

TRANSCRIPT PREPARED BY THE CLERK OF THE LEGISLATURE
Transcriber's Office

April 12, 2000

SPEAKER KRISTENSEN: No, don't do that. Please sit down. Thank you. Senator Coordsen, if I had known that, I might have not asked to override that last bill and had a little more money. Na, just kidding. Thank you so much. Quite frankly, the credit of these sessions goes to every one of you sitting in those seats who have to, day in and day out, make very difficult votes. And, as Speaker, I just kind of sit and look like I know what I'm doing because I know you're all doing your job and it's been an absolute pleasure and I have great pride to be able to say that I'm part of this body. Thank you very much. (Applause)

PRESIDENT MAURSTAD: Senator Suttle, for a presentation.

SENATOR SUTTLE: I don't know, should I...I'll just stand on my tiptoes. Ladies and gentlemen of the Legislature, in 1996, when Senator Kiel was elected and I was appointed, I called Shelley and asked her if she would like to share an office with me. Little did she know that "officing" with a colleague, who is forty-ninth in seniority, would land her in an office meant for one. Senator Schrock had that office right before we did, and the two of us squeezed in there like cue balls on a rack. We first discovered it was real hot in there. Of course, you know what my definition of hot is. Bless Shelley's heart, she tried to help me cool my windowless little office since she had seniority and the windowed office. Right, Senator Bourne? But all that happened was I remained hot, she got pneumonia. That first year was a quick course in human relationships, as my staff, not to mention the two of us, tried to accustom ourselves to the varied, temporary, part-time, ever-changing staff of Senator Kiel's. At the end of that year, we were older and wiser and could hardly wait to move to other quarters. Just to make an already uncomfortable office really unbearable, right before the end of the session a heat pipe burst in Shelley's office, spewing and spraying black oily water all over everything in her office. That wouldn't have been so bad, but the carpet that had been in there for probably a hundred years smelled like Senator Coordsen's hog parlors. Because Shelley's household is always in an uproar, when you phone her, especially around holiday times, one of her various and sundry kids will answer the phone. Invariably, whoever answers, whether it's one