



December 24, 2011

Christmas letters always send me into frenzy. I love to read them, but despise writing them. I skipped the past few years for that reason, and it is time to share the family escapades. Grandma Peggy and I remained in Illinois last winter, because Grumpa Joe had feelings of guilt about not shoveling snow the winter before. Because of the plentiful snowfall last winter he no longer feels guilty, and realized it was another bad idea.

In March, Grumpa took Grandma Peggy on a vacation tour

called "Desperately Seeking Charles Gordon." The search took us to Columbia, South Carolina. On the way to SC, Grumpa fulfilled a lifelong goal to visit Monticello, home of Thomas Jefferson. The search for Charles Gordon fulfilled Peggy's sixty-year burning desire to say thank you to an old friend. It is a story too long to explain in this letter. For details call Grandma Peggy.

We arrived home from our search to start the garden season. Grumpa spent considerable time planting and tending various annuals he believed fit into his 2011-Monet Vision. The garden peaked early in June, but revitalized by August for a second bloom that was prettier than the first. The blooms were dazzling until the killing frost on November 15.

Throughout the year, we spent too much time in doctor's offices for various non-life threatening old age related afflictions. In between we attended Lions Club meetings and worked various events like the Rib Fest, Sweepstakes Dance, Strides Walk, and food distributions. This year Grumpa was lucky enough to have sold three of the seven winners in the Sweeps. If you were not one of the winners this year, he will give you another chance in 2012.

The major news of our year occurred in June when Baby-son announced that he and his family were migrating to the Southwest. Since they are all citizens, and the state is in the Union the move was legal, and nothing could be done about it except to give them a tearful kiss goodbye.

The children are busy earning a living. Daughter went to work for a cancer clinic, number-one son continues to design lab equipment, while baby-son works out of his home office, Peg's daughter chefs, and her son protects the citizens as a policeman. The ten grandkids are winging out all over, and each one has a story to tell. We hate to brag, but our grandchildren are the world's greatest, and we know yours are too.

Grumpa Joe self published a book of his opinions and cartoons called "Nightmares from Obama," and his story "Flying to the Sun" appeared in a children's magazine called Knowonder! He still pretends to be an author and autographs anything handed to him.

Peggy and I wish you a
Healthy, Happy, Holy Christmas and a Joyful, Prosperous New Year!