

Dear Friends,

It finally has happened - I retired and then turned 60. Everyone else has been doing this and seemed to be enjoying themselves so I had to do it too. I initially ran off to London to recover from the trauma of no longer having a sense of myself, me being defined by my job and all that.

I still haven't figured out this "nothing scheduled" bit. There's been no road trip though I have been jetting around enough to make gold frequent flyer status. Everyone seems to do my planning for me so I just kick back until I'm told where to be or I hear rumor of a party.

Aside from my usual jaunts in the US, there was the amazing "Retirees of the Caribbean" sailing tour around the British Virgin Islands with four other guys who have achieved that station of life that we all wanted in college. Who says life is wasted only on the young? Wandering in Provence and Paris with Bob and JoAnn in July was tres bien. My conversational French continues to stun while my menu French remains quite workable. I met an Aussie whose accent is worse than mine but who has a great vocabulary and a fearless conversational style. He also told of getting into a heated argument with his wife that finally became reproductive as in "Reproductive You!!"

The Tobins have reached a nice place of little change. Nona's even completed all of her remodeling though her casita is really now a casa. KT, Nathaniel and her partner, Raya, have moved into a great place in the Sierra foothills near Sonora. We broke it in with a family Thanksgiving. The men were all entranced with the garage which can park six. It's half the downstairs of the house.

I finally had a uvulaectomy which has cleared up my snoring much to the relief of my fellow campers. All the payers on my sleep disability are also breathing easier as they are rid of me. Even though George W. and Congress worked hard and just made 65 the new pilot retirement age, I managed to squeak by having to make that decision since I had already reached FedEx's "date of termination." After Delta sent checks for \$0.00 to their retired pilots, I'll rest easier when I see that first pension check clear. Truly I have my sinecure without any ecclesiastical ties.

I established The Renaissance Handyman Charitable Fund which has Vanguard wondering about its derivation. It's a good way to hide from all those charities while donating to them plus you dump appreciated stock and get the tax write-off.

In a eulogy for a woman, I heard she "gave voice to even those not singing." In 2008, let us try to follow her example as we hope for peace and comfort for all.

Love, Larry

