

Seasons Greetings,



The fish are back, or at least four of us! Two of our buddies went to the big fish tank in the sky, but beyond that, things are swimming along nicely. I'm Zeb and have been chosen to write this year's letter. That's me, the black and white striped one, sorry but one of our buddies was camera shy.

The year started off interestingly when Rob almost became the Libertarian candidate for Ohio Congress. He accepted, but was cast aside like Al Gore when the party found someone with more time to devote to the campaign. To ease his rejection, Rob made his annual ski trek out west. At least he didn't pull a Bono when he slipped in a crevasse and jammed his thumb. Ann thought he should have x-rays but being a guy he said, "it'll be fine". Well, almost a year later and no medical attention, he has full bending ability but gets a twinge when trying to pick things up. I'm glad I only have fins!

Rob decided flying on the weekends wasn't enough, so he signed on with a couple of Life-Flight agencies. His only trip has been to take a child home to Indiana who's been having treatments at the Cleveland Clinic. Rob didn't think he had enough gadgets in the "money pit" (Ann's words, not mine), so he had a new Global Positioning System installed and an upgrade to the intercom/radio system. This wonderment of modern technology allows him to land safely in bad weather. Ann decided the one good thing about the upgrade is, they now have in-flight music, which meant they had to buy an MP3 player. Wish they had saved enough money to replace our old, yellowing tank lights. Ann told Rob that with all the new switches something was bound to go wrong! While flying in a formation on an overnight trip to Washington, D.C., the intercom stopped working. Rob and Ann couldn't talk to each other or listen to music, but Rob was still able to chat with the flight lead and controllers on the ground. After fretting for a day and a half that the panel would have to be ripped apart and lots of \$ spent, Rob discovered a switch had been flipped to the "off" position. His relief was short-lived, realizing he had to tell Ann they could have been listening to music and chatting the whole time. Needless to say, he feared for his life, almost as much as I do when they stick that vacuum cleaning tube in the tank.

In September they flew to Rutland, VT to visit family and friends. Rob wasn't as impressed by the foliage as by the fact that his e-mail pager worked on top of a mountain in the middle of nowhere. Priorities you know! It's always nice to have a few days off from work, but not the way it happened for Ann. In January, a MAJOR water main break in downtown Cleveland caused the building she works in to be closed for five days. Ann was leaving work just as the geyser started and thought thousands of gallons of water rushing like a tidal wave, gave her an idea of how Noah must have felt.

Rob's playing with Gig Ethernet at Picker who's been renamed to Marconi Medical Systems. Ann is still at Multiverse, which merged with two other companies this year. The transitions have been a struggle, but hopefully things will improve.

Hope this letter finds you happy, healthy and looking forward to the New Year.

Happy Holidays

