

It's the seventh annual Waite family Christmas letter. Here's our rundown of the year's events. We'll start off with a recent event that was very significant. After a four-month battle with cancer, Barry's dad passed away. It was a tough fight, and by the end of it, he was ready to go. We miss him terribly. You can read a collection of stories from his friends and family at <http://home.earthlink.net/~waite/wornw8> (as in Warren Waite). However, he was an extremely silly person, so we will maintain our usual oddball Christmas letter. This one's for you, Dad!

Here is a typical weekday in the life of the Waite family:

**5:35** -- Radio goes on at. Barry stumbles to the shower at 5:45. About 10 minutes later, he starts to scream that the house is under water. Then he realizes he is in the shower. Margie gets up at 6:10. Her usual first words are, "I don't want to get up." "Uh huh," Barry mumbles, "me neither." We try to remember what the boys wanted for breakfast. Asking again or making the wrong thing can lead to a wonderful tantrum to start the day. David is **not** a morning person. Orders are subject to change without notice. He will eat cafeteria food, which makes lunch preparation easy. It costs a whopping 85 cents for lunch. He wants two dollars. "You get more change then. With \$5, you get a bunch of change!" Alex, on the other hand, insists on a lunch from home. He gets a large lunch worthy of Jethro from the Beverly Hillbillies. He doesn't like to be hungry.

**7:30** -- On Mondays and Wednesday's, Barry takes the boys to the bus stop. If we're late, the bus is early, if we're early the bus is late. How does the driver know? Tuesdays and Thursdays, Barry's mom, AKA Grandma, takes the boys to school. Barry has Fridays off, so he drives the boys to school and helps for an hour or two in David's first-grade class. It's a lot of fun. He can almost run the lamination machine without hurting himself. Almost. Then he does geography lessons for Alex' class. Ever try to get 40 California maps from the Auto Club for a school? No luck. Let us know if you have a stash of them at your house.

**8:20** -- After a fun-filled commute past LAX airport, Margie spends her day racing around trying to complete twenty hours of work in only thirteen hours. She's now the assistant controller of Karl Storz Endoscopy America. Her kind masters have agreed she can telecommute on Thursdays. Twice, it's actually happened. They like to schedule meetings on Thursdays and say, "Weren't you supposed to be working from home today?" She has yet to injure them, but if looks could kill...

**7:00/8:00** -- Almost a year ago, the city of Carson finally changed Barry's title to GIS (geographic information systems) Project Manager, whatever that means. He's still doing the same stuff he has for years. His staff is great, so he doesn't do any actual work anymore. He does go to lots of meetings instead of making his staff go so they can get some work done at least.

**2:50** -- Grandma picks the boys up after school. They have a second lunch. Alex doesn't like to be hungry. Then they do homework. "In first and third grade?" you ask. Lots of

homework. Alex will have up to three hours of it. At least Alex doesn't have to write haiku again this year. Next time you hear how kids don't learn anything these days, be glad you went to school when it was easy. The boys think this is normal. Don't tell them how easy we had it.

**6:30** -- Barry gets home, makes some semblance of dinner and heads to a meeting at least twice a week, be it Indian Guides, Lomita planning commission or council, Trail Blazers, development company, church, South Bay Cities or whatever. The boys take off to play with the neighbor kids, Jarrel, Christian and Jacob. We never know how many to expect for dinner. The boys don't understand the concept of asking us before they invite someone to join us.

**7:30 (good day) / 10:00 (bad day)** -- Margie battles traffic after yet another, "You're still here? Go home – after you take care of this one last thing of course." She goes into dervish mode immediately after arriving home, cleaning up the kitchen, doing three loads of laundry (where do all those dirty clothes come from?), helping the kids with a project and ignoring the pile of work she brought home.

**9:30** – The boys finally head to bed. They are both night owls. We'll take care of a couple of things around the house or read the paper a minute and then follow their lead. Is it Friday yet?

It was quite a year. We finally made it to Europe for a grand trip. See our web site below for the big travel log. We had lots of nice weekends at the cabin and grew a bumper crop of rhubarb that we never quite got to harvesting. It will be back this year. So will we.

Barry, Margie, Alex & David Waite