowa. Since that time we have cleared a ravine, that was over grown with a mass of brush, weeds and dead trees, into a more



respectable looking "ravine with trees." We have also planted in excess of twenty five new trees.

However

our greatest problem is that we have no water on this land. So we are committed to bring it out from Omaha to stimulate the growth of these new trees, field garden etc. What we need is a water well.

My Dad told a story about a family who once built a farmstead on what is now our property. They had a house, out buildings and a WELL! This was all before the turn of the century. Anyway the house caught fire and burned to the ground, as might have the other buildings, as there is no indication today of anything other than a reoccurring depression of where their well had once been. The reason all was lost to this fire was because this hilltop well didn't produce enough water. At least that is the story I recall my Dad telling.

The highest surveyed point of land in this county is but a half mile away, and this well that failed was dug at about the same elevation. So how deep they dug to strike water, only God might know. However while contemplating a new well on this property, I am reminded of the many wells that I remember from my childhood, or were told about. Many, very many were hand dug at the point of convenience. That is close by the house that the landowner had erected. And so many of these homesteads were built on

the tops or crests of hills, saving the better bottom ground for crops.

At my own birthplace, which is on the top of a hill, a well was dug close by the house. This well was hand dug to a depth of 80 feet and then all bricked out. But my Mother said that getting water out of that well was the most laborious task of her youth. It was abandoned after several years of frustration and a well with a windmill was dug at the bottom of this hill. The water was pumped to the house by the windmill. This was completed in the year 1903.

Another hill top neighbor of ours had a well hand dug to a depth of 50 feet. But it was still a dry hole and the well digger didn't hold out any hope that digging deeper would find water. So he collected his fee and left. The owner however took it upon himself to extend this well a few feet deeper, and his son tells me that after five more feet he struck water that never ceased. But then if my memory serves, this same man had to put in a new well at the base of this hill during the thirties as his great hilltop well couldn't supply enough water for both his livestock and his household.

My wife Ann tells a tale about an abandoned farmstead that was known during her childhood as "The Old Place." It too was located on the top of a hill and had a very deep hand dug well right near the house, which later went up in flames. The well however remained for several years and had a fence around it to prevent animals and children from falling in. It was later filled in with trash and such and only a slight depression remains today.

In my hometown there was a "well digger" by the name of Albert Lynn. If all the stories that I have heard about him are true, then he was one very remarkable man. And I might add that he was said to be one of the most "colorful speakers" the town ever had. You have heard the stories about coal miners taking canaries with them down into the mines. This bird acted as their safety signal that the air was no longer safe to breathe. When it died, it was

time to get out. Well this Albert Lynn was said to take a lighted wax candle along with him down into the wells that he dug. When the candle flame began to flicker and showed signs of going out, it meant the oxygen level was too low to continue working and he had himself hauled up. I can't question that, however I am also told that he worked at those terrible depths by the light of a kerosene lantern and therefore I wonder why the lantern flame too didn't flicker and fail? However that was never mentioned in these scary well digging stories that I heard.

But when you stop and consider what is all involved with hand digging a well, it's almost frightening. After the digger was down a few feet all the ground he dug was removed with a bucket and a rope. And as the well progressed downward, beyond the length of a ladder, the digger himself was lowered and raised by a rope. In most cases the walls of the well had to be shored to prevent it from caving in. All this, digging, shoring with timber, and removing dirt required a real skill. And then when a depth was reached where the water table was thought to be adequate, the bricking out task began. Again all the bricks had to be lowered by rope and as this circular brick work progressed upward the shoring had to be removed in a synchronized manner. There was no mortar used between the brick until well above the expected water level. This absence of mortar allowed an entrance for the ground water.

But in all truthfulness, this late Albert Lynn could lay claim to hand digging more wells in and around my hometown than anyone else, so wouldn't it be wonderful reading if he had recorded some of his more harrowing experiences?

When I began grammar school this Albert Lynn was no longer a well digger. He was spending his golden years tending the livery stable in my hometown. And I might add that his "colorful speech" was still very much a part of him.

With no Albert Lynn around today, we are going to get bids for a mechanically drilled well on our lot, and perhaps quite near the spot where that original well once stood.....over a hundred years ago.

