

The big news in the Brown family for 2019 was Greg and Kelly's wedding in May.



Stephen Bobbie+Ellie Mick Kelly+Greg Christine Erin+Andrew  
Lyanna Audrey

The've made it six months already, so the hardest part is done. It's all smooth sailing from here.

The wedding was held at a golf resort in the middle of nowhere in a remote valley in the NH Green Mountains. They still managed to create enough noise from the disco that people in a nearby village complained and the cops showed up at 3:00am to quiet things down. The kids managed to party though until breakfast. Being a deaf old coot, I had a good night's sleep and it gave me great joy being cheerful to car loads of exhausted hungover kids the next day. Ha, I've been waiting 30 years for this sweet revenge.



Christine's life became much more exciting this year. She couldn't cope with this retirement lark (more likely couldn't cope with being at home with me every day) so she started a new job in February. Nope, nothing to do with Montessori. She is the The Southern New Hampshire Services Child Care Resource and Referral Training and Technical Assistant Specialist. Yes, the well known SNHSCCRRTAS. As far as I can tell, it involves driving around NH talking to people about kids. Is there a more suitable job for her in the whole world? There are some downsides, she can't tootle around the country whenever she pleases (mostly to visit the grandkids), and it's the first time in her life she hasn't had the summers off. I goof off extra hard in the summer to even it out.

As part of the job she has to do a 'leadership assessment' which told her the surprising news that she is an introvert. Christine an introvert, good grief! She's about as introvert as Donald Trump.

I'm still unemployed/retired (depending on the day) apart from my lucrative side job as CEO of Big Papi Day Care. The occasional gig to look after Ellie's two little ones. The company's goal is to keep all children alive at the end of the day. So far complete success. Here is a picture taken from the first job to which I brought my trusty assistant Christine. Notice how the CEO is perfectly relaxed as the assistant

satisfies the corporate goals. It's little wonder CEOs earn 100 times the average worker's salary.

My prime method of kid control uses the age old method of bribery. McDonalds or Dunkin Donuts every day. I sit in the corner with 2 perfectly behaved kids and cast haughty glances at mothers with whining brats. Until the time the baby stuffed a whole munchkin in her mouth and took affront to me removing it, “whaaaa”, at the same time the eldest one was told off for eating 2 donuts at once, “whaaaa”. All them smug parents giving me the looks. Haughty bastards. Don't they know how hard my job is?



I'm still besotted by my granddaughters, they are gorgeous kids. Looking after them all day seems so easy but is completely exhausting. Why didn't mothers ever mention this fact? I'm sure if they spoke up we men would have been eager to help out. I'm just grateful that there was no such thing as paternity leave in my day.

Being retired, there is little reason to bear the brunt of New England winters anymore. Last winter I took a jaunt to Europe and then a month in Andalucia, Spain studying Spanish. It turns out (to no one's surprise) that I am absolutely crap at learning languages. I think it would be less effort to teach 50 million spaniards to learn english than to get me fluent in español. In one of the first lessons they tell you that 'no problemo' isn't correct Spanish, it's spanglish as spoken by Arnie in Terminator 2. The correct word is 'problema'. I mean, who are you going to believe, Arnie or some biased Spanish teacher? I think my daily use of spanglish eventually wore the bastards down. Give me a few more months and I'd have the whole lot speaking spanglish, no problemo.

All the kids and partners are doing fine. All ticking along without much to report. I always found it difficult to define what our goals were in regards to raising kids. It turns out that “not much to report” is pretty high up the list. I think that 'being productive members of society' is an understated goal but it sure seems important at this stage.

We did have one new addition to the family, a cat. It's actually Ellie's cat but with 2 babies in the house it was decided to be too much so she 'lent' us the cat for a 'short period' which I've come to understand means the rest of its natural life. Which may not be too long if it shreds the new couch. It did have a name at one point but Lyanna's first word was 'cat' so now it's know simply as cat (or cattie when Christine has had a few). It will never win a prize for the smartest animal in the room, even a very small room. It has a habit of climbing on the back of my chair and meowing its head off. Luckily I have tinnitus which is perfect for filtering the exact frequency of cat whines. Christine asks if the cat is annoying me, “What cat?”.

I noticed that the goal scorers in a recent La Liga game where Fekir and Morón and I thought the name Fekir Morón suits the cat perfectly. Moron for short or it's more friendly nickname Cretin. When I walk by I often say hello with a cheery “Moron!” or “Cretin!”. Christine hates this, “don't use such ugly words all the time”, “but it is really stupid”, “Well, yes, but still...”. So I've taken to giving it a dirty look instead. Now I get the “you were thinking 'Cretin’”. Yeah, but come on! You would think she'd keep her thought control tendencies in-check, being an introvert and all.

Have a great Christmas and a New Year with zero problemas. Hasta la vista, baby!