

**ADIÓS**



**LYDIA**

PLEASE JOIN US TO WISH LYDIA A FOND FAREWELL  
AND GOOD LUCK IN HER NEW POSITION

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OCTOBER 11TH  
12:00 NOON  
JADE PALACE RESTAURANT  
602 OLD RIDGE ROAD  
W. WEBSTER, N.Y.

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COST PER PERSON: \$10.00  
(WHICH INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING):  
Hot & Sour Soup/ Wonton Soup/Egg Drop Soup  
Moo Shi Pork (With Pancakes)  
Sauteed Spicy Beef  
Kung Pau Chicken  
Lucky Family  
Bar-B-Q Pork Fried Rice  
Tea  
Fortune Cookies

The price also includes a gift .

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R.S.V.P. NO LATER THAN MONDAY, OCTOBER 8TH - WITH PAYMENT  
ANNA DI FABIO - EXT: 21302  
GISELA BALENTS - EXT.: 27714

**Artwork by George Ford – Circa October, 1990**

From Lydia: Below is a copy of a note I wrote to María, my manager.

Here is a rough translation.

There was a train that traveled from Monterrey to Mexico City, the "Aztec Eagle." It took 24 hours to make the journey of almost 1,000 kilometers. When I was little, between 6 and 9 years old, it was my greatest thrill to go on vacation to Mexico City by train. What I loved was exploring the train from end to end (a pleasure that made my grandmother most nervous, who accompanied my sisters and I every year). I think what impressed me the most in this exploration was the passage from one wagon to the next: the mixture of sensations that arose in advance (fear, the expectation of facing any obstacle and imagining myself capable of overcoming it). Using all the force that my thin little arms could muster to open the door and go out into the corridor where the wagons hitched with one another, I would feel the sudden rush of wind cutting off my breath, and under my feet the struggle of the wagons, each fighting to free from the other. I would then proceed to cross what I in my imagination saw like a suspended bridge, hanging high miles away from the tracks, until finally I would reach the other side, to once more struggle with the door to enter the adjoining wagon, that in the best of cases would be the dining car with all its luxuries, thus seeing my efforts rewarded. Since then, I prefer to walk a train on the inside than to walk on the platform.

If I had to compare the feelings I have been experiencing leaving Translation Services, would be with these memories of my childhood. It's awesome! Yes, I found a lot of disorder in my new department as I feared, but to some extent it can be controlled; I like Eddie's style more than I expected; the level of information one can access is mind-bending (as Alex would say!) but the best is that everywhere you can meet good people, the thing is to get to know them. I realize that the activity here is out of this world, it is as if a tornado suddenly picks you up ... one must always be ready and organized so that it does not devour you... but I like it.

Anyway, I can't stop thinking about the nice group I left behind, the friendships forged and how much I learned from you, María. Thank you! Miss you all.

Love, Lydia

Footnote: My note sounds a bit naïve when I talk about the level of information in my new job, 😊; what I was ultimately referring to is that in that I came to represent Latin America in front of product developers, so that they could balance economic decisions in product design, coming up with products that were considering as many of the different requirements for ACO countries as possible (ACO= Americas Customer Operations, what used to be roughly XLG= Xerox Latin America Group).