

Holiday letter – 2022

Somehow, mainly thanks to our son Jeff's Bubble Protection Plan, aided by his wife, Victoria, we managed to avoid Covid. Victoria and the kids did get it during summer swim lessons. Outdoor lessons seemed safe, or so we all thought. Our daughter, Stacy, avoided it, but her husband, Sal, got it doing martial arts (Remarkably, he's not too old for that yet, but he's competing with Dave for numbers of surgeries. Dave is winning). Dave and I still wear masks in stores because we have enough medical problems without getting Long Covid.

Dave just had a cochlear implant, and needed a week to get in his 10K-20K steps. The implant will be turned on next week, and he will begin a multi-month process to learn to use it. Meanwhile, he will have rods placed in the hammer toes of one foot to straighten them. And to make good use of his recovery time, he may get a new shoulder. He is rapidly becoming a bionic man. Keep those replacement parts coming! Recession prevention.

Judy did three Nutcracker-related productions before Christmas, the doll dance for one, and a Mouse Pas de Deux in the other two. She ended the Mouse dance on the shoulder of her partner, clinging desperately to his head. A bit much for an 80-year-old. She still does core strength classes and running between old age naps. Hates naps—they are such a time sink!

We are looking forward to spending a month with Sal, Stacy and new baby boy in February. Stacy started a new job in the emergency department at a new Kaiser hospital in San Diego and loves it. We'll be there to help her get sleep so she'll continue to love it. She reports that she is assigned up to only 14 patients per shift, so now she has time to assess, think, consult, and provide better care.

Jeff is still hard, sometimes very hard, at work for Electronic Arts, and Victoria teaches computer science in high school and deals with her share of challenges. Sal will be working $\frac{3}{4}$ time so he can be a new dad. Dave is still consulting and enjoying the creativity it brings. Judy still works the occasional critical incident, and sees the rare client. No Red Cross disasters in her life these days—they would put her behind in ballet. The grandsons just turned 6, are in Kindergarten, and can read already. Their 8-year-old brother is a budding diplomat, an avid reader and designer of elaborate Lego creations. Grammy's is the time-out house when needed. Judy loves being a grammy, esp. doing craft kits with the boys. Dave enjoys teaching kids to use tools and build things.

Trees are still planted, shrubs transplanted, plants replaced. Two young avocados just acquired Xmas lights for warmth during frosty nights. Three new Boysenberries are in their berry bed, and there are about to be two new roses climbing an arch over a new bench resting on flagstones in a warm part of the yard—our winter retreat. Judy is reading up on grafting, hoping to get a fungus-resistant rootstock. We know there is a Screech Owl snugg in the owl box, but it's not in the family way. Not yet. We haven't done any docenting due to Dave's foot problems, though we did join the Western Horticultural Society where we need only sit and listen to interesting speakers. Our summer back-pack trip wilted in the 90-degree heat, and at our age, we did not want to become a rescue team's objective. We read a lot at the cabin. I recently made Venezuelan hallacas (tamales) with a friend, and I'll start combing YouTube for a new dance (or at least new music) to learn for next June's recital.

That pretty well sums it up. Sounds more sedentary than past years, but there it is. At least we're getting really good at celebrating birthdays. I remember thinking as a child that when I was old (50 or

60), the world would have had enough time to resolve its major problems: war, famine, disease. To my dismay, we have made scant progress, and sometimes slid backwards. Regrettable! But at least we have a growing and happy family and wish the same and more for you.

Love to you,

Judy and Dave

Judy's
publicity
photo for
her dance at
a recital last
June

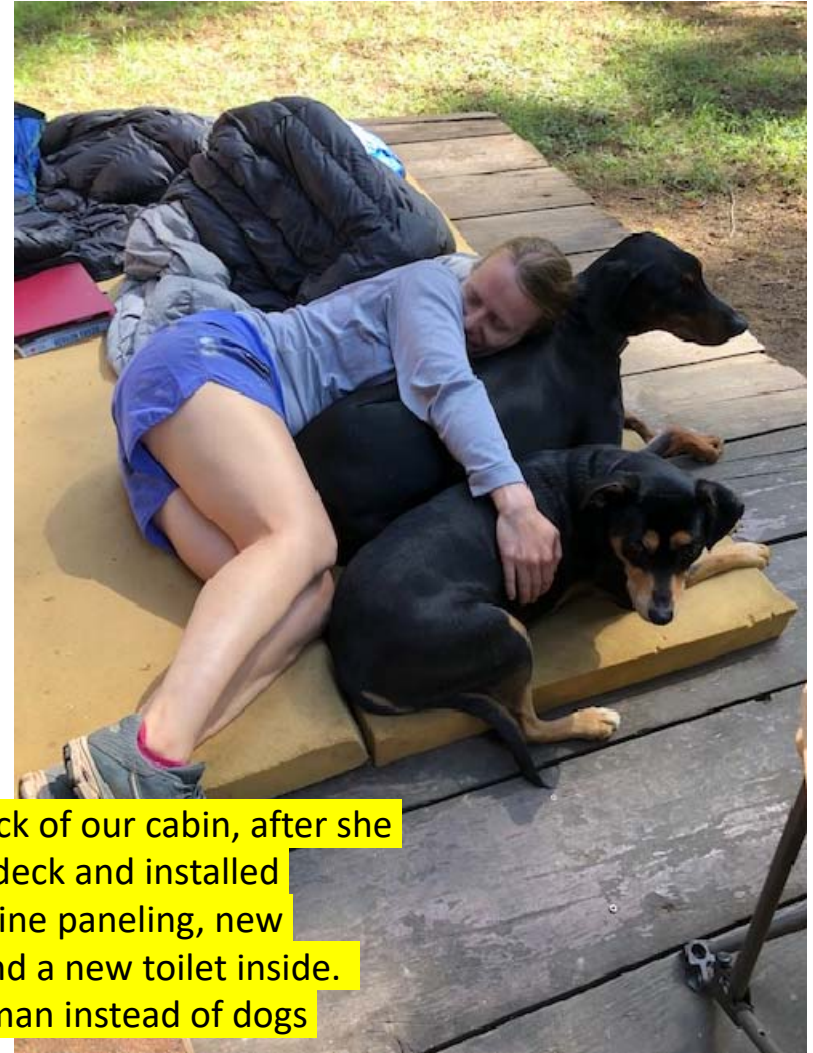


In contrast to the
photo of Judy,
sedentary Dave is
about ready to
eat his 80th
birthday cake in
Morro Bay





David, Andrew, and Julian



Stacy resting on the upstream deck of our cabin, after she and Sal built a new downstream deck and installed insulation, new flooring, knotty pine paneling, new kitchen and bathroom faucets, and a new toilet inside. Soon she'll be hugging a new human instead of dogs (although they are very lovable).