

Christmas, 2006

My dear friends:

Happy holidays to you all!! Really not much to write about, no major health problems. I don't know why this diabetes thing can't figure out that it's really worn out its welcome...maybe it sticks around because it thinks I like it...but in any event, October saw 50 years with it, so I guess it's here to stay. My doctors are pleased at my numbers, and if they're happy, so am I. I will be 60 in January, so that, and the 50 years, are milestone dates for me.

My mother turned 85 in June, and she is showing signs of slowing down, but still quite active. so I get concerned about how much time and energy she puts into her projects with the City of Hope and the Pearl Harbor Survivor's Association. Art will be 85 in April, and he, too, is still very active. He has his moments, though...don't we all.

Carlos and I are into our 8th year, and he retired in March, only to stay in retirement for 3 months. He is very active and just can't "retire" so he started a position with a company that has proven to show it's colors as someplace he'd rather not work, so in December, he gave notice. I'm glad he did; even though there was no travel other than local, it wasn't providing him the opportunity he craves, working with the kids. We once again went to San Diego for Thanksgiving, but the trip was cut short by my falling ill due to some medications I was on for my neuropathy. When I realized what was causing the problems, I got myself off the medication pronto.

Mom and Art and I were in Honolulu the first week of December, and we were the registration committee for over 2,000 guests with the Pearl Harbor Survivors 65th anniversary national convention. It was strictly a working trip; I never left the hotel. While I was there, though, I learned that one of my dearest friends, Ian Praiser, passed away suddenly. It was a numbing and devastating experience, and will take a long time to deal with. Also while there, I learned that a credit card had been compromised, and I was an identity theft victim to \$1,100. I returned home on December 7, to learn that my dog, Hershey, had gotten out of the back yard some how, and hasn't been seen since. Needless to say, it was a rough week, but every day, something else happens to make me glad I'm still here. These things are just part of the life we live, and we get through them.

Scott, who will be 29 in March, and his fiancé Liz, bought a home in Bakersfield. He accepted a position with Johnson and Johnson in March, and really enjoys it. Katie and Lelan, on the other hand, filed for divorce in April, and while it sounds "tragic", it truly is a blessing for everyone. There is no sense staying in a marriage that has gone stale. Katie is on the verge of accepting a position with the county, so things will look up for her. Kristy just turned 8 and is in the 3rd grade, and doing very well. I don't see her as much as I'd like, so the time we have together is special.

Wishing you a happy, healthy 2007 with all that is warm and kind, from my heart to yours.

Michael