



St. Sometimes

...In Germany Again

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Special points of interest:

- Time alone in Germany
- Mr. Black the Architect
- Mr. Black in Love
- A quaint little restaurant in Tubigen

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Peter Schwarz- A Great Man Passes Away

I will always remember Peter as my German father. He could be gruff, moody, strict, and loving all at the same time. He was my father for my exchange year in Berlin, Germany. He will always be the father figure of my second family-the Schwarz familia.

While I was in Thailand this summer, mom was frantically emailing me from the states. The message was "call home now!". She had just received a funeral notice. Peter Schwarz passed away on July 4, 2006.

I knew I should have gone back to Germany sooner. I had heard news of Peter's failing health, but I did not know how serious it was! Now it is too late. I cannot say goodbye. I can only live

on through my memories of that year, through the rest of the family, and through his music.

I immediately called Uta (My host mom in Berlin) to make travel plans. She had already made plans to travel to Canada. Little Peter was just born in Canada. Peter and Uta had just become Grandparents for the first time, just before Peter passed on. I made plans to spend time with Philipp instead of Uta. Here is what I learned about Peter: Peter passed away surrounded by his family. Philipp, Uta, and Jakob were all there. Julia and her hus-



band are in Canada with little Peter. Grandpa Peter was aware of little Peter in Canda. According to Philipp, the funeral was an event. It was packed with friends, admirers, and musicians from all over. Not only was Peter a father, he was a professor of music, choir leader, orchestral leader, and world-traveling musician. I will never forget waking up in the morning to sounds of his pipe organ in the attic.

The Brothers Black!



Philipp and Jakob Schwarz. This is what they looked like back in 1986. Cool but young. Could it be that they are now all grown up? Not really. At least not Philipp. I had the chance to spend some time in Germany this summer with the cool guy in the glasses. I swear the last

time I saw these guys was back in 1991, but Philipp has concocted some memories of driving with me around Green Bay listening to Hootie and the Blowfish around 1996. Based solely on Hootie, Philipp is trying to confuse my memories. Read on to meet new Philipp.



**Philipp drives
like a Sunday
driver - ON
THE
AUTOBAHN!
80km/hr**

**Who would've
thought?**

The Funny Architect

Ok, so the picture to the right is from 1987. Yes, that is a date stamp on his face. I think this was at my 18th birthday party. He was manning the door for a while. Hah.

Boy the times have changed. Now Philipp is assisting a professor in Urban Planning at an architectural college. The college is in Darmstadt, Germany. Darmstadt is about 15 minutes by train from Frankfurt. That means about 30 minutes by car if Philipp is driving. (He drives like a Wisconsin Sunday tourist.)

Anyway, the man is now in charge of people's lives. He is teaching courses, planning lessons, and advising college students as they aspire to become urban planners in the future.

Philipp took me on a tour of the University, drank a beer with me at the student union, and introduced me to some of his contemporaries.



(I certainly like the fact that most of the students are women)

The funniest thing was his tour of student work. I have never laughed so hard! Philipp and his fellow assistants insist on their students to think outside of the box, bring creativity to their craft, and shine in their presentations. Obviously, they will all be "pitching" their ideas to major companies for a lot of money.

Therefore, each student needs to be comfortable presenting their projects and bringing fresh ideas to the table. So I laughed when philipp showed me a pair of glasses with levels (you know, to hand pictures flush on the wall) attached. The idea is to help you walk the line if you are road tested for drinking and driving. – quite a mental image. That is but one project I was introduced to. Same old Philipp!



**Each morning I would go
buy wurst and fresh
pretzels for breakfast.**

Speaking German Again!

I spent three days on my own just soaking up the culture of Frankfurt. Beautiful women, Bratwurst, more women, Weizen Bier, Döner Kebab, and did I mention-women. It is such wonders of life that make me miss the world outside of Kuwait so much.

Speaking German is not an easy affair if the lag time is fifteen years, since you last spoke the

language. I should have had a dictionary in my hand. Scheisse!

Most memorable was a conversation I had with a few teenie boppers. I went to see "Pirates of the Caribbean II" and had to take the elevator up. I got off on the second floor and found two girls waiting outside of a door. With a flurry of German words the girls explained the former showing had not gotten out yet. From what I gather, they were wondering what

movie I was there to see. They spoke so FAST and giggled in true teenybopper fashion. Just as I was about to muster my middle-aged, foreign accented, textbook German, an old theatre man appeared and yelled at us for being on the wrong floor. The movie was showing upstairs another flight. We were breaking rules by being on this floor. I proceeded to settle in and watch the movie. It was cheating. I didn't have to say anything for two hours!

