

Dear Friends and Colleagues!

The hassle and fuss of preparing for the New Year passes as if in spite, although this family holiday is designed to reconcile, unite and give rest. Today **WE ARE ALL** divided into two groups: someone celebrates no matter what, and someone considers fun inappropriate when there is fighting.

The **New Year** itself is **NOT AN EASY** holiday. People treat it differently: for the older generation it is more often a family holiday, but for the younger one it is not. Teenagers often go out to celebrate with friends. Older young people want to go somewhere, and, sometimes, to quite exotic places. Some do not consider the New Year a holiday at all. There have always been disputes, and now even more so — *"I'm celebrating here, and people are dying there, so I have no right to a holiday."* And then — *"Life goes on, and I will live and celebrate, no matter how scared I am."* This is a dilemma that faces many. In addition, it is usually customary to make a wish for the New Year.

And what to think for this New Year? Probably something that will bring clarity to the understanding of what is happening and displace uncertainty! Now this uncertainty has become tangible, as if we can touch it. Anxiety began to be felt more strongly, it just couldn't be pushed away. Anxiety always requires us to do something about it, and therefore there are quite certain fears associated with it. And now you can somehow manage with fears, fears are more bearable than indefinite anxiety. However, I want to tell you on the eve of this New Year — no matter what happens, **LIFE CONTINUES**, and we continue to live (no matter what we experience, no matter how we feel about what is there...) where death is today. In this vein, the decision to celebrate the New Year means that **LIFE CONTINUES**. And this is not from the discharge of *"feast during the plague."* *It's a kind of challenge: "No matter what happens, I will continue to live."*

Many families in Russia are now experiencing a state of generational conflict in connection with what is happening. The fact that a different attitude to the situation in the world is formed within the family *can lead to conflict*, to the inability to be with each other at the same New Year's table. The inadmissibility for oneself to accept that someone else's opinion, like yours, **HAS THE RIGHT TO BE**, although it is different, leads to conflict. In this regard, the New Year could be a good opportunity for reconciliation, if you approach it consciously. Conflicts between close people are **NOT EXPERIENCED AS** conflicts with colleagues, for example, distance, loss of relationships, intimacy are also experienced. Still, the father remains the father, the mother — the mother, the children — the children. In the unconscious, this connection is very strong, so it adds to the sharpness of experiences, even when it seems that they are invisible. Therefore, plan to actively get out of the house during these holidays, communicate more with relatives and friends. Look with all your eyes at **THE LIFE THAT CONTINUES**. All the feelings we experience are what we experience. We can't do anything about it. *However, what we do when we experience them is another matter.*

I am a sailor at heart and **WILL REMAIN A SAILOR** *for the rest of my days, no matter what happens to me or around me*. This allows me to do what I do and go the way that I have chosen for myself. Therefore, in order to relieve some of your stress when reading this text, and to **SET YOU** up for the New Year **2023** (let it be as it should be) - I will tell you, on the eve of the battle of the Kremlin chimes, from someone who is a sailor and I will make it clear, which will connect all the dots, and you will understand — **HOW YOU SHOULD RESPOND** to this my congratulations to all of you on the New Year **2023!**

A sailor is not at all one who goes to sea ...



A sailor is a collective concept, it has a lot of gradations. ***It does not matter what the sailor's rank, position, how great his merits and knowledge are.*** And the sailor, and the midshipman, and the officer, and the admiral are all sailors. Some are more frisky and unreasonable, others are wiser with experience and age-related laziness, but apart from the sea they are **UNITED BY A SPECIAL SPIRIT**. This spirit controls the sailor, sometimes against his will. This spirit is unpredictable and universal. ***None of the sailors can resist it.*** This is the Spirit of a sailor, or the Sea Spirit ... a mysterious substance, not one-dimensional, **NOT DISCLOSED** by anyone, inherent only to a sailor and no one else, even from the military. ***To reveal its essence — and do not try!***

STRENGTH IS NOT ENOUGH, but to generalize — you can try. And now — in more detail. Just the facts. So...

