

## 2018 Henry Christmas Letter

As the start of a new Henry Christmas Letter tradition, we've decided to shorten the reading of the ten-year-old letter. Don't worry. The full letter will always be available for you to peruse.

The following, however, are what we consider the hall of fame worthy highlights.

Our first two inductees: siblings **Kelly** and **Henry Cregar**. If memory serves us right, these two might have quite a few inductions in the future. Henry's claim to fame in 2008? He started kindergarten and had his kindergarten teacher promptly call home to tell his mom about some mischief that he had gotten into. Henry subsequently became so paranoid that he proceeded to come home to Heidi and tell on himself every day for the rest of the semester.

**Kelly** became a teenager, babysat like mad, and took up marshal arts. Well, sort of. One day, Kelly came home and exclaimed, "Mom, I just had a taekwando!" "Huh?" said Heidi. "You know, when you see something that it seems like you've seen before!" Oh, Kelly. You're a true treasure to this letter.

Our next inductee couldn't join us today, but we suspect he'll be making the highlights for years to come. Much has changed for **Justin** these days, but in 2008, the Christmas letter reports he still couldn't catch deer, and he was still *very single*. This all despite Grandma Norma's best efforts to get him the phone number of every single nurse at her doctors' appointments. Embarrassing, sure, but we think she was on to something. He did end up marrying someone in the medical field!

Our final inductee—in a bit of an upset I have to say—our dear **Ken**. In 2008, the Christmas letter reports that Ken showed up to his first—and possibly last—Henry family wood-cutting party equipped with a small . . . 30-year old . . . hand saw.

Now, on to the 2018. We think there's quite a few hall of fame contenders this year. Enjoy.

Dear Fred Henrys:

A lot happened in the world in 2018: the last male white rhino died; Facebook stole all of your data; Vladimir Putin was reelected; California caught on fire; Saudi Arabia dismembered a reporter; the stock market tanked; and the federal government is shut down. But, on the positive side, Canada legalized marijuana. I say we call it even and get right into 2019.

Before we go, however, we need to honor all the remarkable things done—and said—by the Henry clan in 2018. Deep breath. Only three generations—and 54 people—to go.

Our **Chris** turned 70 this year, and in true Henry style, she went *big*: happy hour at the cabin. She also managed to drag . . . um, I mean *convince* . . . Ken to take her on a Viking Cruise in southern France, where she reunited with our former exchange student, Gaelle. Although, they almost didn't make it because Chris—who watches her granddaughters every Wednesday—decided that 70 was the perfect age to start jumping in bouncy houses. She promptly tore her meniscus. She still made it down the aisle though. Yes, her long saga as always an aunt but never the mother of the bride finally came to an end. Although it didn't take long for her to

move on. Six months before my wedding, she told me it'd be okay if I was pregnant in my wedding dress. On to Ken.

Two years later, **Ken** is still waiting on Sixpack LLC's members to get their papers in order. Hint, hint—get it together, guys! Still, Ken shouldn't be surprised. After all, he is the guy who compares Henrys saying goodbye to watching a glacier melt—we already did our one allotted political joke, so I'll skip one about climate change. On a final note, Ken got new hearing aids, but he only wears them selectively. If he's acting like he can't hear you, we now know it's a choice!

**Matt** and **Taylor** aren't big on convention. They: **(a)** have a four-year-old; **(b)** have been married *three* years; **(c)** have a two-year-old; and **(d)** just went on their honeymoon in **(e)** beautiful Buffalo, New York. Like mother, like son, Matt also tore his meniscus. Must be a family thing. #Foreshadowing. Matt is still offering free houses in Warren, but no takers so far. Maybe it's time for someone in this family to finally consider the advantages of low-cost Rust Belt living. I mean, how else could they afford Buffalo?!

