

# Heiss Holiday Humbug

Issue V  
November 2010

To start the year off Andrew left me alone  
With both of the girls while he strutted to **Rome**.  
There he did research to buff out his thesis  
And found himself prey to a roommate **twice thievish**.

Last Christmas we also were **stole from with vice**—  
In the course of one month we were robbed thrice!  
With a start so atrocious it seems only just  
That two thousand and ten should get better. It must!

And it did—a fact which **our blog** does attest,  
Overflowing with tales of adventure and geste.

Egyptian clouds salvoed an **epic spring storm**;  
Hail shut down the city, caused false alarms.  
“Snowing in Egypt?” the locals conjectured,  
“It never rains here! Was Apocalypse triggered?”

Our clime once more sere we helped **Abu Zaabal**  
By sanding and weeding and painting and all.

We found, a while later, much to our dismay,  
Our plans for more grad school had gone quite agley—  
**Rejected** by all of the schools we had picked?!  
We had nothing to do but think up **Plan B**, quick!

And that’s how we came to relocate to Utah  
(Where Andrew’s a student again, alhamdulillah!)  
But I’m getting ahead of the story, you know,  
And so I’ll rewind and tell all apropos.

In April **my sister and dad** came to visit;  
We took them on all city tours we deemed requisite.  
Then Dad flew home leaving Josie with us  
To help with packing and moving and all of that fuss.  
But we didn’t just work; we left time to play  
For our good friend **Amanda** came out in May.  
We tromped around pyramids, scilicet **Abusir**,  
(And other sites wont seen by stout sightseers)  
As part of our rounds of **saying goodbye**  
To the desert, the Nile, and Egyptian sky.

Via National Railways we stormed **Zagazig**—  
We sipped sugarcane juice and ate bread with figs.  
(Later we came to regret our rash meal,  
Puking our guts out with unquestioning zeal.)  
We went to **Ain Soukhna**, we sailed down the Nile  
(And visited our colleagues, **the Palmers**, awhile).

Amidst all this diversion **Andrew earned his degree**  
And after he graduated we **flew over the sea**—  
Bound for **America**, the home of the brave,  
And all of the bacon our family could crave.







After two years of absence we made it to **Grover**  
Where we hiked, played with cousins, and swam in the river.

Mid-July we found life rife with family functions:  
Auntie **Sarah wed Cory** in holy conjunction,  
Then dear **Uncle Jacob** joined the mission milieu  
To preach the gospel in Lima, Peru.  
Our sweet, little **Rachel** had a birthday, **turned three**.  
She was only born yesterday—how can this be?!

The next month Auntie Em returned from Nauvoo.  
That weekend **we took her** to see a boy who  
She had met there while serving her musical mission.  
(He's since **asked for her hand** with a troth proposition).  
The boy's name is Morgan, he's from Idaho,  
And while **we were there** we had fun, don't you know?  
Climaxing our trip was a drive through **Bear World**,  
The last bit of excitement 'fore the school year unfurled.

It seems moiling in school's our eternal kismet—  
Again Andrew has a full course load of credit.  
For now, he's abandoned his beloved history  
And is focused on earning his masters degree  
In **Public Admin at good ol' BYU**.  
Little Rachel has started her school year, too!  
She's only in **preschool** but loves every minute  
(And I don't mind the break from her, either, I'll admit it).

Beyond doing his homework, Andrew's assiduous  
In his work at the **Maxwell Institute for Religious  
Studies**, where he does layout and design.  
(But before starting there he had to resign  
From his eight-year long stint at the **school library**).

Meanwhile, I've been **dabbling in lexicography**  
And running...down **Provo Canyon** half a **marathon's** distance  
Earning **two thousand (plus) dollars** for **water assistance**  
In the poverty-stricken African continent.  
I don't think that money could be better spent.

At the end of October sweet **Miriam** turned **one**.  
She's cuter than ever and still **sucks her thumb**.  
Earlier that month we converged, on a lark,  
For a **family reunion** at Zion National Park.

In November, again, Andrew went on a spree—  
This time, a career trip to **Washington, DC**—  
Leaving me home to tend Rachel and Meme.  
Is it just me or do you sense a theme?

The year's not quite out; we've got one month to go  
But we're busy with Emily's wedding plans so  
We're dispatching our letter the earliest yet.

We hope you enjoy our **Christmas gazette**  
And that you, like us, have every intention  
Of having a fabulous two-thousand eleven.



Love from,  
**Nancy, Andrew,  
Rachel and Miriam**