

Year in Review

Jan It must be some kind of New Year's Resolution. Sarah decided to make a longstanding dream into reality, and began an online study program in midwifery. She also looked into the graduate midwifery program at Georgetown University and started prerequisite classes at the local community college.

It snowed, and we had lots of fun with it. This was our chance to try out the new sled-like thing we bought at Christmas time.

Mar Gwendi turned 12 on February 28, celebrating with a slumber party. Six preteen girls makes for quite an experience all 'round, but we survived regardless. Weatherwise, March in Maryland is true to the old saying "in like a lion, out like a lamb"—by the end of the month, daffodils were blooming all over the place.

This was also the month Gwendi and Richie started baseball practice. I always thought baseball was a summer sport, but here the season was over about the same time school got out.

In April and May, the trees start blooming in Frederick. Different varieties bloom in sequence, so we had a couple of months when the scenery was downright impressionistic and the ground always littered with fallen petals.

May A lovely month in Frederick—the weather pulls you outside. Sarah gardened, Bill mowed, and the kids played baseball (unfortunately not learning to love it). Thinking we were going to be here for years, Sarah joined the Arbor Day Society and got 12 free trees. (You've gotten those mailings, haven't you?) They were little twigs, really, but she made a "nursery bed" for them. Seven of the trees have survived 'til now and actually seem to be doing quite well.

Bill and Sarah celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary. How time flies! A friend babysat the kids, and Bill and Sarah went out to dinner



alone for the first time in who knows how long. It was a wonderful evening.

We celebrated Bill's birthday with a family dinner and cake. Expected life to slow down with the end of the school year, but it seemed to speed up instead. Gwendi and Richie had some interesting week-long day camps: Robotics, Simple Machines, Forensics.

Jul Bill left for London on July 1 to work on a proposal for the London Olympics (see page 3). The hours were long, but there were compensations on those occasions when he had time off: Theater in the park, walks along the Thames, the London Eye... Sarah and the kids missed him, but they had their own traveling to do: California (visiting old friends in Alameda, as well as Grandma, who lives near Yosemite). All three managed to pick up industrial-strength cases of poison oak, but no one knows quite where or how.

Bill's niece got married on July 30, and we all went (see story, page 2). A stopover in Kansas City was nice, since we got to visit with some Bechtel friends from Romania.

After the wedding we visited with Bill's sister in Colorado Springs and then drove back to Frederick. On the way, we encounter a Kansas thunderstorm, visited an old saltworks in Missouri that helped supply the westward emigration, walked on an Indian Mound in Ohio and spent a night in a Waterpark/hotel in Columbus.

Sept School started on August 28, almost September. Richie was relieved to find out he likes his teacher (he liked last year's teacher too), and Gwendi was glad to see her friends again. Sarah intensified her studies too, spending a couple days a week with a nearby midwife, learning by observation.

We went to Baltimore twice. The first time to see the aquarium. It is a really good aquarium, in Baltimore's inner harbor. That took one whole day. A week later, Sarah returned for a conference of the Midwives Alliance of North America. It was a three day conference, and Bill brought the

No, we don't have a mailing address in Houston yet, but hope to be settled in by late January. We're looking at a neighborhood called Sugar Land, in a congressional district recently vacated by Tom DeLay. I guess I'll have to hide my "Impeach Bush" T-shirts.



December 2006

HOPE YOU WROTE THAT ADDRESS IN PENCIL

It's not like we don't WANT to stay in one place for a few years. It's just that things don't seem to work out that way. Let's see . . . individually or as a family we've been chased out of Asia by the collapse of that region's economies in the late 90s, run out of California by the dot-com bust of 2001, sent packing from Iraq by insurgency and Islamofascism in early 2004, made personae-non-grata by a newly elected Romanian government in 2005, and are now banished from Frederick, Maryland by a corporate reorganization that has—in one fell swoop—seen Bill's division of Bechtel assimilated by a larger (and currently more profitable) division, leaving him adrift on the corporate tides. You better hope we don't come to **YOUR** home town!

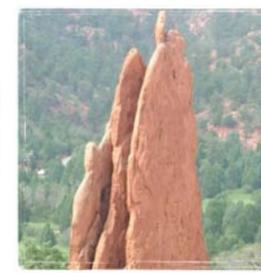
No, it's really not that bad. Just one of the realities of working with a company like Bechtel that moves its people around a lot and likes to reorganize itself periodically. Specifically, Bill's company Bechtel Infrastructure Corporation is being assimilated by Bechtel Civil, Ltd., which is based in London. At this point in time, the civil infrastructure megaproject market is booming in the UK and not doing so well here in the states—at least under the contract terms that the Bechtel muckety-mucks are willing to put up with. So the North American infrastructure market is going to be quiet for Bechtel for awhile, which means no proposals to do! The Maryland Kritzbergs are all moving to Houston instead, where Bill will be a Proposal Manager for Bechtel OG&C (Oil, Gas & Chemical) and the rest of us will begin learning two new languages: Spanish and Texan (which is all they speak down there). **YEE-HAW!**

TRAVEL 2006

We did get around a bit this year, despite being based in the US. Business took Bill to London and Tennessee, while a family wedding took all four of us to Colorado (see inside, page 2).



