

You know you are getting old when you still aren't used to writing 2024 and it's nearly 2025. My grandkids think waiting a few days for their birthday is FOREVER! I blinked and 2024 is almost over.

The biggest news of the year was Stephen and Lauren's wedding in March. The family's first destination wedding in beautiful San Miguel De Allende, a small town in the mountains north of Mexico City. I mean, why not? I found it quite stressful being the officiant, especially as I offered to perform the ceremony in Spanish. Lauren pointed out that outside of ordering cerveza, vino and chicharrones, I am totally unintelligible in the language. So English it was then. I threatened Stephen with all sorts of stories from his childhood, and it's Stephen, so boy does he have some doozies. But even I'm not that big of a jerk, so I only talked about his good points, most of which I had to invent for the occasion.

During the rehearsal, I offered to keep hold of the wedding vows from both of them until the appropriate time. Stephen informed me that he doesn't have any and will wing it on the day. "Don't worry dad, it'll be fine". "WTF Stephen! It's the most important public moment of your life. TAKE IT SERIOUSLY!", "Chill old man, it's no biggie". Aaaargh! Still, it's not my problem if he embarrasses himself. On the day of the wedding he hands me six pages of his vows with a knowing smirk. I fell for it hook, line and sinker. Well played sir!



The other big news is our move out of New Hampshire after 42 years. We are now residents of the great state of Maine. The signs on the highway say "Come for a visit, stay for a lifetime" and you know Christine, she loves obeying official dictates. So here we are. Our new address is **207 Fore St #7, Portland, ME 04101**. If you come and visit us, remember to avoid reading the highway signs or you'll never leave. I love Portland, it's my favorite city. Scenic, walkable, great music scene, good restaurants and dozens of breweries. I like breweries. Especially ones I can walk back from. It's a bit chilly in the winter, but if it had better weather then I wouldn't be able to afford to live here.

Ellie and the family finally moved out of our NH place in the summer. They bought a house in Norfolk Massachusetts, which is almost a caricature of a reasonably affluent suburb of Boston. A great place to bring up a family and they all seem to love it. When Ellie moved from Brooklyn to NH she always lamented the lack of diversity up here – everyone is so white! I assumed they would move back to a more mixed urban environment but here they are in a suburb that could be in an aryan propaganda film produced by Goebbels. Once they have a couple of German SUVs and a labradoodle they'll be completely assimilated.



We miss having the grandkids around but at least we don't have to worry about when Audrey last pooped or where James hid the TV remote. The good news is that the house is now so quiet. That's also the bad news. One kid's incident does stick in my mind . . . I just got out of the shower one morning and James (3 year old) was standing in the bedroom. He points at me and said "hahaha penis!". It really took me back to my youth, it's been many years since someone had that reaction to my body.

Christine is doing fine without that pesky bladder in her life. It's over eight years since her first cancer diagnosis and we often wondered if she'd make it this far. And here we are, watching her plow along in her own inimitable style. Really, what chance did cancer have.

The youngest, Gregory, had a business trip to Dublin for a week. "Hey dad, let's go to some soccer games in Europe that week". "Sod off kid, I ain't flying all the way to Europe just to keep you company at some stupid footie matches". "Why? What are you going to do instead, sit on your fat ass watching cats playing the piano on TikTok?". A fair point. So yeah, let's start with Everton v Liverpool and go from there. They say having kids keeps you young, they forget to mention it also keeps you poor.



Andrew had his 15 minutes of fame this year. On the run up to the election, the corner of the main road near his house was covered in election posters. He decided that he'd put up his own "Andy Brown, Not running for anything. Just wanted a sign". His friends thought this funny and started ordering their own Andy Brown signs to be placed around town. It became a meme and he was featured on the local TV channel (<https://youtu.be/v-bKc6m27Jo?si=vvzlwK-gKlHC55Sq>) and even in USA Today newspaper

(<https://www.usatoday.com/story/money/2024/11/05/election-signs-make-america-laugh-again/75969604007/>). The best part was that some people actually wrote his name in as write-in candidate and he came third in the election for sheriff. Being narrowly edged out by 'Oval Filled-in With No Name'. He claims that at the next election he's going after the voters-too-stupid-to-read-instructions demographic and should easily double his tally. Yeah, it's a crazy thing to do, but people have done way worse things and won elections, haven't they?!

Speaking of which, I've decided to embrace the true nature of America. Christine is now restricted to the kitchen when she's not cleaning the house. I've bought an AR15 to protect my pets from hungry immigrants. I'm planning to overthrow all the libtards in Portland City Hall and I'm not paying anymore taxes, only losers pay taxes. Oh, and I'll going to take up golf just so I can cheat.

FOR SHERIFF	
Vote for not more than 1	
Christopher Connelly	9640
Overvotes	0
Undervotes/Blanks	875
Write-In: Andy Brown	5
Write-In w/ < 5 Votes	61
Oval Filled-in with No Name	6

Gotta go, my bone spur is playing up. Have a happy Christmas/holiday and a great 2025.