

The Connolly Happy Merry Holiday Video Message!!!

Hey, guys, it's me, Peggy...surprise! No holiday letter this year; thought we'd move into the new decade with a festive video message. Happy holidays! Here I am, ugly sweater and all, saying the merriest of merries from all the rest of the gang. You can see some of them in the background. Over there, there's Chet, our eldest with his lovely bride of 14 years, Eloise, talking to next door neighbors Arthur and Sally Milburn about their crab-grass problem. Chet gravely advises heavy pesticide, no damn eco friendly here. Well, each to their own, right? And there's his seven-year-old niece Julie playing Heart and Soul over and over on the piano. Heck, seven out of eight notes correct is a huge improvement! You see my guy, Ted, leaning on the mantle, talking to two generations of Connolly, the twins and the grandparents. It makes me want to weep it is so sweet. And look, there's baby June chewing on an ornament. The others are in the kitchen getting the feast ready. I'm sure they'll be trailing in to say hello...I hope.

Oh, and you might have noticed the Kalashnikov that's been pointed at my head this whole time. From the looks of it by this novice, it appears to be on a hair trigger. Yes...well, we...the family and I...have some unexpected guests this year.

When I answered the door an hour ago, I assumed it was the Reynolds ready to thrill us with their annual neighborhood caroling. It wasn't. Three gentlemen and a very sweet young lady were at the door, um...requesting to visit. And here they are! To my right is Ivan. Welcome, Ivan, and how are you this merry day...yes...uh huh...well, I suppose all those foreign-sounding words mean he's fine, just fine. Here at my left is Marina. Love your hair; where do you get it done?...I see...sure...I'm guessing she's referring to her country's version of SuperCuts; that's where my book club ladies and I always go. Lovely, just lovely, Marina. Across from me; you can't see him, of course, is Mikhail, our wonderful cameraman. And standing there with Kalashnikov in hand is Randy; can't forget about you, you little dickens! Our little ex-pat, right Rand? Ow, the butt of that rifle is pretty solid, Randy.

The burrowing of the rifle's muzzle deeper into my temple reminds me that they wanted me to read a list of their demands. A manifesto, they call it, right, Marina? Okey-dokey, here we go. 'We picked average American capitalist family to' I'm sure he means an average American capitalistic family. So hard to get every word correct when translati...yes, yes, the manifesto, here we go. 'We take family hostage until demands met. Demands are...One', I just thought, I hope their will be enough holiday goose for everyone. With four extra mouths to feed, maybe...right, the demands...'One', I'll start there again, 'One, capitalist illegal regime pays us 12 billions of dollars or we erase family', my that is a lot of money, isn't it, Ivan. Oh, Ivan's shaking his head and walking into the dining room. Those delicious aromas have to be getting to him by now...yes, continue...'Two, complete surrender of army, navy, and guilty commander chief to us and country.' Hey, anybody with nut allergies; we've got some almonds in the stuffing and that can be deadly. You know, once my mother ate some almonds and...yes, ouch, you're right. 'Four', they didn't get that right, did they? 'Four, all citizens must were underwear on outside so to show traitors to cause.' Well, that just seems silly. There goes Randy to the dining room. Perhaps for some eggnog before dinner? Watch out, Randy, it packs a punch!

Ohhhh, I wish you could see our youngest, Jimmy, and how he's grown. But I see he's in the other room with Ivan learning how to use a shiv...a shiv, that's what it's called, honey?

Yes, Ted said, yes it is. Jimmy's such a precocious soul.

Look, Randy's trying a deviled egg, and with a thumbs up, too. Ivan, don't get mad at Randy for starting in before everything's ready. That's what the holidays are for. Just jump in when you're ready, Ivan.

Well, that's about it, folks. Looks like you might be seeing clips of us on CNN and FOX before you get this. Guess we're stars now! Get inline for those autographs, kids. Wait...what's that noise? Ivan and Randy again? They are getting loud, aren't they. Oh, Ivan, don't you think you're holding little Jimmy's neck a bit tight? You know, I don't think they're discussing the menu at all. Boys. Manners. I swear they're swearing in two languages now. My Lord...Randy, I don't think that's even physically possible! Oh, there goes Jimmy; good boy, hide under the table.

No...Please...Everyone, let's move into the living r...Randy, stop...Marina, now is not the time...Ivan...screaming...Ivan...Randy, put the gun.....AAAUUUGGGGGHHHH!!!! Oh my goodness, blood...and Ivan...everywhere. Darn the luck, the goose is all red!. And is that Ivan's brain matter in the stuffing? It was supposed to be vegetarian!! Jimmy, please put the shiv away; we've got enough to handle right now. Now, Randy...settle down...don't.....

ALLRIGHT! ENOUGH OF THIS BULLS...excuse me, nonsense. This is a good Christian home, and we will behave in a good Christian manner; well, except for godless heathens like Uncle Terence. Anyway, Mikhail, camera on me, now! Make it a wide shot to include the whole table and chairs. Marina sit, start passing plates around. Randy, use those napkins to dab the goose. Yes, you can put your gun under your chair. Mikhail, put the camera on the counter pointed toward us and sit. Then start popping the bubbly while Chet carves the bird. Ted, gimme a kiss and here we go.

Hey, gang...well we made it. Another holiday filled with love...and...smiles...and..magic and...blood...of course, blood in the sense of family...and love and smiles and...oh, I feel like the Ouroboros worm right now. Well, time to chow down. Hope you and yours have a wonderful holiday season and an amazing 2022. And I hope all of us here will be able celebrate the New Year with you. Bye-bye!