

I know these Holiday Letters can be a little dry sometimes, so I'm going to try to stick to truly interesting stuff. I got new tires on my truck so I don't need as much stopping distance as before. Chris went shopping often throughout the year - mostly for groceries, but occasionally for durable goods. And the kids, well we still have 'em, which at times seems to be the great holiday miracle. We've actually thought that they would make great gifts. Look for them on Ebay.

We took several trips. One was to Florida. We drove to Florida. With a two year old and a one year old. We thought it would be a good idea to drive through the night so they would sleep most of the way. Then we realized we would arrive in Florida at 6 am without sleep, while the kids would be ready to go. So we stopped at a motel at 1:30 am. We checked out at 3 am - after an hour and a half of two little monkeys walking, talking, jabbering, laughing, squealing, wetting, drinking and generally making sure Chris and I did not shut our eyes. We paid for our room and shook our heads as they both fell asleep before we hit the entrance ramp to I-75. We arrived sleepless in Florida at 7:30 am instead.

Hannah has learned how to make the "sp" sound, so foon is now spoon, ficy is now spicy, and let's just say daddy is glad to once again proudly answer yes to the question "Daddy, are you a Spartan?"



Jefferson is definitely a sports innovator. For about 9 days, whenever asked "Hey Jefferson, how do you hold a football?", he immediately went into his now famous pose at left. I think he abandoned this idea when he realized it usually resulted in him falling flat on his butt.

Finally, many tears were shed on September 27th as we said goodbye to a dear friend. Well, Paul shed a few as the final game at Tiger Stadium was played. My family just kind of looked on in amusement. The best I can describe it is that it's like your parents selling the house you grew up in - you know it's the smart thing to do, it makes sense financially, but still you realize that you can never go home again. It's a loss.

It's December now and I am over the Tiger Stadium thing, so here is to all of you who make our lives so full - Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.