

Hello dear friends and family!

It's been another terrific year gone by and time to share another terrific letter about our terrific year for our terrific family!

First off Dan had a DNA test. Enough viewings of that TV commercial with that nice man in his lederhosen rambling about his German DNA and Dan got excited about drooling into a test tube too!

We had a good giggle when he was crushed not to see "Neanderthal" on the list of ethnic groups his DNA revealed but life is just full of exciting moments. Unexpected moments. And boy did Dan experience that when my father-in-law Fred announced he TOO had done the test and Dan and his dad quickly looked up their DNA tests on that dead people site! Oh there was a bit of confusion and someone spilled Dan's scotch on our cat Stanley who let out that loud screech that sounds like he's yelling, "Stelllllaaaaaa...." We laughed about that until Dan's dad started crying and we said, "Now, now." So *what* if their DNA didn't match at all? As far as Dan was concerned Fred was still *like* his dad, right?

So we haven't seen much of Dan's mother Frieda after the DNA test fiasco and it seems that Dan's dad is living in our basement now having moved out of the bungalow, refusing to talk to Frieda ("So who *is* the baby daddy," he hissed as he stomped out with his 1983 Volksmarching commemoration plate collection.) but a new year is coming and that means new beginnings right? T

The kids are age appropriately rude to their poor Grandpa Fred ("But is he *really*?" our adorable daughter Mona likes to mumble, post Dan and Fred DNA test.) but in a fun way! I think Mona's actually jealous of Fred's ginormous Walkman he wears hooked on his white belt, as isn't retro cool now? Doesn't everyone want a fun grandpa living in their basement?

Markey is finding his way, working in landscaping I think. I *thought* I was being helpful when his cell phone rang while he was in the shower and one of his landscaping clients mumbled, "Got any pot?" And I said, "What? This is Markey's mom but I'm SURE he designs the best pots! Always the most creative in kindergarten my Markey!" They rudely hung up on me and poor Markey looked like he was going to vomit (Just like kindergarten!) when I told him one of his clients needed help designing a holiday pot. I'm hopeful Markey's grandpa Fred can bring mature wisdom to our little pot guy.

Fred claims he's a lost soul now that he apparently doesn't have brethren sharing his genes and Frieda claims he's a lost loser just like he always was and maybe it's a good thing some poor innocent person doesn't have his genes. Of course Dan heard this discussion in our front yard while Frieda was doing a drive by drop off (out of the car window) of Fred's Munich beer stein collection (who knew a beer stein could make such a *loud* crash) and Dan said he was PROUD to be a carrier of Fred's loser genes. Only, of course, he doesn't have Fred's loser genes. Anymore. NOT that I'm saying Fred's a loser. Or his genes. I would not let just any 72 year old sort-of-father-in-law with a ginormous Walkman live in my basement!

Well hugs and kisses to all during this terrific holiday season! And may your new year be full of surprises. We found out our Stanley was a Stella (and apparently Stella a Stanley) and if you're looking for a kitten-call us. We'll even throw in a free beer stein!

Love, Dolly, Dan, Mona, Markey and "Grandpa" Fred