... Jack Gaul

## Continued from page 1

sad to say, none of the 2nd generation Gauls learned our grandparent's tongues. I don't recognize most of the phrases although I too use a few German phrases from time to time that I learned when I was young. They are most likely diluted (Americanized) low German rather than Luxembourgish. I think it would be of interest to publish your version of the phrases, your spelling, or your comments.

Thanks, Pete

(Roland's reply)

Dear Peter:

Thanks for that interesting message, which I had great fun reading. From all the "ancient" Luxembourg words incorporated into the daily use by "American Gauls", I recognize the following:

**K'nooter** (verb in Luxembourgish: **Knouteren**); it still means complaining, groaning about. A "Knouterer" is someone who always criticizes or complains.

**Pea-zok** (We say: **Piesakken**); yes, you're right: it means irritating or teasing someone to the extremes

**K'noan-shee-ka-noscht** (??) I believe you mean "**Nondikass**", meaning goddammit, darn, damn, the hell...

**Ob-shoylick** is in fact a derive from the German word "**abscheulich**", meaning repellin, appalling

Make **Shput** ("**Spott**") is use when someone is trying to ridicule somebody else or to burlesque. In Luxembourgish: **Hie mecht de Spott mat him**" means, he was ridiculing him.

Sorry, that's all I can say, but thanks again for your efforts in keeping some of the "old" language alive.

I will be in the South Pacific as of November 4, but will be back to Luxembourg around December 15. In the meantime, best regards and all the best to all American Gauls.

Yours Sincerely,

Roland Gaul

(I sent Roland's reply to Chris. this is his reply)

Wow, I am impressed at your efforts on the Luxembourgish terms! My Dad,

your cousin John (Jack), doesn't recall Pete, Will's, or Paul's using the Luxembourgish phrases from Nick the way John's did. I suspect there will be some interesting letters after these are published. Oh, here are two more that my brother Lee recalled.

**Mootz**, Meaning: Mope. "He's in a mootz because he couldn't go out and play."

**B'kimmer**, Meaning: To show forbearance, self restraint, careful behavior, diligence, or extra effort. "You must B'kimmer yourself if you want to succeed." "You need to B'kimmer yourself when the priest visits."

Chris Gaul

(Here are Dewey Gaul's comments)

Dear Chris,

I really enjoyed your letter and have comments thereon, which I will send to Peter as well.

**Koonchen**---I don't quite agree with your definition, but may be wrong. I think of it as making a big fuss or to-do about things, or better yet, putting on the dog. When there is a big celebration, with lots of goings-on, one would say; "What a lot of koonshen!" Am I wrong?

**Mootz**---I have never heard it used as a noun. Only as a verb. Most often as a gerund: "What are you mootzing about now?" Or more likely: "Don't mootz!" said to one who is sulking or complaining. O, there is a noun form: "mootzer," which one would call one who is sulking.

**Ob-shoy-lick**---This one I do not recognize. I guess I was not enough of a fixer for anyone to even dignify what I did by telling me it was ob-shoy-lick.

**Weer**---I think of it as something to be said of anyone who makes a lot of effort about something.

**Shput**---often used with "the"--"He makes the shput about him."

**Der bengel-duce**---I don't remember this in that form. "**du bistenbengle**" is a name one calls one who is misbehaving, I thought not too seriously. I was called it often and I never thought it was too bad an epithet.

I agree with all your other definitions.

I am not sure my kids learned these. With a Bohemian wife, I suppose I was less likely to use phrases such as these than would those who had a German-background spouse.

I don't know the German for it but a phrase from my youth which I found indispensable to effective expression and which Mavis had never heard of was:

"Pointy tongue." Meaning of course one who is a finicky eater or doesn't like something. All my kids know the phrase, since it was so often directed at them. Is it used by non-Luxemburgers and non-Germans?

I am sure there are more expressions that one uses when searching for the right word, but right now I can't think of them. Someone should compile a definitive dictionary.

