

I remember wondering as a kid if I'd live to see the year 2000 and now it's 2015. With a bit of luck I might even make it to 2016, but I probably won't remember a damn thing. Christine claims my memory is getting as bad as hers but neither of us can really remember what our memories used to be like.

I kind of enjoy getting old, it's a great excuse for being a bit eccentric. I always thought I'd spend my dotage tootling around in my flying car with a robot butler. So much for useful inventions huh. There again, all my favorite microbrews now come in cans so I think it's pretty much a wash. The future just ain't what it used to be.

The highlight of the year was Ellie's wedding in June. An outdoor wedding under the Brooklyn Bridge and then a booze-up at a trendy Williamsburg bar. Apparently it's lucky if it rains at a wedding, so they have that going for them. Stephen won the "who could drink the most combinations of liquor" contest out of the grand total of one contestant. "Smoked it dad!" he managed to slur. I keep telling people he's nothing like me but they just nod and smile.

I had to kick in a big dowery to get rid of Ellie, but it was worth it. No more daughter dragging the family down, now she's someone else's problem. Another one off the payroll. Ha!

I presented the new husband, Bob with a Red Sox hat during the festivities and insisted he wear it, much to the delight of his southern friends. It must be really tough when your new father-in-law of several hours is a complete dick to you in front of all your friends and family and you have to suck it up and behave courteously. I'm disappointed I haven't seen him wear it since.



.....Gregory Christine Bob & Ellie Bridges Mick Andrew Stephen

Christine is still doing the Montessori School stuff. Over the summer it looked like enrollment for the year might be down. It was so bad at one point she decided she wouldn't take any pay. What the . . . ! So more of a hobby than a job then. This is goddam 'merica where CEOs earn 500 times the lowly worker. Fire all the damn teachers and outsource the whole think to telemarketers from India. This is just the kind of commie attitude that will ruin this country, she'll end up voting for Bernie Sanders next. Ha, not with the Saint Hilary running she won't. By the way, I have Hilary's personal email address if anyone wants to send her some state secrets. Personally I won't vote for anyone unless they think evolution is the spawn of Satan and pyramids are Egyptian grain silos, which narrows it down to just about every whack-job Republican candidate.

Christine just got back from her weekly Tai Chi (yes she's turning oriental). "I'm having a beer, do you want anything?". "Wine". "What color?". "White", "What's the magic word?". "Now!". "hahaha" and she gets me a wine. See I blame her for letting me get away with all this crap.

Andrew has been married a year now and still seems relatively sane. Obviously he's a lot rounder, grayer and all he mutters is "yes hon" just like the rest of us married stiffs. No sign of the patter of little feet yet. I knew we should have had that talk with him before he got married.

I went to see Stephen in DC in March and watched him pass his bar-tending exam. He's just like Tom Cruise in Cocktail but with more of an attitude and luckily without the bizarre Scientology crap. And apparently more irresistible to women, he tells me. He took me for Sunday brunch which mid-afternoon turned into a bacchanal rave complete with jeroboams of champagne, a dwarf dressed as a leprechaun and dozens of drunken Brazilian hotties. When I was his age I might sneak down the local for a quick pint or two followed by dozing off in front of Match of the Day. Actually when I was his age I'd probably be changing diapers and reading Green Eggs and Ham for the 700th time. Aw man, I love that book!

Gregory is still surviving in the basement. He claims he is leaving this winter and touring the world for a couple of months before getting a job somewhere exotic (I think Boston was mentioned, which compared to Salem is pretty damn exotic). We'll see. I was grabbing some snacks from the fridge the other day and Christine says "Don't take that, it's on Gregory's shelf". "He has a shelf? Since when?". "About 3 years ago". You think they would have mentioned it. There again they probably did, I just can't remember squat these days. Did I already mention my bad memory, I can't remember.

Being the youngest he is the princess of the family so has several changes of clothes each day. He's always doing laundry and I figured out that if I dump my dirty clothes in the laundry room they magically get clean and folded. It's either Gregory doing it or we have a laundry fairy. The one time I was doing my own laundry (I know, I'm ashamed to admit it) he walks in and gives me the "Dad, that's the dryer, the one on the left is the washer, use that one first". I wondered why there was two machines. I told you a robot butler would be useful.

That's about sums up the year. I hope you all have a jolly Christmas/Holiday Season (select whichever makes you feel better) and a great 2016.