

December

2019

Dear Friends,

It has been another eventful year for the Miller family. Thankfully, Jim has maintained his position in the field of airplane repossession, which is good, as I have continued as an adjunct Sociology instructor, teaching Soc 105, the “gateway” course for budding sociologists at our local community college. As you may recall, I have been at the same institution, at the same salary for the past 25 years, without much of a clue as to how to disengage myself and create a new, more profitable *and* intellectually stimulating career. Inevitably, I continue to read introductory social theory essays describing the tensions between generalization and stereotyping, written by increasingly selfie-absorbed students who have never learned or been expected to differentiate a sentence from a fragment, but they write with such charming enthusiasm!

What is exciting, though, is the somewhat recent emphasis on “White Privilege” in current undergraduate studies. Of course, there are always a handful of white students who become deeply offended and feel that they are being vilified for simply being born white. Imagine! But, as for the rest of us, we are so Woke!!!!

In an ironic twist, our oldest son, Sam, has landed himself on academic probation for the third time and has been suspended from the university for the winter/spring semester. We are in the process of returning his bedroom back into his bedroom, as over the past 2 years, I had optimistically created a home office for myself in which to launch a new career, which has not yet been launched, much like Sam, who will be returning any day now to re-inhabit his bedroom and hopefully find a job as a dog walker, grocery bagger, or such. It is going to be a bit of an adjustment for us all, but, strangely, I am looking forward to it! I will have my chauffeur back, and he can shuttle his younger sibling around while I knock back G&Ts so that I can bear to grade student papers!

Speaking of the younger sibling: In April, my child formerly known as Kyle came out as transgender and now goes by the name Shirise, using she/her pronouns. Jim and I have surprisingly, smoothly embraced this. I have had the pleasure of thrift shopping with Shirise, though I admit to being a tad envious of her youth and slim figure. Her legs are longer and her hips slimmer, so she looks much better in a skirt than I. However, I still maintain a more shapely, though southward bound, bust line, but this may be short lived, as she has recently begun injecting estrogen and whatnot and has an impressive beginning at breasts, which she enhances by wearing a heavily padded 90’s-era Wonderbra (remember those?!), which she purchased on one of our thrift shop jaunts.

Of course, this has created confusion among the grandparents, who can't quite get their heads around this and keep referring, though not unkindly, to Shirise as "it." It doesn't help that my mother-in-law Bernice is in the early/mid stages of dementia and has begun to call Shirise, Karen (for whom we named Kyle). You may recall that Karen was Jim's sister who was tragically killed as a teenager in a bicycle accident in which Bernice hit her, in their own driveway, no less, with her fairly new 1978 Cadillac Eldorado. Those were big, unwieldy cars, and Bernice was not the best driver. I suppose it is somewhat nice that Bernice now resides in a mental state in which her daughter is alive, buxom, and sports trendy thrift wear. All's well that ends well...!

Well, onto other news. This summer, instead of taking a vacation to... anywhere, we finally got around to fixing the fence in the backyard and adopted a dog in September! He is an adorable 4-year-old bulldog rescue that we have named Boris. He is a snorting, mouth breathing, fun loving furchild that we all are terribly in love with, despite the fact that he suffers from incurable incontinence. I had no idea that they make doggy diapers! We don't mind, as it brings back fond memories of being young, new parents in love with life and with great hopes for the future! I was going to be an actress, and Jim was going to learn to fly!

Well, dear friends, what does the season hold for you and yours?

Have a Merry Xmas, Happy Holidays, and a glorious New Year,

Fondly,

The Millers

Jim, Jennifer, Sam, Shirise, and Boris (woof!)