Dewie



## OOPS! We Coofted Again

**Douglas M. Gaul**, 1998 graduate from Harlan, Iowa Community High School, Douglas is the son of Larry and Yvonne Gaul of Earling, Iowa and the grandson of Sylvia Gaul of Earling, Iowa. (William, Aloys, Larry, Douglas)

# WELCOME TO THE CLAN

**Jacob Richard Croghan**, born in Council Bluffs, Iowa on November 2, 1998 to Richard and Janey Croghan of Panama, Iowa. His grandparents are Peter and Adelaide (Gaul) Croghan of Panama, Iowa. (Peter, Adelaide, Richard, Jacob)

**Susan Agnes Gaul**, born on October 4, 1998 to Greg and Nan Gaul of Des Moines, Iowa. Her grandparents are Leo and Agnes Gaul of Earling, Iowa. (Peter, Leo, Gregory, Susan)

**Becky Sue McCoy**, married Raymond Leo Croghan on November 19, 1998 in Earling, Iowa. Raymond is the son Peter and Adelaide (Gaul) Croghan of Panama, Iowa. (Peter, Adelaide, Raymond)

**Christine M Troia**, married Roger A. Gaul on September 5, 1998 in Earling, Iowa. Roger is the son Dennis and Sylvia Gaul of Harlan, Iowa. (William, Aloys, Dennis, Roger)

## Happy 50th Anniversary

Roman and Millie Gaul celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Earling, Iowa, on October 4, 1998. The celebration in the same St. Joseph's Hall where they held their reception a half century ago. All of Roman and Millie's 10 children were there. Also attending were Roman's brothers and sisters; Valerie, Marian, Colette, Dewie, Vern, John (Jack), and Angie. A very good time was had by all. (John, Roman)

Did your address change?

If your's did, drop me a line.  
If your children no longer live  
at home, send us their correct  
address. Thanks

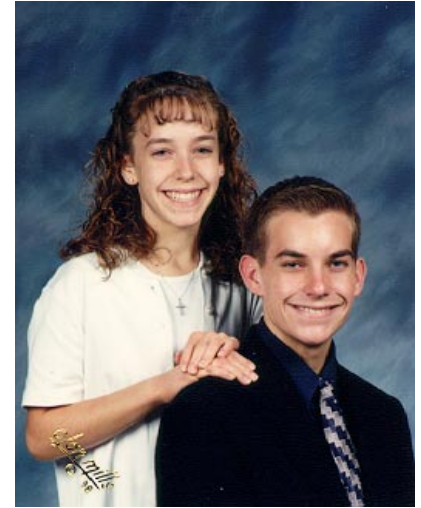
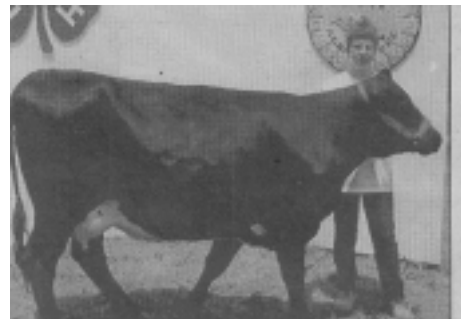
## Congratulations

To:

**Janice Gaul**, wife of Jim Gaul of Earling, Iowa, graduated May 16, 1998, with high honors. She earned herself an associates degree. In August she enrolled at Drake University in Des Moines where she will be working toward a BA degree in Rehabilitation Administration. (John, Cyril, James)



**Steven Zimmerman**, a big winner at the Shelby County Fair in Harlan, Iowa is shown above with his award winning dog and below as the Champion Dairy Showman. Steven is the son of Paul and Arlene Zimmerman of Earling and the grandson of Bernard and Valerie (Gaul) Zimmerman of Westphalia, Iowa. (John, Valerie, Paul, Steven)



**Kimberly Gaul**, shown above with her brother Christopher, recently got an academic letter at school for receiving straight "A" all last year. Meanwhile:

**Christopher Gaul**, was named a Nation Honor Society winner at Olathe, Kansas East High School. Their proud parents are Robert and Linda Gaul of Olathe, Kansas and grandparents are Peter and Hilary Mae Gaul of Melbourne, Florida. (Peter, Robert, Christopher and Kimberly)

## What is This All About?

See those names in the parenthesis in this issue, like (name, name, name)? It shows the family linkage to the names listed at the top of the front page. The first name is the first generation name, the second name is the child, the next name is the child's child, etc.. As an example. A story about my youngest daughter would have: (Peter, Peter, Maria).

