

Unbelievable! Reactions to the Verdict

As I sat there in my livingroom in front of my television set on that Tuesday, October 3rd, I listened and watched the drama unfold as O.J. was to learn of his fate, the fate at the hands of the jurors. My heart was beating rapidly, I could hardly drink my morning coffee, so intense the suspense that built up over the previous twelve hours, when it was announced that the jury had reached a verdict after deliberating less than four hours. I was stunned when the double announcements of "not guilty" were read to the court, and in essence, to the world. I was sure that the quick deliberations and the desire to have the testimony of the limousine driver read back to them was a sign that they were ready to convict. But in this trial, which has produced surprise after surprise, nothing could be predicted with much assurance. After all, the experts said that the jury would probably be deliberating for 10 days to 2 weeks, at least. But still, when they found O.J. to be not guilty, I was astonished.

It would be fair to assume that I personally felt that the right man was on trial in this case. The "mountain of evidence" pointed to him, despite the sloppy policework, the Trial-Within-the-Trial of Mark Furhman, and the blunder of having Simpson try on the gloves in front of the jury. The questions that *never* got answered—who was that shadowy figure the limo driver saw go into the mansion that night, and *where* was O.J. after Kato and he got back from McDonald's? The defense never tried to answer those questions because they couldn't. Yet the jury still found reasonable doubt to his guilt. Perhaps they did not acquit him because they really felt he never committed the murders, but because there was reasonable doubt to his guilt. It would be interesting to hear from the jurors, if they decide to openly answer those questions we all have.

I have confessed before to having been an O.J. Simpson trial junkie, as I have watched much of this trial in the past year. Some people would want to tell me to "get a life", that to become addicted to this thing is a waste of time. And I suppose that there is some truth to that. But, unabashedly I confess that I spent many a morning on the couch in front of the tube, instead of out running errands, getting exercise, or reading a good book. Now that it's over, I wonder what the withdrawal effects will be. I do have plenty of magazines on the coffee table, I still devour the Los Angeles Times every morning, and am currently in the middle of a book called, "Romans", by Michael Sheridan. So the transition back to my "real life" will be centered around reading more, and exercising more in the morning hours before I leave for work. The cooler fall weather should be here soon, although this week we were back up around 100 degrees, so when it does cool off, I will be taking my bike out more often to get the cardio workout I need.



Sorry to have missed Jim last week when he was in Los Angeles on business. I got his message Saturday evening, left one with him, and waited to hear again from him, but to no avail. It would have been nice to have caught up with him for a drink or two before he flew back east.

Lynn's article on the next page didn't make it in the last edition, as I received it a few days after mailing it out. But I thank her anyway for sending it. Now, as for the rest of you...!



Keeping the Family Informed!

California Breeze

Seasons Changing—Outside and at Home

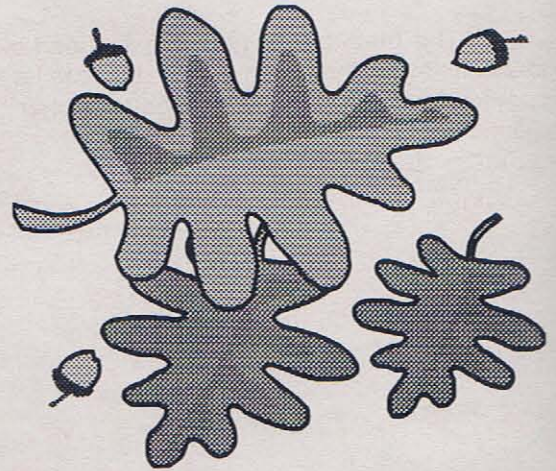
hello everyone! I finally felt guilty enough about enjoying our family newsletter without contributing anything to it, so here goes my first article...just hold back the yawns 'til I've finished it!

We just had our first rainfall last night in over a month, and did that gentle sound put everyone in a happy, exalting mood! Our badly parched grass and flower gardens must have sung for joy after the shower. I've been dumping laundry wash water out on certain areas just to help a bit during the drought, but we lost our beautiful impatiens anyway, as well as most of what we put in during the spring. In spite of the lack of rain, it has been gorgeous weather—breezy and sunny and just right for sleeping at night.

