

1987

Dear Friends,

You don't know what a great help you've been. Each time I decided to write this letter, I'd get involved in some project around my condo. A lot got done, and now I feel too guilty not to get my Xmas letter out - in February.

My condo and my becoming a check second officer on the B727 get the blame for taking my time. Now relax - neither was of my own free will and I find it difficult to believe either one. Being dragged into the adult world of additional responsibilities has obviously not made me more efficient, so I'm going to do the American thing - continue my bad habits but try to find a way to negate them.

I closed on my condo in April just prior to being asked by the head of Tigers' training to teach a simulator class in PIT. That request soon had me under the scrutiny of the FAA and check second status was in my file. Not only do I have to instruct and administer check rides, I also have to fly for pilots' check rides. The FAA gets to observe me all too frequently for my tastes.

Tigers grew by one third this year - also record profits (and record pay cuts - 38% off W-2 wages), It made for a busy year. I just had my simulator check ride as a B-747 copilot. It's going to be fun to be in HEAVY metal again. I'll be based out of JFK - reserve - but not until summer. The weather is one consideration plus we have more students in the pipeline.

Last year is a blur - another hike in the Grand Canyon stands out. I can't believe I allowed myself to get so involved in so many things that aren't on my list of things to do. It took away from my being able to visit you - a blessing you might think.

My son, Steve, the horse, did manage to perform, though "stud" is a bit complimentary for his performance. Since he isn't using them, he's probably going to lose them. If you'd like a gelding for driving, he's available. His goit under saddle leaves a bit to be desired - like an even number of legs in his stride.

The other new adventure was provided by my niece, a cold. Kissing kids is more unsafe than sex without a condom. That cold actually kept me at home - I do thank her for the opportunity to play with my toys.

1987 was not my favorite year. I'm too selfish to gratefully give up so much time to work. Though I enjoyed teaching and all the benefits of the job, I sorely missed being able to hang out with you. People have always been the thing in my life. It always surprises me how fortunate I have been in having the friends I do. Unlike Blanche Dubois, I don't have to rely on the kindness of strangers - my friends take care of that.

My sincerest wish goes for an 1988 that provides peace - of mind, of soul and of heart.

Joy,  
Larry