



A Christmas Letter From Jim Melweski

Well, Hey, There and Merry Ho-Ho-Ho!

It's that time of year, again. That time when I say Merry Christmas to you and yours and ours. I just put up the tree and decorated it all by myself. A little heavy on the tinsel on one side because my older brother Ed stopped by to help and he never got out of his chair. One hand on a Bush Lite and one hand flinging the shiny until he passed out. That Ed. He cracks me up.

Another year has ticked and tocked its way out the door. Where does the time go? I'm still working at the post office. Knock on wood! The gang from there – Holly, Chip, Rashida, Phillip, Willie, Tor and Yvonne all say hello and salutations, I'm sure. Tor said a funny thing the other day. We were sorting boxes in the back and he shook one real hard and said, "Sounds like someone's been naughty!" He cracks me up. The thing on his nose looks like it's getting bigger.

Artemio and his family downstairs seem like they are doing well. I hear them laughing and watching television. The other day, the police came by and took Artemio, Jr. away. Artemio saw me looking out my window and just shrugged his shoulders like, "Kids. What are you going to do?" And he's right. Kids. What are you going to do?

Missy, or The Furnado, as I like to call her, is doing better. She has stopped chewing on her butt and will let you pet her as long as you don't sneak up on her. I don't know why she's so nervous. She won't even let me give her late night bubble baths any more. Cats. What are you going to do?

Come Christmas, I'll be spending the day at my Aunt Sheila's. Her house smells like talcum powder and I'm sure she still wears girdles. She likes to cook Ed and me a dinner of ham, scalloped potatoes and green beans. For dessert, we'll have ambrosia with lime Jell-O, mini-marshmallows and shredded coconut. It's just not Christmas without my Aunt Sheila's ambrosia. After dinner, Ed will sleep on the couch while Aunt Sheila and I watch "A Christmas Story" on the portable TV in the bathroom while I wash the sores on her back.

Well, I hope you and your family had a good year and has an even better one in 2014. If you're not doing anything on New Year's Eve, let me know. I'm going to have some friends over to watch the ball drop on the television. I will warm-up some bite-sized pizza rounds and spring for a case of Bush Lite. Ed falls asleep around 11pm. I like to stay up and see the New Year being rung in in the different time zones. It makes me feel like I'm from the future! And I like to see what rock and roll musical acts are popular these days. It's not the same without old Dick Clark, but it's something.

Merry Christmas!

Until Next Year!

Jim Melewski

