

Fireside Chat

It was April 23, 2003 when it struck me that my dad was mortal. We were out in my new “land” (5 acres with 2 acres of basically weeds that I wanted to make into a natural escape full of trees, flowers, native grasses...well you get the picture). I had just went to the DNR to purchase 100 little 2’ trees, and my Dad and I planted them. He would dig a hole; I’d follow close and put a fertilizer bag along with the tree. As we planted them we talked about all kinds of things, including how these trees would look full grown in 30-40 years time. It was quite a great day. However, while we were finishing, it dawned on me that my dad might never see these trees full grown. That was sad!

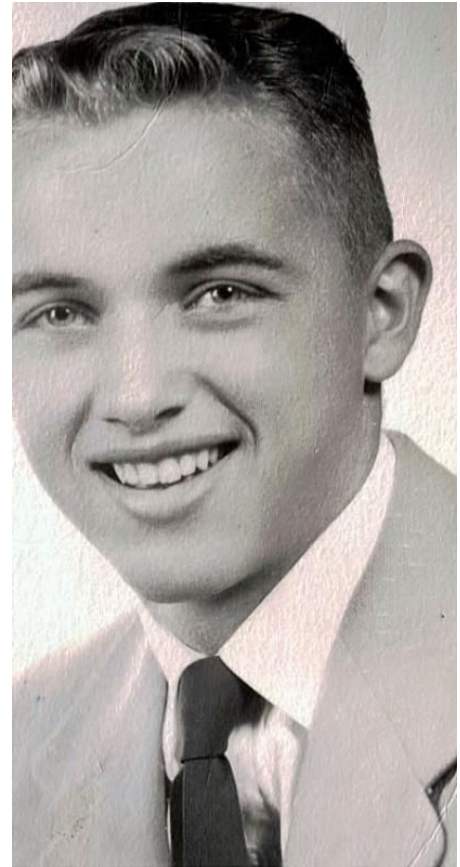
From that point on, I wanted to figure out a way to get the most out of every minute with him. I wanted to capture memories so I wouldn’t forget. I wanted to find out what made my Dad tick and to do that I needed to find out what he was like in all phases of his life. The problem is that I’m his son so I never knew him when he was growing up, at work, or in social settings.

What I really wanted was to be at my dad’s funeral. That’s not what I mean. I’m not talking about the funeral itself...I’m talking about how after a few hours at the reception where a group of his closest friends and family gather around and trade stories. THAT’S what I want to hear. The problem is, I want to have my dad hear that, too. Doesn’t seem right to have all these memories of your life exploding from the minds of those you hold most dear only when you can’t hear them.

So, what follows is an attempt to reproduce a “Fireside Chat” with the friends and family that know my dad the best.

Thank you to the following who provided such precious memories and observations: Henry Hintermeister, Bob Brandt, Mike Rowen, Bill and Donna Krueger, David Hintermeister, Doreen Hintermeister, Don Hintermeister, Doris Bischke, Jim and Beccy Garrigan, Orv Askeland, and me.

Bob Brandt: His dry sense of Humor was showing starkly during one of the fishing derby's we had at the Hintermeister re-union at that beautiful spot on Lake serpent. It was very close as to whether Henry or I had the winning fish. Lyle was running it & said Henry was just a tad larger When he confided this to me I suggested we have some fun. being from Calif. why don't I stand up & challenge for the trophy(which was an old hand made wooden reel & rod, Lyle stood & announced that the Calif. entry had officially challenged his decision. Well, Henry was shocked & the reaction from the majority favored Henry. Lyle & I acted out our parts before he told the crowd it was a joke & we all had a great laugh!!!



I believe Edie & I made 3 of those great family re-unions-driving from Calif. I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THEM

Me: I've been told I have a dry sense of humor. I guess that's where I got it from. I remember that reunion as well. I also remember having to rake all the weeds and dead fish from the shore before the reunion started. Me and David did that for years until we started to get too busy to get there early. Strange coincidence when just about that time Dad "learned" that if you just leave it there, the tide will take it away over night.

The reunion brings back so many fun memories: Catching tiny bullheads in the water filter, dumping the canoe with my cousins, fireworks at night, playing "night games" with the cousins and neighbors. Just so much fun.

It also brings back one sad memory: When the lake was finally sold, I wrote an email saying how much I wanted to keep it in the family. I can't remember the exact content of the email, but I do know it really hurt my Dad. I felt so bad about that. All I was trying to communicate was if there was a way to keep it and I think I really made him sad. Sorry Dad. I hope you forgive me.

