



*Trí na chéile a thógtar na cáisléain. In our togetherness castles are built.*



Faith t'is good to wish yinz one and all and all a truly Happy Ryan New Year 2012! As the good Lord wills it, we are one and all here again to chronicle the unchronicled in this AWE-ful excursion into English grammatical hell to resurrect the heavenly adventures of the wee band of Ameri-Irish increasingly wide and known as the Ryans in this our Annual Wee Epistle 12 (affectionately, abbreviatedly, and inebriatedly known as AWE-12). As Ryan Year 11 (RY11) gives birth and girth to the elder Ryans of Stuttgart, and birth and mirth to the wee'er Ryans of Boston, please allow me to say, here on the cusp of RY12, a very sincere, as is our custom and desire at this time of year, wee thank you for all the happy holiday hollers at home and hearth for heaven's sake and ours at Christmastime. Although you must wait lo these three months for mirrored wishes of well, rest assured that us and ours count ourselves as truly blessed that you and yours should think upon us at such a moment as the remembrance of the birth of our dear baby Jesus. A tear doth drop to be sure! Well, once again, and before sweet incipient senility silently slips me a Mickey I'll do me bard's best to brag, banter, and belabor the best of the best for the rest of the nest and in so doing recount for you dear reader a year to remember...now, what was I on about? Hmmm...Ah, the family's fun and frolic forever framed in fondness, fellowship, fidelity, and farce. Indeed! Read on...

Floridastrasse, on a patch of a barracks, is a quiet street in a typical American town just five minutes from Germany. Our abode at number 27 is a 1950's-esque two-story cottage where we keep only some of our stuff (and most of that still in boxes) as we travel from glen to glen (in search of the rest of our stuff in storage somewhere). In RY11, our homelette was the sight of many a sumptuous and scrumptious multi-course "repas" with many a lucky friend and neighbor not to mention many an uncorked spirit (but no genies—yet...but we keep opening bottles in hope). The birdhouse at #27 also nested the wee Ryans of Boston for a summer of interning, unlearning, and general merriment (it is general housing after all). For those keeping track, the Volvo+4 holiday was a +5 as the Josh accompanied us to the Kaltenberg Ritter Tournier for jousting, rousting, and swordplay (hint for the boyfriend :o). A short trip to be sure but one repeated at New Years for skiing from the top of the mountain ("Why didn't you tell me the boyfriend didn't ski well?" I said -- "Who needs guns?" Michael said :o) The most riveting disappointment in the V+5 category was the Womens' World Cup Soccer Final in Frankfurt,



which was a great American event right up to the moment when it became a great Japanese event (they deserved it and were classy winners one must say). While the kids whiled away their inheritance via tuition payments in Boston, Gloria and Mike spent it from the other end during: their 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary back at the scene of the \_\_\_\_\_ (I'm not that stupid) in the UK, which included punting in Cambridge on the backs (no, it's not football); annual trips to Bad Durkheim's sausagewinefest and Munich's Oktoberbeerfest; the show of Paris' air in June; a long weekend in Sofia (that's Bulgaria dontchaknow?); Attaturkic shopping in Istanbul's Grand Bazaar and Ottomanic soaping in the 500-year-old Sultanic Turkish baths; le Marché de Noel in Strasbourg and an Isabelle Boulay concert there with friends; visiting dear friends in La Vancelle in Alsace; and of course moment's too few in our wee darling Heimat, Oberammergau (including Cox's Christmas Cake with Stuckls!).



🎯 Gleefully Glittering Gloria began this episode of the Ryan Hysterical Chronicles in Bella Italia cooking to her stomach's content in La Marche, Italy! As unpacking is a chore, she didn't: next to pilgrim (not John Wayne) in Lourdes, France, then to the Black Forest (lions, and tigers and beers oh my!) in Germany, again with the Istanbul in Turkey (Girl-Trip mit Carissa—she's was only using me for a shopping recce pass the 1<sup>st</sup> time!), Berlin on yet-another-girl trip (YAGT), the aforementioned (A4Med) Paris/Lavenham loveleave with UknowWho, the A4Med Bad Durkheim/Munich leave drinking UknowWhat, to America's Irish capital to offspring the not-so-wee ones into their abodement, and to the far-flung-frontiers of feminine familiarity, the desert southwest, to visit her mother and sisters. As a "senior spouse" (not a spouse who's senior but...) she was greatly edumicated and indoctrinally inundated in DC as part of CAPSTONE (wait for it) during which she slipped out to gal-pal with the local chapter of her fan club. The self-appointed Floridastrasse Friendly Neighborhood Fun Finder, she



crystallized 2 shopping trips and is fantasizing more fun to follow. Her most fun is “volunteering” as the GAWCGC (Germanamericanwivesclubgolffcoordinator – they like long words in German but we Americans get revenge with acronyms!), which means every Tuesday she’s on the golf course getting the ladies off the tea and onto the tee. Her handicap is improving rapidly (Is it OK for golfers to park in the handicap spot at the course? U’m just askin’) Sumptuosity reigns supreme at her table as she regularly displays legendary legerdemain of culinary capacity heretofore untasted in die strassen von Florida (it’s how she justifies buying all that Kaefers crystal!) 🍷



