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Is maith an scéalai an aimsir




Time is a great storyteller



yan's Year 13 (RY13) Executive Summary: Another very memorable year. All is well TBTG! Céad Míle Fáilte -- A hundred thousand welcomes! Faith 'tis good to know ya. Can it be? It seems like only yesterday it was the day before St. Patrick's Day! Nevertheless, 'Beannachtam na Feile Pádraig!' Happy St. Patrick's Day!



And therefore the start of a new Ryan Hysterical Year, RY14, but before I get ahead of meself and run meself over let me run on with sentences of wit and wisdom to wit the wistful chronicles of the wee band of Amer-Irish willfully whiling away on a wee Patch of wellness just a few short steps from western Germany. As the past passed RY13 unfolded as it should and as it did with many a blessing bestowed upon us and ours from you and yours and for this, and your cards at Christmastime, let us say Thank You! In short, we write to you now because we didn't write to you then, that is to say at the commemoration of the birth of our Savior, because lo those many years ago at the birth of our own saviors (aka Carissa and Michael) we couldn't muster the energy to write over the holidays and so waited to respond in kind until that most glorious of Irish holydays, the feast of St. Patrick. So, here it is in the 22nd year of our progeny, the 2013-2014 edition of the Ryan's Christmas...nay...Annual Wee Epistle (AWE14)...

Happy Ryan New Year 2014! As you will have guessed St. Paddy's day marks the first day of the rest of our year and therefore the launching point for glories yet to come. We would, howifsoever, be remiss if we did not undertake to draw pints and lessons from a thorough review of our comings and goings hither and yon, and so chronicled herein are such sundries as senility could muster as well as musings and confusings of, it is hoped, a humorous nature.  The Frolics of Floridastrasse consumed vast quantities of...time, yes, that's it

– time – and a good time was had by all starting with the obligatory 17th March greening, and during the 2nd Annual Oklahoma Oktoberfest (OK OK), the winter solstice garden party with sunglasses, many a fire-pit inspired Spontaneous Combustion event, and the ubiquitous Blue Burro instant inebriation invitationals. | Ghoulish projections on the Haus highlighted a haunting Halloween (2,000 kids!) In addition, it must be said, that too many farewell feasts and fêtes frowned upon us; however, they were TBTG happily balanced by heavenly



hails as well. Beyond FS, long-time AWE-inspired readers will want to know the Volvo+4 events of RY13: RYANAIR (no kidding) et al make it cheaper to fly, so the V+4 self-limited to nearby Alsace/O'Gau which were heavenly as always; the former for the annual "All You Can Drink" wine expo and the latter for the "All You Can Eat" Bavarian diet. The train to Paris also beat driving and so we did repeatedly! Our namesake airline whisked MGM(-C) to Marrakesh for a miraculous Moroccan menagerie of sights, souks, and sun. Our riad, an oasis of calm amidst seeming chaos, was a short foot safari from the Jemaa el-Fnaa, which is one of the most famous squares in all of Africa. Michael's restaurant-diva aerobics class with three belly dancers during a sumptuous soiree sautéed the scene.


A 60-degree temperature differential greeted us back in Stuttgart but we were warmed again by the biannual beer bash at Bad Canstatt. Living memorably, M&M flew to Flying Legends



at Duxford in the UK photographing frequent flights of fancy from the luxury of the VIP buffet w/PIMMs (well worth the £££s) and trekked 200kms north of the Arctic Circle (in June!) for a canoe trip with fine Finnish friends: The White Nights, incredible hospitality, and pristine environment (not to mention Rovaniemi the real home of Mr. S. Claus) were AWE inspiring! M&M as well went overland to Normandy and Brittany in

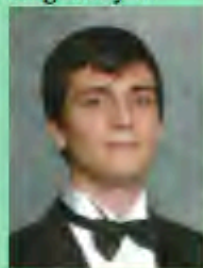


support of all 'n' all things American for Memorial Day and saw Mont St. Michel too! A Father & Son extravaganza!!!

 Floridastrasse's Friendly Fun Finder (F⁴) Glittering Glamorous Gloria (G³) gained greatly in grace and culinary creativity hosting High Teas, Lunch Bunches, Extravagant Dinners, and Farewell Fandangos, not to mention Goddess Get-togethers. M&M were pressed into service (happily in the latter case) as waiters, bartenders, piano players and sommeliers (that's fancy French talk for a bartender that brings the bottle to you). In her not-so-copious free time, F⁴G³ started to work part-time as a teller in the local Community Bank, led bus-loads of spouses to France for cooking schools, shopping and fine dining and helped pick the pockets of many a man by arranging big trips for must-have crystal at Kaefer's and Nachtmann. Finally, and finally she bought Villeroy and Boch dishes at long last! Not as if she's bored or anything, F⁴G³ decided to find a new hobby--"spa-ing," which I think involves repeated trips to something called a spa.