Henry: When Lyle was in the service in Texas, I was probably around 12 years old. One leave he came home and gave me a baseball glove he had bought for me down in Mexico. It was the best



glove I had ever had and really meant a lot to me that my older brother would do this. One thing about the glove always stood out to me as it had stamped on it "Hecho en Mexico."

Me: One of my clearest memories as young kid is playing catch with my dad. I remember he would pitch curve balls. I was amazed that he knew how to throw that. Later in life I am amazed that he spent the time he did with us. I actually can't remember if he spent a ton of time with us (he may have), but I certainly remember the quality time...even when I started my stamp and coin collection, he set up a whole database program on his computer (must have been at least a 15 MHZ computer with 8 MB storage!) I must have spent hours entering in all my stamps and coins into that database.

Doris: I remember Lyle, Don, Doreen and I laying on sheets in the yard in the back of the house "out in the sun". We all wanted to get the most tan, of course they boys were tanner because of working out in the sun. We gave it the good old college try

though. My best remembrance is when they would fall asleep we would get sheets and very carefully cover them up. As I recall, they weren't really happy about that.

Henry: Lyle was always a goer in high school, always on the run after he got chores done and was free to roam. One memory of him that to this day I can "hear" is the sound his leather bomber jacket would make after supper when mom would make everyone sit still while she read a chapter out of the Bible. Lyle was always eager to get going and as she would read, he would rock back and forth and his leather jacket would make a small creaking noise.

Me: When I was 16 I found that jacket and wore it on some "Very successful" dates with my now wife. It made me feel invincible, and connected to my dad. I honestly was very surprised when he said I could wear it. Maybe he trusted me. Maybe he didn't care about it anymore, or maybe he knew in some way that jacket needed to be active and give experiences to young man, regardless of the decade.

Don: When we were kids, probably about 8-10 yrs old, Lyle and I were home alone one day playing out in the grove. This I remember was before the house was moved to a different site on the farm. That happened in 1949. Anyway, we decided to see what it would be like to be firemen. So we started a fire in between the trees and brush. I don't remember what happened, but I know we got it out before anyone came home. I remember being afraid. It could have been disastrous. I don't think anyone else ever found out about it, til now?

Doris: I remember my brothers (Lyle and Don) having to work out in the corn shed in the summers and after having been "attacked" by mice going up their pant legs they ended up putting rubber binders around their pant legs. I recall one time for sure that Lyle put it on too tight in fear of the mice and thinking he was going to lose his leg.

Henry: One memory of Lyle is that as a teen-ager he and Don were a good working couple: Don was willing to work and Lyle was willing to let him. Many times on Saturday morning when they were instructed to clean out the hog house, dad would leave to go into town on an errand. As soon as he turned out of our long driveway, the two boys would hustle into the house to snack and lie around. When somebody would alert them to the sight of dad's old pickup turning in our lane, they would sprint out to the hog shed and pretend like they had never left.

Me: Seems this is a common memory ☺ Don has a similar and highlights other skills...

Don: Lyle was really good at figuring things out ahead of time, even as a kid. I suppose you would call it 'time management'. Dad also had this ability. Whenever dad went to town, or was going to be gone for a few hours, he would almost always have a few jobs that he would give Lyle and I to do, while he was gone. We hated that, because it really messed up our free time and other plans we had. So I am sure it was Lyle who figured out that if we could find out ahead of time, when dad was going to leave, that we just needed to disappear for a while. Then dad wouldn't have time to find us, and tell us what to do while he was gone. I think this worked pretty good, but knowing dad, I'm sure this didn't go on for too long?

Me: Maybe this supports the "those who don't do, teach". Dad taught me how to work. I take great pleasure in working outside in my land making it look great. Or, maybe it's because making the outside look great makes my wife happy. Maybe I learned that from my dad, too. To completely love my wife and devote all I am to her. Or, maybe it's that with a house of 6 people, the land is the quietest most peaceful place I can find...even if it's while riding a lawn tractor running at 120 dB.

Orv: Your dad is an analysts Analyst. He is a wonderful friend and a fascinating guy in so many ways - disciplined, varied interests, a student and a terrific teacher. We both worked for many years in the technology profession so we have that in common. I have enjoyed many discussions and email exchanges with him on various technology, political and Christianity related topics. And a confession tossed in - because Lyle is far more likely to bore deep into the details of a topic than I would, I sometimes would throw out a question/comment to him via email and then sit back and wait for his response knowing that his research would provide very dependable and well thought out analysis on whatever topic I had raised. Sort of a consultant I did not have to pay for :)

Marilyn: Lyle is a very private person. Doesn't like anyone or anything to draw attention to himself. A couple things that explain this for example, is he loves reading, doing research on the pc...can spend hours doing that each day.

