



# Merry Christmas!

## Goodness, the Year Has Gone By Quickly!

**I** was mulling over the past year trying to think of something to write about, and the word that kept cropping up in my thoughts was "same." As in: We have the same house, same kids, same spouse, same job, same dog. It sounds so bland. And yet, bland means that nothing horrid has happened either. No one has been ill or injured, the house hasn't burned down or major appliances blown up, and we haven't had to make any life-wrenching decisions. And so I'm thankful for bland this year.

Paging through the 1993 calendar has jogged my memory somewhat. As I suspected, we did do **something** this year. We always seem to be way too busy, even in our bland way!

Our son Jamie started Kindergarten this fall and Emily began her first year of Preschool. Jamie comes home on the bus which is probably his favorite part of being a "big kid," and he is learning how to do "Kindergarten Writing." It is absolutely fascinating to watch him trying to sound out words and translate what sounds he hears into written letters. When he decided to take a pretend vacation to Florida, he left a note saying: "BI MAMA I M GO E TO FLRDA" Emily, who is so thrilled to be going to school just like her big brother, tries to emulate his writing, too, and spelled "TRKE" on her Thanksgiving drawings.

Because he's almost six, Jamie's calendar has been a little fuller than Emma's. He participated in Safety Town this year and after graduating, rode his Big Wheel in the Labor Day parade with a zillion other kids. They sounded like a heard of buffalo roaring down the street! He also lost two teeth this year, but not the top ones, so he doesn't have that six-year-old look yet.

Emily had her share of glory this year, too, winning a coloring contest at a local store, but then she was too shy to get her picture taken with her prize.

We managed to do some camping this year, and are still trying to complete some remodeling projects. Maybe by next Christmas...

Our garden wasn't quite as successful this

year, although still rewarding. We only had one teeny little pumpkin this season, but then we also had a mammoth carrot that looked like a small pumpkin!

Don and I are still playing handbells at church and I'm still teaching Sunday School. I also co-directed Vacation Bible School this summer, which was fun, and I'm the editor of the church's new monthly newsletter. It's wonderful to be able to use some of those languishing skills.

Don meanwhile has retired from our Homeowner's newsletter after three years to devote more time to "hacking" on the computer, his church responsibilities and maybe get back to radio work in some way. He recently unearthed his demo tapes from his deejay days and waxed nostalgic. And speaking of nostalgic, we attended Don's twentieth reunion from Immaculate Conception grade school. Everyone had such a good time, the banquet hall personnel cleaned up around us. We moved the party to a bar, until they closed, and then to another bar. If you're only going to celebrate every twenty years, why not?

Another thing that happens only every twenty years is tickets to Bozo's Circus. An aunt and cousins of mine obtained coveted tickets and invited Jamie and Emily along, so now they can say that they were on Bozo's Circus. If you were watching the show on November 16 maybe you saw them. They took plenty of photographs to reinforce the memory, especially for three-year-old Emily.

That brings us up to December. Emily turns four in a couple of days, I have a newsletter deadline soon after, Jamie's planning his "Chinese New Year's Birthday Party" for January and Don's working on his sermon for when he fills in for Pastor on January 2. (Can you picture Pastor Don? It's not exactly his old drive-time show on Q93, but he gets to use that great voice.) We're rushing into 1993 and looking forward to another full year.

We hope that you and your families have a wonderful Christmas and a pleasantly bland new year!

Kate and Don,  
Jamie and Emily