



# Heiss Holiday Humbug

Two thousand and twenty five's rapidly waning. It's time for my eloquent-quaint-entertaining-annual-poetical family synopsis. I've not started yet! Please hold your applause. Is everyone settled? Alright—here we go:

January brought us a fair bit of snow, which the kids found exciting. **We all went outside** with beach boogie boards and started to slide the mountainous hill that leads to our house.

Speaking of which, we had to delouse our garage, which'd acquired a scraggly grey guest—not a mouse, but America's (only and) best **marsupial creature**—a possum! Ben wheeled it out in a barrow. It covered and squealed, ran into the woods.

My next little quandary was how **so many wrappers** wound up in the laundry. Some days there were dozens,

some days there were less. Alex's pockets were a comical mess (he's been better since then about using the bin).

In April I took to the polls once again—first time ever **voting on Canadian** matters. They say to “vote early, vote often!” I live by that mantra. Now hear one from Phoebe, who thinks there is only one place that we should be—

the pool. She inquires from October to May whether **we can go swimming**. Will *today* be the day? So from **May** to **October** I'm sure you can guess where **we spend our time**. The kids have **progressed**—they're sleek and they're fast. Two made it to county (where **Zo** sang the anthem)! Now **Ben** swims year-round; he's **perpetually fetid with eau-de-chlorine**, a regular butter-back-breast-free machine!

This summer we all drove down to Panama...



**City Beach.** Gotcha—we're not *that* bourgeois! Though, to be fair, both Mimi and Rachel went with Grandpa and Darla to see the palatial **city of London**, a trip **fit for a grad**.

Rachel's subsequent **move to the Y** made us sad, but she's doing so well with scholastic endeavors. Following **footsteps of her predecessors** she works at the library—in cataloging (for music and dance stuff, if we're pettifogging).

Soon after she moved, **Grandpa Frank passed** away at ninety-six years. Our German *nisei* taught all our kids to be wary of Krampus.

This fall we had **Miriam drive me to campus** to rack up some hours toward earning her license. She learned reverse parking with technical guidance from Auntie K, who came out for a visit. She took us to Tennessee—it was exquisite: we **visited Rosie**, **spelunked Ruby Falls**, but we had to get home—as they say, "Duty calls."

As if swimming and **music stuff** wasn't enough we added **gymnastics for Zoë**. She's roughly as bendy as a bendy straw. **Her backbend** encourages jaw-dropping awe.

**Alex got baptized** on November first.

Dad had a conference (and got reimbursed). He packed up a suitcase with all of his clothes... **except for his pants**. Seems he forgot those!

**Pneumonia knocked Phoebe out** for a few weeks (she's still a bit gravelly whenever she speaks). But I left her behind and I took off to **Vegas** to present my research/have a **mothering hiatus**. My trip home involved a stop at BYU to visit with Rach (who **came down with the flu**), **my parents and sister and all of her cats**.

We've been married for twenty whole years now and that's a long time to've published these **Christmas narrations**. I think I've fulfilled this year's obligation, so let's end this issue. I will not inflict you with more rhymes 'til two thousand twenty and six!



Click to hear Miriam play!



Phoebe and Alex

## Love from the Heisses

Benjamin



Zoë on Halloween



Rachel



Andrew & Nancy  
Rachel (18)  
Miriam (16)  
Benjamin (13)  
Zoë (10)  
Alexander (8)  
Phoebe (4)