Henry: Lyle loved to go to summer Bible camp at Koronis as that was where all the pretty girls from the assemblies would gather for one week in late July. One year, he and Don were one week away from going to camp and were out cutting corn out of bean fields, a yearly task. They both used long 30" sharp blades with a handle on them to cut the corn down. One day they came flying in to the house with Don holding a blood-stained rag to Lyle's elbow. He had swung his knife not knowing Lyle was close by. A deep cut was made in Lyle's elbow and if you look, you can probably still see the scar. Though the sight of the blood was scary, Lyle's main concern was over whether or not this would keep him from going to camp the next week.

Me: The first time I heard about this accident was when we were playing catch. He would dazzle this 10 year old by first throwing curve balls, then knuckle balls, then he would switch hands and throw just as well with his left hand. At that point in my life I assumed there was nothing my dad couldn't do.

Henry: I was an uncertain, insecure teen-ager and it was a real morale booster in my life when Lyle asked me to be his best man at his wedding in California.

Doreen: When we were young we used to play "church" once in a while. To my knowledge it was Don, Lyle, Doris and I. One day with previous conviction I'm sure, at our lil service (and Lyle had a big part) I accepted the Lord at 7 years old. This particular day our "service" was held in one of the cornfields!! A wonderful thing to remember and always leaves a soft spot in my heart for Lyle as he played a part of that time.

Me: Wow. I can picture it now...a brother helping his little sister accept Jesus into her heart. This is exactly the kind of memory I was hoping to capture from this experiment. (That, as well as the much cruder one that pops in my head of how my dad, after doing his chores of cleaning the chickens, learned that a chicken can still run quite well after its head has been cut off if properly positioned...and that when Doreen was walking across the farm reading a book, looked up only to see a headless chicken running towards her!)

Dad, I am amazed at how many times your faith, knowledge of the bible, and compassion comes up.

Beccy Garrigan: He has always been a person of many interests and gifts, but one of the first areas where we got to know him was back in the late 70's when he was the leader of our Bible Study. I was amazed at the depth of his Bible knowledge and what a student of the Bible he was. He was so willing to share in a helpful way with us neophytes. One of his greatest attributes is his patience with people while they are learning and he is teaching. Never a "put down", never a feeling (obvious) of frustration. We learned a lot those years and certainly has continued on as we have done many Bible studies with him and then we were all confident enough in our group to take turns leading. Just like we have been taught to "pass it on". He is a leader!



Orv: He is far more disciplined than I when it comes to exercise - I admire that. I know of no one else personally that has an exercise regimen going back many years which he says he "enjoys and misses when he is away from home" - Can that possibly be a true statement?? I've known him to kid around a lot - but not lie! Lyle was a terrific teacher when several of us couples got together for a Bible study. He'd study the topics in great detail, and on occasion laying out spreadsheets to support the discussion. Impressive!

Marilyn: During his years working with different individuals, he was most comfortable making the other person look good...allowing people to do presentations that he designed and were inspired by himself. Usually, they accepted that role and not always giving Lyle the appreciation by acknowledging his creative work. However, there were times certain individuals did appreciate what he did and would send a note or card acknowledging their appreciation.

Henry: One of Lyle's soft sides that he doesn't like to reveal much, came when I was in Bible School in Culver City, California back in the 60's. He and Marilyn often had me over for meals, etc. One day at school, I made a horrendous decision to get a puppy. I hid that puppy under my dorm bed for several days until its barking alerted the administration and they promptly told me to get rid of that canine. I can't believe it, but I asked Lyle if they would keep it for me until I went back to Minnesota. They did and in retrospect, I can only imagine how much he must have hated that grass-messing puppy and yet I never heard or sensed one negative reaction from him.

Me: Dad's generous heart reaches others...

Beccy Garrigan: Lyle has a generous heart and in so many ways, with friends and family, we have all benefited and enjoyed life because of boating, fishing, eating, walking, photography and of course his latest, Pickle Ball. Life as a Christian has been his passion and he has shared himself and his possessions with grace and generosity.

Doreen: Lyle's compassion after Marv's fall in 1974 and during the many years after was greatly appreciated! He went out of his way with kindness!

Me: This reminds me...I read a book on the "5 love languages". It was meant to help raise kids and have a solid marriage. After I read that I realized that my dad's love language is "acts of

service". When he comes to visit, he wants a project or two to do. It does really help me, but most of all I just enjoy doing that project together. Even more, when they are gone for the winter I am reminded constantly of my dad's love for me...every time I pull into my nice white garage...or put stuff on my shelves...or sit next to my beautiful pond...or look at the nice red kitchen...I can feel my dad's love.



