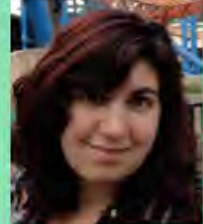
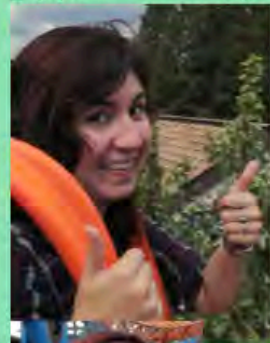






Habemus Papam Franciscum! (Say that with an Irish accent wontcha) TBTG! For this week we are all very lucky indeed to renew the strong voice of conscience in the world! Well, don't worry your pretty self about any of that right now for this Annual Wee Epistle 13 (AWE13) looks to the past and not to the future – chronicling here, as it does annually, the preceding Ryan Hysterical Year, in this case RY12. As the newest of our gentle readers won't know, I'll tell younz: This tradition began with the all-too-traditional birth of our progeny. Given the sudden inundation of all things infantile and certainly not up to the task of corresponding with fond friends and family as we should, we resolved to reflect back all those warm and wonderful nativity greetings so happily received at Christmastime. The magical charm of the 17<sup>th</sup> of March seemed a logical time for this blaniferous banter (and boast!) to be broadcast brilliantly beyond our abode. And so, here it is... **Erin Go Bragh** Happy Ryan New Year 2013! As St. Paddy's day marks the first day of the rest of our year, we ceremoniously commence our short history of us on dis day. Whilst Ryan Year 12 rapidly recedes into the recesses of yet another fondly remembered romp, you'll be delighted to know that our wee band of Amer-Irish wanderers remains ensconced on a wee Patch of Amer-Irish green a short walk from Germany, save the fair Carissa who has successfully resisted the yearnings for a reverse diaspora remaining firmly entrenched in the world's largest Irish city, Boston. A consumption devoutly to be wished awaits us on this most Guinness of all days, but before inebriation inevitably interrupts my intentions I'll do as many a pub-dweller commended when uttering the phrase "Get on with it!"



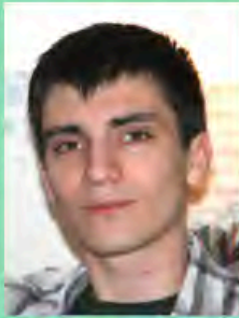
Retirement has its advantages, including the right to wear our nation's uniform at solemn occasions (see photo at right), which is (Thanks be to God/TBTG) our dear Carissa's graduation from the hallowed halls of histrionic hypocrisy and hyperbole (I should talk) to wit, college. Setting no less than James T. Kirk as her benchmark, (ask a Trekkie) she finished in 3 years with a double major in History (Distinction) & Communications. Having thus returned



princessly sums to the treasury of the vast Ryan financial empire, the wee apple of our eye was amply rewarded with a gap year in which to perfect her attributes for application to graduate school (at least that was the plan!)  A plan interrupted by going with Dad to the 398<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group reunion in Philadelphia (lots of cousins, uncles, and aunts live there as well as the Rocky statue!) Then, we two wee adrenaline junkies languished a day away on rocket rollercoasters at Hershey park in a long-promised lesson in "Daddy's Little Girl" adoration (and nausea!). Long-time readers will surely want reassurance that Squirrely remains Chieftan of the Sacred Family in spite of the arrival of a new target for paternal scrutiny, "The Patrick," and it remains to be seen just how saintly he can behave. (Hint!) Squirrely reigns supreme as well over the iPad (graduation gift), and the afore-un-named furry four-footed feline friend found fondly frolicking in frumpled frocks and frizzled furballs. Carissa now resides at "Kitty Barrow" in a downtown suburb with the finally-named "LoveCat" and no other. Between beer, wine, and spirited flights of fancy she's temped around getting work experience and is now figuratively selling her soul as an un-paid intern at CGPR (focus on PR) in Marblehead, Mass (At least she goes to Mass!) The best lessons in life are indeed free and with 4hrs of commuting a day to learn her trade, she's no doubt highly motivated to do very well in graduate school, which is a well-timed motivation to be sure as, happy news follows, she was accepted into Boston University's College of Communications (no small feat) after working very hard indeed.