And don't think this is a Matt thing—Taylor is as much in the bag for the Rust Belt as Matt. In fact, she packed up her brood for a pre-Christmas getaway to lovely Steubenville, Ohio for a look at their display of hundreds of life-size nutcrackers. It's real, and it's spectacular. Just ask Nadia to show you the pictures. Oh, and life-size nutcrackers aren't Taylor's only Christmas specialty. We also found out that Taylor knows her Christmas trees. Drew and I took Matt and

Taylor and brood to Drew's preferred Christmas tree farm—yes, he has a Christmas tree guy—and when the poor kid working there started to describe the types of trees, Taylor interrupted with, “We want a blue one.” He should have seen it coming, but he asked anyway: “Have you had a Blue Spruce before?” Taylor's response: “This isn't my first Christmas tree.” [pause] When it comes to holiday traditions, stay out of Taylor's way.

Like his old man, **Mateo** ended his high school soccer career with a yellow card and is off to college next year. Let that sink in. This seems to be the theme in his section each year—making us all feel old. In the interim, the dude drives. A lot. Props to cousin Jim for making that possible. He also landed himself a girlfriend, Megan, whom he drove—behind his aunt and grandma—with one headlight—to Thanksgiving desserts at Scott and Michelle's house. Megan's first interaction with the greater Henry clan? Uncle Scott opening the door with a hearty, “Whoa, you're a babe. What are you doing with this guy?”

**Nadia** is an actress, a gymnast, a lover of raw broccoli and ranch dressing, and the capo in the posse of girls occupying the Martin-Matthews-Williams household. Keep your hands off her makeup, or she'll cut a—um, let's just say she loves her little sisters, but they should get their own makeup. Also, watch out for her on the dance floor. Nadia went head-to-head with Drew's many bourbons-deep cousin. Three Bon Jovi songs and fourteen air guitars later, she emerged the champion . . . and the only one of the two still standing.

**Talulah** turned four this year and went pure diva. On her birthday list, she asked for makeup and money, which she promptly spent on more makeup. She was voted "most likely to win a Nobel prize" at her dad's office holiday party—normal—and she also wore her flower girl dress for 72 hours straight. Top that, Celly.

Challenge accepted. **Marcella** wears *five* dresses a day and some of them are even hers. But make no mistake, this princess is a bruiser. If Nadia is the capo and Lu is second-in-command, Celly is the big, bad muscle, y'all. All id, all the time. She does what she wants, and when she's done, she passes out in a princess dress.

**Liz** and **Drew** tied the knot this year in beautiful Youngstown, Ohio. I know—more Rust Belt! Liz never went full bridezilla, but there was one moment after a small makeup debacle—more to come on that later—when her mom tried to pour champagne into plastic cups for her bridesmaids. It went exactly like this: "No. We need *champagne* glasses. I have a vision!" When people ask them how married life is, their answer: easy, especially when your spouse lives in another city. While the setup isn't ideal, mother-in-law Chris and brother-in-law Matt aren't pushing for change as much as you'd think because they keep getting Drew's Cavs tickets. One honeymoon highlight: Drew dragging Liz to Naples . . . which is kind of like a much worse, Italian-speaking version of Buffalo. Drew thought it'd be a return to his roots, but it turns out that roots only go so deep. After yet another Naples driver almost ran them over in a crosswalk, Drew turned to Liz and said, "Now I know why my ancestors moved to America—to learn some f\*\*\*ing manners." Oh, and as a sign of solidarity, I also tore my meniscus. *What is going on with*

*my branch's knee ligaments?! Shout out to cousin Heather for getting me healthy enough to make it onto the wedding dance floor.*

We all know **Rick** as the cool, calm, and collected type, but rumor has it he does have a panic button when shit really hits the fan . . . or when the vintage Leatherman hits the bottom of the lake. That's all I've been able to get out of the witnesses who survived, so it must have been bad. Like real bad. Thankfully, Rick knows how to pull it together because there was a trip to Ireland to get to.

