Well, it’s a good thing that we described a year plus two months last year! We seem to have compressed a full year’s living into the latter 10 months in 2003 that fill out the rest of our story for this year. New experiences for our offspring included a summer hiatus in Spain for Clare, a semester in Rome for Kevin, an information technology program at the University of New South Wales for Steve and a new baby, Max Edwin Parry for Abby and Rich, re-classifying us as grandparents, as well. Of course, our offspring each have a year’s story of their own to tell, but this one is Norm and Judy’s, from the time they arrived home from Germany at the end of February to the end of the year.

Not allowing any grass to grow around us, we were off to New York in March for a few days in Manhattan and then out to Long Island to participate in the festivities surrounding the Bat Mitzvah of Danielle Gurr, daughter of Howie and Robin, niece of Barbara and granddaughter to Shirley. While in Manhattan, we went by the Twin Towers site late in the afternoon and stayed through nightfall to witness the light towers sending their mournful message up to the heavens.

Slowing up a little in April, we only went off to Crested Butte to present our offerings in note cards and postcards for this year’s Flower Festival in July to Lee Renfrow, the festival director and a dear friend. We also showed her some of the full-sized images and were immediately invited to show our work in the Art Show that is attached to the Festival. We were delighted and we were also recruited to help set up the show in July. We followed up our visit to Crested Butte with a week in Vail, where Norm attended the project review of the oil industry consortium project for his group at the Center for Wave Phenomena.

At the end of May we were off to Florence for a professional meeting, followed by a week of travel in Italy. We spent a few days in Santa Margherita where we met some close friends from Denver, Sy and Ellie Katz and Rich and Elaina Block. Our time together featured a walk to Portofino and a delightful five-hour dinner at an outdoor table of a restaurant with a fixed menu—offering more courses than we