

Dear Diary,

Another year has flown by and the ECI has crept upon us. The past year has been full of ups and downs. Last July, I joined the engagement train after proposing to my girlfriend of now 6 years (what was she thinking?). A couple of months later, in September, the company I was employed at went under - perfect timing... I tell ya diary, being unemployed for roughly 6 months was not a great career point in my life, but it was nice not having a commute to work. Thankfully, after many interviews there was a company that was willing to take a chance with me! I think most college students have heard of EBSCO Publishing (EBSCOhost). I've been with EBSCO for just over a month. It feels good to earn some real money, meaning not living off of tax payers' dollars (thank you all for the financial support!).

Besides getting a steady job that I enjoy, like Zirolli, the wife-to-be (yes... shocking) and I should be closing on a house towards the end of May - just need to play our cards right! FYI – those of you that are in town and need a place to crash please don't hesitate to ask.

Anyways, enough about my brief year summary... I will be very happy to see all of those hackers, slackers and huge ass crackers again (they know who they are) on this Saturday and Sunday! To the right is a picture that McLear left out from his trip down at Pinehurst. It looks like he left a little stank nugget on the sidewalk...

Now, about the ceremonial dinner... I'm not too concerned about where we eat, I just hope I do not get spattered again with food because of individual food fights... but it is what it is I guess. I have a picture of the two ritards that had the messy confrontation that memorable night and the mess they made of poor Sylvan Street Bar and Grille ("[Rain Main] practically bankrupted a casino and he was a ritard"). I think they'll let us back. Who wouldn't? It's just a little tomato sauce.



Justin and his shenanigans



Davis and Gajda swimming on the Sylvan Street dining room carpet. Sweet Teva's on Dargon on the left trying to do the "Hokey-Pokey".

About the golfing part of this wonderful gala... I am very excited to get out there again and knock the rust and dust of my clubs as this will be my forth time playing this year! I am going with Justin's strategy of mooning celebrities, pooping on sidewalks and not worrying about bringing any sort of mental golf game to the tournament (not like I bring anything anyways).

Putting all kidding aside, I am very humbled to be part of this great event. I am looking forward to seeing all of you this weekend. Good luck to all of you in your travels and hope you all arrive safely at the Border... Oh yeah, good luck in the tournament as well...

P.S. Dailey – what are you thinking having us eat Mexican food the night before the tournament? We all know that refried beans and Dos Equis make a very dangerous combination! It's definitely going to be a struggle for some of us, including myself, to make it past the turn without having dash to the club house for some intestinal adjustments.