

# HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS

ISSUE 21 DECEMBER 2013

This is issue 21. That means I've been writing these since I was 22 years old. That is a sobering thought so I'm having a drink while I write this one. If you are offended by the word ass, you might want to stop reading now.




Photos from our weeklong driving trip in Canada.

A friend of mine was lamenting a week or so ago that she was "just now" getting her Christmas cards out. She said she was half-assing it this holiday season. I commiserated.

Then I was at her house for a party and saw piles of beautifully wrapped gifts under her tree. And a homemade gingerbread house! She also had...decorations! The fact that she threw a party was enough to get her kicked out of the half-ass

club! If she's half-assing it then I'm diddly-squat-assing it.


- Nobody is getting a holiday card in the mail unless I've called you Memaw or Mamaw my whole life. And that's only because my grandmothers don't have email.
- I don't wrap. Everything goes in a gift bag. The same gift bags I've used for five years. I snatch 'em back and then base my gift buying the next year on what will fit inside a bag that already has a tag with that person's name on it.
- I'm in charge of bringing a salad to Christmas dinner. I've half-assed cooking for so many years that my relatives have given me the "safe" food. No one wants salad on Christmas so it just sits there until I wrap it back up and stick it in the freezer 'til next year.



**Michelle Long Windmoeller**  
May 24 near Columbia, MO

Tate: You trust me to drive a car but you don't trust me to stay home by myself this weekend?  
Me: I don't trust you to drive a car.  
Tate: You're right. I can't drive at all. I'm terrible at it.

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**Michelle Windmoeller** @BlueCypressSolu 22 Apr

My plan to hurry home and down a beer before anyone else arrived was my best work of the day. Ready to handle family life now.

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**Michelle Windmoeller** @BlueCypressSolu

4 Jul

Windmoeller parents: up at 5:30am to ride 100 miles. Windmoeller child: still in bed at 1pm. [pic.twitter.com/qMBiWdjGLu](https://pic.twitter.com/qMBiWdjGLu)



Yeah, I do that Facebook and Twitter thing because that's still my job. I write stuff and post stuff and hope people read and react to stuff. It's an odd way to make a career. I have a blog (*good lord, the last thing the world needs is another blog!*) that I call Fun Size because the posts are short. So feel free to read...and react...and retweet...

[www.bluecypressolutions.com](http://www.bluecypressolutions.com)

Now here's the part where I half-ass the newsletter:

I yell down the stairs "Hey Steve, what would you tell people in the newsletter?" Now I'm typing while he talks:

This year we caught up on all of the neglected house upkeep from the last five years. That was boring. Isn't this your job to write this stuff? Did you say anything about the lions? (long pause) Help me here. Did you mention the fact that Tate keeps telling us all the things he does in school that he's not supposed to do? Is that enough? End with the fact that I don't necessarily hate cyclocross anymore but it's still stupid because you have to get off your bike.

Here comes Tate. "Hey Tate, do you have a few minutes for me?" His response: I have one minute (he's playing video games). Aww, don't make me type! Tell them I work, I guess. Dating. School. Hickman. Student Government. I'm giving you ideas. (pause) I don't know. Life is going well. I got everything that I need and I'm doing well. I have no political views or religious ideas. I have no opinion at all. I just want to be left alone. Love, Tate. There. Ok. Is that good?



Cora was forced to find me. "If you were to write the newsletter, what would you put?" Cora: I don't know. You're the one that writes it every year. (Acknowledgement!) Am I done now? Are you writing that down? Why? OK. School is GREAT, home is GREAT, friends are GREAT, life is GREAT. (Except that every place it says GREAT, replace it with the word "suck". This is going poorly.) "What is your favorite thing you did this year?" Cora: Slept. Started a Tumblr account. Found RoosterTeeth on Youtube. That's my year. Can I go now?



*Hey, where's all the stuff about cyclocross?*  
We (me) had a crazy amount of fun with CX this year. My Facebook page is swamped with it so check it out there and join us on the course in 2014! Only 251 more days 'til September 2.

And then there were the lions...

My mom gave Steve two heavy-ass concrete lions that used to sit in front of her house. He thought the lions needed sprucing up so he painted them bright white. That didn't help. So he tried to "improve" them with more paint. Regular yearly readers already know that this type of thing does not go well at our house.



Yes, that is a bronze colored lion. It now lives in the backyard.

#### **Tate Stats**

Age 16 Grade: Sophomore  
Job status: employed!!  
Best line of 2013:  
(said after a concert gone wrong)  
"Band...we tried."

#### **Cora Stats**

Age 13 Grade: 7th  
Interest: Art, youtube  
Best line of 2013:  
"Today my brother taught me how to disarm someone with a knife. I think, because of him, no one will ever hurt me."

(I've been pretending to still be working on this for the last hour so that I don't have to deal with the teenagers.)

**Happy Holidays  
Everyone!**