

Well, Johnson fans, friends, and family
it's been an amazing year.
Greetings from the Moon!
(No, seriously)

You know the phrase, get the heck outta dodge? Well, that's just what we did this past March, 2020. In the midst of impending chaos, corruption, disease, and moral mayhem, we were given the opportunity to be the first space family:

"The John-Sons! " (to the tune of The Jet-Sons ☺).

Ted had heard rumors for years, and by the time the official word came down, we had already prepped the kids for the interview. The original idea, for cost-reasons, was 2 parents, one child, and a pet. Of course, even though it is sometimes easier to ignore you have a teenager (age 15), we didn't want to leave Teddy Jr. behind (please call him TJ now) and negotiated one extra kid into the deal.

So, we packed up Tammy, TJ, Astro (right?!) and hid Mr. Sprinkles (no one wanted him on Earth) and made our way to the launch. At first, the kids were resistant. Headstrong Tammy (4th grade) was hesitant to leave her room, which we had just decked out in a Greta Thunberg theme. TJ was loath to leave his friends and his new girlfriend. However, as we discovered, remote learning was looking like a distinct possibility, not to mention their father's terrible OCD coupled with being a germophobe, would force us to be shut-ins in our very own home, the Moon didn't seem to be quite so unappealing.

The next question was what does one pack for the Moon? We had been promised any atmospheric gear, footwear, dome-wear with special wicking fabrics for extreme temperatures, would all be supplied as part of the experiment. Ted and I also discussed our work and income, but he's been remote for years (in more ways than one), and I can basically sell Mary Kay from anywhere. Plus, what a boon for free-radical testing, right Mary?! So the move seemed like a no-brainer.

All that, in addition to free lodging, food, individualized workout routines, and medical and mental health check-ins, we were sold. Pretty fantastic for something funded by the government!

Although Ted had always been familiar, having designed seating and interior shuttle element for years, I had never even thought about what space travel might be like. I was mainly concerned about having to pee during the journey itself (you know me!). Well, good news, they've gone beyond the space-diaper these days. There's a "truckers friend", if you know what I mean, built in to the space suit. (I wanted to attach a photo, but those are not apparently allowed. Top secret!) So, if you don't, pardon my French, crap your pants on lift-off, a little piddle simply disappears into another part of the suit, to eventually collect and be converted into drinking water. Who knew!

Upon arrival, we followed a long manual of move-in instructions, including, how to exit a space shuttle safely, the key code for the Dome depressurization chamber, network password (TJ!) and the helpful guide, "How to Rehydrate Like A Champ". I have to admit, it took all of us until mid-June to really get the swing of

things. Luckily, the kids have really bonded. Their 5-year difference allows them to excel in their own activities, but come together for family fun such as space-walking Astro, and finding the elusive Mr. Sprinkles.

On a personal note (full disclosure: tmi), I believe this is the best sex Ted and I have ever had. Due to lack of any alcohol (not considered essential on the Moon) and sheer creativity as to where and when (see space-walk Astro) our lovemaking has become spontaneous and focused, something it never had been before. For the kids, being around their Dad, often times less than 5 feet away, has really brought them closer together.

Currently, Ted continues his design work, I'm developing a new line of MK called MoonGlow, and the kids are each writing a novel (never too soon to make that tuition money). TJ is also creating a Space in Space game, and Tammy is recreating the Martian potato experiment with lunar adjustments. We should be receiving a supply shipment sometime in the early New Year. As they like to remind us, we are over-budget (thanks TJ) so any small, lightweight items can be added if they are sent to Ted's office before Christmas. A few wish list items: "gummies" for Ted (don't tell my Mother) a PS5 for TJ, and a Kamala Harris action figure for Tammy. As for me, 3 words: Frango. Frango. Frango.

But, I think what we Johnsons would like the most, is a beautiful world to come back to. Not normal, not the same as before, but beyond our expectations (for once). Beyond what's good, what's fair, and what's just. We realize we flew the coop and left things in your hands, but we believe in you and each other. We can come back to a better planet, for all of us.

Love and peace to you and yours,
The Johnsons