Newly-Irish **Laura** was not too keen on the long walks to the bathroom or the inherent TMI that goes along with group bunking, but Heidi and Jim made for excellent tour guides and the scenery and culture of her new home country did not disappoint. Stateside, Rick and Laura said goodbye to their beloved dog, Lucy. This is their first time without a dog in 40 years, but they've filled the void watching Baker and the Browns stare down Hue Jackson from the comfort of their new home. Yes, that's right, they've rejoined civilization in Chagrin Falls and are now close enough to the cabin that walky-talkies are back and in a big way.

If you need proof that **Mike's** real estate group is doing well, just look at your fridge. What once was Mike's face on a magnet, is now Mike and a gaggle of blondes. He's also a member of pretty much every local business group in the greater Chagrin area: Rotary, the Chamber of Commerce, Jaycees, to name a few. And, in his spare time, Mike coached the female kicker of

the state champion Kenston Bombers football team. Can somebody get this slacker a drink? Just make sure it's not as many as he had at his 40th birthday party.

Mike's better half, **Michaela**, has been keeping herself just as busy. She's co-chair of the Chagrin Falls Deck the Falls Christmas event, planned the family's trip to Disney, trains Zaboka, the family's new, not-so-little, yellow lab puppy, and handles event planning and customer service for HG Agents—side note: Ahem. Mike. I think it may be time to add a brunette to your magnet. She's also Ubering several repeat riders around on a daily basis. The only problem? It's tough getting them to pay. Maybe someone can help Charlie, Ryerson, and Emery sign up for the app? Michaela said to put their accounts under Mike's credit card.

**Charlie** is in first grade at Gurney Elementary and close to being a Goldfish graduate. We're not sure if that's a reference to school or something related to the annual fishing trip in Canada but sounds worth celebrating either way! Charlie also took to the soccer field with fury this fall. His season stats: 18 touches—and 18 shots on goal—per game. A true team player in the making!

**Ryerson**, meanwhile, is cruising through kindergarten, joined Daisies, and also played soccer this fall. And it turns out she already has quite the career plans. When asked what she wanted to be when she grows up, Ry explained that she had a two-step plan: first, a short stint as an “older kid” rock star and then a veterinarian. Rock it out, girlfriend.

Youngest sibling **Emery** marches to her own beat, and has the daily outfits to prove it. When she's not preoccupied with keeping up with her big siblings, this little fashionista can be found styling the lives of the inhabitants of her Barbie Dream House. Funny, Barbie Dream House is exactly what I think of when I look at Mike's HG Agents magnet.

It took multiple emails and texts to get **Justin** to provide some Christmas Letter content, but we understood why when he finally responded. All the text said was: "Hunter was born, and we haven't slept since." He eventually circled back with a little more detail. Here's the second text exactly as written: "I organized our annual Canada trip, fished Lake Erie for walleye which I need to take dream this summer—side note: we think dream is Drew—and harvested a 9 point buck behind the shed *with bow*. **Heather** travel to Oklahoma and successfully finished manipulation course in February while 6 months pregnant. She went back to work after 3 *months of giving birth*." Three months of giving birth! Good lord, woman! We think the happy couple . . . needs . . . some . . . sleep. Still, we're glad to hear that **Hunter** is worth the exhaustion. He recently said his first word. Grandma Janet described it best: "Who comforts them each time they cry? Mama. Who keeps them healthy, clean and dry? Mama. She soothes the knees they skin at play, and feeds them many times a day. So what's the first word that they say? *Da-da*."

We gave **Katie** a hard time last year with the whole "what are tunnels" thing, so we'll play nice this year. She and **Eva** are keeping it 100. They do crafts, story hour, the pool, and have found



every playground in a thirty-mile radius. Wait a second. Playgrounds usually have tunnels, don't they? Hmm. I'm looking forward to next year's letter.

**Scott** still sells corrosion resistant technologies—whatever those are—but he may be transitioning to a new career: head cheerleader for schools that the Henry twins attend or used to attend. Between Holy Name's volleyball state championship and Kenston's football state championship, Scott's found his calling as the head noise maker of the student body section! One thing that is definitely in transition: their house. Again. Yes, that's right, the days of feeling swank as you rolled through the gates of Barrington Estates are soon to be over. Why, you ask? Because Scott is a little boy and wants to be able to ride his four-wheeler to cousin Danny's house.

