

Goose Bumps

I am an on-again, off-again fan of major league baseball. Having been born and raised in Boston, I of course love it when my beloved Red Sox are doing well, and follow the scores and standings when they are (by the way, I'm writing this in early September, so here's hoping they have gone all the way and swept the World Series by the time you read this column).

Living as I do close by our factory in Glendale, California, I occasionally get a chance to take in a Dodger game at Chavez Ravine, a classically beautiful ball park and one of the oldest still in commerce (number three after the arguably more venerable Fenway and Wrigley Fields). If you have never been to Dodger Stadium, picture a warm Southern California evening under the lights, thousands of fans all in shorts and Dodger Blue, palm trees swaying out beyond a massive expanse of green grass—stunningly alive against the bone-dry Los Angeles hills.

On my last visit, I witnessed something that deserves sharing. We had just entered the park and were still making our way to our seats (via the Dodger Dog Grill, I might add), when the announcer asked the assembled fans to stand and remove their hats for the National Anthem. Like many of the folks still out on the concourse, we paused at one of the aisles heading down to the seats. A young mother and her teenage daughter were standing immediately in front of me, singing along softly as a fabulous soprano—who clearly knew her business—belted out a stunning rendition of our difficult-to-sing anthem.

When the song ended the mother and daughter both turned to look at each other, and as if on cue exclaimed “*wow, goose bumps!*” And let me tell you, I felt exactly the same way they did: filled with awe, pride and joy at the song, performed so well against the backdrop of that lovely stadium.

As we come to the end of another calendar year, may I express how strongly I hope everyone in our extended Glenair family takes the time to find joy in their lives. My colleague Pete Kaufman calls it having “nostalgia for the present.” However you describe it, life is richer when you take time to “smell the roses,” or in my case, get goose bumps from a trip to the ball park.

Finally, I want to say how pleased I am at the contents of what I am told will become an annual *QwikConnect* tradition: a wall calendar celebrating the achievements of the many fine people who work in our “mission-critical” world. This first installment, a tribute to women in aviation, is truly inspiring. It's simply wonderful to see so many folks working so hard and accomplishing so much. Stay safe people, and thanks for your service!

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