

In early June, Jamie and I ventured westward, to the land of my much-adored one-pound burritos for a top secret mission. There, amidst the backdrop of Southern California's finest sun-kissed greens, two or three would meet and old tales be retold; specifically the tales of **Thomas Burns Sauer**, which flowed from my countenance like the steady stream of demerits that populated his MIDS conduct profile second class year. Yes, friends, we attended Tom's wedding to his bride **Natalie**, a woman surpassing him by DECADES in maturity.

Natalie, unaccustomed to the salty wit that's sharpened through perpetual disappointment in the five thousand days since we last assembled in Navy Marine Corps Memorial Stadium, foolishly requested me as the roastmaster for a gathering the night prior to their nuptials - to which I heartily agreed. **Jason Bowers, Colin Meyers, and Jon Anderson** joined in on the bloodbath as we proceeded to barbecue Mr. Sauer in front of friends and family, a who's who of conservative Twitterati, his lovely mother Donna, and his *totes adorbz* daughter Cate, who thankfully was preoccupied by a coloring book. Witnessing the slaughter were **Steve and Diana X ('07) Moga, James Polanco**, and his date **Matt Eisenbach**.

The following day, **Rob Chandler** snuck into the Lodge at Torrey Pines for a late afternoon dip. Rob bathed their son **Bennett** (presumably the USNA Class of '41) in the expensive salt water pool, while Erin and I quickly downed two \$18 margaritas. One quick uniform race later, Tom and Natalie were wed in holy matrimony in front of what may have been the most perfect sunset possible. Other classmates attending were **Derek Herrera, Josh Reeder, and Justin Freeh**, who all remained mature adults throughout the course of the evening. Meanwhile my wife forcibly corralled Bach and I several times, as we tested the boundaries of acceptable social behavior.

The next morning Jamie and I were off to Vegas to celebrate our fifteenth anniversary by spending three months of that O5 pay bump on two meals. On our second night we wandered over to the Mirage and caught up on all the second hand smoke we've been missing with 2006 Class Secretary **Ashley Pelzek**, now employed by Merlin Labs in its quest to automate the already cush jobs in Naval aviation.

Finally, on our way back to Annapolis, I spotted a familiar face waiting to board our weather-delayed flight from Milwaukee. It was none other than **Joe Dolan** sporting his Southwest uniform, deadheading back to BWI, where he's flown out of for the last ten years. Joe went above and beyond and sweet talked the flight crew to let my children into the cockpit, where they undoubtedly pushed all kinds of buttons and levers and delayed the next flight even further. Thanks Joe!

That's it for now - if you need someone to make fun of you in front of your family, I am available on a moment's notice.



Clockwise from L: My wife Jamie and me with Ashley Pelzek at The Mirage, Las Vegas



Clockwise from L: Kelly and Jason Bowers; me and my wife Jamie



Clockwise from L: Tom, Cate, Natalie, and bestdog Bosco Sauer



My kids smashing buttons on Southwest