



Foirmeacha gach súl a mhaisiúil féin

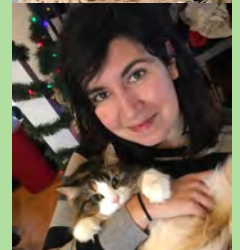
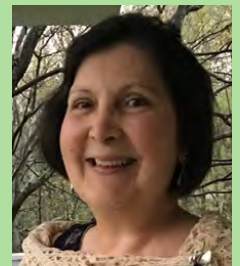


Every eye forms its own fancy



yan Year 19 begins now! *Beannachtam na Feile Padraig!* Happy St. Patrick's Day to All'n'All! Dear Faithful AWE-Inspired Readers (FAIR) and Wistful Invitees Near & Dear & Sincere (WINDS); Friends all! Tis by the Grace of the Almighty Creator that we're all still vertical ('cept at the Pub to be sure) and His Peace to those who are not. Once again into the breach of your peace to upset your better grammatical nature with this year's annual regaling of the unabated comings and goings of our wee band of Ameri-Irish known to one 'n all 'n all as the Ryans in this volume of the Annual Wee Epistle (AWE19). As TJ Ryan of Ryan's pub in Cashel, Ireland once told me "All Ryans are rogues but not all rogues are Ryans!" Longtime FAIR, WINDS, and those following see TJ's wisdom each and every year in this elastic elaboration of elements of every entertainment enthusiastically enjoyed. Dedicated grammarians will no doubt recall their anguish that each St. Paddy's Day marks the official start of the Ryan Year (RY) due in large part to our children, who having arrived on this green earth helpless, demanded such attention at the holidays that we were unwilling, nay, unable to dedicate, at that festive time, any energy at all'n'all to Christmas correspondence. Despondent as we were, we committed and should have been(!), to answering your profuse professions of perennial praise profoundly on Patrick's Day. So, full of spirits (triple distilled) as RY18 closes and RY19 dawns on us, on this St. Paddy's eve, may I be the first to wish you "Happy Ryan New Year 2019!" 🍀 St. Guinness of Dublin's example taught us that there is only one St. Patrick's Day, but there are 364 practice days! So, with pint in hand we say "Céad Mile Fáilte" -- "A hundred thousand welcomes" to this AWESOME AWE full of such spirited shenanigans, spellbinding spins, and spelling splendors that scant pages can scarcely contain! To wit: Wine, wellness, weddings and winsome wanderings worked wonders!

ALTAIR's (Admiring Long-Time AWE-Inspired Readers) will be saddened to know our chariot of choice for Volvo+4 holidays *n'est plus*; nevertheless, we sallied forth in the great airliner: Mike to Brussels for business, and then M&G to Bergen, Norway to hire on with Viking Cruises for a two-week tour of Fjords, Scottish islands, Edinburgh and London. As Mike's greatest joy is the sound of his own voice this luxury lecturing gig was repeated on board Crystal Symphony from Tahiti thru the South Pacific (where we are as you read this) to New Zealand. In AWE20 you'll hear even more cruise confessions! On land various conveyances conveyed M&G twice to Boston (wait for it!) where we visited Lexington to hear the shot heard round the world, to Virginia Beach to talk to NATO students, on the 2nd Annual Wine-a-thon at the Finger Lakes (can you say "Keuka"?), where we ran into 509th friends, to the company conference in Colorado where we ran into 509th and Air Force friends (suffered through a week's stay in a sweet suite at the Broadmoor at Christmastime offering it up for the poor souls), to a northern Virginia Floridastrasse Mini-Reunion (FMR) (not with Amazon but mit Liebe Freunde), to retirements, changes of command, and promotions for friends near and dear, and to New York City to meet our main monastery master architects Glen&Co (an incredibly generous lot (IGL)), and kitchen design maestros at Jacobs, Doland and Beer (no kidding) (another IGL). While in NYC as guest of Academy friends (IGL) we tried to see cousin Tina to no avail as she had to work, so instead we took Gary Jacob's (IGL's) recommendation for a great NYC dining experience. Upon arrival, the hostess flipped out. Collecting herself Tina then showed us our table and then showered affection on us. God's Grace in action Thanks Be To God (TBTG)! [Note: I had a similar encounter with her Dad once upon a time-amazing]. 🍀 Glo Glo Gabor of Green Acres PA graciously graces Appalachia's agrarian grounds grooming our gorgeous green green grass while grazing gratefully and grilling gleefully; such bounty notwithstanding, the "food desert" around us constantly challenges her culinary creativity and to such lengths as New Mexico, where even Peter Piper himself ne'er picked so many peppers, Hatch to be exact. Bushels of fun (NTBCW Bushmills of fun) as GGG roasted and dried her own in the public square of Alamogordo as this popular pilgrimage process permits more peppers per sq/in of precious packaging. Twixt picking and prepping GGG also wow'ed the crowd at her 40th HS reunion in that famous nuclear testing ground. 🍀 Fairy tales and Disney films combined for Carissa's Boston wedding in October (oh, and "The Jeff" was there as well), which was everything she wanted it to be (with such obligatory minor miracles of mayhem as to be truly memorable). Family from far & wide (I was the wide part), friends forever (mostly from Brussels and Boston), and flaunting "femme" and faux found fond feelings freely flowing. The Happy Couple is still ensconced in Cat Tree (now with laundry!) from



