



Merry, Merry Christmas!

and a

Happy New Year!



A day in December, 2016

Christmas! The birthday of Emmanuel, God with us, God come in the flesh. The God of the universe, Who spoke it into being, did something harder than that: He came to live among us, to die in payment for your sins and mine, and to rise again, signifying that this work was successful. I can't speak what wonder it is that God should choose to die for the likes of me! I do not get it, I do not have the capacity to get it. But that is God's gift to you and to me at that first Christmas, the gift of His Son, redemption free for the taking. That is the Christmas we celebrate.

Well, we have just seen our first freeze. Autumn must finally be upon us ☺ in Texas. What news have we? (Afraid you'll be bored.)

You might think we have 3 cars: Anne's 2010 minivan, the 1997 Suburban, and the 1990 minivan. But for several periods of time, we have had 2 cars at a time in, well, 2 shops, and not the same 2 shops. You could call it Rotating Mystery Theater as genuinely good mechanics try to find the elusive "gremlins" in the old minivan and the Suburban: their respective transmission issues, then the old minivan's stalling problem (not once would it stall for the mechanic), and now the Suburban's amazing loss of spark dead smack in an intersection. So the rental is in the driveway. (Sadly, in the midst of these adventures, our trusted local mechanic passed on quite suddenly.) Anne is about to take her car to the dealer for the regular look-see (you can't be too careful when you've driven a whole 13,000 miles in 6 years), and we hope she will be allowed to drive it back. (So you now know you aren't the only automotive victims.)

June saw Anne's brother John, sister-in-law, Sue, our niece, Carol, and her canine companion, Maisie, as our visitors. (Carol's husband, Chris, was absent due to a 4-letter word beginning with W; we missed him.) Seemed to pass all too quickly. Larry had seen most of Anne's family VERY briefly on an earlier business trip in March. We miss family in Michigan and wish we were closer.

Anne has had lymphedema in her left arm since cancer treatment in 2009; we try to keep it at bay with a daily massage and a compression sleeve. However, the sleeve works much better if it actually fits, and (how else?) the manufacturer doesn't necessarily continue making the model that fits. This concern prompted a round of therapy, a prescription for a "massage machine" and a search for alternative garments. The adventure has so far covered several months without significant gain; the search for a better sleeve continues. Anne has also had a period of P.T. owing to some muscle weakness, balance issues, and a fall, and, separately, had to "have her head examined" after a curio cabinet door untimely opened (vertically) and whacked her scalp with the key sitting in the lock.

Larry did finally get his second (right-eye) cataract implant. It is quite an improvement. He is scheduled soon for a PRK treatment to remove a substantial astigmatism from the left eye, and hopes afterward he may see ophthalmologists only "socially" for a while. (PRK; think Lasik, but less invasive.)

Once again this year, we had his'n'hers colonoscopies, and are thankful we can put off the next such into 2019. We look forward to a new year oriented (in hope) more toward non-medical things. (I guess this is the kind of news you get when we age. ☺)

Larry's employer was bought this last year, and that meant we had a lot of understanding to do during the new employer's open enrollment period. Somehow the benefits are "better" while seeming to cost more and provide less. Larry now being 65, he can opt for Medicare. We are not yet sure that wouldn't be better economics - how could **that** be? Will Larry retire soon? If you know, please tell us, because we don't - something about that "fully-funded" part seems questionable. And Larry is not sure he has the qualifications to be a Wal-Mart greeter. His best guess: "later".

Yep, boring. Told ya. But we hope we will hear from you as you find convenience.

Our love,

Anne
Larry