Henry: Throughout the last few years through all the changes that Lyle's and us have gone through, the one constant is that Lyle and I have tried to keep in touch by phone and emails. Lyle has always sought to maintain that contact and I think this is strong evidence of his love of family. Although I must confess it is getting harder to have intelligent conversations with each other via cell phones as both of us are at the stage now where we miss words and phrases in conversations. Sometimes I

think Lyle deliberately mumbles.

Doris: I remember getting along really good with Lyle, probably because he was the closest "brother" in my age group. I do remember living on the farm when his adenoids starting bleeding and we all thought he was bleeding to death in the kitchen. IF my memory serves me right, mom walked to Avoca to get to a telephone and to a doctor. Obviously he survived but it was the most traumatic memory I have of him. I remember thanking God at the time that "he didn't kill Lyle".

Me: Here's a couple fishing stories...

Mike Rowen: Several years ago Jan & were in MN visiting family and friends. We were traveling in our motor home and staying a few nights in an RV park in Maple Grove. Well, one evening your parents invited us over to go for a little boat cruise on Lake Minnetonka. This was a beautiful MN summer evening and we enjoyed the sights, sunset as well as the wine and cheese.

You know it was sometimes a little difficult to get your folks to make a decision quickly, especially when it came to traveling. Well, during the course of the evening I asked if they had anything going for the next few days. No, nothing really important Lyle said. Why?

Well, I replied, I was talking to the fellow in the pickup camper parked next to us in the campground and he was telling me he was on his way home to Iowa from fishing up at Red Lake, Ontario. He said the walleye's were really biting and there a lot of them.

So I said to your folks "why don't we go up there and see if we can have any luck". Marilyn asked when was I thinking of? I said "tomorrow". We should be back in five or six days. What do you think?

Lo & behold, Lyle looked at Marilyn, said what do you think? She said "OK". And do you know we were on the road by 9:30AM the next morning. I have never seen them make a decision that quickly.

The story gets even better. We stopped for few groceries up in northern MN and Lyle paid for them with his credit card. A couple hours later we stopped for some fuel and Lyle reached for his credit card and it was missing. You know he didn't find it until a couple days after we got back to Minnetonka.

We did have a great time fishing. Four of us in a 14ft aluminum fishing boat. Had to go quite a distance across Red Lake in order to fish the mouth of a river. Had a great time and everyone caught walleye's. We were over there most of the day and were in a sheltered area so hadn't noticed the wind came up. It was pretty rough going back across the lake. A few waves come over the bow etc. Didn't make the girls feel real comfortable, but Lyle got us back safe and wet.

David: I'm not all that sure I even love fishing all that much, but it's the memories that it sparks of being with family and especially Dad that I love. I remember my first fish caught at Camp Koronis with my dad, and I remember our trips out to Clearwater Lake where the first two times my dad, brother and I went, we caught about 30 Crappie 'keepers.' We still laugh at how the next time we brought Mom and we were skunked. Nothin. Of course she never heard anything from us boys about it...

I think the trip I remember most however was a trip to Canada with Dad, Marv, Kevin, and other Erickson brothers. I'd always heard about the trip but had never gone. I think what stuck with me about the trip was the decision I made in going. I was in college when invited and when I asked off for the week, they wouldn't give it to me. At first I was resigned to not going, but in talking to Dad who didn't pressure me either way, I somehow saw the importance of going as greater than working and money. I looked at it as a possible last father/son trip for quite some time and am now so glad I made that decision-even though Kevin and I seemed to do a disproportionate amount of cooking and cleaning. Dad & I just recently talked about how I had caught the biggest fish of my life and when he tried to net it, it came off the side of the net and disappeared into the dark cold water. We sat there staring at the water for minutes as though we had just witnessed the presence of God. He thinks I'm mad at him but I'm not...just disappointed☺ Sound familiar? I learned you can replace things like jobs but not memories.



Mike Rowen: Another time when we were visiting MN, Marilyn and Lyle invited us over for dinner. Again this was during the summer. In fact it was a Saturday evening. We sat out on the deck for a while just getting caught up on each others lives and also get the scuttle but on everyone we knew in MN.

