

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu' : Proust wrote it. Ten of us lived it for a brief time on May 20th. Without reservation or inhibition, we picked up where we left of 36 years ago. Admittedly, while the passing of time seems to have exaggerated or, in cases, levelled our memories of some events, it clearly has had little affect on the friendship and familiarity we once enjoyed. A tribute most certainly to that special time and place we know as Cassadaga.

Thank you Bro, Mike and Milt for getting this underway.

I trust we will do this again sometime before the the next 36 year anniversary. I fear otherwise the redemptive powers of our medications and imaginations will have us telling tales about the coed seminary we all attended near the tropical shores of Lake Erie in the glacial foothills of the Great Chattaqua Mts. Warmest regards to all, Al Gaulin