

I don't know whether we should consider this a late 2013 Christmas letter or an early 2014 one. Last year was a very hectic year for both of us. In January 2013, Cathy's brother Terry and herself bought out their brother Michael's shares from Hope Aero. In June, they purchased a larger building five minutes away. The two building situation on Anson Drive (approximately 20K sq. ft) was no longer feasible as it had been reached capacity a few years ago. The new location on Bath Road is 36K sq. ft. The office space alone is 3K sq. ft. Cathy loves having a private office. Peter put up the very restful print *Blues Come Through* by Alice Dalton Brown in her new office. Since her office has double wide windows, she began an Orchid collection. The flowers seem to thrive in the ambience of the new place.



When they first moved in last October, she took her blooming Bougainvillea who promptly dropped all its blooms and leaves within two weeks. Not a good choice for the office. It has been much happier at home and has regrown its leaves. Hopefully in the Spring, it will bloom again. Her pony tail palm which she has had since third year university is also doing very well. Sam is not happy about the change as this is his favourite plant on which to munch.

It is an absolute joy to be in one building. We have been working towards optimizing work flow which is now possible. It is amazing how hard it was to fit everything in. The city has been miserable with respect to getting the building permits, having only just received the final one a week or two ago. Hopefully it doesn't take the same amount of time again to have them closed. The staff grew from 35 to 50 last year including a couple of part timers. We now have a 3K sq. ft lunch and change rooms. Hopefully, having a cool and sunny place to go to during breaks will improve morale.

In May, we walked around the Garden for our 24th wedding not nearly as beautiful as were a few lovely fruit trees. to go to Cockburn Town, our 25th where Cathy hopes to garden there. Cathy's parents very tame trip for them (they from Myanmar and Taiwan).



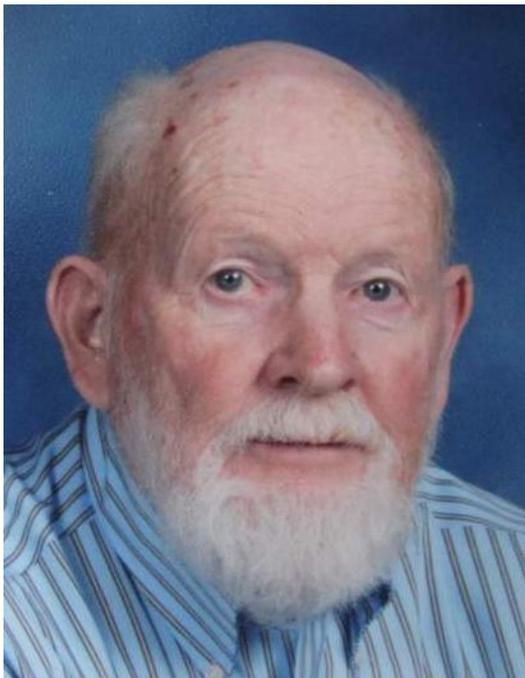
Toronto Botanical anniversary. Though Vancouver, there We have made plans Grand Turk Island for visit the botanical will also be going; a just arrived home

Since Cathy anticipated that there would be a lot of extra work because of the move, she only planted a few tomatoes and squash plants which managed to take over the garden by the end of the season. Unfortunately, the tomatoes only did moderately well as the summer was not very hot.

In May, Secunda returned to us. Her staff, Ev, could no longer look after her in the manner to which she had become accustomed. She has been very slow to reintegrate back into the pack as she is very timid. Peter is her favourite person and her favourite game is to hide and pounce on anyone who goes by. Her colouring is almost identical to Quartus but opposite in personality.



On a cloudy Sunday afternoon in June, the Dunns attended the Canadian Warplane Museum's annual airshow. We had the privilege of meeting a pilot who flew Lancasters and Mosquitos from 1941 to the end of the war. It was lovely to be able to say thank you to one of these vets in person. In addition to the WW I and II aircraft, the snow birds showed off their stuff.



At end of 2012, Peter realized that he was on the fast track for full blown diabetes. As a result of research into the topic, Peter began a low carb, high fat diet. He promptly lost 30 pounds and Cathy 10. Both of us are feeling much better. For more information, visit righteousinvestor.com and Peter's face book page.

On Friday, July 12th, Peter's father drove to the end of the Road to Nowhere, Big Lake, Alaska, locked his car and disappeared. As he had said that he was going to the cabin for the weekend, no one realized that he was missing until Monday evening. Amy, George and Peter all flew to Anchorage to participate in the search, but no clue as to what happened to him has been found.

At the end of August, we went on a cruise around Scotland. We arrived two days early and were able to spend the time with Cathy's mother's cousins. The cruise was restful and the North

Atlantic was calm! We skipped the excursions and pattered around in the ports of call. The first evening we ate at Candles, an outdoor venue on the stern of the Windsurf. Though cloudy and chilly, we had a lovely view as we went out to sea. We hit fog the moment that we left the Firth of Forth and the Windsurf was an hour late arriving in Peterhead as a result. The Captain joked that he had become lost.

It was sunny and warm in Invergordon, probably close to 25. Peter and I rented bicycles and found that we were sunburned at end of the day. The seas were calm and Cathy had no trouble with sea sickness. We were

in sight of land the whole time (once the fog lifted for the day). It was fascinating seeing all of the buildings close to shore but otherwise in the middle of nowhere. We noticed the architecture changing as we wound our way around.

In Kirkwall, Orkney we visited St. Magnus Cathedral, begun in 1137. We didn't bother to go to see its dungeon. The explorer John Rae is buried there who is best known for determining the fate of the Franklin expedition. Peter purchased his biography at the Kirkwall museum because of the Canadian/Orkney connection (Rae spent many years in the Hudson Bay area) and kept Cathy apprised of the salient points.

At Port Rush, we journeyed out to the Giant's Causeway to view the curious rock formation found there which explains why we stayed aboard while anchored alongside the Isle of Man the next day. Too tired to move.

The staff of the Windsurf ordered 50 taxis for the passengers who wished to take one to their hotel. Unfortunately only about 10 showed up. I don't know whose idea it was, but between our Captain and Mary Mitchell O'Connor, the local MP for the area, a city bus was arranged to take 30 of us to our hotels, for free. I was very impressed with both for not leaving us stranded. The only hitch was that the bus driver didn't know Dublin very well so we had a roundabout scenic trip.

The bus driver suggested a very good pub as we went along, so Peter and I thought that we would try it for lunch. After dropping off our luggage at the hotel we grabbed a cab and went to the pub. Upon entering we fell upon a distressing scene; a woman was telling the waiter that her meal was completely inedible. When his response was that the cook was new and wasn't familiar with the menu, Peter and I looked at each other, did a 180 and walked out. We weren't going to take a chance on it. We ended up finding a nice pub with good food further along.

The fall was spent moving from Anson and into the new location. Every step seemed to be a lot more work than anticipated. But we are finally in and are very thankful that we are all under one roof. Winter began with an ice storm which put the power out for days for hundreds of thousands of people. From my office window, you can see the coated trees. Many were lost as a result. It was much worse further north.

It was like looking into a winter wonderland, incredibly beautiful on the outside, but destructive on the inside.





I am beginning to wonder if it will ever warm up. I put out the bird bath and it was frozen solid with snow icing on top.

You may have noticed that Sam didn't write this letter as he has in the past. My muse died earlier this week from liver failure and is now trying the patience of St. Peter.



Happy Easter!