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Dear Friends,

The good news is I was recalled by Flying Tigers in June; the bad news is that they are making me work. I have the greatest respect for those of you (i.e. everyone else) who manage to combine work with the rest of life. I'm still struggling with this novel approach.

The first half of the year was tied up with the USAF Reserves. I'm still taking the C-141 around the Pacific. Once I get in a rut For those of you with the background, the 807 continues as it always has. Korea and Kwajalein are the pleasant exceptions.

Now add Tigers to all this — well, I'm never around, or as some of you know, I'm in for twelve hours. My packing skills are finely honed...especially since I'm based as a flight engineer on the B-727 out of Chicago. Of course the only time I'm in Chicago is between one and six in the morning as I work through. It makes no sense which explains why I still have no permanent address.

I have managed to squeeze in visits around the country plus getting back to the farm, making the Atlanta houseboat party, and carbohydrate loading at the NYC Marathon (you know I didn't run!) Happily, I got to see a lot of you — and all those kids!!! My status remains quo but six godkids keep me up on Voltron, etc.

Each time I sit down to review the previous year I realize how lucky I am to be included in so many lives. I can't help but feel blessed. How rich you make the fabric of my life!