We talked about going for a boat ride, but there was so much traffic that the lake was too rough. The gals went inside to start preparing dinner and Lyle says "Hey Mike, should we go for a short boat ride?" So we jumped into the boat and took off. Went over thru the channel to the upper lake and as we cruised thru Lyle says something to the effect "look at the way some of these women are looking as these to white haired mature men. Pretty nice, Huh." Well with that we had to go over past Lord Fletchers and cruise their marina. More favorable looks and greetings. Lyle wanted to keep cruising but I suggested we should get back for dinner.

Bill and Donna: Bill and I met (Lyn) and Lyle through Hans and Mary and it was probably at a dinner party sometime before Hans and Mary moved to Florida. Bill has worked with Lyle through his consulting company Pareo - where Lyle was a consultant for a while, and Bill has also spent many hours with him during his interest in "Options." Therefore, Bill has gotten to know Lyle in a different way than I do.



We have shared many wonderful memories with (Lyn) and Lyle. Some of the most memorable are those quiet dinners we had on their boat on Lake Minnetonka. We would grab a salad or two from the deli and just cruise out on the lake to a quiet spot and float and chat. It was especially relaxing after a hard work week. It was always fun to pick Lyle's brain on a topic.

We have enjoyed visiting them in "The Villages" and I love the fact that Lyle loves to get you in the whirlpool for a nice relaxing soak before bedtime.

We very much appreciate their friendship over the years.

Orv: I could not close without mentioning Pickle ball! Pam and I spend the month of March 2008 at a villa in The Villages. Both Marilyn and Lyle had talked quite a bit about Pickle ball, so when we arrived I really wanted to learn. He encouraged me with his comments and was a terrific teacher for me as I began to learn the sport. I also learned how competitive he is as I badly wanted to beat him before our month was up - but never did accomplish that goal. Oh, I won points and I believe a game or two - but never quite pulled off winning a match.

Private joke - It's just too bad that his teaching talent could not get through to a mutual friend who refused to acknowledge that the game had rules/protocol which were different than Tennis.

Doreen

When I asked Doreen to describe Dad using words, she said: Brother, Friend, Loyal, Caring, and Consistent.

Bill and Donna: When I asked Bill what came to mind when he thought of Lyle . . . he said:

Strong in his faith! - Straightforward - A tenacious researcher - Analyzer
Dry sense of humor (my favorite) - Trusted friend
Highly ethical and dedicated with work initiatives
Conservative - Hospitable

Marilyn: Following resignation from Transamerica in San Francisco, a special dinner was given to Lyle by a number of executives that were so appreciative of what he did for them and their company. Lyle was shocked and humbled, as a room full of people showed up to applaud this gifted, giving and humble man. Another high profile person saw the gifts that Lyle had with his brilliant mind. This person was a graduate from Yale and Stanford. He told Lyle that someone could hand him a “garbage project” and it would become a magnificent piece of designed workmanship in a very short period of time. Lyle was known nationally within his industry for his gifts and areas of expertise. So, when consulting groups or companies “hit the wall” they would call Lyle. He got one of these calls when we were here in The Villages. He looked at me, while he was on the phone...I knew he would like to do the project in Boston... the subject of the call, but I signaled a “no”. I suppose that was selfish of me, but I didn't want to spend retirement alone. I wasn't going to go with him...I was going to stay in The Villages... :<)

Doris: I do think we had a special relationship and I remember nothing but good. I am very proud to call him "brother". The two times we had the joy of having them come here and stay with us was one of our most precious times. If you ever get this done, I'd love to see it.

Doreen: Marv and I have taken many trips with Lyle/Marilyn and have enjoyed them all. Marilyn likes to eat often so you never go hungry traveling with them. Here are some of the places we went: Door County, Hawaii (twice!), New York, San Francisco, New Orleans

Me: I've always loved to travel. I guess I know why. We traveled a lot when I was a kid. Lets see: Early on we traveled on long car rides to Grandpa's Farm. Rolling around the back of the station wagon was part of the fun. We went to California (Knots berry farm) and Florida 4 times, including one where I got stung by a man-o-war. San Diego was our destination one fall, which still ranks as one of the best trips ever. We spent a whole week in this great beach house thing just a short walk from the ocean on one side and a lagoon on the other. I don't remember a ton of details except how relaxed we were and how David and I could actually do our own thing! I thought it was so awesome, but looking back I think Mom and Dad had an even awesomer time ☺. We went to Mazatlan where we took bullet-riddled buses (or stones in the windows, but the story sticks with bullets) and saw butchered beef in the backs of cars! We went to Hawaii, where I can't believe Dad let me take a photo next to a naked-girl poster. What a state!

Doreen: Lyle took several fishing trips to Canada with Marv and others. Marv and Lyle did beekeeping in the late 80's and had some good experiences.



