



Слава Україні! Героям Слава!  Glory to Ukraine! To the heroes, glory!



Ryan New Year 2022 is nigh upon us and if not for the extraordinary bravery of the Ukrainian people and the fortitude of their freely elected leader, President Volodymyr Zelensky, the year ahead would be incredibly dark indeed. And if not for the Ukrainians innate ability to embrace life and keep their sense of humor despite their dire circumstances, as evidenced by the many memes, posts, and pranks they continue to publish, finding cheer at this time of year would be difficult to say the least. So, thanks be to God for all of them defending the likes of us and with such spirit! And speaking of spirits, there is this delightful little Irish pub in Kyiv, O'Briens, just down the hill from the Church of the Three Saints at вулиця Михайлівська, 17а, Київ, 02000 - just show'em that address, and any cab will getya there. So, that's reason enough to plan your holidays in Ukraine now! You can still pay for AirBnBs in Kyiv and elsewhere in the country, even if you don't plan on using it -- a great way to make a contribution -- wink wink -- and help those in need! Just sayin' ... Let us all do as much as we can to help and let us continue to push our freely elected leadership to do more,



and more, and more.  Now, on to much less important things: We do certainly hope you enjoyed our AWE21 in pdf (pretty darn funny) or via the website annual-wee-epistle.com and referred to it frequently for fun things you too can do to entertain yerselves without risk of winning a Darwin Award, but that's the distant past. For the more recent past, this year's Annual Wee Epistle 22 (AWE 22) recounts and regales for you long-time AWESome readers the comings and goings, stayings and sailings, and eatings and drinkings of our still wee-band (no grandchildren yet -- hint, hint) of Ameri-Irish known in some way shape or form since 1699 BC as the Ryans (descendants of Maoil Riagháin -- ok TMI). Those of you so annually accosted will already be aware here on this Ryan New Year's Eve of RY22 (Ryan Year 2022) that 'tis our tradition, custom, and courtesy at this festive

time to say with full-throated Celtic clarity *Beannachtam na Feile Padraig!*  "Happy St. Patrick's Day" and Happy Ryan New Year!  All Long Time AWE-Inspired Readers (ALTAIRs) will by now during this their yearly Guinness-marinated revelry be retelling the instantly infamous AWE origin story to friends, family, felines, and felicitous fellows gathered gleefully round the Jameson's jar, to wit: Once upon a time in the mystical merry land of motherhood, where many a prolific young couple falls prey to precious, often precocious, and potentially pernicious, prodigy, the very-wee band of Amer-Irish grew so quickly and so happily that all regard for externalities and realities was thrown to the proverbial wind up to and including the ability to, nay responsibility to, respond during the Christmas season to well-wishers far and wide who so faithfully blessed the growing family with considerable considerate correspondence. Good Irish guilt being what it is, the little people rallied to convey commensurate convivialities ever clearly communicated continuously in a carefully constructed compendium from that year to this appearing annually, as it should, on this most festive occasion Thanks be to God (TBTG). There you have it, so now let's get on with the retelling, but first "*Céad Míle Fáilte*" -- "A hundred thousand welcomes"  All caveats now observed.  So dear reader, despite it all'n'all what remains clear is this: God does indeed have a plan TBTG himself, which is no doubt



unfolding as it should; nevertheless, ourselves and all ALTAIRs I'm sure, are striving to find our place and our way. For our part, we strive to do as much as we can in the time that we have TBTG, and none more so than Gloriously Glamorous, Occasionally Gluttonous, Gleefully Giddy, Gloria in Excelsis Geo, who's dirt digging designs delightfully decorate our 2.5 green acres, from her two new-found pear trees to the Marine haircut she organized for our eight apple trees, to hundreds of bulbs now popping into flowerhood wherever you look, G²OG⁴iEG is giving the Garden of Eden itself a run for its money (no snakes!). On rainy days, she's in the "carriage house" (fancy word for barn) content to dive into unopened boxes from moves long forgotten with such merriment and delight you'd think it was Christmas Day! And betwixt and between all dat, she's next door at the golf course swinging and swilling clubs and suds in that order, and why not? But, her greatest delight of RY21, all things compared, had to be the installation of her two full-size, fully functional, water wells one of the wishing variety in

