

Seasons Greetings

from the entire Arnold Family

Dear Friends:

This year gone by has moved more quickly than any to date. It moved so fast, we didn't have time to make this a merge letter; please pretend it is addressed to you personally, we apologize. The year in its passing it has left us more than our share of joy and sorrow enough.

Hap's father, Chuck, passed away on 11 November 1993. A couple of days after the four of us, Hap, Dru, Delna (Hap's Mom) and Chuck, returned from a trip to Cour d'Alene for the OFA Meeting, Chuck fell and broke his ankle. A month later he went into the hospital with a serious heart problem and passed away two weeks after that. While we miss him dearly, we give thanks to God that he was in our lives. To all who knew him, Chuck was a strong positive force, whose influence lives on in all our lives. There is far more than this to be said, but we do not have words to express our thoughts.

Last year, the biggest news in our Ramona family was Jackson Eugene Arnold, at weight six pounds. This year he may not be the biggest news, but he is at least somewhat hulking at 33 pounds. Jack can walk, with the assistance of a friendly couch or low lying table. He thinks he can talk, but we cannot yet understand him. At least he sleeps all night, most nights anyway. Miracle of miracles, Jack has his own room now, no more sleeping in the study.

William is just a touch taller than Dru now, he is in the vaunted Middle School and enjoying it immensely. He has been confirmed and is now serving as an acolyte in our Anglican Church. Even though he is growing up, he is still the "Rodo." Joan Jeffery still brings the English comics, he still stays up too late reading them. This year instead of winter ball, Rodo played Lacrosse. What a game. Next year he wants to continue with Lacrosse, Soccer and Baseball. Thank the Lord he still doesn't really care if they win or lose; after all, it's just a game. He is steady on his course towards becoming a safe and trustworthy shooter, practicing often at home with his air rifle and air pistol, between trips to Monarch Flats where we get to shoot real guns and live ammo.

No wars for the Guard, no wars for the Reserve. All is quiet on the California military front not even a nice little riot this year. Things are not as fun in the forces as they used to be; maybe they never were.

Captain Dru is now an inactive reservist. From what the rest of us can tell, she doesn't seem to miss the drills. If any one wants to hold a war, she might be interested, if she can stay in the Hotel Ibis in Nuremberg again.

Our Guard unit had another safe flying year, not one of our jets were lost this year, thank God. Hap and CMac flew the Squadron's last RF-4C to the boneyard on 17 June 1993, followed by Putt and Nevo in the Group's last airplane the next day, followed by the Mother of all Phantom Pharewells, followed by the Mother of all Headaches. The last of the real jet fighter-bombers (mostly bomber) has been parked. A real airplane, one that generates AFTP's, is now a KC-135E. Hard to fathom. Hap is now the 163rd Operations Support Squadron Commander and a member of the establishment, another event some would find fairly amazing. Hap hasn't been to tanker school, but it looks like that will happen. We are very happy, one seems to get used to flying.

Dru still thinks the Naval Hospital San Diego is a great place to work, the people, both patients and staff, are great. Thanks to her Mom, Ginny Propps. for taking care of Jack while she works. Dru loves the part time schedule working in PACU.

Betsy and Lilly both had several operations this year for various tumors. With great sadness, we lost Lilly the Friday after Thanksgiving. Lilly was a wondrous baby rat, and she is sorely missed. Betsy continues on, she is just recovering from very major surgery as

this is being written, but seems to be doing well. We pray God in his grace will leave her here with us for a while longer. Many wonder why we love rats; it is because they are part of us, they love us and have so much to teach us.

Hap's Mom, Delna, is doing quite well. With Chuck gone, she is trying to catch up on all her paperwork; she says she will make it. Our bookie gives 3-5 her cards will be later than ours. The boys and other family friends have been keeping her busy, a three week ahead reservation is all you need to get her to dinner, unless it is a weekend. By the bye, Dusty is fine and sends his best.

Dru's Mom, Ginny Propps, has cut her travel schedule this year. Once to Canada, once to San Francisco area. She has spent a lot of time with us. For some reason, perhaps in a fit of weakness, she volunteered to watch Jack when Dru works. Jack loves it, as do we. Her presence has made our life far easier. She is healthy and things seem to be going well for her in Cucamonga.

Brother Bruce and his wife Lorena moved to a new house this fall, three acres of dirt, with a front yard looking like the Grand Canyon, only growing fast. As far as we can tell, about fifty palm trees and countless truckloads of rock and dirt later, it looks beautiful.

Brother Tuck, wife Robie and daughter Alison are constantly improving their house and avocado forest. The big news there is Robie's job teaching Art at Valhalla High School, one of the nicer local schools. The new job kept them from traveling to Cour d'Alene for OFA, but they didn't seem to mind.

Sister Jacquie's radio station in San Jose was bought out, but she survived the blood bath and is doing well. We got a chance to see her at the world famous annual Propps' Christmas bash, a welcome treat.

Our excellent friends from the RAF, Bob and Kay Denton, came back to visit from the UK for the third year in a row in October. For the third year, they came over Hap's drill, bad planning. We love to see them and for the record, they make the absolute best guests and tourists.

Our wonderful friends Dennis Cole and Joan Jeffery both made trips from the UK to visit us this year. We look forward to their visits, it helps to keep up to date with your friends, also we miss the world famous Coleman's mustard between trips.

Speaking of the UK, we made our first Family Holiday. Once again, Dru convinced Hap to take a vacation. She and the boys traveled to the UK on their own, to be joined a week later by Hap. That was the plan, upset by a sinking boat in Samoa which captured Hap's attention for about a week. It upset our schedule, but we had a smashing time, we visited the Ellis', Coles, Jefferys and Dentons. We flew Continental, of course.

The Aviation and Marine insurance and accident investigation business is doing well, the three offices are keeping busy. Given everything, travel has been light, only one trip out of country, to Samoa and England. A very nice trip with Hap's parents to the Organized Flying Adjuster's meeting in Cour d'Alene, Idaho. Absolutely beautiful trip. Somehow Dru managed to secure free lodging at the Ramada Inn in Boise on the way up. We are hosting the OFA Meeting here in San Diego next year in September. The trips to Long Beach are on hold for now, only about three times a month. That should pick up after the first. The Baron looks and flies great, it is still the finest piston twin we have flown.

Those of our family here on earth are all healthy and extremely happy. Once again, God has been kind to us this year, we know how very lucky we are. As we look over our Christmas list, we think of our friends, some we have seen, most whom we have not. We think of years gone by, time spent together. We wish we could have spent more time together. We wish you all a very happy and joyous holiday season. May your God be with you as ours is with us.

Best wishes and Love,

Dru, Hap/Bill, William, Jack, Betsy, Rat, Zaxxon Rex Roy & Sabie