London, UK



Garden of the Gods, CO



Lookout Mtn., TN



Felicitation!

What's Happening in Tennessee?

If you're lucky enough to live in a part of the world that has four distinct seasons, you'll probably admit to Fall's being the most dramatic—the inescapable hints that the earth is changing, the visible evolution of light and dark, the sudden turning of the leaves—all these signify the coming of Winter's bleak closeness.



Bill was in Knoxville and Oak Ridge Tennessee from the end of October through the first week in December (with four days back in Frederick for Thanksgiving) working on yet another proposal, and it turned out to be the absolutely perfect time to be in that part of the country. On the first free weekend, Bill drove down to Chattanooga (only about a hundred miles away) for a hike around the crest of Lookout Mountain, where one of the most significant campaigns of the Civil War had its start (for Civil War buffs, the battle of Chattanooga—a Union victory that followed a disastrous loss at Chickamauga—set the stage for Sherman's march to the sea, which eventually wrecked the Confederacy).

On that particular weekend, the trees (predominantly oaks and maples) were in full turn and the hills were absolutely glorious: every imaginable color foliage can be, from deep green to chrome yellow, to pink, to salmon, to russet, to tan, to burgundy, to purple-that's-almost-black. Knee-high drifts of confetti-colored leaves obscuring the trails and turning the steep slopes into a series of pillowed shelves and drifts. And that hint in the air of change.

How About Colorado?

In July, Melissa, Jim Kritzberg's daughter, got married in a very pleasant (if somewhat unusual) ceremony in Ft. Collins, Colorado and our attendance was a tad on the unusual side itself. For one thing, there was some question whether Bill would make it at all, since he was in London working on Bechtel's Olympic bid up until the last moment (see story, page 3). Nevertheless, we were determined to make an appearance, so Bill flew from London to Kansas City (no, there's no direct flight) to meet Sarah and the kids, who were already on the road from Frederick.

On top of this, the invitation had encouraged "fanciful dress," and never being ones to pass up such an opportunity, we showed up in mock 16th Century servitor garb, designed and constructed by Sarah. The other guests had elected more conventional clothing and so ours were the only costumes in evidence (not counting a smattering of fairy wings) excepting those worn by members of the wedding party itself—who were garbed in a sort of synthetic Wiccan/Tolkein theme. As one might (mercifully) expect, all eyes were on the bride and her entourage, so our getup passed without comment.



Oak Ridge, Tennessee was one of WWII's original Manhattan Project sites. As such, it was central in the development of atomic weapons, like the "Little Boy" uranium bomb (pictured above) that destroyed Hiroshima in August of 1945, ushering in a new and more dangerous age—and incidentally ending an older and also highly dangerous one.

Life and death, peace and war...inevitable trade-offs.



atomic city

London 2012 Olympic/Paralympic Games

Bechtel's London Civil organization wanted very, very much to be selected as the "Olympic Delivery Partner" to the London 2012 National Olympic Committee. This would have involved managing all of the other contractors building site facilities in East London.

Unlike most other Olympic Games, London plans to have almost all events on a single site—rather than scattering them all over the region—for a whole host of good reasons, including convenience, efficiency, cost, security, and enhancing the Olympic experience not only for athletes and spectators at the games themselves, but also for the residents of East London (and the UK and EU as a whole) by creating a legacy sports complex that can be refitted for follow-on uses and be an attraction for decades to come. Just the sort of thing that's up Bechtel's alley.

Consequently, Bill found himself in London for all of July, working with a combined US/UK team to put the bid together. Ultimately we lost out to a team that seemed more "British" to our prospective client (even though they too had 'Muricans on their team), but Bill still had the opportunity to wander the streets of London—and tube to outlying areas—in a way that a more brief visit would not have made possible. And brief visits are all that ordinary tourists could possibly afford. London is *expensive*—hotel and living expenses more than \$600 a day.



Parliament from the London Eye (Richard Branson's giant Ferris wheel on the Thames)



Friends from the Romanian Motorway Project now reassigned to London



London City Hall

Gettysburg Reunion Reenacted

In July 1913, the aging veterans of the Battle of Gettysburg—having long since set aside their weapons of war—met as comrades on the field that many believe saw the turning point of the American Civil War (1861–1865). Symbolism was in full flower: at one point a veteran of Pickett's Charge reached across the wall that had protected



the center of the Union line from their attack and extended his hand in friendship. Many years later, in late November 2006, Sarah and Bill reenact that reconciliation, with Bill (born in Texas) and Sarah (born in California, and hence an honorary Yankee) clasping hands across that same wall.



Year in Review (Cont'd from page 4)

kids up on Saturday to spend the night. Sunday he and the kids played tourist while Sarah attended meetings.



Bill spends most of the month in Tennessee on Stennis Bid: Bechtel wants to perform operations and maintenance for a NASA facility in Mississippi, where they test rocket motors, train Navy Seals, and design advanced payload

handling devices (among other things). See Fall foliage story, page 2.

We find out that, yes indeed, we're moving to Houston. Panic ensues as we realize what a major pain a move is going to be. As we used to say back in Hong Kong, aieeeeayah!

