

Greetings Dear Friends,

We write to wish you the very best holiday festivities and we do hope your year has been even a morsel, a mere smidge, of what we've experienced in 2019!

Our year may be best summarized by our choice of font: Zapfino...elegant and classy, desiring nothing, enjoying abundance, albeit sometimes hard to read. Dear me, we hardly know where to begin this letter. I dare say, we'll start with our accomplishments, naturally:

1. 2019 was the year Father perfected the "morning cup o' joe" as the locals like to call it. After great lengths of trials and tribulations, our coffee journey has come to rest. Father amazon-ed the chemex, the AeroPress, the Keurig, a Mr. Coffee (just for nostalgia), a porcelain pour-over, and the silver-thingy (by which we cannot remember its name but it looks very European and boils the bejesus out of a scoop of coffee grinds) . Alas, Father determined ,based on Mother's morning reactions and resulting moods, that one coffee brewing method did stand superior to the rest. Father has informed the family that it is in fact (drumroll) the Porcelain Pour-Over that has won the hearts and minds and therefore the war on coffee in the household.
2. Heavy whipping cream is currently under careful consideration against the likes of half and half. We will report back in 2020 as to the likelihood of the trials. We can report with confidence that the placebo, reportedly coconut milk, is dead last in this great race against taste.
3. The children are handsome, well-behaved and exceedingly popular according to both schoolmates and the mailman. What else do you need to know? Nothing.
4. The dog is handsome, well-behaved and exceedingly popular according to the Instacart drivers.
5. Travel has been extensive this year, thanks to Father's emotional support pony. Father can finally fly, accompanied by his miniature horse, Wilbur. We've had such fun flying throughout the country, and Wilbur is treated like royalty on the aircraft. Everyone is so kind, they leave the rows wide open for us on Southwest once they see Wilbur leading Father down the aisle. Wilbur has even learned to stomach turbulence.
6. 2019 has been the Year of Winning for us. Father was approved for the Chase-Platinum-Quintet-Reward-Money-Back-Silver-Aluminum-Mastercard three times—in summer alone! Oh, what joy it brings each time we see Father's name printed on the pocket-sized plastic. He just loves rubbing his fingers over the raised capital letters of his name on the card.
7. Not to be outdone, outgunned, out-numbered or out-manned, Mother has won 44 lottery tickets to see Hamilton in Chicago this year alone. She's not giving away her shot. She's in the room in where it happens. She's his right-hand man, Boom!
8. We do wish you a joyous holiday season ahead filled with figs and fruit pies and famotidine.
9. While we do have an extra bedroom and have plenty of space to house you, we'd like you to know that offering our home if you're passing through Chicago is purely cosmetic in its hospitality. Should you actually want to take us up on this "offer" to stay with us, we will be away visiting Aunt Minerva on the east coast, I mean, west coast, I mean, well, we just won't be here.

Have the Merriest of Holiday Seasons and we can't wait to report our successes and sugar-coat our struggles in 2020.

Love,  
The Family