



Cha dèan cat miotagach sealg A cat in mittens won't catch mice



yan's Year 14 (RY14) Bottom Line Up Front (BLUF): *Wow! Another truly blessed year!!!* Saints be praised! Tis time once again dear and faithful followers of AWE'1 things Ryan that we wish you, yours, 'n theirs *Céad Míle Fáilte* -- A hundred thousand welcomes! To begin this annual recounting and accounting of the comings and goings hither and yon (without yawn) of the wee band of Amer-Irish known in some form since 1699 BC as the Ryans, might I ever-so-humbly invite myself into your imagination to paint upon the canvas of your consciousness a tale of such frivolity and mirth as can scarcely be conceived otherwise? So, with such indulgence granted it falls to me to summarize with literary license Ryan Hysterical Year 14 (RY14) on this the first day of RY15, which falls, as well it



should, on St. Patrick's Day. Therefore, with all protocols aptly observed: *Beannachtam na Feile Padraig!* Happy St. Patrick's Day! 🍀 To wit: These thoughts, these happy thoughts of thee and thine keep tumbling through this heart of mine and put me in a frame of mind to recall your cards at Christmastime, which although unanswered were a part of joyous soul and happy heart – so much so that we herein recall the love of friend and kin and use this Annual Wee Epistle to launch our greetings like a rocket... ah, missile. So, now before the constable comes calling let's delve deliciously into the Ryan's Annual Wee Epistle 15 (AWE15), which by the grace of God is the

23rd installment starting from the first YOOP (Year Of Our Progeny -1991), which due to the inevitable yet enviable multi-year diaper inundation resulted in an extended period of holiday incommunicado-ness rectified as it is, and has been each 17th of March, through this expression of our admiration for you AWESOME reader and an endless appreciation for all 'n all that the grace God has bestowed upon all of U.S.. 🍀 *Happy Ryan New Year 2015!*

🎯 The obvious must be said: the frolicking on Floridastrasse continued inebri-un-abated in RY14 and attentive Epistlers will recall the reason: Floridastrasse's Friendly Fun Finder (F⁴) the ever Graciously Galavanting Gloria (G³) carried on (literally) hosting and toasting High Tea at High Noon, Lunch Bunches, FS Farewell Fest, Wine Wednesdays, Thirsty Thursdays, Souper Soup, Christmas Commotion and on 'n on... Her priorities now in order F⁴G³ ceased work at the bank to devote more time to her passions: traveling, cooking, shopping, and spa'ing. With an enthusiastic disregard for even light housekeeping, F⁴G³ enticed friends and soon-to-be so to abandon hearth and home for all things consumable in Europe. Thanks to F⁴G³ stock in local bus companies is soaring as she takes 40 or so friends along everywhere she goes: The spouses club trip to Alsace; the annual pilgrimage to *le Salon des Vins des Vignerons Indépendants à Strasbourg 2015* (so much wine, so little time), which was such a hit that our local glass recycling (and AA!) are now hiring!! Now five years Cancer Free :0) she's better than ever: a 70th Anniversary FS trip to a French service for one of our fallen aviators was a memorable day.



Gloria in Wonderland

🍀 Hearty congratulations again to Michael Me Boy (M^{MB}) for his crowning RY13 achievement: The completion of his Bachelor's degree and his RY14 culmination of said accomplishment walking across the stage at graduation! Thanks be to God (TBTG) and to M^{MB} for this highly significant accomplishment. He is now pursuing a MS in Cyber Security (ka-ching\$\$\$) at our local University of Maryland campus and various Ms of other sorts around town (nudge nudge wink wink). M^{MB} keeps Venture Crew active (i.e. graduate level Scouts), proclaims passionately at Mass, and is the FS Dog/Cat watcher of choice monopolizing this gated community in Europe of rich neighbors who like their animals but who love to travel (ka-ching\$). If sleep keeps you fit than M^{MB} is the healthiest man on base and to prove it, him and his PS3 have kept aliens away another year!



