

December 9, 2022

Happy December, from our house to yours! Me and the fam wanted to take this opportunity to wish you all the best and provide our annual updates.



We are (or at least I am) equal opportunity. I want to wish you a happy Hanukkah, Kwanza, Saturnalia and/or Merry Christmas. Whatever you are celebrating. We got you at the Young's residence. As I reflect on this year, I realize some *shit* went down!

True Love

First of all, I followed a girl across country and that didn't work out so well. At 50ish can we still call ourselves girls??? I ended up moving 3 times. Thank God I kept the Chicago house because let's face it – "True love" is not forever, the diamond I bought her is, but the true love, not so much.

2022 tip #1

🔗 Don't give up your house – ever! And go cheap on the engagement rings.

My beloved son



Max's gap year just might be forever. My 18-year-old son turned 19 and he is now a full-fledged pot head. I know they call it weed. But at 50 I can still call it pot, can't I? He's a functioning pot head. Actually, I think he's better than ever. I believe in the power of weed and CBD. I recommend weed over anti-depressants any day.

2022 Tip #2

If your kid's gonna be into drugs, capitalize on that shit! He also discovered magic mushrooms and I think is planning to gift me with some for Christmas!!! I am giddy with excitement. Maybe you will all get lucky, and I will report on my magic mushroom trip in next year's update.

My family

"John-John", my baby brother, turned 50 this year. He typically sends me random texts with updates when he is really drunk. Recently he wrote and said "there's nothing but horses in this town" I sat for a moment pondering the true meaning of his text. And then it dawned on me, he means whore's not horses. Ah, got it. Nothing but whore's in this town. I checked in with him last week to see how things were at home. He texted back and told me "roots vagina is falling out". It took me a moment. Roots, roots? Ruth is my mom's good friend. I think something's going on with her vagina. Sure enough, called my mom (Barbie) the next day and yep, Ruth thinks her vagina is falling out. I said to my mom, literally? She said, I don't know Me-shell. That's how she pronounces my name - Me-shell, but only when I have annoyed her.



2022 Tip #3

Never underestimate your translation skills. We can do hard things and you can translate a variety of dialects. I don't have any immediate tips on one's vagina falling out, as I am not there yet. Added Bonus: a pic of my mom and brother flipping me off on my birthday!

Our rescue dog

Rocket is a Jack Russel Dachshund. He now lives with my son. I included his picture so you can see how amazing he is. We believe he has 9 lives; he came to us from NOLA after Katrina. Not an easy start for him. The first Christmas he was with us he ate a bag of chocolate gold coins. He loves chocolate. A year later he climbed up on the table and opened a sealed plastic container and ate 8 mini brownies when the dog sitter was watching him. He has made an art out of stealing anything with chocolate in it. He makes it look like a person, not a dog ate all the chocolate. Last year he had blastomycosis and even survived that. This year Rocket got into the homemade chocolate chip cookies and yes, as you might have guessed they were homemade cannabis cookies. After a costly trip to vet, I am happy to report that Rocket has fully recovered. In fact, we think he is feeling much more relaxed these days. Rocket's a survivor!



2022 tip #4

Be a better pet owner than we are and don't FUCKING judge us. We are doing the best we can over here with what we got!

My personal update



The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. I continue to overachieve at work. Who knew that one could make a career out of taking people out for drinks and dinner and drinks, in that order. If it's a good night, I will order "regular" drinks and shots. Regular drinks can be beer, wine, or cocktails. We made our quota this year due to my staying power. I always tell my customers/potential customers I am peppermint Patty. This way they know I play for the other team and will not be sleeping with any of their asses. Covid was tough for everyone. I am in the hospitality industry, so it hit us extra hard. Maybe it's menopause or the dinners or the regular drinks or the shots but I have gained some weight.

I write you this note from Miami where I am at a work conference. So many meals. So many drinks. Not a quitter. The weight gain did have me question what a 50ish lady should be wearing to these professional conferences. My inner goddess said bring your navy-blue suit. And let me tell you, she was spot on. EVERYONE should invest in a good navy-blue suit. They are forgiving. I am including my picture in Miami as proof 😊

2022 Tip #5

Never underestimate the power of a navy-blue suit. Mine even has pinstripes. I am thinking of getting everyone I love a nice navy-blue suit for Christmas, except for maybe my brother.

Until next year, be well. Aim high in 2023, well maybe not as high as Rocket!

The Young's
Michelle, Max, John-John, Barbie and Rocket