Well, my career at Mini Data Payroll Service ends this Thursday, the 14th. I told them I may return someday part-time, having been assured I could have the 3-day a week slot I really wanted, but maybe I'll look for employment closer to home instead. I'm looking forward to this "leave of absence" and I may actually be able to prepare some delicious dinners, complete with luscious desserts for a change!! For sure, I'll finally have some time for reading, which I have yet to accomplish since I met Sherwood!!! Hopefully, this time will be fruitful, peaceful, and thoroughly enjoyable!

On September 28th, we head for beautiful Rockport, Mass., and then up the coast of Maine a bit in celebration of our first wedding anniversary. We're really excited about this trip. Rockport is a picturesque harbor town on the ocean that I've been dying to get to for years. It's probably about a five hour drive. Then, on October 24th, it's back to Houston to visit with Greg and Family. We had such a great time with them last February, that right away upon leaving them I was planning another trip back!! So, Stefanie, Arianna, and little Gregory: get ready for lots of hugs and kisses (and some Hide-and-Seek, too!)

I'll end this with a plea to my brothers and sisters to send Mike something about themselves for this letter. I look forward to hearing personal thoughts, hopes, dreams, accomplishments, even if not all the news wears a happy face; just to hear sincere feelings and moods from my family. We all care about each other, so let's share the love and lives with each other, OK??? Don't be shy; if we don't call



each other up or send individual letters, at least let's show our interest in each other this way!

Lots of love to all, and PLEASE, DEAR FAMILY, COME OUT AND SEE US SOMETIME!!

Lynn

HOUSTON

Just what we need, another opinion about the O.J. case...

With a topic that needs more input from observers like Florida needs another hurricane, here is my post-acquittal opinion about that Hollywood justice originating from La-La land. The subject of racial attitudes dominate now that the trial is over, even more than what came out during the last nine months. It has given me the impression that the verdict came as a result of an emotional reaction to the racism that blacks face today still in our society.

The "wonderful" relationship that the LAPD has with its black constituents seems to have been part of the underlining of this trial-of-the-century. Admittedly, I have not heard the same facts that the jury did, as I tried to tune out O.J. for the past half year. But based upon the facts the prosecution tried to prove, and with his past history of spousal abuse, it seemed beyond a reasonable doubt of his guilt. With the tremendous amount of evidence that was introduced, it seems so unlikely that the jury could have come to a unanimous decision about guilt or innocence in just under three

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hours. Thus, I have been convinced that the volatile issue of race was more the deciding factor in this case than the actual evidence presented by either side. That is not true justice, rather, it is vindication for past atrocities against blacks in Los Angeles.

This great big city, deep in the heart of the greatest state in the Union, is about to lose its football team to Music City. The owner of the Houston Oilers is about to sign an agreement with the mayor of Nashville to move the team to its fair city. Because of the past hate-hate relationship between him and the fans of Houston, Bud Adams is on the verge of getting richer by moving to another locale. Nashville is ready to give him all the cash he could possibly want to bring his team to a sports-starved city, one that has been teased by this prospect before in the past. Majority of the reaction in town has been "good riddance!" a sentiment echoed by myself as well. Sports figures have become the epitome of greed over the past ten years, with loyalty to fans, players, and teams a concept found only in history books nowadays. It is the worshipping of the almighty dollar that will be the downfall of sports as I once knew it, and we have already seen its effects in alienating fans, the very people that can make or break it by their support, or lack of it. I am just glad that I grew up during a time when players played for the love of the game, because today's kids do not have the same heroes, nor role models that I once did during those years of my sports frenzy. Too bad for the kids of today.



Happy Halloween!



Something perhaps to ponder on...

If you were to be very honest with yourself, how would you answer the following questions?

What used to make me happy? What makes me happy now? What would make me happy if it were to happen?

