



Janey and I are learning the new math of having two babies in diapers: $1 + 1 = 5!$ Well-intentioned friends tried to warn us of this impending disaster, but we fearlessly went ahead and delivered little Nicole Elizabeth on September 27. Chubby and healthy, she has been vigilantly depriving us of sleep ever since. Janey has done the lion's share of night duty, having slept a grand total of about 7 hours since the baby was born. (The sleep deprivation is affecting her memory: the other night she looked at me and said, "Who are you? What are you doing in our house?")



Despite the hardships, new parents glow with pride when they talk about their newborns. At least, the new and YOUNG parents do. What Janey and I neglected to consider in our family planning sessions is that middle-aged people have no business pretending to be young and energetic. Which are exactly the qualities necessary to contend with two little dynamos, who are hell-bent on causing as much chaos as possible in the confines of a normal suburban house.

For example, the Sunday after Thanksgiving, we left Alexandra, our 22 month old, alone for 2 minutes and 37 seconds while Janey showered (her weekly luxury, whether she needs it or

not...) and I packed a diaper bag for our church outing. My packing was interrupted by a shriek from Janey in the bedroom; she had discovered Alexandra elbow-deep in the white, oil-based diaper cream. Said cream is slightly harder to remove than axel-grease and smells worse. Alexandra had smeared it all over her cheeks and chin (giving her the appearance of a circus clown), her new Sunday school dress, and various pieces of furniture and fabrics. I wanted to take a picture of Alex, as it was truly an hilarious sight, but Janey was reminding me firmly and forcefully of various divorce statutes in the state of Illinois, so I frantically tried to stem the damage. To our credit, we handled the incident without permanently traumatizing Alexandra. (Dad didn't fare as well, and has been twitching ever since.)

Seriously though, we feel so blessed to have these two adorable daughters. Already Alexandra has taken a great interest in her baby sister. She wants to hold her, feed her, dress her. She even wants to kiss Nicole, which is saying something because Alexandra is rather stingy with her affection. Mom and Dad will ask Alexandra, "Can I have a kiss?" And Alexandra will matter-of-factly reply, "no." Then we will ask, "do you want to kiss baby Nicole?" At this, Alexandra beams and says, "YES!"



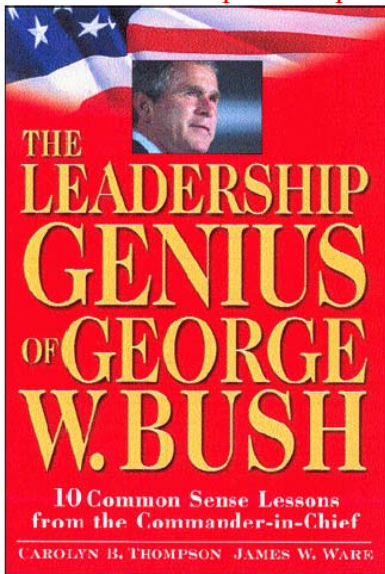
When we are not taking care of the girls...HAHA! Had you going there! Yeah, right, like we have a life outside





of parenting right now. Janey is off from Baxter from September through January to care for the girls. She is a terrific mom, with more patience than a busload of saints. I don't know how she manages to deal with both kids during the day and then Nicole, who is fussy and fitful at night.

In June my publisher, John Wiley & Sons, made me a surprising offer: "how would you like to write a book on President Bush's leadership style?" I told them candidly that they could take everything I know about Bush and stuff it in a flea's ear. Thinking that I was being modest—I wasn't, just honest—they courageously pursued the offer, and by September my co-writer and I had finished "The Leadership Genius of George W. Bush." Now don't sign me up for a permanent spot on Rush Limbaugh's show; the book is a discussion of his leadership style, not an endorsement of all his political positions.



With that project finished, I am resuming work on my next Wiley book: "The Investment Leadership Challenge", co-authored with my business partners Dale Primer and Beth Michaels. I still love speaking about these topics and averaged almost one talk per week this



year. My opening line since September 27 has been, "I am delighted to be here in (name of city). My wife and I live in Chicago and have two baby girls in diapers...so let me say it again, I am delighted to be HERE in (name of city)." This line gets a big laugh from all the parents in the crowd.

But my biggest thrill in 2002 was the result of a Tribune newspaper article. The reporter just happened to catch a benefit concert that I performed with Mike Topel and Steve Moris. He really liked the concert and characterized us as, "three terrific musicians, who cut your heart open with old rock and folk music." For an aging boomer who once dreamed of being a rock star, this was better than any book endorsement I could ever receive! If you hear that Paul McCartney is looking for a drummer, give him my number.

Peace and blessings in the New Year,

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