



Holiday Greetings from the Ware house...

Phew. 2006 was marked by relative peace and tranquility. The year contained no major, cataclysmic, heart-stopping, shock and awe events:

- No new babies (2 is fine, thank you. Both girls are healthy and happy)
- No new puppies (1 was way more than enough in '06)
- No moves or major house additions (I plan to leave this house in a tranquil, horizontal posture)
- No job changes (Jane claims that she may quit in '07, but the Vegas smart money is still on "fully employed.")
- No major health issues (I have an annoying rash, but it's not fatal unless I scratch myself to death),
- No high-drama (marital affairs, etc....at least not that I know about....Jane?)

I even survived a Disney Cruise (below) and have the T-shirt to prove it.



So, I'm at a bit of a loss. Usually this Holiday note serves as a year-end therapy session in which I process all the trauma for the year and try to stop shaking. But 2006 was blissfully free of crises. As I was bemoaning my good fortune to my colleague, Jim Dethmer, he provided a brilliant idea: write about

what COULD have gone wrong! Genius, eh? (The philosopher Montaigne once said, "my life has been filled with many misfortunes, none of which actually happened.") So, here's how lucky I was in '06:

- I could have had two colleagues with the name "Jim" instead of only one. This is really confusing folks. Fortunately, our newest team member, Jack Skeen, helped matters immeasurably by not being "Jim." (I have enough "Jim's" in my life: my grandfather was Jim, my father was Jim, my half brother is Jim, my business colleague is Jim...enough already with the Jim's. The George Foreman family has nothing on us...)
- I could have a third mother-in-law. Jane is close to both her mom and her aunt, so they invariably come as a pair. Which is great. Really. But two is quite enough. Someone once said, "behind every successful man stands a very surprised mother-in-law." In my case, I have two shocked women standing behind me.
- I could have written two books praising George W. Bush's leadership style. One is plenty. Poor George. I imagine his holiday letter is sober at best.
- Bucky (our first string German Shepherd, Jessie is the back up dog) could have blown out both his knees. Lucky for us, he just tore the ACL on his right rear leg. And after a mere 12 weeks of him wearing one of those lampshades on his head, he's back in the line up.
- The vet could have told us that there is 100% likelihood that Bucky will blow out his OTHER knee within one year.

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Instead the probability is only 90%.

- I could be 20 pounds over my ideal weight, and not fitting into any of my suits. Instead, I'm happy to report that I'm only 10 pounds over my ideal weight and not fitting into any of my suits.

When I consider how much went right in '06, I'm full of appreciation and good cheer. Thanks for your part in making this another delightful year in this great adventure called Life.

Phew.

Happy Holidays,

Jim, Jane, Alexandra, and Nicole

Girls being good (artist's rendering)...



Girls normally (actual photo)



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