stone and wood, and one classic 19th century iron hand pump! Who knew running to water would make her so happy? And the most attentive among you who tolerate Facebook will know that Gloria has taken to cruising with caloric abandon accompanying Mike on tree, count'em, tree Viking Ocean cruises no less from Malta to the Greek Isles, including Santorini, from Barcelona to Buenos Aires, with a much Omicron-adjusted itinerary, which took us to places we'd never willfully go but having gone are happy we went, and from Los Angeles to French Polynesia at the height of their summer dontcha know! So now we're on the Whole 30 diet (no, not name 30 favorites and eat the whole thing) and have cut back considerably on the cocktails toward the doctor-recommended daily allotment. We still allow ourselves a glass of wine (the glass it comes in) with dinner, but we are behaving, mostly to get in shape for the next cruise! 🍷



Carissa and "The Jeff" are living life large and loving it! Traveling to Maui, HI, up & down the left coast, to their beloved Chicago, and as always, to Quebec, in Canada, while Jeff's exploits take him to the likes of Prague, Frankfurt, Dubai (worlds fair, indoor snowboarding), and Saints Be Praised (SBP) Dublin! Not ever to be outdone, Carissa herself landed Nashville, Chicago, (riot fest), Jacksonville, Palm Springs, Washington DC, Cleveland, Lincoln, and the Mile High City (it sure is now!). The two+Lovecat continued to make improvements to their Maine house (available 4U www.airbnb.com/h/pinehavenme) embracing remote work whilst skiing & snowboarding, rock climbing, hiking, and even playing golf (the lessons paid off!) and all whilst remaining good & upstanding members of the Hash House Harriers. If that were not

enough they scuba dived and messed with the prime directive! Their new-found appreciation for champagne warms my old heart - she's all grown up I guess! Whilst Squirrely remains the King, Lovecat continued to live her best kitty life, being spoiled, traveling to Maine and getting all the love & affection a cat could crave (and afternoon naps in Carissa's office -- she's in kitty paradise).



🇮🇪 Michael Me Boy (M^{MB}) is now out on his own, started his own LLC, and spent the winter as a ski instructor at Seven Springs. It was an exciting winter for him, which included totally arranging for us to get a new car and not getting hurt in the process TBTG/SBP!! He's got good shoulders under his head, education under his belt, and energy to spare, and TBTG he just earned his six months chip, which is an impressive and laudable success!!



🍀 Michael the Elder (M^E) needs his laptop surgically removed and his passport sequestered in the Pub! The fella's all over da place from 3 trips to Germany (Garmisch, O'Gau etc.), 3 cruises, a week's golf in AZ and too-many-to count virtual meetings, panels, podcasts, etc. plus the current crisis turned him into a prolific poster, publisher, and penpal. He



does take time out for the church and the municipal authority SBP, but yet runs off here and there for commercial clients and cool startups. Perhaps he should layoff the B-12 or get less sleep but he does enjoy it, particularly teaching at Mount Aloysius, the activities of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (with M^{MB}), and keeping his hand in on all things NATO. Around the house we installed a massive hardstone terrace in front of the "old" farmhouse (built 1852), and (with M^{MB}) took up the bricks in front of the "new" house (1879) due to roadworks and had them re-installed as a patio in the backyard -- Come see both projects and raise a glass too! We've started Movies Under the Stars on the terrace where we enjoy the company of the neighborhood watch (pun intended), as well as sumptuous gatherings, visits with friends too



numerous to list here! Such a life gives us all continuous pause for praise and thanksgiving, but most of all we are thankful for you dear and gentle reader - and since you've read this far - true and faithful friend one'n'all'n'all!

TBTG for all of you-SBP! 🇮🇪 We raise a glass to you and yours, be you near or on some foreign shore, for 'tis God's Grace that ere we met, and His true promise that we'll yet be reunited in our love and arm-in-arm in Heaven's pub!

Finally, as is our custom please join us in inviting our Lord to watch over our coalition and Ukrainian troops as they go into battle today, to give comfort and strength for the battles they will fight inside, and to shine His face upon the families at home as they also serve who only sit and wait. **Godspeed!**



Mike, Gloria, Carissa & Jeff, and Michael Ryan, Moonbean & Lovecat too 🍀 **Live memorably!**

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