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Hughes

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Dear



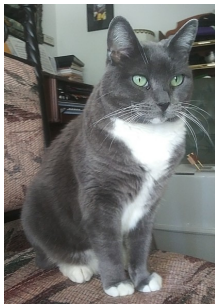
Been giving some thought on how to open this letter. We all know it's been a year of frustration and disappointment. A lot of the things we've enjoyed doing, planned doing, and wanted to do were suddenly off-limits. Activities have been limited, church has been restricted, and even going to the grocery store has become an ordeal. Just the same, Our Lord's on the throne, and it's Christmas.



Oregon Sunset

Was tempted to take a virtual cruise, highlight all the wonderful places we didn't get to go to, such as "Hawaii in February".... Not that we were actually going, but since we're not going, might as well not-go first class. Could have posted some nice pictures of sun-drenched beaches we have yet to play on....

But we actually did quite a few things. Had fun. Saw friends. Toward the end of February I was relaxing one Sunday, minding my business, when Sandra discovered that a lady in our church was moving and needed a new home for her kitties. Rather unwisely I said, "Do you want them?" Oh yes, she certainly did. So within a few days we made the trip over to pick up Zonkers and Mew. Mew is short for Bartholomew, the big gray cat.



Interestingly, they're not really bonded. They tolerate each other, most of the time, but it's not always harmonious. I was lying on the bed with Mew purring nearby when Zonkers (Zee Zee) stalked past, hissed, batted her de-clawed paws, and ran off. She tends to be a sweetheart, with occasional lapses. The other cat, a somewhat bigger boy, tends to be shy but there's an aggressive side to his quiet stealth. Found myself referring to them as Donald and Nancy, a comedy pair if ever there was one!



The Sunday after we picked them up we met the husband at church. He thanked us for taking the cats and asked me if we wanted a baby grand. If there's one thing we don't have room for it's a piano so I told him sure, we'd love one. And it is in the way and we don't have room, but what a blessing during the lockdowns and such!

We did have a few get-togethers before all the Covid stuff hit. Not as many as we would have liked, but friends is friends. Good times!





Speaking of friends, Shayne is back. He was making his way, earning a living, until the restaurants closed and never got back to normal. So we picked him up for another go-round. Been a blessing to see him again and he's been helping take care of the kitties and puttering around the yard and such.

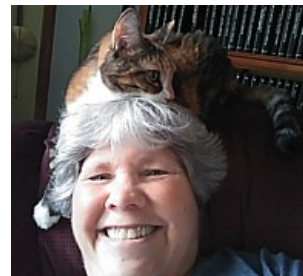
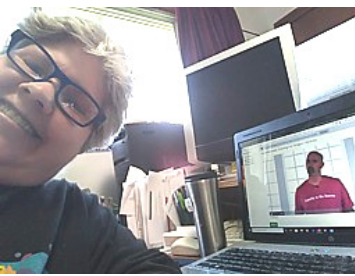
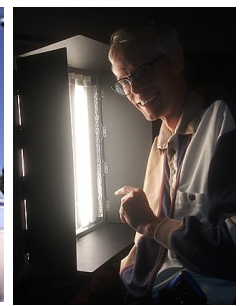


Sandra's dad was in a care center the last few years but we soon realized he was getting ready to leave us. The Covid restrictions were difficult, speaking by telephone when he wasn't very cognizant, but once he was reclassified as hospice that all went away. So farewell Mark, may we meet again some better day....



And of course, we made it to the beach, and also up North to see my brother. More good times.

We actually even made it to Mexico, as Shayne needed his wisdom teeth out (badly!) and Sandra had work to be done, too.



It's actually been a pretty good year!