The sailor is as curious as a child. He can contemplate with genuine interest, from a distance of 200 meters, the unloading of a reactor core from the repaired nuclear-powered vessel. And the harder it was to get to the place of observation, the more interesting it is to watch. And the radiation is not visible.

The sailor is inquisitive. He likes to press something, turn it on, twist, pull, open. For example, the valve slamming the shaft of the diesel engine under water, and even at a depth of at least 60 meters. Well, what can I take from him? A child, a real child! He does not understand that the water gushing through the open airway will flood the fourth and fifth compartments, or even the entire boat. In the Ship's Charter, it is strictly forbidden to touch buttons and levers that do **NOT CONCERN** the seaman's management. But he still touches and touches!



A sailor lights matches in the oxygen station room. Not because it's dark there (the switches are working, the lights are on), but because it says: ***"Explosive! Do not use open fire!"***. He has a strong spirit of contradiction and curiosity. Fortunately, fate, in the form of an older, more experienced comrade, preserves him.



The sailor constantly thinks about the girl (wife, girlfriend) left on the shore. Because of this, he is scattered, not collected and confuses minus and plus when entering the angle of rotation of torpedo tubes. As a result, the torpedo does not fly along the intended trajectory, but is somewhat "confused", which misleads the enemy when the torpedo hits the target from the stern, and does not break through the side of the enemy's ship.

The sailor is a controversial figure. Remember the phrase: "If you want to talk to me, it's better to be silent." He is all of this. Or maybe this is the Spirit?

A sailor is an official, but does not take bribes. He simply has nothing to sell except his conscience, and **HE DOES NOT SELL IT.**

The sailor is constantly on the lookout. And if he manages perfectly the torpedo tubes of a submarine, naval artillery and missiles, hitting all targets, then he certainly wants to learn how to embroider a "cross" or cook lobio best of all, having little idea what it is, but firmly knowing that it is delicious....

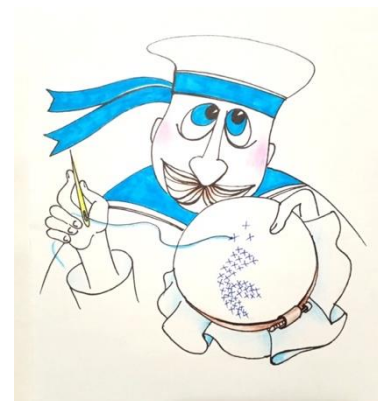
A sailor is a romantic, sentimental being, somewhere even **tender and vulnerable.**

Tender exactly where he is usually hurt. The wound is inflicted by his superiors.

After being wounded, the sailor becomes quarrelsome and unpredictable. The wound in this place gives him a multi-vector, and therefore with or without a strong acceleration. He is rushing somewhere, and those around him and those who are knocked down ask the question: "Where is he running, like a wounded man in the ass?" And he was wounded in this very place ... He cannot sit down, and this is unbearable, because there is, in fact, nowhere to go on the ship, everything is nearby, you should sit down. If the wounded sailor is also in the rank of officer, then blood flows like a river from all subordinates, and the multi-vector approach finally takes the form of Brownian motion...

Despite the fact that the sailor is well-fed, **the sailor is a connoisseur** (food is **NOT** his last but one of his first priorities), he also has an appetite comparable only to Gargantua. A sailor has learned the eternal principle: **"The sea loves the strong, and the strong love to eat!"**

There are no traitors among sailors, and if they appear like Sablin¹, they are destroyed by the sailors themselves.



¹ On November 8, 1975, the deputy commander of the large anti-submarine ship "Storozhevoy", **Valery Sablin**, raised an uprising on the ship. According to Sablin's plan, it was to become the fourth Russian revolution. The riot failed, Sablin was shot and everything was done to erase even the memory of his speech.