**Michelle's** new hobby of flipping houses is sure to make one family realtor very happy! And good thing she has one because Michelle doesn't slow down. She's filled all the time she got back from the twins finally driving themselves with landscaping, running CRT's financials, party hosting, vigorous workouts, and her next-newest hobby, tennis. Even still, we know in true Michelle fashion, the new abode will party-ready in a flash! And if not, she'll just buy a new one!

**Kyle** still outranks his brother for now—not that Drew's counting—and is biding his time and biting his tongue in North Carolina, where he will begin Special Forces Training. In the interim, inspired by his family's trip to Belize, he's taken up the sport of tropical spear-fishing. Hey Justin—maybe you and Dream could try that in Canada next year? His mom thinks it's because

you can do it without your shirt. Yes, that's right, mom reports he has more tattoos. Be careful Kyle. Even Bieber can go from stud to dud with too much ink!

**Drew** gave us nothing funny for the Christmas letter, but that was still enough. When Michelle asked him to provide letter content, he responded, "IDK, I'm not a very colorful dude.

*Respectfully yours, Drew M. Wenninger, MIDN USN.* Respectfully, middle initial, last name, and rank all in the same email—to his mom! Wow, dude. Drew will graduate from the Academy this year, and his position at the top of his class puts him in the top slot for January's ship selection where he'll begin the next phase of his career as a Surface Warfare Officer and officially outrank Kyle. Drew also ran his first marathon and was pleased with his time, but he is still coming to terms with the fact that he was beaten by both a guy in a banana suit *and* a guy in a hot dog suit. Sounds like a fast marathon. Was it in Buffalo?

Holy Name has been a match made in heaven for **Milo**. We think that's how you talk in Catholic school. Anyway, he achieved his first honors status this past quarter, and Scott is still in shock. Hockey is in full force and going strong, and Milo, like Mateo, is enjoying the newfound independence of his own car. He also got his sister to let him date her best friend—for a hot second. Still counts, sis.

If **McKinley** ever had something to prove amidst all those boys, she doesn't now. She can't remember. Did Kyle, Drew, or Milo win a state championship? Oh, that's right. *No*. Kinley, please stand up and take a bow. And then can you stand up again and show everyone exactly

how we should smile to get out of a speeding ticket for going 86 in a 60? Be safe out there, young lady!

**KC** remains very semi-retired. In addition to consulting, she's added in side hustles like birthday cake-making and pottery, which she's selling at a gallery in Chardon. Good thing too, because now she has supplemental income to support all of the family freeloaders who come to use her studio! **KC** is still Oma extraordinaire and was there for the birth of grandbabies eight and nine! And, while many people fret about getting older, **KC** is doing cartwheels over turning 65 and finally earning both Medicare and retirement income. I guess what we're saying here is that **KC** is feeling flush, so be sure to take advantage of those Monday night pottery sessions she offers—we hear she's even started serving dinner!

Do we need to mention that **Andy** and **Miriam** went to the Wizarding World of Harry Potter again this year or is that just assumed now? Forever, Andy. You put it in your vows, man. They also took a camping trip in Olympic, where **Miriam** lost the bet that she could go a week without showering. A sponge bath behind the tent never felt so good. Maybe you guys should just stick to Harry Potter next year? **Miriam** also reports a misadventure in mirror-holding during the delivery of her sister's baby. It turns out that there are mirror angles you can never un-see. Speaking of things never to be seen again, **Andy's** 32-inch waistline remains in question. His wife's public shaming and a Velcro blowout got him to go up a size in his bathing suit, but he's not taking it sitting down. After he bought the new suit, he also went out and bought a pair

of running shoes. I checked the internet, and the city of West Jordan, Utah holds a Harry Potter-themed 5K run on August 5. Good luck, Andy!

