

Dear Darrold:

You must think I am the worst friend. Although I have been thinking of you often, I have not been organized enough to put pen to paper or fingers to keyboard. I missed your birthday, I failed to say goodbye in that last hectic week in Berlin. I am sorry.

As one of my dear friends always says, "A man without patience is like a lamp without oil." You probably figured that I would eventually get around to writing to you, and here it is.

We had a wonderful trip back on the QE2. Gabriel astounded the waiters by his appetite and his ability to read the menu and select an interesting combination of extravagant food. Nathan played video games until his eyes fell out, and Judy and I read and slept and sipped bouillon on the windy deck.

I started my new job as Executive Director of the JFK Assassination Records Review Board shortly after we arrived and have been busy ever since. It is slow going trying to organize a new Federal agency from