

December 29, 2000

Dear Laura,

What does Dad think about moving downtown? You didn't say if he was involved in this decision. I can't imagine that either one of them would be happier anywhere other than on the farm. And where would we go for Christmas? Ah hah! Maybe THAT'S why they want to move to an apartment.

I guess I didn't hear Aunt Shirley lecturing. What was she lecturing about? Thanks for sticking up for me. It is true I don't do anything in the way of volunteering, but I'll retire in 2 years and will have to find something to do. I won't be able to wander very far, because Carol will still be working. Right now I'm re-designing the government, doing away with Congress. All legislation will be proposed and passed directly by the voters. I still have some details to work out.

Aunt Shirley started blubbering as soon as I walked in the door Christmas, saying that I looked like the Rices. Later, she asked if I remembered Grandad Rice and I said yes, but didn't offer any details because the incident that always comes first to mind was the Big Spit. I was riding in the car with Grandad. In his later years, he had this rolling, productive cough. We were near the corner where Dick and Joanne live now when he coughed, brought up a big mouthfull, rolled down the car window and spit. Apparently the wind was in the wrong direction, because it came back at him, landing on his chest. He stopped the car, got out his handkerchief, and silently wiped it off. He said nothing and I pretended not to notice. One of those special moments.

I went jogging at 6:00 yesterday morning, when it was 16 degrees below zero. I wore a nylon pullover ski mask under my hooded sweatshirt, the new polypropylene tights I got for Christmas under my sweatpants, and a pair of shorts over my sweatpants to keep my butt warm. Everything kept warm except my pecker. Next time I'll wear another pair of shorts under my tights. Anyway, when it started to sting, I took off one of my cotton gloves - my hands warm up after I run for awhile - and slipped it over my privates. It didn't stay on very good, but it helped enough to get by. Now when I speak of The Gloved One, don't assume I'm talking about Michael Jackson.

Steve