

About 20 years ago I was watching a Patriots game with Ellie when Tebucky Jones made a tackle. "Oooh" says Ellie, "what a great name, if I ever have a kid I'm calling it Tebucky". Luckily I remembered this.

On September the 22nd we welcomed to the world Lyanna "Tebucky" Bridges. Mother, daughter and father all doing fine. Ellie and Bob have taken to parenthood like ducks to water and are doing a great job. Ellie seems to have inherited her mother's parenting skill which is fortunate, if she had mine 'Bucky would be in trouble "no point changing the diaper yet, it's not completely full."



I wasn't sure how I would react to having a granddaughter but surprisingly I'm completely besotted. Who would have though? "Duh!" said Ellie. Apparently everyone knew exactly what I'd be like except me. Christine was quite sure she wouldn't want to be too involved. Ha, she's worse than I am. She brags about watching the baby videos more times than I do. We're both pathetic, and the boys are almost as bad. I think Kelly might be the worst.

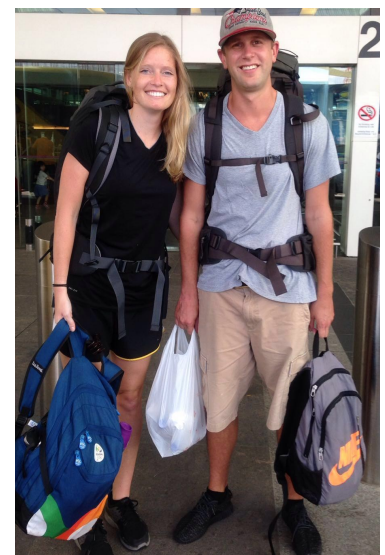


We went to see the newborn in hospital in Manhattan and looked in the nursery. Row upon row of babies and suddenly a bright light streams through a skylight illuminating one baby in the middle. "Which one is 'Bucky?" asks Christine. She's easy to pick out "The one next to the crying kid with light in its eyes." Actually it was really easy to spot her, she was by far the most beautiful baby in the nursery, all the others were hideous. Not that I'm biased of course.



One of the great things about becoming a grandparent is that you get to choose how you are referred to. I decided to go with an all time great. If you are not familiar with Boston sports look it up. It was that or being called "Tom Brady" which would be awesome but a touch awkward. I keep referring to Christine as Granny Christine which delights her so much she has threatened to murder me in my sleep.

Talking of babies, our baby Gregory and Kelly came though on their threat to travel around the world. They spent the summer doing the grand tour, hitting everywhere except Africa and Antartica (whusses). Asking them where their favorite place, "Peru was awesome, New Zealand was awesome too, so was Vietnam . . ." and on it goes. They had a great time and I'm really proud of Kelly for not killing Gregory, not even once. Europe was their last stop which coincided with the European Championships in France. Gregory bought tickets to a playoff game assuming England would win their group (oh the innocent little chap). Well that didn't go exactly to plan but they had a great time watching Wales instead. He now knows more sheep jokes than I do.



Once he left we took the golden opportunity and sold the big house and downsized into a smaller two bedroom place with an unfinished

basement. A bit of a hint. So after traveling the world he's now ensconced in our spare room. We just can't seem to get rid of him, but at least my laundry gets done every day. He's applying for jobs around the country - nowhere specific as long as it's not here. Maybe somewhere with less snow.

Selling the house was hard work. The problem with having such a big space is that nothing gets thrown out, just squirreled away in some nook or other. It took us months to clean it out and we probably got rid of 70% of our worldly possessions. As I told the kids, they better not stand still for long or their mother will put them on craigslist, take them to the dump, or hang a free sign on them and put them by the road. Hmmm, maybe it'll work with Gregory.



Stephen is still living the American dream in Virginia. Enjoying work, or “golf” as he calls it. What a life. He took my old bike and is now biking 20 miles to work. Poor bugger is getting more like me as he gets older. It's just a matter of time before tinnitus and the beer belly kicks in.

I didn't bike to work much this summer and it's all Christine's fault. She decided that she had too many kidneys so she arranged to have one removed. Luckily they removed the one with the tumor. It was a pretty stressful summer but she has recovered well and is back to her usual noisy self. I did ask the surgeon if he could snip a vocal chord or two while he was hacking about. The idiot thought I was joking.

She took the first month of school off to recover and timed it perfectly to help out Ellie with the baby for a few weeks. She's now back at school and looks like she dodged a bullet. Yes, getting old

sucks. The only way you can tell she is a mono-renal is that she is slightly asymmetrical and tends to veer left when walking in a straight line. Which is a bonus, as it offsets her drifting right when driving.

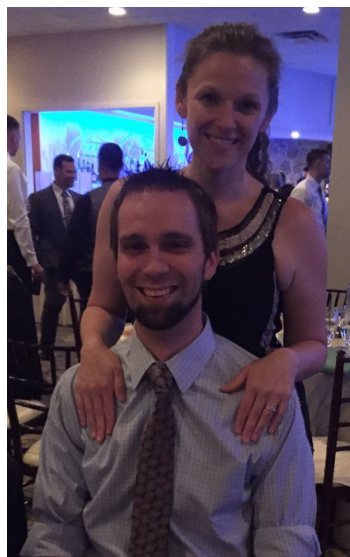
All is not bright on the Christine front though, with her patron saint Hillary stumbling at the last hurdle. I heard her muttering about giving her other kidney if it would help, but we are way past that stage and on to four

interesting years of the Donald. It baffles me that half the people in the country think

Trump possesses the temperament or judgement required to be president. Leader of the free world, heaven help us all. On the plus side, both Massachusetts and Maine legalized marijuana which no doubt we'll need to get through the next few years.

That just leave Andrew and Erin, who just get on with life. I guess nothing to report is quite a relief sometimes. Or possibly they are living in a continuous hedonistic rave and keep it a close secret. Either way can be thought of as truly living the American dream.

Have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



New Address: 9 Steeple View Dr., Atkinson NH 03811

Mick 603-818-2734 mickbrown@comcast.net

Christine 603-818-3150 mrschris55@gmail.com