## Some Good Memories

*From Cathy (Gaul) (Mrs. Victor) Robertson*

(William, Lawrence, Maxine, Cathy)

Throughout grade school, jr. and sr. high (and even into college), I always looked forward to vacation at Grma and Grpa's (Lawrence and Esther) farm. I think for most of us grand kids, it was definitely a highlight of summer.

We would spend countless hours of going fishing at Manteno Park, not too far from their place. We would hop into the "fishing car" (you'd have to ask my uncle Bob about that car) and head over there in the mornings, and sometimes in the afternoons. When we got back, we (mainly Grpa and Grma) would clean our catch—down to the scraggiest bullhead and teeniest bluegill, and fry them up for lunch or supper. And if fishing was bad, or it rained a lot, it would never fail that there would be a package of frozen fish to make up for the lack of fresh. And of course the other thing you could always count on was going to church a few times during the week. Sometimes Saturday night, Sunday morning (or both), and maybe during the week.

My favorite memory of that was on one sleepy Sunday morning we were in church at Earling, sitting about half way up front, and it must have been during, or towards the end of the homily. There was a short period of silence, perhaps a time of prayer, or reflection. It was shattered by a loud snap, followed shortly by several more. It echoed throughout the quiet church, capturing everyone, even the priest's, attention. Another snap later, I looked at Grma, who was sitting to my right. We both looked to my left where Grpa was seated. I think at that moment Grma would have crawled underneath the pew, if it had been possible. We watched in horror (well, maybe I was laughing just a little) as Grandpa carefully clipped his fingernails, totally oblivious to the noise and stares it was creating. I finally elbowed him slightly. He looked at Grandma, then at me, shrugged his shoulders, and put the clippers away. The fingernail clipper story is one of my favorite stories to tell over and over at family gatherings. But in our branch of the family tree, we have an appreciation for those reruns. Anyway, I thought I would share that with you.

*We'd love to hear more stories like Cathy's.*

*Cathy's e-mail address is: hawkeye1@itctel.com.*

*Thanks for the  
"postage relief"*

*I welcome your help and continued support. But just as important are the letters and sharing the news of your families with us all. Thanks again for your support.*

## Meet Some of Your Relatives



*(Easter 1998) Pictured here is the Francis and Claire Gaul Family: L-R Sharon Netter, Dennis, Kenneth, Donna Harlin, Connie Jones, and Mac. (Peter, Francis, etal)*

*This beautiful young lady is Alicia Netter, the daughter of Russell and Sharon (Gaul) Netter of Spanway, Washington and the granddaughter of Francis and Claire Gaul of Longview, Washington. She made her First communion April 25, 1998. (Peter, Francis, Sharon, Alicia)*



*Meet Lauren Michelle Endress pictured here at 8 ½ months. She is the daughter of Chris and Mary Anne (Welch) of Sterling, Illinois. Her grand parents are Donald and Mary Joyce (Gaul) Welch of Moline, Illinois. Her great grandmother is Madeline Gaul of Bettendorf, Iowa. Her Daddy is an Illinois State Trooper and her Mommy, an ex Accountant is just her Mommy. (Peter, Isidore, Mary Joyce, Mary Anne, Lauren)*

# Our Condolences to the Family of:

My story begins on September 28, 1992 when I was born at Denison Iowa. I had two big brothers at home as well as mom and dad so I was looking forward to being part of a great family. As I got a little older, my mom noticed that I was not getting over a cold. Tests were conducted by the doctors and it was discovered that I



*Justin Joseph Goeser, age 6*

had a heart defect. It seemed that an opening in my heart had failed to close. I was going to have to undergo open heart surgery. Before that, however, my strength was going to have to be improved. My mom then had to feed me almost every hour. High protein stuff in liquid form. I put on weight and strength and soon was strong enough to undergo the surgery.

What a surprise! The surgery was a success and I grew taller and was able to do things I couldn't do before. I liked being outdoors and experiencing life and the excitement when I got to play with the animals and help with chores. My favorite time was going with mom to feed and water the cattle and my horse Charlie. Well someday he would be my horse. I had to share him with my brothers Danny and Adam, but he was really my pet. I rode Charlie, petted him and played with him. He was my friend. I even kissed him.

