



# ST.SOMETIMES

Volume 206

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The Life and Times of Greg Lemoine, an International Educator.

Visiting Jason and Erin. Floating down the Wolf River with Joe. Driving down memory lane looking at former homes in Green Bay. World Cup in Bahrain. Back to the Island. Fixing a flat on the "hog".

Erin (right) and Jason (below) have been going to this lake house for years now. The kids have grown up learning to waterski, wakeboard, paddle board, and surf on this lake. Grandpa and Grandma Lemoine would have loved to spend time with our family on this lake. I'd imagine Jason still harbors memories of going to the Grandpa and Grandma's to learn to ski. Jason and Erin have accomplished it.



## Jason's and Erin's

Visiting Jason and Erin is like getting into a warm bath after a long winter. They have created a family getaway not far away from home. While entertaining friends and family at the lake home, Jason carries on with work in Green Bay. They are the ultimate hosts for friends and family.

I only spent a few days with them this summer. Some of that time was at home in Green Bay, some of it on the lake. The highlights are always the same: spending time with family.

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the end. Not due to anything on our part. Teddy worked until his hands hurt. Followed the instructions to the "T". The brick, computer base, of the robot was faulty.

Samantha is growing up faster than lightning. Soon, she will be living on her own. Sam is attending new classes and seems to enjoy them. I was very proud to see her bring home a certificate!

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sure the women are keeping him busier. He is quite the catch - soon to be the third generation Dr. Lemoine. I look forward to catching up with him at Katrina's wedding next summer.

Collin is another wunderkind story. He's busy doing Broadway shows in Wichita, Kansas. Why? I don't know. Not my gig. He is in a bunch of shows and performing to stardom according to mom. How can you not be proud of such a man? I hear he has a really great looking babe on his arm, when they have time for each other. Once again, not really sure.

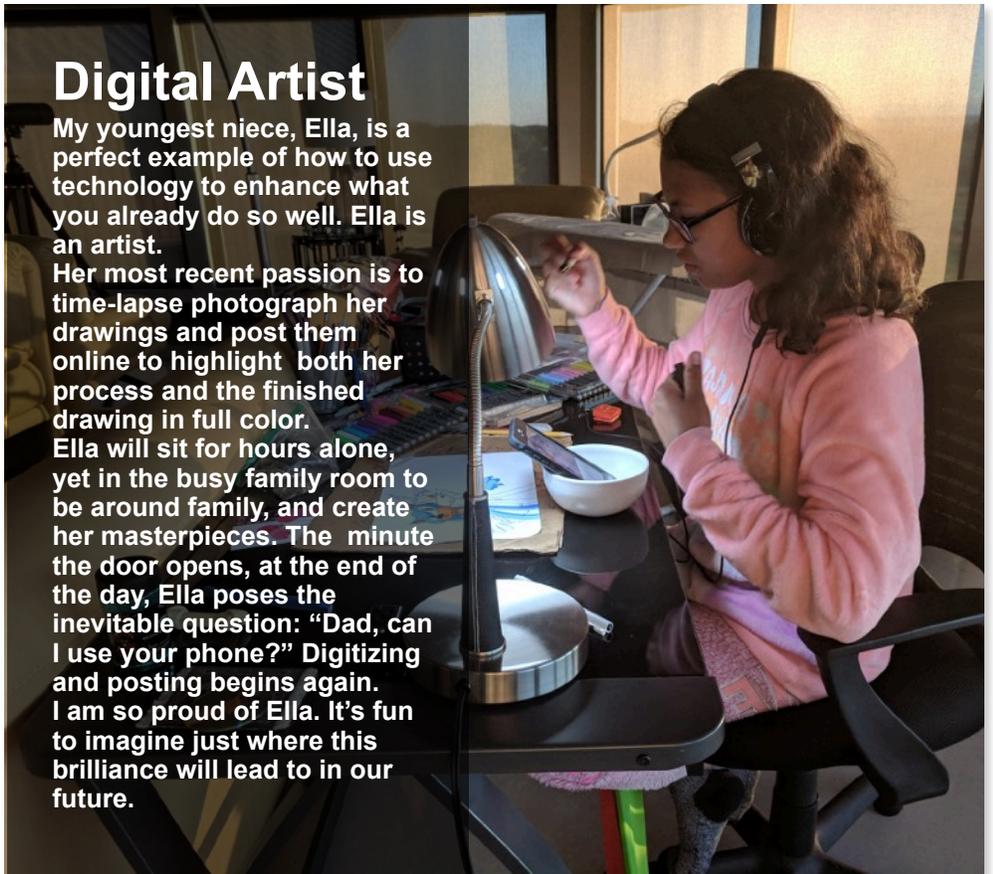


## Digital Artist

My youngest niece, Ella, is a perfect example of how to use technology to enhance what you already do so well. Ella is an artist.

