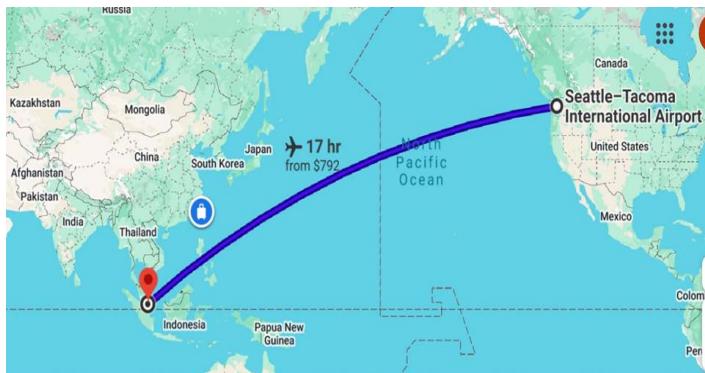
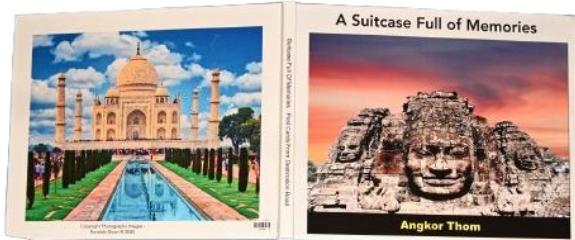

Walking in Our Memories: A Journey to the Land of Smiles

With the publication of our Coffee Table Travel Book, "A Suitcase Full of Memories," and the completion of our 2026 Exposition images, a three-week sojourn to the Asian Archipelago would serve as a respite as we end 2025 in the Land of Smiles, the Pearl of the Orient, and the Island of the Gods. This carefully planned journey represents more than just a vacation—it's our celebration of exploration, companionship, and the timeless allure of Southeast Asia's diverse cultures and landscapes.



Our adventure commences in Seattle, Washington, where we board Singapore Airlines Flight SQ27 just past midnight. With a stopover in Singapore before our final

arrival in Bangkok, the anticipation is palpable. Our travel agents have thoughtfully arranged business-class accommodations for the 15-hour transglobal flight. As Diane and I prepare our sleeping quarters, the luxurious environment of Singapore Airlines' Airbus 380 envelops us, providing every comfort and amenity expected in business class. The impeccable attention to detail and diligence ensure our journey is as restful and pleasant as possible, making the cabin feel like a sanctuary high above the Pacific.

As the cabin lights dim and the shimmering skyline of Seattle disappears beneath us, our ascent into the night sky begins. Outside our windows, the Northern Lights dance in vibrant hues of green and violet, painting a mesmerizing display against the deep purple heavens. Above us, clusters of stars seem to caress SQ27, as if guiding our aircraft on its southward trajectory toward a layover in Singapore and a final stop at Bangkok's International Suvarnabhumi Airport.

The Prologue to Adventure

Suspended between earth and the cosmos, this magical moment in the air becomes the perfect prologue to our Asian Archipelago adventure. It is a vivid reminder that the journey itself is filled with wonder and anticipation, setting the tone for the experiences that await us. The weeks ahead promise a rich exploration, where we will immerse ourselves in a vibrant photographic environment and unforgettable sights of the Archipelago. Our journey is poised to be a true celebration of Southeast Asia's tapestry—its cultures, landscapes, and the memories we are eager to create.

Having survived the 15-hour flight from Seattle to Singapore, Diane and I were revived to homeostasis by our angelic Singapore flight attendants, dressed in distinctive, fitted Sarong Kebaya attire. They prepared us for the landing with hot face towels, followed by a light breakfast that included assorted confections from the Singapore bakery and beverages.

Receiving a reprieve, we left the safety of our A380 luxury liner with a headlong rush into the chaos of Singapore's Changi Airport, where our previous visits to this Asian hub clearly demonstrated acceptance of the ongoing paradigm of modernization. In its present incarnation, Changi Airport again challenges the senses for every indulgence known to corporeal men and women. It has lived up to its image as the International Maison de haute couture.

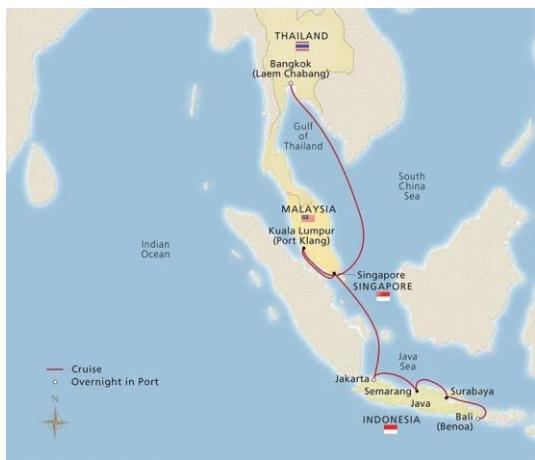
For Diane and me, the only prescription after such an arduous flight would be body massages offered by several therapeutic massage establishments on the promenade.

With a three-hour layover until our next flight, we engaged the Spa on Air services found on the second level of the main terminal. There, we were

greeted by a diminutive masseuse therapist, coiffed with a deep sapphire black pageboy-style cut, and whose English was without accent. She began with a respectful bow and concomitantly intoned her name as Pillai Amara. She started our orientation with an overview of the myriad ancient healing modalities offered by the spa service. We chose the Thai Massage, which incorporates postural therapy, to restore balance and mobility to our aging bodies and prepare us for our flight to Bangkok, Thailand. With our life forces (chi) fully restored and our bodies energized with a variety of Singapore tapas, we feel revitalized. Diane and I boarded without incident for our 2-hour connecting flight to Bangkok.

Unlike other international airports, we breezed through Thailand's immigration checkpoint in a queue designated for Senior Citizens, Monks, and Airline Crew Members. Age has its privileges in Thailand, and Diane and I graciously accepted Thailand's offer of an expeditious visa issuance.

Exiting Bangkok's International Suvarnabhumi Airport was orderly. As an assemblage of porters and hotel hustlers inveigled the throng of visitors with their services, we passed the gauntlet of drivers awaiting their clients. We recognized our Viator driver by his placard, which bore our last name in Arial font. We pointed to the sign, and without a word spoken, he carried our luggage to a waiting SUV.



itself for its guests..

In his British accent, he informed us that we would be at the Novotel Marina Sriracha within the hour, where its world-renowned Thai amenities and spirit of hospitality would soon become our oasis on the serene sea. We arrived at our Thai sanctuary in under an hour, which overlooks the Port of Laem Chabang and is 57 miles from Suvarnabhumi Airport and 10 Miles from the Cruise Terminal, where our ocean ship, the Viking Orion, readies