Tini - a.k.a. Cristine

That's it. Philipp is hooked. I may be presumptuous, but he certainly has that gleam in his eyes to match hers.

They are one of those couples that can have fun anywhere by just listening to each other. This is one "Whipped" couple. I got to see it first hand for about a week as I crashed in their study, ate their food, and just "hung out". They should move on to the next step. Marriage. No doubt about it.

The only negative thing about my whole stay was the lack of

beautiful, single women. Obviously, Tini and Philipp are so in love that their time is spent on each other. They didn't have the courtesy to organize, plan, or plot chance meetings, dinners, coffees for me with their beautiful women friends. What nerve!

I hope Tini keeps her hair this color. It came in handy when Philipp and I meeting here somewhere. What a cool red! Cupid made a match. This little article better not Jinx them. I want to be in the wedding.



Calling Around

Philipp is truly a brother. Many of my close friends always remember him and ask about him. Since I have the costly habit of calling friends out of the blue, from all over the world, I figured the autobahn was a great opportunity. Philipp was driving like a granny so I let him chat a few minutes with Kappy, leave a message for Mackey, and try a few other friends before the time ran out on the cell. Then we bought some more minutes and called

our US family. The smile on Philipp's face was priceless. I am sure that whomever received phone calls from us MUST have been taken by surprise! It was like a live Cingular commercial— bringing global family and friends together again.

Philipp made a point of instigating phone calls to all the Schwarzs too. We called Berlin to talk to Jakob and his girlfriend. Then we called Canada

to talk to Uta and Julia's Canadian family. (Maybe Julia can explain Canadian Thanksgiving to me. I still don't understand the idea.)

I will continue to call friends and family from different parts of the world. Don't be surprised to hear from me in some airport, calling from a camel in the desert, from the Great Wall of China, or driving in Europe with the "fourth Lemoine Boy" Philipp Schwarz.

"The best thing about our relationship is that I am smarter than Philipp."
-Tini

"True. She is also an Architect. She did better than I did on the final exams. She's really smart!"
-Philipp



Above: June 15, 1987. I just turned 18. We blew up Sebastian's stereo, but put the \$110 US dollars from cover charges towards fixing it. The four of us are seen here finishing off the last case of beer we saved for ourselves.



Right: I will never forget my pants. Uta made them for me. They were the perfect 18th birthday present that I wore for several years in college. It was a sad day when the "wild pants" were retired.



Tübing - A Trip on a Rainy Day - A Cultural Meal - ?

Tini, Philipp, and I traveled to the quiet little Dorf called Tübing just to get out of Stuttgart for a day. Here is how the day went...

The day started after a leisurely, late breakfast. The three of us got into Philipp's Golf and headed to the brand new Daimler Museum.

It just wasn't meant to be. There was a crowd of tourists snaking from the entrance of the museum all the way down

to the street. We decided it wasn't worth the wait since I was only there for a short time.

On it was to Tübing A stroll through the quiet little dorf, a walk up to the castle overlooking the old houses, and a quiet cup of coffee were all a part of the drizzly day.

I found the cheapest Döner Kebab in Germany to go with a local brew. That was heaven

for me. However, I figured both Tini and Philipp were hungry so I told them to pick the restaurant. Who would've guessed it. The idea was also a treat for me. I was just coming off of a desolate island for two months, and besides, German McDonalds serve beer. Hah!

A worldwide fast food giant in the middle of a quaint little German town. Reality is ugly sometimes. But the burgers tasted heavenly.



Small World Stories

Bangkok, Thailand - Going through Bangkok to and from the Island of Koh Tao is always fun because I can call my old room mate from Honduras, Mike Hirsch. Every time I pass through I give him a call. This time was no different. But, this time I got to meet Alison, another small world story. She has connections with TWO of my former room mates. Basically,

Paul Mooney taught in Thailand before he taught in Honduras. Mike and I were apartment mates before Mike was hired in Thailand. Mooney helped Mike get the job. After Mike left, Mooney moved into my apartment. It turns out that Alison had gone out with Mooney when he taught there. NOW, Mike and Alison are in love and living together in Bangkok. No matter what the connections are, I am on the outside. I respect Mike and Mooney and wish both of them well. As for Alison, I only met her over a few beers. She must be awesome if two people I respect have (or had) such interest in her. This visit with Mike and Alison was a great trip down memory lane. Alison got to hear some great stories about life in Honduras. She got to see another side of Mike. I look forward to keeping tabs on this couple. We all have a lot in common. No matter what the past stories are, these two have a bright future ahead of them. It is great to see Mike so happy in Bangkok.