Despite being the "College of Optional Math" BU COM (sounds like EUCOM?...weird...) is one of the finest programs leading to a Master of Science in Public Relations. You go wee girl! Her travails were interrupted by travel to such places as Washington, VMI (yi, yi, yi, yi!), upstate NY (why?) and Europe.  Michael me boy is for his part deeply engaged in the philosophical reflections and meta-physical realizations that come upon young men of solid character and charitable disposition who spend many a day in quiet reflection. In his case, Dad's workshop of life provides many a hard-earned lesson in wordy and worldly wisdoms supplemented as any good course is by reading, writing, and thinking deep thoughts (with the all too occasional foray into saving the universe by repelling mass hordes of horrific aliens





invading earth through the Playstation). More than a few weeks cooped up in a German hospital after his tonsillectomy ensured a long period of oft-interrupted solitude as he was often fed a liquid diet inconveniently. He's all better now and happily cranking out his credits in UMUC's overseas college program (and clepping a few to boot! = more money back in Dad's sports car fund). I'm quite envious as one of his classes was a week in Florence for art appreciation! Not bad at all'n all and younz won't find that in Kilarney!!! Despite being very close to graduating, Michael has occasional forays into golf, running, lectoring at Mass, entertaining the local femme fatales, and, dare I say it, working for money (which is a bit of a vicious cycle if you know what I mean!).

Athletically, he's engaged in a self-directed scrawny-to-brawny weight regimen (mine strives for the other direction if you know what I mean), and he took a first in his age group during the base ½ marathon. He keeps

us running to be sure TBTG! 🍀 Glittering Gloria's glamorous gifts were oft on display in RY12 and much in demand to boot! You may recall our homelette is along a tree-lined promenade in Deutschland inexplicably called Floridastrasse; hence, Gloria's moniker: Friendly Floridastrasse Fun Finder and does she ever – hang on to your Derbies for a whirlwind whistle-stop tour of hither & yon: 2x Strasbourg for wine tasting and cooking lessons, girl trips to everyone's crystal paradise Kaefers, hostessing a dinner for 10 on our 26<sup>th</sup> anniversary, organizing the GAWC girls golf (Ger-Amer Women's Club), finding, fixing, and finishing treasure shops all over Stuttgart (i.e. domains of loved, lost, and re-discovered luxuries), an incredibly elegant door-to-door evening at the Collegium Wine Cellars, a first-ever Oklahoma Oktoberfest (see Mike's hat & lederosen), Thanksgiving for her G-A (guess!) lunch bunch, and for no apparent reason save the obvious, the occasional Midday Margarita Mixer not to mention a now-and-again Spontaneous Combustion Party around a fire pit. If that tweren't enuf to leave ya dry & parched, she joined Mike at EuroSatory in Paris in June, had sinus surgery in July, attended the Air Force Ball w/M in September, bewitched All Hallow's Eve in October, hosted Mike's offsite in November, welcomed our daughter home in December, led our ski-club trip to Portes du Soleil in France in January, and started work at the Bank in February. Whew!



🍀 As a family of four, the wee Ameri-Irish shared a very welcome Ryan traditional Christmas at home having taken the annual Volvo+4 excursion via Boston & Hertz for Carissa's shin dig w/tassel in May, a trip that we extended to the ancestral home in green pastures and hills of Pennsylvania...golf, boating, merry-making, and such we also enjoyed many a Christkindlmarkt as a unit. MG&M(-C) tried our hand at French pastry making in a sumptuous and fattening spot in France and all 'n all.

🍀 Michael the Elder (ME) (seen just above with the livestock and somewhere down below) had a peaceful and productive year of ever relentless comings and goings, hithering and yawning (don't start that...oywh) to various and a sundry places with this or that fascinating friend, in brief: Parix2 1w/Gloria 1w/Sankars of Singapore (all 4!); London w/Lazer for Farnborough's air show; Lithuanix2; Macedonia (again) to cut a ribbon; Oberammergau3 to regain sanity (at least a modicum); the Azores/Lisbon with a fasck-inating set of business types; Naples with colleagues for conferencing; and a few times to Brussels for old times sake (read NATO). A few other pastimes filled the free moments as ME rediscovered golf, finally got the Christmas lights I remember from my childhood hometown on the house, paid forward our intention to recycle by buying a 200+ bottle wine fridge and overfilling it via the festival of wine in Strasbourg, ME MC'ed Lets Make a Deal at the OK OKfest (see above), took a few "didn't know they were old enough to drink in Germany" young men to a beerfest/jousting tournament, and enjoyed the medieval charms of Bad Wimpfen on multiple occasions. Well, as it happens many an old friend has gone and many a new friend hath arrived: TBTG we met the Rowdy Clan at the Bad Durkheim Wurstfest (nudge nudge) a'fore they moved back to Texas. Basically, life hier in der Florida t'ain't too bad, but we miss younz. So, come see us wonthcha? 🍀 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. -- Mike, Gloria, Carissa & Michael Ryan +49 711 680 4039 [RyanMC2@gmail.com](mailto:RyanMC2@gmail.com)

