

## Chairmen's Chapters

David C. Swanson: 1998 - 1999



**Marie and David Swanson**

As I think back and reflect on FMML, the single most important aspect of the First Monetary experience to me is undoubtedly the people. The enriching relationships that have come from my twenty-one years (can you believe it) of active participation have had an immense impact on me. In reality, I was in attendance at a couple of those early formative meetings when the concept of a captive was being discussed.

As a wet-behind-the-ears junior officer of a Savings and Loan located almost as far from Manhattan as you can get in New York State without tripping over the Canadian border, it was a bit disconcerting to listen to that fast talking Italian guy from the "City" (driving that big black Lincoln) talk about D&O, Reinsurance, Bermuda regulatory structure and the like.

Every time I listened to him talk, he would lose me within the first five minutes in the apparent complexity of the issue – the fast-talking didn't help either!

Who would have thought that that same guy was soon to become one of my closest friends?

First Monetary is the catalyst enabling me to call so many of the rest of the members as friends!

Then there also some items of note - such as:

*Angelo DiLorenzo and his recurrent nasty encounter with a catsup bottle at the White Horse Inn;*

*Lowell Twitchell, our ever humorous and follicly challenged moped enthusiast (think "left" Lowell!) and his gallon jugs of ginger beer syrup that he can no longer take on the plane;*

*Ray Lipinski and the night we were politely asked to leave the Newport Room (much to Frank's chagrin - I think it was the singing that got us the boot!);*

*The February officer's trip to Bermuda when the internet was so new that the only way we could connect was by dialup to someplace South Carolina – and the \$1,500 phone bill that resulted (thank goodness it was on Frank's room tab);*

*The "kids" – Joey and Cameron, who seem to be growing up right before our eyes – me hearing an "Uncle Dave" about five times out by the pool before realizing that I was the "Uncle Dave" being paged by Joey, and me getting in trouble with Frank and Keith for siding with Linda over her "no toy guns" preference.*

*The visit and speech from Bermuda's premier that involved my own daughters, Heather and Colleen, acting as official greeters (they were much put out by having to get up and dressed, but later admitted that it was pretty cool);*

*My oldest daughter, Maggie, stepping up to announce the Monday evening prize drawings (the moment I came to realize that if she could sell herself that well publicly to our group, I could quit worrying about her success in the future);*

*Lindsay Pistilli, who at about age seven or eight so evidently wanted to win one of those prizes that Maggie and I were about to "fake" the announcement of one of her numbers when she actually won for real;*

*Charlie Koehler – the only other one of "us" aside from me who was brave enough to regularly "go Bermudian" for the receptions;*

*My fellow hunting enthusiast Rich Komosinski and his professed habit of lighting up a cigar after harvesting a deer to allow the spirit of the deer to rise with the cigar smoke. (I know – Julie DeWitt told him he was full of it too!);*

*Martin Jackson and his \$100 cab ride ten years ago from JFK to Newark (I think he went over the Tappan Zee Bridge at least once - we decided that it was the accent);*

*And lastly, how many of us walked all over Hamilton trying to find that damn building in our logo!*

I could go on, but suspect you get the gist – a lot can happen over twenty-five years!

The "family has grown to become almost too numerous to list without risk of leaving someone out so that I think I will stop here and be obvious about not mentioning everyone. I would be remiss, however, if I failed to mention a couple of people who are no longer with us that we miss greatly:

*"Uncle Ant'ny" Monteverdi and his unique way of pointing out that which should have been obvious (not to mention the impromptu speech in which I called Jane "Irene" and she spent the next hour asking him who the heck Irene was);*

*And who can forget Charlie Kleis – our Brooklyn friend with the "net worth" ratio we were all so jealous of.*

As I said before, for me – First Monetary is all about the "people".