

The Festive Gnus

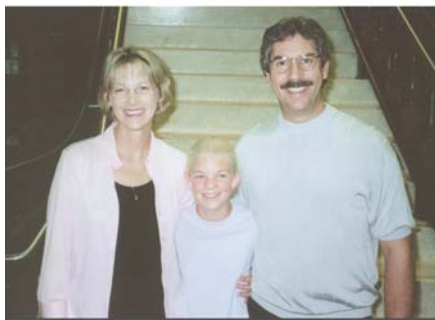
VOLUME 3 NUMBER 1, December 2002

Airy Productions

Happy

It's Official!

Adoption was the big story for 2002 as we saw the judge, took the oath, and signed the papers to make it all official. Bridget (she's the short one in the photo below) became the newest member of the Meyer clan just in time for her eleventh birthday.



Newsletter To Feature Flounder

In a desperate effort to give the newsletter an aquatic flavor, the word "flounder" will be used in a number of stories.

Jen Loses Job, Gets Job, Etc.

Jennifer's job with the floundering hardware giant known as Intel came to a sudden (but not unexpected) halt as the last of her temporary contracts ran out. She took advantage of her new-found freedom by electing to return to the world of cardio-vascular care. Jen is now part of the highly successful heart program at Sutter Memorial Hospital. Now that she's a cardio-vascular technician again, she's able to toss around terms like "ablation" and "ventricular tachycardia" and "electro-physiological studies" with aplomb. (This is *not* the same plomb we mentioned in the 2000 issue of the Festive Gnus.)

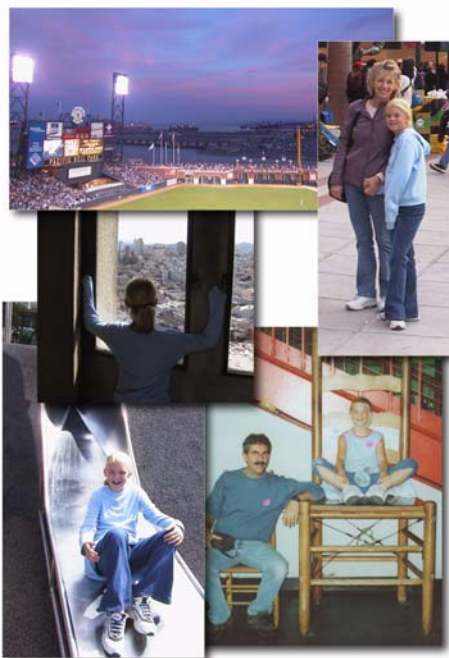


Jim's Job Misplaces Him

Jim, not to be outdone by Jen, was delighted to learn that his company, a floundering software vendor, was laying off half of its workforce. Jim was among the lucky folks who were given an extended vacation. This led to the official launch of Airy Productions, our Web design company, as well as the completion of many pesky household chores.

Roaming Holiday

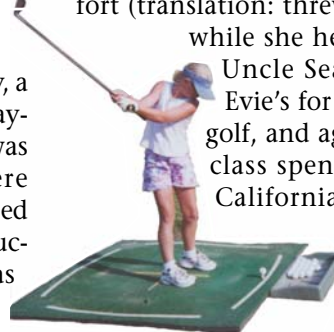
The entire Meyer Clan of El Dorado Hills headed for San Francisco recently, where Jen studied the finer points of specialized heart catheters while Jim and Bridget explored the city. It was truly a multicultural event, ranging from Chinatown to North Beach and points between, and the weekend culminated in a San Francisco Giants night game at the magnificent Pacific Bell Park.



Holidays!

Get Outta Town!

Bridget's folks bravely held down the fort (translation: threw wild parties) while she headed down to Uncle Seann and Aunt Evie's for surf camp and golf, and again, when her class spent the week on California's north coast studying tidal pools and the critters they support.



We Like Our Turkey Dark

Thanksgiving 2002 will forever be known as the Festival Without Lights. Five minutes after the turkey went into the oven, the lights went out. At first we suspected that there might be some connection between Jen's latent radioactivity and the outage, but PG&E assured us that it was simple incompetence on their part, saying "we goofed, but we'll have the juice back on when we're darned good and ready."

With that in mind, we dragged out the camping supplies, fired up the barbecue, and grilled ourselves a turkey that couldn't be beat.



And, in fact, that sums up our wish for you this season as we head off into the hills of El Dorado, eggnog in hand and mistletoe at the ready. Have yourselves a holiday that can't be beat!