How would your answers relate to each other? Would you be happy with them? It would be interesting to compare everyone's answers, to see where we each are philosophically in life. Even if what leads or would lead to happiness was something very practical, it would say something about our philosophies, and our values. I am once again realizing that I have a tremendous need to reflect on what is going on around and within me. Whether it is in the context of prayer or simple analysis, I need time to try and make sense of this journey I'm on. Time spent doing this helps give me direction, because I sometimes get swallowed up in concerns and activities that I put more importance on than they truly deserve. I think we all do this, so perhaps it is a natural human tendency.

More questions to ponder: If we were to say that we were not very happy at this stage, should we change our minds as to what would make us happy, or should we change our lives in order to attain that desired happiness? Which would be more practical? Easier to do? Just something to ponder while you do the dishes, or walk the dog, or stare up at the stars...

*Birthday greetings!!!
October 25th for
Stefani's (6th) and
October 26th for
Devin's (5th). Hugs
and kisses all around!*

SOUTHFIELD

THIS SEEMS like a good time as any to finally write down a few words to Mike and conversely to you all. It's a very quiet day—mid-morning—a Thursday. The sky is slate gray and the only sounds I hear are the winds in the trees from the cool north breeze (a freezing wind to Mike and Greg); the distant sounds of the highway a block or two away and the galloping jumping noises of an exuberance, curious puppy, freed for the moment of his backyard tether. My backyard is not traditionally square as I now live on a cul-de-sac named unfortunately "Johnny Cake Lane." The house is one of five in a small circle, so the front yard is small with a large crab apple tree with a two-person swing (quaint). There are a lot of old trees of many different kinds in the whole neighborhood, which is cool, the center island having a humungus spruce, perhaps big enough to serve as a Christmas tree in Times Square. The backyard is landscaped around the extended glass room with a small

fishpond and waterfall and tall plants such as Rose-of-Sharon and several other bizarre flowering ones I have no idea their names. The house itself that Kel and I share is a three-bedroom brick ranch with a two car attached garage in a quiet setting. A large kitchen, two fireplaces, a small deck out back and a picnic table came with the joint.

As I write this, I am currently off work recovering from Right Middle Lobe pneumonia. How I got it is a mystery, although I suspect the dog, Kelly, who for as long as I have known her (just more than a year) has been pining for a "little puppy dawg". So when we rented this place, having a dog was one of the prerequisites—not easy to find in this market place of renting, but then again, we're paying for it!

I told her—get a pup, it's all your choice and responsibility. So a couple of weeks ago she brought home this 3 month old yellow lab puppy. All I asked was that he was a quiet dog. So far, so good, but sooner, not later he'll find his voice. The second day we had him we had to take him into doggy emergency for lethargy and no appetite. The doc said it was "Parvo"—the most deadliest dog disease known, with a not-so-good prognosis. At \$100/day in doggy ICU, we decided to treat the animal at home ourselves. The vet had no problems with this as she knew we could handle meds administration, including IV's and such. Expecting the worst here is where all your prayers would come in and religious faith -promise type stuff would normally come into this letter. But as I am not a practising Catholic or anything, I decided not to bother the Lord



with phony promises I would never keep. Even when a few days ago I was suffering from a headache gone Super Nova and a temp of 103, my conversations with God were not going to be "Help me through this, Lord, and I'll be a better man and do anything you want." Maybe that is why the dog had a 100% miraculous recovery and I'm still hacking up the green goobers. No more religious entries for me for now.

"Lately I've told myself that to save myself from my own self is to cut myself some slack and live with the fact that I have it pretty darn good..."

I had planned for an all-guy weekend starting now. Kelly has even planned to go away this weekend, shopping at Birch Run, near Frankenmuth, while I track deer on Danny's 40+ acres in Caseville in the Thumb. However, for a change I think I'll stay home and recover from this ill-timed illness and follow Doctor's advice. Anyone surprised I haven't had a drink in a week without the slightest interest to do so? And that's with a case of beer in the fridge! Will I continue my sobriety after my recovery? I make no promises to anyone, but so far it's been no big deal. I've lost at least 10 pounds, but I haven't had much of an appetite, either. When the fever first hit, I did not eat for four days.