Her most recent passion is to time-lapse photograph her drawings and post them online to highlight both her process and the finished drawing in full color.

Ella will sit for hours alone, yet in the busy family room to be around family, and create her masterpieces. The minute the door opens, at the end of the day, Ella poses the inevitable question: "Dad, can I use your phone?" Digitizing and posting begins again. I am so proud of Ella. It's fun to imagine just where this brilliance will lead to in our future.





## Float, Laugh, Share, Think, Blind Grab

**The main rule is you cannot choose your own beer, but this float is all about ideas and friendship.**

We started out with more rules. No one goes on the trip except the two of us. The beer we buy is retro, cheap beer. Take the longest trip. If we arrive too late to catch the longest trip, just extend the short trip. Always “tailgate” before getting into the river. Bloody Mary after the float. Stop as many times as possible during the float. Steak dinner after the float.

We’ve been changing rules every year. The best change we ever made was thanks to Joe’s wife Danica. One year,

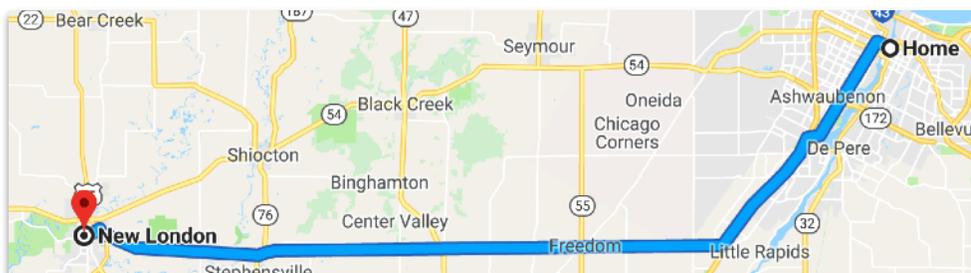
she offered to drive us out to New London and pick us up after our float. That has become the standard, most important change. Joe and I also decided we are too old and too successful to drink cheap beer. Yes, we always include a few retro beers, but the rest are delicious. As Joe’s son gets older, we are much closer to adding a third person. Alex is the only person likely to ever join us, unless I have kids.

Imagine floating for several hours with one of your life-long best friends. Imagine that friend is an entrepreneur. Imagine you only spend a few days in the United States every few summers. Add a river, inner-tubes, and beer. Now you know the secrets.

No, you are not invited.



**Joe and I have been going down the river on our trip semi-annually since I left the United States back in 2001. Each year involves improvements on our trip methods. Each year involves improvements on our lives.**





## Memories of Past Homes

**Green Bay is the one area I can return to and see several different addresses that I grew up in. I spent one afternoon driving around the area to look at four different “homes” I have lived in.**

My family moved to green bay the summer of my transition from elementary to middle school. I moved into the historical Union Hotel in May of 1980. I spent the final month and a half of fifth grade at Dickinson Elementary school wearing a cowboy hat and cowboy boots, popular clothing in Kansas, but very foreign in Wisconsin.

The rest of our family joined us in June at the house on Lorrie Way (above). The trees were just saplings. There were no homes behind us, just empty fields slotted as lots and cul-de-sacs.

Now the homes fill the fields almost all the way up to our house on Oak Ridge

[Cul-de-sac \(disambiguation\) - Wikipedia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cul-de-sac_(disambiguation))

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A **cul-de-sac** is one of many alternative names for a dead end, sometimes called a dead-end street, a street with only one inlet/outlet. It is usually used for a dead

Circle. I stopped at the gas station, then a Marathon, on the way out to see my third home.

I couldn't help but call my former neighbor, Pat, while I was driving around Oak Ridge Circle. The farm fields around that home are now filled with homes. The homes are closing in on that beautiful piece of Lemoine history, but I still didn't find my yellow Chucky Taylors that I lost between the colonial mansion and Pat's old house.

The last home sits on the Bay. It's a Floridian style house that never really felt like home for me. Mom and dad built that one while I was in college. I didn't spend more than a few seconds looking at that one. Instead, I headed up a few blocks farther from the bay to the latest Lemoine home: Jason and Erin's farm.

It's been 38 years and the city has gone through a lot of changes. I wonder how many of the same people still live in the homes along my old paper route. I wonder if kids still walk from Lorrie Way down to Legion Park and play hockey at the outdoor rink during the winter?

After moving around my whole life, it's cathartic to drive down memory lane in one city. I guess that's why I tell everyone that I'm originally from Green Bay. It's the only place our family put down roots when I was in my formative years. DePere and Green Bay of 1980-2001. Home.

