## Haiss 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.

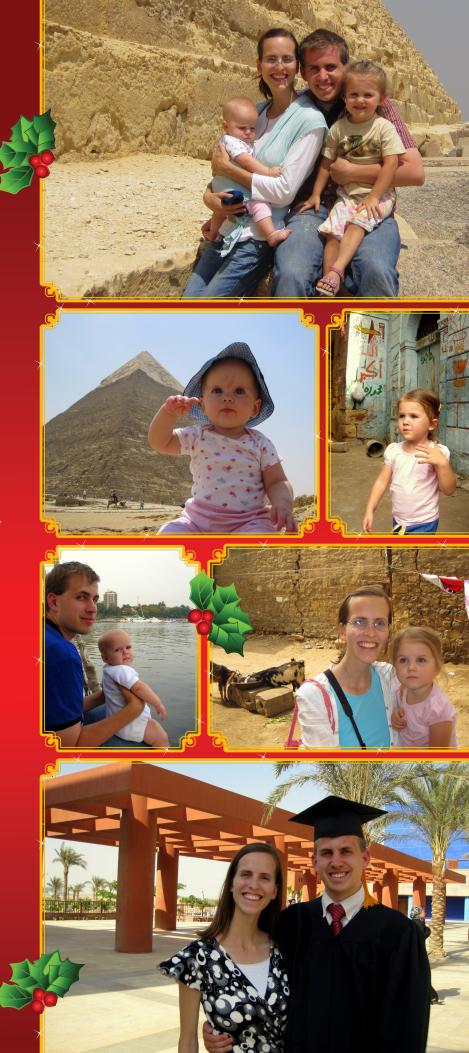
We found, a while later, much to our dismay,
Our plans for more grad school had gone quite agley—
Rejected by all of the schools we had picked?!
We had nothing to do but think up Plan B, quick!

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, Hancy, Andrew, Rachel and Miriam