

Hello and happiest of new years to you!

In true Gloria style, I put off writing our year end round-up until mid-December. And I'm too stressed, tired and - quite honestly - tub-deprived (more on that later) to recall everything that has happened in the past 11 months. So, I will tell you about last week. It was a doozy.

On Tuesday night, Allison (age 9) was convinced she saw her doll, Madeline, walk across her bed in the middle of the night. To her credit, she gave a very vivid recollection of the event so I am inclined to believe her! So, Allison has taken to sleeping in the bathtub because "Madeline hates baths." And while I support and appreciate the proactivity to create a safe sleeping environment for herself, I (unlike Madeline) LOVE BATHS. I have been missing my late night soak for a full week.

You may or may not know, but that is the only tub in the house. Trent is convinced he can remedy that for us, but he's only 17 and his apprenticeship at Ace Hardware doesn't feel 1. Real or 2. Like it will yield "bathroom remodel" skills in the near future. Instead of letting Trent get his hands on a bathroom overhaul, Terry let him mount the new TV (an early Christmas present to the family) on the living room wall. Mount he did not. This was on Thursday. I am still stepping on shards of LED screen today.

Speaking of Terry, we tried his first batch of home brewed beer this week! He's calling it "Terryfic" but it's a lot closer to "Terryble" if you ask me. And Allison. (We let the kids try a sip - after our trip to Italy last spring, we've been trying to be more European about alcohol.) Of course there are risks to consuming home brewed beer. If you're not careful with the process, some home brewers have experienced hallucinations and lapses in hand-eye coordination. But Terry is right as rain.

Ugh I love him so much.

Happy Holidays!
Gloria