Because of my early heart condition, my throat muscles were not properly developed and I could not pronounce words very well. I went to school to study really hard on my words. Even this summer my mom and dad worked hard with me so I could do well at school. I wanted to learn but I loved being a boy and doing boy things. My health had improved and I got to do a lot of little boy things.

The lesson I learned most though, had nothing to do with school. It had to do with family and how special needs create a special love. Not a greater love but a special kind of love and joy. A joy about little things and little steps toward improvement that were greeted with love and enthusiasm and pride in accomplishment. True love is never measured in material things.

My love is shared by my mom and dad, Margaret and Tom Goeser of Manilla; by my brothers Danny and Adam at home; and by my grandparents - Adelaide and Pete Croghan of Woodbine and Marilyn and Ed Goeser of Harlan; all my other relatives and my friends, especially Charlie. One other thing I should say. The boots were for my birthday later this month. I would have been six.

I never had the opportunity to know my older sister Laura. She was stillborn about a year before I was born. Now we can be together in heaven, learning about each other. I can tell her about her brothers and her mom and dad. I won't forget to tell her about Charlie.

## *His Father's Tribute*

*In 1992, Jesus sent me on a special assignment. He said "Justin, go and richen the lives of as many people as you can in a short time. I have picked a very special family for you, and, believe me, they are waiting for you. I picked them because, well, you'll see! You can tell me all about it later. I won't make this really easy for you, but your friends and family will help a lot. You will have less than perfect heart and everyone will have to listen closely to your words to get the most from them. You'll all work together to get through these little*

*things and I will be with you always. Go now, there is a huge supply of love awaiting You!"*

*Boy, was Jesus right on, or what? these people hardly gave me time to rest, especially Mommy. She helps me with everything from a tear, to a smile, to walks, to playing, to school. She holds me a lot. she kisses me a lot and she just waits for me to smile back or say something like "need some Help Mom" or "I wuv you mommy soo-o-o much." Mommy and I did everything together. We did chores (with my pliers always at my side), ate breakfast, talked, laughed, worked on my speech lessons, but mostly sent bushels of love back and forth, because you see, "most farm boys do."*

*Danny and Adam are the best brothers.*



*They taught me how to play, how to work, how to love, how to share and how to look for a rainbow after a rain. They even taught me how to ride Charlie, our horse. When we got our new horse, Trigger, Dad promised me Charlie, because I always asked "Dad, Charlie be my horse someday?" I always liked the way Dad would hug me and give me a kiss on the side of my head and say "I love you little man." I also liked the way, before we would take a break, Dad would take my little soft but soiled hands through his big soapy hands to clean them.*

*I have met so many people and made so many friends and spread love and happiness everywhere I went that Jesus said "Justin, a job very well done — Please come home early." "But Jesus," I said, "they won't understand." Jesus smiled and said "but they will, let's give them some time and we will help them."*

*Hey, this is heaven. I can't believe this place. I've already got a job here. My little sister, Laura, and I get to feed all of the animals here and you know how much we love that. They are so tame, they will eat right out of our hands, and love us too!*

*We have another job here, Laura and I. We answer prayers. How rewarded we feel. If you ever need us, please ask for us — we and Jesus will be right there.*

# Our Condolences to the Family of:

**Daniel Gerard Gaul** was born June 4, 1959, son of Ferdinand and Dorothy Rau Gaul of Earling, Iowa. He died Friday, July 10, 1998 in a highway accident south of Persia, Iowa at the age of thirty-nine.



Dan was born in Harlan, Iowa where he grew up receiving his grade school education at the St. Joseph's School in Earling and graduating from the Harlan Community High School with the class of 1977.

After completing his education, Dan worked in the construction industry, beginning with Miller Construction Company in Harlan. He subsequently started his own construction company in 1982.

On August 18, 1979, Dan was united in marriage to Debbie Laubscher at St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Earling, Iowa. The couple settled in Earling and were blessed with the birth of three children. In 1991, the family moved to their country home north west of Dow City.

Dan served Earling in several community activities including: Earling Variety Show Company and coached CYO Basketball for St. Joseph's Church.

He was a volunteer in the Earling Volunteer Fire Department and served on the City Council. He was a member of St. Joseph's Church until transferring to St. Mary's Catholic Church in Dow City.

