

THE MARTIN FAMILY

ANNIVERSARY WEEK

SWITZERLAND

23 July 2011

Dear Reader,

I trust that this week was full of fun and adventure! In Zürich, the warm weather of March, April, May and June has given way to a cool and wet July. Because it was our anniversary, we wanted to go someplace sunny and warm. Nazy was flummoxed by the weather report.

“Portugal is almost the only sunny place in Europe,” Nazy announced.

“Well - some parts of Spain or..”

“We could go to Greece, Dan. Greece is...”



Nazy and Dan 1992 (Greece)

“... broke, Nazy. Everybody is on strike and there are daily riots.” (I thought of our 1992, 20th anniversary trip to Greece.)

Our wedding date is carved into the consciousness of the Extended Martin Family. Consider the unusual, but touching event of July 22, 1997. We were living in Hanover, New Hampshire. My Dad telephoned.

“Happy anniversary, Dan!” Dad exclaimed.

“I’m speechless, Dad. In fact, I’m astonished you remembered.”

“Twenty five years, right?” Dad replied.

“You old romantic. I’m..”

“Yep, 1972. That was the year we bought the **Buick**. I’m really happy that your marriage turned out more solid than that car.”

While I was thinking about Dad’s call, the phone rang, eh, chimed. It was Mitra.

“.. and you, Dad, are the master of the TPL”

“The TPL?”

“Three Page Letter. Why don’t you write a four page letter?”

“Then I would need two stamps.”

“Hmm..”



Dan and Nazy
July 22 1972

“Three pages = two stamps. I’m on the boundary. I’d need two stamps if I used a heavier, premium, paper. In fact, I’d need two stamps if I used a **thicker** font.”

“How do you always get exactly three pages? What if you don’t have enough to write about?”

“Short, pithy dialog..”

“Clever!”

“...takes a lot of space.”

“Wow!”

“Or lots of photos.”

“You’ve thought this through, Dad.”

“I can also play with the *font* and **font size**. But since I started posting TWL on the web, no one realizes that I use exactly three pages.”

“Maybe you should put dotted lines in your web posting to delineate page breaks.”

Note: For those reading TWL on seat26b.com, this is the middle of page 2.

Nazy was searching for anniversary excursions in Switzerland when Darius called.

“I’m back in Beirut, Dad - via Moscow!”

“Moscow?”

“The morons at China Southern Airlines booked me on a flight that was cancelled six months ago. The only possible option was standby on Aeroflot.

“Sounds like a typical experience for you.”

“Not really. The only available seat was in first class, so..”

“You flew first class?”

“First class for **me**, but I arrived bagless. And my apartment keys were in the lost baggage.”

“You checked the keys to your house?”

“Dad! You flew into Zurich without your keys.”



The Martin Family 1982

“Your mother, who had the keys, failed to arrive. I have never checked house keys. Think about it, Dar. How could anyone do something so..”

“Mom says that it’s your contribution to my genes.”

“Nazy! Darius wants to talk with you.”

Reader Query: Last week you provided photographs of a thimble collection and a pewter solidier collection. The question, however, concerned the rooster collection. Why no photo of the Ribeauville Rooster?



Ribeauville Rooster

Although we made a valiant effort, we were unable to find a reasonably close, exceptionally romantic and weather appropriate destination for our weekend excursion. Therefore, Nazy and I celebrated our anniversary with a quiet dinner in The Restaurant at the Dolder Grand Hotel. It was a five-course meal of Michelin st★rdom: giant plates,

small portions, tasty sauces, complex compositions, plentiful and passionate waitstaff, multiple ‘gifts’ from the chef (appetizers and desserts), a wine card so heavy that it was supported by a hydraulic lift, and, finally, a ma\$\$ive invoice. We had a great time.

Reminiscing over dinner, Nazy asked what I’d learned during our 39 years of marriage. Sensing a trap, I, eh...

“I learned how important and charming you are, my dear.”

“I always hoped that you would expand your taste in food. “



Nazy and Dan 2002

“I have. Now I eat eggplant.”

“I hoped that you’d mature into a gastronomic genius. That you’d grow out of your childish aversion to raw mushrooms..”

“Mushrooms are a fungus. Just like athletes foot...”

“.. and begin to like cucumbers and vegetables. Science News says that our tastes change as we mature. Why don’t your tastes change as you get older?”

“How could I possibly ‘get older’ when I’m with you?” I replied, hopefully and skillfully closing the discussion.

Take care and Cheers,

Dan



Dan and Nazy July 22, 2011