**Janet** got a new job in middle management in March. Wait. Doesn't sound like Janet? Oops. She works in middle management for a *grassroots environment fund*. Sound better? She spent most of 2018 pregnant, but that didn't slow her down. In addition to local car camping adventures, there were several trips to Ohio, including my personal favorite. Yes, I'm going to talk about my wedding again. I had a makeup blowout, and it wasn't looking good, but Janet stepped up and said, "What do we need? I'll got get it." However, when told "eyelash glue," Janet replied, "*That's a thing?*" Pregnant and in her bridesmaids dress, she promptly cruised the streets of Youngstown and found the mysterious item she now knows as eyelash glue. Good looking out, girl! Otherwise, Janet's deep in the fun of being a new mother, which she compares to climbing—duh, of course she does. In climbing, Type 1 fun is actual fun, and Type 2 fun is fun only remembered as fun after the fact. I'm deep in the Type 2 zone of motherhood fun right now, she says. When asked for an example, Janet described her most recent Thursday: I loaded Oscar and Tagger in the van on my way to pick up Casey, but I forgot my phone inside. When I came back out, I discovered that Tagger had somehow locked both of them in the car with my keys and the spare hide-a-key. Fun!

As for **Freddie**, he's wrapping up his final year as a professional athlete but still staying busy with a (mostly) healthy mix of Salt Pump Climbing Company, Cathedral Mountain Guides, writing, and filmmaking. He also bought himself a fishing boat this summer. Janet confirmed

that it's small, not-too-expensive, and aluminum, and she's crossing her fingers that it will be the extent of a midlife crisis splurge—yes, Janet, you just said “midlife”! Freddie also spent two weeks in Yosemite National Park with a friend trying to free climb a cliff face called Leaning Tower. It's 700-feet tall. I Googled it. Don't. On a lark, he also managed to snag a spot on a skydiving flight tour, which only shows that he's got plenty of friends in high places to keep him busy in retirement.

**Casey** loves nakedness and climbing. But hopefully not at the same time—those harnesses can be rough! When Casey does wear clothes, however, only one outfit will do—the Buzz Lightyear costume Janet made for Halloween. If Toy Story had that kind of impact on her, just wait until she sees Frozen 2 later this year. I'll pause, so all the moms of little girls in the room can shudder. Speaking of, Casey will be learning to ski this winter, and in between world-class toddler tantrums, she's come up with a couple of adorable mispronunciations. If she asks you for bagola, get her some granola, and if she asks you for see-bop, get that girl some syrup.

**Oscar**, officially this family's newest edition, came into the world vertical and visible. Oma was there for the birth. She blinked, so she almost missed it, but she still managed to work her iPhone camera like a ninja. Don't worry, Janet. Only everyone saw everything!

**Bobbi** now has an almost equal number of chickens and children running around the backyard of the Anderson urban homestead. Unfortunately, no one was around to keep the city from mowing down her first attempt at an orchard in the lot next door. It's all working out though.

Her mother-in-law came to the rescue with a bigger, better Do Not Mow sign, so fingers are crossed for next year! Bobbi still works at University Hospitals but has scaled back her hours some for more control over her schedule. Orchards don't grow themselves, after all. She's only got one kiddo at home during the day this year, which is a bit strange, but she and Naomi find comfort in watching . . . you know it . . . Frozen . . . over . . . and over . . . and over again. And when Bobbi recently went to load her crew into their van, they found a chicken and a cat already inside. Moral of the story: if you're going somewhere with a Bergman sister, maybe drive separate.

Even though he's run out of Henry investors, business is heating up for **Daryl**, who has tapped into some non-Robyn out-of-state investors. There seems to be no shortage of people wanting a piece of Cleveland's hot near-west side real estate. The last of Daryl's marine buddies retired this past spring, so he was feeling a little bit old, but he still muscled up to complete a big rehab project this summer. And his wife reports that's he's officially sworn to take a vacation after Christmas. We hear Buffalo is nice this time of year.