🍀 We parked the Volvo+4 in Europe for an uber-complex summer holiday of holidays starting with G visiting her wee mom whilst M&M sunned with Tia Judy in Jacksonville, FL, then M&G converged on C in Boston leaving M^{MB} with TJ in Jax; next, MGC & M met in DC for Tia Peggy's 30th 30th birthday; then we 4 (sans Volvo) motored to the Ancestral Home in Carrolltown, PA (See below) for R&R. Whew, I'm tired already...home included Pittsburgh sports—Pirates and Steelers games—after the latter, C returned to Boston. And after more R&R, MGM jetted to, of all places, Rapid City, South Dakota! No, we



didn't lose a bet and I haven't lost what's left of my mind: We attended the 398th Bomb Group (H) Memorial Association Annual Reunion at the original station where the group was formed in WWII. Ellsworth AFB welcomed all of us, including many veterans, with a tour of a B1 bomber and lunch at the Officers' Club. Every one of the 50+ visitors got a chance to get in the B1, including the veterans, some over 90! Rapid City turned out to be a gem—Who knew?!—it's close to Mt. Rushmore (we added Michael!), the Crazy Horse Memorial, and Deadwood, where Wild Bill Hickock was shot. We also saw "a" Buffalo in the

wild in the wonderful open spaces of Custer National Park. One of the bus tours also took us thru Sturgis, SD where Harley lovers congregate, but as our bikes didn't fit on the bus, we kept going. (See the online Photo Album for more)

🍷 M&G sans M enjoyed many a short excursion as well trotting off happily to such environs as our beloved Oberammergau, our obligatory Lavenham anniversary trip (back to the joining spot), which included the aforementioned 398th BG's annual remembrance event at their UK base (and the Pub on the Premises (POP) The Woodman Inn, where Adnam's Ale still reigns supreme – Ah, liquid memories to make you forget!)

An internet-inspired "budget" weekend in a Palace outside Strasbourg included lunch at a Michelin-starred restaurant "Le Crocodil" in town, which was the year's best use of 4-hours in an afternoon. Thanksgiving found us in Prague as Tia Judy's company (no endorsements allowed ☺) "forced" her into servitude there so we happily thanked our days and nights (and money) as we tried to dampen her enthusiasm. We failed. But we did run into the Saint Anthony's Choir from our church of seven years in Brussels! Small world. So, we went along to hear them sing launching us well into the Christmas spirit, which carried us to Christmas markets in Nuremberg, Stuttgart, Esslingen and Strasbourg, the latter two including Carissa who delighted us over the holidays by visiting home.



🍀 Beaming in from Boston our Tea-rista arrived victorious from her "comps" having overwhelmed her professors completing her Masters Degree in Public Relations at Boston Uni's prestigious PR program. You'll be nearly as delighted as I to know she's off the payroll having herself procured an Account Executive position at a small firm in central Beantown! You go girl.

You ALTAIR's (Admiring Long-Time AWE-Inspired Readers) will be relieved to know King Squirrely remains Chieftan of the Sacred Family ruling in Kitty Barrow with Love Cat over some bottles of 3-buck chuck, the normal band of Minions, and for reasons known only to Carissa, The Patrick. Perhaps his commitment to her Hash House Harrier affliction, and his general likability are to blame? In any case, Carissa is off & running a most successful big girl race and enjoying it fully! Wanderlusting trips to New York, Atlantic City, & Chicago during her fun-employment period, a successful internship, and the winter 2014/15 in Boston rounded out her snowy successful year.

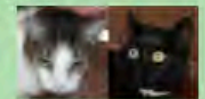


🍷 Michael the Elder (ME) was filled with professional wanderlust carrying ME to such places as Lille & Paris, France, Vienna, Austria, Tallin & Tartu, Estonia, Berlin, Germany, Brussels, Belgium, Oslo, Norway, and to the distant planet of Washington in the DofC. Since I don't get out much (out of the Pub that is), Gloria escorted me to Izmir, Turkey where I was teaching a course. Since it wasn't always Turkey there, we had lots to see. Along with friends The Guptills we time traveled to Ephesus and Pergamon from Roman days and shopped for flying carpets and "genuine" fake watches (when we escaped the oenological comforts of the Executive Lounge that is). Izmir is also home to the lance that pierced the side of Christ (See Photo Album), which the Irish in me found profound. ME's personal



highlights are Vivino (a wine app), a James Taylor concert, Germany winning the World Cup, the 3rd Security Jam, TV shows Leverage, Sleepy Hollow, & Agents of Shield (+ Sunday night pizza & kebabs), and visiting the Cambria County Fair, which always opens Labor Day weekend in Ebensburg, PA – Catch it sometime. You'll wonder why you did!!!

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



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