# World Cup? What's that?

Throughout my short trip, I barely heard any scores or watched even one game of this year's world cup soccer. The last World Cup, I watched almost every game while I was living in Bologna, Italy. The USA really doesn't care. I arranged to watch the final with a small group of Aramcons in a sports bar in Bahrain. Yes, we had to leave the country so we could partake in some beverages while watching. That was fun!



# Back to the Desert

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# Q8? Again?

Believe me, it wasn't my first choice. When I made the tickets, I tried to find the lowest fares. I drove to Bahrain, like leaving from Chicago instead of GB, and Flew to Switzerland for just a few days. Then my trip took me to New York - Fort Lauderdale - Minneapolis - Amsterdam - Kuwait - and back to Bahrain, all for \$2000. Not bad, but the Kuwait leg was scary. I really don't want to go back there...ever. Luckily, we didn't even deplane in Kuwait City. We just stayed on the plane for an hour - with the air con actually running - and waited to see if anyone escaped onto our plane. No one boarded though. Then it was just a short flight to Bahrain.



# Tech Man

- ▶ My printer doesn't work.
- ▶ I forgot my password.
- ▶ My desktop looks different.
- ▶ There is no sound. There was sound before I left for vacation.
- ▶ I can't open up PDFs anymore.
- ▶ Why doesn't my login work?
- ▶ Can I get a better monitor?

These are daily routines. Each situation has a unique problem or two attached to them. Some can be immediately solved, some end up in the proverbial ticket line.



I'm back in the game! It's been five years since I was running around like this and I'm slowly getting back my "mojo". I'm mainly not fast enough because of the company routines and policies more than anything. Working for this school is also working for a major corporation. Working for a major corporation means using company computers, high levels of cyber security, and computer environments way above my pay grade.

This is my first month. I'm really the only one on duty because the other two are on vacation. Just give me one year, some actual company training courses with clear expectations/instructions and I'll show you some happily satisfied colleagues.

Bring it on.

# Back on the Island

**We work for a company, not just an international school. Therefore, summer is not just time off. We actually have to work without the students there.**

Maybe I explained this in past issues, but here it is again. Why we work in the summer time.

The company pays us very well. We are paid at a level compared to entry level engineers and other employees. With that great pay stub comes a commitment of time.

Each year, we earn a specific number of days off - 40 days with the option to carry over 17 into the following annual year. (We don't think in the school calendar. We think in calendar years like company employee do.) These are days that we are off of school. This includes the weekend if we don't work at least one day during the five days before a weekend. It's a bit tricky so here are some examples:

**Scenario 01:** The work week starts on Sunday. Let's say I work on Thursday and then go on a trip from Friday to the next Saturday. The first Friday and Saturday are counted as a work weekend - not docked. However, I would still lose the next seven days, including Friday and Saturday, because I didn't work any of those days in between the weekends. That is a total of nine days vacation but seven are counted against me.

**Scenario 02:** This time, instead of going from Friday to Sunday, I leave on Wednesday. That means I take two days off. I then take the same Sunday-Wednesday off but I return to work on the Thursday. Since I worked one day of the week, the final weekend is still saved. Yes, I broke up my days off but I had a flew out Tuesday night. The days off from Wed-Wed are 9 days off. The Friday and Saturday were saved because I worked Tuesday of the week before. So, of those 9 days off, I only get docked 6 days, worked one day, then had another two days off (weekend) because I worked Thursday. I start work on Sunday. Total days gone are 11 but I only lost 6. It's a game!



My new favorite jam.  
Thanks for introducing  
it to me Ben!

TERRAPIN RIDGE



FARMS™

GLUTEN  
FREE

SIMPLE INGREDIENTS

hot pepper  
bacon jam

CHEESE TOPPER • CONDIMENT

Net Wt. 11 oz (311g)



## My “Hog” Got a Flat

What do you do when YOU get a flat tire? Call AAA? Take the spare out of the trunk and change it? Simple, right? It's not that simple on the island if you are ME. I was at a street light heading home from the Mexican restaurant the other night. As I pulled away at the green light, I felt a swerving motion and a total lack of control over the steering. Uggh! Flat tire. No spare. No room for a spare - at least I never looked into the possibility. At least I was across the street from the dry cleaner. I rolled it into the parking lot and called my buddy Mike. But it wasn't that easy.

I WhatsApp-ed the scooter guy, the Syrian I bought my scooter from. He was in the Philippines but he would send his partner. Twenty texts, six ride favors, and two days later, Rushei (the friendliest Saudi I've ever met) pulled up in his van. He takes the back tire off. He drops me off at my apartment. I fall asleep on my couch for four hours waiting for his call. Rushei had to take the wheel to a tire shop in another city. It's 10pm and I'm watching Rushei attach my new tire and change the oil using his cell phone flashlight to see what he's doing. 350 SARs - \$95 later (including tip) Rushei offers to buy me a beer. NA beer of course.

The mini-mart was closed. I drove home on my new tire.