

Xmas Eve, 2018

'Twas an amazing year 2018! Thanksgiving was shared at our house by most everyone to whom we are related, and that is always a blessing. May it happen many times more. We have such a wonderful family! And next year we will have two more cottages to spread out in.

Construction started on the small structures behind our house (one a cottage in which we will live, and the other an accessory structure that we have dubbed "the studio"), and as I write, the roofing paper is protecting one of the structures, shingles the other. Jeff and his family of 5 are understandably anxious to move from their 2-bedroom townhouse to our main house.

Construction has slowed; we're back to a crew of 3 from 5, but at least there is progress. The crew does mock-ups of the beams to get the challenging angles right. Tile is appearing in the studio bath, and a 3<sup>rd</sup> coat of slip is on the wallboard. The cottage may be acquiring its wallboard—we can't tell—the structure is plastered with plastic against the rain. Our garage overflows with new appliances and plumbing supplies. The City of Los Altos, in its wisdom, decided this summer that people like us may be allotted twice the square footage that we were allowed (800 sq ft for each structure). Sigh. But that's alright. We have a beautiful design, and you are invited to come see it. When it's done. Whenever that is.

And we have rain, thank goodness, after a smoke-filled autumn. It makes the digging of holes for street trees easier. Four Cork Oaks will replace the pepper trees that succumbed to Oak Root fungus. The city arborist assures me that this oak is not only evergreen, but resistant to the fungus. I am burying snow stakes on either side of each tree to avoid losing another young sprout to careless night drivers.

Dave has decided to get both knees replaced, the first in January. He hopes to be mobile by April to go to Seattle to receive the Henry Fielding Reid Medal, the highest honor of the Seismological Society of America ("For his decades of contributions to ground motion seismology"). He hopes to have the other knee replaced in time for summer backpacking. He still does Jazzercise 5 times a week and walks a few miles 3 times a week with his neighbor Roy (and Judy when her ballet schedule allows). His tolerance for pain is a study in courage. He oversees an ongoing war against gophers and squirrels, and plans owl boxes to beef up the resistance. There have been hundreds by actual count on the opposing side. It's not clear who is winning. Much of his time is spent solving seismological problems, which he loves, but he graciously takes Judy to the ballet and other cultural events if pressed. Judy has not talked him into ballet lessons. Yet.

Judy is still dancing despite injuring a hip doing the splits. Yes, we know, people our age don't do the splits. Healing takes longer. This year she performed The Cats (from Sleeping Beauty but easier--no lifting of a partner to the shoulder for her) and an unlikely piece from La Bayadere. No one our age should lift a leg that high even once, let alone 25 times! She also performed a couple of Spanish dances, one in the Nutcracker. She still hasn't quite overcome

wobbling on pointe; wobbling anytime, to be honest. She worked only local disasters this year, though she still responds to weekly critical incidents and sees a few clients occasionally. Having a grandson old enough for sleepovers, baking experiments, and stage plays is great fun. Soon there will be twins onsite, though we haven't worked through the logistics of fun with two running in opposite directions. It's a puzzle, a bit fearsome, frankly. She still does Jazzercise, and enjoys wonderful friends, gardening, sewing costumes and other projects.

You are receiving this because we treasure you and hope to see you soon. Meanwhile, may your holidays be happy and the coming year healthy and prosperous. – Judy and Dave



Dave and Judy at Long Lake, a few miles from the South Lake trailhead in the Sierra Nevada mountains, near Bishop, California. October 11, 2018.



Michelle and Judy --- The Cats!!! (A dance they performed in several recitals in 2018.)



The work crew at our cabin, after rebuilding the deck. (From the left: Sal, Stacy, Dave, Judy, Jeff, and Creature and Lady in front).



Our grandson David helping us as Trail Patrol Volunteers for the Mid-Peninsula Open Space District (we also led some fault walks as docents).