A sailor is an amphibious creature. He spends most of his life at sea, and comes ashore only for his beloved process - reproduction. At this time, however, as always, the sailor loves all women, regardless of age, complexion, skin color and beauty released by nature. For this, women endow sailors with unearthly love.

The human population owes its steady growth to the sailor and not being listed in the "Red Book". And in general, there is a version that the **FIRST CHINESE** descended from a sailor, and only then degraded into ordinary sapiens, retaining, however, the main quality

The sailor is conservative and does not like drugs. He relaxes with alcohol and smoking. In the first, he has no equal, because only he retained the **FAMOUS RECIPE** of "stools" **from Ostap Bender**. He can expel mash even from diesel fuel. In the second, he is also not surpassed by any smokers of expensive English pipes. Well, after three days of abstinence

and a lack of simple air, which of you, having climbed onto the bridge of a submarine that has floated to the surface, in one minute smokes a cigarette from a "makhra", as thick as an arm and does not die?

The sailor is as frisky as a racehorse, resourceful, savvy and diligent. I remember one midshipman who repaired the engine of the commander's "Uaz", and fifty kilometers (deceiving the drivers of other cars) asked him to "pull to start", knowing that the car was without an engine... He made it to the unit.

The sailor is disciplined. The navigator, who lagged behind the submarine in Petropavlovsk, walked 40 km in eight hours at night (the elite special forces squad overcomes only twenty kilometers during this time) through impassable Kamchatka thickets in **ORDER TO** have time to raise the Flag and fulfill the commander's order: **"Be on the base by morning!"**.

The sailor is literate and has a specialty. In the Black Sea Fleet, the crew of the "lifeguard" vessel, on which only sailors and petty officers remained (officers and midshipmen "rested" on the shore), on alarm, the ship was taken from the pier to the sea to the anchorage point. They removed everyone from their posts, the crew was disbanded, **BUT THEY OVERREACTED**, in my opinion... They were real sailors and seamen, and petty officers. And who trained them? It is clear that those are the removed midshipmen and officers. And they taught well, in a real way, and military affairs... **That's why no swashbucklers of Ukraine will ever be able to cope with the Black Sea Fleet, and even more so for NATO.**

A sailor has a sense of humor. Being offended at everyone and everything, threatening to explode a grenade clutched in his palm, he can make (on whom he is offended, regardless of rank and title) sing the ship's signature song "Varyag". But the grenade will be a training grenade and therefore safe.

The sailor is persistent, attentive to his elders and delicate. I knew a man who sent postcards (wishing health, happiness and longevity) to a **NAVY VETERAN** who died three years prior, ignoring the pathetic babble of his relatives. Exactly three years!

The sailor is resourceful. And if he was instructed to get rid of the garrison dogs, he will take them to another unit, and **NOT TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE.**

A sailor fearless and faithful to the oath. Only a sailor can batten down the bulkhead of a flooded compartment and fight the incoming water, **NOT SPARING** his life for the sake of his of his comrades. Only he can step into the

emergency reactor compartment, knowing that he will **NOT COME OUT** again... Only he will risk his life saving the inhabitants of some unknown Messina, which he had never heard of in his village.

And yet — only a sailor can, with his hand on the visor of his cap and without lowering the Naval Flag, plunge into the abyss with his ship.

A ship is not a tank, or even a missile silo (no offense, army guys). A ship is more than even a family, it is more than a life... It's a ship. Sailors know.

A sailor is a multifaceted, great, timeless, unknowable, unpredictable concept, like the sea itself, from which he came out, to which he returned, or maybe he stayed forever, merging with it and becoming a part of it ...

Heroism for a Russian sailor (in the full sense of the word) is an ordinary everyday life, and not exclusivity, and — enough about that. **Pomposity and pathos are not for a sailor!**

Therefore, as a sailor, I heartily congratulate you all on the upcoming New Year 2023 and wish you all — understanding in what is happening, not making hasty decisions and constant striving in Knowledge!

Your sailor Fedor Shkrudnev

29. 12. 2022

