



# News from Peef & Lo

## One of the Outside Guys...

Now, I was laying in bed last night thinking about all of the things we've been through in the past year — and I'm forced to admit that our lives have been FAR from boring. We've definitely had our share of little dramas, big changes, and strange acquisitions. In fact, I've decided that our lives could use a little bit of "Dull" at this point - just to even things out.

But our lives don't have much hope of dull — at least in the near future. Now we're preparing for a completely new adventure: a great new job for Paul.

Yes - Paul is preparing to become one of the newest members of Schlage's outside sales team. He'll be working primarily with ACE Hardware accounts in Northern Illinois, Southern Wisconsin and Eastern Iowa (also an account or two in Minneapolis). As far as we know, he'll be starting his new job sometime in December. This is exciting stuff. Not only will Paul get to have actual contact with REAL people again (rather than merely vocal contact with strange voices over the phone), but he'll be able to work from home a couple of days a week (office equipment is included)!

Truthfully, the job will be a



Preparing for our future

fairly big adjustment for the two of us. Paul will be obligated to travel one or two days a week — which isn't so bad, but is definitely different than an 8-5 shift at Wausau. Paul will also be working quite independently, which could mean slightly longer hours and a more erratic day schedule.

Both of us are genuinely looking forward to this new opportunity for growth. It might be challenging at first—as all new things tend to be. We might find that being home together is even more infuriating than being apart all day, every day. But this whole experience could be very good for us. It will likely bring us closer together in ways that we couldn't possibly imagine.

Right now, Lori is looking forward to delving into her studies at Marquette while Paul takes business trips. She'll be able to finish all of her reading (for her English

courses) while he's NOT home so that she can spend time with him while he IS. Paul is busy trying to gather up supplies to furnish the new home office we'll be creating in our spare bedroom. And he's tending to the details of hooking up additional phone and fax lines.

We're both trying not to drive ourselves crazy with some of the details... like preparing to sell our newly acquired minivan to make room for the Ford Taurus that Paul will be driving (compliments of Schlage). We've learned over the years that selling cars is definitely NOT one of our favorite pastimes.

One thing this new job has brought to our attention is that God has really blessed us over the past year! During the upcoming holidays we'll have very many good things to be thankful for.

One of those things is the support that so many of you have shown to us over the past year. It's great to know that we have a virtual busload of people around us who love us and rally around us during these exciting times.

So thank you— we wish you many blessings in the coming year!

## Quarterly Notes on Our Well-Being

Volume 2 Issue 4  
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### MERRY CHRISTMAS IN:

Basque: Zorionak eta Urte Berri On!

Bohemian: Vesele Vanoce

Finnish: Hyvaa joulua

Gaelic: Nollaig chridheil agus Bliadhna mhath ur!

Greek: Kala Christouyenna!

Hebrew: Mo'adim Lesimkha. Chena tova

Jiberish: Mithag Crithagsigath-mithags

Korean: Sung Tan Chuk Ha

Latin: Natale hilare et Annum Faustum!

Navajo: Merry Keshmish

Scots Gaelic: Nollaig chridheil huibh

Spanish: Feliz Navidad

Yugoslavian: Cestitamo Bozic

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## Wé been "Moved"

October 30th turned out to be a sunny day — very unlike the rain they had been predicting for at least a week. And quite warm for October. A perfect day for moving.

The weather seemed to portend all good things. And we both awoke with great anticipation. But not everything about moving day would be so ideal.

Paul arrived to pick up our moving truck at 9am sharp. After all, we'd been prepared. We'd reserved our truck over a month before with a moving company which shall remain unnamed (Can you say U-Haul?).

When he arrived, the moving company (U-Haul) informed Paul that our truck was no longer available. In fact, they didn't have a truck available for us to rent within 40 miles!

Paul tried to reason with the man, but there seemed to be no way to convince him to honor his contractual obligation with us. In fact, he promptly quoted from the contract that "Terms can change at any time", which apparently means: "We really don't need to stand by our agreement in any way. Rent somewhere else."

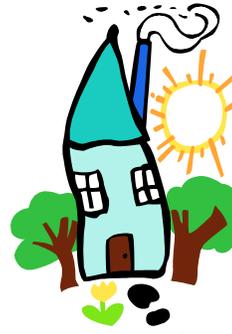
So that's exactly what we did.

Fortunately, another truck rental establishment (which happened to be

right next door) happened to have a truck available for us to use. This company, which shall remain nameless (RYDER) not only had a truck for us to rent, but friendly personnel who seemed to actually know the meaning of the word "service". By 11:00 am, we had our truck safely parked on Ashbury Circle. When our moving crew (Patti, Wally and young Wally Francis) arrived, we ate muffins (provided by the aforementioned Patti) and then began loading.

The move went smoothly. But it turned out to be a very LONG day. We lugged boxes upstairs for what seemed like hours. We struggled to fit our (apparently huge) couch through what seemed to be a VERY SMALL living room door. We finagled our (apparently) odd shaped dining room table through the same small door.

When we finally unloaded the last of our stuff at around 6:30 we were exhausted. By this time, even our most prized possessions were often referred to as "junk". Everyone was hungry. So we drove off to the



It's so Peef & Lo

OUTBACK Steakhouse and shared a very pleasant dinner. Shortly thereafter, had you been around, you would have witnessed Peef and Lo falling swiftly into bed — and dreaming of the day when their junk was unpacked.

As it turns out, the junk almost unpacked itself. Soon the house was up and running and looking quite inhabited.

