

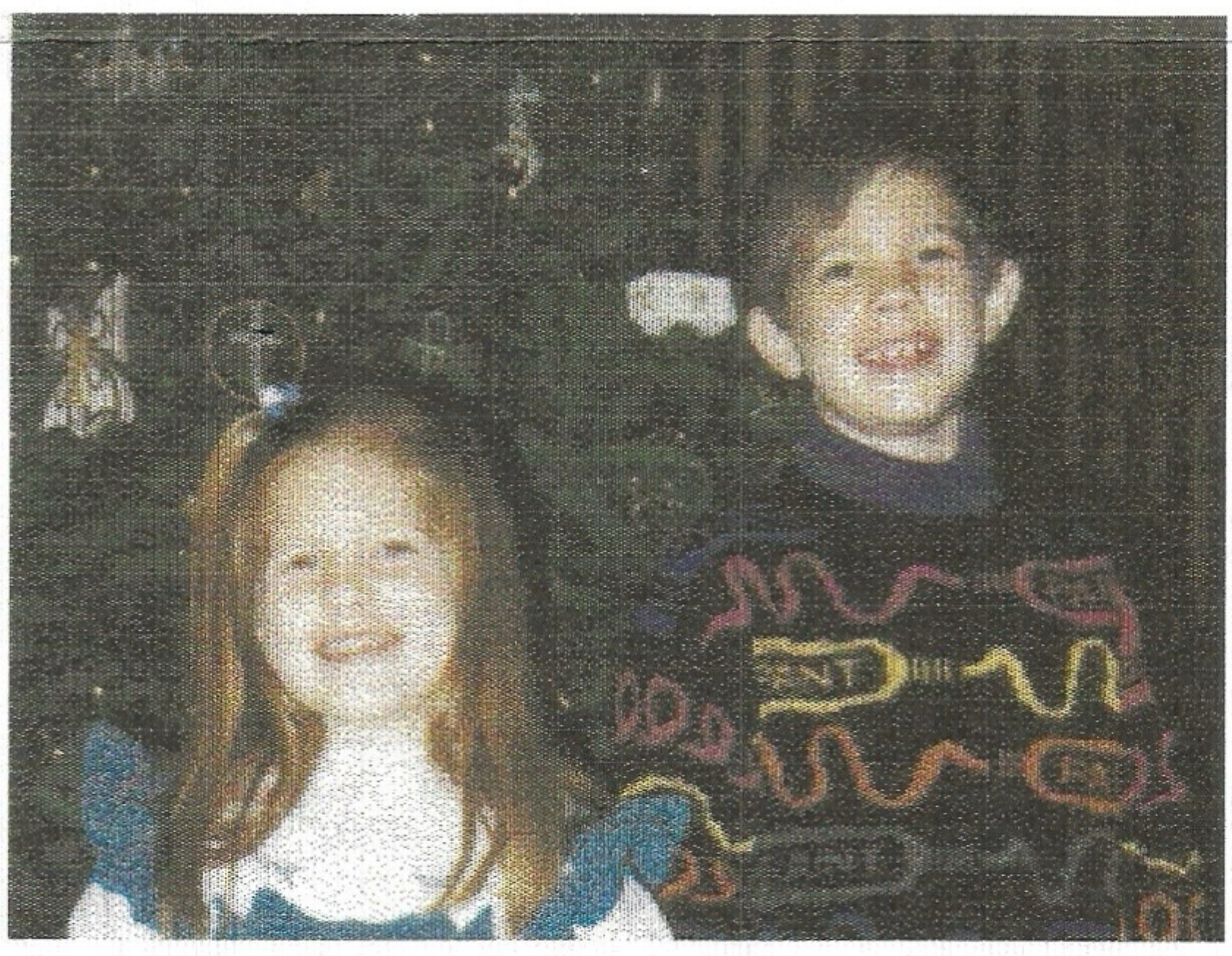
Christmas Greetings from the Gingold Family!

These last months have been hurtling by at such speed that 1995 is nearly here and we're not at all ready to hang up 1994. As I'm writing this, I am well aware that other people's Christmas cards decorate our door already, but the season doesn't really begin in our house until after Emily's birthday which we just celebrated yesterday.

My days as a "mother of preschoolers" is numbered with Emily turning five. Her birthday party featured "make-overs" with dress-up clothes, make-up and jewelry. Say what you like about stereotyping our children, I swear she was born pink and frilly. Emily is in the middle of her last year of preschool, ties her own shoes and is teaching herself to read like her big brother. She will start Kindergarten next fall, and while I look forward to having more time to myself, I'm thankful she'll still be home with me in the afternoons.

James is in first grade now and takes a lunch box. He is definitely reading, and reading all the time: signs, cereal boxes, directions, and, of course, books. He will be seven next month. His birthday falls around the time of the Chinese New Year which was the theme of last year's party complete with a dragon-shaped cake and stir-fried food. This year he's leaning towards a Sherlock Holmes theme as he loves to read mystery stories. James has a mouthful of new teeth, shedding the baby ones right and left this past year, and he's still the tallest kid in class.

Don was on the road quite a bit more this year, in Vancouver, Boston, Las Vegas and other places where they hold big industry shows. He is concentrating on the creative packaging of Palindrome's product with videos, computerized presentations and the show booths. He must have a knack for it because he was rewarded with a couple of special events. We spent a gorgeous afternoon on the Odyssey, a cruise ship on Lake Michigan, and a wonderful foggy weekend bumming around the city like those childless yuppie couples you see in magazines who have white carpeting and eat nouvelle cuisine. Don also coached Jamie's T-Ball team, became Chairman of



the Lay Ministry at church and performed in the handbell choir with me. We often play for our own congregation, but we had our first "gig" this season when a nearby church hired us to entertain at their Christmas party.

As for myself, the children are my main job, but I'm still teaching Sunday School and beginning my second year as the editor of the monthly church newsletter. But by far the most involved project was organizing a Reformation Sunday Festival. We presented two services with chanting, bell and choir music, a dramatic depiction of Martin Luther in debate and a historical study with computerized graphics, all held inside our six-year-old church which was refitted with "stone" walls and "stained glass" windows. Don and the kids acted in the drama, and of course Don created the computerized graphics, so it was a real family affair.

We're working on the house as always, putting in new windows and painting outside, while building an "Olde English Pub"-type bar inside. We'll be starting on replacing the avocado kitchen right after Christmas.

The garden report this year was disappointing. We had plenty of vines and flowers, but not one pumpkin! We did have squash, kohlrabi and zillions of cherry tomatoes, however.

The kids and I spent much of the summer at Centennial Beach, which is our public pool in an old quarry with plenty of surrounding sand. We also did a lot of camping this year, spending a week with friends at Devil's Lake in Wisconsin during some near-tornado weather. When we weren't soaking wet, we had a marvelous time. Another week was spent camping with my parents doing the "Lincoln Thing" in Springfield during those ninety-odd degree days (remember them?). Then we went back to Devil's Lake on a long October weekend that was blazing with fall color. Both the kids are now expert rock climbers, but Mom was a nervous wreck climbing with them!

While we enjoy keeping busy and having fun, we realize that we have not allowed enough time to write letters and visit friends, and that is definitely a New Year's Resolution. We hope that 1994 has been a wonderful year for you and yours, and that 1995 will be even more spectacular.

Wishing you all the joy of Christmas,

Kate, Don, James and Emily