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**SendTo:** CN=Joseph Freeman/O=ARRB @ ARRB  
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**From:** CN=Laura Denk/O=ARRB  
**DisplayFromDomain:**  
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**DisplayDate\_Time:** 9:58:41 AM  
**ComposedDate:** 12/31/1996  
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**Subject:** A Mirage

I was just walking by your old office and I saw four people standing around Tammi's old desk talking about some documents. The people were Bob, Joe Masih, Brian, and . . . someone in a plaid shirt. I walked by but then stopped & wondered if the plaid shirted one could have been you. I mean -- the two office residents were accounted for, as was Brian. Doug is on vacation. I thought, "Joe could be in town. Perhaps he came to Washington after his trip home to PA. It must be Joe." So I went back to double check and, of course, it was NOT you. (Jeremy was the plaid shirted one.) But I did enjoy the moment of hope. How was your Christmas with the Freeman clan? K.C. was pleasant, but I really wished I could have spent the holiday with both my D.C. family & my K.C. family. I enjoy the change of scenery, but I miss my people here. As I think I have told you before, if we are going to move to Colorado, we are going to have to do it sooner rather than later. I am becoming increasingly attached to my life here. You and Carolyn are brave souls. For Christmas, my Dad gave me the "Runner's Literary Companion." I haven't read any of the stories yet, but the book has a great Marge Piercy poem (as if any of her work is bad) about running with her friend every morning. I promise to remember to bring it to work and share some of the best lines with you. I hope that you have a lovely New Year's Eve and that you will someday actually be standing around Tammi's desk again. Take care. Laura

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