Dan enjoyed camping, golfing and basketball and jumping on the trampoline, but most of all Dan enjoyed his family. He was a loving husband, and father who worked diligently to provide for their needs.

Survivors include: his wife, Debbie of Dow City one daughter, Krystal Sunshine Marie Gaul; two sons, Shawn Daniel and Cody Daniel Gaul all at home in Dow City, his parents, Ferdinand and Dorothy Gaul of Earling; eight sisters, Shirley and Frank Hauck of Omaha; Jean and Dan Bicker of Harlan; Carol and Jeff Walton of Harlan; Joan and Terry Hulsebus of Harlan; Laurie Gilbert of Glidden; Marian and Dan Greer of Harlan; Lisa Fox of West Palm Beach, Florida; Janis and Tim Thompson of Omaha, Nebraska; four brothers, Ron and Paula Gaul of Harlan; Larry and Maxine Gaul of Earling; Wally and Donna Gaul of Dunlap and David Gaul of Earling. Also his mother and father-in-law, Irene and Ralph Laubscher of Dow City, his sisters-in-law, Eve Vonnue and Jim Muff; Vickie and Pat Lampe and one brother-in-law, Rolly and Renita Laubscher all of Dow City, also sixty-five nieces and nephews and nineteen great nieces and nephews and a host of other relatives and friends.

## *Here is an update from Daniel's wife, Debbie*

*Cody, age 6, is now out of his body cast and working hard on learning how to walk again. Shawn, age 14, has amazed the doctors with how well all of his internal injuries have healed he even eats pizza!! Krystal Sunshine, age 17, is now walking pretty good although she still has quite a bit of pain with her left foot we hope in time this will fade. All of the kids last ex rays were very encouraging so*

*hopefully we are done with surgeries. All three children are now attending school full time and Cody has just completed his first full week of attending kindergarten by himself although he still thinks I should be going every day with him.*

*I have closed Dan and my construction business and sold most all of the*



*Dan and Bebbie Gaul with their children: Cody age 6 (front right), Shawn age 14 (Center Right) and Krystal age 17 (in back)*

*equipment. I found I just couldn't do it with out him. Going through so many changes has been really hard on all of us. Now that I don't have to go to school with Cody I will start to think about what I will do for a living.*

*Many thanks to all those who have kept us in their thoughts and prayers, we really appreciate it. We miss Dan so terribly our pain is indescribable, knowing people care helps so much.*

*Thanks for caring, Debbie, Krystal Sunshine, Shawn, and Cody Gaul*

## *On The Road With The Minnesota Orchestra*



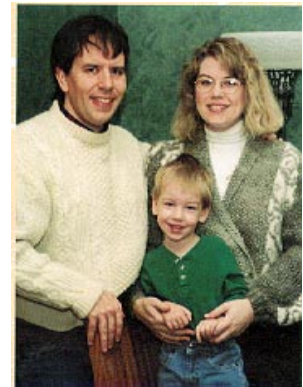
*(Above) Dr. Joanne Gaul, on tour with the Minnesota Orchestra as the Orchestra's tour physician, checked on an ailing patient by cell phone as the four-bus caravan left Nottingham, England.*

*It was one of those tough jobs that someone had to do.*

Earlier this year, Dr. Joanne Neufeld Gaul took time off from her practice and her own musical commitments to accompany the Minnesota Orchestra, on a fifteen day tour of Europe, as their tour physician.

"This was no vacation," Joanne insist. "My workday began at 8 AM every day, and I never stopped." With 95 musicians and their families, plus the crew and staff, she cared for 175 people between the ages of 18 months and 73 years. Most complaints stemmed from gastrointestinal problems as a result of eating strange food. Joanne packed all the equipment and medications she needed and handled most of the problems. Included in medications was something for stage fright. "Professionals sometimes have problems, too," she explains.

Back in her home town, Grand Forks, North Dakota, both she and her husband, Gerald, play in the Greater Grand Forks Symphony Orchestra, Joanne as a flutist and Gerald as principal violist, and Joanne sings in the Master Chorale. (Peter, Peter, Gerald)



*Dr. Joanne Gaul enjoyed her experience as a musician's physician, but was happy to be back home with her husband Dr. Gerald Gaul and their son Jonathan.*



*Pete and Hilary Mae Gaul*