



Merry Christmas!



Christmas comes but once a year! And it seems to come faster each year. If you are like the rest of us, you have plans for Christmas – and you are trying to fit them in your schedule without too many surprises. It's about celebration. A Birthday celebration. Jesus came that day, a couple of millenia ago, as a "wee bairn", God With Us, to live as one of us, and then to die FOR us, to pay for our sins, which we cannot for ourselves. *For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16* That's right, He died for YOU, and would have even if just for you alone. That's Love. That's a gift, of all gifts. And He rose again, by the power of God. The gift is everlasting life. It's a gift, like a Christmas gift, with your name on it. Some of you reading have received this gift. But if you haven't, you can have it right now, by believing in, trusting in, Jesus, the Son of God, that He did this for YOU. You simply accept it, like a Christmas gift, and say, "Thank you!". And when you first believe, the Holy Spirit comes within you and indwells you and seals you as belonging to Jesus, everlastingly.

Good News, yes?

A little of our much lesser news follows. If we can remember it all . . .

Early on in the year, Anne had a medical follow-up for a longstanding condition, for which she needed a specialized item. Without great detail, pursuing this was like dealing with the government, but without the joy. Well, there was the joy of leaving it behind.

A bit later in the year, she also had some scans related to her cancer back in 2008. Long story short, no new (or old) cancer, but it was necessary to look into. Grateful we are that nothing nasty was found.

March brought us what Texas offers every so often: hail. And, of course, the frequent corollary is a roof replacement. Insurers now have figured out how to make this cost the homeowner several times what it used to. The weird thing is that you more or less have to replace the roof for cosmetics' sake because it diminishes the property value, even though most roofs would take a number of hailstorms without actually leaking. There has to be a better, less wasteful way to handle these events, especially as the price escalates.

In, what was it, September?, Anne's car showed up an inoperative windshield washer. No big deal, right? Her car, a 2010 Dodge Grand Caravan Hero (they really called it that), not quite attaining 20,000 miles (and you did read that right), still covered by the lifetime warranty we opted for at new purchase, went to the dealer, for this was a covered repair. Good thing. The part to fix the windshield washer was over \$3,000. Yep, you read that right also. Turns out there's an integrated thingy called a TIPM (and some other 4-letter words by some mechanics) that controls a few hundred functions on the car and maybe the rain in Borneo, and that was the culprit that needed replacement. While waiting to get the car in, another little gem called an A/C blower door actuator failed, making an annoying racket. God being gracious, this was also covered, and both repairs were done on the same day, only one deductible. We would recommend the plan to others, but, alas, no longer offered. →→→

At about the beginning of August, Larry had his left shoulder joint replaced. He had the right done back in 2019. No injury or anything, just worn out, like the ball joints in your car. He preceded this by what they call "pre-hab", physical therapy that makes the later recovery easier. At this writing, he's doing the post-op PT. At about 6 weeks after surgery, the range-of-motion limitations were removed, and at the beginning of November, the weight restrictions. His therapist (she's a real saint, like Anne) is nearly ready to cut him loose. He's already been collecting leaves (6 bags so far, with 30 or so expected – couldn't do without that yard vac), a non-trivial every-fall task with our large mature trees.

September gave us wonderful news. Chris, niece Carol's husband, found long-desired employment in his field in San Diego, near Carol's longtime employment. No more remote work for Carol, as they had rather hurriedly to arrange a move from Milan, MI. Chris began work promptly, leaving Carol to finalize the Milan end of the move, which she accomplished with aplomb. The last stage, in early October, required driving the one car through to San Diego – by way of Allen, TX! Lest she have to drive that long way alone, her brother Dave drove with her (and the dogs), and so we got to see Carol once again, and, for the first time in Texas, and in long years, Dave. This was an unexpected blessing for us. And we can report that everyone got home safely.

We had planned it for earlier, but finally in November we had our fence replaced. Now those of you up north are used to those chain-link fences that last forever. Not here in Texas; one must have a 6-or-so-foot privacy fence made out of cedar or some other wood equally expensive. Insurance companies think these fences last 10 years; our last one made it 16, but it was SO due. We had the same contractor again this time, and we think he did well. (Tried inserting a (too small) picture here, but, hey, it's just a fence, and not even stained yet.)

Anne has had a few more medical thingys. Recently she experienced some weakness/dizziness/vertigo which occasioned a trip to the E.R., lest she have had a TIA (mini-stroke). We are GRATEFUL she did not, but now there will be specialists trying to figure out what it actually was. The day following this adventure, she saw her new (to her) endocrinologist (another saint who puts up with Larry). As Larry drove her home, 2 miles from home, his Tahoe had a conniption resulting from a failed heater hose. Well, we got home, so Larry could take Anne's car to make his monthly needle-in-your-eye appointment. Larry's car is fixed now.

Adventures, yes. Normalcy? Would someone kindly tell us what THAT is? But, quite seriously, God has been gracious, and we have had our needs met.

We're always happy to hear from y'all as you may find convenient. And we wish y'all a
Merry Christmas and a *Happy New Year!*

Our love,

Anne & Larry



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