

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM BARBARA, MIKE, CHRIS, RANDY, AND THE DOGS, DUFFY AND DOTTIE!

It has been an eventful year for all of six of us. Chris began his second year at U.C. Santa Cruz and declared politics as his major. He got the three permanent crowns and one replacement for the teeth that "ate it" in his summer bicycle crash; that work finished the very morning he went back to school for the Fall. A couple of days later he got to re-discover the joy of chomping down into a great big juicy pizza. Randy graduated from San Jose State University this year with a Bachelors in Finance. His present home is a little place on a big lot in Los Altos Hills. The owners are going to tear it down in late 1989 and put up a big house. Meanwhile, Randy is house sitting rent-free. He is presently working at Computer Ware, a few blocks from our house, where he sells Macintosh peripherals, accessories, and software. It's close enough that he can come over at lunch, play with the dogs, and raid the fridge. Its a job that will do until he finds the position of his dreams: something in M&A-LBO (**Mergers & Acquisitions-Leverage Buy Outs**, for those not into the buzz initials).

Barbara is in the middle of her second year as Director of Finance and Operations at Planned Parenthood/San Francisco, Alameda. She describes the duties as three-fold: act as cheer leader, sign your name a lot, and throw yourself between your staff and the bombs. She has had her share of fending off demonstrations from behind police barricades. She even made it into one of the crowd scenes on the news. While Mike stayed home with the dogs, she got her first exposure to cross-country skiing on a trip to Tahoe with other people from her office. After successfully putting the chains on the car, she got a standing ovation (nobody was sitting in the snow anyhow). The office hours being erratic and the train-bus connections being rather poor, and the old Volvo station wagon being too old and too Palo-Alto-Mom-esque, Michael, who kinda knows his way around the insides of a Jag engine anyway, bought her her own XJ-6 sedan for the commute. It is like driving down the road in a couch. Mike can hear his wristwatch ticking on his wrist when his hands are on the wheel at 55 MPH (on the rare occasions she allows him to drive).

Mike is in his second year as the U.S. Geological Survey Wilderness Program Coordinator for the western States. The work is getting to include less editing of manuscripts and more preparation of Congressional briefing books. He turned 40 and Dottie turned 1 about the same time. The two of them spent a couple of weeks mapping geology in the basalt plateaus of southeastern Oregon with Mike peddling along over the rocks on a mountain bike and Dottie trotting alongside-front-behind-otherside. He spent another two weeks mapping sandstones in the canyon country near Moab, Utah. His year's publications total four, co-authorship on three others, and an abstract for a paper he presented to the Geological Society of America on petrology of parts of the southern Sierra Nevada.

Barbara and Mike always have managed to get away for an evening (Dance Theater of Harlam, Joffrey Ballet, American Ballet Theater, San Francisco Symphony, Sing-It-Yourself Messiah) or even a couple of days (Big Sur). We have not, however, managed to get away for more than six days in a row as long as we have known each other (our 10th wedding anniversary is in May). We have therefore asked Santa for a gift-certificate good for three and a half weeks in Hawaii this coming January.

Our family and Michael's sister Linda's family in Pacific Palisades, California, have alternated spending Christmas at one anothers' homes for several years now. This year we're all descending on Linda.

We wish you peace, love, the best of new years, and a very merry Christmas.