Me: I totally forgot about “Bee Years”! I was in the car a few times that they put on their white beekeeper outfits and got the honey. I especially remember the big slabs of honey that he would come home with. He’d take a knife and cut big gooey hunks of honey...complete with wax and dead, squished bees into a bowl and we would use that for our cereal and bread for weeks. That’s one clear inheritance: A love for honey. My kids eat honey on their bread, cereal, and rice all the time.

I remember my Grandpa getting his bee honey as well, but he didn’t wear a suit. Either he was too old to care or maybe bees didn’t like that “grandpa” smell.

Doreen: We visited Lyle/Marilyn at their homes in Grand Rapids, Chicago and Palos Verdes.

David: When asked to conjure up memories of my dad, it was very difficult at first to think of what to say. However, the more I thought about it, the more difficult it became not to write a book on the subject. The following are a few memories on subjects in which I’d like to share.

Me: I knew while growing up that from my lens, my brother was very “cool”, popular, social, friendly, and talented at sports, all the things that make for a great high school experience. What I didn’t know until recently, is what a great Man my brother is. I am amazed at his depth of faith, his dedication to, well, the world...what with his mission trips and all. I am very proud of him.



David: One of my earliest memories was having little sparring matches in which he’d try to block my punches while throwing “punches” back towards me. I remember being in our living room in California so could have been 4 or 5. He must have gotten distracted because I saw him look away but couldn’t stop my haymaker in time. I connected squarely in his face and stood there with mixed emotions. At first apologizing over and over and making sure he was ok. The emotions started shifting to a feeling of pride that I had gotten one

through and was able to clobber him at my young tender age.

Me: Yeah. I read this and couldn’t believe Dad and David actually had fun before I was born! I guess I had to wait until I was big enough to be David’s punching bag.

Me: I do remember climbing on Dad and “sleeping” on his back. I remember it so well because my Kids and I do that. One of the best ways to break the tension in our house is to start wrestling and then play “horse” or give my kids a “flying spatula”...where I lay on my back and give my kids a feet ride. All that stemmed from great memories of rough-housing with my Dad.

David: Only now that I’m a father can I really appreciate the pain that my father must have gone through when we joined Indian Guides. I would assume there was some prompting from Mom as well. Indian Guides as I remember it probably wouldn’t be allowed in today’s politically correct world. It consisted primarily of establishing your Indian name which was then put on your leather name tag (mine was Red Fox and Dad’s was Grey Fox), wearing your Indian clothing, and doing Indian crafts, projects, and games. Usually done while sitting-what else-Indian style (now called pretzel legs). I think I would give a more than significant donation to have a picture today of my dad wearing a leather suede Indian vest with tassles, a yellow headband with feathers of different colors sitting Indian style with other Dads and sons all the while sporting 70s attire underneath. I also should ask him sometime if he knew he named me after a comedian who became famous due to his raunchy language. Nice parenting.

Me: I remember when David and Dad created these really cool balsa wood cars and race them at Indian Guide events. It seemed so grown up! I couldn’t wait for my turn. Eventually I was in Indian Guides with my dad. I was Flying Feather and Dad was Broken Arrow. I have a faint vapor of a memory going to a huge Indian Guide gathering where 100’s of people gathered around a camp site and the main guys had great feather head-pieces.

David: There comes a time in every child’s life when they realize their parents are not perfect. You realize early on they don’t know anything, but still look at them as perfect. My awakening probably happened when snooping through the dining room drawers at Grandpa & Grandma’s farm. I remember pulling out a little green card with some letters on it and realized “this is someone’s old report card.” “And it’s not very good!” I remember seeing a couple Cs a couple Bs and I’m pretty sure one D+ or C- (sub C for sure). Imagine my surprise when I saw the name of said owner on the top Lyle Hintermeister and it was for middle school. At first I was shocked. We had just had a talk about the importance of getting As and Bs and what it means for college, job, etc. I guess I had just assumed he was speaking from experience. My sense of shock slowly turned into a big grin as I realized the power I held in my hands. It wasn’t two hours later when I said “Dad, guess what I found...?”