Michael the Elder (MtE) now owns and wears lederhosen. There, I’ve said it. Now, to clear the imagery of that, let me offer a Red Sox game at Fenway Park with Michael the Younger (MtY), a Steeler’s game at Heinz Field with good friend Rich, the Harry Potter finale with Carrisa (and her dark mark, but no death eaters thanks be to God, but tears were shed), a visit to the Joint Strike Fighter plant in Ft Worth, a whirlwind “study” trip around North America and Asia (China, Japan, and Vietnam + stops in Alaska, Guam, and Hawaii) courtesy of CAPSTONE-

-a course for senior snackos to learn first-hand all about everything, and an exciting bit of camaraderie which fixed many a new friend firmly in our firmament, a highly technical (aka boring) meeting in the Pentagon interrupted by an earthquake, many a visit to ODClan courtesy of Norway, Romania, Bulgaria, Montenegro, Portugal, Spain, Finland and on and on topped off by a wonderful CHODs (don’t ask) conference at Lake Ohrid in Macedonia, and, it must be said, a YouTub’esque singing tree and laughing dog yuletide riot with brother Anil. Finally, MtE (hold your ears) has a new hobby: singing lessons! It’s amazing that with up which a wonderful teacher will put for money :o) Thanks Mary! 🍀

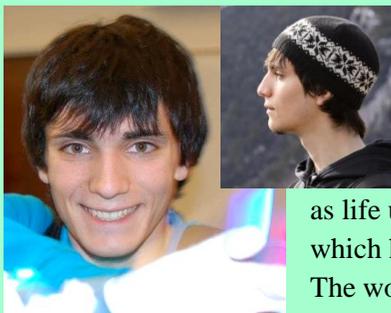
The tradition of the AWE began, as the loyal AWEfan will attest, after the inevitable inundation of Christmas with kids converted a Christmas letter into a letter later, and later, and then March. The happy causes are now here presented: In her 20<sup>th</sup> season, the cleverly creative Carissa crushed convention as she is nigh upon a 4-year degree in 3 years: English Communications and History never had a chance!

This whirlwind woman of wisdom was well off and running: the A4Med Istanbul bullet buying spree interrupted an internship in Public Affairs here at the HQ; the A4Med move to her first ‘real’ apartment where she’s hosted the hopefully not toasted; and the not A4Med jetting off to Canadia to little Italy courtesy of the Bardini Clan.

Those long-time and attentive readers will surely be pleased to know Squirrely has taken up his rightful place as chieftain of the sacred family (écureuils rock!). His four-footed Praetorian guard consists of a yet-to-be-named feline femme frequently found furring friend and furniture--a fond addition indeed! Carissa’s current conundrum consists of comparing the constant clamor of continuing conviviality with the ever-imposing and fast-approaching deadline for her thesis in which, inter alia (that’s edumicated lilt for ‘some of it’), involves lookin’ into her Grandfather Ryan’s “official” escapades and escapes in WWII. You go girl! 🍷



Not far behind and not far away (they share the place dontchaknow), in his 19<sup>th</sup> year, Michael the sophomore is anything but sophomoric at Northeastern University. He too spent some time in suit and tie and interned (double entendre) in the HQ working on strategic communications (that’s milspeak for saying it over and over again until it resonates) having first spent some time frolicking with friends in former fields of gold in Brussels. Hard at work now he’s searching high and lo



to improve the “quality of his experience.” His is a laudable undertaking to be sure and he promises t’will all be worth it. His pursuit of quality living led to a quality diet (fries with that?) and - dare I say - exercise! At his age? For the love of all things lovable... Michael assures us he is taking care of himself and his sister to the best of his abilities which includes, as those older will know, balancing quality with quantity

as life unfolds. He’s happily taken to reading success books and listening to success tapes which helps, indeed, as someone else’s father can give the same advice more authoritatively! The wonderful wickets of wisdom are powering his business ventures. Yes, that’s plural: not only is he on a Business Team supplied by Amway (a lesson is attitude!), but he is also building

a budding business for distributing the very same glove-lights Santa brought him only two years ago – all this with the help of Northeastern’s best and brightest venture coaches! So, we’ll be getting our money and his inheritance’s worth after all and all... Finally, as is our custom please join us in inviting our Lord to watch over our coalition troops as they go into battle today! Godspeed. -- Mike, Gloria, Carissa & Michael Ryan +49 711 680 4039 [RyanMC2@gmail.com](mailto:RyanMC2@gmail.com) 🍷 🍀

+ Obi Wan & Moonbeam...meow!