

To my friends & family:

What pisses me off is that I'm probably missing one hell of a party. But since I can't attend in person, I've instructed Hank to read this letter.

Dear family and friends,

At this moment you probably all know where you are. Well, most of you, anyway. But you're not too sure about where I am. Since for the time being it's unlikely that we'll meet again face to face, I'll tell you where to look for me.

Look for me in a well-designed cabinet, in a gorgeously redesigned kitchen or hand-laid tile floor. Find me where ever good music is being played or at any hard rock performance.

I'll be anywhere a kind word is being spoken or a kind act performed.

I'll be there whenever someone speaks out against dogmatic foolishness or stands up in defense of science against superstition.

When you open your heart, broaden your mind, or lift your spirit to embrace life, I'll be there.

If you wish to remember me, join the Academy of Sciences, spare the life of an insect, or put one under a microscope.

Keep your exposure to direct sunlight to 50 hours a year or more.

Remember me by giving money to a street musician, unless he's no good, in which case tell him to get off the street.

Take your leftovers from dinner out and give them to an unhoused stranger. Or treat them to the opera. Read an old Sci Fi comic book.

Finally, in remembrance of me, maybe put a shot of whisky in your coffee, or smoke 'em if you've got 'em – purely for medicinal purposes, of course. And always be kind to ducks.
Be Kind To Everyone!

Take care of Montserrat & Azana!

Cheers and farewell, now and eternally.

Jeep