

XMAS '89

Dear Friends,

I'm in Seattle instead of Anchorage - thanks to a pesky volcano and am going to get my cards in the mail before Xmas - a new record. But 1989 is such a weird year for the world in general.

International flying is a two-edged sword - I generally like the flying and the layovers but it's obvious domestic flights made it easier to keep up with all of you. Last year Xmas was in Dubai - this year it's Taipei. ~~FF~~ Federal Express is taking a lot of adjustment on both sides - with our seniority lists to be hopefully merged in June, I should have the option of 727 captain in MEM, 747 F/O JFK, DC-10 F/O Memphis, 747 S/O West Coast. The latter is appealing since I'd be #14 - very senior. You'll be advised.

After Peru last year plus all the Asia & Europe work - even a mule charter to Islamabad, the only jaunts I took were skiing at Brian Head and driving an RV from Indianapolis to Salt Lake. I did make it to the farm more often but not for long. A few of you even managed to visit my condo while I was there so have become Red Rock climbers.

My east coast truck has been broken into three times - twice with in half an hour - no New Yorker has stolen my tent - guess it won't sell. At the farm, my horse died - of constipation.

While life's events continue to go by, this year included one I didn't expect - I gave away a bride - my friend Lynette. Only one person asked if I was the father. Life goes on & it's dragging me along - my experience is flotsam & jetsam

Joy Larry