I'm anxious to see how one of my photos would look in the "Breeze". It was hard to pick one. The small picture does so little for the "big country". While we were backpacking this area, a few times I took about ten "around" shots to capture the panoramic scene. You put these together when they come back and it really does give someone who's never been there a better idea. Heavy on the idea and only a twinkling of an idea what it's like. I can't believe how much I've missed camping in the wilderness. Well, now after Kelly and I have spent a small fortune on state-of-the-art camping equipment, we both look forward to a lot more and distant hiking experiences. We camped all the way out there with some

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sites on the Missouri River, whose bottom is so unbelievably mucky, I thought as I tried once to swing from the beach area to our tent site, tried to get out of the river only to be slowly engrossed and sucked into this treacherous mud. It nearly stole my fins, that still have on them that Mighty Mo Muck. I can't go on describing the wonderful sites we camped, especially in the Sun River Game Preserve. Words and photos sell them short. Next trip? Alaska!!

As for skiing trips, money of course is going to be a problem. We had planned for a skiing vacation to the Rockies. Idaho was my choice. Wyoming or even Utah would be cool; Colorado seems so cliché. But it doesn't matter now or at least *this* winter. Perhaps we will and we WILL go up north for an extended weekend to Boyne Highlands. Kelly needs to practice anyway before hitting the Rockies. No, that's baloney—her second time skiing was when she skied Killington, VT. Hey! Perhaps if we received an invitation out east, we could find some nice downhill with, let's say...a brother or sister? Cool!

Well, I think I'll close before Mike has to add an insert and I can put this in today's mail. Hope I didn't bore anyone or keep them on the pot too long. (Joke). I want you all to know both Kel and I do look forward to the "Breeze" each month. It's founding was a capital idea. I have no apologies about not writing often, because *I'm a Schneider*. Is it me or do I detect a few of us are despondent, if not right out unhappy? I enjoy hearing family history stemming from both maternal and paternal sides. From which side does depression come? Lately I've told myself that to save myself from my own self is to cut myself some slack and live with the fact that I have it pretty darn good, no matter what goals I've set for myself, and resign myself to the fact that being a latent genius is better than being no genius at all. I still play music, will always play music, and when the creative spurt hits—and I don't care how far down the road it is—I'll be no more happier there.

I've moved inside now, and as I look out back from the glass room, I see the rain now falling and Rocky has for the first time used his doghouse. Have a nice nap, Rocky, and have a splendid month of October, fellow Schneiders, and Janssens, and Stevens and—

Mark

OH YES, a P.S.
about O.J.

Anyone who has had to listen to me rant and rave about our wonderful justice system will then know that I could not have been less surprised about this atrocity. I've maintained that *everyone's guilty*. O.J.'s guilty, Furhman, Van Adder, the entire LAPD, the FBI, hell, even the jury is guilty. Was there reasonable doubt? Yes. Was justice served? It was as I've known it. This is what America is all about. Is it not the greatest country in the world?

For a new, interesting magazine that recently published its first edition, check out "George", a slick, hip, politically-oriented magazine which was started by JFK Jr., and his partner. Its writers cover different spectrums, and many of the articles are written with humor and irreverence. From what I've read so far, it's entertaining and not dull, as some political rags can get. It's bi-partisan, which is more than what can be said about the institutions it covers!

On a Saturday in early November, I will take an all-day class on "building your own computer from scratch". This is to prepare me for the new computer I so desperately want, if not need. The way

technology has advanced, this old dinosaur needs to be put to rest. Building my own should save me about a \$1000, and taking the class will hopefully allow me to avoid the pitfalls of ignorance.

As I promised Mark last month, I have included one of the several photos he sent me from his trip to Montana. The one I picked was the most spectacular, although he and Kelly weren't in the shot, the picture is about the beauty of that area. You can enjoy it on the back page.

Thanks to all who contributed this month. The next issue should come out just before Thanksgiving. So, if you haven't written to me yet, your time is here!



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frame



California Breeze



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