Me: This actually happened to me! Mom and Dad moved to Florida so I got a bunch of old boxes. One night after getting after Cole for getting a solid B in math, I started cleaning out those boxes. I found one of my old Jr. High report cards with lots of C’s and some B’s...including a C in music! (If I remember right, I got a D in the test about the musical “Oklahoma” because I thought it was so stupid...yep, the same musical I starred in as “Curley” in 12th grade). Not nearly as good as what Cole is getting now. Luckily, Cole has never seen those ☺

David: My dad was always good at differentiating wants vs. needs. Too good in my opinion as a child. One great example I can remember is growing up with a 5” black and white TV. I can remember Thanksgiving when we were hosting having Uncles and Cousins all gathered around watching the football games on what amounts to now as an oversized Ipod with no color. The funny thing is I didn’t even realize we were out of the norm until I was about 8 years old. On top of it, I was only allowed 1.5 hrs per day thus forcing me to budget at an early age. Do I watch all

1hr of Batman and then blow off Speed Racer? Dad thankfully showed grace when it came to the 3 hr Sunday Viking games of which we could watch in entirety-assuming church didn't run over which is a whole nother story. I am now so thankful to have learned lessons on money & TV mgmt from Dad. I still practice them in our family and in today's society, it is truly a gift.

Me: Of course lets not forget that now Dad has one of the best media systems around now that he's retired and there are no kids in the house: HD everything, a whopping PC that can record and stream HD video and everything!

David: I hesitated to share this one, but everyone is human-even Dad. Another gift I was given in the Jr High era was the gift of language violation by Lyle R. Hintermeister. While there were the little ones here and there, nothing exceptional. That exception did come one Saturday afternoon when I was trying to mow the lawn. We had just purchased a newer mower and I couldn't get it started. I called Dad who was busy doing something else. I think he assumed I wasn't doing something right and would fix it quickly. Well, he tried and tried and couldn't start it either. Luckily, we still had our old one. He pulled that one out of the shed to start it up and after 5 minutes couldn't start that one either. Frustration started to build while I stood innocently next to him wondering if I could take off with my friends biking if it didn't start. All of a sudden I heard the unimaginable "Two F@#%in mowers and neither one of them start!" My first reaction was disbelief-did I hear what I thought I heard? Then I thought-"Cool, maybe I can start saying that." Outwardly though, I was doing everything I could not to laugh. I think I started a fake coughing attack and left the area. This was the first and last time I heard my dad use the expression so didn't become household language after all.

David: It was only a couple years later when I realized THE LOOK was something much worse than anything language can do to a son's sense of security in the secrets you keep. Red Lobster was always my choice and others in the family as The place to celebrate birthdays. I think we went there to celebrate my 17th birthday and looked forward to the usual Admiral's feast on the one day where I could "order anything you want" according to Mom. I remember meeting them there and not seeing a celebratory look on my Dad's face. As I sat down, he greeted me and then came "The Look." Crap! What had they found out? He then revealed that he received a call from the insurance company that day. It seems he went on, that I had earned 3 moving violations in my one year behind the wheel and that since I was under his insurance that his insurance would almost double. Uh Oh. Getting caught doing something irresponsible was one thing. Doing something irresponsible that costs him a lot of money is much worse. I tried to explain that the "passing on the shoulder" ticket was an attempt at entrapment, bogus, etc. He listened and replied that's fine but you are now a sole insurance carrier and that in addition to the \$150/mo I paid for the car, I would now add \$166/mo for liability insurance. It was the most expensive Admiral's feast on record thought a lot more about The Look than my Shrimp Scampi that night.

Me: I've tried now for 12 years to perfect The Look. I'll have to ask my kids if I've inherited that or not.

David: I had forgotten about this but Lisa reminded me of it as one of the funniest things she had ever witnessed. She probably loved it because it was one of her first insights into my dad -and more importantly into Hintermeister men. We had gathered as we always do at my folks' house on Minnetonka for Christmas for dinner and present opening. There was one gift in particular my dad gave to my mom that was very "cute" but seemed a bit out of character. My mom read the card but

it was the wrong card. It said "To Lyle from Barbara." My mom yells "who's Barbara?" "Lyle?" My dad had this surprised look of embarrassment on his face. Turns out it was a gift dad's secretary had given him. We were all roaring hysterically. Rather than waste a perfectly good gift he didn't necessarily want, he would pass it on to my Mom and chalk one off the list. Made sense to me. We all do it but rarely do we get busted and especially in such dramatic fashion surrounded by family.

Me: I remember that, and several other Christmas' where we would open gifts as a family, and always wonder what Dad had stashed away for Mom. Some years it would be jewelry...and always a complete surprise to Mom. It now makes me realize how connected they were. He knew his wife well enough to go buy jewelry for her without any consultation or recommendation. That's quite a skill! I remember the years of fondue and Rocklet grilling (pre-kids of course). Fondue was always a favorite memory for me.

