

As I write this note at our dining room table, Jane sits across from me ordering gifts by phone. Baby Alexandra, now almost 11 months, is trying desperately to get her hands on the phone. These days pretty much



anything that we are holding becomes the object of desire for Alex. She has two states so far: sleeping and seek-and-destroying. The latter is intermixed with occasional lapses into snuggling and acting adorable. But Alex is not a natural snuggler. She seems independent and adventurous. When Jane and I get too clingy with her, she lets us know with



an elbow in the neck, her subtle way of saying, “enough with the cuddling, put me down.”

Right now, Alex is tired, cranky, and stumbling around like a drunk.



Meltdown is imminent. Janey will

take her upstairs for a late afternoon nap. That will leave us free to relax on the sofa, stare at the fire, and heave that special sigh of relief only known to new parents. Actually, for us older new parents, it's more of a groan than a sigh. I can understand why people do this offspring thing when they're young. It is hard work. But no complaints here. Alex is an unexpected bundle of joy and is at the top of our list of blessings.



Another blessing is Jane's happiness and success at Baxter. (I've been ordered not to brag on her success...but I'm terrible at following orders.) Jane is thrilled with her new colleagues and challenges in health care. Apparently, they are thrilled with her, too. In less than a year, she has been promoted to director (read: “big cheese”) of Human Resources. More importantly, she can support me financially. Just kidding, more importantly, she really likes and respects her co-workers and believes in their mission of promoting good

health. The only drawback: long hours.

But to help out in that department, we have a wonderful Mexican nanny. Actually, it's two nannies, a mother-daughter team. They not only take beautiful care of the baby, but also wash dishes, prepare food, clean the house, and launder our clothes. Nice, huh? Between Nanny Martha and Janey, I've had a chance to catch up on the Soaps.



Actually, I'm enjoying my work, too. And I'm zeroing in on a job description for myself. It's something like: consultant-speaker-trainer-coach-writer-facilitator-mediator. And I've narrowed down the target market to: any organization needing the above services, providing it is headquartered outside of Afghanistan. Pretty tight, eh? That sort of clarity is the stuff strategic planners can only dream of. Seriously though, I've had fun giving speeches in 37 cities, from Cambridge,

England to Vancouver, Canada. My consulting assignments have taken me to Europe, Canada, and Mexico. And my publisher, John Wiley & Sons, has given the green light on a second book on leadership and culture in the investment industry.



(Jim in Cambridge, England)

Meantime, our family wishes you peace and joy in the coming year. When I talk to you in 2002, please remind me that "more is not necessarily better." And if you really want to stop me cold, ask, "Where are you going so fast?" I assure you I won't have a good answer. Because there's really no need to go anywhere. Everything I need is right here. (see photo below for proof...)

Blessings,