We're having a great time living in our new little house. We're excited to begin our list of "remodeling" projects and thrilled to finally be living in what could be reasonably described as "a house".

I distinctly remember that the first thing Paul said to me after we looked at our new duplex for the first time was "Isn't it so very 'Peef & Lo'?"

I wasn't certain that I knew exactly what he meant at first ... I mean, I knew we liked the place, but had no idea how the house could reflect us when we weren't even living in it yet. As it turns out, Paul has excellent foresight. The house is not perfect by any means, but it is certainly perfect for us.

## Back to the Future: Our Return to the Microwave Kingdom

It's been a good six or eight months since we've owned a microwave. We got rid of ours very suddenly — hoping to reclaim the counter-space our gadget had been taking up. We had given the scenario a great deal of thought, and decided that we used the microwave so infrequently that we wouldn't even miss it.

I'm here to retract that thought.

Turns out, we miss our microwave.



Back to the Future with Peef & Lo

After months without one, we've discovered that the 2-3 things we actually USE a microwave for are definitely important.

- 1) We miss popcorn. Burning it for long periods of time on the stovetop is not the same as microwaving it for 5 min
- 2) We miss melting chocolate with the press of a button. I will never make chocolate covered cherries again if I don't get a microwave.

- 3) We miss reheating yummy leftovers... (mind you, I did NOT say microwavable dinners... blech!) Yes, I've learned to do it in the oven. But that not only takes longer, it dirties an extra dish (Tupperware hates the oven). My seafood enchiladas love the microwave :)

Right now, we are still without a microwave. But I figured I would explain our behavior, should you pop in and find me **microwaving** popcorn :)

## Cooking with Peef & Lo: A Kitchen to COOK in

Since the move, we haven't had a whole lot of time to cook up any kind of a storm. We've eaten, of course — grilled cheese sandwiches, chili, our famous "tuna moussaka"... But we haven't had very many kitchen adventures yet.

So, I figured maybe you'd be interested in hearing about how dirty our kitchen was when we moved in (it was filthy) ... or maybe not.

Maybe you'd rather hear about the ancient linoleum that graces the floor in the kitchen — or how many hours it took me to scour that floor into shape :) I didn't think so.

And then I got to thinking — maybe a few of you would be remotely interested in some of the redecorating we've done in the kitchen!

(That's the best topic I could think of, and so I'm sticking to it!)

When we moved in, the kitchen was "cute" — but definitely not in sync with our personalities. Almost everything in the kitchen is painted white, so we decided it probably wasn't necessary to repaint. But the wallpaper border... that most definitely had to go.

Some people loved it — the little pictures of apples in bushel baskets weaving all around the room. I was tempted at one juncture to leave it up — after all, the previous tenant had even been so kind as to leave an extra roll of the stuff behind for us to use. But, I just couldn't.

We immediately began hunting around at local wallpaper stores, searching for the perfect thing to replace our apples. We soon came to the conclusion that cool wallpaper is really hard to find — even in Wauwatosa.

Apparently, most people seem to think that kitchens should only be decorated in apples, cherries, or really bizarre (and usually UGLY) flower patterns. We decided we must be weird.

So, we started looking harder. We spent hours perusing wallpaper catalogs, wallpaper websites, and talking with sales reps in wallpaper stores. It took forever — but finally we happened upon a border that was pretty cool — it fit the vintage of the house, and still seemed to exhibit a bit of personality. Best of all, it didn't have pictures of apples all over it!

Since we found the wallpaper, we've even managed to get the old stuff down and the new stuff up. It definitely adds something to our kitchen... And now that that's taken care of, we can tackle the ancient linoleum!



Our new kitchen border!!

## THE RETURN OF ELMO

Moving isn't Elmo's favorite thing to do. His usual response to the prospect of moving is to hide underneath the nearest bed for at least two weeks, coming out only to do unmentionable things in his litter box. This is what he has done consistently for the past two moves. We expected no difference this time around.

Boy, were we surprised.

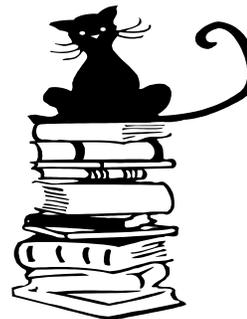
First off, we should have known something was different when he didn't SCREAM all the way to our new house. Elmo also hates his kitty carrier — and usually lets us know by letting out huge wails whenever he's forced to ride in the thing. This time, he was suspiciously quiet.

Upon arrival to the new house, we placed him immediately in the second

bedroom — with food, water, a litter box and some familiar items. Our plan was to keep him there until he seemed to be completely cured of any anxiety.

Well, that took him about two hours. He hid under the bed at first, but after about 15 minutes he was meandering around the bedroom like he owned the place. After two hours, he was nearly clawing down the door to come out.

We figured we'd still take the process slowly — as we didn't want him to frighten himself somehow, revert, and suddenly become horrified of the place. So, we opened up his area to include our bedroom and the hallway. Once again — it took him about two hours before he



Ruler of the roost... again.

was desperately seeking access to the remainder of the house.

So, we gave in.

Elmo adjusted in a matter of hours to the new place. He now scurries playfully across the floor, sliding happily on the hardwood. He sits on the sill of the big picture window and

talks regularly with the birdies. He even answers once again to the name ELMO.

We still haven't determined what it is about the new house that Elmo likes so much. Maybe it's all the space. Maybe it's the way his toys slide effortlessly across the living room. Maybe he's older and wiser... (or, a more disturbing thought) Maybe we have mice!?! Eeek!!

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Our Well-Being

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