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Dear Dave,

It's been two years since you and Paul left us. I forget whether that was yesterday or a lifetime ago. The overwhelmingly urgent need to know the how and why of that event faded into a numbed acceptance of the impossible. Gone, forever. I don't believe that. Your departure signaled our childhood's end, an innocence that once lost can never be regained. We were suddenly terribly vulnerable, and the tears we cried for you were perhaps as much for ourselves. We had to grow up to survive, and we did. We're for real and I think we are going to make it. You would love our new toys! The Metro is a screamer and everyone appreciates the pressure. The 748 with its comfort and very professional (and very attractive) flight attendants has developed into a class act. The attitudes are different now though. The nonchalant and sense of camaraderie has given way to a more serious mindset. It's better in some ways, but losing you was far too high a price to pay. We miss you and won't forget. My tennis is better and I think I could handle that damnable serve of yours. In flying with Dana this bid (I accept your condolences) and he sends his love as do we all. Catch you in the next cycle.

Lamar"