

Sunday
December 18, 2005

Londonderry, NH
USA

Season's Greetings,



Well, here we are again. Time passes so quickly these days that it seems I'm always on the hook for the holiday newsletter. It's a struggle to remember what happened since the last one...

Baby Wells is now twenty, but I still find my self clipping coupons for Pampers. Wells is a sophomore at Plymouth State University in New Hampshire, though he has made it clear that he'd rather be in a place where the average January temperature is above zero. We'll see... Maybe we should all go with him. At least Wells will be warm for two weeks this January, when he accompanies his uncle and cousins to New Zealand for some biking, hiking and kayaking.



Ryan is in the clinical phase of his radiological technology program, working harder than ever. In a big move this fall, he became the first person in the immediate family to own a car made in this century. This past January, Ryan traveled with his aunt, uncle and cousins to Africa, where they scaled Mt. Kilimanjaro (19,340 ft.) and went on an extended safari. Ryan takes his photography seriously, and he came back with some stunning portraits of the geography and wildlife (see our website).

After several years of teaching a varied mix of classes each term, Kris lucked out this year. She is teaching the same biology curriculum to five classes, meaning, as they say in the business, only one "prep" to manage. The reduced workload has allowed her to comfortably take Sunday afternoons off to watch football and fall asleep on the couch—all that yelling makes her tired. Kris acquired a rototiller this year, and dug a huge vegetable garden. Spring was very wet, and the neighbors thought she was installing a swimming pool.

Kris and I cruised again this year, this time on a charter hosted by Garrison Keillor and the cast from the NPR radio variety show, *A Prairie Home Companion*. Our mothers traveled with us on this one—the story is unfolding in written form on our website.

If you haven't finished your gift buying for next year yet, I have a suggestion. My book is finally out, available on Amazon.com and Barnes & Noble online. Under my pen name, chesterh, *What Time Is the Midnight Buffet?* debuted on Labor day—a fitting tribute to the effort. May I suggest a copy for everyone you've ever met, one for your local library (tax deductible) and two for yourself?

Regrettably, my Halloween marketing campaign to get people to hand out books instead of candy—"to promote literacy and prevent tooth decay"—was only moderately successful.



All the best to you and yours,
"Chester," Kris, Ryan and Wells Holleran

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