**Esther** is bilingual, able to swim in the deep end of the cabin's pool, grew sunflowers twice her size, is a budding artist, and, mic drop, also outran all the boys at the playground. Mike—let her know when you want to start football training.

**James** is in first grade and a certified math wiz, who may soon be taking over the accounting for Mustard Seed Development. James's most recent accomplishment comes in the kitchen,

however, where his accidental seasoning of potatoes with cayenne instead of paprika turned out to be the hit of a recent family feast. So much so that the in-laws have requested Chef James take over seasoning duty indefinitely.

**Hannah** is adapting to kindergarten quite well—in English and in Spanish. Hannah knows what it means to get in where you fit in! Superheroes with James and Esther can be fun and so can dolls with Naomi. She loves her fancy princess dresses but is not afraid to roll up her sleeves and get dirty. Hey Hannah—cousin Celly just called. Nadia and Talu are hogging all of the gang’s profits, so she’s thinking about splitting off and forming her own princess crew. You in?

We have it on good authority that it’s actually **Naomi** who runs the show in the Anderson household. She’s sweet enough to still earn a spot in mommy and daddy’s bed, but will sit up and tell you what’s what real fast, and somehow has big sister Esther at her beck and call. During a recent trip with Bobbi to meet cousin Oscar, Naomi, the youngest of four and mere months older than cousin Casey, determined that Casey could graduate from “baby” Casey to “big girl” Casey now that she has a little brother.

**Alex** is #SAHD these days. That’s S-A-H-D. Stay-At-Home Dad. With Simon’s arrival, something had to give in the Bergman household, so to make life easier, they went down to one income and bought a money pit. Yes, their trusted realtor talked them into a lovely home that only needed new windows, new carpet, new boilers, new water pumps, new toilets, new paint, new flooring, new landscaping, a new chimney, a new septic tank, a new basement, and, well, you

get the idea. But hey, now that Alex is lounging at home all day with a newborn, a four-year-old in part-time preschool, and a five-year-old with homework, he should have that house in shape in no time. Oh, and dinner on the table! Don't worry, Megan—I got you girl. But Alex is proudly rocking that minivan with seats to spare. Hmm. Hey Michaela, I think we may have just found the solution to your Uber problem.

**Meagan.** Where to begin. She started 2018 pregnant and then decided to throw in a job change *and* new home renovation just in case anyone thought she was soft. Meagan was eight months pregnant when IBM let her go, but she bounced back like only Meagan could and got a new job that literally started the day after her severance pay and insurance ended. And while she'll have to get used to the so-quiet-you-can-hear-a-pin-drop office culture of her new gig, the adjustment will surely be smoothed over by coming home to a clean house, fed children, and a foot rub from her hubby. [pause] I told you girl—I got you.

**Otto** did his part to contribute to the 2018 drama in the Bergman family, getting both a corneal abrasion from holding a pencil over his eye—yeah, we're not sure how that works either—and two broken bones in his wrist after falling on a bounce contraption. Good start, Alex! He started kindergarten this year, and, according to his kindergarten teacher, he's the sweetest kid she's ever taught. She says he loves recess and gym but isn't as keen on learning. Well played, Otto. So sweet that your kindergarten teacher doesn't seem to care that you don't care about learning. Uncle Scott—do you need a new salesman? I think this kid may be a natural!



**Cora** is enrolled in pre-kindergarten this year and gets glowing reviews from her teachers.

Hmm. Where have we heard that before? At home, she stays busy baking for the family in her little kitchen and loving on "cutie-cute" Simon. She still defends Otto and is in charge of who's allowed to tickle him and when. And, if she finds anyone to be out of line, she'll get right up in your face and let you know. Celly! Hannah! I think we may have found another recruit!

**Simon** joined us in July and grabbed one of the coolest names off of the family tree. He was also the biggest of the Bergman babies and is ahead of schedule with his teeth already coming in. But, in case he starts to get cocky, his siblings think he smells like cheese. Good luck, kid.