which they now mastermind Boston's chapter of the drinking club with a running problem (Hash House Harriers) and in which one finds the remnants of the once dominant Sacred Family. Rumors abound that Squirrely, long-time ruler, is conspiring with Love Cat et al to subjugate "The Jeff" and strange happenings so attest. The Eye of the Whirlwind upon them, the happy couple honeymooned in Singapore, Thailand and Hong Kong and continue to swirl closer to home with side trips to favored Austin, TX, skiing, and "The Jeff's" birthday schooling in whiskey as noteworthy gusts. Carissa is still a Nutter and Jeff now prints in 3D. Oh to be young! Speaking of young (*now don't start that aaagain!*)[♣] Having mastered the art of sleep Michael Me Boy (M^{MB}) now pursues awakened activities due in large part, no doubt, to Emily the Younger of Oakland, MD. Successfully eliminating fast food, food service, and retail from the endless list of career possibilities, the holder of 1.99 Masters' Degrees is actively pursuing gainful and important career opportunities TBTG! With a remarkably improved ability to carry a fair share of the farm, ancestral home, and monastery burden, M^{MB} is coming into his own, and should career aspirations lead him away from this happy home where he now resides, M^{MB} will be sorely missed (M^e will have to do chores!).[♣] FAIR with their memory still intact may recall Michael the Elder (M^E), summoned as he was by the siren call of greener grass, now works more and worries less, works out more and stresses less, plays more and could care less, and is, in a word, retired. He now enjoys the daily 0800 "Morning Update Briefing" (aka Mass), and with seven discrete



functions filling his days (entrepreneur, speaker, adjunct faculty, legionnaire, board member, consultant, and lector), M^E successfully merged hobbies and interests to continue to make a difference joyfully (very satisfying, few if any meetings, flexible schedule, lots of sleep (and wine!)). Highlights include delivering the Memorial Day speech in his hometown (a singularly distinctive honor), EmCee for our 40th High School Reunion (Great party! Thanks to all'n'all), participating as a Veteran in numerous local events (all amazing), giving an address on Authentic Communication at the College's annual Leadership Banquet, speaking at the EBV graduation at Cornell, working with incredible professionals via Cornell University, learning business in a high-performance company at Vectrus, helping Veterans via the American Legion, working the town's water issues for the Municipality, and leading an ARISE group of friends at St. Benedicts. Lunacy led M^E to an aerobics class, which except for the first 10 minutes M^E now loves, but M^E realized (warning!) that no one else in the room looks like they "need" the class...giddyup![♣] Beavers are ne'er so busy as we and we like it that way! "You don't let the grass grow under your feet" a friend said, to which I replied, "If it grows under you it grows on top of you!" and so RY18 was busy too. A great start at the Pittsburgh St. Paddy's Day Parade (including an FMR), without respite from endless snow & rain, the former forcing us to buy a KIA SUVan to supplement our Hyundai Hybrid, set the pace followed



by concerts, touring local attractions (Mallo Cups & the Horseshoe Curve to name a few), a B-29 visit to our town, a wonderful surprise anniversary at Bedford Springs, the annual tractor and fireman's parades in Carrolltown, numerous "business" trips to the Hofbrau Haus in Pittsburgh coupled with "The Strip", Sur la Table, and Ikea shopping (never take it for granted!), obligatory fall foliage romps, biking endless trails in the Laurel Highlands, Ligonier Days, and antique hunting (a Victrola now at home!) etc. At The Farm, attic renovations are well underway, a Vermont Castings wood stove now fills our fireplace, new trees are in the ground and Glo Glo's guy bought a tractor! Foxes, deer, chipmunks, squirrels and Caddyshack's gopher abound around. TBTG we ensconced both sides of the family in granite at the town veteran's memorial (photo at left), entertained cousins and

Aunt Patty in August all of whom went with to the nearby Flight 93 Memorial – incredibly moving and worth visiting; meanwhile, back at the Monastery we three filled three large dumpsters cleaning it out and added a new metal roof before winter, visited ancestral grounds for All Souls Day and stumbled upon the Fred Rogers memorial at his alma mater Latrobe High School, and waded through monastery history at the Saint Vincent's archives.[♣] Finally, as is our custom



please join us in inviting our Lord to watch over our coalition troops as they go into battle today and to give comfort to those who've come home and to the families of those who did not. **Godspeed one and all!**

-- Mike, Gloria, Carissa & Michael Ryan

(814) 421-6187 RyanMC2@gmail.com

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-- Lovecat, Obi Wan and Moonbeam too!

