



Season's Greetings, 2012

Happy Holidays to you all!

Well here we are again, the end of yet another year. It astounds me how time flies.

Since last I wrote, my step-dad Art passed away on December 19 last year, about a week after I got the holiday letter. Mom has been doing very well this year without him, although naturally, she misses him terribly. We had a beautiful memorial service for him in February, with 80 people in our backyard celebrating his life.

Mom's health is stable but at 91 she has her moments and her share of issues.

As you may recall, in May of 2011 I was involved in a car accident that totaled my car, so I had to buy a new 2011 LaCrosse. It was giving me some problems to the point that it was in the shop for the same issue 6 times in 6 months, so I contacted a "lemon law" attorney who negotiated with General Motors to buy the car back. They gave me every cent I paid for the car, so I was able to purchase a new 2012 LaCrosse last March. So far, still loving the car.



July found us in Cancún for Scott's wedding to Sonja. The wedding was on Wednesday morning at 10:00 on the beach on the Caribbean Sea.

They are living in Fairfield, between San Francisco and Sacramento. She is an interventional radiologist, and Scott is teaching history at a high school in Napa. He loves his job and his life. Sure, I remember those days many years ago when I told you that "Scott will be 10" or "Scott just graduated Jr. High"....Well, Scott will be 35 in March. I look back at that, and am amazed that he is 35 when I was only 40. How the hell did that happen??

Kate, as she now prefers to be called, is 33, still working for the County of Los Angeles, as does her husband Matt. I'm pretty proud of both my children, and the fine people they have become. Here they both are, with Julie who just turned 2 in October. This was taken in July at Scott and Sonja's wedding.

I would expect before long, Julie will be starting a daycare, but for now, her grandma Georgia takes care of her during the day while Kate and Matt are at work. Georgia comes over to be with my mom a few days during the week so I can take care of a few things that I need to do.



Kristina is 14 and in high school. Beautiful girl. 14. Gees!

I know she will probably shoot me if she sees this on a Holiday letter. I posted this on her FaceBook page, so as far as I'm concerned, it's all for grabs.



She lives a good distance from me, so I don't get the chance to see her as much as I'd like to, so that makes it that much better when I do get to see her.

Carlos and I are still involved with the Gay Men's Chorus of Los Angeles and I really find the love and support from so many guys very rewarding. I have become pretty close friends with a few of them, and they are there for me as I trudge through the trials and tribulations of my health, issues with Mom as she ages, and in general just the best anyone could ever hope for. Monday nights are very special to me as I spend a couple hours with them all.

My health continues to be stable, and my doctors call me "borderline" which I guess that's a compliment. After 57 years of this disease, I'm glad it's long worn out it's welcome.

Carlos and I are going into our 14th year, and I just couldn't count myself any luckier than to have someone in my life who cares about me the way he does, and helps me to stay focused on the daily issues I am presented with. He is my rock, my sounding board, for everything...and one of the many things he does daily is to make me laugh. Maybe that's why I only look 64 instead of 65.

So here we are, two old farts at Scott and Sonja's wedding. Loud shirts, huh? That's the dress code Scott wanted, so that's the best we could do.

I treasure pictures like this because neither one of us likes to have our picture taken but there are times we both just have to give in. This was one of those times.



That about wraps it up for another beautiful year. I am a firm believer that we make our own joys in our lives, as well as our own sorrows. We make do with what we have, and somehow, it always seems to work out.

I wish you the warmest of holiday seasons, and a new year filled with joy and love and peace.

Warmly,

Michael

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click the EasyLink to email me. I'd love to hear from you!