**Heidi** and **Jim** served as tour guides around Ireland. Rick and Laura said they were good, but Laura is newly-Irish, so her opinion is suspect. We did confirm that they left no castle unvisited and no pub un-drunk in, so they might be on to something. They've also discovered the joys of vacationing in Arizona. A few key takeaways: do not wear flip-flops on scorpion walks; there is no such thing as a jack-a-lope; unheated pools in the winter are in fact cold but do make good beer coolers; cacti do hurt; there are such things as wild horses in the dessert; and Ohio State bars in Arizona are off the hook. Amidst all this family fun, Jim managed to drive across country in the convertible with his best bud, and Heidi now works five jobs. Or at least she says she works five jobs. We're still not sure. We think it might just be her way of avoiding time in the car with Cupcake. Confused? We'll explain shortly.

**Sam** is usually a provider of top-tier Christmas letter content, but either he had a quiet year, or the usual snitches have been bribed into silence. We do know that he has a boyfriend, Patrick, who lasted through a family vacation and organized mimosa hikes in Arizona. Oh, now we get it. That's really why you don't wear flip-flops on scorpion walks. Oh, and remember how Sam was on the swim team forever and then was as a lifeguard for years? Yeah, well, ask him how far that experience got him when he dove into three feet of water in Chautauqua. We'll give you a hint. Not far.

**Kelly** graduated from Ohio State and now has the perfect setup in Arizona. She has a boyfriend who cooks, cleans, decorates, writes notes for her lunch, and all-around spoils her. What a dream. Speaking of dream . . . Drew—take notes. In fact, all Mike asks of Kelly is to do her one assigned chore: laundry. For Kelly, that means waiting until Mike politely mentions that he ran out of socks two days ago. The Arizona sun allowed Kelly to reclaim the convertible, and the only incident so far was when the pesky pole in her carport mysteriously shifted and knocked off her side mirror. Don't worry, Kelly. We all know that mysteriously-shifting poles can be tricky.

**Mike Pauley**, who appears to have made it into this letter for good, graduated from Ohio State and agreed to move across the country with Kelly. Turns out he's a master chef with the Instant Pot and has coffee ready for Kelly every morning. But, we know why Mike is spoiling Kelly. He's still trying to make up for leaving her pet miniature frog in the car last Christmas. It turns out Kelly had a pet miniature frog. Did anybody else know about this?! Anyway, shocking, but

apparently pet miniature frogs don't live long in freezing cars. The whole thing is very weird and sad.

Cupcake—oh you don't know **Henry's** new nickname? Yes, it's Cupcake. And don't blame his girlfriend. It turns out that Kelly and Heidi came up with it. It's a little weird, but let's go with it. Anyway, Cupcake had his one-year anniversary with Madi, and he also got his temporary driving license. But, the first time he tried driving, he almost killed Heidi, so they've both put a pause on things for now. Maybe Kinley can help? He's won't be getting his actual license until he finishes Eagle Scouts, so if anyone has a project that needs completed, give him a call. Henry—asking for a friend, do you have any experience stabilizing river banks?

**Robyn** and **Emily** began 2018 smack in the middle of a Hawaiian ballistic missile threat and ended it with a 7.0 earthquake in Alaska! In between, they went to London and France, where Robyn's hockey team brought home the gold at the Paris Gay Games. And, after twenty years of teaching and a two-year application process, Robyn finally became a tenured professor. Congrats, Robyn. Now you can tell us how you really feel! Emily continues to run two businesses and has two part times jobs—only one more to catch Heidi—and still found time to make a trip to Ohio for her first Henry family wedding—in case you thought I was going to end this letter without at least one more reference to my wedding. The only thing missing for these two in 2018 were family visitors to Alaska. What's up with the dry spell, they asked? Uh, missile threats and earthquakes, answered everyone else.

What a year! Merry Christmas, everyone! Now go forth into 2019, and keep in mind that next year's letter is only as funny as you make it!