

## Chapter Four: Ron Worked There Too—The Employment Connection

*What are the odds?—Late-in-life connections reveal much-earlier crossed paths*

***June 13, 2002. Evangeline and Noel Ravneberg's home, Ford's Colony, Williamsburg Virginia.***

The night before Noel's funeral service his surviving relatives, and a close friend, gathered at the house on Birdie Lane. Seated in a circle around the den, I joined three people from the Bechtel side of the family, Evangeline, her brother/Francis' uncle Dick, Evangeline's niece (my cousin ) Donna Hamilton (Uncle Jack's youngest daughter), and three of Noel's relatives, nephew Ron Ravneberg and his wife Janet along with Ron's sister, Noel's niece, Nancy Hill. Ron and Nancy were the surviving children of Noel's brother Lloyd. Along with Ron and Janet's two children, Ron and Nancy constituted Noel's only surviving relatives. Ron, Janet and kids lived in Cincinnati, Ohio while Nancy lived, with her husband David Hill, in Wickenburg, Arizona. Natalie Depman, a friend of Evangeline and Noel's from Pennsylvania, was there. For two hours, the group exchanged pleasantries, told stories about themselves and swapped tales about their times with Noel.

During the conversation Ron and I reminded each other that Ron's father, Noel's brother Lloyd, spent time, early in WWII, studying watchmaking at Bradley University where I began teaching in 1985.

After everybody around the circle became more familiar with each other and there was a lull in the conversation Ron turned to me and noted that my wife, Cheryl, was unable to make the trip. I responded that Cheryl was at home, in Peoria, taking care of four children. Ron asked about Cheryl so I provided some of her background. After mentioning that I'd met Cheryl at a disco in Moscow Idaho, I was prepared for the change in Ron's expression: I usually get a

pronounced reaction from people after saying that “I picked my wife up in a disco in Moscow Idaho.”

In this case, however, Ron’s response was unexpected.

“Oh, you know Ed, I’ve been to Moscow Idaho.”

“No Ron I didn’t know that. Why were you there?”

“Well I worked in that area for a few years. First, I sold pharmaceuticals as a traveling salesman around Idaho and Washington and eventually I settled on selling jewelry. My father was a jeweler and helped me get a job. I worked for a time at a jewelry store on Main Street in Moscow, Idaho called Dodson’s Jewelry.”

“Dodson’s Jewelry! You have got to be kidding. Dodson’s Jewelry on Main Street? That’s the jewelry store where Cheryl worked when I met her. When did you work there?”

“In the 1960s. I was hired by Charlie Krasselt; he managed the store. We work together, there, for a few years.”

“Charlie Krasselt still managed the store when Cheryl worked there. He hired her as well.”

Noel’s only nephew—Ron from Cincinnati Ohio—worked there too: at the same jewelry store in Moscow, Idaho that employed, fifteen years later—when Ed met her—the future Mrs. Edward Lamoureux.