

12/12/23

Seasons Greetings Friends and Family,

Of course, Merry Christmas would be more appropriate because this is the time of year we celebrate the birth of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. But because I know some of you are so “woke” that reminding you of our Lord Jesus is offensive, Seasons Greetings. As we decorate trees and engage in the pagan rituals of this time, remember to worship the One who delivers all things.

Mandy, David, Daytona and I have had another blessed year, although we – like everybody else – have suffered the trials and tribulations of a world gone wrong. But we count our blessings anyway, regardless of David’s erroneous incarceration for theft. Frankly, I think his entrepreneurial spirit should be celebrated; not everyone can sell 27” TVs in this day of 90” monsters, so Best Buy should’ve been grateful he was willing to help move product from the truck. They saved on warehouse space.

Daytona and Ty’Beaux’s new baby arrived last month. The little crumb snatcher is a cutie, with that nose that looks a lot like Omar Sy from Lupin, and tiny ears that point up like Spock. Ty’Beaux is a doting dad, and even though we haven’t seen him since they came home from the hospital, little Damron is surrounded by the love of me, his aunties and the rest of the family, even though they aren’t helping with diapers. Damron.... what a name! They all brought presents (mostly from the hospital gift shop like we wouldn’t know the difference) and cooed and gushed like they should. Nobody mentioned that he looks more like Tyron Benton than Ty’Beaux. You all remember Tyron? He was Daytona’s boyfriend in high school until he realized that she was also dating Coach Thomas.

And speaking of delivery, congratulations I guess go to Mandy and Carla on their new business delivering flowers and balloons along with pot to customers in the 'burbs. It seems to be very profitable because they made enough money to hire David a lawyer. Y'all know I was not supportive of their "marriage" when they first got together. The Bible says marriage is between Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve. Jesus mostly hated gay men, but I am sure he reserves some wrath for queer women too. Anyhoo, they have bought a house in Wilmette, and I am hoping to be invited over sometime in the new year... unlike their place in Evanston that I never got to see (even though they lived there five years). But hate the sin....

My love life – and my health have been up and down this year. The pressure has been high with all the court appointments and It is very hard to find a God-fearing man in this day and age. It was hard to meet men during community service. Even picking up trash they try to keep us separated. Thought I had a spark with one guy on the crew, especially when we discovered we had both gotten caught up trying to get our kids into good schools. I wanted Daytona to get into DeVry after the baby and Coach Thomas had said she could get in on a swim scholarship. What I found out later, after I had paid him the money, DeVry doesn't even have a swim team. Rupert had done something similar, trying to get his girls into Columbia. I had not seen that coming. For I while I was dating Deacon Sam at church, but he was into some kinky stuff. And I think that was leftover communion wine he brought over for dinner last month to celebrate getting my ankle monitor off.

So, I remain alone waiting for the right man to come along. I am sure one is out there for me. In the meantime, I have my work with Moms for Liberty. And even though they are trying to get me to resign from the board, I am determined to stay. Why let a three-way deter me from God's plan. So I live happily with the

cats – did I mention that Mousy had kittens? They are so adorable I just couldn't give them away even though that meant having 16 in the house. Now that the children are grown and don't call or text, they are my new babies. They don't judge. They love to watch Wheel of Fortune, and never tell me I'm stupid or wrong. Or homophobic.

Well, gotta go feed my babies. I am making them a turkey dinner for the holidays so we can celebrate when we watch The Ten Commandments.

Merry Christmas to all, regardless of whether you believe in Christmas or not.

With love,

Karen