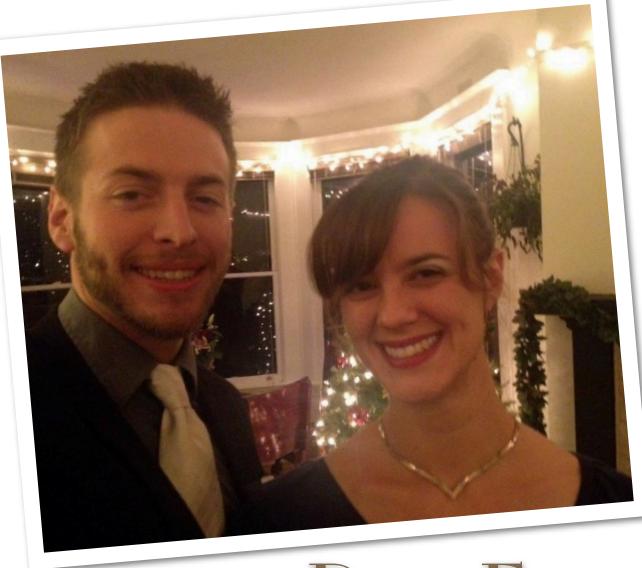


2 0 1 2 A N N U A L U P D A T E

the CANTY family

YOU'D BETTER FUCKING LOVE IT.



⌘ Dear Friends and Family ⌘

With great delight, we bring you the annual Canty Family update! If you don't have time to read the whole thing, here's the summary: San Francisco, Burritos, Therapy, and a tiny bit of cursing.

COTTON

FOOD EVERY DAY AT 6AM! EVEN WHEN HUMAN FORGETS TO SET HER ALARM, LIKE WEEKENDS! I REMIND HER! THEN I ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM AROUND THE APARTMENT!!!

I NAP ALL THE TIME!!!

HUMANS SOMETIMES LOOK AT ME AND SAY,
“The glory of God is every creature fully alive.”

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS BUT I SHOVE MY WET NOSE ON THEIR FACES IN RESPONSE!!!!!!



Christine

Shit, it's December?! I didn't notice because it's been 65 degrees and sunny for the last 300 days, like the reverse of that Ray Bradbury story about the planet where it rains every day except for one. That fictional planet is like, my paradise. I miss the rain so much it hurts. On the plus side, I have trained everyone in my life to think of me on the rare occasion that it does rain in San Francisco. I am so touched that when the rain comes to California, my friends imagine my delight. We often think our pain and our longing is invisible to others. I am living proof that if you whine about it enough, it's not.



I love the creativity and risk-taking of therapy. I love my clients (most of them). I love learning how a person has survived his or her life so far. And I love that of all my training on various theories and therapeutic techniques, the tool I employ most often with clients is feminism.

To make money while I work in my profession for free, I am a nanny two days a week. I've been with The Twins for a year. Their names are Colette and Jack, but I call them them "Beaner Weaner" and "Noodles McWigglePants."



I have forged a life in San Francisco against what I like to think of as insurmountable odds (translation: minor difficulties). I found an internship despite much competition, which for the first four months I called an "Externship" because I couldn't bear the thought that I was an unpaid intern *again*. My workplace, New Perspectives Center for Counseling, is a wonderful organization full of brave, brilliant and good-hearted people... and the occasional mouse that scuttles under the door.



JACK

She calls me "Noodles McWigglePants" too. Also: "Jack Noodle Kaboodle" and "Jack Sweetness PuddingPie."

(editor's note: You would too if you lived with this face)



I cannot believe it's been another year since our last letter because I don't remember a year of stuff happening. John Paul II once said "As you get older the days get longer and the years get shorter." I don't know why I'm quoting the Pope, that statement isn't related to what I'm experiencing. This letter sure sounds better with a Pope quote though, huh?

In the last year I've learned Clojure, Java and Objective-C (three unrelated programming languages). I've helped build products that got featured in the NYTimes and the Wall Street Journal. I've labored to learn almost all the names of the 425 people in my office. The entire fucking time I felt like a kid drowning in a swimming pool; like if only I could paddle a little harder I might get a full breath of air. In 2011 I thought "I'll move to San Francisco and my career will take off!" but now I'm thinking "Oh man, these burritos are so good! If only I didn't have to be an engineer all day I could eat more of them!"

See how that paragraph started about work and ended up about burritos? That happens to me a lot. I leave for a run but I take \$7 in cash in case that activity ends in burritos. I tell Chris I'll be home from work by 8 but it's actually 9 because burritos. I skip church sometimes because burritos. A friend recently asked me "What are burritos, to you?" I told him "Burritos are warmth and fullness and one pure moment without unmet needs." (Actually I said "about seven bucks", but I've had time to polish my answer). Living in the Mission means the food is plentiful and the cheap places stay open until 2am.



All of us together

We are still growing, changing, and puzzling out how to live well. Except Cotton, who spends her energy trying to climb to the top of the fridge where we keep her food.

A typical Carty quandary is, “*I feel* like we should spend more time dancing, going to bars, and doing what San Franciscans do. But *I want* to stay home in my pajamas forever and watch Netflix until I die.” Maybe by the end of 2013 we’ll have figured out a balance, or else made peace with loving our couch more than our hip city.

The one thing we do take advantage of here is food (see above re: burritos). If you see us please share a meal with us. If not, we hope you’re enjoying plenty of good food, too.

Much peace to you in 2013,

Christine & Jack Sweetness PuddingPie Carty