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## And then it was Christmas 2008

Dear Reader and Supporter:

Things change, but Christmas is forever. I still remember Christmas morning 1936. The little Christmas tree on the square little tabletop and on the floor below a squad of brightly painted lead soldiers marching in formation through the cotton snow.

Speaking of things changing, Irene and I now have three grandchildren rather than two. Last year I had photos of Lil' Brad at two years and Selah Camille at one year. Now there is Anthony Reed. As I write this he is four weeks.

Lil' Brad is three years old now. He is not a quiet kid or one for



**Preparing to celebrate his third birthday**

the solitary life. He wants to be in company and he wants to always be playing with other kids, playing with the dogs, or using every means at his disposal to get the attention of an adult to play with him. That's what he wants to do, play around. He's three years old. What the devil, eh?



**It's official. Three years old!**

Selah Camille is two years old now. She spent Thanksgiving week with us and brought her mother and father with her. A good time was had by all. Lil' Brad plays with her, typically, with great care to not push her around. I was pleasantly surprised to observe this. He can be rowdy.

Selah is exceptionally alert and very beautiful, as you can see. Here she is in her Halloween costume where she did trick or treat as a working member of a Cape Cod bee colony.

She appears to find it interesting work.





**Selah Camille in a less introspective mood.**

Talking about this Christmas being much the same as last Christmas, but different, Paloma has given birth to our third grandchild, Anthony Reed, and is living with Lil' Brad and their father here in the neighborhood, a five or six- minute walk from the house. So they're gone, but they are very much around.



**Anthony Reed at two weeks.**



**Brad holding little brother.**



**Irene and her husband preparing to enjoy this Christmas.**

To allay the stray concern here or there, a few days after this photo was taken, Smith received his latest update on the lymphoma business. All good news, no bad news. Again! Christmas week I will have the last chemotherapy session and by February I am assured I will begin to regain my natural beauty. As you see, my wife does not have to worry about regaining hers, but walks it around inside and out without having to think about it.

Remembering Ernst and Germar and Reynouard and Sylvia Stolz and the others, a shadow darkens the Christmas season for all of us. Still, life is what it is. This Christmas day we will drive down the coast a few miles to Gaviota (Seagull) where we will pass the day and have Christmas dinner with Irene's (our) extended family. This is what we did last Christmas. It may become a tradition.

It is our real hope that you too will have a swell Christmas, that you and your family will be in good health, with many reasons to be in good humor, and that a fine New Year awaits you.

Merry Christmas.

Bradley and Irene