

December 4, 2005

Dear Mr. President and Fellow Members,

I can remember as a boy when my father would come home from work and all he had to say was, "You guys want to go down the club?" You never saw three boys run so fast to get their fishing gear loaded into a station wagon! They were some of the greatest times I have ever had as a kid; fishing with my dad and brothers. My father knew everything there was to know about fishing, but little about hunting. They even made my younger brother the mascot of the club when they knew his days were numbered. He wore that jacket with so much pride.



That is why I became a member at the age of twenty-one. I can't help but think how different my life would have been, had I not been a member of the Fin, Fur and Feather Club, the fellow members who taught me so much, not only about the great outdoors, but about life itself; the trips and things that I would never have done. Some of these men have gone before me, and some of you are my best friends. All I have to say is, "Thanks, thanks for the memories!"

So, on this Sunday, December 4<sup>th</sup>, 2005, at the age of forty-six and twenty-five years in the club, I am requesting retirement from the this fine organization. I only hope with me



stepping down, that a young man will be taking my place. I hope this young man comes in with the right attitude; a guy who says, "What can I do to make this a better club?" instead of, "What does this club have to offer me"; a man that is not afraid to work hard on his committees and runs for office. After all, it's your club, and hopefully, he will come to appreciate all the things this organization has to offer...good friendship among men in the great outdoors.

Respectfully,  
Your Caretaker

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "John Michael Burick". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

John Michael Burick

P.S. Even though I may be retired, I'll still be down here more than anyone else, and always remove your tenderloins.