David: Spider is just one of the games that Dad plays with our girls. He pretends to walk a spider up their arms with his hand and the goal is for the girls not to laugh before it gets to their neck. They rarely succeed. It reminds me how great and playful he is with small kids. Hannah was/is always wanting to play with him and Madalyn took it upon herself to name him her Hotdog. Not sure even where she got that but it seems to have stuck. Dad's playing with our girls reminds me of the heavenly gift that children are and especially the brevity in which you have that gift. Seems not too long ago it was Greg & I wrestling and boxing with him (see first story). Though we don't wrestle with him anymore, we can still play and we still love him very much. We look forward to continued growth together with him as a Grandpa, a father, and a friend to us.

Me: We asked our kids what thoughts or memories they had of Dad...here's a collection

- *He makes us laugh a lot because he loves us*
- *Pretends to tattoo us with paint!*
- *Pretends his hand is a spider*
- *Whacks my head with a newspaper*
- *Always does the dishes (it's usually our job to do them)*
- *Riding the boat with him*
- *Swimming in his hot tub*
- *He likes to help us*
- *They don't visit enough (sad I know)*
- *Plays "monster" with us*

Don: In our high school years at Slayton, Lyle and I were both in track. Few probably know how good Lyle was in his specialty...the 440 yard dash. Probably the toughest race of all, at that time. Lyle's times were excellent and he probably would have gone to the state meet that year, but out of nowhere came a freshman by the name of Phil Frerk. As I remember Phil went on to the state that year. (I never could see how Lyle could run the 440 like he did?)

Don: One of those years we went to the Mankato Relays, in Mankato. Lyle and I both ran in the 880 Relay. I started, then Lyle, and two others followed. Our team did really good. I like to think that we came in first? But in the exchange and hand-off, from me to Lyle, I couldn't catch him quick enough, and our team was disqualified. That was a real let down for us.

Doris: I remember when Lyle was in high school the football coach wanted him to play football in the worst way. He was convinced that Lyle would be/was a wonderful football star. He would come out and talk to our dad hours on end to try to change his mind. Dad always said no. He must have finally worn dad down and he started practicing with the team. The very first game he was injured and I remember dad being raving mad. So that was the end of the football and it was never brought up again. Don't recall Lyle being upset though as he "got to play".



do, but both enjoyed the camaraderie on the drive. I know him to be a "small group" person, two is just fine sometimes.

Beccy Garrigan: Jim would probably say that one of the ways he and Lyle connect is their ability to think things through and by nature of their jobs, looking for the "worst case scenario" and looking for ways to solve it if it happens. Of course, we all know that sometimes you don't have to go THAT far, but they are always ready just in case because they have thought of all of the options. When Lyle helped Jim drive our Tundra out to Bozeman when we were moving, they had many hours to talk and laugh...a very kind thing for him to

Me: Speaking of wanting to be a part of a small group...

Henry: One of Lyle's descriptions always stood out to me, especially as I got into my mid 20's. He told of the exact moment out in California when he decided to marry your mom. He woke up one morning and looked across his apartment and saw a couple of guys snoring away and thought to himself that there must be a better way to wake up than this. Soon afterwards, he proposed.

Marilyn: Who is Lyle? He is, of course, my husband, friend, and father of our children. But, he also is a gifted, private, brilliant and humble man. Having read the Bible from cover to cover many times, he is also a spiritual leader and an encourager to myself, our children, and our friends.

Has he wanted to change anything? Perhaps, but God has brought us through trials that have made us understand more about "life". He is guiding us on our journey with our prayers for us and our family that we will reach the goals that have been set before us. I thank God for this gift He has given me...my spouse.

Beccy Garrigan: One of the things we noticed in March of this year down at the Villages, was his zest for life and activity that sometimes we did not see in Minnesota days. He seems content and raring to go at a moments notice...never stop learning new things...Retirement has been a blessing to both your mom and dad down in Florida...never would have thought that a few years ago. God has placed them just where He wanted them...to grow with others in their faith and love for each other.

Me: Those two comments from Henry and Beccy...nearly 50 years spanning their memories...really says a lot for the love my dad has for my mom. He knew what he wanted, and he also knew how to make my mom happy. I knew mom loved the Villages, but only now hearing what

Beccy said that I know my dad loves the Villages...maybe not for the “activities” but because it makes my mom so happy...and that he is energized because he gets to spend more time with her. What a great way to show how to love your wife.

I love you, Dad. Happy 70th birthday. From these comments and memories, it is obvious you have made such a mark on the world. There are no comments about your work accomplishments, the size of your house, the cars you drove. They are all about how you loved, cared for others, were kind, had FUN and adventure, and really breathed life in as deep as you knew how. I hope you have years and years of adventure ahead of you.

Your loving son, Greg.