

Hello Friends,

Welcome back to another edition of “A Very Honest Christmas Card.” To kick this off, my cholesterol is high, we are still rich, and we are all going to therapy.

I’ve come to the realization that Amazon cardboard boxes are the new ashtrays. Honestly, Amazon boxes are in the background of nearly every picture we have taken this past year. Next to the garbage can, on the dining room table, somehow in the bathroom, these boxes are everywhere. Just like ashtrays in the 1970s. We are going to look back at 2021, and cringe like we do when we look back through grandma’s old photo album. There she is, smiling on the couch, blissfully posing next to an ashtray full of carcinogens. Damn you Amazon and your boxes full of joy.

Of all the things we have purchased this year to bring back our sanity, a second home in suburban Illinois is by far the most “yuppiest” thing we have done. Some people buy a lake house. We buy a ranch style home with a yard to teach the kids how to do manual labor. In contrast from the 220% increase in city crime we are currently living in, this suburban town that has zero crime. The kids cruise around town on their bikes, while Brandon and I judge the neighbors from our front porch.

Despite our best efforts, sibling rivalry has entered the scene. Hannah has had great success playing sports that we forced her to play this year. Her softball team and volleyball team both won their championships. Que trophies and tears. Alex, on the other hand, is a highly talented athlete. Despite his best efforts, none of his teams won any championships this year. He did earn a solo in the school choir, but, sadly, you don’t get a trophy for that.

We adopted a kitten named Leo. We are reminded on a daily basis that he is, in fact, a wild animal that we have invited into our home. Like a distant cousin of a raccoon, that we flung our doors open to, and invited to sit on our white couch. At 8 months old, we believe the Stockholm syndrome has taken over and he no longer tries to run away. And we are accepting that, even with the use of a water-filled squirt bottle, he will never act like a human.

I am still trying to figure out how to make money being funny. During my last open mic, my lips touched the shared microphone and I spent my entire set trying to avoid swallowing that spit. You could say my midlife crisis is right on track.

Brandon got a cool haircut last year and people are still giving him compliments. He wore a banana costume at Halloween and people loved it. He sometimes wears a child-sized mask to work and no one says a thing. He is living is best life.

We are a little lonely, so unannounced stop overs, last minute couch sitting invites, and Facetime calls are welcomed.

Love,

The Henderburgers