🎉 Hearty congratulations to Michael Me Boy (M^{MB}) for his crowning RY13 achievement: The completion of his Bachelor's degree at age 21! Thanks be to God (TBTG as you may have been wonderin') and to M^{MB} for this highly significant accomplishment. He now intends to continue at our local University of Maryland campus for an M^{MB} MBA. His sprint to the finish included a week's-long study in London of all places. This year he also continued in Venture Crew



(i.e. graduate level Scouts), accompanied his Dad to the Annual Air Force Ball sweeping young ladies off their feet, and he pursued some educational adventures in the food-service industry. In addition to all that you will have no doubt noticed that space aliens did not invade the earth, but you likely didn't know that's thanks to M^{MB}'s consummate skill in defeating their evil designs via his Playstation™. Meanwhile, he continues to perfect his marathon sleeping ability, advance his culinary legerdemain, divine the meaning of life, and understand the fairer sex.

🍀 Carissa continues the Boston marathon of her education at BU in pursuit of her Master's in Public Relations! You go girl. In addition to flying a Tiger Moth (1930s vintage biplane) in



turn with father and brother, she's a Key Holder at David's Tea (to get the discount!) and is pretty near the best sales person they have in the company (I may be a bit biased but not far off). Avid and faithful followers of the AWE will rest assured in knowing that King Squirrely retains reign over the Sacred Family ably supported by Love Cat, the furry feline feminine friend and surrogate, and one hopes "The Patrick" (see previous notes same subject in "Blasts from the Past" on the web).

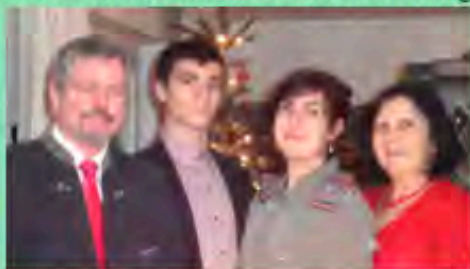


Carissa loves snow and cold to a point and that point having been reached enjoyed Spring Break in Las Vegas w/TP. Who knows what happened as it happened in Vegas. A newly-avid Hash House Harrier, Carissa ticked biking the Boston Marathon route off her bucket list, with a single-gear bike no less (let's just say she was misinformed on that one). She was safely out of the way during the unpleasantness that surrounded that event and she blessed and graced us with two trips over the Emerald Isle to visit us. On the latter occasion, Dad and daughter took two road trips to the very delicious Strasbourg to pick up a 300 liter wine barrel shipped to us from Chateau Lamothe de Haux, our favorite Bordeaux winery.

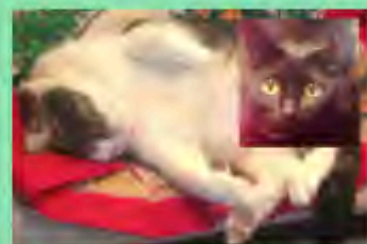
🎉 Michael the Elder (ME) continues as Director of something called ECJ9 when he's not at the gym or traveling or using iMovie or lecturing at Mass, but it was the travel that was remarkable for it's richness, the dear friends involved, and the memories made and remembered (despite his new friend Johnny Walker Black). Adding to the aforementioned M&M, M&G, & M&C events, ME islanded in Finland with Karri & Tuija, feasted in Singapore with Anil & Hilda et famille, and was foiled in London as the Steelers fell in his presence. Forty pounds lighter and more nimble ME was still in pursuit of the perfect wine (gotta taste a lot to find it!) and now whisky/whiskey, but his lighter self's crowing achievement was to be part of the team that brought EUCOM it's first(?) and BEST Burns Night Supper at Hotel Schloss Weitenberg in the presence of our host Baron von Ressler and 50+ close friends. ME as the kilted chairman presided over a most memorable night of music, feasting, poetry, banter, song and general revelry (colonels had fun too!) like none ever before seen and perhaps never again to be seen; an epic expression of a Celtic celebration of live and living. ME carries on with friends (pun intended), piano, a wee bit of singing, golf (now



with an established handicap other than his swing), photography (candid? Now stop that!) and, it must be said, idle curiosity.



🍀 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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-- Obi Wan and Moonbeam too!